

"More Dead Than Alive"

Experiences of a Falmouth Boy in Rebel Prisons

Frederick T. Turkington

More than a quarter of the Falmouth men who served in the Army or Navy during the Civil War were together, for much of three years, in a single unit: Company H, 38th Volunteer Infantry Regiment.

When President Lincoln issued the call for three-year volunteers, 31 Falmouth men traveled to Monument, now Buzzards Bay, to take the train to New Bedford. Then, as now, the Army required physical exams for its recruits. Four of the Falmouth contingent were turned down. One of them, 32-year-old Leonard Doty, had a minor physical problem corrected. He went back, and was accepted. Elijah Swift was commissioned a lieutenant, and made regimental quartermaster.¹

The 27 Falmouth men who reported on August 18, 1862 to Camp Stanton in Lynnfield were William H. Bolles, James N. Parker, William E. Davis, Benjamin L. McLane, Reuben E. Phinney, George W. Swift, James H. Baker, Silas R. Baker, Joseph A. Chadwick, Joseph R. Crocker, Andrew W. Davis, Henry O. Davis, John W. Davis, Leonard Doty, Timothy F. Doty, Cornelius H. Fish, George W. Fish, Robert Grew, Jehiel H. Fish, Augustus E. Foster, Charles E. Hamblin, Bartlett Holmes, Ezra S. Jones, Horace E. Lewis, Walter T. Nye, James M. Davis and Perry W. Fish.

With the other companies of the 38th, Company H went first to a camp near Baltimore, where they drilled and learned the soldier's trade.

A series of articles on Falmouth in the Civil War which appeared in the Falmouth Enterprise in the summer of

1961, researched and written by John T. Hough, includes a history of the 38th Regiment and its Falmouth men. They were, for a year and a half, on or near the lower Mississippi, where climate and disease caused many more casualties than the Confederates. They took part in the abortive siege of Port Hudson and in many minor fights.

Of the Falmouth men in Company H, Jehiel H. Fish, George W. Fish, Horace F. Lewis, Timothy F. Doty, Ezra N. Jones and Walter S. Nye died of disease in Louisiana. Augustus F. Foster died of wounds outside Port Hudson.²

When the regiment left Louisiana on July 20, 1864, just nine of the original Falmouth soldiers of Company H were aboard the transport *Karnack* bound for Washington. Others had been sent home sick, or were hospitalized.

From then on their war was in Virginia, the Shenandoah Valley, for battles at Opequon Creek on September 19 and at Cedar Creek a month later, and for the barn-burning that marked Sheridan's campaign there. They did guard duty in Savannah, Georgia, and in the Carolinas. They wanted no more fighting, and got none. The war was winding down.

It was not until June 3, 1865, that the orders came for the 38th to go home. Aboard the steamer *Fairbanks* they headed north, bound for Boston, but stopping at Holmes Hole (Vineyard Haven) to pick up a pilot and anchor overnight. On Thursday, July 13, they lined up for eleven months' pay and their honorable discharges.

There were receptions for the veterans at Cambridge and at New Bedford. The next day six men traveled home to Falmouth together, the last of Company H. Among them was Corporal George Washington Swift, who had rejoined his company at Savannah after months as a prisoner of the Confederates.

Life in a Prison Camp

"Experiences of a Falmouth Boy in Rebel Prisons" by George Washington Swift was published as a small pamphlet, approximately four by four and a half inches, unpaginated, by The Independent Press, Falmouth, Mass. in 1899. (973.78897 in Falmouth Public Library.)

It was in large part reprinted in a series by John T. Hough on the Civil War centennial in *The Falmouth Enterprise*, on Page One-A August 25, 1961, and Page Three-A, Tuesday, August 29, 1961.

The booklet starts with a brief resume of the vicissitudes of the 38th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment during two years of campaigning along the Mississippi. Then came the voyage north. Here are some excerpts:

We were ordered to the Department of the Upper Potomac, to help drive the rebel army out of the Shenandoah Valley, under the command of the gallant Phil Sheridan. On the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, when Sheridan made his famous ride to Winchester, I, with twelve thousand more, was captured and we were at once sent under guard to Richmond, held there two weeks and then forwarded to the prison pen at Saullisbury (sic), N.C., and were confined in that detestable death pen.

