



# Brookline Historical Society

Incorporated April 29, 1901

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Fall Newsletter

Oct. 13, 1991

**Fall Meeting:** "Governing Massachusetts, a Personal View," with special guest, former Gov. Michael Dukakis.

**Sunday, Oct. 27, 3 p.m.** at the Baker School. Please mark your calendars.

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## **President's report**

Greetings! I hope you have had a good summer, Hurricane Bob notwithstanding. With one exception, the Brookline Historical Society had a good, easy summer. Regretfully, the Board of Trustees had to accept Helen Ryan's resignation as vice president. And that's the end of the bad news. All the rest is good.

Helen remains with us as trustee, and we have been lucky enough to get Christopher Crowley as the board's unanimously elected vice president. Chris Idzik, history teacher at Brookline High School, joins our board of trustees. Also good news from our treasurer, George Lezberg: Thanks to new membership and voluntary upgrading of dues from the rest of us, our income is ahead of last year at this time.

The Society also received the following gifts this summer:

1. From our own Paul Weiner, "Penman's Guide," by B.F. Foster (Perkins and Marvin, Boston, 1838) and a Palmer Method award pin. These will enrich our Putterham School collection. The school has been visited by classes from the Devotion School, and Lucy Robb's classes from the Park School have relived bygone Putterham schooldays there.
2. From our own Patricia Aisner, treasures from her late husband Jason's extensive collection of Brookline memorabilia including old maps reports, pamphlets, books, postcards, souvenir programs publications of the Brookline Historical Publication Society, 1895-1900, and of its successor, the Brookline Historical Society and Brookline Historical Society Proceedings. Deborah Abraham, reference librarian, will be incorporating these into the Brookline Room's holdings upon her return from assignment in Calcutta. Bon voyage, Deborah.
3. From Miss Frances L. Parker, formerly of Boston, now of La Jolla, California (our senior members may recall her father, Philip S. Parker, longtime selectman and judge in Brookline), two manuscripts of her great uncle, Francis W. Lawrence: a three-act play entitled "Siege of Troy," performed at 3 Monmouth Court; and "The Discomforts of Foreign Travel," a talk delivered Jan. 24, 1874.

Stephen Jerome, curator of the Edward Devotion House, reminds us that we welcome gifts of any items pertaining to Brookline that can be stored or properly displayed there.

Some of the photos from the library's John Nanian local history photo project, co-sponsored by our Society, were on display this summer in the foyer of the main library. All of them are now part of the library's local history photo archives. Ask to see them the next time you're at the main library.

Edward Devotion House 347 Harvard Street Brookline, MA 02146

Please mark the following dates on your calendar:

Oct. 27-- The fall meeting of the Brookline Historical Society at 3 p.m. in the auditorium of the Baker School on Beverly Road, South Brookline. This is the alma mater of our speaker, the Honorable Michael S. Dukakis, who will speak on his experiences in politics.

If you need transportation, please call Stephen Jerome at 566-5747.

Nov. 24-- 3-6 p.m., Pine Manor College celebrates its centennial with a talk by Professor Rodman H. Henry, followed by an Edwardian tea with songs and fashions of the era. You will receive your invitation from the college for this celebration.

Dec. 15-- 2-5 p.m., all Society members are invited to a holiday season open house at the Edward Devotion House.

On the subject of holidays, here are some gift ideas. Available from the Society are copies of Nina Fletcher Little's "Some Old Brookline Houses", Jean Kramer's "Brookline, Massachusetts, A Pictorial History" and "The Devotion Family", the catalog of the recent exhibit of the Lyman Allyn Museum in Connecticut. Also, gift memberships in the Society are always a good idea.

Note: our August newsletter included Nov. 2 as the tentative date for a harvest festival. We have had to postpone this event, hopefully for next fall.

-- Miriam Sargon

## **Curator's Report**

Thanks to Nancy Peabody and John VanScoyoc for helping to staff the Society's table at the Larz Anderson Park Festival of the Arts. It was a wonderful day and the Society made several new friends.

