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Excerpts on the Pennsylvania regiments at Gettysburg, before and after.

Column Four Excerpts

THE WAR IS OVER!

At Gettysburg the regiment belonged the Third brigade of the Third division of the Sixth corps commanded by Gen. Sedgwick. The brigade except the Sixty-second New York, was made up of Pennsylvania troops — the Ninety-third, Ninety-eighth, One Hundred and Second and the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiments.

The Bedford Company G in the old Thirteenth did not return to the One Hundred and second, but Capt. John H Filler became a captain and later a colonel of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania and many of the men joined that regiment and some the Seventy sixth and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania regiments.

Total Enrollment of 2,100.

The One Hundred Second, during its term of service, had a total enrollment of about 2,100 men. Of these 562 recruits, drafted men and substitutes joined on the march from Danville, Va., to Richmond, after the surrender at Appomattox. Only a few of these men ever carried a musket, but they swell the total enrollment and cut down the percentage of loss in battle and the total loss in the field.

The One Hundred and Second was mustered in on August 1, 1861, and out on June 23, 1865. With the service of the Thirteenth regiment, this makes four years and one month's service. The regiment participated in all the campaigns and battle of the Army of the Potomac and with Sheridan in his whirlwind campaign in the Shenandoah valley in 1864, and was hard after Lee when the end came.

The One Hundred and Second casualty list reads as follows:

	Officers.	Men.	Total
Killed	10	169	179
Wounded	23	518	541
Missing	5	131	136
Died of diseases	1	87	88
Aggregate	39	905	944

Of the field officers, one colonel, Patterson; one Lieutenant-colonel, McIlwaine; two majors, Poland and Coleman, were killed; two colonels, Rowley and Patchell; two majors, Browne and McLaughlin; one adjutant, Callow and a surgeon, Crawford were wounded.

Col. Rowley on November 29, 1862, was promoted to be a brigadier-general of volunteers and henceforth commanded a brigade in the First corps, the first of Third division, Gen. Abner Doubleday's

Gen. John F. Reynolds, commanding the corps, was killed at the opening of the battle of Gettysburg, and Gen. Doubleday succeeding to the temporary command of the corps, Gen Howley commanded the division on the first day. Rowley's brigade was made up of the Eightieth New York and the One Hundred and Twenty-first, One Hundred Forty-second and One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments. The total loss in Rowley's brigade of about 1,590 men was 898 killed, wounded and missing. Among the killed was Col. Robert P. Cummins of Somerset,

commanding the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, whose monument stands in the court house yard at Somerset.

Then came a day when another song came to the ears of the old Thirteenth. They long to had heard the weird song of the bullets and crooning of the winds as they slept under the stars, or were wakeful and vigilant on outpost or picket. They saw their comrades fall and the sick go away, never to return. They welcomed many recruits and the recovered sick and, wounded on their return to duty. They welcomed duty, also that duty, what ever it may have been, was preformed with patience, with alacrity and always in a manner becoming good soldiers, American soldiers, from loyal Pittsburgh, But the song that came to the old Thirteenth was the same song that has immortalized Payne, and made our own Stephen Foster known wherever in civilization there a family tie. It was the song of home. With the soft southern sun the birds had blossomed and the flowers had come in old Virginia and the song of the bullets, and the crash of artillery was hushed forever. The hell of war had vanished, and the Old Thirteenth at last was started from Danville for Washington, where it was mustered our of service on June 28, 1865, and then the boys bade farewell to their comrades of the veteran Sixty-second New York, "The Anderson Zouaves." Men from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Albany and Troy. The veteran Ninety-third Pennsylvania; men from Berks and Lebanon and Clinton and the gallant Germans of the Ninety-eight Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia, and with our One Hundred and Thirty-ninth, started for Pittsburgh where, after the usual welcoming ceremonies, the regiment disbanded and the old Thirteenth infantry, the One Hundred and Second of the line, became henceforth a memory.