On our arrival at the prison pen, which was in a hard rain storm, we entered in the night. Seven of my company selected a spot under some trees, spread down our rubber blankets and three woolen ones and,

Two Battles in the Valley

Corporal Swift was wounded September 19, 1864, the day of a signal victory for Union troops in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. That evening, General Philip H. Sheridan sent this telegram to General U.S. Grant:

"I attacked the forces of General (Jubal) Early at the crossing of Opequon Creek, and after a most stubborn and sanguinary engagement, which lasted from early in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening, completely defeated him, and drove him through Winchester (Va.), capturing about 2500 prisoners, five pieces of artillery, nine military flags and most of their wounded."³

Then Sheridan's troops devastated the lovely Shenandoah Valley, burning over 2,000 barns filled with wheat, hay or farming implements and over 70 mills and driving off some 4,000 head of stock and 3,000 sheep.

Sheridan reported to Grant: "When our work here is completed, the Valley, from Winchester up to Staunton, will have little for man or beast."⁴

There is no doubt that was exactly what General Grant, by now anxious to bring the war to a close, had in mind. His instructions had been "to turn the Shenandoah Valley into a barren waste . . . so that crows flying over it for the balance of this season will have to carry their provender with them."⁵

George W. Swift was captured and began his stay in a Southern prison camp on the day of another Union victory. The day began with a surprise Confederate night attack. Sheridan's army was encamped behind Cedar Creek, 20 miles from Winchester, Va., its commander away in Washington for a high-level conference on strategy. General Sheridan had returned to Winchester the night of October 18, 1864, and was puzzled at breakfast by the ominous rumbling of artillery off to the south. Four Confederate divisions

under Early had launched a successful dawn attack on the two left-flank Union divisions.

"The surprise was complete. The rudely-awakened bluecoats fell back on the next two divisions, communicating their panic, and causing the whole Army of the Shenandoah to retreat in a rout four miles down the valley after losing 1300 prisoners and four guns."⁶

Sheridan saddled up and began his ride into legend. He swore at and somehow inspired the defeated stragglers from the debacle of the morning. By dozens and then by hundreds they turned to follow him, and he led them into line beside the men who had not run away. Sheridan drove them forward into an irresistible storybook charge. Early's army was defeated, routed, broken.⁷

Sheridan's performance was termed the most notable example of personal battlefield leadership in the war. It was conspicuous and it was timely. The presidential election was just three weeks away. One of the Republicans' best campaign documents was a poem, "Sheridan's Ride" written by Thomas G. Read, and read aloud to the rhythm of a galloping horse. It may have contributed to the re-election of Lincoln, over a peace democrat, George B. McClellan. It begins:

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away."

It ends:

"Still sprang from those swift hoofs, hurrying south,
The dust like smoke from a cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster."

lying down, thought of home and friends. But our slumbers were cut short by someone who had been in this hotel before us, and who, seizing our blankets, were soon lost in the darkness.

When we looked around us what a sight met our eyes! There were men that were once men in blue, who had been through many hard battles, but at this time they were mere skeletons in rags, their emaciated faces plainly telling that suffering and death were around us.

During the forenoon we were counted off in squads of one hundred under a sergeant; my partner, five of my company and myself keeping near together, as all soldiers have chums. We resolved to stick together and take care of each other in case of sickness. We were given a square piece of cloth which was once the fly for a wall tent. Our location was in sight of the dead-house and our habitation was similar to others, after we had dug a hole in the ground which we thought would afford us the greatest protection from the cold weather.

The hole was about ten feet long, four feet wide and two deep. On one side of this hole we constructed a chimney of mud bricks and here, in this rude hole, eleven of us poor mortals passed many weary and unhappy days; but it afforded us shelter and we contented ourselves as best we could.

Altogether too often for our welfare the winter in North Carolina was a miserable mixture of rain, sleet and cold which penetrated into the earth, and one night when it had been raining and the wind blowing, we heard sounds of our roof giving away. Suddenly the side of our hole commenced to cave in, the hole filled with water, the wind caught the piece of cloth, and we lost everything and felt as if it could never be replaced. Allow me to say that I was not the only one who shed tears that night.

