crowd, which had packed the dark and narrow entry, though warned to keep out before the two mediators had ascended. This was composed of many more civilians than of soldiers. When Mr. Hill came out, the door was locked, and during his report a rush was made, carrying Mr. Kimball to the door, where he stood with his helper.

Among those at the head of the mob was Charles P. Clark, an officer's servant. Though but fifteen years old Clark was a most venturesome youth. He had been seen to ascend the state house dome and sit astride its surmounting eagle; climb, by the lightning rod, the spire of the Unitarian church (second building) and stand upright upon its acorn, the loftiest point of the city's structures.

A vigorous kick at the door, and in went the panel, Clark immediately stooping down and shaking his fist at those inside. Attempting to enter, he was more than once dragged back by the two determined men, who still would stand off the assailants. Trying again, with head inside, John Palmer fired twice, putting a hole in Clark's hat and wounding in the hand a man on the stairs. These were the only shots fired, but they were enough, for the crowd jammed madly forward, broke down the door, and began to wreck everything which could be wrecked, and throw out everything which could be thrown out, till the room was chaos, the sidewalk and passageway thick with type and material, and all wooden furniture and paper food for fires in the street. Meanwhile, Messrs. Kimball and Hill had hurried the Palmers by an overhead passage into Rumford hall, whence they were later carried to a place of safety.

Such were a part of the results of Mr. Burke's unrestrained invective and bitterness. The Palmers were wholly "honest but wrong," as John B. Palmer candidly put it in talking in after years on the subject. The crowd in the street had assisted the assault within by heavily bombarding the windows with missiles, while the main share of those not actually participating gave their unreserved approval of proceedings in such words as seemed to them called for by the occasion. The *Statesman* deprecated the riotous acts, but with allusion to extenuating circumstances. *The Independent Democrat* spoke of the paper as having been "summarily abated."

Growing out of this act was a suit against the city, hotly contested through three trials, with a change of venue to Dover, and finally compromised, under the incumbency of John Kimball as mayor, for two thousand dollars. While this adjustment was at first without formal authority, it was to the general public approbation.

About noon, April 10, 1863, a serious demonstration was made on *The Patriot* office by some members of the returned Second regiment and other disorderly persons. This came to an end through the

energy of Assistant Marshal Pickering and Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, thus preventing a collision for which the friends of the paper were amply ready.

April 22, 1864, a fire broke out in the attic of Sanborn's block, by which the entire plant of *The Patriot* was consumed or ruined, at a loss of six thousand dollars. The fire destroyed a fine collection of natural history, minerals, historic relics, and other valuables, the Bible society's depository, and damaged several offices and all the stores on the ground floor of the building, then a great business center. *The Patriot* called the fire incendiary and said that "but for political hate it would have been extinguished without a loss of one thousand dollars to all concerned."

Among our young and energetic citizens in these stirring days was Joseph W. Robinson, a telegraph operator. In later years he extended the wires of the Northern telegraph into the heart of the mountains and was made superintendent. His office was on the east side of Main street, just north of the Eagle hotel. Mr. Robinson was patriotic, public-spirited, and obliging, freely posting such news as he could gather. It occurred to him to put this news in a printed form. Accordingly he arranged with Parsons B. Cogswell, whose job office was in Rumford block, for the publication of *The Telegraph Bulletin*, whose first copy appeared April 24, 1861, and whose last issue was July 6, of the same year. A probably perfect file, preserved by Mr. Cogswell, shows a total of one hundred and thirty-one numbers, varying in size from six by nine inches to six by twelve. The paper was dated from the telegraph office, sold for one cent, and was distributed to private houses. It appeared twice each week day, at 7 a. m. and 5 p. m., with a Sunday edition at 3:30. It was printed on one side only, in long primer type, with generous display heads, and was singularly free from any but the most scant allusion to local war items, while very good in telegraphic matter. The demand for this handbill-like sheet was variable, and it probably did not much profit its projector.

During 1862 Horace N. Rowell issued a news sheet of the same name from the telegraph office at the railroad depot. The dates of first and last publication are not known. It was printed by McFarland & Jenks and sold for two cents. On eventful days, only, it appeared more than once, and occasionally had matter on both sides. The only copy now accessible is nine by sixteen inches, and bears date of May 12.

As a sample of the means to inspire the public heart and promote enlistments, a war meeting may be mentioned, made in response to a well-signed call. The one alluded to was held in city hall July 22,

1862, called to order by Mayor Humphrey, and, after prayer by Rev. Dr. Bouton, placed under the presidency of Joseph B. Walker. The vice-presidents from the several wards were H. H. Brown, John L. Tallant, Daniel Holden, Matthew Harvey, A. C. Pierce, Benjamin Grover, and Josiah Stevens, with William E. Chandler, John F. Brown, and Francis A. Fiske as secretaries. Vigorous speeches were made by Messrs. Lyman D. Stevens, Governor Berry, Edward H. Rollins, William L. Foster, Joseph A. Gilmore, Anson S. Marshall, Adjutant-General Colby, and Captains F. A. Baker and J. F. Littlefield of the Second regiment. For each man who would volunteer on the spot twenty-five dollars was offered. Such meetings were attended with fairly good success. The band was present and resolutions passed as follows:

Resolved, That with hearts overflowing with affection, we recall to-night the memory of Col. J. A. Gove, T. B. Leaver, and Horace Ames. We mourn for our loss, but rejoice in their gain; we grieve for the death of the martyrs, but glory in the beauty and holiness of their patriotic sacrifice, and while we tender to the widow, the fatherless, and the desolate, the care, the kindness, and the sympathy which is due from us to them, we pledge to the army and the country a battalion of avengers.

