

#### The 124th Regiment.

A new stand of colors is about to be forwarded to the 124th Regt., N. Y. S. V., by the Daughters of Orange. The flag is precisely like the one presented at their organization in September, '62, with the addition of a cluster of Orange blossoms and fruit on the blue ground, added as a memento of the lamented Col. Ellis, who called his "boys" his "Orange Blossoms," and a ribbon of that color is now universally worn by the regiment.

It is due to the many contributors from the towns in the county, to state, in explanation of the delay in presenting these colors, that they were ordered about the 15th of November, and not received until the 30th of December.—The remittances have been almost invariably accompanied with kind wishes for the welfare of their favorite regiment, and expressions of thanks for the privilege of contributing in any measure towards procuring a testimonial of appreciation. It is safe to say that scarcely a town has been applied to that would not willingly have furnished the colors if necessary, but it was deemed best to be impartial and allow all a share.

One of the Daughters of Orange.  
Goshen, Jan. 6, 1864.

#### THE OLD AND NEW FLAGS OF THE 124TH REGIMENT.

The privilege of furnishing colors to this Regiment was accorded to the ladies of Orange County, and by them properly appreciated. It may not be generally known, that the old honored relic, perforated by missiles from Rebel hands, was sent to swell the collection of Arms and Trophies at the Metropolitan Fair, an exhibition which made every patriot sick at heart, so numerous the evidences of national conspiracy.—Although the new one has as yet received no parricidal thrust, it is needless to say there are tokens of a coming contest, and anxious hearts are turning with deep solicitude to the Army of the Potomac, and praying feverently for the welfare of country and friends. As individuals instinctively turn to the location of objects most beloved, so do we find our interest concentrating on the little band that rallies round the new flag of the Regiment we delight to call "our own," each man of which we have adopted as a subject of household regard and feel now an increased desire to do them honor in consideration of trials undergone.

The following address expressive of our estimation of their services and the appropriate reply of the Colonel will be read with the interest attaching to parting words.

To the Officers and Men of the 124th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers.

The Daughters of Orange having

heard that the colors they presented to you at the time of your organization have been impaired in battle, take great pleasure in substituting new ones.—Please regard them as renewed tokens of their high appreciation of your services as a Regiment, and as a pledge of their desire to have their interests in this contest identified with your own. You can hardly be expected to know how large a place you have in the hearts of your country-women, how sincere their regard and sympathy, nor how great the interest they have in the records of the brave American Guard. Continue to keep them unsullied, and make for us such a history as we may with pride and satisfaction deposit with the archives of our country. You have already won a name for courage and efficiency in battles, for fortitude and endurance in wearisome marches; a name that can be still more exalted, if, after having stood the test of intrepid soldiers, you can add to it the crowning virtues of patience and endurance to the end.—Your diminished numbers tell eloquently what you have already suffered since you left us under the leadership of the able and bold Col. Ellis. Send us back the old revered flag, that it may be placed with the cherished mementoes of your lamented commander and his "immortal braves." Its tarnished hues will affect to sadness those who beheld it unfurled and in his hand held aloft on the day of its presentation, when he declared if he did not bring it back then we might rest assured "the arm that held it would be palsied in death." Return it, to tell us of Gettysburgh, and of the heroes slain in its defence. We want it to remind us of the faithful, undaunted men who followed it with the offering of their lives, amid the strife and carnage of battle, or, beneath its folds have shouted victory over our foes. We will continue to hold in grateful remembrance, not only the dead, but the disabled and scarred survivors. Be assured that you, upon whom rests the future, have no public friends more anxious for your unblemished reputation and honor, or more deeply solicitous for your welfare than the

DAUGHTERS OF ORANGE.

CAMP 124TH REGIMENT, N. Y. VOL. ?  
Culpeper, Va., April 20, 1864. }

To the President of the Ladies Society of Orange County:

DEAR MADAM:—In behalf of the officers and men of the 124th Regiment, I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a beautiful stand of colors with an accompanying address from the Daughters of Orange.

These new silken folds of stars and stripes have already been unfurled before the Regiment in place of those, which a year and a half ago you presented to us. By this change of Regimental colors varied emotions are natu-

rally awakened in the breasts of us all, both as memory in connection with the dear *old* flag brings back the history of the *past* eighteen months, and as imagination, prompted by your *new* gift, calls up the remaining eighteen months of *future* service.

