
Wisconsin Historical Society
Founded 1846


Wisconsin Historical Society
Founded 1846

Ancestry, Early Life

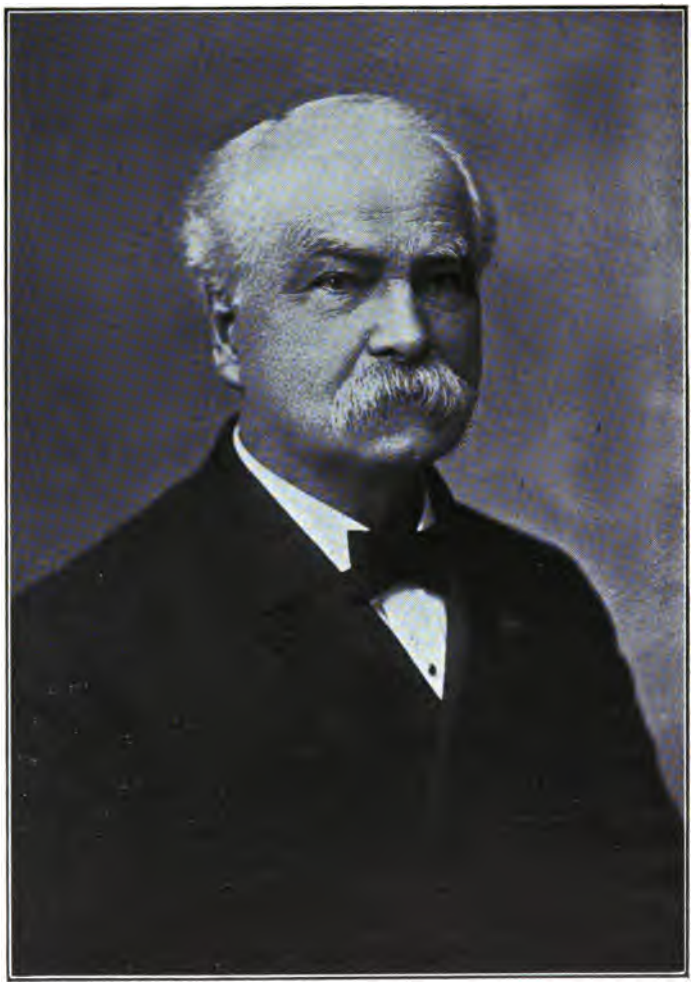
AND

War Record

OF

James Oliver, M. D.

Practicing Physician Fifty Years



JAMES OLIVER, M. D.

Ancestry, Early Life

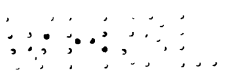
and

War Record

of

James Oliver, M. D.

Practicing Physician Fifty Years



ATHOL, MASS.
THE ATHOL TRANSCRIPT COMPANY
1916

Contents

Dedication

This little book has been written for my grandchildren, to whom I dedicate it. I also dedicate it to the good people of Athol, with whom I have lived pleasantly the greater part of my life.

Preface

I have written this small booklet for a few special reasons. One of these is that I may pay a tribute of appreciation to the Boy Soldiers of the war. I have related a few of the many distressing incidents that have come under my observation while on duty among them. Few are aware of the large number of young boys, between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, that have got into the army as regular enlisted soldiers. I was not only their medical adviser, but tried to be a father to them all that came under my care. The last year of the war three new regiments were started in Massachusetts, making thirty companies. As drummer boys were the easiest soldiers to get, there were some sixty drummer boys, two for each of the thirty companies. When enlistment became rather slow, orders came to consolidate all the enlisted men into one battalion and send to the front. These were put into the 61st Massachusetts Regiment and came under my care. Strange to say, they became good soldiers, did good service, and served to the end of the war. I had rather have, as a soldier, a boy at fifteen than a man over forty-five. The boys were enthusiastic, brave and willing to drill, proud and dressy and ready to obey orders, all qualifications to make good and efficient soldiers. I can subscribe to this statement without any mental reservation.

The second reason is that I may pay a tribute of love to a kind father and a good mother. The scriptural and truthful saying that "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," was ever true at our house. We never enjoyed the luxuries of life, but always enjoyed the luxury of a happy life. We were always happy and contented with what we had, never envious of our neighbors' luxuries. I look back on my boyhood days made

doubly happy and pleasant by the sunshine and happy life of my father and mother, who were ever devoted to their children. Sitting in my father's lap and listening to his childhood stories was unalloyed pleasure. He was one of the most unselfish men I ever knew. If his family was having a good time that was pleasure enough for him. Self was always a secondary consideration with him. One of the things to be most thankful for in this world, is that I should have been able to care for him and mother in their last sickness. I was with both until the end. They died, strong in the faith that there is a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Mother had a short sickness and died of Dysentery. Father had a long and painful sickness and died after months of torture, with Ossification of the Heart.

I have written this book in my 80th year, in the sere and yellow leaf of my life, with failing physical and mental powers. Had I done it ten years ago I might have done it better. There are many silly things in it, and a very little that is profound. Originally, it was not written for publication, and is finally published by the solicitation of friends. Many times, on looking it over, it has fallen so far below what I intended it to be, I have been temped to consign it to the waste basket. LaGrippe and Paralysis have struck me hard the last year.

With my experience of three years in the smoke and carnage of battle, I have felt it a duty to put on record a few of the horrors of war that have come under my direct observation, as a warning to some of our bloodthirsty politicians, who, if danger ever does come, will be the first to hide in the chimney corner and cry baby.

I hope my friends will throw a mantle of charity over the mistakes and short comings of this little book.

I wish again to impress on my grandchildren, to whom I have dedicated this book, that there can be no conditions of poverty so distressing, but, by hard work, continuous application, and a liberal use of midnight oil, can be overcome. I wish to impress that same advice on all boys and girls who are struggling with poverty for an education.

The Oliver Family

First Generation

Four brothers—John, Robert, William and James Oliver

Second Generation

Children of John Oliver—Aaron, Jemima, Moses, Rachel, Hannah, Zirzah, Mary, Amara, John 2nd, Rachel 2nd and Elizabeth Oliver.

Third Generation

Children of Aaron Oliver—Maribah, George, James 1st, Caleb, Aseph, Mary and Lucy Oliver.

Fourth Generation

Children of James Oliver 1st—James 2nd, Aaron, Cinda, Franklin, Lucinda, Thomas and Nancy Oliver.

Fifth Generation

Children of James Oliver, 2nd—Harriet K., Rosella A., Jane T., *James 3rd*, Rosella A. 2nd, George S. and Minerva Oliver.

Kate J. Oliver, wife of James 3rd. Born Feb. 14, 1858. Died March 19, 1903. Age 45 years, 1 month, 2 days.

Sixth Generation

Children of James Oliver 3rd—Annie and James Oliver 4th.

James Oliver, Jr. Born Sept. 22, 1880. Died Jan. 8, 1904. Age 23 years, 3 months, 17 days.

Seventh Generation

Children of Annie J. Kendrick—Katheryn Susan, James Oliver, Karl Stanley and Thomas Kendrick.

George Sidney Kendrick, born Aug. 27, 1915. Lived 14 hours.

History of the Family

The Town of Athol (or Pequoig, as first called) was settled in 1735 by a company from Hatfield. John, Robert, William and James Oliver were four brothers who settled in the town, either in the Fall of 1735 or in the Spring of 1736.

These four brothers were Scotch-Irish and came to America directly from Ireland (the North of Ireland). They were reported as healthy, stout, robust men, hardy settlers, with sufficient strength and determination to hew out, for themselves, homes, in the unbroken forests of this town, Athol.

JOHN OLIVER (who was nicknamed Old Dap) from whom the present Olivers of this town sprung, settled in that part known as Lyon's Hill.

If John Oliver lived, as reported, to be 93 years old, he was born about 1718 and therefore a young man under twenty when he came to this town as a settler from Hatfield.

He was a very large man, weighed some 250 pounds, tall, straight and well built, a powerful man.

Every account of him goes to show that he was one of nature's noblemen, a young man of daring energy, who developed into a man of noble proportions, both physically and mentally, beloved as well as respected alike by the old and the young, wherever he was known.

He was very fond of children and during his last years was never tired of making whistles and toys to amuse them. He always carried a pocket well filled with chestnuts to give to children he met, or who went to see him. It is said that whenever he visited his neighbors, the children, seeing him coming, would always run to meet him.

He was also very handy with bees and took great pleasure in cultivating them. Daniel Bigelow (an old gentleman

84 years old) tells how he brought down a swarm from the top of a high tree, on his hat, and successfully hived them.

On consulting the Records at the State House, Boston, of Athol in the Revolutionary War, I find that John Oliver was a Captain and assigned to a Company raised in Petersham.

John Oliver married Mary———, somewhere about 1746 and had a family of eleven children ; viz.,

Aaron, born Sept. 15, 1748
Jemima, born 1751
Moses, born 1753
Rachel, born 1755
Hannah, born 1758
Zirzah, born 1760
Mary, born 1762
Amara, born 1764
James, born 1766
Rachel, born 1770
Elizabeth, born 1773

This John Oliver (or Dap, as called) built his first house of logs, at the east side of the road, a short distance north of the house now occupied (1885) by William Emery, or a few rods south of the large barn owned (1907) by Mr. Vaughn. A large flat stone served for a part of the floor.

For many years he lived here, cleared up and cultivated the land. It was in this log house that most of his children were born.

The land, though rocky, was good and fertile. By hard work, it yielded abundant harvests. The great piles of stone, and stone walls, all over the farm, attest the hard work necessary to dig out a farm from among the rocks of Old Lyon's Hill. This part of the town was called Lyon's Hill after a man named Lyon. He was an early settler in that locality.

John Oliver, after living in the log house for many years, built a gable roofed house, a few rods above the house now (1885) occupied by George Drury.

The house stood east and west, two rooms below and two above, door in the centre facing the south. It had a large

stone chimney in the centre, topped out with brick. For the times, it was considered a good, substantial house.

There are many now in town who remember this old house. For many years before it was torn down, it stood unoccupied and was used for a general storehouse. It was finally demolished about 1814.

Old Dap and his wife Mary, who lived to be about the same age, ended their days with their grandson James, in a house a few rods below.

It is here that many now living remember the grand old man, who had lived almost a century, with his giant figure, cane in hand, for during the last years of his life he became nearly blind, groping about the farm he had wrested from the rocks and forests, ever happy, ever cheerful, ready and willing to take his place in the Great Beyond.

He lived to be a great age, reported ninety-three years old at the time of his death. He died Dec. 23, 1811, during *the great snow storm*, and he had lain eight days in the house before he could be taken to the Grave Yard. Then he was buried only by the whole neighborhood turning out and breaking the road to the Cemetery, known as the Street Hill Burying Ground.

There are a number of persons now (1885) living in town who remember him well, and from their account of him, he must have been a genial, kindhearted old man.

The descendants of John Oliver have clung to this town to the present day.

In what part of the town *Robert*, *William* and *James*, John's three brothers, settled is not known.

The town records show a large family born toRobertOliver and his wife Lydia. Robert Oliver's name often appears signed to public documents.

The early records of the town show that William Oliver was a prominent and public spirited man, serving on important committees. He was interested in the general welfare of the early settlement of the town.

James Oliver does not appear so prominent in public affairs.

The descendants of these three brothers, Robert, William and James, must have left town at a very early date.

The Second Generation in Our Direct Line

AARON OLIVER was the oldest son and oldest child of John Oliver. He was born Sept. 15, 1748. Little can be learned of his childhood. He was born and reared in the old and first log house built by his father.

His early days must have been associated with the peculiar hardships of early pioneer life.

As he was the oldest child of a large family, in all probability at a very early age he was obliged to assume the cares and responsibilities of life, make himself useful about the farm, as well as have a fatherly care of the large number of brothers and sisters.

He managed, some way, to get enough leisure time from digging out stumps and picking up rocks, and by the light of pine knots, to get an education. His public documents in after life show him to have been a good scholar.

Aaron Oliver was of medium height, thick set and a robust man, a man of energy and a great worker. Tradition speaks of him as a religious man, sociable, a great talker and enthusiastic in whatever he undertook.

During his life he was a man of prominence in public affairs. On consulting the town records, it appears that he often served the town as one of the Selectmen. Was often chosen Moderator to preside at town meetings. He appears on the town records as Constable and also they show that he served on important committees connected with town affairs.

He had strong religious convictions and identified himself with the Baptist Church. He was one of the first to espouse the Baptists' doctrines in this town. Lyon's Hill was in reality the first home of the present Baptist Church now in this town. Old Elder Briggs, its strong pillar and support, a near neighbor to him, they worked together in establishing and building it up.

By consulting the Records of the Baptist Church of Athol, it will be found that Aaron Oliver was chosen Clerk of the first meeting held to organize a Church. Isaac Briggs (afterwards Elder Briggs) and Aaron Oliver were the first Deacons of the church, chosen December 1st, 1810.

Aaron Oliver, by the records, was chosen Moderator to nearly all the early meetings of the church. He served on important committees connected with church affairs. In those days, the President or presiding officer was always chosen Clerk, and the records for a long time appear in Aaron Oliver's writing.

The Athol Baptist Church is a branch of the Baptist Church in Templeton. Many persons living in Athol belonged to the Templeton Church.

Aaron Oliver was chosen a committee of one to visit the church in Templeton, settle with it, and get a permit to form a Baptist Church in Athol. He performed this important duty to the satisfaction of all parties, got the permit and the church was organized. It is but justice to say that Isaac Briggs and Aaron Oliver were the prime movers in founding the now prosperous Baptist Church of Athol.

This Aaron Oliver married Lucy Smith January 19, 1774, and had seven children:

Meribah, born 1774
George, born 1776
James 1st, born April 9, 1778
Caleb, born 1780
Aseph, born 1782
Mary, born 1787
Lucy, born 1791.

He built a large, square, one story and a half house, about a half mile northeast from the old homestead, on the old turnpike road, which runs to Phillipston. This was one of the first carriage roads of the town, but the route chosen was over fearful hills and it was found impracticable for general travel. It was discontinued more than seventy-five years ago.

The style of the house built by Aaron Oliver was common about a hundred years ago. It was forty feet square on the ground, covered by a large roof. The lower part was divided into rooms.

Above, was a loft. This loft was used as a general store-house, and if the children became too numerous and overran the lower story, they were packed away in this loft, to sleep around the large, warm, stone chimney that always ran up through the centre of the house.

He was unfortunate in selecting his site for a farm. The old Turnpike by his house was built over some of the steepest and roughest hills of the town. A new turnpike and a new route became a necessity to accommodate the through travel of the town and the one now in use was built. This left his farm, to use a sailor's phrase, "high and dry" among the hills betweeu Athol and Phillipston.

It appears that Aaron lived here about thirty years, finally sold to his son James and went to live with him. The house was for many years used for a barn and the hay grown about it was stored there. The old turnpike having been discontinued and no highway passing by the place, the house was finally torn down and the farm became part of the old place.

The old turnpike being discontinued, the farms on it were deserted. The old cellars on this turnpike are to be seen to this day (1907).

The best part of his life he had passed on this farm. He did not attempt to make another, but lived with his children during the declining years—some of the time with James and some of the time with George, his two eldest sons.

A visit to Aaron Oliver's old farm will convince anyone that he chose one of the most beautiful spots in Athol for his house. The view from the old house site is simply grand.

Mountains, hills, farms and villages can be seen for miles around,—the Richmond hills, the Warwick hills, the Orange hills and New Salem hills all being in view. The Green Mountains can be seen in the distance. Villages, cultivated

farms, sheets of water, all combine to make a magnificent picture.

It was a beautiful spot where he began his married life with Lucy Smith, and reared his family of resolute children.

The old foundations to the buildings are now (1885) in a good state of preservation. A few hours of work would make them ready for a new set of buildings.

The house, as measured by the foundations, was about forty feet square. The barn thirty by forty. About fifteen feet to the southeast may be found the old well.

The front door was on the northeast corner and there stands now the old front doorstep,—a large flat rock.

The land in that vicinity was rich and fertile. Had not the turnpike through the farm been discontinued, it probably would, today, be one of the best farms in Athol.

He died with his son George, January 3, 1826, in the northern part of the town, on the farm now owned by Thomas Brooks.

Aaron Oliver was also a Revolutionary soldier.

James Oliver 1st
The Third Generation in Our Direct Line

JAMES OLIVER FIRST was the second son of Aaron Oliver, born April 19, 1778, in the large, square house on the hill, and there grew to manhood. Tradition speaks of him as a promising boy, full of daring and energy.

He received his education in District No. 1, in a little school house situated in the fork of the Bearsden road and Main street, just in front of the house now occupied by Wd. Sam. Bancroft.

This was the first school house built in town and, for many years, the only one. The middle and south parts of the town were then the most populous and scholars from all parts centered here.

This school house was sold at auction to a Mr. Kelton. He moved it down the street some twenty rods and it was occupied for years by an eccentric old lady named Mrs. Woodard. The present generation remember well the house and the eccentric old lady.

This school house gave way to a new one on Athol Common and one at the lower end of Athol Street. District No. 2 was formed and, for some years, the town had but two districts.

James must have been a bright scholar, for, though his schooling was very limited, he managed to get a good education.

He managed in some way to learn Surveying. He did surveying in all parts of this town and, frequently, the adjoining towns. His surveys and plots of farms and lands are now in existence. They are pronounced by good judges to have been skillfully and accurately made.

He also acquired a considerable knowledge of the Laws. Though never a lawyer by profession, he did a large amount

of law business, in making out deeds, contracts and all kinds of legal documents.

He grew to be a man of medium height, stout and well built, with a tendency to corpulency. His hair was dark brown, nearly black, and he died before it turned gray. He had a full face and always kept it cleanly shaved.

He was married to Hannah Kendall, daughter of Jonathan Kendall of Chestnut Hill, September 30, 1801, by Rev. Joseph Estabrooks.

The following children were born to them:

James 2nd, July 31, 1802, died April 20, 1887
Aaron, May 2, 1804—August 17, 1831
Cinda, November 1, 1806—October 26, 1809
Franklin, March 24, 1810—May 15, 1889
Lucinda, November 9, 1813—July 20, 1814
Thomas, August 29, 1815—August —, 1884
Nancy, August 6, 1817—February 22, 1818

He began his married life in the old gable roofed house built by his grandfather. He bought out the interests of John Oliver's children. He took his grandfather, John Oliver, also his grandmother, to see through life. (His grandparents were then eighty-three years of age but still they lived on for ten years and died nearly together, John at the advanced age of ninety-three.)

He now took the helm and assumed general management of affairs. Being energetic and ambitious, he began at once to plan for a larger as well as more substantial house. The large two story house now standing on the old place was built by him in 1804.

Besides his other accomplishments, he was a good musician. His name first appears on the town records in 1803, in the following vote:

"Voted and granted thirty dollars for support of singing school and chose James Oliver Ag't. to lay out said money."

Two Winters, about this time, he went down on the Cape below Boston and taught singing schools. He played

a singlebass viol and was the first to introduce musical instruments into the choir,—in this town.

At that time the question of musical instruments in church worship was a hot one. By some, fiddles and musical instruments were considered the works of the Devil and the older members protested against their use in the choir.

He had no sympathy with this superstition, neither had the members of the choir. The choir determined to have the help of the bass viol in their church singing. The viol was smuggled into the singers' seats on Saturday night, and played on Sunday out of sight of the congregation, very much to the amusement of the singers.

One Sunday, after the singing had gone unusually well, one of the strongest opponents to the fiddles congratulated the members of the choir on the good singing they had had lately. The secret was then let out and the opponents were so much chagrined that they never again raised their voices against instrumental music in church.

They then went to the other extreme and everybody in town who could play a musical instrument was invited into the choir. Fiddles, flutes, singlebass, doublebass, viols, clarinets, bassoons and even wheezy old accordians became part of the orchestra. To get in tune and play in harmony, such a conglomeration of musical instruments, was impossible, and when the band began to play and the choir to sing, common thunder was melody in comparison.

James Oliver was first chosen Selectman in 1807. He was continually doing town business and very often to the neglect of his own business.

It was about this time he was appointed Deputy Sheriff and this position he held for twenty-one years. His exploits in executing the duties of this office, as related by his children, would fill a volume of interesting reading.

He was made Captain of the Militia Company, and ever after that was known as Captain Oliver.

As Captain, as Surveyor, as Selectman, as Farmer and as Deputy Sheriff, all at once, he must have been a busy man.

His farm was neglected for public and more exciting business and his hard working wife had much of the care of the farm added to her household duties. A greater part of his life was passed away from home, which made the lot of his wife, with a large and growing family, far from an easy one.

He was sent to the General Court, Boston, as Representative in 1814 and also the following year. He represented the town two years in succession.

It was about this time that he conceived the idea of putting up a Distillery on his farm, to make cider brandy, from the large amount of cider made in that vicinity. He located the distillery about forty rods north of the house on the west side of the road.

The whole neighborhood, being intensely interested in the enterprise, turned out in force to dig out the foundation and put up the building, little thinking they were digging and building to their own ruin.

At that time the use of liquors was as common as the use of tea and coffee at the present day. Everybody drank. It was considered a harmless beverage for all. Old and young, rich and poor alike, had their daily dram.

Captain Oliver was looked upon as a public benefactor by his neighbors, in erecting this distillery. It would convert their cider into cider brandy, almost at their door, and they could have plenty of liquor at a cheap price. All were enthusiastic over the good time coming.

The distillery went up and cider brandy became as cheap as water. But very soon the moderate drinkers became drunkards, and before they were aware that there was any harm in the use of alcoholic drinks, Old Lyon's Hill had a crop of shiftless drunkards, with neglected farms and families, with wives and children suffering for the comforts of life.

Over three thousand barrels of cider were distilled in one year, making over six hundred gallons of cider brandy, and this enormous quantity was used within a radius of ten miles, and the population was small compared to the present time.

The distillery did its work in about six years. It was a short lived institution and was discontinued in 1820, or thereabouts, but even in that short time it left its mark on the community.

It did not even prove profitable to the proprietor, but was the beginning of his financial trouble. He became embarrassed and to answer the demands of his creditors, it culminated in the sale of the old farm that for nearly a century had been the property of the Oliver family, descending through three generations.

His manner of living was expensive, he had never cultivated economy, always kept an open house and entertained handsomely. He was a proud spirited man of the world, his expenses outran his income.

Captain Oliver, as Deputy Sheriff, previously referred to, acted with great energy and good judgment. Lucky was the criminal who escaped his clutches. He enjoyed the excitement of hunting up criminals and entered into the work of a detective with great zest.

He had a pumpkin and milk mare called Shonny, noted for her great speed and endurance, on which he could always rely. Before the days of railroads and telegraphs, horse flesh was relied upon to overtake criminals and many a hard race this Shonny had with culprits, but her superior speed as well as endurance usually won the race.

He once chased a thief to Lunenburg, the thief took to the woods and would escape unless sufficient help could be found to surround the woods.

It was Sunday and the Captain walked boldly into church and told the minister what had happened, also called for ten or fifteen men to assist him. All the male part of the congregation at once volunteered and he had a gang of over fifty, leaving the poor minister with an empty house, as the female curiosity could not stand the pressure so they, too, left the church.

The woods were surrounded and the thief soon treed on a tall hemlock. The criminal refused to come down, but

when the Captain proposed to cut down the tree, like Crockett's "coon" he at once came down and gave himself up.

One of Captain Oliver's exploits that caused much excitement at the time and made him quite a hero in this vicinity, was his rescuing one named Danforth from British officers sent to take him back to the British army.

The circumstances were as follows: This Danforth was a minor who enlisted, thoughtlessly, into the British army but soon deserted and came back home.

The British officers, several in number, came and arrested him. They were taking him back to Canada, where he would be shot as a deserter.

When Captain Oliver heard of it, he raised a posse of men and started in pursuit, overtaking them at Swanzey, N. H. Here he rescued him, by arresting him on a trumpt up writ for stealing, took him to Keene and had him lodged there, over night, in jail. The next day he was brought back to town amid the rejoicing of the whole people.

British officers were in the habit of raiding the State for deserters, but they failed in their attempt to take back this Danforth. He became a hatter in town and lived here for many years, a respected citizen.

Captain Oliver acted as Auctioneer for the whole town for more than twenty years, and during this time settled a large number of estates.

After he sold the old house, as mentioned in connection with the distillery, he moved onto Athol street, into a large house near the *Old Fort Well.* Ebenezer Brock built his present house on the site of this old one.

Captain Oliver lived here but a few years when he was taken with Erysipelas of the leg, which became general, and he died May 7, 1829, at the early age of fifty-one years, which is no wonder, as he had done the work of a man four score and ten.

His wife Hannah survived him some twenty years and died of Dysentery Sept. 9, 1849, at the age of sixty-nine.

He was buried in the Old Pleasant Street Cemetery, or what is better known as Street Hill. No stone was ever erected to mark his grave.

Though his life was a financial failure, it was a success in every other way. He was everybody's friend and was ready to do everybody a favor.

He had occupied every public position within the gift of his fellow townsmen.

He was loved and respected by all his neighbors and through all his financial reverses he preserved a reputation for honesty and integrity. He died with the blessings of all that ever knew him.

James Oliver 2nd

The Fourth Generation in Our Direct Line

JAMES OLIVER SECOND was the oldest son of Captain James Oliver and was born July 31, 1802, in the house built and owned by Moses Oliver, some twenty rods east and above the present (1885) house. Here James Oliver 2nd was born and lived some two years, as the new house was built in 1804.

His early days must have been pleasant, as he was ever full of reminiscences of his early, happy childhood.

He attended school on Athol Street, in a large (large for those times) square school house, some eighty rods south of the present one.

I understand that over a hundred scholars have been packed into this school house and all under the care of one teacher. During his school days, it took in the whole part of the town south of the Centre, and in those days the south part of the town was far more populous than the north part.

No wonder, with his limited schooling, mostly in the large winter schools, that he never acquired a good education. His mother was too busy, with the cares of a large family, to instruct, and the father, for some reason, failed to do so. He never took naturally to books.

He was hard to learn, and at a very early date began hard work on the farm, made necessary by the almost constant absence of his father.