I have several research queries to pass on:

-- For a University of Pennsylvania dissertation, Monica Tetzlaff is researching the life of Abigail Holmes Christensen (1852-1938), folklorist, suffragette, and founder of a school for blacks in the South, a Brookline resident in the late 19th century. Contact her at: 912 Jasmine Lane, Vero Beach, FL 32963.

-- Edward W. Henck, founder of Longwood, Florida in 1876, is the subject of research by Steven C. Provost, PE, who seeks any sources linking Henck to Longwood, Brookline, which, according to family tradition, he helped lay out. Contact Mr. Provost at: 306 Fox Squirrel lane, Longwood, FL 32779.

-- For a master's thesis on Major Edward White (b. Brookline, 1758, d. Savannah, 1842), E. Lorene Flanders is seeking any primary materials (e.g. letters, diaries) relating to Maj. White, his brother Oliver Whyte and family, and interconnected Aspinwall, Nathaniel Seaver and Samuel Gore families. Contact Ms. Flanders at: I.D. Russell Library, Georgia College, Milledgeville, GA 31061.

-- Ministers' wood lots, including the one purchased by Samuel White in 1759 and given to the First Church, for the perpetual use of the ministry in Brookline, located in present-day Needham, are the topic of research by Bob McCullough of the Vermont Division for Historic Preservation. Contact him at: (802) 223-1712.

-- Stephen Jerome

## **Brookline and the Civil War, at Home and in Battle**

*Author's note: In answer to several requests, here reproduced is the text of the presentation of dramatic readings presented at the 1991 annual meeting of the Society. Imagine, if you please, myself as the Narrator, the Rev. David Johnson as historian Harold Parker Williams, Helen Ryan as historian Katherine Robinson Briggs, Larry Blumsack as Lt. Col. Wilder Dwight, David England as Brigadier-General Edward A. Wild, and Stephen Jerome as Theodore Lyman of General Meade's staff. (We also filled out other roles as needed.) The whole was presented without benefit of historical costumes or stage sets. Nonetheless, the impressions created by the Civil War brought forth such power of memory and imagination that the words alone, even a century and a half later, were deeply affecting.*

*There is not room in this newsletter to reproduce the entire script, so it will be divided in two parts. Part 2 will be contained in the winter 1992 newsletter. I have tried to follow the format of a dramatic script, and leave it to the reader to imagine our small cast of players making the words come alive.*  
-- John VanScoyoc

### **Narrator**

When the "Civil War" series first aired on public television last fall, few of us imagined that by winter we would be reliving many of the same emotions that accompanied America's great war to preserve the union.

Now, once again, we know too well the fear for loved ones on far-off battlefields, and the stirrings of pride as our soldiers dedicate themselves to what we hope is a just cause.

Three Brookline soldiers are here with us today to help us relive the experience of the Civil War in all of its glory and pain. All three are Harvard men -- a contrast to today, when the educated elite are the least represented in the armed forces.

Lieutenant Colonel Wilder Dwight left behind a comfortable legal practice at the outbreak of war. He raised the Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers and led them through several campaigns to Antietam, where 20,000 died.

Brigadier-General Edward Augustus Wild, whose portrait hangs in the reference room downstairs, lost his left arm in the battle of South Mountain. Once recovered, he led the charge of Colored Regiments known as "Wild's African Brigade," his sword in his right hand and the bridle reins in his teeth.

Theodore Lyman, a child of privilege, achieved first rank in his senior year class at Harvard. He formed a valuable friendship after graduation. In the untamed terrain of Key West, Florida, he met Engineer Officer George Gordon Meade, who seven years later would become General Meade of the great union victory at Gettysburg. Lyman continued his association with General Meade as a member of his staff through the thick of the war.

For the North, the call to arms was preceded by a call to conscience: the shame of slavery. To help set the scene, we have an historian -- the first of four we will meet today. Harold Parker Williams' prize-winning 1899 essay recounted the dawning of anti-slavery fervor in Brookline in the decades prior to war. The anti-slavery movement began small. And it was pushed forward by an incident that scarred an entire town.