The *old* one, at your request, we send back to our County grieving most of all that our lamented Colonel, who received it at your hands, cannot return it, for 'his arm is palsied in death.' On the flag's faded, torn and riddled stripes is written a history, of which, we are glad to learn that you are proud. We believe that you will cherish it, both for the sake of the noble men who have fallen in its defence and of the surviving members of the Regiment who reverence it with idolatrous devotion. We trust that, after it has served its part at the Sanitary Fairs of the County in awakening an interest in the soldier by reminding of a soldier's work, it may be thought worthy to form part of a new collection to be placed in Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, side by side with the relics and trophies that are now there. The one collection, to speak eloquently of Liberty gained in the Revolutionary struggle—the other, of Liberty defended against the Great Rebellion.

The *new* flag we gladly receive as another token of the interest which the Daughters of Orange have ever manifested in our behalf. For it, please accept our heartfelt thanks. On the long weary march and the closely contested battle field it will give courage and strength, by reminding of the warm hearts and the willing hands that at home are cheering us. We promise to bear and rally around that flag wherever duty and our Country call. No traitorous foe shall trail it in the dust so long as an arm can be raised in its defence.

The signs of the times are cheering. The hearts of all are buoyant with the confidence of coming victory and of final triumph over the enemy. Under the guidance of an able and successful General, the army is about to "advance on the enemies works." Cease not your efforts and your prayers—the Country is worth them all. Resist by your powerful influence the enemy at home and so help us subdue the foe in our front—and, by the blessing of God upon our united labors, we may soon be able to rejoice together over a united, happy, and free country.

With the highest esteem, Madam, I am Yours for  
our Country's Good, F. M. CUMMINS,  
Col. 124th Regt. N. Y. V.

— A Silver Bugle, was presented last month to Moses P. Ross, Chief Bugler of the 124th Regiment, N. Y. S. V. It bears the following inscription: "Moses P. Ross, Bugler 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., by Col. F. M. Cummings, 1901."

Letter from the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth.

CAMP OF THE 124TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.,  
NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Feb. 18, 1864.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR: Some time ago, the novel idea was suggested to me by a friend, of writing a letter to the *Journal* concerning the movements, &c., of the Orange Blossoms; but, deeming myself incompetent to get up a letter that would interest my friends when there was nothing to write about but camp life, I have put it off till the present time.

You are all doubtless aware that we have been settled in winter quarters some four weeks, and I might say even longer; for we had our log houses nearly built before we crossed the Rapidan River on the 27th of November, after which we returned to our old position and finished our quarters. But, on account of the scarcity of wood, we were obliged to move about four miles in the direction of Culpeper, to a more bountiful supply; and I will assure you we have no cause to regret the change, but rather to be thankful, for now we have an abundance of the best of wood and water.

Our camp is situated on a slight eminence, with a beautiful brook running at its base. Our company streets are laid out with the strictest care, while our shanties, comparing our present ones with those of last winter, show a decided improvement. But why should they not, since experience is truly allowed to be our best teacher, and we have not lacked its advantages? My present house is the fourth one that I have helped build in Dixie.

Now, in order that you may understand what kind of a house it is that I with three other persons occupy, it will be necessary for me to describe it, so you can judge how much comfort the soldier can take if left alone. It is built up with logs about four feet high, twelve feet long, and seven feet wide, with a bunk in each end sufficiently large to hold two persons, and under which we pile wood and our cooking utensils, &c. Between the two bunks is a space of about five feet, in the centre of which is a fireplace, and directly opposite a door of about the dimensions of those you have often seen in a pig pen. This, covered with our shelter tent, affords a better protection from storm than a person unused to them would suppose. Being situated on an elevated piece of ground renders the health of the regiment generally good. But as we have lately been on a reconnoissance, I thought it might interest you to know something about it. Hoping so, I will attempt a brief description of our march on that occasion.

On Saturday, the 6th instant, roll call sounded at a much earlier hour than usual. Knowing there must be something unusual up, we hastened to get our breakfast, so as to be ready for any emergency, and a few minutes later brought the order to pack up and be ready to move at seven o'clock; and in half an hour we were all ready, waiting for the time to come when the bugle should sound attention. Seven o'clock came, but no further orders, and as it had now commenced raining we thought perhaps we would not have to go; but at ten o'clock we were startled by the boom of artillery—only an occasional shot at first, but soon followed by several others in quick succession. At first we thought they were only shelling the woods to find out whether the enemy was there, but when it was joined

Letter from the 124th Regiment.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA.,  
January 17th, 1864.

EDITOR WHIG PRESS:—Our Division has been very busy the past week moving camp. We now lay some three miles from Brandy Station. The weather for a few days past has been fine, but before that it was very cold. Some of our boys have their cabins up, and expect to put up one for Capt. Jackson, Co. K, to-morrow. Co. K are all right. The boys enjoy themselves first best, are getting fat, and not one in the Company sick, I believe.—The Captain looks well; he is in the best of health, and a very nice Captain he is. He is very good to his men. The 124th is No. 1 in battle, and stand right to their post. The men think a great deal of our Colonel.