Though he did not shine in the school room, no boy of his age could lay a better stone wall, handle better a yoke of oxen, or do a bigger day's work at chopping and haying.

He was strong, athletic, rather tall, about 5 ft. 11 in., a noted wrestler and a swift skater.

He worked patiently on the farm until he was twenty-one years of age, before he left the old place, doing a man's work for the last six years of this time.

He never acquired a taste for strong drinks, though for several years, he worked, Winters, in the distillery, during his minority, when those habits were so easily contracted.

Soon after he was of age, learned the Blacksmith trade, serving time with Benj. Holton, on the Street, and with Joseph Rickey, on Athol Common.

He married Minerva Fay, Sept. 18, 1827. She was 23 and he 25. They began housekeeping in the old Walter Stratton house on Athol street, occupying the house with Capt. Frank Twitchell.

In 1828, in the Fall, moved to South Orange and bought the old Putnam shop on the north side of the river. There he began blacksmithing, with water power. Here he lived four years. Harriet and Rosella 1st were both born in Orange.

At that time, Theodore Winn had the only painted house in the village. There were only eight houses on the north, and four on the south side of the river, when he went to Orange.

In 1831, had a severe sickness of Typhoid Fever, and his health became impaired. The shop was damp and, by the advice of doctors, he sold out this valuable property to Streeter & Greene, and moved to South Athol (then called Podunk), at which place he opened a store. Lived here for about four years. Jane was born in this place.

In 1835, moved back to Athol street and began blacksmithing together with house building. Here he built four houses, two barns and a blacksmith shop. The large, two story house, occupied now by Mr. Stowell, was where he lived. Here James, Rosella 2nd and George Sidney were born.

At that time the street was a thriving part of the town, the District school one of the largest in town. The old school house was crowded with scholars.

He foresaw that business was working towards the village and sold out to a Mr. Briggs. In September, 1843, he moved into the upper village and began blacksmithing.

In 1845, he built his house on Athol Common, and lived there until the death of his wife. Minerva was born in this house, August 18, 1846.

Children of James Oliver and Minerva Fay:

Harriet K., Nov. 27, 1828—March 21, 1901
Rosella A. 1st, July 27, 1830—Sept. 5, 1835
Jane T., Jan. 26, 1834—Dec. 10, 1911
James 3rd, June 28, 1836
Rosella A. 2nd, Oct. 11, 1839—March 20, 1915
George Sidney, April 14, 1843—Sept. 15, 1843
Minerva, August 18, 1846.

About 1850, he took up the manufacturing of Steel Garden Rakes, Potato Diggers, Etc. He followed this business, with varying success, for ten or fifteen years.

In 1860, or thereabouts, he began to get out House Finish, continuing at this some ten or twelve years.

At the death of his wife, he went to live with his son and there remained until his death.

His habits of industry clung to him to the last. He could not bear to be idle, never so happy as when at hard work. Life was ever happy to him. He never had blue days.

He was of a strong religious nature. Liked to attend church. For years, went to the Orthodox in the morning, Advent in the afternoon and the Orthodox in the evening. About every night in the week, went to some meeting. Had not a particle of sectarianism in him. He liked all denominations.

He was a great reader of the Bible. The stories of the Old Testament had a peculiar charm for him. He knew every part of the Bible and though a thorough believer in the spirit of it, he was not bigoted as to the letters of all the Bible. He would often make some very caustic criticisms on the sermons he heard preached.

He never took great stock in John's dreams or the prophesies of Daniel. Would say, "It is pretty hard to make

out just what John's dreams and Daniel's prophecies meant and the ministers better let them alone."

He was very quick at repartee and generally got the best of his antagonist. Once, in conversation with a noted infidel of the village who was an old bachelor, the conversation turned upon the truth of the Bible. He was defending it and the infidel was making fun of it.

The infidel wanted to know why "in hell" the lions did not eat Daniel when he was thrown in among them. He said that was easy to explain, that Daniel was a dirty old bach and the lions could not stomach him. The bystanders laughed. The infidel, an old bach, took the joke and said he guessed he had better let the old man alone.

There was another man by the name of Wyett who was wont to ridicule the miraculous parts of the Bible. This Wyett had been making clam chowder and selling it in small quantities about the village. At first, it was very good, but very soon degenerated into but little more than potato and water.

One day when Kelton's store was full, he thought he would have some fun with Mr. Oliver, who always championed the side of the Bible. He began by asking questions on the miracles. "How do you believe that Christ fed the multitude on five loaves and two small fishes?" Mr. Oliver replied that since eating his clam chowder, he did not think that much of a miracle. This threw the laugh onto Wyett and the Bible was let alone.

He had a never ending fund of simple farm and home stories, with which he interested his own children, and also the neighborhood children.

He would dress up these stories and tell them with the greatest minuteness. He would tell of hunting wood-chucks and of digging them out of the walls, taming squirrels, going chestnutting in the Fall of the year and bringing home big bags of chestnuts.

He would describe with glowing terms, a thunder storm that came up in the dead of winter, while attending a spelling

school on Athol Street. How the boys and girls took hold of hands, and all ran home through the woods.

All the domestic animals, pigs, calves, sheep, colts, etc., came in for a share of his attention. He knew the habits of all the wild animals in or about the farm. He knew the best place to trap foxes and to snare partridges. With his simple stories he would amuse children for hours. He had but one blood curdling story, which was brought out only on exceptional occasions. Oniy then by much teasing could he be made to tell it. On the old turnpike road that ran from Athol to Phillipston, about a mile east of his house, long since abandoned, there lived a Mr. Fairbanks, a proud and high spirited man, who had become involved in debt. In those days you could put a man in jail for debt. Captain Oliver, then Deputy Sheriff, was directed to take this Fairbanks to Worcester and place him in the County Jail. On Monday morning he went to his house to carry out these orders, and found him down back of the barn, dead, his throat cut from ear to ear. My father would give such a ghostly description of the dead man as he lay blanched and bloodless on the ground, weltering in his blood, that the children who heard him did not dare to go into a dark room nor at night to go to bed alone.

Some of his anecdotes of the people of Athol are worth recording. As he was born in 1802, he covers the history of the town, as he remembered some of the first settlers in 1735. His great grandfather died in 1811, was one of the first settlers and a very striking character in his old age. James Oliver 2nd was then nine years old.

Priest Estabrooks ministered to the people of Athol for nearly fifty years as their only pastor. He was a policy man and a great peacemaker, was called upon to settle all kinds of disputes and quarrels. Neighborhood quarrels, family quarrels, land quarrels, were brought to him and he had a remarkable faculty of settling them to the satisfaction of both parties.

Two parties on Athol street got into a dispute over a divide fence. They could not agree to the amount each

should build. They came almost to blows. Priest Estabrooks was called as arbitrator.

The Priest called upon one to put a stake where he considered his duty to build and then on the other to do the same. This left a small piece of fence unbuilt.

The Priest told each party to go at work and build to his stake and he would send up his hired man to finish the rest.

The parties saw the foolishness of the quarrel and the Priest's hired man was never called on to build the fence.

Again, he was constantly worried by some members of his parish filling his ears, talking in season and out of season of their family troubles. The man and his wife were always quarreling.

One day when he had become annoyed and tired of this man's complaints, he said to him, "I want to tell you a secret and you must never lisp it to anyone. My wife and I have just such quarrels, but we never tell anyone about it." The man saw the point and never after troubled the Priest with his family jars.

In the latter part of Priest Estabrooks' ministry, his church members were having a very lively discussion on the Trinity. Those who believed in the Trinity got together and had a meeting and were determined to compel Priest Estabrooks to come out flat footed and say whether he believed in the Trinity or not. The Priest was always very diplomatic and at all times loath to enter into theological discussion, and when they propounded the question, "Are you a Unitarian or a Trinitarian?", he said "I am content to be a Biblearian." By putting the Bible first he circumvented his inquisitors, for they could make no objection to his answer, for he denied nothing, nor did he affirm anything. The church went on to the time of his death, when it went to pieces.

One day Deacon Goddard, the great defender and expounder of the Calvinistic dogma which we understand as Calvinism, was feeling half sick, blue and despondent. Sent for Priest Estabrooks for a little spiritual advice. He told the good old practical Priest that he was worried about Adam's Fall and how much he would have to suffer on ac-

count of Adam's sins. Mr. Estabrooks said, "Mr. Goddard, that affair occurred a long time ago. I am more concerned over my sins than the old sins of Adam." [Good advice.]

In his boyhood the old fashioned Muster was the great day of the year. He would often occupy a whole evening in telling over the pranks and fun of those muster days. James Oliver 2d was particularly fond of telling how the Athol Company went to Templeton. He himself left home soon after midnight, and started on foot, getting onto Templeton Common before sunrise.

General —— was the great field marshal of the day and rode a spirited horse in great pomp and style. As he went by the Athol Company he bawled out, "Hold up your heads, you Athol gawkies."

This did not set very well on the stomachs of the Athol boys. It rankled in their breasts, and at noon they planned a revenge. The day was to be wound up by a sham fight when blank cartridges were to be used. This was the time chosen to settle accounts with the General.

The charge was to be led by him mounted on his horse. The Athol boys prepared cartridges with salt, and when the charge began they peppered the General's horse with this salt. The horse took fright, dashed across the Common and came to a sudden halt by jumping into a wood pile.

The General was picked up in a dilapidated condition, bruised, muddy and some bloody. He presented a ludicrous appearance.

When the boys began to halloo, "Hold up your heads, you Athol gawkies," he knew who caused the trouble. Ever after that the General treated the Athol Company with due respect.

He had a very peculiar last sickness. It was Ossification of the Heart, that is, the heart and arteries turned to bone. He was constantly out of breath. Said that he felt like one who has lost his breath by severe running.

At first, this was very slight and showed itself only after exercising.

Eating at the table, no matter how slow, would put him out of breath. Only a little, when beginning, but increased until it became very distressing.

Opiates would afford relief for a short time, and towards the last of his life, morphine was the only medicine that would give him relief, it being necessary to keep him under its influence all the time. He showed a great constitution and breathed for hours after he was unconscious.

He died April 20, 1887, at the age of eighty-four and was buried beside his wife in the Highland Cemetery.

She died August 16, 1879, at the age of seventy-six. He was a kind father and his wife was a good mother, so all their children can testify.

James Oliver 3rd

The Fifth Generation in Our Direct Line

JAMES OLIVER THIRD was born June 28, 1836, in the northwest bedroom, upstairs, in the house now (1891) owned and occupied by Francis Stowell on Athol street. Dr. Geo. Hoyt officiated at the birth.

South Athol Meeting House was raised the same day. The father was sent for in great haste to come home and look out for his increasing family.

The Podunk Meeting House and myself started the race of life together, and while I am fast falling by the wayside, I see the old church looks as bright and fresh as when the race first begun, owing to the influence of the Morgan Memorial Church.

The house in which I was born was built only a few years before, over an old cellar hole, where what was known as the old Kendall house stood. This Kendall house was one of the old structures, dating back to about the settlement of the town.

When the present house was built it was quite an imposing structure. The rooms were large and airy. There was sufficient room for two families.

It attracted a great amount of attention because the front was painted in colors, something unheard of in those days, but the builder was always, through life, a law unto himself. The front piazza was supported by rustic pillars.

The whole front, today, would be in the height of style, but sixty years ago it was looked upon as outlandish and in poor taste.

The poor old house has not had a coat of paint for fifty years and to look at it now no one would mistrust that it was

so fantastically dressed up in bright colors in its early days. For these long years it has been pelted with hail, rain and the winds of the bleakest place in town, but a close inspector, even now, could detect spots of the original paint.

It was in this house that I lived until I was nearly seven years old.

I began to go to school at the early age of three. Children were then sent to school for the teachers to care for and give mothers a better opportunity for work at home.

I can't remember as I learned anything. I sat with my oldest sister and can remember that the days were long and tiresome.

This school house was situated some fifty rods south of the present school house. At that time it was one of the largest schools in town.

It was the old fashioned kind, square, floor in the centre, seats on either side. The seats rose one above the other, those on the back seats could overlook all in front. Girls all on one side, boys on the other.

I can remember, at the signal for recess or closing the school, all rushed, simultaneously, into the floor and out the door, like so many wild horses. Lucky was the small child who got out with whole head. It was the delight of the large boys to torment the small ones.

At the close of the Winter term of schooling, the school room was turned into a Theatre hall. A curtain was hung upon the east end, a stage extemporized, and comedies, farces, even tragedy, were acted for the delight as well as edification of the town.

The "Golden Farmer" was once brought out in a manner and style that would not have disgraced a Boston theatre.

The Winter terms of schooling, boys, men grown and young ladies were not ashamed to attend District school. Such an array of young men and young ladies at the present day would frighten any of our teachers. If a young man or

a young lady then had a few months of leisure in the Winter, he or she went to school.

Among my first recollections in this life was being carried on my father's shoulders between the house and blacksmith shop, Father was a great lover of children and knew what would please. Being with him in the old shop was the height of happiness and contentment. I also remember taking many a nap in the old swing.

The blacksmith shop was where I first became acquainted with this world, and even now I enjoy going into a blacksmith shop, for it carries me back to those happy, careless days. The anvil, forge and all the tools seem like old friends and bring forcibly to mind that ever watchful care of a kind father.

It was in my childhood days that a terrible fanaticism swept over Athol street and took in all that were susceptible to emotional religion. I remember well those hateful days of fear and excitement.

It was in this locality that that senseless delusion Millerism had its perfect work. Good men and women embraced the delusion in perfect faith that the old Miller prediction would prove true. Meetings were held day after day, night after night, until the whole community was in a feverish delirium. Business and household duties were of no consequence—everything was to be swallowed up in that great judgment day which was close at hand, even the day fixed.

Old Miller, by twisting and interpreting Daniel's Prophecies, by some Hocus Pocus, finally located the day. But when the time arrived, the sun arose, marched through the day, and set, all unmindful of old Miller's prophecies.

I never could quite make out whether these followers were more disgusted with Miller or angry with the Lord because he refused to make that grand tableau they had so often pictured in such glowing terms,—"The righteous being caught up in the heavens, while the wicked, beneath, yet in plain sight, were reduced to ashes."

After the fires were quenched, then the righteous were to make their grand entree upon the earth and select their habitations where they were to live in happiness forever. What nonsense!

Yet thousands of intelligent people embraced this doctrine, and when disappointment came, many became infidels, many went insane and a few profited by the lesson, becoming consistent Christians. I am happy to say that my father and mother were among the last.

A literal interpretation of the Bible may not lead to the Devil, but it will lead to much deviltry.

A room in Austin Ellinwood's sawmill was headquarters but meetings were held at the houses. Many of the men and women, called spiritual, had trances and visions.

It was common tor the stoutest men to lose their strength and remain unconscious for hours. Such scenes were cited as evidence of the Divine favor and positive proof of the correctness of Miller's calculations.

No one not present can imagine the excitement. All work was suspended. Carpenters' tools and farmers' tools were burned, as worthless. Crops went unharvested. All these things went to show their sincerity as well as delusion, and when the bubble burst no wonder that many went to the mad house and others lost faith in God.

Austin Ellinwood would preach for hours, claiming that he was a messenger sent direct from God to promulgate this doctrine. Poor man, he lived for many years, and finally died a disappointed man. No man who knew him ever doubted his honesty and that he believed all he preached.

Millerism and Methodism combined kept father poor. It was no uncommon occurrence to have, for weeks at a time, one or more itinerant ministers boarding at father's.

As I look back, some of these gospel expounders were rather small specimens of the genus homo. Cheek and piety constituted their stock in trade.

Mother's health was poor, and with her small children she was scarcely able to do her own work.

To be a meek and lowly follower of Christ and to sponge their living out of someone else was their chief aim in life.

It was about this time that a Methodist Elder was stopping at father's and holding protracted meetings in South Athol. Sunday morning father and the minister went off to Podunk, as then called, to attend meeting, and left me and another little boy, son of the Methodist Elder, at home. This boy was my age, about six years old. The day was long and lonesome. In the afternoon we went out to the barn, shut the barn door, and went all over the lofts trying to catch barn swallows. To our astonishment, first we knew the barn doors opened and in drove father and the Methodist Elder. The minister grabbed his boy and gave him a sound spanking for desecrating the Lord's Day. After the horse was taken out father took me very kindly on his shoulders and carried me into the house. I remember feeling very glad that my father was a Blacksmith and not a Methodist Elder. I don't think I have felt quite right towards Methodist Elders from that day to this.

I was seven when I left Athol street and many of my memories of childhood were far from being pleasant. Too much religion was what made life unpleasant and kept father and mother in straitened circumstances.

Mother has often told me that when I was born, the only luncheon there was in the house to offer the doctor was hasty pudding and molasses. Dr. Hoyt, with his inborn politeness, ate it with a relish and pronounced it very nice. I have distinct visions of meals made out of bread and cider. Rye and indian bread, regular diet. Mother made it in large quantities, baked in a brick oven, and for brown bread it was the very best.

Perhaps it was this plain, simple diet of brown bread and milk that gave us children good digestion as well as strong constitutions,—a great blessing in disguise,—for surely we grew up strong, healthy and far more robust than those who had an abundance of food of a rich grade.

I will give the recipe for "bread and cider," often dignified by the euphonious name of "cider toast." Many epicures of the present day may want it as a relish on state occasions.

℞ Recipe: One teacup of old cider, two teacups of hot water, sweeten to taste with West India molasses. Crumb into this one-half loaf, more or less, of toasted brown bread, and then eat to repletion.

I have banqueted at the Parker House and at Young's Hotel, and the dish compares favorably with any I have eaten in those places (as I look back seventy years.)

A healthy, hungry boy's stomach requires no sauce to start up an appetite. At those times bread and cider was good enough for me.

Another dish that would appease the gnawing of a healthy and hungry boy's stomach was Sap Porridge. It was made by boiling maple sap down one half or more, then thickened with Indian Meal and thoroughly cooked. This made a dish fit for the Gods, as I now remember it.

The rising generation would be far healthier if we would go back to some of those cheap and healthy dishes. At the present day too many eat themselves poor.

Before we get over the effects of this European and Mexican war, we shall be glad to get back to this simple diet. The first families of this town were not above it seventy-five years ago. It was this kind of food that fed our Revolutionary Heroes.

I remember very distinctly the first money I ever earned. In company with several other boys, I picked up stone for Estus Lincoln, the whole day. We had a good, bountiful dinner, and each boy four large, old-fashioned cents.

These four cents looked bigger than twenty dollar gold pieces today. I ran all the way home to show them to mother. I looked on Estus Lincoln as a very rich man to be able to pay a dozen boys four cents apiece.

As I left the street when I was seven, my school days were not marked by any great proficiency. I remember very

well being taken out of one of those old-fashioned seats by the collar to be given a sound thrashing. For what reason this violent fit of temper was expended on me, I never knew.

Again, another teacher kept me after school to learn some abbreviations in the back part of the spelling book, not a fit lesson for my understanding.

When she had remained long enough, I was made to hold out my hand, took a good sound ferruling and was sent home.

The lickings I got are the major part I remember of my school days on Athol street.

The outdoor sports seem to have made a more lasting impression on my mind.

Snapping the whip was a game that was not always safe to the small boy who was at the tail end of a long row of large boys. In Winter, when there was a friendly snow drift where the boys could land, the play was all right. But at other times, to be rolled over and over, like a barrel rolling down hill, caused too many bumps and bruises, with not a little danger of broken heads as well as broken bones.

Gathering gum in Ellinwood's woods was unalloyed pleasure, and seeing the big boys skate on the pond.

The same class of bullying, fighting boys flourished in those days as have flourished in all school districts ever since. Their chief delight consisted in getting small boys into a fight.

I remember having a most disgraceful fight with the Hinds boys, who were somewhat larger and older than myself. Every time the Hinds boys got the advantage of me, these great boys would assist me, and by the help of these older boys I pretty effectually laid out and punished the Hinds boys.

I recall keeping pretty well under the protecting wings of father and mother for several weeks for fear I should meet one of these boys alone. I knew if I did I should get a sound thrashing. I finally sent out the olive branch of

peace, the whole thing blew over and we again became good friends.

It is remarkable how certain events will impress themselves on the youthful mind. A great number of occasions, too trivial to record, are as clear in my mind as if they happened but yesterday.

A Fourth of July picnic under the magnificent elm by the old Walter Stratton house, the political procession of 1840 that went across the Street enroute to Barre to hear Daniel Webster, the temperance lecture of Dr. Hoyt in the sky parlor of the Orthodox church, are among some of those events, indelibly printed on my brain.

This is enough for Athol Street life. It had its pleasures and many sorrows.

In 1843 father sold all his property to Nathan Briggs and moved to Athol Centre. There, started business anew, —a most fortunate move. It was a grand event, moving down town,—new schools, new playmates and new surroundings.

Father got a tenement in the house now occupied by Joseph Holton, the first one north of Thomas H. Goodspeed's. We occupied the four front rooms of the house and ——— the kitchen and room upstairs,—two large families in one small house.

The front room was used as a bedroom and we children were packed away in the old-fashioned trundle bed. This trundle bed ran under the large bed, drawn out for use at night and run back during the day. This was one of the most convenient beds ever in use.

The small children were close at hand and under the eyes of the parents. The least sound or motion could be heard, the mother had only to raise herself in bed to take a survey of the children and decide what was necessary to do, which, nine times out of ten, was just nothing. The marks of this old trundle bed, made nearly seventy years ago, are in the house today.

To move from Athol Street down town and take a stand among the boys required muscle and something of a pugnacious disposition. A boy must fight his way to rank and position.

I soon found that my advent had been noted by the boys. As they passed the house, challenges were thrown out and at long range I kept up a fire of words. Finally, like David among the Philistines, I went forth to do battle.

I found that one George Kendall had been selected to decide whether I, coming from Athol Street, had sufficient grit and muscle to associate, on equal terms, with the downtowners. The gauntlet was thrown down and battle began. After a long, desperate struggle, the appointed Goliath was put on his back. I was at once hailed as a worthy member, to be one of the boys of the downtowners.

I think a Miss Lewis of South Royalston, afterwards the wife of Dr. Austin, kept the first school I attended. She was a severe disciplinarion, an efficient teacher and kept a good school.

Our next habitation was the old Bliss house, long since demolished. This stood in front of the old Dr. Hoyt house, now owned and occupied by Gilbert Southard. Here we lived about two years, Stephen Bliss occupying one part and father the other. The house was old but comfortable.

I remember very distinctly it was here that I was first introduced to the wood pile. To keep mother in wood was a Herculean task I never shall forget.

It required much scolding by mother, and many loud threats by father, to keep ahead of the old delapidated kitchen stove. I have never since seen a stove with such a voracious appetite for wood as that old stove possessed. Forty times a day I was called from my play with that never ending cry, "more wood," and to this day I hate to hear anything said about kitchen stove wood.

The blacksmith shop where father worked stood on the site of what is known as Prouty's Livery Barn, on the west

side of the Common. This spot had been the location of a blacksmith shop nearly to the first settlement of the town.

The hours of hard labor that father put in at that shop every day, week in and week out, year in and year out, would seem incredible to the blacksmiths of today.

In Summer the hours of work were from 4 o'clock in the morning to 8 in the evening. Winter evenings the shop was lit up by his blazing forge and the anvil rang with his busy hammer. "Week in, week out, from morn 'till night, you could hear his bellows blow."

Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" was never read in school but scholars would look at us with a smile, there were so many lines that seemed to point to father, the old shop and his family. Father had an iron will and a physical body that never tired—work was his natural element.

While we lived in the Bliss house, father planned and built the house on the north side of the Common, adjoining the blacksmith shop. This was our happy home for thirty-two years.

This house, which now is so unpretentious in appearance, in 1845, when it was built, was thought to be a building of considerable architectural beauty.

The square pillars in front were considered elaborate and a piece of good carpentering. The house was much admired by the villagers and we looked upon it as palatial.

Father always put his mark on whatever he did. Everything must bend to some pet idea. He wanted room enough over the front entry to put a bed. To accomplish this, the upper floor must be brought out over the stairs. To go up these front stairs, unless a person was cautious and bent well forward, the top of the head soon received a terrible crack on the floor above.

It was a knock down trap to the stranger who should attempt to mount those stairs in a hurry. Cautionary signals were always given to the uninitiated.

For twenty-five years this trap went on bumping heads, until, after a long absence, I came home and without any permission, got a carpenter and had the nuisance abated.

I remember that father started out to furnish our new house in keeping with the house, for it really was well finished and a pretty place.

He bought three beautiful three-ply all wool carpets and they were made as well as put down. For some reason, the furnishing of the house stopped here. I presume the poor man ran short of funds.

The two long wooden settees for years did service for sofas, and it was a long time before much furniture found its way into the house. Notwithstanding the limited amount of furniture, the house was dedicated by two parties, one of these being given by Harriet and Jane, two sisters older than myself, one party by myself and Rosella, a sister younger than I. These parties were a great event and lasted until midnight. A few nuts and candy were provided for refreshments.

Father and mother both belonged to a musical family and their children loved music. All had what is called a natural ear for music.

In those days, but few families in town had pianos. Eleanor Stratton, a cousin of ours, had an old piano made in London as far back as 1807, which she offered to sell for forty dollars and father bought it.

Chickering never made a Grand Square that ever gave half the delight to any family that that little old spinnet gave to our family.

For ten or more years there was scarcely an hour in the day but what that piano was a-going. All wanted to play and all learned to play.

Singing and playing, frolic and fun,—the order of every evening. Every night the house was filled with young folks and for happiness and inuocent amusement it was an ideal home.

During those days I worked in the shop and, when father could spare me, attended the village school. Father was always kind to his children and gave them all and even more schooling than he could afford. When business was rushing at the shop, I was called out of school, sometimes not more than an hour, sometimes a half day, and during sharpening time, the first of the Winter, I often lost several weeks of schooling.

I think this outside work did me good and gave me a relish for my studies. At least, I determined to stick to my books and quit blacksmithing. I got enough taste of blacksmithing to come to the conclusion that it was too hard work to agree with my constitution, so resolved to earn my bread, if possible, in some other way.

It was my good fortune to have my school days come at a time when there were good teachers. We had excellent schools and unbounded enthusiasm on the part of both teachers and scholars.