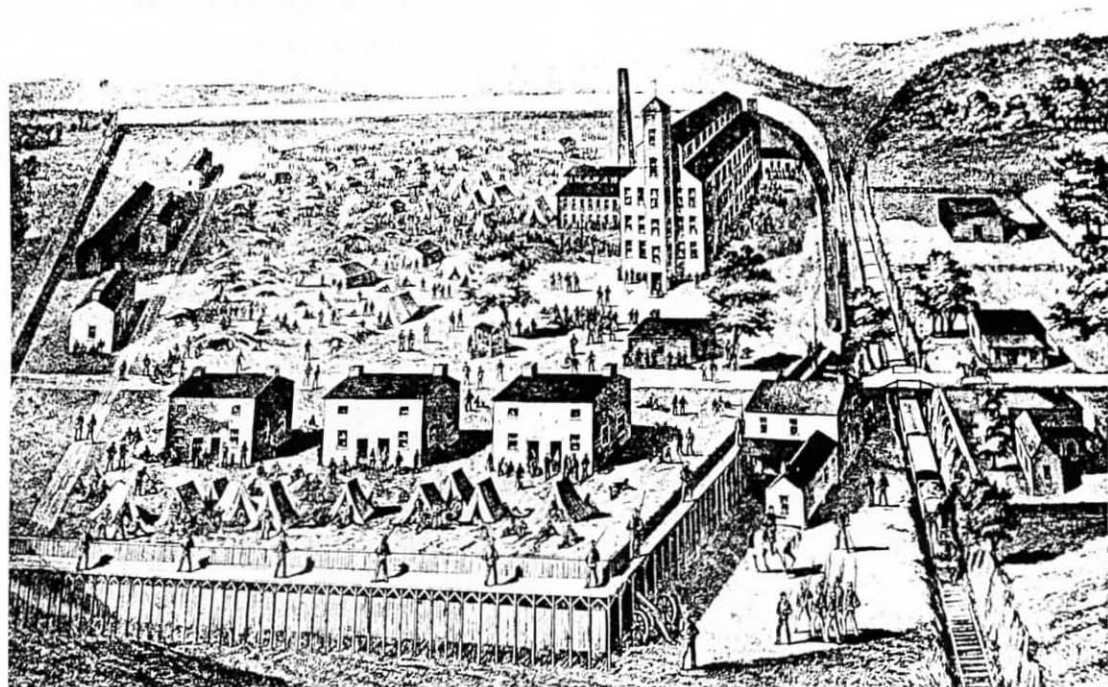
We were quartered in sight of the dead house. The poor prisoners were being picked up in all parts of the

prison, some dying and others dead, on whose countenances could be read the loss of hope, while their starved appearance gave them the most hideous and repulsive appearance. All day long could be seen their wasted and half naked forms carried by the guard or perhaps by some of their surviving comrades to the dead house, where they were piled like cordwood and from whence they were hauled in the dead wagon to the outside ditch that was to be the grave of the Union's noblest and bravest defenders.

But all this time something was going on which added to the suffering and misery that was constantly hurrying to their deaths hundreds of despairing and starving prisoners. It was the symptom of scurvy caused by want of nourishing food and comfortable shelter and was called by the prisoners by the very

appropriate name of bone-break fever. To those who have never experienced the pain of this bone-torturing disease it is useless to describe its effect. The disease was new to the men and affected each person differently. Some would sit down and mourn, hugging their knees close to their bodies; others would cry out in agony; others again would rave and curse, while some could be heard praying to be relieved of their torment and misery by death, which seemed to be mockingly near but indisposed to answer their prayers.

One would suppose that, in such a place and with so much visible poverty, there could not be anything of value. Yet, notwithstanding, there was a regular market where everyone was continually trading anything whereby they could obtain something to eat.



This 1864 picture of Salisbury prison was drawn by Charles A. Kraus, who served throughout the war as a member of the garrison. It shows the cut for the North Carolina railroad, crossed by the Bank Street Bridge to the main entrance to the prison camp. Courtesy Rowan Public Library, Salisbury, N.C.

The principal articles of barter which had the most value, especially to the rebel guards, were buttons and needles, which the guards would readily purchase by exchanging red peppers or onions, sometimes a potato and occasionally some meat or fat pork, but it was only very rarely that meat of any kind could be traded for.