A man by the name of Bullock, in Philadelphia, has sent on to the First Division woollen mittens for every man. They are distributing them out to the men, who are much pleased with so useful a present.

Yours, respectfully,

H. D. PARET.

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with musketry we knew there was trouble somewhere, and we knew, too, that unless the tide of battle favored us we should very soon have to sling our knapsacks and start for the scene of conflict; but time wore on, and still no further orders till four o'clock p. m., when an orderly came hastily into camp, and the next minute the bugle sounded strike tents, and half past four o'clock found us tramping through Virginia mud, for it continued to rain all day, and you know at this season a little rain makes a good deal of mud.

Now you who are enjoying all the comforts of civil life, imagine yourself turned out doors in the rain on a cold winter day, your destination unknown, night is fast approaching, without the slightest prospect of a comfortable shelter when you shall have reached your journey's end, and you will have a faint idea of how we felt on that night, (which by the way is not the only one we have spent in a similar manner), but there is no alternative, so on we move at a rapid rate through fields, over stumps, stones and ditches, till we reach the road leading to Culpepper; on, still on, through that place, beyond which a short distance we cross the Railroad, and again take the fields. Night is now upon us, and one of inky darkness, for there was no moon to light our weary way; and even had there been it would have done but little good. For as my countryman Burns says, in his celebrated poem on Tam O'Shanter,

"And sic a nicht we took the road in,  
That nae puir sinner was e'er abroad in."

After five hours' hard marching we halted for the night, or, I should have said, our Colonel halted, but I will not venture to say how many of those who left camp with us were able to keep up. It was impossible for all to do so, for when once out of the ranks in the dark it is no easy matter to find your way back, and equally difficult to find your regiment after it has halted, but every man came up early next morning, when, after a very uncomfortable night's rest, for it had rained nearly all of the time, we were ordered to fall in and take the road leading to Raccoon Ford; and after marching about two miles we were halted in a miserable wet swamp, where we staid about five hours, during which time all was quiet except an occasional gun, when we were ordered back a short distance to a beautiful pine grove, and as Sol was now pouring forth his rays, we took a much needed repose in this place. We remained till near sundown, when we were ordered back to our old quarters, it being ascertained that the First and Second Army Corps had accomplished the work for which they were sent. What that work was I do not exactly know, and therefore will say nothing about it, but eleven o'clock finds those who are able to keep up back to camp. Now as we are going out on Division review this afternoon at three o'clock, I must bring this to a close so as to send it by to-day's mail.

I remain yours, &c., WM. EDGAR.

### Letter from the 124th N. Y. V.

CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER, VA.,  
April 4, 1864.

FRIEND HASBROUCK: The Third Corps having been broken up, the First Division and Second Division were put in the Second Corps, and the Third Division in the Sixth Corps. Thursday, March 31st, the troops had to pack up and go over near the Second Corps, and take the Third Division's camp, and the Third took the camp of the First.

I tell you, the soldiers are getting used to moving and building quarters. You see we move the last of March instead of the first of April, as they do North.

I suppose there will be something of a draft the middle of April. Well, send on those at home who are having easy times, while we are down here traveling with our knapsack and six or eight days' rations. But the boys are cheerful over it—always in good spirits. If it rains, or the mud is deep, or it is cold, you will see the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth at their post, and as lively as if all was fine and pleasant. They go along as if they were going home from a day's work in the North.

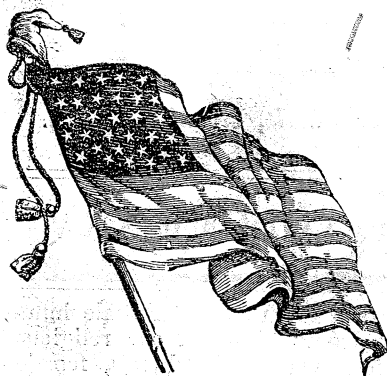
Our boys say Uncle Abe must settle this war; he is the man for President. Again, there are many that voted against him before who say he is their choice now.

Lee has Grant to face now, and if he is not careful Grant will serve him worse than he did Pemberton at Vicksburgh. You can look for stirring times down here next month. Then onward to Richmond, and we will go in then, too.

It has stormed here for two days past. The mountains in sight are white with snow, but it was a nice day here to-day. The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth is all right and ready for action, but I hope we won't have to go in any more battles. We have done our part, I think. The boys are afraid up North to come into the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, I believe, because we have been in so many battles.—H. D. P., in Press.

# Goshen Democrat

Goshen, Thursday Morning, July 9, 1863.