A Miss Brown, Lyman White, a Mr. Priest and others never had any superiors. I doubt if the schools of Athol ever before or since have been brought to such a degree of excellence.

At that time, there were plenty of good teachers. It may have been my youthful enthusiasm, but most of the teachers of today compare very unfavorably with those.

About this time, Samuel Clark, a Unitarian minister, was settled in town. He, also, was a member of the school committee and with his enthusiastic nature added life as well as interest to the schools.

The schools were then the main attraction of the town. Lyceums, with debates and rhetorical exercises, were the amusements of the evening.

The whole time of the teachers was devoted to their calling. Their time was not grudgingly given to a few hours in the middle of the day.

The dull scholars were helped along over the rough places, and as I look back many of those dull scholars (now

called lunk heads, tabooed and driven from school) made some of the smart business men of the times. The pert, bright scholars have never been heard from since they left the school house.

I remember very distinctly my first attempt keeping school in the New Sherburn district, now the Rice neighborhood. Lyman Hapgood was school committee and gave me a permit.

I had fourteen dollars per month, receiving fifty-six dollars. Most of the time I boarded with Mrs. Betsie Stratton, afterwards Mrs. Pollard. She was one of the kindest hearted women I ever met, and as full of fun as a young girl. She had the munificent sum of one dollar per week for my board, and it was good board too.

The next Winter I taught in North Orange. Here I taught school two Winters and one Fall term. As I look back, I think my North Orange experience was the pleasantest part of my life. Many of my scholars were very near my age and not an ugly or unpleasant one among the number. Each scholar was put on his or her honor and there was, in reality, no such thing as discipline, still there was perfect order.

I taught one short term in Phillipston. During the vacations I attended the High Schools when I could do so.

At this time I worked a practical joke on the High School teacher, of which I have always been a little ashamed.

This teacher was a dignified man, a good instructor, and a strict disciplinarian. He, like most men, liked a good looking girl, and enjoyed a social chat with them.

In mid-winter, one bright moonlight night, about nine o'clock, the door-bell rang. I went to the door and there stood the High School teacher. He asked if he could borrow my sled. In the road stood two of the largest girls in the High School. One of them was my best girl. I confess I was a little jealous. I brought out the sled, which was a very large one. When he saw it he looked at it with some

doubt and said, "I don't think I can manage so large a sled." This sled would easily carry four persons.

He asked me if I would go with them to manage it for him. I felt now was the chance to exercise a little of my jealousy. We went up the long Street Hill, and had a splendid ride down to the Common. They were enthusiastic for another ride.

We went to the top of the hill. I loaded him onto the front part of the sled, his legs bent up like a jack-knife, the girls got on behind him, and I got on behind them all.

We started in great glee, and came down the hill with railroad speed. Near the foot of the steepest part of the hill there was a big snow drift. My foot somehow got caught in the sled runner, and we went pell-mell into the snow drift. The teacher dove like a big bull-frog into the snow drift out of sight, and the girls after him. No one was hurt. I helped the girls out of their trouble. I left him to get out the best way he could. He finally came out puffing and blowing, covered with snow.

They all very soon stole away, leaving me to care for the sled.

What were his inward thoughts about me I never knew. I noticed that he did not act very happy, or loquacious, as he went away.

It always makes a boy mad to have some older duffer try to court his best girl.

Another experience in sliding. One night when the hill was covered with young men and boys, we got tired of using small sleds, and were looking about for a sleigh, which would be more exciting.

Ben Jones told us there was one in his father's barn we might take. It was brought out and a small sled placed between the shafts to steer by. The sleigh was a yellow box sleigh, never very strong. When loaded it was black inside and out with boys big and little, a sufficient load for an ox team.

We started down the hill. At the foot of the hill there was a water-bar.

The sleigh struck dead into the water-bar, the back part of the sleigh rose into the air and the weight of the boys crushed it flat. In less than half a minute there was not a boy in sight, only poor Ben, who had taken the sleigh out of his father's barn without permission.

Finally, the boys one after another appeared in sight, but none who were on the sleigh when the crash came.

With great anxiety for poor Ben, we loaded it onto a large sled, and deposited the wreck in his father's barn.

We expected his father, when he found out what had occurred, would give his son a good thrashing, but in keeping with Mr. Jones' kindly nature, he only said, "Benjamin, you did very wrong in taking the sleigh without my permission."

I taught the Grammar School of Athol Centre for four terms.

In 1859 I began the study of Medicine, and taught two Summer terms after that. Had but little money to begin my studies with and how I ever got through, meeting all my bills, I cannot comprehend, as I owed only about one hundred dollars when I graduated.

I entered upon the study of medicine with only a High School education. I remember very well the day that I fully made up my mind to study medicine and become a doctor. Wanted to attend college first, but that was impossible and I decided to plunge into the medical profession with what education I had.

This decision to become a doctor made most of my friends laugh. I don't think I ever received a word of encouragement from anyone, but my mind was made up and Dr. J. P. Lynde invited me to ride as well as study with him. He was always most generous and kind to me. Had a literary turn of mind, enjoyed study and his books. Always took interest in showing me important cases.

I went to Boston in the Fall of 1850 to attend Lectures. It was a great event in my life. At first, boarded in Morton Place, at Mr. Kendall's, a very cheap boarding house.

Stayed here for only a few weeks, when I went to 78 Temple Street with Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Johnson. Boarded at this last named place during all my studying in Boston. Found them to be very estimable people and have ever been my best friends.

They were ever very kind to me, and, in my poverty, rendered me very material aid. Mr. Johnson has been dead some eight years and Mrs. Johnson is now (1891) Superintendent of the Woman's Prison at Sherburn, a position she filled with great ability.

I enjoyed the Winter very much, everything was new to me. I saw many noted men.

I was sort of a religious tramp, went to all the churches in Boston, of any note.

Oliver Wendell Holmes lectured to us every day on Anatomy. His lectures were always interesting and spiced with stories.

Then Wendell Phillips was in the height of his glory and I often heard him.

Alger, James T. Clark and scores of other good talkers were then in their glory.

I went to Italian Opera some half dozen times. Then, for twenty-five cents, a good seat could be had in the third balcony, or vulgarly called Nigger Heaven.

Every minute of my time was occupied from early morn until midnight. Lectures began at 8 A. M. and continued every hour until 2 P. M. Then another lecture at 4 P. M.

When my turn for dissecting came, the afternoons and evenings were wholly occupied. This was too severe a tax, and twice I was made quite sick.

Thirty years have passed but still I can see the kind and genial faces of every one of those professors,—Dr. Bawditch, always kind and sympathetic; Marbert John Warren, never so happy as when pawing over some putrid old lungs or liver; Dr. Clark, always methodical and exact; Dr. Bacon, his pronunciation not always exact, but his chemical experiments never miscarried; Dr. Ellis, the young student's

friend, and one of the best of men; Dr. Bigelow, decidedly Frenchy in his ways, but a splendid surgeon; Dr. Shattuck, who used to revel in the classification of disease; Dr. Storer, always positive in his expressions, a hard but impressive talker.

Boston's Medical School, or, rather, Harvard's Medical School in Boston, had a fine corps of professors when I took my instruction in medicine during the Winters of '60 and '61, also the Spring of '62.

I taught school during the following Summer, and rode with Dr. Lynde, studying all my spare moments. I have made a mistake in the above dates. I began studying medicine in the Winters of '60 and '61. I attended two Winters and the Spring term of '62. Graduated July 16, 1862, not with high honors, not at the foot of the class, but a long way from the head of the class. Whatever I acquired was by long, hard, continuous study. I never was a great scholar. Had a poor memory and was hard to learn, which prevented my taking a high stand in scholarship.

Poverty compelled me to cover the whole field of medicine in that short time. Nothing could be done thoroughly.

Four years is a short time to cover the ground. Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry should be theoretically learned before attending lectures or dissecting. Then more time should be given to those studies that must have the facilities of a hospital and a medical college.

The last year of my studies the Civil War was raging, and two or three times I came near leaving college and going to the front, fearing the war would close before I graduated. Once, I had my woolen shirt and suit on, waiting for orders to go out as hospital attendant, but there was a little hitch somewhere and I went back to my studies. However, afterwards, I got all the fighting I wanted.

After graduating from Harvard Medical College, July 16, 1862, I went immediately to the State House, was examined and promised a position as Assistant Surgeon, 21st Mass. Vol.

Went back to Athol, and after some difficulty got an outfit—uniform, sword, etc.

July 31st I received my commission and August 1, 1862, was mustered into U. S. Service as Ass't Surg., 21st Mass. Vol. Inft., with rank of 1st Lieut. of Cavalry. I was then under pay, felt that I was earning my bread and butter, and at the same time serving my country,—one among the thousands trying to crush out the great rebellion.

It was a sensation that made me a new man and filled me with an exhilirating independence. Came very near starving before I got any pay from the U. S. Government, it being many months before I received a cent of pay.

My next concern was to find my regiment. It had been at Newbern and the last report was that it was on its way to Newport-News, near Fortress Monroe.

I took the cars for Baltimore. Every foot of the journey was full of interest, for I had never before been out of New England. The great city of New York I passed through and drank in all I possibly could. Also, got a hasty view of Philadelphia.

Reached Baltimore towards night and put up at Barnum's Hotel. Then felt I was really on Southern soil and among rebels.

The next day, found a freight boat bound for Fortress Monroe. It was loaded with hay and commissary stores for the army. I was the only passenger, there were no accomodations, I slept anywhere I could find a place to lay, but before my three years were out, I came to the conclusion that those accomodations were first class.

I enjoyed the sail down the beautiful Chesapeake. I had never before been on so extended a sheet of water. Everything was new and interesting.

When I arrived at Fortress Monroe, I was terribly disappointed to find that the 21st Regiment had left Newport-News and gone up the Potomac river to join the Army of the Potomac. I soon found another freight boat on which I secured passage and again started for the regiment. Here, I

took a hasty view of the Fortress and the surrounding country which afterwards played so important a part in the war. Later, had a chance to inspect this locality at leisure.

Here I first began to see soldiers in large numbers—everything looked like war. Men in clothes of citizens had disappeared and all were soldiers.

I started up the Potomac in quest of my regiment and landed at Aquia Creek. Here I learned that the 21st was in camp opposite Fredericksburg, at a place called Falmouth.

I took the cars and after a ride of some eight miles found the long looked for regiment. Was very kindly received by J. W. Hastings, the other Ass't Surgeon in charge of the regiment. Dr. Hastings and myself did a great amount of campaigning together and I always found him a kind, generous, noble companion. Our friendship has extended to the present time and I hope it will always last.

It was a new, strange life. I was in the midst of a large army and knew nothing of camp life or milltary duties. Preparations were being made for an active campaign.

McClellan had failed on the Peninsula. Pope, a fighting general, was in command of an army at a place near Culpepper and the 9th Corps was about to join him.

I had been in camp only a very few days when we broke camp and took up our line of march. I hardly knew a Corporal from a Major General, was utterly ignorant of everything that pertained to army life.

I well remember the afternoon we started. Quartermaster Fuller procured for me a saddle and I found a broken down horse in the Corps Q. M. Department. I was mighty glad of this outfit, poor as it was.

August 12th, towards night, we started on the march. Somewhere about midnight we halted for rest. We took our medical stores out of the army wagon, put them on the ground, and made a bunk in the wagon.

No sooner were we well settled than we were routed up and the wagon taken for forage. We then took our blankets and camped on the ground like soldiers.

It required some half hour to hitch in the mules and then we found ourselves in the place where the team must pass over, so we were routed up again. I do not think I got any sleep during this first night of camping out, as we started on the march very early in the morning. How sleepy and tired I was through the day!

On the 14th, we reached Bealton Station and took the cars for Culpepper Court House. I remember that the cars were covered outside with soldiers and that I had a most uncomfortable ride on the top of one of these cars, with nothing to hold on to, expecting every minute to be shaken off.

At Culpepper, we went into camp in a field. I found a soft place between two cotton rows and went to sleep. A shower came up and I pulled my rubber blanket over my head. Slept on, only to awaken with one-half my body soaked in muddy water.

Campaigning began now in earnest. Night and day we were on the go, trying to escape the Rebs. Rations were scanty. We went in every direction without aim or method.

I have a dim recollection of being at Kelley's Ford, Warrington and Warrington Junction, Sulphur Springs, Bristol Station and other places, but it is all a confused mass in my brain.

I saw the long train of commissary stores on fire, remember the forts at Manassas, the terrible days of depression. Then some rumors of success would set the whole regiment cheering.

It was about Aug. 29th that Dr. Cutter, then acting as Division Surgeon, detached me from the regiment and sent me to look after the sick in the baggage train. Here, I had an independent command and it needed a Major General, with years of service, to fill the position given me.

In the train I found a large number of sick soldiers and a large number of skulkers. Did my best to separate the sheep from the goats. They took advantage of my inexperience. Have thought many times how I would have liked to deal with that crowd two years later.

I had a camp made near Centreville, not far from Bull Run battlefield, beside a smoothly running little brook of good water. The first rumor was that the Rebs were defeated. Medical Directors came from Washington, complimented me on my camp and proposed to make a large field hospital on the spot.

I was so very near the battlefield that all day wounded men came into my camp and I attended to their wants the best I could. During the day General Hanks was brought into my camp, wounded through the wrist. After making a short stop of an hour or so, he continued on his way towards Washington.

What struck me as ridiculous was the number of men, able bodied, it took to care for a General simply wounded in the wrist. It was evident they all wanted to get to a safer neighborhood than Centreville.

I soon found out that the day had gone against us and that the army was in full retreat for Washington. When the sun went down, several thousand soldiers were about my camp. A greater part of the whole army was about Centreville.

All through the night our retreating army was passing my tent. I resolved to stick to my post and care for the sick as well as wounded that had come under my care.

There was no one to report to and no one to give advice, so I was obliged to act on my own responsibility.

I was surprised to see how fast some of those very sick soldiers recovered when it became known that we should fall into the hands of the enemy. The slightly wounded left during the night, also the bummers, and out of the several hundred that I had when the sun went down, the rising sun found me with less than fifty.

The morning after the second Bull Run battle was clear and cool. I shall never forget the morning nor my feelings, when I arose after a short sleep, and took a survey of the country about me.

The night before, in every direction, were marching soldiers, cavalry horses, artillery, baggage wagons,—everything that make up an army. In the morning only a few old, crippled, abandoned horses were all there was to be seen.

This day of Aug. 31, 1862, was exciting and eventful to me. Think I can recall what occurred every hour of the day. Here I was separated from the army,—alone, without experience, with wounded and sick soldiers on my hands. Expected every minute that the enemy would be upon me.

I heard of a hospital some miles away. My horse had been stolen during the night by our retreating army, so I started on foot for the hospital.

Here, to my great joy, I found not only a hospital but a corps of surgeons. The medical directors told me to bring up all the sick and wounded to that hospital, where they would be conveyed, by ambulance, to Washington.

I found a four horse team and a negro driver that, in some way, had gotten lost, so did not retreat with the army. He was very glad to work in the hospital department. We started for our camp, but were soon surrounded by rebel cavalry and taken prisoners.

Very fortunately, I had on my green sash, also a red flag was on the front part of the wagon, signs of the Medical Department. I am very glad to record the kind treatment I received from the Confederate officers. The enlisted men were not as kind.

The four horses I had were in good condition. Some cavalrymen proposed to swap with me, saying that their horses could draw the wounded. They had nearly completed the exchange when two Confederate officers came up. I appealed to them that I was a surgeon and that I had my hospital flag out, was engaged in transporting the wounded, that I ought not to be molested in this way. These officers sharply reprimanded the men and compelled them to put my horses back in the wagon.

This squad of cavalry then went towards Washington and I to my camp. I found the camp surrounded by a rebel

guard in charge of a lieutenant. They had molested nothing. I had quite an amount of stores left for my use by the Division Q. M., besides my own private baggage.

The lieutenant and men were kind as well as courteous, told me to use what was necessary and if anything was left, they should claim it. I had seen enough of the world to know that the direct road to a man's heart was through his stomach, so ordered a kettle of coffee made and some rice cooked. Then treated the lieutenant and men to a good breakfast. We were the best of friends during the day. They gave me every assistance in their power in transporting the sick and wounded to the hospital. This took the greater part of the day.

I had lost my horse during the night before and the lieutenant gave me a horse he had captured in order that I might rejoin my regiment.

I was green in army affairs. I ought to have reported for duty at the main hospital and remained there, but after my sick and wounded men were cared for, I went to General A. P. Hill's headquarters at Centreville, for a pass. He was engaged in eating and he ate as if half starved. I asked him for a pass back into our lines and without looking up, he said, "If you can make the pickets believe you are a surgeon, go ahead."

During the day I had found an ambulance. The last of my wounded and sick, the worst cases, I loaded on this and at about 5 o'clock P. M., with this load, started for Washington. I rode in front of the ambulance on the horse the lieutenant had given me. I remember it was a most beautiful evening. Every few rods I would come upon a rebel picket. Was then obliged to halt and explain my position. After convincing the picket that I was a surgeon with wounded men, I was passed on to the next.

In this way I went from Centreville to Fairfax Court House. As I came into Fairfax Court House, the citizens were out. They told me that our forces were just outside of

the town and as I did not see any Confederate soldiers, I took heart and hurried on.

A few rods outside of the town a picket fired and cried "halt." Of course I stopped. He spoke a few words to me and then observing a soldier a few rods over in the field with a good gun, he went for him.

Meantime, I moved on. Very soon, however, came upon a worse dilemma—I was literally between the two lines of the armies. On an elevation, I could see the rear guard of our army and on my left on an elevation, there was posted a rebel battery. Every few minutes, they would let go a couple of shells down the road into the rear of our army. I could not retreat, it was fast growing dark and to run the half mile, looked somewhat dangerous.

I consulted with the ambulance driver and finally, we decided to wait until they fired the next shot, then start on a full run, make a dash for our lives, if possible to get there before the next shot.

I think they must have seen our frightened condition and quickly fired twice, four shells crashing into the fence not ten feet from us. It was the longest half mile I ever rode. I laced my horse into a furious gallop and yet the ground stood still under me.

The rear guard opened to receive us and what pleasure it was to to be again surrounded by friendly blue coats, though not one of them did I know personally.

I believe my utter ignorance of all military etiquette proved my salvation. Any military man or soldier could see, at once, that I was a greenhorn, entirely ignorant of all military rules and soldierly discipline. After three years of soldier's life, I should not dare to repeat that experience. Should expect to get shot, or detained as a spy.

My first month of army life proved eventful. It was only a month since I had left Massachusetts and I had not heard a word from home. As we measure time by events, this month seemed an age. I remember one very foolish thing I did,

that is, in the light of after experience. I had three large cases of surgical instruments, entirely too cumbersome and comprehensive for field use. I smuggled these into the ambulance and left my own private trunk, full of clothing just new from home, to fall into the hands of the enemy. I lugged about these instruments until they were lost somewhere in East Tennessee. Then, when they did not turn up, I was glad.

I took my ambulance of wounded men to some hospital, I don't know what name. I was then lost, where to go or what to do, I did not know. Got a few hours of sleep on the ground.

I went to the National Hotel and there, found A. M. Sawyer from Athol. He invited me to dinner. I assure you I got and ate a good square meal.

During the day, I learned that the 21st regiment was in camp near Alexandria. After a search, I found what was left of it. The regiment had been through a terrible and murderous battle at Chantilly. It had been literally cut to pieces, almost annihilated. As I listened to the story of that night battle, in a thunder storm, I felt that I was lucky to have been left behind at Centreville.

Dr. Hastings, the one left in charge of the regiment, was still at Chantilly, caring for the wounded. I had passed very near him the night before, on my way from Centreville.

I took charge of the remnant of the 21st as its surgeon. I will not attempt to give a list of the many killed and wounded. It was a staggering blow to the regiment. In a few days, Col. Clarke, who was supposed killed, turned up and many more came back, so in less than a week the regiment seemed like the old organization again.

The whole country and the army was terribly depressed after the defeat of the Second Bull Run. The army was demoralized. I shall always think that, though Pope was a bombastic General, he never was properly supported. Troops were not hurried on from Alexandria to protect his

rear as he had a right to expect: He was obliged not only to fight in front, but turn and protect his commissary stores. No army will fight well, with an enemy in the rear.

September 4th we broke camp in Alexandria and marched to the north of Washington, that is, Washington City. Went into camp in a beautiful grove. Lee had determined to force the fighting north of the Potomac and had advanced into Maryland. It took several days for McClellan to determine Lee's plans. Had I known enough, I could have given him important information as I found only a small guard from Centreville to Fairfax Court House and only a show of force in the rear of the Union army. Lee's main body had gone some other route.

On the seventh, our regiment had orders to march. It was then I began to realize some of the trials and perplexities of a regimental surgeon. The men were all tired out with the severe campaign they had just passed through and still more disgusted with the army of the Potomac. They were in Washington in camp in a beautiful grove and they did not feel like pushing off into another campaign.

When the order came to break camp and pack up for a march, they came to me in droves for a sick permit to go to general hospital. There were evidently quite a number unable to march and to select these from the shams, was no small task. To look over one hundred fifty men in thirty or forty minutes and select the able bodied, was more than I could do. Too, this was really my first work with the regiment, and the men all strangers to me.

Just in time, Dr. Cutter hove in. He had been with the regiment from its organization and knew every soldier,—good, bad as well as indifferent. He waded into the crowd and soon drove them all back to their respective companies. As the regiment moved on, it soon became apparent who were shamming and who were really sick, the latter being allowed to go back to the hospital.

The duties of a regimental surgeon are, at times, very trying. He soon learns that all soldiers are not patriots and

unless he keeps a sharp lookout, he will get terribly imposed upon. The honest soldier is liable to suffer with the dishonest. It is very difficult, at times, to know whether a soldier is shamming or is actually sick. It is unpleasant to treat every soldier as if he were a liar, but it must be done or the careless and too kind hearted surgeon will have the whole regiment in the hospital.

The efficiency and numbers of the regiment depend very much upon the skill, honesty and faithfulness of the regimental surgeon. His word is law and if a man is excused, or reported sick, not even a Major General can put him on duty. It is very plain to see how easy it would be to decimate a regiment if a surgeon should become careless, or yields to the entreaties of those who desire to go into hospital. The surgeon, in a severe and arduous campaign, must, every day, make a stand up fight with the men.

The marching in Maryland was not rapid nor exhausting. McClellan was proceeding with his usual caution. The country was beautiful and soon the soldiers became more cheerful, also confident. Dr. Hastings soon joined us and, being the Senior Surgeon, took charge of the regiment.

September 13th, we went through Frederick City. The enemy had been there just before. The place gave every indication of being intensely loyal. It was evident that we should soon have more fighting as we could hear the artillery in our front. We went into bivouac near Middleton, close under South Mountain range.

September 14th, we were ordered forward. The South Mountain range was a few miles in our front, a rugged, high mountain, three thousand feet above the sea. It was magnificently grand to hear the roar and see the flashing of the cannon upon the side of the mountain. Our forces worked their way and took position after position until they were very near the top. Our regiment, in the middle of the afternoon, was ordered up the road leading over the top of the mountain towards Sharpsburg.

About six o'clock, as near as I can remember, Dr. Hastings ordered me to return to the Ambulance and bring up some surgical dressings as we were very nearly under fire of the enemy.

I recall, very vividly, seeing General McClellan at the foot of the mountain as he sat on his horse watching the flashing of cannon all along the upper part of the mountain. He was an ideal, handsome soldier, in looks. He sat his horse with perfect grace. His face indicated the responsibility upon him—He showed by every look that he was intensely in earnest, that he was giving every energy he possessed to conducting the battle. Every feature of his fine face indicated anxiety, that the work before him was disagreeable.

I have seen Hancock, Burnside and other fighting Generals conducting a battle. They presented an entirely different appearance. Their faces were flushed with excitement, they had a look of defiance. They infused every one about them with a desire to do something—the battle must be won, no defeat will be thought of or tolerated. They seemed rather to enjoy the excitement of the occasion. Their enthusiasm seemed to radiate even to the front line. Every staff officer, orderly, every soldier brought into contact with these generals, partook of their enthusiasm.

Such generals are born, not made. We see such boys in our boyhood, such business men in successful business, such teachers in good schools and such generals in victorious armies.

On my way up the mountain, I met General Reno on a stretcher, mortally wounded. He was under the care of Dr. Cutter, his medical director of the corps. Reno was a fighting general. Everybody about him became enthusiastic. He had no caution and went to the front line to satisfy himself how affairs stood. There, received a shot through his heart. I think, had he lived, he would have proved himself one of the great generals of the war.

I went with my stores to Dr. Hastings. It was now dark and the fighting had stopped, but the ground was

covered with the dead, as well as the dying. The night, being so dark, but little could be done. I remember helping amputate a leg by the light of a tallow candle.

The dead were everywhere, mixed together, the Rebs and the Union soldiers. It was a sickening sight.

I stopped with my regiment which was close to the top of the mountain. At daylight, we began work. I performed my first amputation here on a wounded Confederate—took his leg off just below the knee.

The wounded were sent back to Frederick City as fast as cared for. I think I never saw, in my three years of service, so many dead bodies as lay on a few acres of ground, on the top of South Mountain. That hideous night, I shall always remember. One poor fellow, shot through the head, lay insensible near me, but continued a loud, stertorous breathing the whole night and did not die until the middle of the next day.

It was difficult to find a place large enough to lie down, the dead were so thick. Amid such surroundings, I got a few hours' sleep. As daylight came on, found myself beside a dead rebel and those I supposed sleeping soldiers, proved dead Confederates.

In the afternoon, we moved on towards Sharpsburg. The advance of Lee's army had made a stubbon fight to hold South Mountain, to gain time that the remainder of his army could be brought up. A stubborn resistance at Harper's Ferry, would have put Lee's army in a very precarious position but we either had traitors or cowards in command there and we had the whole of Lee's army to deal with instead of a part.

The ten thousand men that surrendered at Harper's Ferry, thrown across Lee's rear, or if he turned back, to have entrenched in his front, ought to have annihilated his army by the help of all there were under McClellan.