As there was not water enough inside the enclosure to meet the wants for drinking and other purposes, a detail of prisoners was selected each day who, under guard, would march out at the big gate and down to the creek. There they would fill an old flour barrel which had holes cut through each side through which a stick was run and thus, with the ends of the pole on our shoulders and the barrel between us, we would march many times a day. As the water was very heavy, we were obliged to take a rest very often and during these halts the trading would be going on.

As the time went on and the number of prisoners increased, our rations dwindled to almost nothing and also fell off in quality, and there were days when no rations were issued at all. We seldom had meat and instead of bread, they gave us meal which contained all the chaff of the cob which, when eaten, would cause the most excruciating pain and diarrhoea which hastened many to their graves.

I have seen the rebel cooks stand within their enclosure and throw pieces of tripe over the fence to the starving prisoners. The small pieces would strike down on a crowd of eager comrades and the scramble which followed would result in a knock-down and no one would get the coveted piece of tripe, it being so small that it was jammed into the mud and still you could see them looking in vain for the prize.

As the time went on the prisoners thought of gaining their liberty. Even if successful in escaping from the prison, we were in an enemy's country, 100 miles from our lines. All through the day you would see squads of starving men talking together about getting out of this prison pen.

Abortive Prison Break

This is how the one attempt at a general prison break, described by George W. Swift, was recounted in a page-long story on Salisbury prison which appeared in the Greensboro, N.C. *Daily News* on November 8, 1936, written by Theresa Meroney Thomas:

"In the early part of 1864 the garrison of the prison, made up of senior reserves and a company of Alabama troops, was called away to the active army. In some unexplained manner this news was circulated among the prisoners, who immediately prepared for a general prison break. The few remaining guards were warned, but it was too late, for the break had already begun. Hastily dispatched messengers raced to overtake the departing soldiers and bring them back.

"The soldiers of the garrison had gone only a comparatively short distance when the messengers reached them. By marching at double quick they arrived in time to prevent the break from succeeding. In the furious hand-to-hand fighting that ensued, 506 prisoners were killed and 810 of the Alabama guards were bayoneted. The source from which these bayonets came has never been disclosed."

Up to this time the rebels had stationed several guards inside the prison. These guards with the regular fence guards that were constantly overlooking the prisoners were the ones to be attacked. It miscarried on account of an unfortunate incident.

A full Confederate regiment was to have been ordered to Richmond, their places at Salisbury filled by some senior and junior reserve troops which were composed of old men and young boys. The veteran regiment had struck tents and marched down to the station, and if the train had been on time would have been on their way to Richmond. The train, however, was late, and the prisoners thinking that they had gone, made every preparation to carry their plan to execution.

Just as a relief guard reached a small gate the leader of the plot, a small stout man, shouted out, so that he could be heard for quite a distance, "Now men! who is for liberty?"

In less time than it takes to tell it, the guns of the guards changed hands and the flash and report from one in the hands of a prisoner caused the guard immediately in front and on the fence to drop. A general rush was made for the big gate, but it so happened that we had to go right through the grounds where the first division was drawing and dividing their rations of rice soup.

They overturned their barrels and upset everything in their eagerness to get possession of the gate, but the first and second divisions knew nothing of the plan to escape and thought there was a raid made on their provisions. They became mixed up in a fighting, struggling mass, one side fighting for their rations and the other striving to reach the gate. This delay gave the rebels time to place a line of guards directly over the gate, and thus the plan was frustrated.

While all this was happening, news had reached the veteran regiment which was at the depot, and they at once returned to the prison. The guards and many citizens mounted the guard-walk and commenced to pour a murderous and indiscriminate fire among the unarmed prisoners, killing and wounding them by the score. This attempted outbreak, according to my recollection, occurred on or about Christmas Day, 1864.

One morning in February, 1865, it was rumored through the camp that General Sherman was marching through the country where we were located, and also, that we were all to be paroled. About 10 o'clock on this day we were told to fall in line, and you may be sure that we lost no time in obeying the command. After the line had been formed and we were counted off in fours, we were told to hold up our hand and promise not to straggle on the march from there to

the point of our delivery. Very soon after we were told to break ranks.