In view of a possible draft an enrollment was begun in 1862. At the examinations which followed, a most lamentable state of health, among the citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, was developed. Many hitherto supposed to be rugged were found to be in a precarious condition, and the able-bodied were apparently limited in number. The free granting of exemption certificates produced irregularity, injustice, and dissatisfaction all over the state, and was called a farce by the entire press.

August 19, 1863, a draft was made, in charge of Adjutant-General Colby, Dr. Robert B. Carswell, and Henry F. Richmond. The place was representatives' hall, where a detachment of soldiers was present. Concord had nine hundred odd names in the box, from which three hundred and forty were drawn by Charles Morrill, a blind man. Each town had at least one witness to the fairness of the proceedings. The space allotted spectators was occupied by a boisterously good-natured crowd, which showed a keen appreciation of the humors of the occasion. Men who had been pronounced exempt, as well as some in the active service, drew prizes. The serenity of those conscripted was sufficient to admit of a formal parade in the early evening, headed by a band, and marshaled by Josiah B. Sanborn.

At this time the three hundred dollar commutation, exempting from service on one draft only, had been abolished, but two hundred

dollars was allowed drafted men as bounty. The sum was soon raised to three hundred dollars.

The draft riots in New York and Boston about this time counseled preventive measures in the shape of a hundred or more revolvers. A hundred more "specials" were commissioned and their equipment deposited, pending emergency, in the city hall. These weapons were never needed, and were finally disposed of at a handsome discount upon cost.

The original bounty of the state was ten dollars, and the Third regiment was the first organization which received it. In 1862 twenty-five dollars was generally given those enlisting, though this sum was drawn, at least in part, from other than public sources. The legislature of 1863 voted fifty dollars to each man who went to the front. In November, 1863, the government offered three hundred and two dollars (with one hundred dollars additional for veterans), the state adding a further one hundred dollars. In 1864 the state bounty rose to three hundred dollars, for three years' men, and one hundred dollars for each year of shorter terms. In the meantime town bounties had been climbing at rapid rates until as high as eight hundred dollars and somewhat upwards had been reached. The gross sum received by a recruit was as high as one thousand five hundred dollars, and substitutes got as much as one thousand dollars from their principals. Long before this, city and town officers bestirred themselves to secure anything in the shape of a man which could count upon the quota. The government bounty was paid in instalments—sixty-two dollars upon muster, and forty dollars at dates of six months thereafter. In the rush to fill quotas local officers took assignments of the government bounty and paid the lump sum in advance. If the recruit deserted the assignments were not honored, and the discounting towns were out of pocket. Thus many places added large sums to their war debts, but some few settled their entire obligations in the days of flush money. These debts were finally assumed by the state, the legislature of 1871 having authorized the issuing of bonds to the amount of two million two hundred six thousand one hundred dollars, to mature from 1892 to 1905, at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. Concord's share of this municipal war reimbursement was seventy-six thousand nine hundred seventy-two dollars and twenty-two cents.

In the early part of the war men enlisted from worthy motives, but now, under such large money inducements, things were sadly changed. New Hampshire became an easy mark for undesirable men. The worst element of the permanent population flocked to

share the spoils and gain what was to each one a fortune. But the main supply came from a thoroughly organized and powerful syndicate, whose operations extended up to Montreal, as far south as Baltimore, and west to Cincinnati. Privateering had discouraged shipping interests, and there were many sailors idle. Foreigners were enticed by generous offers. Funds for debauch attracted others. The courts in some instances were moved to mercy, would the offender bear arms. It is fair to say that some of these saw their chance, redeemed themselves, and made good soldiers. It is said that some of Morgan's band of cavalry raiders, captured in Ohio, were brought here and "put through." Desertion was comparatively easy, and not so serious as might appear, except in the face of the enemy. Various motives combined to create a lively interest in filling out the figures of the calls for men. The brokers contracted with towns for all demands at so much per head. The examining surgeons were more than considerate, and it was a pretty sick man who could not pass. In short, substitute brokerage was a more than thriving industry.

These recruits were first sent to the camp on the Plains. But more heroic means of constraint were soon found necessary. Besides, men who had taken service with an honest purpose desired to be distinguished from such persons. Hence, a field of forty or more acres, at the extreme South end, owned by B. F. Dunklee and J. S. Noyes, was secured and named Camp Gilmore. The less official titles, far better known, were "the substitute camp" and "slave pen." This lot had been used for the New England fair some years before and had several good buildings on it. Other buildings and a twelve-foot board fence were added. One of these buildings is now used for woodwork in the rear of the carriage shop of C. A. Davis, on the north corner of Main and Chandler streets. The grounds extended, to make an approximate location, described by present bounds, from near the Cogswell schoolhouse on the north, well towards Rollins park on the south, with an eastern boundary at Dunklee street and a western limit fairly close to South street. Broadway runs almost through the center. Driven wells supplied water for cooking and washing, while a noble spring in a little run to the eastward provided drinking water.

In October, 1863, Brigadier-General E. W. Hinks, once second in command of the Massachusetts Eighth and colonel of the famous Nineteenth, was put in charge. General Hinks was a most gallant soldier, twice badly wounded, a strict disciplinarian, and a born gentleman. His headquarters were in a two-story dwelling now standing south of the corner of Pillsbury and Dunklee streets. General

Hinks combined the offices of superintendent of the volunteer recruiting service, chief mustering officer, commandant of the draft rendezvous, and assistant provost-marshal general. Among his aides was Captain Solon A. Carter, Fourteenth regiment, now state treasurer. The military force used for police and guard duty consisted of several companies of the Invalid corps, later known as the Veteran Reserve. Urban A. Woodbury, since governor of Vermont, was a lieutenant in this corps and wore well the empty sleeve of another kind of service.