### **Harold Parker Williams**

On the 6th of January, 1832, fifteen determined men met in the African Baptist Church on Joy Street, Boston, and founded the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Among them were Samuel E. Sewall, who in his early life lived on Cypress Street, Brookline. He was the great-great-grandson of Chief Justice Sewall, the old Brookline land-owner, who in 1700 published "The Selling of Joseph," the first anti-slavery tract written in the United States. Samuel Sewall, with Ellis Gray Loring, afterward a noted citizen of this town, represented the more conservative element of the meeting; Garrison and Johnson the more uncompromising. The conservatives at first refused to agree to the



constitution that was presented, but they soon signed, and entered heart and soul into the work of the society. This little assembly on Joy Street inaugurated the anti-slavery movement that in 1861 culminated in the Civil War. It aroused the whole of Eastern Massachusetts, and in almost every town there sprang up a small body of men eager to forward the good work.

In Brookline, however, until the year 1837, there was no such body. Samuel Philbrick alone kept the spark of anti-slavery feeling alive in that very conservative community. Mr. Philbrick came to the town in 1830 and purchased a fine house and estate on Walnut Street. There he lived quietly, taking great pleasure in his beautiful home and fine garden until the spring of 1832. At that time he began to take an active part in the work of the new-formed society and became the first Brookline abolitionist.

Although all the abolitionists attended Dr. Pierce's church, it is not known that the pastor ever came to favor the movement.

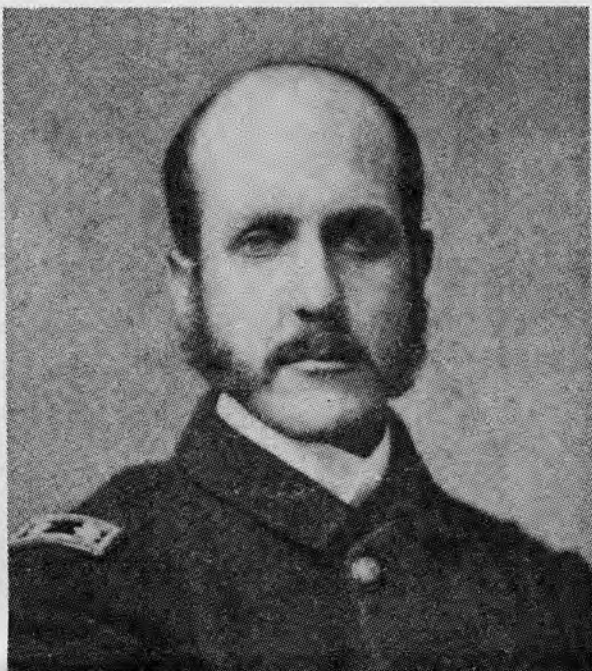
An interesting episode in connection with Dr. Pierce's congregation occurred about the same time. Mr. Philbrick, at the recommendation of Wendell Phillips, had taken a little Negro girl in destitute circumstances into his own family. On Sunday he took the girl to church with him and she sat in the Philbrick pew. Now in the Parish Church there was a "nigger pew" high above the front gallery. There all colored persons were supposed to sit, although the only one that is known to have done so was old Susy Backus, or "Aunt Sukey," as she was called. So when the child was seen sitting with Mr. Philbrick there was great excitement throughout the congregation. One family left the church, and the decorum of the service was nearly destroyed.

Then it was that poor old Dr. Pierce, hating to have any such feeling exist among his parishioners, went up to Mr. Philbrick's one night and gravely expostulated with him. Mr. Philbrick replied that if the girl could not go to church and sit with the family, he himself would stay away. And after that he never again entered the church, although members of his family attended later. The poor little Negress was compelled in a few years to leave Brookline, as she could never be happy in such an uncharitable community. The public sentiment at this time against the abolitionists was very strong. Even the children at school shared in the general feeling. Most of the boys were sons of Whigs, and the children of men of any other "political complexion" were considered as being little less than devils. One can imagine how the children of an anti-slavery sympathizer were regarded. Little William Philbrick was continually taunted by his companions with being a "bobolitionist," and was often cruelly abused. He was undoubtedly the most unpopular boy at school.