"Flag of the Free hearts hope and home !  
By Angel hands to valor given,  
The Stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven :  
Forever float that standard sheet,  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us ;  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's Banner streaming o'er us,"

## OUR REGIMENT, THE 134th.

It is hardly possible to command a degree of composure sufficient to write calmly of the events that have transpired within the few days of this birth month of the nation. We had keenly felt the degradation of having our soil polluted by the tread of malignant hordes, coming with the bold, defiant front of unconquered rebels, relentless, and determined on a vital thrust at the National heart. Uneasy, and at times dependent of successfully resisting the attacks of a wily foe, whose approaches were cunningly concealed, and whose designs could not be penetrated, we were the more electrified by news of victory, than we could have been depressed by rumors of defeat. Our hearts once more made buoyant with hope and lifted in gratitude to the God of Battles, for having brought to nought the machinations of those conspiring against us, we nestled for a brief while in the new born luxury of emotion attendant upon triumph ; alas, how brief the time, each one can tell by the date of the intelligence next received. When the fate of our cherished regiment became known, the victory was almost forgotten, displaced by the agony of certainty that its brave leader had fallen, his fellow officers many of them slain, its ranks so sadly thinned, and its list of wounded so terribly lengthened. "The brave Col. ELLIS is killed" sounded like a death knell through this town, and strong men

shivered with emotion at its repetition. Can it be so ? was the question incredulously reiterated from mouth to mouth, and manly hearts sank down in sorrow at thoughts of the bitter separation.— He seemed to have become ours by adoption, his name a household word, a military guardian of so many husbands, sons and brothers. Never can we forget his noble form, as he moved among us during the days of recruiting, or cease to remember the impressive spectacle on the presentation of colors, how he bore the Flag aloft and declared that if it did not come back, it would be because the hand that held it was palsied in death. And so it is, the hand that was raised in our defence is powerless to move, sealed the lips and hushed the voice that was used to command, and that quivering, beating heart, so intent upon great achievements lies still, while the work of wicked war goes on. We have lost a man of might, an able commander, in our attempt to resist the demands of that blood stained faction "whose houses are built by unrighteousness, and their chambers by wrong, that useth their neighbors' service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."\* Let all who would more highly value the sacrifice he made, go and see the earthly paradise he left on the banks of the Hudson, to say nothing of the higher attractions in the domestic circle ; all for the love he bore his insulted banner.

At the same time that he fell, and associated with him in the same work, fell the humane, gentlemanly, polished CROMWELL. Had his life alone been asked as a ransom to save from destruction the hundreds composing the regiment, it would have been costly, and we should have lamented the dreadful necessity, how much more when we know that young Capt. NICOLL too has been added to the gory sacrifice ! Who can think of the sudden extinction of these young lives without agitation ? or smother his indignation against the assailing hand that has so nearly annihilated our noble regiment.

All honor to the fallen braves that sleep in silence beneath the green turf, or who stand as a living remnant of dauntless courage in the face of the foe, and to those who are separated by compulsion of sickness and wounds from

participation in the glorious onset.— They have all learned too well the lessons of enduring courage from the lamented Ellis, ever to shrink in cowardice, or to need any prompting to a steadfast and standfast career. Weep we must, when we turn to the hill now crowned with harvest, and people it again with the representatives of stirring manhood that covered its sloping sides not one year ago, and think of the patriotic aspirations that have been quenched in the darkness of individual graves. They have proved the embodiment of all that is noble. Our enemies themselves being judges, none have exceeded the "Orange Blossoms" in valor and endurance.

At the time we write, we have not the particulars in regard to the casualties in our regiment, neither do we know the precise manner in which Col. Ellis, Maj. Cromwell and Capt. Nicoll, met their deaths. We only know that they were where the battle raged fiercest, and fell where the true soldier, if fall he must, most delights to fall—at the post of greatest danger in the front with faces to the foe.

The Newburgh Journal of Monday,

\*Jeremiah, 22, 13.

contains the following in regard to the 124th :

**KILLED**—Colonel Ellis, Major Cromwell, Captain Isaac Nichols of the Washingtonville Company, Lieutenant Milner Brown of Company I.

**WOUNDED**—Lieutenant-Colonel Cumming, Lieutenant James Denniston (in the arm,) James Finnigan, and Acting Color Sergeant Samuel McQuaid.

McQuaid was shot in the right arm, and the colors tell ; he seized them with his left hand and endeavored to raise them, but fainted from pain and loss of blood. Lieutenant Greer then caught the colors, planted them in the ground, and the regiment rallied round them.

The regiment went into the fight on Thursday two hundred and eighty strong, and came out with about eighty—which number will be increased by the return of men separated from their companions by one cause and another.

Major Cromwell leaves a young wife to mourn his heroic but untimely demise.

## ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

### FROM THE 124th REGIMENT.

We take the following extract from a private letter, published in a recent number of the Newburgh Journal :

NEAR GETTYSBURGH, Pa., July 3, 1863.

When at Frederick, on the 29th ult. I wrote you a note, which I mailed at the same place, informing you of my position. I had to give out on the march, partly used up. I did not reach the regiment until the 3d, just as a terrible battle was going on, which lasted from daylight until six o'clock in the evening. Our right was not then engaged, but before finding it, all that could hear of it was that it was engaged in the action, and that I would find it in the front. I searched along the front for some two hours, and finally learned that it was at the rear ; went to the rear, and found it had been engaged the day before in one of the hardest contested battles ever fought. It stood in a life-and-death struggle for two hours and forty minutes. The brigade was commanded by Colonel Berdan, of the sharpshooters. They kept at bay, during this time, five solid lines of battle of the enemy, estimated by some at ten thousand. Colonel Ward congratulated the boys after coming out, told them that they had won the Kearney badge, that he never saw men stand fire so well. Our regiment lost heavily, according to its number—twenty-two killed and fifty-nine wounded. We lost all our field officers—Colonel Ellis and Major Cromwell killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings wounded. Ellis is a sore loss to us ; while he was with us, I consider we had a father, but now he is gone. A braver man never lived. He and the Major both got killed while leading the little regiment on a charge. The last words he was heard to say were, "Give it to them, my tulips !" This, and "my Orange blossoms," were favorite names he always called us by. But now he is gone, no more to be seen at the head of our little regiment that he took so much pride in. His and the Major's bodies were sent home in charge of Lieutenant Ramsdell. Orange County cannot do to their remains too much honor.

But, sir, it was a complete victory.—Never during the war was such obstinate fighting done on both sides for three days. Both armies contested the little space of ground in which the fighting took place. The enemy's prisoners say they were led to believe that it was the raw militia they had to contend against. They suffered terribly in killed and wounded. Yesterday I



walked over some of the battle-field, and had to pick my steps to avoid walking over their dead. To say they lay thick, would be only giving a faint idea of it; mangled masses of flesh, both of men and horses, lay in every direction. Our men were busy all day yesterday in burying the dead. The stench of the battle-field is awful.

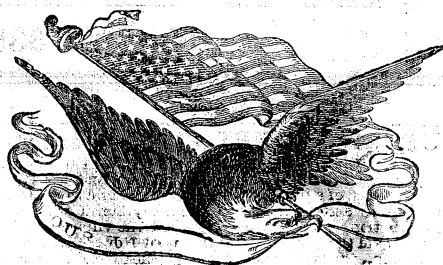
Our troops are in the highest glee over the result of the past few days.— We are in hopes that Lee's army is as good as destroyed. He must be in a terrible fix about now. Our boys met him on even footing, and not behind his breastworks as at Fredericksburgh, or in the wilderness at Chancellorsville, and the result is known. He may make another stand. If he does, which I think he will be forced to do, he will find the "Demoralized Army of the Potomac" is anxious and ready to meet him. He boasted some time since that he would spend the fourth of July in Pennsylvania, but that National anniversary found him in full retreat with our shell making music at his rear.

Captain Weygant now commands our regiment. We now number about one hundred and sixty-five men. It is gone. Yours, J. HARTNETT.

## Daily Journal.

Newburgh, N. Y.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 19, 1863.



Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your Native Land!"

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF  
**Major JAMES CROMWELL,**

OF THE

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York Volunteers,  
KILLED AT GETTYSBURGH.

Major Cromwell was acknowledged by all who knew him to be a remarkable man. Acting ever with a high purpose and firm resolve, he had reached a point at the end of twenty-three years to which few again in three score and ten. Associating ever with companions older than him-

self, and spending as he did the last ten years of his life away from home and home influences, he became a man sooner than usual and had acquired at the time of his death wisdom much beyond his years.

So beautiful was his character and so noble his acts that if I were to describe both worthily the reader perhaps would think this sketch written merely with the purpose of praising. The record of what he did will show plainly enough what he was.

As I think too that most would be more interested in a detailed account of his military career than in that of any other part of his life, and as his boyhood simply showed the germs of those noble qualities which he afterwards displayed in maturity, I shall speak but briefly of the Major's youth.

James Cromwell was born at Cornwall, N. Y., January 4th, 1840. He was the third son of David and Rebecca Cromwell, (Rebecca Bowman before her marriage). His ancestors on both sides were English, his father being descended from a brother of the Protector, and his mother herself an English woman. He was of Quaker parentage, and remained himself a member of that society until he entered the army.