Probably no man in Camp Gilmore had received less than one thousand dollars, the contract difference having been assimilated by the bank accounts of promoters of enlistments. Those whose honorable spirit had led them to accept the simple pay of a soldier had already put on the blue. Men attracted by modest or moderately large offers had joined later regiments. Many liable to draft had taken advantage of still larger offers, thinking of the relatively small bounty paid to conscripts, and had gone forward to do valiant duty. Good men had been contributed by exempts who wished to be represented in the war. But now, in 1864, came the era of the class known as "bounty jumpers;" men who sought places which paid the most, with the intention of deserting. These desertions were mainly effected from Camp Gilmore. Military clothing was often found among the dense pines south of the camp. Escapes were made from the trains. With the aid of roughs, a grand bolt was once made in Haymarket square, Boston, thirty odd escaping. Two men were shot in the water, near the transport *Constitution*, on that day. An attempt was made to set this vessel on fire on the voyage.

Such was the aggregation penned up in Camp Gilmore. Liquor was the one thing supremely desired in those precincts, and held at fabulous prices when it could be smuggled. If a man disappeared it was supposed that he had deserted. But bones found in later years have suggested that this was not so always. One man was caught chloroforming, and five thousand dollars found upon his person. Considerable rolls of money have sometimes been dug up, barely recognizable as greenbacks.

The Fifth regiment returned August 3, 1863, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hapgood, with about one hundred and seventy men. In the spring a good part of the Seventeenth had been incorporated with it and its total membership had been more than fourteen hundred. As its advent was a surprise, there was no formal reception. The men were fed at the hotels.

August 8, the Fifteenth arrived. A salute had announced its approach and the usual crowd was out. The regiment came without

arms and was in a most lamentable condition. It had suffered heavy losses at Port Hudson, and the low land of that region had had its power on those accustomed to cool altitudes. The trip to Cairo, Ill., had been made in a crowded steamer, and the journey by rail, via Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Springfield. and Worcester, had been even more exhausting. Some had died and many been left on the way. No such sad and wholesale object lesson of the ills of war had been seen here. Some were able to go into camp upon the Plains. Some were sent to their homes. Some officers took quarters at hotels. But the worn-out and desperately ill, the whole town was at their service. Conveyances, with mattresses, were secured and the city hall thrown open. Beds were set up, and a hospital extemporized. Every physician volunteered. Benevolent men and kindly women gave their help in ministering service. Broths and gruel, tea and coffee, were prepared at once in adjoining houses, almost to the exclusion of domestic work. There was no service too humble or repugnant for the chiefest citizen or the most queenly matron to attend. It was thus day and night, until permanent plans could be made and carried out. Stores of wines, jellies, and delicacies, and the purses of each and every one were tendered and drawn on freely. As never before in our history, the community was one. These wrecks of men were served as if kinsmen, their smallest wants cared for with complete self-renunciation, their passing souls sent on with prayer and their poor bodies prepared for burial fitly.

The Sixteenth arrived on August 14, with about four hundred men able to bear arms. It was in a sad condition, far exceeding that of its recent predecessors. It had had no fighting, but had been on duty in a most unhealthy region. But seventy-two men had been reported fit for duty on at least one day. Its hardships on the homeward route had been much more than severe. Forty-nine men had been left at Vicksburg, and thirty-six at Cairo. Malaria and other diseases had cut a wide swath through the ranks. This time the Soldiers' Aid society was on hand with cans of milk, beef tea, etc. The improvised hospital at the city hall had been well equipped, and soon an annex arose behind the hall, bearing an aspect of adequate permanence. Once more the hearts of the community were moved, stirred even more deeply than a week before. No means of attention, relief, comfort, or healing was there which head could think out, heart suggest, or hand perform, but that was given promptly. The plight of the Fifteenth had not been lost sight of in making preparations for the Sixteenth. Sixty beds were now occupied at the hospital and, in all, some two hundred were properly fed, cared for, and nursed, as necessary.

In spite of all this scene of ill, there really was carried out something of a reception. A detachment of veterans, under Adjutant-General Natt Head, aided by City Marshal Pickering, came out, with the thin-ranked Fifth performing escort duty. Some few of the Fifteenth, under Captain Hubbard, got together, with a number of heavy artillery from Fort Warren, under Captain Little, and these put on a brave front for something like a parade. The brigade band furnished music. A lunch was served in Phenix hall, and speeches were made by the governor, Colonel Pike, and others.

On August 11 a reception was given to the Fifth and Fifteenth, or such of the latter force as could be present. Most had gone home,—not a few to die of injudicious eating. The day was perfect. Flags were everywhere and decorations brilliant and abundant. The Nashua and Strafford Guards and Amoskeag Veterans added themselves to the Horse Guards and a few regulars in town, while the governor and staff, General E. W. Hinks and staff, the executive council, city government, veterans in carriages, and distinguished visitors swelled the procession, which went over a considerable route, with Nehemiah G. Ordway as chief marshal. A collation was served in the state house yard, and speeches by civil and military officers extended over two hours' time, under the presidency of Edward H. Rollins.

The November elections of 1862 had resulted in the election of Horatio Seymour as governor of New York and Republican disaster in every state except Massachusetts. So New Hampshire became a veritable battle-ground in its spring canvass. This campaign of 1863 was the hottest, heaviest, and most fiercely contested of any purely state election in the half century just concluded. It was fought for all there was in it, most literally. Distinguished men of both parties were brought into the state to take part in the canvass. There was not a hamlet with a location and a name which was not enlightened by the spellbinders. The public halls were thronged with excited men and no small delegations of women, equally intense and no less in earnest. The press teemed with hot editorials, barbed paragraphs, and double-edged allusions. The mails were congested with documents, speeches, and circulars, and franked letters poured in on the humblest voter. The state committee rooms were scenes of activity from the morning hour to the time when strategy boards held grave council. Extra trains were run, swarming with free passengers. Joint debates were held. No device of practical politics was neglected. Absentees were exhorted to be on hand March 10. And, between the two parties, no man who had ever lived in the state and left the semblance of a claim to residence therein on his departure, need go without a ballot in New Hampshire.