After leaving South Mountain, it was evident that a great battle was imminent. At South Mountain, only a part

of the army had been engaged. Lee had chosen Antietam Creek for his line of defense and here awaited the assault of the Union army. It was a very deliberately arranged battle. McClellan drew up his forces without any apparent hurry.

The place I occupied was on the left near what is called Burnside Bridge. The day of the battle, Sept. 17th, I was assigned to the 51st N. Y., a regiment brigaded with us. There was a long and furious struggle to carry the bridge. The fight began at early morn and I think the bridge was not carried until nearly noon.

During all this day, I was at a barn in the rear of the bridge in a somewhat protected place. Shell were passing over us from both armies, often bursting over our heads, the fragments flying in every direction.

The wounded were collected in this barn and as fast as possible, taken to the rear to another hospital (field hospital) about a mile farther back. This afterwards received the name of Locust Spring Hospital.

An amusing incident occurred during the day, which became a standing joke in a New York regiment to which I had been assigned. The Chaplain of this regiment was a very large, portly man. The night before the battle he was very brave. He wished to be assigned to duty with an ambulance, that he might care for the wounded. He began well in the morning but just as a badly wounded soldier was being put into the ambulance, a big shell burst over his head and the fragments went all about him. He looked up with perfect terror on his face and said, "I have no business here, I am sick, I took physic this morning" and he made himself scarce the rest of the day.

After dark, I took a load back to the rear, over a terrible rough road. These were cases of Compound Fractures of the leg and to this day, I can hear the awful groans of those poor fellows as the ambulance shook them up, over that stony road. One poor fellow begged to be taken out and put beside the road, left there to die.

I remained at the hospital that night and returned to the regiment the next morning. The two armies rested on their arms on the 18th and looked at each other.

Without any more fighting, Lee withdrew. There had been great slaughter on both sides and no decisive battle fought, only Lee, at his leisure, had gone back to Virginia.

I think it was on the 19th of September that we advanced over the hill and found the rebels gone. There, many of our wounded had lain all the night of the 17th through the 18th, and the following night, making nearly forty-eight hours with neither food nor water. They were between the two lines, as both armies fell back from positions taken.

I remember one poor fellow who had the front of his head sliced off by a shell and a part of his brain carried away, yet he was conscious, could tell his name and to what regiment he belonged. He was sent to the hospital and I never heard from him.

Another curious sight was a shell from one of our batteries which blew up a caisson of a rebel battery. At the time, it was done, a shout went up from our side. As I went by the place where this caisson was put, there lay seven dead horses all killed by the explosion.

At this battle, I was fearful I had lost my horse. I had put it in charge of a colored man but after several days, he turned up, having kept a safe distance in the rear. The horse looked as throngh he had had but little to eat for a week.

Our regiment marched into Pleasant Valley and went into camp. Everything came to a standstill.

After the drawn battle at Antietam, Lincoln was fretting and chafing for action, wanting to accomplish some decisive result before winter set in and put a stop to all campaigning till another Spring. But McClellan marched into Pleasant Valley, deliberately went into camp, and began to prepare for a grand and spectacular review of all the parts of the Army of the Potomac.

This was to be a great affair. President Lincoln was to be present.

The extensive army oi the Potomac was drawn up in divisions, on an extensive side hill, then McClellan appeared with full staff, decked out with gold lace, flashing swords, and everything that could add éclat to the occasion. He was mounted on a magnificent horse, caparisoned with the richest trappings, and was the central figure of the Great Parade. A strong contrast to President Lincoln, who rode an undersized horse, without ornament. Lincoln at his best was a poor rider, his legs were long, and he did not set a horse gracefully. His stirrups were too short, and jacked up his knees too high. The contrast between the two was cruelly noticeable. Besides Lincoln's horse was not a good saddle horse, which brought out the defects in Lincoln's horsemanship, and the strong points in the superb riding of McClellan. Lincoln also had on a tall hat, and from its looks it might have been used in his Douglas campaign before the war. Lincoln evidently had paid no attention to his personal appearance, while McClellan had given every attention to the minutest detail of his personal appearance.

Posterity has been the judge of the two men.

October 11th, I was detailed to report at Locust Spring Hospital, just in the rear of the centre of the battle field of Antietam. Here, I remained for nearly three months.

I think my stay at this hospital was the most valuable and instructive of my army experience. I had sixty very badly wounded soldiers under treatment, with amputations or surgical operation of some kind, about every day.

I had an opportunity to watch the result of gun shot wounds to know how severe a wound must be to require amputation. Came to the conclusion that too many cases were left to nature and the knife was not used enough after a battle.

Large numbers died that might have been saved by a primary operation. Supurating caused death by exhaustion in four or five weeks, especially if much injury to the bone.

Here, I met many noble soldiers, brave as lions, patient as lambs. Some got well and are scattered I know not where,

many died and have gone to their long home. Boys in their teens met death like martyrs. Many of those boy faces are as vivid in my mind as they were fifty years ago.

It was at this hospital that I collected quite a number of anatomical specimens of partially united fracture of different bones. Medical Director Letterman, made the hospital a visit in my temporary absence, stole the whole lot and took them to Washington, not even giving me credit for them in the Museum where they were taken. About every compound fracture of the Femur died from exhaustion about the sixth week from date of receiving the injury. All such wounds should be treated by primary amputation.

I wish to put on record the inefficiency of the Medical Department at Washington at this time. Here was a hospital with about three hundred terribly wounded men. Requisition was made for mattresses and bedsteads but none were ever sent. We finally, to get the men off the ground, made beds of old boards torn from sheds and barns.

We also made requisition for stoves to warm the tents, but none were ever sent. We, therefore, built stone fireplaces and stone chimmeys, using Maryland mud for mortar.

We drew rations from Hagerstown. About everything else was furnished by the Sanitary Commission. The winter was very severe. We often had bad snow storms, with drifts of snow about the tents. Henry I. Bawditch, M. D., of Boston, made us a visit. He acted the part of a Christian gentleman and did whatever he could to make the wounded comfortable. He was not looking for some capital operation, but lent a helping hand to wash and dress the wounds.

I never saw a man who took this war more to heart than Dr. Bawditch. He thought it was his duty to do something for the suffering and wounded soldiers, all the time he was there. It was a pathetic picture to see the white haired doctor going from tent to tent sponge and basin in hand looking for something that he might do to add to the comfort of the wounded soldiers.

It must be remembered that all the wounded at this hospital were so badly injured that they could not be moved to

Fredrick City so every tent was filled with desperate cases, most of the men were suffering with fatal wounds that sooner or later would end in death.

This Doctor Bawditch was a teacher and Professor at Harvard Med. College, and a marked specialist on Heart and Lung diseases in Boston. Only a few weeks before I had graduated trom his class at Mass. General Hospital where he taught Clinical Medicine.

He took great interest in two bright and handsome soldier boys, scarely sixteen years of age. One of these boys was mortally wounded through the hip, a minnie ball entering on one side and going clean through the Pelvis bone making a mortal and ugly wound. The other boy was his mate and chum and constant companion in his hour of trouble. They were very much attached to each other and night and day were not separated. Both were fair and smooth faced boys and must have been the pride of a proud mother. They had all the appearance of having been well brought up and belonging to a good family.

The four or five days, that Dr. Bawditch stopped at the hospital, he assisted in dressing the wound every time it needed attention and that was several times each day. It was very painful to dress the sore. The boy had to be raised from the bed to get at the back to clear out the accumulated pus. I remember on one morning when the dressing seemed more painful than usual, his chum had his arm about his neck and the rest of the attendants raised him up, the poor boy cried out with pain the other boy bent over and kissed him.

I saw that this much of affection by his chum, very greatly affected Dr. Bawditch, tears were in his eyes, and when the dressing of the wound was completed, I went outside of the tent and there stood the doctor with tears running down his face, all he said, "Oh this wicked cruel war."

In a few days after the doctor left the boy died and was buried in an extemporized burying ground, made and ornamented by cast off cannon from the battle field of Antietam. This little cemetery was cleared up and made a beauty spot by the nurses of the hospital, in which they took great pride.

A short time after the war all these bodies were moved to National Cemetery where they could receive perpetual care by U. S. Goverment.

It was one of the saddest duties of my army life, to notify a mother of the death of her boy. I have had letters from mothers and sweethearts that would draw tears from a stone, and yet I have heard men talk of war as if it was an afternoon picnic.

We had a few female nurses but so far, in the field, they were not a success. Dr. Squires, Dr. Emerson, Dr. Munson and Dr. Bigelow were associated with me. A fuller account of my stay at this hospital may be found in my Journal.

I left this hospital the 27th day of December to rejoin my regiment. Nearly all the wounded had died or so far recovered as to be sent to Frederick City.

There are many advantages of a tented hospital. During all the treatment of those severely wounded soldiers, we did not have a case of hospital gangrene, while at Frederick City and Washington, it complicated the treatment of nearly all wounds, very many cases proving fatal. From necessity, we had an abundance of pure air. The ground, too, was a great disinfectant, absorbing everything. Of course, in time, the ground would get saturated and unhealthy, but for a few months, a tented hospital is the best.

I sent my horse to Washington in care of an orderly. Dr. Bigelow and myself started by rail for the same place. I had been in the army nearly five months and had not received a cent of pay. As I left home with a very limited amount of money, I was dead broke when I arrived at Washington. Went to the National Hotel and put up, expecting to go to the Treasury Department and draw my pay as U. S. were owing me some six hundred dollars.

To my astonishment, a record of my muster had not been sent from Boston and I could get nothing. Waited several days to get it sent on but could accomplish nothing. Got ex-

tremely nervous. I was running up a hotel bill at a fearful rate, four dollars per day.

I told Dr. Bigelow of my dilemma and he kindly loaned me fifty dollars. He found his paymaster and got paid. I settled my bills and left Washington in a hurry. I did not get my pay for weeks after that and then, only by much trouble.

An empty pocketbook is not conducive to one's happiness when in a strange city, among strangers.

I shall never forget Dr. Bigelow's kindness in bridging me over that financial crisis. I managed, after that, to keep a little money about me during the remainder of the war.

I found my regiment at Falmouth, Virginia, in what might well be called a mud camp. In my absence, the battle of Fredericksburg had been fought with disastrous results to the Union army. I expected to find the soldiers disheartened but contrary to my expectations they were cheerful and in no way cast down.

Let me stop right here to pay a word of tribute to Dr. J. W. Hastings, my associate, Assistant Surgeon of the regiment. He received me back to the regiment in the most kindly and brotherly manner. We campaigned together, bunked together, worked together and never had an unpleasant word. I think him one of the most genial, kind hearted men I ever met. He was also a surgeon of marked ability and an excellent practitioner. In the summer of '63, he was made Major Surgeon of the 33rd Massachusetts Regiment.

Burnside wished to retrieve his reputation for the failure at Fredericksburg and organized that celebrated Mud Campaign, which also ended in failure and subjected him to much ridicule.

To be in command of the Army of the Potomac, was a trying position. The confederates always put their best troops and best generals to confront it. The nations were getting impatient and clamoring for victories. General Burnside was an honest, patriotic man but not a general capable of handling an army of a hundred thousand soldiers.

The authorities at Washington wanted something done and evidently Burnside acted against his best judgment, making a wretched failure of his Winter campaign. He saw he had lost the confidence of the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, so showed his patriotism and good judgment by asking to be relieved from command.

A surgeon in the army is a privileged character and, generally, goes where he pleases. I often rode about the army in the afternoon when the sick had been cared for. The Rappahannock River divided the two armies and at Fredericksburg, it is only a few rods wide. By general consent, the pickets did not fire on each other. The Rebs & Yanks used to chin each other from opposite banks, in a friendly, good natured way.

After Burnside's failure, the Rebs felt good and had the best chance to chafe the Yanks. They put up a placard printed in large letters, "Burnside stuck in the mud."

The pickets would meet in the middle of the stream and swap coffee for tobacco and get Richmond newspapers, also have a friendly talk. During my three years of army life I never saw anything but the most friendly feeling between the privates of the two armies.

I rode all over the right of the army. As I rode among the wagon trains, artillery, cavalry and large encampments of soldiers. I could but think that here is a splendid army all ready to fight, but no General can be found capable of handling so large a body of men. How gladly would the generals of the past have used such a force. Napoleon or Wellington would have hurled it against the enemy with a mighty force and have conquered a peace in a few weeks.

On January 26, 1863, General Hooker assumed command of the Potomac Army and at once set about to reorganize it. No army was better organized or better fed than the Potomac, while he remained in command.

February 16th, we were detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Newport News. I shall long remember the day before we broke camp. I was detailed to superintend the removal of the sick to Aquia Creek and place on a steamer to be transported to Washington.

There were a large number of cases of Typhoid Fever, suffering with all grades of delirium. The confusion of being moved to the cars and then to the boat, made them wild. Some would spring from the stretcher and fight like demons until exhausted, then fall down in a faint.

There were three or four strong men required to hold the most violent. Men with eyes wild and sunken, emaciated by weeks of sickness, would fight like tigers. It seemed like an infernal mad house, on that boat, the cursing, swearing and fighting, a terrible scene long to be remembered.

The trip down the Potomac, Chesapeake and by Fortress Munroe, was a pleasant one.

The camp at Newport News was a delightful place. The 9th Corps was stretched along the banks of the James for about a mile, on a level plateau. All of us were glad to get away from the Army of the Potomac. The 9th Corps always acquitted itself with honor, when acting by itself, independently.

The Cumberland was sunk in front of our camp. The three masts were still there to mark the spot where she went down. I got a boat and made the noble old warship a visit. I took some relics from the mast and sent them home to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Humphreys, who had a son go down among that gallant crew, who fought until she sank beneath the waves.

March 14th, the 9th Corps celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Newbern. The officers had a ball and supper on a large steamboat fitted up for the occasion. This was my first insight into high life. Wine and liquors were freely served and a large number got very happy. I was disgusted and indignant that officers in the army did not better appreciate their responsibilities. I supposed every soldier was in dead earnest in putting down the rebellion, but that night opened my eyes to the irresponsible character of many of the officers, high in command.

March 26th, we broke camp at Newport News and started for Baltimore. At Baltimore, we took cars for Cincinnati. We were seven days in the cars. Oh, what a tiresome ride it was!

The soldiers acted like the Devil all the way. Whisky was plenty and those who never drank before, drank to excess.

The officers were packed into the passenger car, two in every seat. To sit bolt upright for six long days and nights was the most tiresome job I ever undertook. One night I crawled in among Co. C, who enjoyed the luxury of a box car and had an opportunity to lie down. That night I got a little good rest.

At Columbus, Ohio, a serious affair occurred. Some of our soldiers started to visit the beautiful Capitol building of the State. Some home guards were stretched across the street and order the men back. Our men, unarmed, pressed on, bound to see the building, when these Home Guards fired, killing two, wounding others. The officers of the Regiment were obliged almost to use force to prevent the boys returning with their guns and having a general fight.

The train was started slowly and every man forced aboard. I stopped behind to care for the wounded. I had them removed to the City Hospital.

It was at this time I took an engine ride to catch the regiment, that I shall long remember. The engineer started for the train that had about a half hour's start. That engine and tender just flew. At every curve, I expected to be thrown into eternity. I was obliged to hold on with both hands or be shaken from my seat.

It was a welcome sight when we hove in sight of the rear of the train that held the 21st Regiment. I always thought the engineer saw and enjoyed my discomfiture, putting on a little extra speed for my benefit.

How an engine could rock, sway and even jump, as that one did, and keep the rails, is more than I can comprehend.

Our stay was short in Cincinnati for we soon crossed the Ohio River and started for the central part of Kentucky. We left the cars at Paris, about seventy miles from the Ohio and marched through a beautiful country to Mt. Sterling. We were now in the famous blue grass region. I think it the finest, most delightful part of the United States I ever visited.

Nature has done everything to make it perfect. The blue grass gave a subdued appearance to the landscape. As Spring opened and Summer came on, the plantation crops advancing, nothing could be more beautiful. The blue grass was so new and novel, it was a constant pleasure to be in the open fields.

The fields were without underbrush. The great black walnut trees made a shade as lovely as the trees on Boston Common. Herds of handsome cattle and horses roamed over pastures, with grass so thick as well as stout, that we Yankees would call it good mowing land.

The 21st Regiment remained about three months in Mt. Sterling to protect the place from guerillas as Kentucky was neutral ground and both armies occupied it by turns.

Small bands of irresponsible confederates would raid the town and subject the people to great hardships. They came, several times, to the outskirts of the town but never ventured in. We had several chases after them and, once, bagged quite a number.

We met some very pleasant people in Mt. Sterling. Several of our soldiers married wives from the place, returning there after the war.

We were ordered away from there about July 3rd. Morgan was then raiding the State and we were ordered to Lexington to protect that city.

We started at midnight and made the thirty-two miles by the following midnight, during one of the hottest days I ever experienced. At least, one-half of the command was completely prostrated by the heat.

We had a beautiful camp about a mile out of Lexington. Here, we marched to the fort, expecting an attack from Morgan. We were ready to receive him but he never made his appearance.

Next moved to Camp Nelson on the Kentucky River. It was an historic and a romantic spot. In my boyhood days, I had read of the brave, daring Daniel Boone. Our camp was located where he lived. The old fort on the mountain was in good state of preservation. Boone's cave was but a few rods

from the camp. Sometimes in one, sometimes in the other, he protected himself from the Indians and wild beasts.

While at this camp, I had quite an experience with the measles. A new Kentucky Regiment was camped beside our regiment. The surgeon was taken sick and I was detailed to care for the regiment. Very soon, I found the whole regiment had been exposed and all of the soldiers were coming down with the Measles. They were in sheltered tents, sleeping on the ground and, like all new regiments, had but little idea of soldier life, including the necessity of good comfortable quarters.

Six hundred men were coming down with the measles and must have good quarters or they would die like sheep. I told the officers the situation of affairs and they all went to work with a will, making bunks, building houses, covering them with sheltered tents. In two days, the whole regiment was in good quarters. The very next day began a long storm of nearly a week.

Of all that large number sick, there was not a single death. I not only had the satisfaction of having all my patients get well, but also, received thanks and best wishes of the officers as well as men of the whole regiment,—49th Kentucky.

September 14th, we started on a long march into East Tennessee. I shall mention only a few incidents of this long march, those which impressed themselves on my mind. We made no forced marches, making only twelve to fourteen miles each day. There being no enemy to harass us, we went leisurely through the country. We would march about eight miles in the morning and four in the afternoon, with a four hours' rest for dinner. All the men were well, never in better spirits.

I well remember Crab Orchard where we halted for a day and were paid with U. S. greenbacks. Here, we experienced a terrible hail storm, just at night. Also recall that we camped in one of those Kentucky groves. To one, born and raised on the rocky hills of Athol, it seemed like the fertile fields of the promised land.

I remember fording the Cumberland River and going into camp on the further bank, when the whole brigade took the opportunity to indulge in the luxury of a bath. Twenty-five hundred soldiers all bathing at once was a novel sight. The river just swarmed with them, was literally white with bathers, all young, athletic and healthy soldiers.

The army that Burnside took into Tennessee, was composed of the best soldiers I saw, in my three years of service,—all stragglers, half sick and bummers having been left behind. Nothing but good fighting material went with us, as Longstreet found to his sorrow before the year was out.

Cumberland Gap was another place of interest and a romantic spot. At this place Burnside took two thousand prisoners, left to hold the Gap and prevent an army entering East Tennessee.

I climbed to the top of the highest peak, getting a good view of the surrounding country. On the further side of the gap there is a noted spring. A spring gushes out of the mountain, sufficiently large to run a grist mill and was used for that purpose. The water was as cold as ice and as sweet as our New England spring water.

We went over Wild Cat Mountain. I stood on the very spot where General Fry shot Zolicofer.

We also went over Clinch Mountain where the army wagons were detached from the mules and let down by ropes. It seemed like Napoleon crossing the Alps.

It is a ludicrous sight to see an army ford a stream. Tennessee abounds in large, fordable rivers and to get across and keep gun, blankets, clothing, as well as ammunition dry, required considerable skill. The first thing the soldier did was to strip himself, make a pack of everything he possessed and load it upon his back. When ready to advance into the water, he looked like Bunyan with his weight of sin. A river full of such soldiers (in undressed uniform) is a very novel sight. I rode across the river on my horse and went to a bluff on the banks, where I could see more than a mile of the river. There were several thousand soldiers in sight. Many of the soldiers

would get dizzy by the running water. The water was about three feet deep and there were all the time some dozen or fifteen dizzy soldiers floundering in the water trying to get onto their feet. They pack on their backs was wet through and through and when they came up the banks on the opposite side they were swearing mad. There was nothing to do but put on their wet clothes and walk themselves dry.

September 28th, we reached Knoxville, having marched over two hundred miles with none sick and scarcely a man in the ambulance.

We had been over Wild Cat Mountain, also the Cumberland and Clinch. We had camped on high mountains and in deep valleys. We had forded Cumberland River, Clinch and Holston Rivers, all large streams, besides crossing many small rivulets. It was a march I shall long remember.

We arrived at Knoxville in a cloud of dust, every man stronger and a better soldier than when he left our camp in Kentucky. Knoxville is a beautiful inland city, situated in the vicinity of the Holston River. To hold it against the confederates, would cut their short line between their eastern and western armies.

October 4th, the rebels came over from Virginia and threatened our communication via Cumberland Gap and Kentucky. If successful it would cut off our supplies.

We took the cars and went about fifty miles, fighting what was called the Battle of Blue Springs, routing the enemy, taking some prisoners, driving the whole force back to Virginia.

Our regiment supported a battery which was located with General Burnside, Head Quarters. While Burnside and his Staff directed the movements of the troops, a rebel sharpshooter threw a bullet in their midst which came very near wounding Burnside. I was but a few feet away and as the bullet zipped by, he ducked his head but did not move from his position, but continued to direct the battle.

We made the marches and camped without shelter of any kind, as all the tents were left in Knoxville. We suffered

greatly by a cold rain storm. I can remember those long, cold rainy nights, hovering about a camp fire trying to get warm.

The most comfortable position was to get as near the fire as possible, sit on the ground, doubled up like a jackknife, with head resting on knees. When stiff, we would get up, stamp about until warm, then resume the same position, continuing this until the night wore away.

October 15th found us back to Knoxville in the old camp. We felt that we were master of the situation to date.

October 22nd, the 21st Regiment went by rail to Loudon, little dreaming of the mighty force that Longstreet was collecting to crush out Burnside's small army and again open up the railroad route through Tennessee. I cannot understand why the army from Virginia did not cooperate with the one from Chattanooga under Longstreet, but they did not, and this was Burnside's salvation.

We got off the cars at Loudon bridge or rather where Loudon bridge was, for, but a few days before, it had been burned, and made ourselves miserable in the mud as well as rain. I laid down on a railroad sleeper with a rail for a pillow and snatched a few hours of sleep. This was about daylight.

Soon, we received orders to march and were ordered to take position to check the advance of Longstreet's Army. About this time Burnside received word that Longstreet, with twenty thousand men, was upon him, but contest every inch of the ground, fall back to Knoxville and there give battle, holding out as long as possible. This, Burnside carried out to the very letter.

A word about Loudon Bridge. I think it was supported by seventeen high stone piers. These stone piers produced the most perfect echo I ever heard. There was a position on the bank of the river where a gun fired, would produce seventeen echoes. The voice would also be echoed just as many times as there were piers.

Now began that long struggle with Longstreet, fighting by day and retreating by night, twenty-five miles back to Knoxville.

The battle of Campbell's Station was fought November 16th. A surgeon's position in an advancing and victorious army is comparatively secure, but in a retreating army, his position is very dangerous. I found this out several times during this battle. Early in the morning the rebels came out of the woods, advanced down a hill in most perfect line of battle, then soon, a sheet of fire came from their guns. I was with General Hartranft and his staff, just in the rear of our regiment. We were in the edge of a woods and the whole volley crashed into the trees over our heads. All soldiers, advancing down hill, will fire too high.

Our forces retreated and took up a new position some half mile in the rear. Then began the most perfect battle I ever saw. Fight and retreat, form a line and hold it until hard pressed, then march off by the right or left flank, coming around, taking a position in the rear of some other line, after which, the front line would march by the flank and become the rear line. Thus, it would continue.

This maneuvering gave no shelter for the surgeon. I kept finding myself in the front line and, once, came very near being captured as I was left between the two lines with no way of escape but to run about forty rods, the rebs, meanwhile, raking the whole distance with shell.

I had two nurses with me and after talking over what we had better do, be taken prisoners or run the distance of that road, we decided to try the road.

Just as we started, two shells crashed into the bank of the road, barely escaping Smith's head. He was one of the hospital nurses. I think if he had not stumbled at that moment, the shell would have gone through him.

I believe my legs never seemed so short or my progress so slow as I ran over that forty rods. I had become winded before I had gotten over half the distance and seemed to be fixed to the ground. Every moment, shells would crash by me, then, with renewed effort, I would paw the air and struggle, one aim in view,—to cover the remalnder of the road. It seemed as though I was held back by some invisible force.

It was a happy moment when I finally reached a place of safety and overtook the regiment. Then began the night march to Knoxville, through mud knee deep. It took eight horses to each caisson and each cannon.

The men had been up three nights and three days on duty all the time. I shall never forget that march of thirteen miles. About midnight, a halt was made for two hours' rest, and when orders came to march, it was found impossible to wake up the men. They were dead with sleep and you could not shake or kick life into them. Trying to excite their fear that they would be taken prisoners, had no effect.

An hour longer was given, then, with most desperate efforts, we again started. I had a horse to ride and was not as exhausted as those who marched with guns, ammunition, haversack, also blanket. I expected, every minute, the rebs would be upon us, but the same mud that obstructed our progress, prevented the enemy from attacking our rear guards. They, too, were stuck in the mud.

At daylight, we reached the outskirts of Knoxville. I rode into town to get something to eat. After a long hunt, I found a loaf of bread and regaled my stomach with that, without coffee or drink of any kind, nothing but the clear bread being necessary to make it relish.