As a boy he was universally beloved, and the leader in all he undertook. Full of daring and spirit, he entered into all youthful sports to their fullest extent. He could ride a horse, row a boat, swim or skate with the smartest of his fellows. Yet though he had all the energy of a frolicsome boy, he early manifested that thoughtfulness for which he was afterwards remarkable. There are some who from their early youth seem to have stamped on their faces the nobleness of their character—the sure promise of future worth. One could hardly glance at James Cromwell without immediately becoming interested in him. His large eyes, high forehead, and the firm expression about his mouth, immediately assured you that there was much beneath so fine an exterior. Every look and act of the boy showed a constant observation and reflection, and above all a purity of mind which must in time produce good results. If he was eager for play, he was equally eager for study. Though he led his companions outside of the school room, he led them also within it. A favorite alike with teachers and pupils, his youth was the brightest I have ever known.

An incident of his school days will perhaps most strikingly exemplify his perfect calmness, as well as his unselfish heroism in time of danger. He was skating one day with some classmates upon the Hudson River, when one of their number, venturing too far, broke through the ice. Teachers and pupils alike were in consternation, and it seemed impossible to save the drowning boy. Some skated to the shore for planks and ropes; others were content with shouting words of encouragement; but in the meantime the boy was freezing and must soon sink. Cromwell had no sooner seen the danger than he was resolved to save his friend or perish with him. Throwing himself down upon the ice, he began to creep out. "Go back!" cried the drowning boy. "Go back, Jim; you cannot reach me and will only break through yourself." "No, Will," answered the young hero, "I will save you or drown with you." In a few moments Cromwell had reached his friend, drawn him out, and was returning with him to the shore.

At the age of fourteen he was sent away from home to College Hill, Poughkeepsie; there, for the first two years, he devoted himself to the study of language, and acquired by great industry and perseverance a good knowledge of Latin, French and German. During the first term of his third year at this school his eyes became weak, and he was forced to spend the summer of 1857 on his father's farm at Cornwall. There he manifested a fondness for country life which ever after continued to increase and to which he often referred.

On his return to Poughkeepsie the following winter he applied himself to mathematical studies, and during the next year mastered geometry, trigonometry and a part of surveying. He now discovered in himself a taste for mathematics, which both he and his friends wished to indulge. He consequently entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy in June, 1858. There he straightway took a high rank in his class, and his topographical and mechanical drawings show unusual ability in the branch of study he had chosen.

Nor did he only stand high in the prescribed studies of an Institute course. Those same qualities which had won respect and esteem throughout his previous life, here made him first in the love of his fellows. If his head was much admired, his heart was more so. He was elected "permanent president" of his class.

He surely is not the successful student, whose whole life is between the covers of a difficult book. The good scholar should also be a good man; he should remember that there is a nobler aim for God's children than the mere filling of the brain, and that in him as well as others mankind look for "the heart of love and spirit of kindness." This James Cromwell knew, and this he ever kept before him.

It was during his residence at Troy that the subject of this sketch made the acquaintance of Miss Anna W. Barton, to whom he was married shortly after joining the army.

The firing on Fort Sumter aroused in James Cromwell all the indignation natural to a heart so full of truthfulness and patriotism. Firm in his conviction that he ought to fight for a Government he loved so well, he saw the greatest obstacles in his way. On one side was she for whom his love amounted almost to adoration. On the other, a widowed mother nearly three score and ten, together with brothers and sisters whose cup of sorrows had already nearly overflowed.

He would also, by entering the army, oppose the teachings of that religion to which his friends adhered, and under whose influence he had been brought up. Nothing bade him go but the call of duty; to him that call was more than all else. "Bid me stay," he often told his friends, "and there is an end of the matter; but remember that while I obey you I will be neglecting a solemn call from God and my country, a course which would sadly affect the whole course of my life." One answer could come to such an appeal, and one only, "Go, and God bless you."

He did go; and of all our noble martyrs that have been called from "works to rewards," none went forth to battle with more Christian purpose or with braver heart than James Cromwell. After once reaching the seat of war, he maintained until his death a cheerful faith in the success of the

cause and his own return.

In a letter to his wife he says: "Cheer up, my darling, a final success and happy return will reward all our hardships. You are the bravest soldier of the two."

And again he writes to his mother, "Be of good cheer my dear mother, and try to support my wife; remember if I live, it will be to return home happy in the thought of having performed a high and solemn duty; and if I fall, it will be in the noblest cause the world ever saw, and with the blessings of God and my country upon me." He did fall; and may God grant that the memory of that devoted husband and father, that dutiful son, that noblest of brothers be ever with his afflicted friends urging each to follow his course onward and upward and be like him, "a hero in the strife."

His remains were brought immediately to his home by the great kindness and perseverance of Lieutenant Ramsdell, of Newburgh, and were interred in Friends' Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I.

Subjoined is a complete account of the Major's military services, by a Captain of his Regiment.