Joseph A. Gilmore, superintendent of the Concord Railroad, was the Republican candidate for governor, while Ira A. Eastman, also resident in Concord, was the Democratic standard-bearer. Walter Harriman of Warner, as a "war Democrat," "unconditional Union man," "untrammeled by party ties," etc., had been named to make it easy for those of Democratic antecedents, and such as would not vote for Gilmore, to refrain from favoring Eastman. The result was long in doubt, but the official vote was Eastman, 32,833; Gilmore, 29,035; Harriman, 4,372; scattering, 302. Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, Democrat, was chosen congressman by a majority of about 80. Gilmore was elected by the legislature by a vote of 192 to 133. The next year's campaign was fierce, and also the presidential fight of the fall, but it was devoid of the momentousness of this one.

The return of the Second regiment, March 4, 1863, was announced by the voice of cannon and the clang of bells. A large committee of citizens, of all shades of thought, had the event in charge. And our people, re-enforced from the country and adjoining railroad towns, assembled in Railroad square, where the fire department, with decorated engines, had likewise met. The welcoming address was by William L. Foster, after which a procession was formed, headed by the state officers, the Amoskeag Veterans constituting the regimental escort. The buildings on the route were handsomely decorated. At the Eagle hotel addresses were made by Governor Berry and Major-General John E. Wool, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, commanding the regiment, responding briefly. The soldiers were dined at the hotels in bounteous fashion.

Among side events which should not be forgotten was a controversy in *The Patriot* between George W. Stevens of Laconia, who signed himself X, and Rev. Dr. S. M. Vail. The latter had preached a sermon against slavery. Mr. Stevens had joined in pungent comments on it, and Dr. Vail replied. Under the head of "The Bible and Slavery," a debate of a biting nature was waged from about the middle of 1863 to the spring of 1864. Dr. Vail was professor of Hebrew at the Methodist institute, and Mr. Stevens was a man of real acquirements and high literary tastes, but not known to be erudite in Hebrew, though well learned in the unfailing source of English literature, the Holy Scriptures. In the niceties of the ancient tongue, in verbal analysis and sacred lore, each made a most creditable showing, and in the offensive and defensive display of logic and wit the series was more than interesting. The authorship of the incognito end of the discussion was laid at the doors of two clergymen of the city, but the name of the actual writer was for years a secret. At the close the matter might well be called quits. Dr. Vail embodied his views in a pamphlet.

The controversy revolved mainly around the Old Testament, where in God's evolution of various moral matters, the "peculiar institution" seems to have been suffered, like some other evils, in the hardness of the human heart, till a fitting era. *The Patriot* accused Dr. Vail of ingenious exegesis and disingenuous reservations. December 2, 1862, it said: "The subject has become of considerable political importance from the fact that, in order to justify the prosecution of the war for the purpose of abolishing slavery, the abolition leaders, orators, writers, and preachers seek to convince the people that slavery is a sin and receives no countenance from the Bible."

Indeed, the slavery subject was a mighty factor in our local situation as a question of expediency, property, and morals. It held in place such men as Thomas P. Treadwell and Josiah Stevens, who supported the war and always stood by the Democratic ticket; and John M. Hill, who declined a high place of honor and profit, but was the soul of all financing for the relief of the soldier at the front when ill from wounds or other causes. It had no mean power on men who bore arms and gave blood, limbs, and life freely. Lincoln's first inaugural had disavowed any purpose to interfere with slavery. In reply to accusations, the *Congregational Journal*, Rev. Dr. B. P. Stone, editor, urged that the administration should be credited in its official utterances. The keenest arrow of opprobrium had its guiding feather in terms connected with the black man. It divided the Republican party itself into wings. And when the proclamation came, many regarded it as either dubiously wise or wholly suicidal.

Business received a great impetus from the demands of war. Our troops were equipped with material produced and made up, if possible, in the state. Holden's flannels were in request. Every firm of clothiers benefited by the sale of outfits, if not by heavy contracts for uniforms, overcoats, etc. For a long time Norris baked two tons of bread each day for the camp, not to mention crackers. The Downings and Abbots worked overtime on vehicles, gun-carriages, and caissons, while Hill turned out accoutrements for men and harnesses for horse and mule teams. The trains, livery stables, hotels, and boarding-houses "just coined money," and farm produce of all kinds was as good as cash. The telegraph wires were busy into the morning of each next day. But of all the profit-takers jewelry stores were, by long odds, leaders. Many men, unused to large cash assets, had suddenly come to riches by enlisting, and nothing was too good or high-priced in the line of watches, chains, rings, flasks, society emblems, and a multitude of like luxuries of life. Fancy swords, silk sashes, bullion epaulets and shoulder-straps, finely-stitched riding boots and other goods could hardly be supplied at rates which now

seem exaggerated. Hand-sewed shoes of the best material and most elaborate construction superseded those of government providing. It was a period of inflation. Each blue-clad man had money in rolls, was anxious to disburse it, and was catered to accordingly.