It was now rumored that General Sherman had gone past on another route and that we were to stay until after the war closed. We returned to our underground holes with the expectation of remaining there for some time to come. Towards the end of the day, however, we were again ordered into line, and when the line was formed the order was given to face to the right in one rank. It seemed like a dream going towards the narrow gate which we had entered many months before, but we kept on until we saw the head of the line going outside, and our hearts beat fast for fear that we should be cut off before we got out. As we neared the gate and were about to step outside, I felt that I could jump into the air and fly away.

At First They Played Baseball

In *The Salisbury Prison, A Case Study of Confederate Military Prisons, 1861-1865*, Louis A Brown records that the prison was developed around a large brick building, 100 by 40 feet and three or four stories high, constructed in 1839 as a steam cotton factory, but operated as such for only a few years. It stood on grounds of five acres, later enlarged to 11 acres. There were six other brick buildings—built as living quarters for the mill workers and later used as prisons for officers and a machine shop, which became what soldiers and prisoners alike called the "Dead House."

Surrounding it was a plank wall, 10 to 12 feet high, with an exterior walkway for the guards.

The first prisoners were Confederate deserters and others who had been court-martialed, civilians who had come under suspicion. After the first Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, the first Yankee prisoners were held there.



This large colored print entitled "Union Prisoners at Salisbury, N.C." was drawn from nature by Major Otto Boetticher and published by Saxony, Major and Knapp, in New York in 1863. It may well be the earliest baseball print. The only other known baseball print of this era was published by Currier and Ives in 1866, three years later. Courtesy Rowan Public Library, Salisbury, N.C.

The original garrison of the prison consisted of students of Trinity College, commanded by the college president, a minister. This garrison was soon replaced by regular guards, later organized as the 57th North Carolina Troop.

Outside the wall was a a prison hospital—a frame building with space for 40 beds. The *North Carolina Medical Journal* of May 1964 carried an article by Fred B. Weaver, M.D., of Winston-Salem. Records for December 1861 through March 1862 showed that 1,421 prisoners went on sick call, 251 were treated and three died. During the same period 509 cases of sickness were reported among the guards; three died.

In the early days of the war, prison conditions were not bad. Union prisoners were regularly exchanged for Southern men held in Union prisons, and the population at Salisbury grew only slowly. At times, prisoners were allowed to walk about the town, and a drawing of a ball game inside the prison walls at Salisbury shows that at first the prisoners were allowed to play baseball.

When prisoner exchanges were discontinued, the population of Salisbury prison grew rapidly, eventually to as many as 14,000 prisoners.

A National cemetery, which occupies part of the prison grounds, includes a monument showing that 11,700 men died there during the Civil War. The *Greensboro Daily News*, on January 10, 1971, cites Confederate records listing a total of 16,000 Union prisoners. Of these 300 escaped successfully and 5,356 died and were buried in trenches within the walls. Another 2,144 ended their captivity by joining Confederate forces, according to this account. However, these may have been Southerners, imprisoned for disciplinary reasons.

The prison at Salisbury ended when, in March 1865, a U.S. Cavalry division, under Major General George Stoneman, began raiding in the back country of North Carolina. The town was captured after a battle, and Stoneman's Yankees put the torch to the old Confederate prison on East Fisher street. A month earlier George Washington Swift and many other Union soldiers had been marched out, headed east and eventually to freedom.

We were marched out about one mile from the prison into the pine woods and halted. We were told that we would pass the night here and to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We first hauled down some of the pine trees around us and called it a tent, then we built a good fire and were given a ration of flour and salt which was baked by putting it on a stick and holding it over the fire. It seemed almost too good to be true, to sit by such a large fire and tell stories about what we would do when we got into our lines. It was impossible to sleep, and we kept getting up to put fresh wood on the fire. At last the rebel guard beat the drum and we fell into line for the day's march.

After we had started on our day's march it was plainly seen that we had undertaken more than we could bear, but the thoughts of having our liberty and going home prompted us to stagger along with great difficulty. Even after our hard day's march we had only traveled ten miles and this with more fatigue than I am able to describe.

On the third morning we were told that we were to rest for the day. This gave us new courage and a chance to renew our strength. On the fifth day out of prison there was a report that we could have a chance to ride, so we were marched out on to the road that would take us to Goldsboro, N.C., where we would have a chance to ride on the cars. We were placed on flat cars and commenced our first ride after having marched 40 miles under difficulties. Our ride on flat cars was very uncomfortable as we had to sit down around the edge, while others were sitting in between as close together as sardines in a box. But we were going home and we would not have appreciated a berth in a palace car any more than we did our open freight. At last we were started east, leaving Salisbury behind us forever.