Mr. Samuel Philbrick, the early and constant friend of the slaves, died September 19th, 1859, aged seventy-nine years. Like Ellis Gray Loring, who had passed away the previous year, Mr. Philbrick did not live to see the work fully accomplished to which he had devoted his life. He realized, however, that a crisis was close at hand and nearly his last words to his son were, "William, you will live to see a war over this slavery business." Mr. Philbrick left a bequest of five hundred dollars to William Lloyd Garrison.

The last and most peaceful period of the anti-slavery movement in Brookline, was from the time of John Brown's raid to the beginning of the Civil War. For then, despite the temporary revulsion of feeling caused by the former event, the sentiment of the whole town changed and anti-slavery became as popular as it had formerly been the reverse. Affairs ran smoothly; there was no opposition to abolitionists and they were considered the most influential men of the town.

At the election of Lincoln in the same year (1860), the town had gone wild. The feeling was so intense that any measure, however severe, would have been countenanced and approved. Shortly after, Mr. Warren Goddard, accompanied by his nephew, John May, took the trip to Washington to see the president inaugurated. There were rumors that a riot would be raised and those gentlemen wished to help defend Lincoln if necessary. No outbreak was made, thanks to General Scott, and Mr. Goddard missed having an exciting time. After the bombardment of Fort Sumter there was no holding back by even the most conservative of Brookline's citizens. Every man, woman and child desired to put down the Rebellion, secretly hoping, however, in that way to emancipate the slaves. Anything became legal at that time and patriotism did for many what a feeling of humanity had failed to do. On April 15, 1861, the town, for the first time since 1831, was united.



Theodore Lyman



Brigadier-General Edward Wild

### Narrator

At the outbreak of war, all of Brookline was mobilized, as Historian Katherine Robinson Briggs recounts.

### Katherine Robinson Briggs

The Brookline of 1861 was a very different town from the Brookline of today. The inhabitants numbered only about a third of the present population, and with the exception of a few residences of Boston businessmen, the land was divided into large farms, many of which have been since cut up into house lots. But then, as now, the citizens were wealthy and public-spirited, and they spared neither their lives nor their fortunes in lending support to the government.

The firing on Fort Sumter, April 12th, 1861, created in Brookline the same wild excitement that it aroused in many other cities and towns all over the country.

On the fifteenth of April, President Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand men, and, on the twentieth, the day after the attack on the gallant Massachusetts Sixth in Baltimore, some prominent Brookline citizens called a meeting to consider matters in relation to the war. The president of the meeting, John Howe, a soldier in the war of 1812, had received a land grant for services rendered to the government; this he promised to transfer to the family living in Brookline, who should first lose a husband or father.

In accordance with a motion made by Wilder Dwight, a committee of seven was appointed "to prepare a plan for the organization of one or more companies in the town of Brookline."

Two private subscription lists were opened, one to raise funds to be used for general purposes, the other for money to buy materials for the work undertaken by the ladies.

### Narrator

Wilder Dwight's determination to field a Massachusetts regiment was quickly endorsed by the Secretary of War in Washington. A month after Fort Sumter, he was enrolled as a major. A company of thirty to forty Brookline men began drilling at a hall not far from here on Washington

Street. Imagine this sight: Brookline recruits marching double-quick from Town Hall to Corey Hill, then to Jamaica Plain, and back again to Town Hall.

Wilder Dwight's regiment joined the Virginia campaign, which went badly for the North from the start, when Bull Run, expected to be a Union picnic, became a Union rout.

Near Winchester, Virginia, one year after first assembling his regiment, Wilder Dwight struggled to hold his forces together under ferocious Southern assault. In a letter home, he describes the rebel charge that nearly ended his service.