It must be borne in mind that at this time all imported goods were subject to a huge war tariff, payable in gold. The following is the range of that precious metal: 1862, $1.00–$1.37 3-4; 1863, $1.22 1-8 –$1.72 1-2; 1864, $1.51 3-8–$2.60 1-4; 1865, $1.28 1-4–$2.85 1-2. July 1, 1864, Lewis Downing & Sons sold a quantity of gold coin in Boston at $2.85. And yet, in these times, buying was more free than it is to-day. It was not uncommon to have a bill of $100 or $500 tendered for a purchase under $1. Persons living outside the state bought goods or paid heavy discount to get rid of state bank bills. The best goods were in demand. Business was done for cash or short credit to regular customers. Printing-paper trebled in cost. The newspapers cut down their size in 1863 and raised their price the next year. The following prices of 1864 are taken from the books of traders still doing business in the city:

David E. Clarke—Opera flannel, $1; now 50c.; blue mixed flannel, $1; now 45c.; lining cambric, 30c.; now 5c.; best cloak velvet, $15; now $5; Scotch gingham, 75c.; now 25–35c.; white table damask, $2.50; now $1.25; bed ticking, 75c.; now 15c.; best lining silk, $1.50; now 75c.; bed spread, $3.50; now $1.25; cotton flannel, $1; now 15c.; Coates' spool cotton, 15c.; now 5c.; pins and needles per paper, 10c.; now 5c.; dress silk, $5; now $2; bombazine, $3.50; now $1.50; cotton and wool flannel, 87 1-2c.; now 25c.; calico, 45–50c.; now 5c.; bleached cotton, 75c.; now 9c.; diaper, 50c.; now 25c.; English silesia, 62 1-2c.; now 20c.; crash, 33 1-2c.; now 12 1-2c.; ladies' cloth, $2.50; now $1.25. One of the tilting variety of vasty hoop skirts called for an expenditure of $3.50.

T. W. & J. H. Stewart—Beaver overcoating, $7–$10 per yard, with coat at $65 or $70; now $45; broadcloth, $5–$7, with suit at $50; average business suit, $30; now $20. Fabrics and names have so changed that comparison in this line is not easy.

C. W. Clarke—Farmers' boots, $5–$6; fine boots, $8–$10; men's rubber boots, $5.50; rubbers, $1; ladies' boots, $5. These prices are double those now.

Franklin Evans—Java coffee, from July to September, 56–65c.; Rio and Cape (estimated), 50c.; brown sugar, 25c.; crushed or granulated, 32–34c.; Oolong tea, $1.50; Young Hyson, $2; Japanese, $1.60; black, $1.50; cocoa, 60c.; gal. molasses, $1.12; best butter, 50–55c.; cheese, 15–22c.; eggs, 30–35c.; lard, 28c.; pepper, 60c.; ginger, 60c.; cloves, $1; cassia, $1; oz. nutmegs, 25c.; lemon

extract, 30c.; rice, 17c.; raisins, 28c.; tapioca, 25c.; gal. vinegar, 25c.; gal. kerosene, $1.12; salt fish, 10c.; bush. potatoes, 67c.; bush. coarse salt, $1.30; starch, 18c.; oz. indigo, 17c.; hard soap, 17c.; kit of mackerel, $3; bush. shorts, 40c.; bush. Northern corn, $2.40; bag Southern corn, $4.60; flour, $14–$22, for best St. Louis; loaf brown bread, 15c.; milk, 8c.; navy tobacco, $1; scouring brick, 12c.; quart Day & Martin's blacking, 65c.; bush. grass seed, $7; gal. sperm oil, $3.

How many men our city actually sent to the front is not likely to be known. Rev. Dr. Bouton, in an address in 1875, set the number at nine hundred and eighteen. In 1865, William A. Hodgdon, city clerk, put the figures at fourteen hundred and ninety-seven. The total quota called for from July, 1863, was five hundred and eighty-three. An excess of one hundred and thirty men over the number named was actually furnished. Major William Silvey, assistant provost-marshal general, certifies that Concord furnished the following, beginning with the call of July 2, 1863: Three years' men, seven hundred and three; two years' man, one; one year men, one hundred and sixty; nine months' men, fifty-nine; two months' men, four. No exact records were kept previous to the mustering of the Eighth regiment. The number was surely not less than sixteen hundred, and is set by Adjutant-General Ayling as over eighteen hundred.

In a manuscript memorial volume of William I. Brown post, G. A. R., deposited in the state library (*p.* 337), it is stated that Penacook (Fisherville) furnished two hundred and seventeen to the various branches of the service, fourteen of whom held commissions. Of these, thirty-eight were killed outright or died of wounds, and fifteen of disease. Of those who returned, eighty were alive in 1896. Nearly all of the total number enlisted before the days of lofty bounties. The leading names are three: Leonard Drown enlisted in the First, but went into the Second as captain of Company E, and was killed at Williamsburg, May 5, 1862. William I. Brown went into the service as second lieutenant of Company K, Ninth regiment, was promoted to first lieutenant and adjutant, becoming major of the Eighteenth. He was killed at Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, March 29, 1865. Jeremiah S. Durgin was captain of Company E, Seventh regiment, and attained the rank of major.

Neither can an estimate of the cost to our city be made, even approximately. The following figures are taken from the city annual reports: Aid to families of volunteers, 1861–'62, $31,172.78; 1862–'63, $16,624; 1863–'64, $20,454.48; 1864–'65, $21,092; 1865, $9,719.89, footing up over $100,000.

There was paid as bounties to one hundred and ninety persons who volunteered, 1862–'63, $15,204.12; to one hundred and six substi-

tutes and conscripts, 1863–'64, $31,500. The report of 1864–'65 covers disbursements to one hundred and eighty-eight men of sums ranging from $100 to $450, and payments on account of bounties to Mayor B. F. Gale, Nicholas Quimby, Daniel Holden, and J. B. Merrill, footing up to $113,000.