The late Major James Cromwell, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment of New York Volunteers, at the breaking out of the great Rebellion in 1861, was a student in the Rensselaer Institute, at Troy, N. Y. Earnest in his belief that the government should be supported and maintained by all the power at his command, and feeling that his mathematical and scientific studies had fitted him for usefulness in the army, by hard study he graduated as civil engineer a month in advance of his class, and eager to draw his sword for all he loved and revered, offered his services at once to his country. Beguiled by flattering promises he waited several months, daily expecting to be called to the field, until at length after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, sick of delays, he determined to recruit a company of volunteer cavalry. This was a serious undertaking for a young man who had spent his last two years in student life, and was consequently untried and known to the outside world only as a boy, but his energy and perseverance overcame all obstacles, and he became Captain of a fine body of men, recruited in all parts of the State from New York City to the St. Lawrence.

His company was mustered into the service as Company D of the Second Regiment, of New York Cavalry, at Troy, N. Y., and left for the seat of war early in November, 1861. During the ensuing winter his regiment was at camp of instruction near Washington, D. C., where Captain Cromwell was remarkable among his brother officers for his constant attention to the comfort and welfare of his men and the strict justice of his company discipline.

His leisure hours during that muddy winter were devoted to the study of his new profession, and at the opening of the spring campaign, he was an accomplished soldier, eager to test his merit in the field. At this time, however, recent successes induced the belief that more troops than necessary were already under arms, and a short sighted policy led to the mustering out of several regiments of cavalry not yet mounted, among these was the Second New York, in which Cromwell was Captain—seeing no chance of employment in the cavalry, and still anxious to continue in the service, he made arrangements to secure a Lieutenantancy in a battery of light artillery which was in want of men.



His reputation in his old regiment had enabled him to obtain its best men as recruits for this purpose. But after a visit to the Secretary of War, meeting with no encouragement in his new enterprise, his services being rejected he returned with feelings of bitter disappointment to his home in Cornwall. He had not rested long when his country's sore need roused him again to such action as became the hour. At the President's call for three hundred thousand volunteers, he was made at once a member of the War Committee of his Congressional District, and applied himself vigorously to recruiting a company in his native town.

Strange difficulties were in his way, as several of the leading men of the place were perversely opposed to the success of his patriotic enterprise. Led away by political animosity and prejudice in which Cromwell had no share; and still regarding him perhaps as an enthusiastic boy, they used all their influence to prevent his success, which they supposed they might do with impunity. As soon, however, as their opposition proceeded to overt acts the boy's hand fell heavily on them with the fearless grasp of a man. A cowardly town constable failing him, he personally arrested the most notorious and compelled them to beg his mercy, which he granted after they had taken an oath of allegiance to their Government and rendered substantial aid to the work of recruiting. After this "touch of his quality," the ranks were rapidly filled, and on August 15th, 1862, his full company was mustered in the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry, then being organized at Goshen, Orange County, under Colonel A. Van Horne Ellis. Shortly after, with the full approval of Colonel Ellis, he was nominated by the War Committee as Major of the new regiment, and commissioned as such at Albany, August 20th, 1862.

The regiment was filled and mustered into the service on the 5th of September following, and left Goshen the next day en route for Washington. On its arrival it was sent at once into Virginia and stationed a few weeks at Arlington Heights. From there it was sent to Minor's Hill to drill and perform outpost duty along the Leesburgh turnpike, that part of the lines being then threatened as was supposed by Stuart's cavalry. The young Major soon mastered the tactics and details of service of the arm to which he now belonged, and was relied on for the performance of all duties and in all emergencies.

After being about a month at Minor's Hill the regiment joined the Army in the field near Harper's Ferry, and was among the first of the troops to cross the Potomac at Berlin; an incident here strikingly displays the Major's character. The crossing was effected in a severe north east rain storm which continued during the night. The regiment bivouacked in a muddy corn-field and without fires suffered every discomfort imaginable. In a farm-house at no great distance, numbers of officers of adjoining regiments found shelter; but not so with the Major and Colonel Ellis. Resolved to share the hardships and privations of their men, and teach them by example to endure all things cheerfully—the unusual circumstances made no exception to their rule of duty—but without even a tent to shelter them, they slept that night in the open field with the regiment, seeking only such protection as

was afforded by their blanket and a bundle of water-soaked cornstalks.

This was characteristic of both of these officers, and their unflinching fortitude cheered the brave hearts that followed them through many a bitter storm and weary march. On the march the Major was always at his post in the rear of the column where no straggler could escape his watchful eye and strict discipline, and his justice was equalled by his kindness; encouraging the weary and foot-sore, he often dismounted to march in the heat and dust that a sick soldier might ride his horse, and in addition carried the rifle of another too feeble to bear the load.