It was in Knoxville that Parson Brownlow lived. He was one of those Southern parsons who liked to indulge in extravagant speeches, and very brave when the Southern Army was miles away. One of his rash, outlandish statements was, "I will fight the southern rebel, until Hell freezes over, and then will fight them on the ice."

But when Longstreet appeared before Knoxville, and there was danger of capturing Burnside's Army, he made long and hasty tracks over Cumberland Mountain, bound for the North, and did not return till all danger was over. Had he been caught, he would have been shot. He was a sensational preacher in East Tennessee, and located in Knoxville.

I was detailed to report to the Court House Hospital for duty. Dr. Cutter was the Senior Surgeon of the regiment and

it was his place but he had had a quarrel with the Medical Director of the Division, so I was appointed to the position. Consequently, very soon, I became Division Surgeon, in charge of the 2nd Division Hospital, a very flattering compliment for I was only an Assistant Surgeon, as there were several Major Surgeons doing duty in the field.

Longstreet, in a few days, invested the town and we were in a state of siege. The wounded from all parts of the line began to come in and we were busy in caring for them. These were exciting days.

We knew that Longstreet had a superior force to Burnside's, an army of twenty thousand opposed to eight thousand. We expected, every day, that Burnside's weak line would be broken, that the rebs would come charging into town.

On the 29th day of November, the long expected attack was made on Fort Sanders and the Confederates were repulsed with great slaughter. It was welcome news at the hospital. A flag of truce was sent out asking permission to bury the dead.

While this was being done, I rode out to the front and over the battle field. About the fort the ground was literally red with blood, the slaughter and carnage had been so terrible.

During the truce, as usual the soldiers fraternized together like brothers, on both sides, but at a signal gun, all peace was over and hostilities were again begun.

Longstreet did not again make a serious attempt to take Knoxville but, December 4th, retreated from our front and moved off towards Virginia. The siege lasted eighteen days.

I had a number of sick rebs in my hospital. I remember a lieutenant from a Georgian Regiment but cannot recall his name. He was sick and also sick of the war. He was a splendid man. This good fellow recovered and was sent off with other prisoners. He appreciated my kindness to him. I really hated to have him go and he wanted to stay, but we bade each other good-bye. Where he now is, Heaven only knows, for we never met again.

I never made any difference between the care of a reb and a yank. A surgeon should be strictly non combatant. His

duties belong with the sick and he should relieve pain and suffering wherever found.

The army followed Longstreet some twenty miles east from Knoxville and went into camp. Provisions and clothing were very scarce. The Winter was unusually cold, the ground frozen and ice quite thick. Many of the men were shoeless and had pieces of old blankets bound about their feet to keep them from the icy ground. Corn issued on the cob was the ration for many days. This corn was parched, then pounded to a powder, stirred with water and baked on live coals. Strange as it may appear, the men were never so healthy and free from sickness as that Winter. At one time three ears of corn on the cob was a ration.

About January 1, 1864, an order came that all soldiers who would re-enlist for three years, should receive a furlough for thirty days. The whole regiment re-enlisted and January 6, 1864, started over the mountain for Kentucky.

I received orders to take the sick and wounded via Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, to Cincinnati and there await the regiment. Years have gone by, still I have not forgotten this new experience. Luckily, I had no very sick or badly wounded men or they would have perished with hunger as well as cold.

Started with very few rations, for Loudon where we were to take the boat down the Tennessee River and procure supplies. Arriving at Loudon, the boat had just gone and would not return for three days.

I found an old deserted camp and managed to get a little shelter from the cold, windy, freezing weather. Our rations were soon gone. I went out into the surrounding country and, at last, bought, at a fabulous price, a few dozen hard biscuit made with flour and water, baked in a Dutch oven. I did not complain of the quality, it was the quantity that troubled me. It would require the miraculous power displayed over the loaves and fishes, to make the biscuits hold out until we could get to a commissary store. The three days wore slowly away with cold and hunger.

The boat came at last. If we were miserable before, we were doubly so on the boat. It was a flat-bottomed river boat. It was crowded with soldiers and some three hundred prisoners. There was no place for shelter. The first night two prisoners actually froze to death. It was a bitter cold night. The wood gave out and, during the night, the boat was stopped and soldiers sent ashore to bring fuel. They returned with a rail from a plantation fence.

The next afternoon, we reached Chattanooga. There, I procured a very few hardtack. The main body of the soldiers and all the prisoners left. The men under my charge and myself kept the boat. We went down through the narrows, or rapids, below Chattanooga, which was a frightful trip. It was quite dark and the boat creaked and plunged down the rapid current. There was a large number of high rocks on either side. The man at the helm looked anxious and excited. I know that he felt better and that all of us felt better, when the rapids were passed.

We arrived at Bridgeport about eight o'clock, P. M. It was a cold winter day and we could procure no rations. Crawled into a cold freight car and awaited the next train that would carry us to Nashville. This was another long, cold ride, with little to eat. At one place, I did get a few hardtack and a piece of raw pork which we cut into thin slices, eating it on the hardtack. Hour after hour, in a freight car, on a cold January day, with little in the stomach, is not pleasant riding.

I passed the Sunday at Nashville, then stopped a day at Louisville, on arriving at Cincinnati, put the soldiers in a Soldiers' Home, took lodgings to await arrival of the regiment whch marched over the Cumberland Mountain.

I think it was about two weeks before the regiment came. I remember it was a long time. We lost no time in getting ready to start for Massachusetts.

A very curious incident occurred at Cleveland, Ohio. It shows how supremely selfish people are. One of the sick men that came with me was well enough to prowl about the city

and, in some way, caught the Small Pox. I detected it about the time we were going into Cleveland.

I took a hack and started for the City Physician. Informed him of the case. He said he would have nothing to do with it, that I must take him along. I told him that would expose the whole train and wherever we went, everybody would be exposed.

He persisted that I must take the patient along. I finally told him he would find the Small Pox patient on the platform at the Depot, and left office with all the indignation I could express.

I found an ambulance at the Depot, about as soon as I got there, and the man was loaded in, then taken to the City Pest House. I heard afterwards that the man died of Small Pox.

This physician was ready to expose the whole country through which we passed, when the city had a pest house, in running order, for such patients.

The regiment went to Worcester and there was received by the Mayor and the whole city. The City Hall was packed and speeches were made by the Mayor, Clark, Hawkes and others. We also had a parade through the principal streets of Worcester.

After these ceremonies of welcome, which lasted two days, we scattered to our homes to enjoy our thirty days' furlough. I had my horse and rode home horseback.

The first day I rode out to Bolton, six miles, and stopped over night. The next day, rode home. It was in mid Winter and I had a cold ride.

The furlough was passed among friends, in a very quiet, enjoyable manner. My war experiences were told and retold.

During this furlough, I became a Mason, taking the three first Degrees in one night, under a special dispensation. Took three Degrees at Winslow-Lewis Lodge, Boston, Mass. It was a foolish thing to have done as I went back to the army and did not visit a Masonic Lodge for over two years. The ritual left a confused impression on my brain which I never have dared to try to clear up.

March 18, 1864, the 21st Regiment left Worcester, arrived at Annapolis, at 4 P. M., March 20th, passing through New York City, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The 9th Corps that had been scattered throughout the country was ordered to rendezvous at Annapolis, reorganize and prepare for the Spring Campaign. The much abused 21st was about the only regiment of the corps but what had been filled up with recruits.

The weather was cold and stormy, the ground covered with snow and there was little opportunity for drilling as well as organization, so when the corps was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, it went without thorough organization. These recruits were no better than citizens dressed in the clothes of a soldier. If the Medical Department had any organization worthy the name, I never found it out.

We left Annapolis about April 21st. I shall always remember the march to Washington. The men were provided with Winter overcoats and heavy blankets as the weather had been very cold. The day we left, it came off warm, finally growing hot and sunny. The road was literally carpeted with blankets the men threw away. It seemed an awful waste. They did not need both an overcoat and blanket, so dispensed with the blanket.

We marched through Washington at which place we were reviewed by Lincoln and Burnside. We then marched over Long Bridge and went into camp near Alexandria. We were again in Virginia and expected, soon, to be a part of the Army of the Potomac.

I believe every soldier of the 9th Corps dreaded to join that army for the corps had generally been victorious when it acted by itself. The North Carolina and East Tennessee Campaigns had been a success but, somehow, things went wrong with the Potomac Army.

We soon took our line of march along Alexandria R. R. Grant was in command and everything indicated that a desperate effort was to be made to crush out Lee's army. We all

knew that Grant was a fighter and realized that the loss of life would be fearful.

Lee's army had been recruited during the Winter and was in splendid condition. Our army was large and a great number of new regiments that had never seen fighting and besides, these new regiments had had but limited opportunities for drilling, also discipline.

We marched over familiar ground, Fairfax Court House, a place I well remember after the second Bull Run Battle, Bristo Station, Warrenton Junction and on the 30th of April, camped at Bealton Station. All these places, we made flying visits to the year before under Pope.

The 21st Regiment was small, only about two hundred guns, all splendid veteran soldiers, a striking contrast to those new, unwieldly regiments of a thousand new soldiers. The fighting that soon followed, showed the superiority of the old regiments to the new.

The 21st, during the whole Summer, never was driven from a position taken. It always threw up temporary breast works wherever it stopped and always held them. I, as surgeon, found it safe to occupy these works with the men rather than get in the open ground in the rear, for our men never left a partial shelter, exposing their backs to the fire of the enemy.

On May 4th, we broke camp and marched southward to join the main army. Grant had said that the trouble with the Army of the Potomac was that it had never fought its battles to a finish. All of us realized that Grant had determined to crush Lee's army and that it would require terrible fighting to do it.

We could hear the distant roaring of cannon as we marched on. Soon, the wounded began to come back. This is the most trying time of a battle. It takes all of a soldier's courage to push on. The roaring of cannon became nearer and clearer, the rattle of musketry was heard, still we were several miles from the enemy.

Our brigade was detached from the 9th Corps and joined to the 2nd Corps. May 6th found us in the Wilderness in front

of the enemy. This wilderness, properly named, was thickly wooded, almost impenetrable with thick, scrubby trees. It was almost impossible to work one's way through it. A more advantageous place for defensive warfare could hardly be imagined.

Lee had taken up his defense in this wilderness of underbrush, stretched his lines of battle through it directly in Grant's front.

New regiments and new soldiers were completely demoralized in trying to fight under such unfavorable, exasperating conditions. A line of battle could not be seen ten feet away.

The part that the 21st Regiment took in this battle was both brilliant and heroic. Our regiment was small but all old soldiers, having been in a score of battles.

The 2nd Corps had taken up a position on the left and thrown up temporary breast works. The line crossed the plank road running back to Fredericksburg. About three-fourths of a mile back, was a large park of artillery. In this battle, little or no artillery was used.

In the morning, our regiment was placed in these breast works. Soon, came the order to move over the works and feel of the enemy. The trees and shrubs, for thirty feet in front, had been cut away. Beyond that, it was almost impenetrable underbrush. I shall always remember the splendid discipline and behavior of the regiment at the order to forward march.

The regiment arose as one man and marched over the works. In a minute, it was lost in the dense woods. The pickets of the enemy were driven out. Some few of our men got lost and were taken prisoners. This advance showed that the enemy was still in front of these works. In the afternoon, it became evident that this plank road was of considerable importance and that something of great import was about to occur.

The 2nd Corps again took up a position across the road. Two lines of breast works were formed. Our regiment and the 100th Pennsylvania and the 2nd Maryland formed a third line, on the left of the road, as additional support.

One or two cannon were in the road near the first line of breast works. About the onlv cannon used, were these. I had been back to look up some hospital accommodations and found that a short distance in the rear, a greater part of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac was in the park.

These lines of battle were formed to hold the road and protect that artillery. I had just come back, in the rear of my regiment, when the battle began. Cannon began to fire in rapid succession. Musketry became a continuous roar and, to my horror, crowds of soldiers were running by me, completely demoralized.

Hancock and Staff were on the right of the road and every officer drew his sword in an attempt to turn back the fugitives.

It was at this time that the 21st and 100th Pennsylvania and 2nd Maryland did such heroic work. The 2nd Corps' two lines were broken. The rebs were getting over the breast works when the 21st and 100th Pennsylvania and 2nd Maryland charged over the two lines of works, driving the enemy back.

General Hancock acknowledged, at the time, the splendid work of these two old regiments, told Colonel Leasure that the gallant charge of his little brigade had saved his Corps. Am sorry to say, however, that Hancock, in his official report, failed to give the "Little Brigade" any special credit.

During my three years of army life, this was the most brilliant charge and crowned with the most glorious results of anything that came under my observation.

I was within a stone's throw of the whole affair and as soon as the lines were reformed, was with my regiment in the front line, which they had retaken from the enemy.

There has been considerable controversy about this charge. The 2nd Corps deny that the lines were broken. If they were not, how came the 21st and 100 Pennsylvania and 2nd Maryland in the front, or first line? I was there and saw the lines give way and it was the bravery of the soldiers of the 21st Mas-

sachusetts and 100th Pennsylvania and 2nd Maryland that restored these lines, beating the enemy back.

To add to the horrors of this battle, the woods took fire from some cause and many wounded, unable to get away, burned to death.

The above charge ended the fighting in our front. We occupied this position for twenty-four hours. The night was cold and I tried to get some warmth from a burning stump. I was without overcoat or blanket and I shivered through the long, cold night.

May 9th, about night, word passed along the line that Lee was in full retreat and we must follow him. Everybody was excited and it was during this excitement that I came very near being killed. Our regiment had fallen in. I was mounted on my horse and we were ready for the march, when a full battery with cannon and caisson came dashing down the road on a gallop.

The regiment stepped one side to let it pass. I must jump my horse over a ditch which was deep, or the artillery would surely run into me, smashing my horse and myself to the ground.

Put spurs to my horse and attempted to jump the ditch. He could not do it and we both went into the ditch, my horse back down and I under him, pinned to the ground under the saddle. I had a roll of blankets behind my sadde or I should have been crushed. The soldiers lifted my horse up and drew me out. I was lame for a few days but not seriously hurt.

We marched all night towards Spottsylvania. I remember stopping and caring for a soldier who had a fit, thereby losing my regiment.

In searching for it, I wandered out on the picket line and came very near going into the lines of the enemy. It was a night without rest and I never found my regiment until daylight.

I had told a comrade to ride my horse and that, too, was lost, as he followed the regiment. I took a little experience in

foot soldiery and concluded that I had much rather have a horse to ride.

The Battle of Spottsylvania was a prolonged struggle of two weeks and, during all this time, I was under the fire of the enemy. We marched and countermarched, made charges by day and by night.

My hospital steward was killed by my side, his skull shot off by a shell and his brain flying all over me. His name was Myron E. Stowell, a most faithful, honest soldier.

Seth Hale, who was in charge of my hospital knapsack, was wounded in the hip. Men were shot on all sides of me. General Stevenson was shot several rods in the rear of where I was posted, the bullet lodging in his brain.

For several days, we occupied a line in the shape of an oxbow and breast works were thrown up in the rear as well as front, to protect us from the fire of the enemy. It was in these works that Stowell got his head blown off.

An incident occurred here that showed the good fellowship and friendly feeling between all soldiers whether North or South. To our left, was some meadow land and beyond, ran the line of the works of the enemy. In this low land, there were a number of dead rebs, as we supposed.

By the way, we were having a long, cold rain storm. Some of the soldiers declared they could see two of these men move their arms and they must be alive.

Several men volunteered to take two stretchers and go out between the lines and bring them in. This was done and two rebs were brought in.

They had been out in the storm for forty-eight hours without nourishment and were nearly dead from exhaustion. Hot coffee was provided. They were nursed up and sent to the hospital. They were cared for as kindly as though they had been members of our own regiment.

To our left, the ground was heavily wooded, and the trees were full of sharp shooters. We were also in a scattered woods. The rebs were but a few rods away for we could hear them talk. Every few minutes, they would give one of their

peculiar yells as if charging on our works. At these times, our whole line would stand with guns cocked, ready to fire, hoping they would come on and see how good it would be to charge breast works, but, to our regret, they did not make the charge.

How I would have liked a picture of the 21st at this time as they stood with their guns cocked, bayonets fixed and that earnest, defiant look on their faces, determined to defend the works and give the rebs a warm reception.

The 21st were all veterans and well knew that it is always safer to stand and fight to the last man, than run away from breast works. To fight at such times, means comparative safety; to run, is sure death and ignominious defeat.

With all the charging and counter charging, Grant could not force Lee's army. Several times, partial successes were gained. At one point, Hancock took the outer works and captured several thousand prisoners, but Lee's army, which was entrenched behind breast works, could not be routed and Grant again attempted to move off by the left flank.

Grant's plan of the campaign seemed to be to crush Lee with overpowering numbers. He always compelled his soldiers to fight at a disadvantage to charge the works of the enemy. In time, this will demoralize the best soldiers. Every soldier feels that he ought to have an equal chance with the enemy. That the morale of the Army of the Potomac was maintained through all this unequal conflict, will be the noblest tribute to Northern soldiers.

The battle of Spottsylvania materially reduced the number of our little regiment. Thirty-nine were killed and wounded.

All of us felt glad to bid good-bye to Spottsylvania. We marched through the beautiful country.

I stepped into a book store, while in Washington, and bought a map of Virginia. Was able to keep track of each day and locate our exact position. My map was in great demand. The officers of my own regiment as well as officers of other regiments, flocked about me at all hours of the day to get the topography of the surrounding country, also to locate the position of the army.

When at North Anna, we halted for a few hours. I remember taking off my woolen shirt, having it washed in the river, and sitting in the sun, waiting for it to dry.

When I had completed the washing and my shirt partly dry, and again on my back, some other soldiers came along, thought it a good idea, and attempted the same job. When their shirts were well off and the washing begun, some rebs charged down upon them. They grabbed their wet shirts, and half naked ran with all their might and main to safety. As one of them passed me he was swearing mad and said his old shirt might rot on his back, before he tried that job again.

About noon of the 24th, our regiment was placed in a most trying position. We formed in line of battle along the north bank of the river with orders, at the sound of the bugle, to ford the river and attack the enemy, on the other side.

What hours of suspense! Hour after hour, we waited for the signal to advance. We knew it would be instant death as soon as our heads should appear on the opposite bank. Thank God, the bugle never sounded.

At night, we were ordered to retreat from the position. I think, of all anxious hours of my life, that afternoon, expecting every minute to hear the bugle sound, were the most terrible.

May 30th, we had a sharp fight. It seemed to me that every movement, for the next few days, was made in the most stupid manner.

We left a line of breast works and stationed ourselves just where the rebels could fire into us. At the same time, we could not return the fire, to any advantage. Here, we lost fifteen or twenty men and accomplished nothing.

June 2nd, was another day full of disaster to the 21st though history gives credit to our regiment for doing good work. About 5 o'clock, we were ordered to leave our works.

There started a terrible shower, just as we set out on the march, and we stood in the woods like a lot of turkeys in the rain.

There seemed to be no one in command. Pickets came in and reported the enemy was upon us. Still, no orders to form a line, but we deliberately marched over some very good rifle pits out into the open field, allowing the enemy to occupy our works, then trying to drive them out.

I was disgusted. This mistake cost the regiment forty-nine men in killed and wounded, also missing. Had we formed in those works, we could have fought the enemy from breast works and accomplished the same results with a much smaller loss.

It seemed that the greater part of our regiment was gone. After dark, I took several men and we went over the field on our hands and knees, looking for our wounded. We went so near the lines of the enemy I could hear them talk. It was a dark, cloudy night. We went very near the spot where several of our men were seen to fall.

After the war, I learned that the men who were seen to fall, were in the lines of the enemy and if we had proceeded on our hunt, a few feet farther, we also would have been prisoners.

At Cold Harbor, our regiment occupied some works on the extreme right of the line. As soon as we halted, every man fell to work to form some kind of protection. It takes but a few minutes to throw up sufficient earth works to afford protection as well as place the attacking party to a decided disadvantage.

I remember two rather funny incidents in front of Cold Harbor. A soldier attempted to go out to an intrenched picket post. Soon, the bullets began to zip and he jumped behind a small tree where he was obliged to stand the whole day. The rebs peppered that tree every time they could get a sight of any part of him. The tree was so small, he was obliged to stand as straight as a ramrod or get hit. He came in after dark, completely tuckered out.

Just back of the regiment, was a deep ravine. This ravine extended out towards the enemy. All the bands, company cooks, stragglers and non-combatants, seemed to think

this a very secure place. They had congregated there to make coffee, wash up, mend clothes, etc.

I had some weak-kneed ones who had made great pretentions of being sick that they might get a good sleep in that secure ravine.

The rebs evidently thought this ravine a good place for soldiers to congregate and they ran a battery up so as to command it.

They let down this ravine eight or ten shots, as fast as they could fire. These shells smashed through hot coffee kettles, tore to pieces a big bass drum, smashed a big bass horn, and such a stampede I never saw.

Men poured out of there like ants from an ant hill. The half sick got well pretty quick and took their places with the regiment. In five minutes, there was not a man left in the ravine. The soldiers in the front line shouted and laughed to see the general scramble for a safe place.

Grant found it impossible to force Lee out of his intrenched position at Cold Harbor and so swung around to the left with the intent to cross the James River, thereby capturing Petersburg, before Lee could protect the city. He ought to have done it but the delay in rations and the pontoon bridge, of twenty-four hours, gave Lee the opportunity to plant a large force in Petersburg, in well-protected fortifications.

I well remember the night I crossed the James. It was June 16th, at two o'clock in the morning. It had been a perfect moonlight night. The air was cool and damp. Our regiment had been waiting for some time for its turn to go over and I led my horse over the unsteady bridge behind the regiment.

After the James had been crossed, the regiment pushed towards Petersburg with all possible dispatch. It was a hot, uncomfortable day and the march was a tiresome one. It was nearly night before we arrived before the works of the enemy.

It was here that one of the most cruel incidents I ever witnessed occurred. A line of battle was formed in the scrub oaks in front of the works. Our regiment was lying down in two lines. A solid shot from the enemy went between Charlie

Dunn and Charlie Blackmer, two handsome, young soldiers, lying side by side. It terribly mutilated both of them.

Charlie Blackmer had one arm and one leg torn to shreds, both being amputated and he died in a few days.

Charlie Dunn had his arm torn to shreds, his hip torn out, his bowels exposed, in fact, was disemboweled. He lived several hours, perfectly conscious to the last. He was as calm and brave as a lion. He sent his love to his home, said his Catholic prayer and died like a hero that he was.

I can never forget these two handsome, brave, noble soldiers. They were mere boys.

The opportune moment to capture Petersburg had passed as the enemy had strongly intrenched themselves. Charge after charge was made. A partial lodgement was made several times in the works of the enemy but could not be held.

A night charge was ordered by our regiment June 17th. The rebels' works were carried but as we had no support, were obliged to fall back.

When I saw the inefficiency of General Ledlie, the commanding officer, in conducting the charge on the enemy's works, I could not repress my indignation, and then and there express my feelings in language more forcible than classical.

He remembered me and tried to annoy me in every way possible by meddling with my medical duties, but he had to learn, as well as some other lofty generals, that a commanding officer of a division has no control of the Medical Department of that division. When the Medical Director of the division informed him that he had exceeded his authority and was liable to a court martial, he came down from his high horse and treated me with respect ever after. Even a Major General can not interfere with the duties of even an Assistant Surgeon.

I had the satisfaction of seeing him leave the army, and also to read General Grant's opinion of him in his (Grant's) memoirs. This it is in part: "The colored division was selected by Burnside to make the assault. Meade interfered with this. Burnside then took Ledlie's division, a worse selection than the first could have been. Ledlie, besides being otherwise

inefficient, proved to possess disqualifications less common among soldiers."

Grant further says, "Ledlie's division marched into the crater immediately on the explosion, but most of the men stopped there, in the absence of any one to give directions; the commander having found some safe 'retreat to get into before they started.'"

After this call-down by General Grant, I think I was justified in my remarks addressed to General Ledlie.

I never think of this night charge on the 17th of June, but my blood boils with indignation, to Gen. Ledlie for his inefficiency and also to the authorities above him for placing such an inefficient officer in command of a division of soldiers.

This battle cost our little regiment thirty-one officers and men, of whom four were killed or mortally wounded and two were taken prisoners. The regiment reached the enemy's works unsupported and were mown down by a sheet of fire.

A man of good sense and in his right mind would have never ordered the charge. From the beginning there was no chance of success with such a small force. A charge on the moon would have been just as sensible as the one made. It was worse than a mistake, it was a crime.

Among those that fell that night, was Capt. Charles Goss, one of the bravest of the brave soldiers. He was loved and respected by all his comrades. He was shot through the heart and died instantly.

As the works could not be carried by storming them, our line gradually advanced until we were within a few rods of the works of the enemy. For weeks, we lived in holes. Put a hat on a stick and run it up and it would soon be riddled with holes.

While doing duty in the trenches in front of Petersburg, I came within an ace of being shot. There was very heavy fighting on our left. The Colonel asked me to work along in the trenches, under cover, and find out the cause.

I went about forty rods and came to a tree, about a foot through, in the center of the earth bank. Thinking this a good

place to peek over, I peeked over and no sooner did the top of my head appear above the bank, then zip zip went two bullets within an inch of my nose.

A soldier on duty on that spot said, "You are not the only person who thought that a good spot to get a view of the enemy in front of our line, as two have been shot in that place this very morning. My advice to you is to get away from this tree as soon as possible." I took his advice and immediately went back to my regiment where I belonged, and remained.

There was not a foot of the thirty miles of earth works about Petersburg and Richmond, where it was safe to show any part of the head above the fortifications.

Light a candle at night and the reflection would draw the fire of the enemy. We covered our holes with brush a few feet high to keep off the sun.

I have played cards many nights by a tallow candle, when the bullets of the enemy would cut the leaves not two feet above our heads. We were safe from everything but the mortar shell and we could get no protection from these as they went high in the air and came down, almost in a straight line.

After June 17th, the regiment settled down to a routine and dangerous picket duty. Woe to the man who carelessly showed any part of his person above the breast works. Pickets were put in holes out in front of the main works and were obliged to remain there all day in the broiling sun.