Some weighty hours of the early war have been pictured previously. The defeat of first Bull Run, the slaughter at Fredericksburg, and the carnage of the Peninsula fights were fierce, hot, maddening stings. (It was at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, that Sturtevant was killed.) These were, perhaps, the lowest vales of humiliation. But there were high hilltops of delirious joy reached in the hours of triumph, as when the tidings of Gettysburg and Vicksburg were reported, and when Sherman cut the Confederacy asunder. Indeed, there were times when no throbbing heart in our whole city was without its pang, as when Sergeant Thomas B. Leaver fell at Oak Grove, June 25, 1862, and that more than sombre day when Jesse A. Gove, colonel of the Massachusetts Twenty-second (Senator Henry Wilson's command), went down June 27, 1862, at Gaines's Mills.

It is hard to choose where good men and true all did their duty, animated by heroic spirits. But the loss of these three touched a nerve which the going of no others did reach as keenly. They were so well known, so regarded and so loved personally, aside from being ideal soldiers, that many an eye in which tears were scant in this connection was running over at the addition of these to the roll of the departed.

But sorrow's deepest deep was sounded when the country was widowed by Lincoln's going. It was 2 o'clock, a. m., on Easter-even when Senator J. W. Patterson was aroused at the Eagle to read the missive of fatal tidings from the wire. Never was there a heavier day than that which Saturday's sun brought in. Never was Easter joy so clouded as in that year's celebration. Soon after eight it was known that Lincoln was dead, and a memory had been left to grow more and more sacred as years should pass, together with a fame which was to wax and which will wax as that of the greatest name in America's possession,—one alone excepted.

Saturday saw a cessation of all work not absolutely necessary. People gathered in mid-street assemblies. No vehicle could be seen. Men talked with bated breath and waited later particulars. Extras issued by the *Monitor* and the Boston papers were seized, read, discussed, and pondered, even through supreme Easter.

The evening following the assassination of Lincoln, and the attack on Seward, was more than notable in this city. In the state of popu-

lar excitement, gatherings of the people in the street naturally took place, with free conversation and informal speeches. Numbers of men and boys met and began to visit the houses of prominent Democrats for the purpose of making them hang out flags, with but limited success. As usual, in such a stir, the crowd soon grew to large proportions. While at the house of James S. Norris, some one proposed to visit General Pierce, who was living at the residence of Willard Williams, afterwards occupied by the late Joseph Wentworth, on the west side of Main and between Concord and Thorndike streets. The crowd at once hurried thither, rang the bell and called for the ex-president, who promptly appeared at the front door. On being informed that his views were desired on the event uppermost in all minds and hearts, he at once declared it "a dastardly act" and "the deed of a fiend," and avowed his willingness now to take up arms, if need be. The time was about 9 o'clock and some rain was falling. There was but scant light in the sky. The glow of a single burner in the entry gave a mere outline of the speaker's form. As he began, anxiety to hear caused deep silence. Never were words more fitly spoken. Never was the charm of that persuasive voice more potent. Never was that winning personality which had gotten so many victories more completely imparted to his hearers. Almost alone on the porch, he uttered words which calmed, which comforted, and which gladdened; yes, gladdened, even in that sombre hour. It was a master who stood forth equal to the hour of a whole people's pain and humiliation. It was as a man, and as a citizen, and as a soldier, and as himself an occupant of a chair more exalted than a throne, that he spoke of the chief laid low and the nation's abasement in his murder. There were occasional words of approbation, but when the brief address was over, three ringing cheers were given as the visitors departed. The following are the terms used:

I wish I could address to you words of solace. But that can hardly be done. The magnitude of the calamity, in all its aspects, is overwhelming. If your hearts are oppressed by events more calculated to awaken profound sorrow and regret than any which have hitherto occurred in our history, mine mingles its deepest regrets and sorrows with yours. It is to be hoped that the great wickedness and atrocity was confined, morally and actually, to the heads and hearts of but two individuals of all those who still survive on this continent; and that they may speedily, and in obedience to law, meet the punishment due to their unparalleled crimes. It is well that you—it is well that I—well that all men worthy to be called citizens of the United States, make manifest, in all suitable forms, the emotions incident to the bereavement and distress which have been brought to the hearths and homes of the two most conspicuous families of the Republic. I

give them my warm out-gushing sympathy, as I am sure all persons within the hearing of my voice must do.

But beyond personal grief and loss there will abide with us inevitably the most painful memories. Because, as citizens obedient to law, revering the constitution, holding fast to the Union, thankful for the period of history which succeeded the Revolution in so many years of peaceful growth and prosperity, and loving, with the devotion of true and faithful children, all that belongs to the advancement and glory of the nation, we can never forget or cease to deplore the great crime and deep stain.

[A voice from the crowd—"Where is your flag?"]

It is not necessary for me to show my devotion for the stars and stripes by any special exhibition, or upon the demand of any man or body of men. My ancestors followed it through the Revolution—one of them, at least, never having seen his mother's roof from the beginning to the close of that protracted struggle. My brothers followed it in the War of 1812; and I left my family in the spring of 1847, among you, to follow its fortunes and maintain it upon a foreign soil. But this you all know. If the period during which I have served our state and country in various situations, commencing more than thirty-five years ago, have left the question of my devotion to the flag, the constitution, and the Union in doubt, it is too late now to remove it, by any such exhibition as the inquiry suggests. Besides, to remove such doubts from minds where they may have been cultivated by a spirit of domination and partisan rancor, if such a thing were possible, would be of no consequence to you, and is certainly of none to me. The malicious questionings would return to re-assert their supremacy and pursue the work of injustice.

Conscious of the infirmities of temperament, which to a greater or less extent beset us all, I have never felt or found that violence or passion was ultimately productive of beneficent results. It is gratifying to perceive that your observation, briefer than mine, has led your minds to the same conclusion. What a priceless commentary upon this general thought is the final reported conversation between the late president and his cabinet; and with that dispatch comes news to warrant the cheering hope that, in spite of the knife of the assassin, the life and intellect of the secretary of state may, through Providence, be spared to us in this appalling emergency.