### Lt.-Col. Wilder Dwight

One of Cotheren's pieces was brought forward, our skirmishers were withdrawn from the wall, the Twenty-seventh Indiana and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania moved up to our right. I had dismounted to go down toward the wall, and was directing the officer in charge of the piece where his fire could be directed with most effect, when I heard a cry. I turned and saw that the Twenty-seventh Indiana, which had just opened its fire, had broken and was running. I saw that the enemy were pouring up the hillside and round on our right. I saw, also that the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania had broken and was following the Twenty-seventh Indiana. The enemy were coming on at a run, with yells, but not in any regular order. The officer commanding the piece said to me, "What shall I do? I have got no support for my gun." "Blaze away at 'em," said I. "I shall lose my gun," said he. "Well," said I, "you must do as you choose." I turned and found that our regiment was withdrawing. I could not see my horse anywhere, and so I followed on foot. As we passed off the hill the enemy rose on its crest. Their cracking and whistling fire followed us closely. I recollected an unmailed letter in my pocket and preferring to have it unread, rather than read by hostile eyes, I tore it up as we went down the hill. A few of our men would turn and fire up the hill, reloading as they went on. I delayed a little to applaud their spunk.

But the flight before me and the flight behind me are not reminiscences on which I like to dwell.

We passed down into the edge of the town. As I came along, a young soldier of Company C was wounded in the leg. I gave him my arm, but, finding that he was too much injured to go on, advised him to get into a house, and went on. The regiment was forming in line when I reached it. Before I had time to go to the left, where Colonel Andrews was, the regiment moved off again, and I followed. It now became a run. A fire began to assail us from the cross streets as well as from the rear. I turned in at the Union Hotel Hospital to get on to the next street, but found the same fire there. Just as I was near the edge of the town one of our soldiers called out to me, "Major, I'm shot." I turned to him, and took him along a few steps, and then took him into a house. I told the people they must take care of him, and laid him down on a bed, and opened his shirt. I then turned to go out, but the butternut soldiery were all around the house, and I quietly sat down. "Under which king," &c. A soldier soon came in and took me prisoner. I made friendly acquaintance with him. He went with me for a surgeon for my wounded soldier, and also to pick up the overcoat which I had thrown off in the heat. I soon went down with my captor to the Taylor House, where I found Colonel Bradley Johnson, First Maryland Regiment, who took charge of me.

As I came back through the streets secession flags were flying from many of the houses; the town was full of soldiers and rejoicing. I found many of our soldiers prisoners in the courthouse yard. I was busy about the wounded, and was allowed to get out to get a dinner.

In the afternoon I went upon the field with some of the prisoners of our regiment and buried our dead: two of our own regiment and two from some other. They were buried under the cedar at the right of our line on the hill, and I read a portion of Scripture over their open grave.

### Narrator

While Wilder Dwight was suffering the frustration of his prisoner status, here at home, supporters of the war effort rallied. In a magazine article in September of 1862 is recounted the miraculous burst of enthusiasm that produced a shipment of supplies for Union soldiers:



## Anonymous Writer

I wish I could give you, dear doctor, a picture of what was done in Brookline last Sunday. From that you might imagine what was done in the whole state of Massachusetts.

While we were at breakfast, a gentleman came in haste to say that the President had sent a telegram to Boston, asking for all the surgeons in Massachusetts, who could possibly be spared; and for as much lint, bandages, hospital stores, sheets and clothing for the wounded, as could be got ready and sent off before night.

Immediately one of the ladies went to Dr. Salisbury to get instructions, and I went to Mr. Field's store to get cloth for bandages. In the street was Mr. Twitchell, the president of the Worcester Railroad, who had sent for Mr. Field. Mr. Twitchell would send a train to carry whatever should be ready at half past five.

I got a piece of cloth as soon as the store was opened, and immediately afterward the whole stock was bought by others.

At home, all the dispensable shirts, underclothing and pieces of linen and cotton had been ferreted out. Tables were spread out, and the whole family, leaving household business till night, was hard at work. The cloth I had bought was warranted not to shrink, so the folk immediately went to work to cut it into lengths, from four to nine yards, and to tear it longitudinally into strips of two and a half and three inches wide. Flatirons, dictionaries in all languages, concordances, and even a Bible or two, were made use of to hold firm the strips drawn under them and rolled hard.

