

**REMINISCENCES OF THE
NINETEENTH
MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649169023

Reminiscences of the Nineteenth Massachusetts regiment by John G. B. Adams

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN G. B. ADAMS

**REMINISCENCES OF THE
NINETEENTH
MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT**



John G. B. Adams.

"Follow the colors of the Nineteenth."—General Webb.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

NINETEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

BY CAPT. JOHN G. B. ADAMS.



BOSTON: WRIGHT & POTTER
PRINTING COMPANY, 18 POST
OFFICE SQUARE, 1899.



Copyright, 1899,
By JOHN G. B. ADAMS.

PREFACE.

For thirty-four years I have waited patiently for some one to write a history of the 19th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, but fearing that it may never be accomplished, I have concluded to send out this story. I do not dignify it by calling it a history. It is simply a soldier's story, told by one of the "boys." Most of it is written from memory. The account of prison life is taken from an imperfect diary, kept by the writer while a prisoner of war.

I sincerely hope the publication of this volume will inspire other comrades, and that from the memories thus evoked some one may gather further material whereby the deeds of the men who so bravely followed the flags of the State and Nation for four long, weary years may be preserved.

JOHN G. B. ADAMS.

Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

At the breaking out of the war I was a resident of the quiet but patriotic town of Groveland. Sumter had been fired upon and all was excitement. I could not work, and on the 18th of April, 1861, walked to Haverhill with my elder brother and Mark Kimball. We went to the armory of the Hale Guards, who were making active preparations to march, and I returned home that night resolved to go with them if possible. The next day we walked to Haverhill again, and I at once interviewed Captain Messer, but was informed that the company was more than full, so I could not go with it.

I had said nothing to my brother or Mark of my intention, but as we were walking home I found that we all had the same desire, — to enlist at once. We talked the matter over and concluded that as Company A of the 1st Battalion of Rifles, an old militia company located in West Newbury, and then under arms, would soon be ordered away, we would join it. That night we walked to West Newbury (five miles), found the company at the armory in the town hall and enrolled our names. Company A was one of three that composed the 1st Battalion of Rifles, commanded by Maj. Ben. Perley Poore. They had been organized several

years and were known as "Poore's Savages." They were armed with Winsor rifles and sabre bayonets, the rifle and bayonet weighing about fifteen pounds. The uniform was dark green, trimmed with light green, and as I donned it for the first time it was hard to tell which was the greener, the soldier or the uniform. We had a peculiar drill. Most of it, as I can remember, consisted of running around the town hall in single file, giving an Indian war-whoop and firing into the corner of the hall as we ran.

I was a soldier now. I did not walk the streets as I had done, but *marched*, always turning "a square corner." People grasped me by the hand and congratulated me on my courage. (I did not see where the courage came in.) The Sons of Temperance, of which my brother Isaac and myself were members, presented us at a public meeting with two suits of underclothes and havelocks, housewives, testaments, etc., so that before we received our army outfit we had enough to load a mule.

We waited for orders to march, but none came, and from being heroes we began to be looked upon with disgust, and we were the most disgusted of all. As we would meet friends on the street they would say, "Is it not about time to have another public meeting to bid you fellows good-by?" or, "You will want some more shirts before you leave." So mortified did we become that, instead of marching down through the village to drill, we sneaked away through a back street.

The company began to get demoralized. Men were leaving every day, going to other States or to regiments that had been ordered to the front. At last we rebelled, and sent our officers to the Governor with a vote passed by the company,