I thank you for the silent attention with which you have listened to me, and for the manifestations of your approval as my neighbors, and will not detain you in this storm longer than to add my best wishes for you all, and for what, individually and collectively, we ought to hold most dear—our country—our whole country. Good night.

To conclude these pages. The battered, worn, case-hardened ranks came home. Cheers met them. Honors crowned them. The last roll-call died away with "Here." The arms were stacked; the final facing made. "Break ranks!" was the order, and the ranks were broken. How time has broken them since that day! The soldier

became a citizen, never forgetting that he had been a soldier; we also never forgetting that he was one. The toils of honorable peace took the place of duties of greater peril. Scarcely a ripple, the hugeness of the host considered, marked the passage over from strife to quiet. Happy concord bore generosity with it and 1901, the limit of this retrospect, bears no trace of the ancient bitterness in its bosom.

NOTES.

Benjamin A. Kimball was engineer of the train which bore away the First regiment.

The commandant of Camp Union, until Colonel Tappan came in, was Colonel John H. Gage of Nashua.

The little building on South Main street, exactly opposite the Abbot-Downing shops, occupied by William L. Hood as a variety store, was a Camp Gilmore cook house.

Among draft riot preparations, by Governor Gilmore, were a lot of hand grenades, to be used in defense of the state house. A survivor of the batch is preserved in the state treasurer's office.

The annual reunion of the First regiment, on the fortieth anniversary of its departure for the front, was held at Concord. To one who clearly recalled 1861, the suggestions of 1901 are describable in one word, pathetic.

Loveland W. French, a musician for the Third regiment, hailing from Penacook, but credited to Washington, was poisoned at Camp Gilmore and died January 13, 1864, aged sixteen years. His bounty money was not obtained by his murderer.

At least one drafted man "drew a prize." He belonged to a pool and was reimbursed, according to agreement. He divided half and half with his substitute, who made him custodian of the second half. The sub vanished very early, and all the money is yet among us. Profits, about two thousand dollars.

For much detail which it is not the purpose of this paper to include, the reader is referred to "The Revised Register of the Soldiers and Sailors of New Hampshire," etc., prepared and published, by authority of the legislature, by Augustus D. Ayling, adjutant-general, 1895. The volume is a very monument of carefulness and labor.

While Company I, First regiment, was being recruited, four men in the blacksmith shop at Abbot's came to the conclusion that it was their duty to enlist. Having been promised their places on return, they laid down their aprons, went up street and enlisted, or signed an unofficial paper agreeing to go. They were said to have been among the very earliest volunteers. The men were Charles O. Bradley, Henry C. Sturtevant, Calvin F. Langley, and Joseph G. Whitney.

The wagons for the First and Second regiments were made by J. S. & E. A. Abbot, through Lewis Downing & Sons, who had the contract. The remainder were made by the Downings, directly. Both firms made large shipments outside state requirements for army purposes, while James R. Hill supplied harnesses to go with the wagons.

In 1863, when "copperhead" was the extremest word of reproach applied to those opposed to the war, the term was taken up, and the head cut from the old "red cent" was worn in the scarf or coat lapel to signify its acceptance. From this came various forms, of considerable expense and elaboration. The same metal appeared wrought as cane heads.

The one who rang the door-bell to call out ex-President Pierce, on the evening following the assassination of President Lincoln, was a newsboy, Charles F. Nichols, now resident in the city. He distinctly recalls the strong words with which the speech was prefaced, and stood very close to the speaker throughout the remarks fully reproduced in these pages.

Full histories have been published of all infantry regiments except the Fourth, Tenth, and Eighteenth. A small volume, practically but a roster, contains all which has been written of the Fourth. Volumes on the Tenth and Eighteenth are understood to be in the course of preparation. The heavy artillery, cavalry, and battery have no publications on their history.

The First regiment brought home a great supply of mascot dogs and 'possums, together with much freight of curiosities and souvenirs—far more than the long-term regiments combined. Among the really desirable importations made was a considerable number of colored boys, who came to stay, and who made useful and respected citizens. All of these proved eager to get some helpful education.

A citizen of strong commercial instincts, by means of large regard for times and seasons and the strategic uses of entrances and exits at Camp Gilmore, succeeded in selling the same cord of wood, at five dollars and fifty cents, nine different times. On the tenth time the game did not work, and a marble-hearted official forced him to disgorge all surplus profits.

Major-General B. F. Butler spent some time here in October, 1861. His mission was of a politico-military nature; to bring about an active participating interest in the war in Democratic quarters. For this purpose he came direct from the president, with large powers. His approaches were not successful. October 14 he made a vigorous war speech from the Eagle balcony, during the course of which he was interrupted with the inquiry, "Who voted for Jeff. Davis?" The questioner took to his heels, and, after a smart chase, escaped his pursuers.

October 23, 1863, a man who had been detected in grossly defrauding soldiers, was seized, ridden on a rail round the grounds and to the mouth of the Gulley, where he was allowed to walk to Main street. At that point he was made to mount again and thus carried to Depot square, amid great tumult. When freed, he was not long in availing himself of more comfortable means of transportation, leading from the city.

October 25, 1864, a soldier took a rifle from a stack left unguarded at the railroad station by the Invalid corps, and proceeded to exhibit his proficiency in the manual of arms. He also exemplified the horrors of war. The weapon was loaded. Two men from the smart man's regiment were wounded, one very badly. The same bullet also inflicted mortal injuries on George E. Sheldon of Hancock, who lived but two hours from the time of his hurt.

Dr. E. W. Abbott, then a resident of Washington, was present at Ford's theater on that evening which will be sadly eventful ever. He heard the pistol shot and saw Wilkes Booth jump, but thought it in some way connected with the entertainment. When a commotion arose in the president's box, he saw that something was wrong and went thither. He was one of the six who carried the wounded man to the house across the street, examined him, gave such assistance as could be rendered, made full memoranda of the case and stayed by till the light of that kindly spirit was extinguished.