While hard at work, further supplies of cloth, which had been shrunk and dried, were brought in -- one piece by Mr. -- who had passed it through the wringing machine with his own hands. A neighbor came in and was supplied with material for a dozen bandages. A few minutes only were allowed for a hasty lunch, and then the work went on industriously.

Messengers on foot and in express wagons came occasionally and carried away what was ready. At four, I took a load of bandages to the Military Hall. More than one hundred persons were there, and the majority of them at work packing. Twenty-five boxes were filling at one time. Men and boys in their shirtsleeves were working against time. A constant stream of articles was coming upstairs, and boxes going down. The goods were classified as far as possible. Lint in boxes by itself; bandages in others; shirts in others; dressing-gowns, drawers, pieces of linen, pieces of cotton cloth, etc., etc. Wines, candies, jellies, etc....., etc. A list was kept as well as could be, of the boxes and contents. All were marked, "For the wounded soldiers, care of the President of the United States, Washington, D.C."

At the Railway Station near us, the whole area was filled with wagons from Roxbury (two or three miles off), bringing more than three hundred boxes of stores.

The Brookline contribution was one hundred and seven large boxes, and was sent away before sundown. Bear in mind that this was the work of about eight hours, in a town containing six or seven hundred voters, and from which boxes of similar articles have frequently been sent before and are still going out. It was found afterwards that the only requisition from Washington was for thirty surgeons, and that the call for supplies was from the Sanitary Committee in Boston. But we worked under the opinion that the President himself had called to us. Truly "The king's name is a power of strength."

See from this, dear Father Abraham, how safely you may depend upon your people.

## Narrator

Now to General Wild. His battle exploits were many. Most gloriously, in 1864, he beat back three successive attacks by forces twice the size of his own under General Fitz Hugh Lee. After the first

charge, Lee sent Wild a note that was an invitation to surrender. It dared Wild not to go on or a massacre would ensue. Wild wrote back, "We will try it."

His writings from earlier in the war tell a story just as important as the accounts of battle. In Maryland, on the receiving end of the many shipments of supplies sent by volunteers at home, he wrote back to the Brookline War Committee to express thanks, and to describe most vividly the conditions of soldiers in northern camps.

### Brigadier-General Edward A. Wild

Camp Hooker -- Chicamoxon -- Md.  
Doncaster -- Budd's Ferry -- &c. &c. --  
Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1861.

(James A. Dupee Esqr., Brookline War Committee)

Dear Sir, I write to acknowledge again the liberality of your Committee. The two huge boxes arrived in safety just at Thanksgiving; and by the way, we did our best to observe the Day, in New England style; but our means are limited in this region. I opened and distributed them rapidly, I assure you. For they were just the thing, a superb article. -- I allude to the shirts 100, and 100 drawers. -- The mittens also will be of immense service. But the stockings mentioned in your second letter, and with additions the next day mentioned by Mr. M.B. Williams, have not yet arrived. When they do, they will be gratefully received, and acknowledged. -- Even the packing will be of use, if we stay here a little longer. For we have commenced building loghouses for winterquarters; and there is lumber enough in those boxes to floor & fit up the quarters of the officers of Co. A. -- The strong brown wrapping paper also is enough to paper all the walls and roof. -- We think of tarring it, and so making a tight roof. -- Even the wrapping twine was of a superior quality, and came in demand. -- Our log huts are not built by orders from Head-quarters; but only to occupy our men's thoughts, and keep them from grumbling and brooding over our long continued inaction. -- But in truth, we do not expect to occupy them long. Day by day we look for the signal to start off down South: -- in which direction, or by what means, we have no inkling as yet. We rather expect to cross here, and press gradually on to Richmond. In that case some other troops may succeed us here, and inherit our sumptuous residences. -- And after the war is past, the slaves (if there shall be any??) can occupy them for 4 generations, and, find them luxurious, compared with their own.

