

Historical.

HISTORY OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

MILITARY RECORD.

With this issue we close the Military Record of Columbia and Montour counties. We have made it as full, complete and correct as our memoranda, recollections and authorities enabled us to make it. During its progress a few corrections and additional information have been furnished us, which have been put to their proper places and purposes. One or two persons were promised corrections not yet sent in. We beg to have them forwarded at once. Large bounties carried many of our citizens into outside organizations, and in such cases, no doubt many names have been overlooked and the record can be made perfect only by information vouchsafed to us by themselves or their friends.

105th Regiment—Company G. William S. Townsend, mustered in April 8, 1862, wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, died at Philadelphia at the Chestnut Hill Hospital, May 29, 1864.

112th Regiment, Second Artillery—Battery "B". Of this regiment it fell under command of G. W. Anderson, and subsequently under Col. W. M. McCreary, and which continued in service in the field of the war; a number of men were from Columbia county. It saw long and arduous labor in the field, at Appomattox, Petersburg, Fort Harrison and Beaumont. For a long time the regiment was in the defense of Washington.

John S. Kline, mustered January 2, 1862, promoted to corporal August 7, 1862, sergeant June 12, 1863, to 21 lieutenant January 15, 1865, to 1st lieutenant May 2, 1866, mustered out with battery January 29, 1866, veteran.

George W. Hix, mustered December 24, 1861, promoted from sergeant May 4, 1863, commissioned captain battery "I" 1863, regiment V April 29, 1864, not mustered, discharged December 23, 1864, expiration of term.

Reese J. Millard, mustered January 2, 1862, captain in battery "F" 21st artillery, from April 20 to August 26, 1864, parole of prisoner, discharged by special order March 19, 1864.

Charles Mott, December 4, 1861, promoted from corporal December 19, 1863, to battery "F" 21st Artillery from April 20 to August 26, 1864, discharged by special order November 10, 1864, veteran.

Norman C. Kline, mustered January 29, 1862, promoted to corporal January 7, 1863, mustered out with battery January 29, 1866.

Michael Fogle, January 1, 1862, discharged on surgeon's certificate May 29, 1862.

Ut Wm H., mustered December 29, 1861, discharged December 29, 1864, expiration of term.

Ute Elias, mustered October 27, 1862, discharged October 28, 1865, expiration of term.

Ute Jacob, mustered October 29, 1862, discharged October 28, 1865, expiration of term.

There are any other Columbia county men in this battery. I beg Captain Ut to furnish me the names.

We close this history by giving what in these later and more stirring times is of necessity but little known; the names of "The Columbia Guards" who went from Danville, then in Columbia county to the Mexican War, more than thirty years ago. The young men of to-day were not born when that battle was fought, and there are but few of our readers who ever saw a list of the names. Not many of the persons whose names appear are now among the living; but of those who are we have applied to one Gen. William Brindle, to write a sketch of the campaigns of the "Guards" for insertion in the History of Columbia county, in the proposed volume, and which he has promised to prepare for us.

The following is the muster roll of those who left Danville, ninety-five in number, and who were sworn into the service of the United States for the war with Mexico. They were escorted as far as Pittsburg by a number of citizens, and cheered on their way with every demonstration of popular sympathy. They were placed in the Second Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, commanded by Colonel Garry, and afterwards by Colonel Wyck, since Governor of Pennsylvania.

Captain—John S. Wilson. Lieutenants—1st, Clarence H. Frick; 2d, Edward E. La Cere; 3d, William Brindle. Sergeants—1st, George S. Kline; 2d, Jas. D. Slater; 3d, Robert Clark; 4th, Charles Evans.

Corporals—1st, John Adams; 2d, James O'Leary; 3d, John Smith; 4th, Arthur Gearhart. Music—Drummer, Thomas Clark; Fifer, Joseph G. Clark.

Privates, Charles W. Adams, Jasper Musselman, Alvin M. Allen, Clarence M. Ginnel, Geo. W. Armstrong, William Mower, Frederick Brandt, Archibald Mooney, Samuel Burns, Mahlon K. Manly, Flan B. Boham, Alex G. Mallon, Wm. Bingham, John M. Donald, Samuel D. Binkbein, Daniel Marial, Samuel D. Binkbein, Richard H. McKean, Francis Bover, Charles Morhan, Francis B. Best, E. Bert M. Almont, William Brunner, Hugh M. Fadden, Wm. H. Breshfield, Norman B. Mack, Rodolph Ball, William McDaniel, Peter Berlet, Casper Ottenwelder, Abram B. Carley, William McDaniel, Michael Carrigan, Peter S. Reed, Wm. Dieterich, Daniel Porman, William Erie, Philip Rabe, Daniel S. Follmer, James A. Stewart, Chas. W. Fortner, Peter M. Spase, Robert H. Fortner, John R. Sanders, Edward Gibbs, Oliver C. Stephens, Edward Gross, David Snyder, George Garner, Edward Selzer, Thomas Graham, Peter Seidfried, Shepherd W. Girton, John C. Snyder, Sam. Huntington, John M. Seafold, Adam Heisler, William Swartz, Henry Herculano, Joseph Stratton, Oliver Helme, Wm. H. Sawanye, William S. Kertz, John A. Harvey, William King, Benj. Tomblinson, Jerome Kockle, Adam Ward, Charles Lytle, Wm. White, Ira Lowberry, George W. Geer, Robert Lyon, Jerome Walker, John A. Lowery, Jerome Walker, Benjamin Laform, George Winger, Benj. J. Martin, Peter W. Yarell.