These pickets were relieved only at night and even the slightest noise would draw the fire of the enemy. Moonlight nights, it was very difficult to get in and out of these holes without being shot.

We had only one hundred ten men for duty and fourteen of them were killed or wounded between June 17th and the blowing up of the Burnside mine July 30th.

All of us knew that, to our left, something in the nature of mining the works of the enemy was going on, but the details of the work were only surmised.

The failure of this well-planned movement to dislodge the enemy from the strong forts in our front, was caused, first,

by waiting to shell the forts after the mine had been exploded, which gave the enemy time to rally from the shock, for old soldiers care but little about a furious cannonading, experience having taught them that shells kill but few; second, the cowardice of some of the general officers, especially General Ledlie.

The enemy not only left the blown-up fort, but several others, thinking these were to be served the same. Had our forces, at once, charged in, the forts would have been found empty. The time taken to cannonade, gave them time to return and man the forts.

Our men charged into the fort blown up and there were no general officers to direct the forces as they came in; hence, a swarming mass of soldiers and no commanding officer. The slaughter was frightful and the whole plan, on which so much was expected, was a failure.

While the fight was in progress, I was detailed to the general hospital, about a mile in the rear. Here, for four days, I stood at the operating table caring for the wounded, taking only a few hours' sleep each night.

This battle over and again, the dangerous and routine picket duty was resumed. I remained at the general hospital, caring for the sick and wounded, until August 18th, 1864.

When the three years for which the regiment had enlisted had expired, we were ordered to Boston to be mustered out of U. S. Service.

A large number had reenlisted in Tennessee and these were formed into a battalion. They were left behind. It was hard to bid good-bye to these brave men. Captain Sampson, one of the bravest of men, was put in command. He was, afterwards, killed, leading this brave company.

He, with this company, once took more prisoners than he himself had under his command. This little band was finally merged into the 36th Mass. Vols., and served, what was left of it, to the end of war.

Thus ended the historic and splendid career of one of the best fighting regiments in United States' Service. God bless

every one of them, for they did their share, in full, to crush out the Rebellion!

The regiment was finally mustered out of service at Worcester, August 30th, 1864.

After shaking hands with old friends and making a visit to my father's house, time began to hang heavily on my hands. The war was not closed, everything was unsettled, I did not feel like going into the practice of my profession. I was restless and dissatisfied.

I was glad when I received a request from the Surgeon General of the State to become surgeon of the 61st Mass. Vol. Captain Walcott of the 21st was to be the Colonel. Through him, I received the appointment.

After a month of rusticating in Athol, I was mustered into the 61st Regiment, September 30th, 1864. I again found myself in the Army, prescribing and caring for sick soldiers. Two years of this life had made it second nature to me and I felt at home, also contented.

The first rendezvous of the 61st was at Gallop's Island, Boston Harbor. We did not wait for the regiment to get full but as soon as five companies were filled, we were ordered to the front.

We embarked on the Steamer "Charles Thomas," to go by water to City Point. This steamer was not ballasted for ocean trips. It had been running to the James River and Chesapeake Bay. The captain swore and cursed because he had been sent on such a voyage without ballast. The steamer was like an egg shell on the water. It rolled and pitched in a very slight sea.

Something of a gale sprang up the first night and the captain put into Torpolian Cove for safety. Everybody was seasick. A steamer loaded with soldiers is a most disgusting place in a gale.

In the first place, soldiers were put on so thick that there is not room for all to lie down at once. When every man is sick and vomiting, the condition of things can better be imagined than described.

To be called upon to treat a sick soldier between decks when your own stomach is turning inside out every five minutes, is more than the stoutest man can do. I think it is the most disgusting, sickening job I ever undertook to do. Even to this day, the thoughts of that vessel loaded with vomiting humanity, will make my stomach roll.

I never until this day realized the beauty and grandeur of Fortress Munroe. When I left this locality, one year ago, I little dreamed I should so soon be back. The large fortress stands in the southern part of Chesapeake Bay—deep water all about it,—making one of the best harbors in the United States. This whole region about the Fort is called Hampton Roads, probably the most noted military region in America. Extensive maneuvers have taken place here for about two hundred years. The city of Norfolk is in sight where the Merrimac came out to do battle with Erickson's Monitor. Sewell's Point is in sight where the Sawyer shells were tested. A. M. Sawyer was a citizen of Athol and had the shell been adopted, as it has been since the war, it would have been a great help to the North in ending the war. This magnificent bay will ever be an historic locality in the Great Rebellion.

October 11th found us at Fortress Munroe. We steamed up the James River and landed at City Point. Here good luck struck the 61st Regiment. Orders had just been received to take the three next arriving regiments and use them to fortify City Point. The 61st was the first to arrive and we went on duty at the Point.

At this time Charles F. Walcott was the Colonel of the regiment, one of the best officers ever put in command of a body of men. The regiment went to the front with but little drill. The colonel went to work, all the spare time he could get from working on the fortifications, to make them an efficient regiment. The men were drilled night and morning. Soon, the colonel had a regiment to be proud of. He told me that if called to do battle, they could be depended upon to do their duty and be a credit to Massachusetts.

The duty of making a clean, sanitary camp largely fell on me. As we expected to make this our dwelling place for some time, I tried to make it as healthy and as sanitary as possible. Every Sunday morning, all the men's quarters, Company, streets and the whole camp underwent an inspection. I made a written report that was read on Dress Parade, Sunday afternoon. Without cleanliness, it is impossible to make a good, disciplined soldier.

As soon as our camp was in order and it was evident that we were to stay some time at City Point, a large tent fly was borrowed from the Sanitary Commission and a Chapel of considerable size was erected. The walls of the chapel were made from pine trees cut about the camp. We literally made a large log house and covered it with a tent fly. This extemporized log house gave a place for amusements of all kinds. It was a general loafing place when the men were off duty. When we could find a minister (we had no chaplain of our own), we had Sunday religious meetings.

Every few weeks, we were ordered to the front to hold the advanced lines while that part of the army made a demonstration to the left to find a weak place in Lee's lines. These demonstrations, generally, failed and we were sent back to our old quarters. Sometimes only part of the regiment went. Then, I had double duty to perform. It was no small job to attend the sick of the regiment when divided and ten miles apart. It was a little more horseback riding than I wanted.

An incident occurred at the above place that had all the sensations of a dime novel. We had a young recruit come out to us from Massachusetts. He was not over eighteen years of age, but a strong, athletic, well developed boy—he had never seen much of the world.

About two miles from camp, was a large picket post of some fifty soldiers to prevent the rebs making a dash into City Point before arousing the whole regiment. From this post, videtts were posted a mile or more into the country to signal the approach of the enemy.

This recruit was placed the farthest out on the left of any picket,—a very responsible position. He was approached by a man dressed as a farmer, going to his home, with a basket of groceries. He was armed with a pass from Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, apparently properly signed, which had been accepted as genuine on other occasions.

This recruit persistently determined to take him back to the Lieutenant of the Guard for instructions what to do. In an unguarded moment, the old farmer snatched the gun from the boy, aimed it at the boy's head, took him prisoner and marched him off—into the country of the enemy.

The Yankee boy watched his opportunity. The farmer kept the boy some ten or fifteen feet away from him. The reb finally built a small fire and laid down to rest. The boy also laid down and pretended to be asleep. Soon, he heard Johnnie Reb snoring. The recruit stole up to him, jumped and grabbed his gun. The farmer made a lunge for the boy but the boy was too quick for him and fired at the spy, inflicting a bloody and mortal wound.

No sooner had the deed been done than the recruit was alarmed at the horrible thing he had done. His sympathy went out to the man he had shot. This artless and kind-hearted recruit took the wounded man, but not dead, on his back, then carried him several miles back to camp.

The wounded spy was taken over to City Point hospital. The old farmer proved to be a notorious Rebel spy. The boy was made a lion of. He was given a furlough of thirty days for his heroic deed.

Jan. 3rd, 1865.

We have again entered upon a New Year. The past year has been full of important events but this new year will decide the destiny of our Country. All the officers assembled at the Colonel's Quarters to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in. I must say it was rather dull and stupid for the night before. I had been up nearly the whole night with a sick soldier. I have been busy today making up my Yearly Returns for the Surgeon General at Washington.

Jan. 11th, 1865.

I have, in the hospital, a very sick soldier and have just written a letter, by his request, to his girl. He is a fine, noble soldier, his fidelity to his girl at home is to be admired. I was much puzzled to know what to write, but I have scratched off a few words.

Camp near City Pt., Va.,
Jan. 25th, 1865.

There has been heavy cannonading on the James River for the past thirty-six hours and the camp rumor is, that we have sunk one Rebel ironclad, also, captured another. However, one never knows the truth of a camp story until verified some dozen times.

We are having a cold time. The past four days have been extremely stormy. Why I came to speak of the weather is because, last Friday, I pulled down my house, concluding to build larger and better. The first day the work went on swimmingly but, at night, a furious rain storm came on and continued for three days, without intermission. This is Wednesday and my house is not completed. By keeping a tremendous fire and by exercising myself, I manage to keep from freezing. I cannot mud up the cracks for the cold freezes the mud before it can be spread so I must wait for the weather to moderate before I shall be able to complete my home.

My accommodations are now very extensive for camp life, consisting of two rooms, one for sleeping and one for an office. I have never before in regular Winter quarters and it is astonishing how comfortable we can make ourselves with an axe and a few nails.

I am looking for an Assistant Surgeon. I need one very much. I have a large Regimental Hospital. It is well organized, with a good steward and good nurses. I have been very lucky thus far with my patients, have treated over a thousand cases in this regiment and have lost but one. I have now a very sick man.

Near City Pt., Va.
Feb. 3rd, 1865.

Yesterday was a beautiful Summer day. A party, six of us, set out to visit the lines between the Appomattox and the James Rivers, a distance from here, about ten miles. A ride of five miles brought us to the Pontoon Bridge across the Appomattox River. This we crossed, ascended the opposite bank and started for Butler's Lookout, about a mile from the river. This Lookout is one hundred twenty-five feet high and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and of all the works of the enemy for miles. Can see several miles of the railroad that connects Richmond and Petersburg.

The prospect, aside from a military point of view, is splendid. The winding Appomattox, James River in the distance and City Point, the fertile valleys and sloping hills, are scenes to delight the eye, leaving out the large forts, rifle pits, cannon, swarms of soldiers, tented villages that you can see in every direction. This, indeed, is a country too beautiful to be torn and mangled by war.

After stopping on the Lookout about an hour, we descended and followed along the lines to General Ferrero's Headquarters. We gave him a call as he was once the commander of our old brigade in the 9th Corps. The General took several of his orderlies and went with us to visit his lines and the various forts under his care. We saw the wreck of the ironclad that was blown up but a few days before and also the cannon that did the work. Visited the different forts along the river to prevent the gunboats of the enemy from coming down and destroying City Point.

We also ascended another Lookout one hundred fifty feet high, on the James River. Here, we had a splendid view of the river, the gunboats of the enemy and the church spires of the City of Richmond. We could look down into the Dutch Gap Canal and see men hard at work.

After seeing all the sights and bidding the General goodbye, we started for our old camp, where we arrived safe and sound, just at dark.

Feb. 12th, 1865.

The past week has been occupied in hard Winter campaigning. I myself have had a double duty to perform. About one-third of the regiment was left in the old camp and two-thirds went to the front. The commands were ten miles apart and myself the only Surgeon. I found the duty of attending to both commands, rather tiresome.

Most of the weather was very cold and stormy and the men suffered very much, but after one week of marching, camping out and wading in mud, we returned to our old camp, glad to again occupy our old quarters. Tonight, I am sitting beside a good fire with all the luxuries of camp life.

Mar. 1st, 1865.

I am still at Camp near City Point. Our regiment is having what I call Winter jubilees. This week we are to have a hop. A log house has been erected for the occasion, is to be trimmed and decorated in all the taste and elegance that we can muster.

I have now an Ass't. Surgeon. He is a Spaniard. He took my horse the second day after arriving here, to go to the Point. The horse became frightened, ran away and threw the poor fellow against a tree. Came very near killing him. He is fast getting well, still has a perfect horror of my horse. I think he will make a good Army Surgeon as soon as he learns the ways of soldiers.

City Point, Va.,
Mar. 26th, 1865.

This is Sunday evening but I must say that the day has been passed in a most unsatisfactory manner to me. I cannot say that I am any wiser or better than when the rising sun found me. Oh! this camp life makes us stupid and lazy. I can feel the mental rust. Society is not what it ought to be,—we are a lot of rough men. Most of us have been in the army for thirty or more months and the camp has had its influence on us all. It has become part of our being, to be rough.

Notwithstanding all these things, I am not sorry that I entered the Army. It would be extremely selfish for me to

stay at home while I am a single man and compel others, who have a wife and children, to leave their families. I never look upon a dying soldier but I ask him if he has a family of children at home. How often the answer comes, "Yes." "Were it not for these, I could willingly die. To leave my helpless little children to the care of a cold world, is what makes death so hard."

Last Friday, there was a severe fight at the front. General Hartranft took two thousand prisoners. I have been to see them. They are very ragged but not as poor as the papers would have you think.

Mar. 29th, 1865.

Yesterday I took a trip to the front. At 9 o'clock, I took the cars at the Point, had the pleasure of a seat directly opposite General Sheridan. He is a small man, rather dark complexion, but looks like a man of energy, has nothing in his personal appearance to mark him as a person of great ability.

In a few days, we shall hear of him south of Richmond as all his cavalry has landed at the Point and gone to the left.

In a short time, I reached Mead's Station. There I found Lieutenant Davis, who kindly gave me a horse to ride and also his own company. We visited different parts of the line. I visited many old friends in all parts of the 9th Corps, took dinner with Captain Sawyer, an officer in the old 21st Mass. Vol. I was glad to see the few familiar faces of the old regiment.

While I was taking dinner, the Rebels opened a brisk cannonading, I suppose for my particular benefit, as I had come from the rear where those whizzing missiles do not molest us. They sound just as they did last summer and I must say, decidedly unpleasant to the ear. The enemy sent over its compliments for about an hour, then stopped and was quiet the rest of the day.

I went over the ground where Gen. Hartranft took two thousand prisoners on the twenty-fifth, only four days ago. That was a very brilliant little affair. The rebels fell into a perfect slaughter pen and were exceedingly glad to get out. I don't understand why the enemy attempted to break that part

of our lines, because there was a high hill in the rear, where a large number of cannon were posted and rained shell on them for hours until they were glad to get out, their lines being broken, their men scattered in all directions. They must have lost five thousand in killed, wounded and taken prisoners, a number that General Lee could not afford to have lost at that time.

Apr. 6th, 1865.

Little did I think, when I was at the front a few days ago, that the same ground I was viewing with such interest would be the scene of my regiment's first and victorious fight. Last Sunday morning, as I sat quietly outside my tent, orders came to march to the front, as soon as possible.

We were off in a few minutes. We could hear the distant firing of cannon. We knew that a great battle was to be fought. We had hoped to escape, but now, we were called to participate and to fight. When a regiment marches to a battle field, where they can hear the continuous roar of the guns of the enemy as they advance, every step brings the sound nearer and clearer.

At last, the bursting of shell, the whizzing of bullets, the wounded with mangled arms and shattered legs, the groans of the dying tell them they are to take their turns. They do not go up with that exultation and lightheartedness that you read about, but there is a stern, anxious expression on the faces of all, that you will never see at any other time. Men do not seek danger and death, voluntarily. Nothing but will and duty puts men into a battle.

Our regiment was massed in Fort Hell, advanced over the breast works and charged Fort Mahone, a strong rebel fortification, drove the rebels from the fort and held it. In this assault, we had five killed and thirty wounded.

When night came on, the fires in Petersburg told us that the enemy was leaving. How eagerly we waited for morning that we might rush into town! At the first ray of light, the word was given and such a rush for Petersburg! Every regiment was trying to reach the place first. The whole heavens

were filled with enthusiastic cheers. The joy of the negroes, as they approached the town with us, knew no bounds. They laughed, danced, sang, clapped their hands, were just wild with delight.

My regiment rushed through town and attempted to extinguish the flames that were destroying an important bridge across the Appomattox, but we were too late. The bridge soon fell. Several of our men were badly burned in attempting to save it.

After staying in Petersburg some three hours, orders came to march back to the Point. This was our first fight and the result was so great that every man returned with a light heart.

We had proceeded but a short distance when the news came that we had possession of Richmond and again the cheers went up, everyone seemed crazy. To me, it seemed like a dream,—Richmond fallen, that city for which we had been so long contending, for which so many precious lives have been sacrificed. Could it be possible that it is in our possession. I felt more like thanking God in silence than in any loud demonstration of joy.

The road to the Point was a short one and soon passed over. We are still in our old quarters but under marching orders. Perhaps we shall go to Richmond, perhaps to the front.

Here, my Journal, in the form of letters, came to a very sudden end.

The battle of Five Forks was fought March 31st, 1865 and ended April 1st, the next day. This decisive battle was really the end of the war. Sheridan took eight thousand prisoners after a two days' fight.

My brigade was ordered to escort these prisoners to City Point. They marched enroute step, a company of Union soldiers in front, one in the rear and single soldiers on the side of the road. These prisoners reached over a mile and, to look at them, one would think there were many thousand more than eight thousand.

A peculiar incident occurred while I was looking at them, —someone among the number cried out, "Halloo, Dr. Oliver," and there stood a nurse that I had in my hospital at Antietam, two years before. He was left in charge of some wounded rebels. He and his wounded comrades were with me several months. He was a splendid boy about eighteen years old. I became much attached to him. I would no more have shot him than I would shoot my own brother. I shook hands with him, bade him good-bye and have never seen him since.

April 9th, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant and the war was over. Every soldier shouted for joy, when the glad tidings was passed through the Army. We all began to think of home and look forward to the end of Army life.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated April 14th, 1865. I remember well that day. A courier came riding down the line shouting the horrible news. I was under a tree eating my dinner. At first, everybody was paralyzed at the dreadful news.

The first talk was revenge. We jumped to the conclusion that the deed was done by some bloodthirsty Rebels. Had it proven to be done so, I fear there would have been an horrible massacre. At that time, we had thousands of prisoners in our possession. The excitement was intense. The level-headed officers advised waiting until particulars could be received. When it turned out that the deed was done by a Northerner, sympathizing with the South, the excitement began to abate and deep grief took the place of revenge.

Richmond was taken, Lee had surrendered, the War was over and now all efforts were turned to getting home. The combined Armies were ordered to Washington, preparatory to being mustered out of United States' Service. A mad rush began, to see who first reported in Washington.

This was a most cruel march. The war being over, there was no hurry, but the weary soldiers were pushed beyond all human endurance. Many fell by the wayside, exhausted and disabled for life. That march was inexcusable and the General in charge should have been severely punished.

I remember an horrible night that I put in on this march. We came to a ford called "Muscle Shoals." (The name of the river, I have forgotten). Just at sundown, came a terrific thunderstorm, with dreadful lightening and deafening thunder. The approach to the river then was an old corduroy road full of holes. The soldiers floundered about in the swamp until midnight before we got through the swamp onto dry land, every man wet to his hide. We were obliged to dry our clothes on our backs.

We immediately started on our way towards Washington. We went to Arlington Heights and then into camp. We waited here for several weeks while the Army was collecting, preparatory for the Grand Review.

While here, being the Senior Surgeon, I was made Brigade Surgeon. I went out in '62 as Assistant Surgeon. I went home in '65 as Brigade Surgeon.

Soldiers came from far and near to Washington; first, to see the city that they had been fighting for for four long years; second, to participate in a Grand Review of all the different Arms of the Service; third, to be mustered out of United States' Service.

I wish I were about to describe this Review, the grandest pageant ever witnessed on the American Continent.

I must say a word about the fireworks that we had for several nights before the Grand Parade. Companies, Regiments, Brigades and Corps procured candles, stuck them in their guns, and these tens of thousands of soldiers marched and countermarched all over Arlington Heights, making the grandest spectacular fireworks ever seen. The dark nights brought out the candle lights to several times their normal size. The demonstrations grew each night until the highlands all about Washington were one grand illumination of the combined Armies of the North.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

For several weeks, armies from all parts of the country had been marching towards Washington, getting ready for the great days,—May 23rd and 24th.

When the Review came off, every soldier was expected to be dressed in his very best. In every direction, on the morning of May 23rd, squads of men, companies and regiments were in motion, all concentrating about the great Capitol Building, at the east end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

There must have been several hundred thousand soldiers in sight. Generals with their Staff were there. Orderlies were flying in all directions getting the troops in position to march, to join the extensive Military Column to be reviewed by the President, the Supreme Court and other notables.

The Grand Parade was to start at the Capitol, march up Pennsylvania Avenue up by the Treasury Department Building, past the White House, over to Georgetown and there, disband.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. Grant and his Staff led the van, as Commander of the Armies of the United States. Then came Corps commanders and Staff, Division Commanders and Staff, Brigade Commanders and Staff, down to Commanders of Regiments. As I was one of the Staff of my regiment, I rode my horse and made one of the great multitude of that mighty host.

The regiments were marched in regimental fronts. They extended from one side of the street to the other. It is well known that from the Capitol to the White House, it is a mile and the Avenue some two hundred feet wide. The troops were so arranged they made a solid mass of soldiers.

As I went up the rise at the Treasury Building and turned towards the White House, I got a good view of that imposing and immense Column—for more than a mile—one one solid sea of bright, flashing bayonets. The soldiers marched with their guns at right shoulder shift and when they changed to shoulder arms, their guns glittered like ten thousand diamonds. The men marched with that peculiar sway, from side to side, seen only in large bodies of old and trained soldiers.

That magnificent scene was indelibly fixed on my brain, never to be effaced. I was truly proud that I was one of that Grand Army that had marched and fought through four years of bloody war, to triumphant victory.

The greatness and magnitude of this Review can better be realized when it took the greater part of the first day for the Infantry to pass a given point.

There is always something to amuse on every occasion, no matter how grave and solemn the occasion. General Custer was out with his long, flowing, curly locks of hair. (Custer was a brave General but terribly vain and dressy in his appearance.) As he came up to the reviewing stand, he evidently stuck the spurs into the flanks of his horse, to make a picture as grand as possible to the crowd on the Judges' Stand. He overdid it, the horse made a terrible spring and became unmanageable, so that Custer, instead of appearing in grand style, made a very ridiculous appearance.

The next day, the 24th, was devoted mostly to Artillery and the other Arms of the Service. I should think that enough artillery passed in review to have reached from Washington to Richmond and if well posted, to have blown the whole of the Confederacy into the Gulf of Mexico.

Old Rome, when she returned from her triumphant wars, was not in it when compared with this wonderful demonstration of the combined armies of the United States.

If the soldiers of our Army were great in War, they were still greater in times of peace, for, in a very short time, they melted away and resumed the duties and cares of civil life.

It was no small job to pay off and disband a million and one-half of soldiers and to transport this large body of men to their homes, living as they did, thousands of miles apart.

I was mustered out of Service July 16th, 1865 and bade good-bye to my army life, also to the old comrades with whom I had shared hardships and dangers through many bloody battles.

I can, truthfully, say, "There was more sunshine than storm in those exciting days, full of good comradeship. The Friendships made under the stress of common dangers, can never grow dim. Though comrades may pass to another world, we can still see their kindly, rugged and stern faces, and feel their influence, as long as time shall last."

A TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

I think we all must admit, after reading of the European war, with its slaughter and carnage, where women and children have been completely ignored, that the Southern soldiers were kind and considerate in comparison. To women and children they always gave first attention for their safety, and would look with scorn and contempt on any citizen or soldier that would explode a bomb that would in any way maim or injure an innocent child.

From recollections of their many kindnesses, I cannot close these pages without paying a tribute of respect to the Confederate soldiers with whom it had been my lot to visit and treat both in hospitals and on the battlefield.

I always found them kind and considerate, generous and gentlemanly. I met them both as prisoner and victor and always found them the same. I was often called to treat them, in that long and exhausting war, sometimes under distressing circumstances, and they always commanded my respect.

The whole world has always looked with admiration on a brave, true-hearted and generous soldier, and the Civil War was no exception to that admiration. I wish that my faith were strong enough to look forward to a glorious, immortal Reunion beyond the grave, of all the soldiers it has been my privilege to treat in this life and to catch a glimpse of that Heavenly immortal life, where all men are brothers and are willing to live as brothers, without war or bloodshed and bring about that Christian fellowship that the different religions have been preaching about for two thousand years.

My life and my religion are represented in the following four lines:—

"When I came into this world I was naked and bare,
As I go through this world I have trouble and care.
When I leave this world I go I know not where,
But if am all right here I shall be all right there."

APPENDIX

"General Morris Schaff,

State House,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

I have read, with great interest, your Book giving a very elaborate and minute description of the "Battle of the Wilderness."

As I was there at the time, I think you have done General Burnside a great injustice, in your book, by your slurs at his previous record, stigmatizing him slow and inefficient, also by your neglecting to give him credit for what he really did at the Battle of the Wilderness.

In the first place, Burnside allowed his Corps to be divided into small detachments and placed along the line of the 2nd Corps, to strengthen the weak places, sinking his own identity to secure victory for the Army of the Potomac.

With your great and remarkable knowledge of the whole Battle of the Wilderness, I don't think you can be unaware of the service that our small brigade of old veterans did on the Brock road, in restoring the broken lines of Hancock's Corps.

When all seemed lost, this small brigade (the 21st Mass., 100th Pa. and 2nd Md) made a splendid charge and drove the enemy out of the breast works they had captured, and restored Hancock's Lines.

At the time, Colonel Leasure in command of the brigade, received the congratulations of General Hancock with a hearty clasp of the hand, acknowledging the great assistance his brigade had rendered, even going so far as to tell him (Leasure), "Your splendid work, today, has saved my Corps."

I have seen three years of service in the Army, most of the time in actual fighting, and this was one of the most brilliant charges, with the greatest results, of my whole army life.

You are, probably, aware that the greater part of the Artillery of the Army of the Potomac was parked but a short distance from the Brock Road, and was guarded with the greatest care. The Lord knows that a little more persistence by the enemy in this charge would have raised havoc with the park of reserved artillery, probably most of it would have been captured.

