

Queen's Branch Hospital, Alexandria, and returned for duty Dec. 20, 1864. Mar. 28, 1865 he was again sent to the A. C. hospital at City Point, from thence to Mt. Pleasant, and finally to White Hall, Pa., where he was finally discharged. June 23, 1865. In Oct., '64, while in the Queen's Branch Hospital, the order came that all voters then in hospitals could go home on short furloughs to vote in the November presidential election. When a patient entered the hospital, a card, on which was written his name, age, Co. and Regt., disease and date of entrance, was placed on the end board of his cot. "I was then only 20 years of age. My partner, Tom, said "George, you can't go home and I can." "Well, I am going anyway" I replied. So I waited until late in the night when all the others except Tom were asleep, when I took my knife, carefully scratched out the "0" and made it "1" on the card. At that moment I heard the heavy tread of the hospital steward, accompanied by the surgeon, approach. Of course, I sank back and when they came near my bed, I was profoundly sleeping, looking out of the corner of my eyes at Tom and the surgeon. "How old is George?" asked the doctor. "He was 20 when he entered here" replied the steward. "Better make sure, for we furlough them to-morrow" commanded the surgeon. So the steward examined the card and read the "21." Then the doctor shook our mischievous sleeper: "George," no response; "George," no response. "I say, George, how old are you?" Drowsily George awoke and looked wonderingly about him, then rubbed his eyes, "Wish you'd go off and mind your own business." "You're not 21, are you?" chimed in the steward, "At least you were not when you came here." "Well, a fellow could have a birthday since then, could'nt he?" I asked. I could see Tom's bed just shaking all over; he was biting his tongue, trying to keep from laughing. The next day the surgeon read the names of those to be sent home; my name was on the paper but he did not read it, and after three days of trying I at last succeeded in getting home." At Bethesda Church he was wounded in left knee by gunshot. In front of Petersburg, while carrying canteens of water to his suffering comrades, he received a sunstroke. The spring was half a mile from the entrenchments, and a part of the way was directly exposed to direct fire of rebel sharpshooters; the day was fearfully hot, and the thirst of the weary soldiers was intense. Our comrade had made several trips that day for water, and in the glow of the evening he set out on his last trip, and on return to camp he fell senseless. His record as a soldier is a noble one, full of heroic service. On his return from the army he chose as a helpmate on life's hard journey Fanny M. Sill, daughter of John W. and Caroline (Searle) Sill. They were married July 4, 1866 at Hinsdale, N. Y. by Rev. Cherrynian. One son, Louis A., born April 14, 1878, came to complete this home. Mrs. Hackett was born April 1, 1846, and after nearly twenty-five years of faithful devoted

companionship, the wife and mother was called to the "better land." Sept. 4, 1892, at Hinsdale, occurred the second marriage of our comrade, to Eliza J. (Case) Williams, daughter of Philander and Mary (Sweet) Williams. David L. Hackett served in an Inf. regiment, and later in the regulars. Comrade George S. Hackett is a member of the A. O. U. W., Good Templars, and Baptist Church since 1868. He is the trusted engineer and fireman of the Dean & Spring Casket factory, and one of the honored men of Franklinville, N. Y.

PETER MESSINGER.

June 1, 1831 in the old town of Baden, Germany, a son was born in to the home of Christian and Phronicia Hoffman Messinger. He grew to be a strong, vigorous man; his father had served with Napoleon on the fatal Russian Campaign. His brother, John K. F., and himself were in the German Rebellion of 1848, he being on the rebel side. Sept. 14, 1855 he landed in New York City, and July 9, 1857, at Ole-an, N. Y., he was united in marriage to Catherine Bachman, who was born April 6, 1838 at Wurtenburg, Germany. Four children graced this union, Karl H. born June 4, 1858, Cora M. b. May 29, 1866, Emma b. Sept. 30, 1868, and Kittie b. Feb. 24, 1873. He was engaged as a mill-man on the out-break of the Civil War; he went to Killbuck, and Aug. 12, 1862 entered the ranks of Co. A, 154th N. Y. V. I., 1st Brig., 2d Div., 11th A. C. Having served in the German army, he was soon promoted to orderly sergeant. He was a participant at Fredericksburg, Mud Campaign, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, where, July 1, 1863, he was wounded through right calf by gunshot, taken prisoner by Longstreet's Corps. We will not attempt to picture the suffering of his 20 months imprisonment; he first went to Belle Island for seven months, and Feb. 19, 1864 was doomed to Andersonville, undergoing the horrors of this modern Hell till Aug., '64. His experience there is most touching; suffering with the black scurvy, both legs drawn up, his gums and mouth almost rotted away, he dragged himself each day down to the stream to drink; he was carried out to die, but with that terrible determination to live, because, as he said, "I didn't want to die among those rebs, I wanted to see the old Stars and Stripes once more." It was only this that kept him up. The rebels often asked him to enlist in their army; "I will rot here before I raise one finger against the old flag." On the approach of Sherman's army he was hustled to Savannah for six weeks, Black Sheer, two weeks, Milan for two months, Florence, two months, Salisbury for four days, Raleigh, 24 hours, and Mar. 1, 1865, at Goldsburg, he was paroled. He had entered the prison one of the most powerful men in the army, weighing 154 pounds, he came out weighing less than 100; June 21, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y., he was given his honorable discharge. He

returned home, a wreck of his former fine physique. The wife's brothers, Henry and Lewis Bachman, served in the German army. Com. Messinger's is one of those sunshine natures, and his devotion to the country in her hour of need shows the nobility of his nature, for even now he says, "I would go through it all again, if need be, to see the Stars and Stripes float over a united Nation." He has been a Mason since 1868, having taken the third degree. He holds a position of honor and trust as car inspector in the railroad yard. Sherwood Post is favored with his membership. He lives with his interesting family at Salamanca, N. Y.