The boys of '61 grown men in the clash of battle, took up the vocations of peace. Back to the foundry, the mill, the glass house, the store, the school, they went. Thus we find Lieut. "Billy" McConway back at the old novelty works at his trade, and Col. "Jim" Patchell back in the foundry, molding the iron, and "Billy" Hamilton of Company F. back in the rolling mill, and Sergt. Arthur Gildernew of Company I. "Big" Arthur, big in frame and, big in heart, busy again with the trowel and mortar, and "Johnny" Renion of Company K at work in his father's machine shop where he is yet, and Fred Sermin of Company M, making the famous Pittsburgh today. Adj. Alex Callow back at the case and the boys of Company C back in the coal mines about Dravosburg and on their farms.

Types of the Thirteenth.

These are but types of the "old Thirteenth." One and all making the Pittsburgh of those days smokier and greater and more notable, to become gradually the world-famous Pittsburgh of today, and one among those who in this evolution have done their part well and who is known wherever railroads are operated is William McConway, artisan and soldier, of the "old Thirteenth," president of the McConway Torley Company of Pittsburgh. The boys of '61-65 are passing

away, Yet of the One Hundred and Second regiment are many survivors. Col. Patchell resides in Union City, Ind; Gildernew and Major Callow are dead many years, but the others mentioned in the paragraphs above are living.

Other survivors are "Bob" Johnson, Charles Marthens of A; Presley S. Brown and William T. Doran of B; Reuben Powell of C. at Clairton; William Jones and John W. Moreland of F; Lieut. Luke Loomis of G; Capt. W. D. Jones of K; Capt. Denny O'Neil of C; Josiah McKissick, D. B. Douthett and Joseph Criswell and William B. Frisbee, Andrew Moss and William McLain of I; Albert Anderson, Lewis T. Brown, Thomas A. Heastings and John W. Goodwin of M. The regiment has maintained an organization and holds a reunion each year. As yet no regimental history has been published.

Thomas A. Rowley, colonel of the old Thirteenth and One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania volunteers, died May 14, 1891. He was born in Ireland in 1810, and resided in Pittsburgh nearly all of his life. The Rowley residence was on Cliff street in the old Eleventh ward. A son, Harry T. Rowley, now resides in Wilksburg, and while not a enlisted man being but a boy, was with the regiment during most of its service and was personally known to all the old boys. Gen. "Tom" Rowley, on the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac under Grant in April, 1864 and the breaking up of the Old First and Third corps, was the supernumerary officers and was assigned to the command of the post of Portland, Me., but such hum-drum service was not congenial to an active and spirited soldier like "Tom," so he resigned in December 29, 1864, and came home. When he was buried, the old Thirteenth turned out as it never turned out since the war, and the man in worn garment marched side by side with the solid and prosperous business man and touched elbows as when comrades in the old days—their last tributes to their old commander.

One can borrow inspiration from the spirited lines of Theodore O'Hara. The survivors of the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania can see in imagination the silent tents on the eternal camping ground of Fame. Pure and white they are radiant with the genial sun of Victory. Across the parade ground in the bivouac of the dead. The guns are stacked as of yore, the cartridge boxes hanging from the bayonets. A lone sentinel with stately mien and solemn tread is on guard. There is no relief, It is Glory and he is on guard forever. A sound of sweet strains of the bugles is wafted from the earth. Cheers and plaudits of the multitude break the silence of the scenes. Hark! They are dedication the memorial at Gettysburg and the people are reading the rolls of the brave and the dead. You approach. "Sentinel," you ask, "where is the old Thirteenth?"

The sentinel halts, He bring his piece to carry arms and saluting, replies:

"Sir, the old Thirteenth is at the front." You are incredulous, and he proceeds—"The old Thirteenth is at the front, sir, with those who have won undying fame and deathless honor."

(Continued on next page)

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Note: This story was copy just the was it appeared, no spelling corrections were made. Keep in mind that it was written in the style used at the turn of the century. I hope that you found it as interesting as I did.