The Battle of the Wilderness can be said to have been a battle without artillery as very little was used on either side.

I have always felt that the Battle of the Wilderness came very near being a crushing defeat for General Grant.

There was a terrible slaughter in that battle, more than the people of the North ever realized, but "all is well that ends well," no matter how great the sacrifice.

Few people of this country realize that the Army of the Potomac, in the Spring '64 was more than half raw recruits without drill or discipline. During the Winter before, small, depleted regiments had been filled up, new ones formed and no time given to make them good soldiers before the fighting began.

Lee showed his good generalship in choosing the Wilderness, a mass of tangled underbrush, for the great struggle. None but the best of soldiers, with long experience, could do good fighting under such unfavorable conditions. It is a wonder that our soldiers did as well as they did.

I understand that you are on duty in the State House, Boston. I shall try to see you when I am in the City of Boston.

Burnside did good work in North Carolina and his campaign into East Tennessee was one of the most brilliant of the war.

Very respectfully,

In F., C. & L.,

JAMES OLIVER, M. D.,

Surgeon 21st and 61st Mass. Vol."

Dedicatory Address

by

James Oliver, M. D.

Athol, Mass.

June 29, 1905

Chestnut Hill Reunion

We have assembled today on this beautiful and historic spot to dedicate this tablet to the memory of Jonathan Kendall, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. We can hardly realize that the same sky is above us, that the same sun rises and sets, and the same old hills are round about us that were here one hundred and fifty years ago to inspire and gladden the hearts of our brave old ancestors.

The dedicatory address was to have been made by Howard K. Sanderson, a great, great grandson of the old hero, one by birth, by education and by training who could have done ample justice to the occasion, but in some unguarded moment, he swallowed the germ of typhoid fever and by the inexorable laws of nature a noble life was demanded as the sacrifice.

We have all looked forward to this day in anticipation of an address full of eloquence, wit and historic research, but death, the great king of all terrors, has sealed his lips in silence and you must be content with a poor substitute.

Unfortunately Jonathan Kendall has left for his descendants but little recorded history of his active and useful life. Whatever facts of the Kendall family Howard Sanderson had collected he never committed them to paper and are now forever locked up in the silent grave.

For a history of Jonathan Kendall we must depend upon the meager town records, tradition and the stirring and important days in which he lived. We know from what data we have of his life, that he was alive to all important questions that agitated the country in the days of the Revolution, and when duty called he shouldered his gun and marched to the front.

Could there have been a Norton in those days to have done what Rev. Mr. Norton did for Athol in the Great Rebellion, and given us a personal history of every man that left his home to fight for liberty in the Revolutionary War, what interesting reading it would now make. With what pleasure and satisfaction it would be to read of the part which each of our ancestors took in that great war. How we would like to know something of their marches, their battles, their privations, some record of the killed and wounded and of the graves where they were buried; but we have almost nothing of their personal history. What an inspiration and incentive to noble work and patriotic duty such a book would be to us all and to our children's children. We little dream of the large number of the old heroes that sleep among the hills of Athol with graves unmarked and unknown.

What a joy and pleasure it would be to honor and decorate these graves if we only knew where they were. No people or race of people ever enjoyed a long period of prosperity, who had no respect for their dead. The care of the graveyard is the best barometer to test the culture, standing and patriotism of a community. A neglected cemetery denotes a thoughtless, shiftless and selfish community.

Athol did her whole duty in that war and sent a large number to the front for which she has never received her just tribute of praise.

I don't think you can find among the town records one word to show that Athol ever sent a soldier to the Revolutionary War, when in fact she sent two whole companies that fought and helped win important battles all the way from Ticonderoga to the Carolinas. Even in the battle of Bunker Hill, a battle that first taught the proud Britons a salutary lesson and covered the farmer soldiers of Massachusetts with glory, Athol soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder with the immortal Warren and shared the hardships and glory of the day, but by some gross neglect, in our town records, their names have never been recorded.

The recorded history of Jonathan Kendall can be told in a very few words, but the history of men of his type, in his day and generation, cannot be told in volumes. The time has not yet come to properly estimate the benefits that future generations will derive from their bold stand for liberty.

Jonathan Kendall was born in 1743 and came to Athol in about 1762. He came from Framingham with six others and settled on Chestnut Hill. He built his log cabin where Henry Kendall now lives. On the 28th day of January, 1765, he married Anne Oliver and had one son and six daughters. By the way, the first settlers of Chestnut Hill and of all Athol would have delighted President Roosevelt, for they all had large families, none less than half a dozen and often reaching a dozen or more.

Anne Oliver deserves more than a passing notice, for she was a type of woman in those days long ago become extinct. Not half credit has ever been given to the overworked mothers of the Revolution. For the success in throwing off the yoke of England is largely due to their untiring industry in providing for and maintaining the homes in the absence of their husbands. I have before said that if we can rely on tradition Anne Oliver was no fairy, but a stout, robust, energetic, noble woman not unlike many of her time and generation. She was not only able to care for her household, but ready and willing to assist in the outdoor work of the farm when it became necessary. She could use the rifle like a veteran and was considered a good shot, and could protect her home against the Indians and wild beasts, if necessary, without the aid of the male members of her family. To discipline the modern tramp would have been her delight.

When her husband was away fighting for his country she took charge of the farm work. Like the brave Boer women of South Africa, she loved liberty and was ready and willing to work and to fight for it. I am only to glad to say a good word for her type of women that have been sadly overlooked by the historians of the Revolution.

Jonathan Kendall was a private in Captain Joseph Allen's company of minute men, Colonel Doolittle's regiment, which

marched on the alarm of April 17th, 1775. At that time he served seven days.

He also enlisted April 26th, 1775, in Captain Abel Wilder's company, Colonel Ephraim Doolittle's regiment for eight months. Muster roll on file receipt for pay signed by him June 26th, 1775. In all probability Jonathan Kendall was in the battle of Bunker Hill as his receipt for pay was signed June 26th, 1775, showing that he had been in the army just before that date. He was in Colonel Doolittle's regiment and that regiment was in the battle of Bunker Hill.

His name appears on the payroll of Captain John Mellen's company which marched from Fitzwilliam to reenforce the garrison at Ticonderoga. He again enlisted July 3rd, 1777 and discharged on July 11th—probably for some sudden emergency.

His name appears on a New Hampshire payroll in this last enlistment. Many do not understand how so many soldiers served for only a few days. They went to meet a sudden emergency and when that emergency passed they returned to work on their farms; in that way they both served their country and supported their families.

What an honor to have had a soldier of Athol and a descendant of Chestnut Hill who served under the courageous absolutely neecssary, excepting after very malignant and conand daring Ethan Allen, a commander noted the world over for his bravery, energy and cheek. I think he is the only commanding officer ever known to have demanded the surrender of a fort, fortress or army in the name of the great Jehovah. But his sublime cheek so paralyzed the officers and men of the fort, that they laid down their arms without a struggle. By this sudden stroke of stragem by Ethan Allen we came into possession of a fort that had cost England eight million pounds sterling to make, a large amount of cannon, ammunition and army stores that proved of inestimable value in the long struggle that followed.

The muster rolls show that Jonathan Kendall had a varied and extensive army experience. He campaigned in several

states. He evidently was a good soldier. A good private soldier is to be honored above any one in the army. He does his duty without the hope of reward or glory. He exposes himself to the enemy's bullets, and is often shot and buried in an unknown grave, while those above him in rank get all the glory. Monuments are often erected to generals who never were under fire, while the rank and file, who were torn by shot and shell, are forgotten. I used to say while I was in the army and a battle was raging, that wherever shoulder straps could be found with stars on them, that was a pretty safe place to locate a hospital.

I thank God that Jonathan Kendall had a great, great grandson whose noble patriotism led him to look up the record of the old hero, whom we have this day met to honor, and place over his grave this tablet, that his name and grave may ever after be honored and respected. Of the great number of Revolutionary soldiers that sleep among the hills of Athol this is the only tablet that marks the final resting-place of any one of them.

How befitting that Jonathan Kendall should be buried in this cemetery, for in the early settlement of the town, he with the aid of his neighbors bought this ground, cleared and fenced it and dedicated it forever to the dead of Chestnut Hill. Here on this elevated and beautiful spot, surrounded by lofty hills, fertile valleys and flowing streams, let us with uncovered heads again dedicate ourselves anew to our glorious free country, rescued from the tyranny of England by just such devoted soldiers as the one who sleeps beneath our feet.

By a piece of good fortune I have lately come into possession of a document that gives the origin of this cemetery. I will read a copy. "August 10th, 1778, James Goddard, Josiah Goddard, John Drury, Samuel Young, Jonathan Kendall, Edward Drury, Solomon Goodell, Whitman Jacobs, Edward Goddard, Solomon Moore bought a piece of ground for a burying yard and fenced it with a wooden fence, paid ten dollars. The former owners reserved the privilege of feeding it with sheep. May 22nd 1798, the above named persons together

with Marshall Baker, John Jacobs, Joseph Jacobs, John Haven, Jr., Samuel Drury and Elijah Goddard bought the privilege of feeding, paid seven dollars, and fenced it three sides with stone wall, the front with posts with rails framed into them, once since built the front fence with posts and boards and painted it—the burying ground is seven by seven and one-half rods."

At first it seemed to me a little inappropriate that a permit was given to pasture sheep in the graveyard. Now if there is anything that can compete with a lawn mower in making a good green sward it is a flock of sheep. Since reading this document I have seen it suggested that a flock of sheep was an economical and profitable way in keeping extensive lawns in good condition. So our fathers were not so far out of the way after all.

I have seen graveyards not a hundred miles from the town of Athol, overrun with tall grass, bushes, briers and all kinds of herbage that would have been improved by pasturing a herd of elephants.

I love to look back to the first settlers of Athol and the early settlers of Chestnut Hill and study their rugged manhood. They breathed the air of freedom from these snow-capped hills, and never for one minute would they countenance an act that looked like tyranny.

Israel Putnam was not the only farmer that left his plow and started for the firing line, but rising to the position of general, his patriotic act took a prominent place in the history of United States. That familiar picture in all the histories of the colonies has inspired hundreds of boys to enlist in the defence of our common country.

Jonathan Kendall was one of those minute men who put country above every personal and private interest: bid goodbye to his wife and family, seized his gun and started for the front on the alarm of April 19th, 1775. Payrolls and receipts show that he was in active service for several years in the war known as the War of '76.

To take Jonathan Kendall as a type of Revolutionary soldiers, Washington had an army of brave men. Whenever and

wherever England met these brave yeomanry, man for man, England went down in defeat.

The Boers of South Africa were a similar army of farmers, and by their individual courage, superior markmanship and fighting instincts they defated large armies of England's best soldiers and brought the proud English empire to the brink of bankruptcy and disgrace; and only by overwhelming numbers and the use of millions upon millions of supplies, were they able to defeat that little nation of farmers of less than a half million of souls.

Thrice armed is the patriot who fights for liberty; suffering and death have no terrors for him. He fights with that courage and desperation that knows no defeat. He swears before high heaven that he will plant his flag victorious on the enemies' ramparts or perish beneath its folds.

It was this spirit that impelled onward the brave Boer soldiers until their fighting commanded the admiration of the whole world. It was this spirit that impelled onward our fathers to fight battle after battle for eight long years with that courage and desperation that overcame all obstacles and gave us the final victory.

So Washington with his half-naked and poorly fed and poorly armed and undisciplined soldiers, fought the trained English soldiers to a standstill, compelling the surrender of large armies and drove their ships from our waters. We cannot honor too much this race of men who did such glorious fighting and bequeathed to us the most glorious nation of all the earth. Had it not been for the proud spirit of our ancestors we today might be like the poor peasants of Russia, crushed beneath the heel of an unprincipaled czar, or compelled to fight the battles of a relentless and bloodthirsty aristocracy.

Too much credit cannot be given Howard K. Sanderson for the work he has done in rescuing the graves of these old heroes from oblivion; in Lynn he has marked 196 graves. Would that we had some patriotic man that would take up the work in Athol and mark the scores of graves of men who fought in the Revolutionary War. Of the scores of these sol-

diers not a half-dozen of their graves are known. They may sleep in these unknown graves, but their souls are still marching on. The influence of their lives is felt the world over. All the down-trodden nations of the earth are becoming restless. Czars, tyrants, aristocracies are trembling with fear and the free institutions of the United States are what the intelligent common people of every clime are demanding as their rights. Our fathers set the example and the whole world are following in their footsteps.

"Supreme our faith and just our couse,
Through us the world secured new light
And love of freedom filled the earth
With longings for the reign of right."

Today we have dedicated this tablet erected by the loving hand of Howard K. Sanderson. Here it will forever stand as a lesson to all who pass by, and may the descendants of the grand old hero ever keep his grave bright and green with the choicest flowers of Spring.

The curtain of time has rung down on all the first settlers of Chestnut Hill, as it will soon ring down upon us, and happy would we be if our influence could be as lasting and as productive of such glorious results.

We are proud of the noble, glorious and patriotic men and women who first staked out their farms on this elevated plateau and worked these rocky hills and supported their families and whatever may be our success or station in life, we and our children can but remember that our ancestors, the first settlers of Chestnut Hill, were the peers of any settlers of New England.

They possessed that courage, determination and Christian fortitude that not only made them good citizens of Athol, but good citizens of the state and of the nation, and their influence has been felt in developing this great country of ours until now, with its eighty millions of souls, it has become the most powerful and the most glorious nation of the whole world. Now let each and every one of us contribute our part, by forgetting self and work for the good of our common country."

REPORT

OF

Committee on Education

of the

Massachusetts State Grange

Read at the Twenty-Seventh Annual Session

Held in Lowell, Mass.

December 12, 13, 14, 1899

HUDSON, MASS.
THE ENTERPRISE PRINTING CO.
1900

Report of Committee on Education

Worthy Master:

When I received the appointment as chairman of the Committee on Education, my first impulse was to decline the position, for I am fully aware that whoever attempts to criticise our common school system, at the present time, is liable to get roughly handled. But after a second thought, remembering that for more than half a century, I have been more or less in touch with our common schools, I decided to accept the position, at the risk of being called a growler and an old fogy.

At the age of seventeen I began teaching in our district schools. I taught for eight terms, in various schools, as a stepping-stone to my medical profession. Since then I have served over twenty years as a member of the School Committee, in the places where I have resided. After this long service, I feel that I have a right to express an opinion.

I have tried to be a careful and impartial observer of our school system, and the working of the various methods that have been introduced to educate and develop our children for the life work before them. While I have found very much to commend, there are some things that deserve sharp criticism.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has always been liberal, almost prodigal, in appropriating money for education. The little red school houses of a century ago, where our fathers were educated, have been replaced by convenient and modern buildings. The improvement in architecture and appointments is almost perfection. Our school houses are among the finest buildings in every town and city of the State. Money has not been begrudged for educational purposes when called for to support our schools. The whole community has recog-

nized the importance of education, and the power that education has in shaping the prosperity and destiny of our country. The per capita expense of education has more than tripled within the last fifty years. This additional expense has been most generously voted. The question is being asked by parents and tax-payers, and it is a very pertinent one, and one that every taxpayer has a right to ask, are we getting all the results we ought to get from this tremendous outlay of money? Has the effiicency of our schools kept pace with the increased expense of maintaining them? Constant complaints are coming from parents that their children have no interest in the schools, and are getting little or no benefit from them. Not only do parents and guardians complain, but complaints are coming from colleges and normal schools, that applicants to the higher institutions of learning are not well grounded in the common English studies; that they have not acquired the power to reason, to think, and the application that is necessary to make them proficient in the higher studies.

To say that the intellectual capacity of our boys and girls is less than in years gone by, would be humiliating in the extreme. But shall we not look for the cause elsewhere?

I do not think there is a person who would begrudge the expense, if there could be seen an adequate return for the money expended. Our scholars learn a little of many things, but few things thoroughly. They are not kept long enough on the essentials to fix them indelibly on the brain so thoroughly that these first principles can never be forgot. If you do not believe this, examine of the average High School graduates for a position to teach in a district school. I have heard a State educator instruct teachers how to conduct a recitation that showed an utter lack of the comprehension of the average child. The recitation was beautiful, and prepared with great care, but far beyond the comprehension of the children for whom it was intended. Don't hamper our teachers with too much instruction, plans, and methods. Let them have a broad and good general education; then give them free rein; let them teach as they will, only make them responsible for results. Let them

show their own individuality, and, if they can create enthusiasm on the part of the scholars, the work is more than half done. It seems to me the scholars of the present day lack enthusiasm and that desire for an education that is absolutely necessary to become a scholar. I care not where a teacher received her training, if she only has the power to inspire her pupils with enthusiasm and a love of study. Enthusiasm is the natural stimulus to the brain, and the power to impart it to others is the prime requisite for a good teacher.

You can stuff a turkey and make it grow fat, but you cannot stuff a child's stomach and make it healthy. No more can you stuff a child's brain and make it healthy. There must first be a desire for food, and the stomach must be given only what it can digest and the system assimilate. So the child's brain must be given only what the brain will comprehend; anything more debilitates and enfeebles. The success of a teacher depends upon his or her judgment in feeding the brain on the facts that are essential, and not lumbering it up with rubbish that is non-essential to a well-developed mind. Children, when they first enter school, start off with a rush; the slow process of learning the letters, as a preliminary to reading, has been abandoned, and the children take in whole sentences at once. All must admit that they learn to read with remarkable rapidity. Parents are wild with enthusiasm over the brightness of their children. But after a few years the brain becomes overtaxed, and the child becomes indifferent to study. A lady teacher told me that, at the age of eight or nine years, the pupils seemed to come to a standstill, and it required our best teachers to give them a new start.

GRADED SCHOOLS.

I wish to protest, in the most vehement manner possible, against the present system of grading our schools, as if our children were so many puppets, made to stand in a row, every one alike and of the same capacity, and instruction fired at the head of one must neecssarily hit the heads of all and produce the same effect. I know of a school where one room has fifty

scholars, and in the same building there is a room of twenty scholars. This is what I call grading, run mad; yet there is no time for individual instruction for the boys and girls that so much need it.

I had supposed until lately that our schools were made for the scholars, but I have lived to find out my mistake. Now the scholars must be made for the schools, and if a scholar is so unfortunate as to be a misfit he might as well get out; he will be made to feel so awkward and uncomfortable that he will take the first opportunity to drop out.

Unfortunately for our modern system of grading schools there are a large number in every school unable by nature to fit into the stalls marked out for them. How preposterous to take a school of fifty scholars, I care not what their previous training may have been, and form them into one or even two classes and instruct them as a class. This recitation does well for perhaps part of the school, but the other part it does not reach at all.

We need more individual instruction. The teaching must be directed to each individual scholar and varied according to the temperament and capacity of the scholar. Teach the scholar and not topics. The great, overgrown, sleepy boys are the ones, above all others, that our schools should reach and our teachers should interest, because when they get through growing and wake up they will represent the bone, the muscle, and often the brains of the community. They will live after the prodigies are consigned to their graves. I wish to enter a strong plea for these boys and girls who by nature cannot become parrots, yet they have brains, and, what is equally valuable, they have muscle and physical health and strength, and under the right kind of training would become our best citizens. I make bold to assert that these boys do not find or receive proper instruction in our public schools, and as soon as the law will permit they drop out with little or no education. This ironclad system of grading and class recitation is responsible.

Go into our shops and factories and see the large number of bright, active and athletic boys that have started life without even the rudiments of an education. I meet them every day in my practice and I know whereof I speak. They have been cheated out of an education by our educators chasing a theory and failing to recognize the good qualities of these slow developing boys and girls. I cannot help comparing this class of educators to the Dutchman who propounded a very elaborate theory to cure all diseases, but when he applied his theory to a patient, the patient died. He said there was no fault in the theory but the patient could not stand the treatment. Our educators insist that their theory is right, but I notice that the scholars don't stand the treatment. Only a few days ago I watched a boy playing in front of my house. He was intensely interested in the game. He was a fine specimen of a boy, large and muscular, a well-developed head, with a keen, bright eye. He was fourteen years old and soon to leave school. His school days have been a complete failure. He was a farmer's boy, bright and active on the farm; yet the teacher, or the system of class teaching, has utterly failed to interest him in his studies, and he is to begin life with the poorest apology of an education. This boy drops out of school; he never returns. As in the bloody days of Venice it was posted over the Bridge of Sighs: "Whoever passes here never returns!" So might it be posted over our school house doors: "Whoever passes out here never returns!" I would about as soon send a boy to the executioner's block as to send him out to battle with the world in these hard times without an education.

In my boyhood days a boy could and often did return again and again to the old school house for instruction. If he had a few weeks of spare time in the winter he went to school, and he was made welcome by the teacher. He was not humiliated by being thrust into a class of scholars of half his size, and the teacher was ready and willing to give him individual instruction in whatever study he desired. I can imagine a few of these overgrown boys knocking at our schools for admittance. They would be received with about the same courtesy

as the same number of tramps. Our graded schools with class instruction are constructed on the Darwinian plan, "The survival of the Fittest." The bright scholars that can take care of themselves are pushed along, but a large number that it is our duty to educate, get little benefit from them.

There are many things more that I would like to say about the methods of teaching in our schools, but the time allotted me admonishes me that I must pass on. There is a growing tendency to encroach upon the daily sessions of our schools. Visiting days, convention days, stormy days, holidays, etc., all cut into our schools and add to their expense. I wish to refer to our high schools, where there is the greatest waste of time.

The high schools are fast drifting into one session a day, beginning at eight o'clock and closing at one o'clock, making one session of five hours. A high school that adopts this plan gets but little over half work. The last hour of the session, from twelve to one, the scholars get tired, hungry and cross, and it amounts to but little. But the worst thing about it is he injury to the health of the pupils. It is producing a crop of dyspeptics. No scholar ought to be subjected to five hours of continuous mental work without rest or food. The teachers want this long session; the scholars want it; for it gives them the afternoon for study, work or amusement, just as they see fit; mostly amusement. The parents fall in with it to please their children, and the School Committee have not the courage to oppose all the forces arrayed against them, so they acquiesce, regardless of all its disadvantages, extra expense and injury to health, and we have one session each day. Nothing but a statute law requiring two sessions a day, of three hours each, and five days in the week, will stop this waste of time and money in our high schools. In a school of five teachers it will save the salary of one teacher, besides being a benefit to the health of the scholars.

Our high schools monopolize too much of the money appropriated for school purposes. It costs a scholar in the high school in my town $3.68 per month, while for a scholar below

the high school it costs $1.21 per month, or three times as much in the high school as in the lower grades.

Then again, some half a dozen that go to the college from our high schools receive more time and attention than the 99 that go into business walks of life, and more energy is put forth to give our high schools a standing among the colleges than among the business men of the community whose taxes support the schools. The few who are at the top of the ladder with our present system are mighty expensive. I am heartily in favor of the higher institutions of learning. Every boy and girl who wishes to go to college should receive the necessary instructions to do so. One or more teachers should be provided in every high school whose duty it shall be to fit the few who wish to go to college, but let this be a separate and distinct work. The energies of the whole corps of teachers should not be centered on this small class of pupils. I have seen more intense grief among teachers because three or four scholars were conditioned in their examination for college than over four times the number who had taken no standing whatever during their high school course.

Every person is equal before the law. This declaration of individual rights should apply to our schools, and every scholar should have equal rights, equal privileges and equal opportunities in our public schools. As we have a government for all the people, let us have our schools for all our scholars. This is but fair, honorable and just.

"The High School is the University of the people. It should be the finishing school of the masses and not the preparatory school of the few."

DISTRICT SCHOOLS

When the district school system was abolished in Massachusetts the rural districts received a severe blow. The old district school house was the center of a live, prosperous and happy community. The school was the pride and centre of interest of the district, and through the long winter months the spelling schools, lyceums and often religious meetings made it

attractive to the whole community. These old school districts were desirable places to live. How are they today? The old school house is locked up, the windows are either boarded over or left to the mercy of boys with their sling-shots. Weeds and brush have been allowed to grow up about these houses, until they have become the abode of bats, snakes and toads. Who wants to live in the neighborhood of such tumbled-down houses? We talk about our abandoned farms. Has not the neglect of our district schools been the cause, in part at least, of many abandoned farms? If we ever expect to get these farms cultivated we must offer some inducement, renovate these old school houses and supply them with good teachers. Now the scholars of these outlying districts are piled into a bus and carted three or four miles to the centre of the town. From the reports that have come to me and the complaints made; a dozen or fifteen boys and girls of all ages loaded into a covered bus is not conducive to the morals of the rising generation. I would not care to have my children sent to school in that way. Wherever it is possible to maintain a school in the outlying districts it should be done, not only for the benefit of the district but for the morals of the scholars.

One thing farther. Probably you all have noticed the great number of children wearing glasses at the present time. They go to school but a short time before they find their eyesight is defective; they cannot see the work on the board without squinting. The favorite plan of teaching today is by putting all or nearly all the work on the blackboard and instruct from the blackboard. It is impossible to so arrange a board that the light will fall upon the words so that every child can see without straining their eyes. Either we are getting to be a race of degenerates or there is something wrong in the way children use their eyes. It would be humiliating to acknowledge the former, but if the latter the trouble can and ought to be corrected. This is something that our State Board of Education should thoroughly investigate and determine, by consultation with our best oculists, and find out what effect this board work has on the eyes of the pupils. I fear that the pres-

ent system of board work is the cause of this great amount of defective eyesight. This is something that should be scientifically investigated. Take some city in the Commonwealth and subject every child who enters school to a careful examination of their eyes and keep a record of the same. In three years make an examination of the same scholars and note the changes. This would settle the question whether the blackboard work is the cause of the defective eyesight so prevalent in our common schools.

I have more than used up the time alloted me. I have had only time to hastily state some of the abuses in our public schools. There is much more than could be said. I suppose I might have written a few high-sounding platitudes, which is too often done, extolling the work of our school system; but as a mother, who loves her boy, is the one to criticise his shortcomings, so it is because I love her common schools, the great palladium of our republic and a republican form of government, that has induced me to write this report.

We want, and will have, the best schools that money can afford; and all that the taxpayers require is, a just, equitable, and economical use of their money.