Our Regiment is encamped by itself in a very good location, sheltered from the storms in two directions, though exposed to the North and West. It is convenient and seems healthy. -- But it is nearly as cold as at home, if not quite. -- This region is much more stormy than that of Boston. The storms are more frequent and more violent. -- We have had many already. -- One of them blew down more than half the camp of the 26th Pennsylvania, but in our sheltered position, it only levelled 8 or 10 tents. We have adopted various devices for keeping out the cold. The most popular and successful plan is that of digging a trench across the tent, covering it, and keeping a constant fire therein. A short flue coming up outside, makes a capital draft. -- In the Sibley tents an open fire in the middle of the tent works well in ordinary weather. But in these strong winds the smoke becomes troublesome. A part of a stove, with a piece of two of funnel running up toward the apex, obviates this difficulty. But then stoves have become scarce. All there were in this region have been divided round. -- Our loghouses are built with chimneys of course. -- My respects to the Committee -  
- My regards to the ladies. --

Yours very truly,  
Edward A. Wild

P.S. The Box of stockings has not yet arrived.  
Sat. morn. early -- Nov. 30th



## Narrator

Thanks to a prisoner exchange, Wilder Dwight was able to return home, where he faced a choice. Return to the practice of law, or return to battle. There was no question what he should do, as he wrote in his diary in 1862:

## Wilder Dwight

The last year has been the richest of my life. For the first time in my life, I have been sure, every day, that I was doing good. I have worked hard in the profession of the law, and gained cases for people, and they have been very grateful to me, but I never knew with certainty whether I had done them good or not. Now I know, every day I live, that I do good to those poor fellows in our regiment, and I shall not give it up. I would not if I could, and I could not if I would, with honor.

Then, as to my life, my experience at Winchester taught me that is God's care, not mine. I took no care of it then myself. I was all the time in front of the line; I went forward into the most exposed positions possible. I saw a dozen men take aim at me. They did not hit me. I was as safe there as I should have been at home. And I shall be so again, till God's time comes to take my life. When that time comes, I am perfectly willing to give it up.

## Narrator

The account of the remainder of Wilder Dwight's war service comes only in part from his own pen. For reasons that will become apparent, the regimental chaplain and others had to fill in much of the detail. Chaplain Quint begins by quoting a Dwight letter:

## Chaplain Quint

At this time Colonel Dwight wrote, in pencil, to his mother as follows: --

"Near Sharpesburg, September 17, 1862. On the field.

Dear Mother, -- It is a misty, moisty morning; we are engaging the enemy, and are drawn up in support of Hooker, who is now banging away most briskly. I write in the saddle, to send you my love, and to say that I am very well so far."

Colonel Dwight was as active and efficient as ever. It was not for several hours that our regiment went into action. Of the action others can tell infinitely better, as I was caring for the wounded who were brought to the rear.

I am told of his bravery and daring, -- that after our regiment had captured a Rebel Flag he galloped up and down the lines with it in his hand, waving it amid the cheers of the men, reckless of the fire of the enemy.

Colonel Andrews was with him as he was shot, and will tell the circumstances.

His last act before receiving the fatal wound was to walk along the line of the regiment, which was drawn up under the shelter of a fence, and direct the men to keep their heads down out of the reach of the enemy's fire."



Victorian era collage of Brookline's war dead

### Colonel Andrews

Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight was mortally wounded within two feet of me. He had just come from the left of the regiment, and was about to speak, when the ball struck him in the left hip. He fell, saying, 'They have done for me.' He then complained of intense pain. The ball also wounded him in the left wrist. The regiment soon fell back a short distance, and men were ordered to carry him, but the pain was so intense that he refused to be moved.

Here, while alone upon the field, under the fire of the two armies, he took from his pocket the note which he had written in the morning, and added to it the following: --

"Dearest Mother, -- I am wounded so as to be helpless. Good by, if so it must be. I think I die in victory. God defend our country. I trust in God, and love you all to the last. Dearest love to father and all my dear brothers. Our troops have left the part of the field where I lay.

Mother, yours,  
Wilder."

In larger and firmer characters, across the opposite page, he wrote these words: "All is well with those that have faith."