SPENCER S. PEAKE

A son of Olive and Miranda (Strong) Peake, was born Sept. 30, 1832 at Delhi, N. Y., and settled in this county in 1854. He was engaged as a bookkeeper and had learnt the carpenter trade before the war. When the War began, he at once enlisted, April 14, 1861, in the three months service and later sworn in for a longer period, in Co. K, 85th N. Y. V. I., 4th A. C. He was the first private to enlist in his company, and before the close of his service was promoted to 2d Lieut. In July, '62 he was sick with the fever in field hospital near New Kent C. H., and for the greater part of the time was insane, sent to hospital at White House Landing on July 4, 1862, at Yorktown he came to for a time because of the roar of the cannons, and at last was sent to Portsmouth Grove, R. I., where he remained till Sept., 1862, rejoining his command at Newport News. They were immediately in action, skirmishing from Suffolk, thence to Newburn, N. C., where they wintered 1862-3. He was on the expedition to burn the railroad bridge near Goldsboro, being gone 21 days. From Newburn they moved to Plymouth, where forts were built and he was among the heroic defenders of this fort when the rebels laid siege to and captured it. He relates the story of the battle: "April 18, 1864, in the grey of the evening, the rebels attacked the fort; after a few volleys I was wounded in the spine and lay behind a log till after midnight, captured and sent to Macon, Ga., in the hospital six weeks, where he heard the guns of Sherman on his way to the Sea; from thence he was sent to Savannah and at last to Charlestown. "How glorious was the sight of the star-spangled banner engraven upon the clear emerald sky on that beautiful morning! There were tears of joy in our eyes as we beheld that flag floating so calmly above the forts at Wilmington. I shall never forget that sight." For six weeks he witnessed the bombardment under Gen. Gillmore, when the famous "Swamp Angel" did her noble work on the rebel forts. From thence he was transferred to hospital at Columbia, where he remained during the winter, having often to walk to keep from freezing to death; from thence he went to Charlotte,

and on Mar. 1, 1865 he went to Wilmington on the cattle cars, a terrible storm of sleet and rain came and he was almost exhausted when he reached his destination. Mar. 13, 1865 he was discharged from the service at Annapolis, Md. Feb. 9, 1870 he was united in marriage to Louisa A. Fay, daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe M. (Shaver) Fay. She was born Dec. 27, 1838 at Hinsdale, N. Y. Four children have hallowed their home ties, E. Earle b. Nov. 17, 1870, Mearle B. b. Dec. 21, 1877, Lua A. b. Nov. 18, 1872, and Lillian E. b. June 21, 1874. His uncle, Elijah Peake, was in war of 1812; wife's brother, Walter M. Fay, Co. K, 85th N. Y. V. I., died of fever on hospital ship near Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Com. Peake had the misfortune to have a log roll on his right foot, resulting in the amputation of that member in 1867. He is a farmer by occupation, and one of the honored men of his county; he may be addressed at Hinsdale, N. Y.

LYMAN THORNTON.

A son of Alonzo R. and Adaline (Steward) Thornton, was born Jan. 14, 1846 at Yorkshire, N. Y. He was aged 16 years when he enlisted July 29, 1862 at Schuylkill, N. Y. in Co. C, 154th N. Y. V. I., 3d Brig., 2d Div., 11th A. C. With this noble regiment he fought at Gettysburg, Lookout Mt., Missionary Ridge, Wauhatchie Valley, Manassas Gap, and the pursuit of the "Johnnies" from Missionary Ridge to Knoxville. In May, 1863 he was in hospital at Acqua Creek for one month on account of diarrhea, and in Nov., 1864 was in hospital at Nashville, later at Cincinnati, and from there received a furlough, returning to command in Spring of 1865 at Raleigh, N. C. Comrade Thornton was considered the best "Jay-hawker" of the 154th N. Y. Many are the stories he can tell of the foraging. He relates one: "We had been marching all day and of course were tired and hungry. Our Colonel dropped back, and in a low tone, said to me, "I haven't any thing to eat for supper." "Colonel, I'm powerful tired, but I'll try. So I lagged behind and soon fell out of ranks, then took it cross country about a mile, came to a farm house. Two fat turkeys strutted in the yard; I entered the house; two women were sitting there. "How much for your turkeys?" I asked. "Ten dollars" was the reply. "All right, go get them." While they were gone, I rummaged the house and found some meal and other stuff, put it in a bag and set it down by the door. They soon returned, bearing the two fowls with legs tied together. "How much for this," I pointed to the bag on the floor. "Four Dollars." "That makes fourteen don't it?" Shouldering my bag and taking the turkeys by the legs I said, "Charge it to Uncle Sam, if you are loyal, you will get your pay," then marched off." After he had served his country faithfully, he was given his honorable discharge June 11, 1865 at Washington. Nov. 12, 1865, at Machias, N. Y., he