In conclusion: The Committee on Education fully concur in the suggestions and remarks made by the Worthy Master in his annual address, and the resolutions offered by Brother T. R. Callender.

JAMES OLIVER, M. D., Chairman."

Sanitary Essentials of the Home and Farm

Paper read before the annual session at the Massachusetts State Grange by Dr. James Oliver of Athol, Dec. 9, 1903.

The discovery of the microscope has opened to us a new world. It has brought to our vision, all about us, innumerable living germs. The air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat, to our astonishment, swarm with life. While most of these germs are harmless, many of them are very poisonous and produce some of the most terrible and fatal diseases we have to contend with. By the aid of the microscope nearly all diseases have been traced to a specific, living germ which is always present in that disease.

We are taught by our Grange Ritual, 'That the teachings of our Order would make the farmer's home the brightest and happiest place on earth.' Yet in that eloquent and beautifully written ritual, not a word do we find on sanitation. I do not say this in criticism of the ritual but to show how little, only a few years ago, they regarded the sanitary surroundings of the home of any great importance in keeping off sickness. Even today there are scores that had rather attribute their sicknesses to an All-Wise Providence than to spend a few days in cleaning out the filthy places about their houses.

We may surround our homes with the most beautiful flowers, making it even a bower of roses. We may adorn the rooms with elegant furniture, supply the library with the choicest

books and if disease is allowed to enter through improper sanitation it will be very far from the brightest and happiest place on earth. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Better and happier is the most humble cottage home where sanitary laws are observed than the most expensive palace where sanitary laws are ignored. These little microscopic bacilli are no respecters of persons, they attack both the rich and poor. They are like the vipers, when warmed to life put in their deadly work.

Every contagious and infectious disease has its own individual germ. It is not always easy to find out their hiding places but generally their habitations are very evident to all except those who won't see. The microscope has proved over and over again that the germ of diphtheria, Klebs Bacillus, is found in sink water and cesspools and observation has taught us that if these cesspools are near enough to reach into the house well, then you get diphtheria. Another source of contagion is when the cesspools are ventilated by means of a sink spout directly into the kitchen filling the whole house, with ventilation into the house, and the Board of Health ought to see that every sink has a trap in all towns and cities over which they have jurisdiction. I find many persons who do not even know what a sink trap is. Most any plumber will put one in for two dollars. It may save you dollars in doctor's bills and perhaps the lives of your children. A few years ago I was called by the Board of Health in a neighboring town to inspect a farm where two children had already died and three more were dying, or rather being choked to death by diphtheria. The children had been drinking water from a well not over six feet from a putrid cesspool. The germs of diphtheria in the water, when swallowed by the children, fastened themselves on the delicate mucous membrane of the fauces and there developed into a tough, living membrane, filling the whole throat, and the innocent children were literally choked to death. It was frightful to see the little ones clutching at their throats, pawing the air and in a husky whisper, peculiar to the disease, begging for help. All caused by neglected sink drainage, which

a few hours of labor would have prevented. We hear these days much about criminal carelessness of our railroads. Are we not equally criminally careless about the sanitary conditions of our homes? In forty years of practice I have never seen a case of diphtheria that could not be traced directly to sink water improperly cared for. Every sink should have its trap and if possible connected with the city or town sewer. When there is no system of sewage, which is the case on the farm, an open trough carrying the sink water several rods away from the well, is the best that can be done. Air and sunshine are great germ destroyers. Do not put in a cesspool anywhere near the house, it is always overflowing and soon becomes the breeder of disease and will give you any amount of trouble.

It is not an uncommon practice both in the villages and on the farm to run the waste sink water into the hen-yard to supply the hens with water. I should think any sane man would know better, but there are many that don't.

The microscope now proves that living germs may be found in newly-laid eggs and produce disease. May not hens using sink water be the cause of diphtheria and account for those cases that have been very obscure in their origin? Here is a field for investigation.

We now come to another disease that has been as much a terror to the North as Yellow Fever has been to the South. I refer to Typhoid Fever. While diphtheria is most prevalent among children, typhoid fever is most prevalent among young men and women up to middle age. There is no time of life that anyone can be said to be an immune from either diphtheria or typhoid fever. We can bless the Lord that typhoid fever like yellow fever is very much on the decline, and from very much the same cause, cleanliness. Fifty years ago, every fall it was epidemic in about every New England town, counting its victims by thousands. Now the disease is only sporadic, a case here and there, many towns escape altogether. Let typhoid fever break out in any public institution and it is considered a disgrace to its management. Nine-tenths of the cases of ty-

phoid fever are caused by the water we drink, or the water that cows drink that furnish us with our milk.

It is just as essential that a cow should have pure water as it is for the human race to have pure water, and water not clean enough for us to drink is not fit for a cow to drink. The germs taken into a cow's stomach are not destroyed in the process of milk making, but reappear in the milk, ready, when planted in the proper soil, to germinate and develop disease.

I remember very well, a number of years ago, being called, in consultation, into a neighboring town where a whole family were sick with typhoid fever. On inspecting the premises, I found a large old-fashioned wooden pump in the back kitchen, with a wooden open trough extending into a most filthy barn-yard not over fifteen feet away. The yard was over a foot deep with liquid manure. The water closet not over fifteen feet to the north and the sink cesspool about the same distance. Yet because the water in the well was clear and cold the owner of the farm was indignant that I should attribute the cases of typhoid fever to the well, and put me down as an ignoramus. He had much rather attribute his afflictions to the dispensation of a Divine Providence, than to abandon a well that had been in use for over a hundred years. This same old well had many times before been the same means of adding to the local doctor's income. It is a well-known fact, known to bacteriologists, that water may be clear as a crystal and cold as ice and yet contain the most deadly bacilli. Leaching water through a few feet of earth or sand only cleans it of coloring matter, it does not purify it. This is where, for years, the great mistake was made, until the microscope came into use and exposed the fallacy. It is best to steer shy of old wells in close proximity to barn-yards, cesspools and filth of any kind. Why is the sudden decrease in typhoid fever within the last few years? Because most persons are getting careful about the water they drink, especially in the fall of the year. The time to look out is after a long drouth, when the wells are low and act as a tunnel to draw the water from a larger diameter. If in doubt about the purity of water in the fall of the year, it is better to

sterilize it by boiling before using for drinking purposes. There is another source of contagion. Shallow springs in groves and by the roadside. These springs become polluted by surface drainage, by dust from the road and by overflowing in severe rain storms and are dangerous to drink from, though the water is often clear and cold. I have seen severe epidemics of typhoid fever in the locality of these springs where families and children made a common use of the water. Even this fall in the most healthy highlands of Springfield a severe epidemic of typhoid fever has been raging, caused by the use of one of these shallow springs.

I fully believe that typhoid fever is a preventable disease and had the farmers of New England used one-half the money paid their family physician, in providing themselves with pure water, from wells a safe distance from their farm houses, they would never have had any typhoid fevers to contend with.

Where shall the farm well be dug? Don't get one of these diviners with a hickory stick to locate your well. Go to some elevated spot, a safe distance from the house and barn and there dig your well under a most approved sanitary rules. Supply your house and barn with good, clean, pure running water. By so doing you will lighten the labors of the overworked farmer's wife, you will avoid the infectious diseases and they are not a few, produced by drinking contaminated water; you will avoid many doctor's bills and in a term of years you will find that well the best investment you ever made.

I must say a word about lead pipe as a conductor of water for family use and for the use of the barn. Lead pipe is so clean and nice, bringing the water to the house entirely free from iron rust, and it is so easily put in that it is a great temptation to use it. Should the composition of your water be such as to form a white insoluble coating on the inside of the pipe it will be comparatively safe to use the water for drinking purposes, but even then you run a risk of lead poisoning. Should the inside of the pipe remain bright and clean the chances are that in a few years your family will be afflicted with lead colic

and lead paralysis. So great is this danger that in many cities plumbers are not allowed to use a foot of lead pipe in doing their work. No matter how infinitesimal the amount of lead in the water, every particle taken into the system remains in the muscles and tissues of the body and accumulates there until the poisonous effect begins to manifest itself in the loss of muscular power, loss of nerve force, loss of will power, neuralgic pains in all parts of the body and finally culminates if life is spared, in lead paralysis. Yet with all the accumulated evidence by physicians and chemists of the deleterious effects of using leading pipe as a conduit of water, there are persons who will continue to put it in and use it, taking their chances. A person may walk safely through a field infested with rattlesnakes but nevertheless it is foolhardy to do so.

WATER CLOSETS

The perfect inodorous sanitary farm closet has never been made, that is an invention for the future. Yet when we are all educated up to the great importance of cleanliness and are ready to care for the closet as the cows are littered and cared for every morning in the barn, then they may not be perfect but little harm will be done by them. Flush closets are impracticable in this climate on account of the cold weather and the danger done by the large amount of waste water, but yellow loam is a great deodorizer and should be used not once a month nor once a week but every day. Eternal vigilance is the price of health. I once heard of a man who said he believed in keeping clean and took a bath every spring whether he needed it or not. There are many persons who believe in keeping their premises clean and only clean out their water closets every spring and think that they are doing all that is necessary to protect the health of their family.

In this brief paper I have not space to go into the sanitary conditions of village homes, many of which are in a deplorable condition, which I know from my own observation and nothing but the stern mandates of the law will ever renovate them. Scarlet fever and dysentery are the special dis-

eases we may look for when water closets are not properly cared for. Scarlet fever, though a most contagious disease, passing from one to another, may originate *de novo* from water closets not thoroughly deodorized and any public institution where scarlet fever breaks out is at once pronounced unsanitary by any intelligent board of health and dangerous to the inmates and its managers, branded as careless and neglectful of those put under their care.

DISINFECTANTS

Every well-regulated household will have seasons for house cleaning. The good housewife will remove every particle of smoke and dirt from the ceiling. The floors will be washed, the rooms dusted, the whole house put in perfect order, yet all this work will not kill those little microscopic bacilli, the danger germs of disease. To do this the house must be thoroughly disinfected and this disinfecting should precede or immediately follow house cleaning that the house be put in proper sanitary condition until the next house cleaning takes place. To disinfect a house is a very simple matter. A few pounds of sulphur burned in each room is a safe and sure disinfectant. Take a large iron kettle, put four inches of sand in the bottom, set the kettle on four bricks, put in the kettle a shovel of live coals, throw on three or four pounds of powdered sulphur, shut up the room tight and let it remain for twenty-four hours, then open and air for forty-eight hours and the room will be ready for use. This will not only kill all the germs of disease but also those pests more annoying than dangerous, moths, roaches and bedbugs.

A more modern way of disinfecting is by the use of Formaldehyde. Board of health in towns and cities have large and expensive machines for producing the vapor, but these are not infected and poisoned air. A good sink trap will prevent this tagious diseases. By the use of a small kerosene stove the evaporation can be produced and is suffiicent to meet all requirements in dwelling houses. Use Formaldehyde 8 ounces mixed with 16 ounches of water in each room. Formaldehyde

candles are on the market and are sufficient for small rooms and closets.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

The great triumphs of medical science in the future will be along the line of disease prevention. The doctor who points out the way to prevent a case of typhoid fever is a greater benefactor to mankind than the physician who cures a case. The homely old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" was never more apparent than today. The poor, ignorant Chinamen have a way of paying their doctors when well but if sick the pay stops; there is considerable sense in this way of doing. Pay a doctor to keep you well. Let him inspect your house and premises. Don't get mad when he tells you your case of typhoid fever is caused by your well being too close to the barn-yard, or your case of diphtheria caused by a neglected and dirty sink spout or your scarlet fever by an uncovered water closet, or your tired, neuralgic, nervous and discouraged wife is suffering from slow poisoning from lead pipe water. If you have not sufficient confidence in your family physician to take his advice, consult some expert on sanitation and follow his advice, no matter to what expense or inconvenience.

Should some wild beast get into your flocks and herds, wound, mutilate and kill them, would you be simply content to bury and dead and care for the wounded? No, you would call out the whole neighborhood and the search would not stop, until the monster was traced to his hiding-place and put to death. So when your families are sick with any germ disease, do not rest contented until you have found the hiding-places of these microscopic germs, monsters in their deadly work, and made sure they have been so thoroughly destroyed, that no conditions will ever fan them to life again. Our individual danger is ten times greater from epidemics, than from murders, rabies, railroad accidents and tornadoes. But let some child bitten by a mad dog, die of hydrophobia and the whole community are wild with excitement, while a death from

typhoid fever produces not a single comment and excites no fear, when the danger to the community in the latter is ten times as great as in the former.

The study and practice of sanitation is only in its infancy but already most marvelous are the results. Yellow fever, small pox, typhoid fever, in fact all epidemic germ diseases are being brought under control. Even consumption, the scourge of all nations, has materially decreased under rigid sanitary rules. This is no visionary or idle talk. To me the future is full of hope, sunshine, health and happiness and when we contemplate its possibilities, it creates a desire to live on through future generations and enjoy the rich blessings of perfect health. While this we cannot do, let us do all we can to promote future health and happiness. When we have eliminated diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, consumption and the many other germ diseases from our family sicknesses, the major part of our trouble, from disease, will be over. Then we can retire to our nightly rest with our wife and children with feelings of comparative security. A thorough and systematic study of heredity and the germ diseases will in time banish sickness and with it sorrow from our homes. When that day shall come, 'Then the beautiful teachings of our Order will make the farmer's home the brightest and happiest place on earth.' "

TUBERCULOSIS

Tuberculosis

I

One hundred and fifty thousand persons die annually in United States from consumption. We can hardly comprehend these enormous figures. All the wars, all the earthquakes and all the pestilences of the past, do not equal this enormous death rate. We were appalled at the loss of life in the great rebellion, yet during each year of that great struggle, more died of tuberculosis than fell on the battlefield. Today the Russian Empire loses yearly by consumption more than in the year of the horrible and bloody war with Japan.) We can well understand when we contemplate this ever-present fatal disease why tuberculosis is considered the greatest scourge of all nations and has come to be designated the white plague. It is not the young or the old, as a general thing, that fall under the bane of this disease. Consumption seems to delight in a shining mark and to choose the most promising, the most attractive personalities among us, those having come to manhood and womanhood, having all the intellectual qualities and adornments that make life a success and life worth living. Notwithstanding all the pleadings and desire for life, of these afflicted mortals, we have been unable to give them help. We stand by their beds of sickness, watch their distorted and agonized faces struggling and gasping for air and can only commend them to a merciful Providence. But, thank God, there is a glimmer of light and hope in the future for this great army of consumptives, that now go down in despair to an early and untimely grave!

IS THERE A SPECIFIC FOR CONSUMPTION?

Ever since the days of Hippocrates the medical profession have been looking for some specific drug that would cure consumption. The whole vegetable world has been explored, roots, plants and herbs of every known species have been made into nauseating decoctions and taken by the quart. Chemical laboratories have produced every conceivable mineral compound, hoping to find some remedy that would protect us from this white plague. Drugs of all kinds have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, not one specific has been found. Koch came out with tuberculin, hoping to inject into the system a bacillus that would at once war on the tubercular bacillus to the destruction of each, but after a great show of trumpets, that treatment has been placed with other failures. Notwithstanding all the years of discouraging failures, I firmly believe within a few generations we shall conquer consumption and eradicate the disease from among us. "The talismanic words of success were uttered and all obstacles removed" when Prof. Koch discovered the Bacillus Tuberculosis and proved consumption a contagious disease.

THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST.

In all the generations of the past the fatal mistake has been made in classing consumption as an hereditary disease and ignoring the fact that it was and is a contagious disease. This is no time or place to go into the arguments to prove this statement, but the best and wisest medical minds of today have come to this conclusion. Starting from this standpoint of contagion, we have at last a foundation to work on and I believe that we are on the right road that will lead to success. The work already done has benefited thousands that a few years ago would have filled a consumptive's grave. The greatest and most important work that we are called upon to do, is to prevent persons from being inoculated by tubercular germs which are now sown broadcast by careless and indifferent invalids. This work will require the co-operation of every one

whether sick or well. It is evidently a fact, now well recognized that in the incipient or first stages of consumpton, the disease can be arrested and cured and if it can be arrested it can be prevented altogether and not be allowed to begin its fatal work.

One object of this paper is to show how we should live and what we should do to avoid tuberculosis or consumption. The first work to be done, in this great contest, is to destroy all living germs from those suffering with the disease. A spit cup should be used and all expectorations should be burned, and all parties after having been examined, and the case pronounced tuberculosis, refusing to exercise proper precautions, should be quarantined the same as a person suffering with any other contagious disease. This should be done for the public good. It is done in small pox and why not in consumption, which is ten times more destructive to human life? These tubercular germs are very tenacious of life and live a long time in a house where persons have been sick with consumption, and it is this fact which has led so many persons to think the disease an hereditary one. The accumulated dust of years may hold these germs, only waiting the proper soil to start them on a new life of destruction. Houses where persons have died of consumption are not safe for habitation, no matter how long since the death of inmate, unless thoroughly renovated and disinfected. I know of houses where it would be a wise and humane dispensation of Providence, for the fires of Heaven to descend as in the days of Sodom, and reduce them to ashes, thereby destroying the nucleus of contagion.

HOW THE GERMS DEVELOP

I have said these germs fall into the right soil to germinate. How often do we see persons after some long and continued mental and physical unrest, fall a prey to tuberculosis, because the system has become subnormal, blood deficient in red corpuscles, muscles and tissues weak and flabby; in such persons the germs recognize the proper soil and begin their destructive work.

I find a good illustration of the point I wish to make in the great herds of bison that used to roam over the western prairies. As long as they were well and able to keep up with the main herd, they cared but little for the saucy prairie wolves, but as soon as one became sick and exhaused and fell out, it was at once set upon and devoured by the little ravenous animals. So with us, as long as we are well and strong we are comparatively safe from these destructive germs.

I shall try and set forth in this short article very briefly some of the conditions that invite consumption, conditions we must avoid.

CONDITIONS TO AVOID

In the first place, do not move into a house where persons have died of consumption, until cleansed and thoroughly disinfected from cellar to garret. Always try to find a house that is light and dry. Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, the great lung specialist for years in Boston, has proved conclusively by years of research, that moisture is conducive to consumption. That other things being equal, a wet, damp house is more liable to develop the germs and produce sickness, especially if some one has ever died of consumption in that house.

VENTILATION

Probably in all ages, the want of venilation in our sleeping and living rooms, has been and is now the most common cause of consumption. Cold fresh air and a plenty of it comes nearer being a specific for the cure of lung diseases, than all other remedies combined. It is a pity that a remedy so common and cheap as fresh air, should in all ages have been dealt out in homeopathic doses, and today the great majority of people will fight against. Fresh air full of oxygen and ozone is the very best known germicide, yet you may talk and scold as much as you please, only in exceptional cases, can you get it into sleeping apartments in sufficient quantity to make them as pure and fresh in the morning as at night.

Fifty years ago I kept school and boarded where there were four grown-up men sleeping in a room of moderate size. I insisted in having one of the windows raised a few inches and the other boarders made such a row I was obliged to get a new boarding place. We have not yet made very much advancement in the ventilation of sleeping apartments, as most doctors can testify. Only a few days ago I was called to a patient in a room not over eight feet by ten with only one window. Yet two large men occupied this room, and refused to have the window open for fear of taking cold, and even the crack under the door was covered with a rug to keep out what little fresh air might creep in.

These are by no means exceptional cases. It is just such places as these, that the germs of all diseases thrive and are a continual menace to the general public.

I have been tempted to do what a celebrated specialist did in New York city. He was called to a case in one of these poorly ventilated rooms, and after examining the patient with great care, said he would begin his treatment by letting in a little fresh air, and put his foot through the window, with instructions not to have the window mended while he had charge of the case. I relate these cases to show how little advancement has been made, for a great many years, in ventilating living and sleeping apartments.

There is much missionary work yet to be done to wake up the community to the importance of fresh air. These modern, cold, fresh air sanitariums are doing a great work, not only on the hilltops of Rutland but they are an object lesson all through the land for us to follow until we freeze out these deadly germs. If fresh air will cure consumption it surely will prevent consumption.

II

A COMMON SOURCE OF DANGER

How often have we seen an old bed quilt that has done duty through a whole family of children, that was never

washed, nevel boiled, never fumigated, never cleaned in any way, excepting to be hung up to dry when too wet for use? Think of the disease germs that lurk in that combination of calico and cotton batting. No wonder that whole families are swept off with scarlet fever and diphtheria. No wonder that the germs of consumption are carried along from one generation to another when bed quilts are passed along from father to son, from mother to daughter, as heirlooms in the family. Here is where the hereditary phase of the disease consumption comes in, which is not hereditary at all, only keeping alive the germs from one generation to another. All kinds of bedding that cannot be subjected to some process of purification should be consigned to the flames.

I wish I could so impress upon your minds the great importance of thorough and systematic ventilation, that you all would go out and preach the gospel of fresh air as more efficacious to cure your diseases, than all the rum bitters, syrups, and medical decoctions combined. Continuous and intelligent work has driven chills and fever from Italy, a country that has been sorely afflicted by that disease. It has driven yellow fever from Cuba and New Orleans, and is pushing hard on the typhoid fevers of New England, and the same systematic and intelligent work will drive from all countries the great white plague of civilization, tuberculosis.

RIGHT LIVING

The power of our system to resist disease depends largely upon what we eat and what we drink. The system must be kept up to a high standard of health, to guard our lungs against the attack of certain vicious germs, which at present are sown broadcast by many thoughtless invalids. Our food must be pure, nourishing and of the right kind to make our blood rich, our muscles strong, the brain active, the bones sound and all the tissues of the body up to that standard of perfect health that will resist the encroachments of poisonous germs. It will take more than one generation of right living to reach this stage of physical perfection. Oliver Wendell Holmes once

said, to make a smart man requires several generations of right training, so to make a physically strong, healthy and perfect man, will require several generations of intelligent work.

To talk hundreds of miles through the air, to sail under the seas, to look through the living flesh, to sit in our homes and talk with our friends a thousand miles away, to tap the great storehouse of nature and extract nitrogen from the air to feed our crops,—when these great advancements and important discoveries are being made and many more equally marvelous, shall we sit down, fold our arms and let thousands upon thousands of our brightest boys and girls be cut off in early manhood and womanhood when we have it in our power to prevent it? If their lost lives represented a cash value in dollars and cents, instead of the supposed work of a Divine Providence, the combined energies of the world would have stamped out consumption years ago.

Let us take advantage of every means that the God of nature has placed in our hands and never stop the onward march to robust health and right living until we have a perfect physical condition that will defy the germs of tuberculosis and all other germs that produce sickness and death.

President Roosevelt is a good illustration of what physical culture will do, having developed from a weakling into a healthy, robust, athletic man. When in the Cuban war, all about him were falling sick with the Cuban fever, he was so thoroughly well, his system toned up to such a high state of health, that he came home without having experienced a single day's sickness. The germs that prostrated a whole army had no effect on him. He had made a study of health and the laws of physical culture, and when we shall all do the same we shall not annually consign to an untimely grave one hundred and fifty thousand of our dearest friends. It is one of the duties that we owe to future generations to begin this work now.

OTHER BAD FOODS

I come now to candies and their adulterations. I am a veritable crank on this subject, at least, I am told so. Here we

have no law to regulate the sale and the vile compounds are doing an indescribable amount of damage; even if made of pure sugar, they are a miserable diet for children and should only be used in very small quantities. To make sugar out of starch is the great and important work of the stomach. By adding the sugar direct, the stomach becomes contracted, lazy, weak and incapable of digesting common food. The appetite is not satisfied unless some form of concentrated and predigested food is used. You cannot strengthen a child's stomach without exercise, you cannot develop the brain without effort, and you cannot make a good stomach without giving it something to do. This candy habit if persisted in, will make very poor specimens of men and women. This habit begins with children before they are weaned from their mother's breast. Perhaps it would be more correct to say at the present time, weaned from the bottle. That great and splendid privilege of maternity has been largely superseded by the bottle. Grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles and aunts are all responsible. The child is fed by them all, and by the time it is a dozen years old it becomes a candy fiend, getting no satisfaction from food unless it is sweet or predigested. They are as persistent and as ravenous for their daily candy as a drunkard for his daily dram. Now if this candy was all made of pure sugar it would be bad enough, but a great part of it is adulterated in some form or other. Glucose is a cheap form of sugar, made with suphuric acid, which is oil of vitriol, a deadly poison, and cornstarch. It can be made for about two cents per pound. This cheap sugar is made in great quantities. United States alone manufactures two hundred million pounds a year. We can hardly comprehend the magnitude of these figures, and this vast amount is used in adulterating cane and beet sugar, and much of it goes into candies. Prof. Fletcher has found as much as thirty grains of this oil of vitriol in one pound of cheap sugar. Think for one moment, the effect of thirty grains of oil of vitriol on the delicate mucous membrane of a child's stomach.

Dr. T. D. Williams of Chicago, recently analyzed over one hundred samples of confectionery, and found that more than

seventy per cent were made wholly or in part from this cheap sugar, called glucose. I have not time to describe the poisonous minerals and coloring substances, that are used to make candy attractive and catch the eye of young children.

I think but few are aware of the vast amount of candy used. It has become an important and lucrative business. A great variety of stores cater for the trade. I hear some one say, "What has this to do with tuberculosis, there are no bacilli in this glucose?" No, but it puts the system of all these children when they are coming on to manhood and womanhood, into a condition favorable for these germs to produce disease. I look back with envy to the good old days when children were brought up on pudding and milk. That diet would make muscle, would make a good healthy stomach, make boys and girls strong and well, and could our fathers have realized the importance of fresh air at all times, today we should have less consumption, and that hundred and fifty thousand that annually die of tuberculosis, would be among us to assist in developing this great country of ours. We have been laying to rest thousands upon thousands of the best blood of our country to make room for undesirable foreigners.

I am well aware that I have only touched this great subject at a few salient points. If I have opened a few more windows and let in the healing balm of Heaven, fresh air, if I have led you to consider the importance of sanitariums for those afflicted with lung diseases, if I have caused you to care better for your children's stomachs, if I have pointed out to you some of the abominations used as food so that you may avoid them, this article will not be without its use.

JAMES OLIVER, M. D."