Daniel M. Gougle, of Jeffersonville, Indiana, aged seventy-eight, challenges any man in the country to wrestle with him.

Edison at Work.

There is nowhere such another ingenious mind, but there is also nowhere such a worker. When in search of some special object he allows himself absolutely no rest. At Newark he mounted to the loft of his factory with five men, on the occasion of the apparent failure of the printing machine he had taken a contract to furnish, and declared he would never come down till it worked. It took sixty hours of continuous labor but it worked, and then he slept for thirty. The routine of his day is a routine of grand processes and ennobling ideas. Nowhere else probably would such a day be possible. There are not fortunes, if there were capacity, to carry on the business of pure scientific research on such a scale. His whole great establishment is occupied not in manufacturing, nor primarily in projects for profitable returns—though these follow—but in reflections, new combinations, in wrestling from nature inch by inch the domain she would have kept hidden. He comes in the morning and reads his letters. He overlooks his men and the experiments of his assistants. The element of hazard enters into these somewhat. There are a great number in progress—the action of chemicals upon various substances or upon each other, or the phenomena of substances subjected to the various forces at command. Strips of ivory for instance, in a certain oil in six weeks become transparent. A globe of mercury in water, then with a little potassium added, takes various shapes for the opposite poles of the battery, repels coquettishly or is attracted, forms in whirlpools, changes color, or becomes immobile. There is no use at once for these results, but they are recorded in voluminous note books. When the proper time comes they are borne in mind; some of them may form the connecting link in the chain of an invaluable discovery. Then perhaps he tests for the thousandth time the telephone on new wire, perfects it, and then goes on carrying forward a step each of the works in progress, or becomes wholly engrossed, according to his mood, in one.

In spite of the fact that his retreat to Menlo Park was in good part to escape them, numerous visitors arrive. It is the Mecca of a continuous pilgrimage of scientists, reporters for the journals, and curiosity hunters. Yesterday a troop of one hundred and seventy-five persons brought by a special train to ask the privilege of presenting a few friends, to-morrow a special train of visitors from Boston is announced. He receives all affably, submitting himself and his inventions to be gazed at without reserve. One wonders, next to his photograph, at his good humor.

"Still, I shall blow up somebody yet," he says laughing. "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire connecting with a battery that knocks over everybody that touches the wire."

He sits down at the phonograph, fixes a double mouth-piece to it and summons one of his assistants, while another places himself at an organ in the corner. They sing in two parts "John Brown's Body." As the sonorous music rises and fills the long apartment, one gazes musingly yet with a secret thrill. It is like listening at some strange, low rite—a martial chant of rejoicing in the greatness of a new era full of sublime promise and the disposition of mysteries.—Nobleman Scribner.

Farming Under the Sea.

The fact is not generally known, that within three hours' ride of Boston a large and profitable business has been carried on ever since 1848, along the sea-shore, and which is nothing more or less than "farming under the sea." Everywhere upon the coast of England what is found about ten feet below the water mark, the lichen known as carragen—(the Irish Moss) of commerce. It may be torn from the sunken rocks anywhere, and yet the little sea port of Scituate is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured. This village is in the great centre of the moss business in the country and the entire Union draws its supplies from these beaches. Long rakes are used in tilling this marine farm, and it does not take long to fill the many dories that await the lichen, torn from its salty rocky bed. The husbands and fathers gather the moss from the sea, and the wives and daughters prepare it for market. Soak it in water and it will melt away to jelly. Boil it with milk and a delicious white and creamy lichen magenta is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured. This village is in the great centre of the moss business in the country and the entire Union draws its supplies from these beaches. Long rakes are used in tilling this marine farm, and it does not take long to fill the many dories that await the lichen, torn from its salty rocky bed. The husbands and fathers gather the moss from the sea, and the wives and daughters prepare it for market. Soak it in water and it will melt away to jelly. Boil it with milk and a delicious white and creamy lichen magenta is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured.

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