We finally reached Raleigh and from there were taken to Goldsboro where, with a large number of other prisoners from other prisons in the South, we were marched out over the sandy soil for what was called

the camp for paroling prisoners. It was nothing but barren waste of sand. But at last the day had come when we would again see the beautiful colors of our flag, and never can I forget the time when from a tall flagstaff, waving in the wind, I saw the Stars and Stripes.

After we had satisfied our appetites with condemned hardtack and coffee, we were marched down the Cape Fear river at Wilmington, N.C., and were given quarters for about two weeks in an old building. During this time we feasted on Uncle Sam's rations, but it was a dangerous business, for we had become so used to small rations that many of my comrades who indulged too often died in the hospital. The temptations were so great that they could not be denied. Just think how we could feast on hardtack, coffee and salt pork for breakfast; pork, hardtack and coffee for dinner, and then for supper what we had left from dinner.

Soon Corporal Swift encountered some reminders of home. Walking along the wharves on the river he saw a vessel that hailed from Barnstable. The name seemed familiar to him, but he couldn't remember where it was. After a while "Cape Cod" came into his mind. A sailor confirmed that it was indeed Barnstable on Cape Cod; he himself came from Cotuit.

It turned out that the sailor had once served with George Swift's brother, and that aboard a large steamer close by was a man from Waquoit named Freeman Hatch. This was a boyhood friend of George Swift, whom he had last seen six months earlier at New Orleans. Going to the steamer, he asked for Mr. Hatch.

When Freeman came to the rail and looked down, I asked him if he knew me. After looking me over for some moments, he replied, "No, I don't."

"What," I ventured to say, "after you have known me all your life and saw me six months ago, and now not



George Washington Swift in what appears to be a post-war photo, the tattered flag a photographer's prop. Courtesy Falmouth Historical Society.

to know one of your own neighbors?" I saw it was useless to wait for recognition, so I said I was what was left of George W. Swift.

Invited aboard, he was soon enjoying his first bath in five and a half months, with warm water, soap and towels. There followed a meal aboard—at which he had difficulty trying to use a knife and fork so he ate with his fingers—and a change of clothes.

After about two weeks George Swift and his chum, Otis Phinney of New Bedford, who had been captured with him and shared the prison camp experience, were sent by steamer to Annapolis, making sure they had a supply of condensed milk, sardines and other luxuries for the trip.

At Annapolis every man had to go through a complete change of uniform. Swift wanted to keep his old hat that got a bullet through it at his capture, but the order was not to save anything, so he had to let it go.

Each former prisoner got a month's furlough and three months' extra pay.

You can imagine the joy unspeakable upon my arrival at my home. One cannot express his feelings at such a time, but I received all the honors of the occasion. After being at home several days, I heard with a feeling of relief the news of Lee's surrender, and knew that the war was over.

My furlough having expired, I bade my friends good-bye. I reported and was ordered to my regiment at Savannah. I found the boys in high spirits, waiting to be mustered out and sent home, which happened soon afterward.

I remember what a change had come over me. I had entered the army before I had received my growth, and up to the time of my capture by the rebels, had been in every march and battle with my regiment, and at the close of the war had come out of one of the prison pens

more dead than alive. I have never fully recovered my health but am happy in the thought that I did what I could for my country.

It was hard for me to find a calling that I could pursue for I found that my service and prison life had told on me. It was seven years before I partially recovered my strength.

The Postwar Years

George Washington Swift was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson H. Swift, who had a farm in Waquoit. He was 19 when he enlisted in the Army.

His military career is summed up in the state's registry of Civil War servicemen: "Swift, George W.—Private. Res. Falmouth, 19, blacksmith. Enlisted Aug. 13, 1862, mustered in Sept. 19, 1862; wounded Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va., as corporal; prisoner Oct. 19, 1864, Cedar Creek, Va.; exchanged March 12, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865."

The war over, George W. Swift married Elizabeth C. Jones on January 24, 1872. A son, Arthur William, was born in 1874, and a daughter, Adeline W., in 1876.