The only affair of importance on the march from Berlin to Falmouth, Virginia, was a skirmish in Manassas Gap. Here the regiment passed over the Blue Ridge, climbing up and down in single file for five or six miles in order to get in the rear of the enemy stationed in the Gap so as to cut off his retreat, but the movement was unsuccessful, the enemy having retired precipitately.

The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth was first under heavy fire at Burnside's attack on the heights of Fredericksburgh, but not actively engaged, being held as a reserve to support batteries, &c. It remained on picket on Monday night while the rest of the army re-crossed the river, being the last of all the troops that passed the pontoon bridge next morning after broad daylight.

The succeeding winter was uneventful, except in the famous mud march when Burnside's second attack was foiled by a severe and continuous rain storm which rendered the roads impassable. During the long winter in camp at Falmouth, the Major was constant in the performance of all his duties and in his care for the men. After visiting the sick in the hospital and in their tents, speaking encouragement and providing from his private means the little luxuries which are so grateful to the sick soldier far from home and friends.—Throughout the regiment he was universally respected and beloved. [NOTE.—A correspondent of a Newburgh paper at this time styles him "the father of the regiment."]

As spring advanced, the Major became impatient for the opening of the campaign. With full confidence in the ability of the Army of the Potomac to cope with the enemy, and in the military genius of its leader, he longed for the time when the memory of past defeat should be lost in the glory of victory. With such hopes and feelings he went with the regiment to Chancellorsville, and his spirit seemed to communicate itself to all under his command.

The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York, like most of Whipple's Division of the Third Corps, of which it formed a part, here for the first time met the enemy in desperate conflict, and none fought more fiercely or with more enduring courage in that bloody battle of the 3d of May, 1863; and among those who never flinched in the hottest of the fight, Cromwell showed himself the bravest of the brave. He led a charge on foot full thirty paces in advance of his men, cheering them to gallant deeds. The next day, when the army had retired to a stronger position, the Major superintended the construction of rifle pits under fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were concealed in the treetops of the adjoining woods. By their deadly bullets General Whipple was killed at the door of

his tent. Numbers of the men were killed or wounded, and every officer who exposed himself was a target for rifles. In this most trying position the Major, unconcerned for his own safety,

moved about wherever his presence seemed necessary, standing indifferently in the ditch or on the parapet and directing all as coolly and quietly as if he were overlooking work in a flower garden with war a thousand miles away.

After Hooker's retreat across the Rappahannock, he was President of a Board of Survey to investigate the losses of public property in Whipple's Division. In this his industry and energy displayed themselves as in all else that he undertook.

After resting nearly a month in the old camp at Falmouth watching the now threatening movements of the enemy, Colonel Ellis was sent with five hundred picked men from his own regiment and the Eighty-Sixth New York to accompany General Pleasanton's cavalry expedition against Stuart's forces near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. By forced marches the infantry reached Bealton Station nearly two days before the requisite cavalry and light artillery were concentrated there, and marched with them on the evening of the 8th of June to a bivouac about two miles from Beverly Ford on the Rappahannock. Early next morning the forces crossed the river, the advanced guard of cavalry concealed by a light mist, dashing through the ford and capturing the Rebel picket on the opposite bank. A complete surprise was effected or our troops could not have passed the ford, as it was commanded by long lines of earthworks and rifle pits. The enemy were driven fully two miles before they could make the least resistance. They then formed a strong line of squadrons with artillery in the intervals, and our advance having disastrously fallen into a deep ditch in which some were lost, had to retire a short distance to the cover of an open wood. At this point the small infantry force was brought up and deployed, while the enemy, hoping to scatter the unfortunate cavalry, dashed down in gallant style.

The men were ordered to lie down and keep themselves concealed with bayonets fixed, and when the charging squadron were within forty yards they suddenly rose, the rear rank firing a volley while the front rank showed their leveled bayonets.

The bold cavaliers sore surprised and discomfited went "fours about" and rode for their lives beyond the range of the avenging fire, and made no other charge upon that portion of the line held by the infantry that day. But the day's work was just begun. General Buford who commanded this division of our forces was opposed by vastly superior numbers, as another column, which crossed the river at a lower ford had not yet effected a diversion on the enemy's flank. To hold the ground already gained, the cavalry and artillery were disposed in the open country on the flanks while the infantry were ordered to hold at all hazards the wooded centre. This portion of the line was nearly two miles in length, on which account it was necessary to deploy the whole infantry force as skirmishers with extended intervals and but one or two small companies in reserve. The morning reception however, led the enemy to believe that the woods were held by a strong force, and for several hours they persistently shelled the position in rear of the skirmish line where they supposed strong reserves were