In addition to his regular arm, the private of mid-war times often provided himself with a revolver and a sheath knife of fierce dimensions. One invariable purchase was a rubber drinking tube, with filter. The top of the soldier's cap was adorned with a brass bugle, with regimental number inside its circle, while the company letter was placed behind the bugle and N. H. V. in front of the same, in white metal. Some few officers equipped themselves with steel-fronted vests, capable of turning a Minié ball. One of these "bomb-proofs" is preserved in the office of the state treasurer. Few of these articles saw long service.

In the times when gold and silver had disappeared and specie of baser metal was none too abundant, great trouble was found in making change. Private notes for small sums, known as "shinplasters," were current and unauthorized copper coinage freely circulated. But the main reliance came to be on postage stamps in pay envelopes. These passed unquestioned, even though glued into a lump. Later, these stamps were placed in tin cases, fronted with mica. This use of stamps was the beginning of a government postal currency or small change notes, the first device of whose face was in imitation of stamps, placed in a row, but whose later forms were more artistic.

The price of cotton having risen to over a dollar a pound (one dollar and ninety cents or more in 1864), various prudent housekeepers recalled that numerous beds had been filled with that material, and profited by its aërial value. Cotton and woolen rags commanded a goodly sum, as did all metals. The junk man was met with enthusiasm. Old papers and attic stores of books, exhumed from dust, were turned into ready money. It is sadly to be noted that many valuable pamphlets, volumes, and files were lost in the pulp vat under the blandishments of the former peddler of tins, who now found a rich line of cash investment open to him. The enterprising small boy of predatory talents was a valuable helper in this form of commercial hustle.

In describing Lincoln's speech, a lady lately said that while his fame had reached here, and while prophecy had not failed to hint larger honor, her feeling at first seeing him on the stage was not agreeable. His length of limb, gauntness, plainness of feature and awkward appearance were things which counted. But when he came forward the angular frame showed its power and all awkwardness took flight. His voice was strong, clear, and pleasing. His gestures were as natural as simple. As the speech went on, what *he was* appeared. The flow of language was free and all words well chosen, embodying distinct ideas and logical deductions. When he had got thoroughly into action the man was transfigured and all surface matters were forgotten in her admiration. The play of mind changed his face into a beauty which was absolute: that of intelligence, sincerity, worth, and positive conviction of the right of the cause he advocated. She had known no other speaker, in the four decades since, who had had such power with her. Thinking of that day, the very mole upon his face was precious.

Five traveling military lodges were granted dispensation by the grand lodge: Star Spangled Banner, with the Second regiment; Hughes, with the Fifth; Loyal, with the Eleventh; Comrades', with the Fourteenth, and Citizen-Soldiers', with the Sixteenth. The dispensation of the first-named was dated June 17, 1861, the organization taking place in Concord. The last meeting convened at Point Lookout, April 5, 1864. The lodge raised forty-three candidates to the sublime degree of Master Mason. Hughes lodge held its first recorded meeting at Bladensburg, Md., November 22, 1861, and its last March 24, 1864. Its dispensation (November 1) was recognized by Maryland's grand master. It conferred the M. M. degree on twenty-nine. This lodge constructed a modest building for its meetings at Point Lookout, in which work J. E. Larkin was very active. These two lodges contained many Concord men. The most distinguished initiate, Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, was entered

by Comrades' lodge. In these lodge meetings, field officers found themselves outranked by a staff or line man in the chair, and even a non-commissioned officer or private might be in control in not infrequent circumstances. The records and papers are deposited with the grand secretary, who also has some few relics.

Among the events occurring during the encampment of the First was the searching of the persons of Governor Berry, Woodbridge Odlin, George G. Fogg, and Asa McFarland, for tonic fluids. The inquirer's zeal had full forgiveness, on the instant, from these staid men; indeed, outspoken commendation when the event was ended, their guilelessness established, and their names made known. Their ardent spirits were not of the kind which could be bottled. A citizen caught selling fiery beverages through a hole under the fence of Camp Union, was urgently constrained to wait a while, until he could be properly tagged and furnished with companions for a ceremonial tour of the camp's interior; thence, through the Gulley, the band rendering its ample tribute to his worth in the sweet strains of the Rogue's March, as far as Depot square. After these grand honors, their recipient was left to further distinguished consideration, such as could best be rendered by the swarm of men and boys which this rare function had called together. When the Twelfth left town, a member of Captain Durell's company was found to be in bad repair, owing to festive excesses on the night preceding. The convivial comrade was restored to a relatively normal state by immersion in the Gulley horse trough and enabled to proceed with his wiser fellows. While Camp Gilmore was in its worst days, a woman entered the headquarters office and asked permission to see her son, who was to be torn from her on the morrow, perhaps for years, perhaps forever. More urgent business made the officer in charge request a brief delay and the occupancy of a chair by the doting mother. Upon his disengagement, a trickle on the floor and an aroma was observed by the host of the occasion. An inquiry into the sources of this distillation revealed large receptivity on the part of the son and equal forethought by the mother. Twenty-four canteens of balm dangled from three hoop-skirts. Flasks of "the same" were bestowed in her hose, and rubber bags, one somewhat collapsed and the other distended, rounded out her contour. Several civilians, one a woman, caught in like attempts at illicit importation, were drummed out in due and ancient form from this camp. March 18, 1864, two persons were thus prominently brought to the notice of our public, on Main street. Charles E. Thompson, who furnished large quantities of milk, vegetables, etc., said that the protective tariff on wet goods was so high that he was offered immense prices for even a modest flask of the nerve food so consumingly desired.