In later years he was commander of the B.F. Jones post No. 206, Grand Army of the Republic, which was formed in Falmouth in 1891. His name is not one of the 12 charter members of the post listed on the charter beside the former front entrance of the main library; he is number 31 among the members listed in the post's "Descriptive Book" at Falmouth Historical Society.

George W. Swift sold candy and cigars and rented bicycles in a little shop that used to stand where John's Shoe Store is today. The youngster who suffered in Salisbury prison had become a garrulous old man with flowing whiskers.⁹

With the irreverence of the young, the old man was called "Rebel Prison" Swift, and he occasionally liked to act the part. The late J. Edward Nickerson, a former Falmouth Selectman, told how Mr. Swift would enter Captain Sol Hamlin's grocery store and seize an old musket that was attached somewhere for decorative purposes, and with it go through his antique manual of arms.

On August 1, 1908, *The Falmouth Enterprise* reported:

"Mr. George W. Swift, a veteran of the Civil War, died suddenly of heart failure last Wednesday evening, aged 64 years, 4 months and 15 days. . . .

"Mr. Swift has since [the Civil War] engaged in various occupations in Sandwich and Falmouth. He always took great interest in the G.A.R. and was a past commander of the B.F. Jones post, No. 206, of this town. He is buried in Oak Grove cemetery."



The Grand Army of the Republic memorial at Oak Grove cemetery, Falmouth. The post was named for Benjamin Franklin Jones, one of Falmouth's whaling captains, who served in the Navy during the Civil War with the rank of acting master.

How Many Served?

Falmouth was not a large town at the time of the Civil War. Its population was listed as 2,456 in the 1860 U.S. census. It declined to 2,237 by the 1870 census.

In his Bicentennial address to the town on June 15, 1886, General John L. Swift, the orator of the day and a Falmouth native, said:

"In the Civil War Falmouth had from its resident citizens but two commissioned officers, of men it furnished 10 over its quota, though the greater number of Falmouth men were at sea when the war broke out. Of its own people, however, the town sent 138 for the army and 20 for the navy, and 100 men from other places."

Those figures are the same as those given in Simeon L. Deyo's *History of Barnstable County*, attributed to the Adjutant General of the Commonwealth.

There are local records of 81 Falmouth men who served in the Union Army or Navy. Sixteen of them died in the service.¹⁰ A bronze plaque on the wall of the rotunda in Memorial Library (Falmouth Public Library) bears names of 65 Falmouth men who served in the Civil War.

It was common practice, particularly in the later months of the war, for communities to hire substitutes to fill a draft quota, or families to pay for a substitute for a drafted man. In either case, they were credited to Falmouth. This probably accounts for the discrepancies in numbers.

A special town meeting held on August 2, 1862, voted a bounty of \$125 for each volunteer and an additional \$100 when he was regularly discharged. Private citizens added \$10 for each volunteer. The town expended \$20,154 for this, plus \$4,674 in aid for families of soldiers.¹¹

Frederick T. Turkington grew up on Long Island, N.Y., graduated from the Syracuse University School of Journalism and came to Falmouth in 1948. A town meeting member, he has served on the finance committee and conservation commission. Retired after 35 years with the *Enterprise*, he is active on the 300 Committee, wrote for *The Book of Falmouth*, and attends the Quaker meeting in West Falmouth. A member of the editorial board of *Spritsail*, he wrote *From Meeting House to Church and Town House* in the Winter 1988 issue.

Notes

1. Falmouth Enterprise, Friday, July 7, 1961, p. 1-A.
2. Enterprise, Tuesday, July 11, 1961, p. 3-A.
3. Shelby Foote, *The Civil War*, p. 778.
4. Peter J. Parish, *The American Civil War*, p. 426.
5. Bruce Catton, *A Stillness at Appomattox*, p. 275.
6. James McPherson, *Battle Cry of Freedom*, p. 779-780.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Enterprise, Friday, Sept. 1, 1961, p. 1-A.
10. Enterprise, Friday, Sept. 8, 1961, p. 3-A.
11. *Book of Falmouth*, p. 103-104.

Sources

- American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*, American Heritage Publishing Co., New York, 1960.
- A Stillness at Appomattox*, by Bruce Catton, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1963.
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