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HON. MARTIN A. HAYNES.

BY HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN.

Few men in the state of New Hampshire are better known than Martin Alonzo Haynes. He is to the manner born, and first saw light in Springfield, N. H., July 30, 1842. Descended from sturdy Puritan stock, he is of the eighth generation from Samuel Haynes, who came across the Atlantic in the ship *Angel Gabriel* in 1635, and located in Portsmouth, in the parish of Greenland, where he was one of the nine founders, a deacon of the First Congregational church of Portsmouth, a selectman for ten years, and held many other positions of honor and trust.

Martin was four years old when his parents removed to Manchester, N. H., where his father, Hon. Elbridge G. Haynes, was for thirty years a prominent figure in the history of the city, noted for his honesty, integrity, sound judgment, and active interest in public affairs.

The first rumbling of the thunderbolts of secession, early in April, 1861, startled the young lad of eighteen, who, having graduated from the

high school, was acquiring the printer's trade. Like tens of thousands all over the North, the first call for 75,000 men from President Lincoln found him in the front rank of those who responded from his native state. Who, of the generation grown to manhood and womanhood in those stirring times, and still in life, can forget those glorious days, when the best blood of the North, like a sacrifice of the classic ages, was offered up for the freedom of a race and the union of a nation; when from the forest and farm, the church and the school-house, the university and the factory, the counting-room and the warehouse, went forth the voice of the people singing in unison,—

"The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, and up with the stars;
For we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

In the ranks of the first company to go into camp at Concord—the "Abbott Guards" of Manchester— young Martin found himself attired in the old claw-hammer suit which is



Martin A. Hayes

inseparably connected with New Hampshire's first volunteers, and in which so many slab-sided sons of the soil had their first photo's taken, and a view of which to-day would make a brass idol laugh. But those ill-fitting, ill-favored habiliments clothed heroes whose names will not be forgotten while the record of the old Second—the war-worn, battered old Second—survives in the military archives of the state. It was intended to have the Guards embodied in the First (three months regiment), but before leaving the state the company was transferred to the Second (three years regiment). Shortly after the arrival of the regiment in Washington he was appointed commissary clerk, but learning, when the advance into Virginia was to be made, that the arrangement was to have him remain behind in charge of the "salt horse" and "hard tack," he threw up his "commission" in disgust, demanded his Springfield, and took his place as a high private in the ranks of his company, bound not to be in the rear when the long roll beat. For three long years, as a private, "he fought in the ranks," participating in every engagement in which his regiment took part, from the first Bull Run to Bloody Cold Harbor, and never, during that long period, did he once respond to surgeon's call or was one day off duty. When the average man understands the nature of a private soldier's duties outside of the risk of limb and life in action, the morning roll-calls, guard duty in camp, picket at the outpost, police and other duties, guard mounting, squad, company, and battalion drills, inspection, and dress parade, he can

then determine what it meant to be one of the boys who "only fit."

He was wounded three times, but, more fortunate than many of his comrades, his injuries were of a slight nature,—at the first Bull Run, in the neck by a splinter from a fence rail while defending late in the day the sunken road immediately in front of the Henry house; at Glendale, receiving a severe contusion in the groin from a spent ball; and at the second Bull Run, in the famous bayonet charge of Grover's brigade, when the Second Regiment pierced two rebel lines of battle, he received a savage blow in the face and bled profusely, but carried out of the struggle Lieutenant Rogers, who was mortally wounded, and who died in his arms.

The loss of the regiment in this affair was 132 out of 332 who went into action. At Gettysburg his usual good luck attended him, for while the three comrades nearest him in line (House, Merrill, and Cilley) were badly wounded, he escaped without a scratch. In the terrible struggle which occurred at the Peach Orchard, now one of the historic points of the great battlefield, the loss of the regiment was terrible, 193 out of 354 engaged being killed, wounded, or captured. He had the distinguished honor in June, 1886, of delivering the address on the occasion of the dedication of the monument erected by the state of New Hampshire in memory of the men of the Second who had there made a glorious record for the old Granite State; and the scene during the dedication services, at which were present a large number of the veterans of the Second, as

well as hundreds of others, including survivors of the Fighting Fifth, headed by their old colonel, Hapgood, and a large delegation of the New Hampshire battalion of Berdan's sharpshooters, was one never to be forgotten. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was also an interested spectator.

At the expiration of his term of service he returned to Manchester, barely twenty-one years old, conscious that he had done his part of the work in the restoration of the Union, and fortunate in again seeing those who were near and dear to him. He resumed newspaper work, serving on the editorial staff of the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Union*, until he left to take the position of clerk and paymaster of the Rockingham mills, at Portsmouth, N. H. In January, 1868, in company with Benjamin F. Stanton, he founded the *Lake Village Times*, and had remained sole proprietor, with the exception of the first three years, until he sold out about a year ago. He represented the town of Gilford in the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1872 and 1873, serving the first year as chairman of the Committee on Fisheries (a most appropriate position), in the latter year as chairman of the military committee, in which place he also felt at home. From plain Private Haynes he was promoted by Governor Prescott to a full fledged colonel, as aide-de-camp on his staff.

In 1876 he was appointed clerk of the circuit court and the superior court of judicature for Belknap county, retaining the position until 1883, when he resigned to take a seat in the national congress.

He has always taken an active in-

terest in the gatherings and reunions of old soldiers, and since the institution of the Grand Army of the Republic in this state has been one of its most active members, ready to contribute his share in money or in time, and a welcome visitor to the many camp fires, now so often lighted and so thoroughly enjoyed by those outside as well as those inside of the order. He was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Veteran Association, whose camp at Weirs is a never ending source of wonder and delight to visiting veterans, and one of its first presidents, serving two years, and turning over to his successor the organization free from debt and with several thousand dollars worth of buildings for the accommodation of the multitudes who make their pilgrimage to the annual reunions. He effectually dampened the ardor of the gamblers and blacklegs who attempted to ply their vocation, by marching one of their number who defied all control down to the steamboat wharf and pitching him overboard, kit and all. He was also commander of the Department of New Hampshire G. A. R. in 1881 and 1882, instituting many new posts and largely increasing the membership.

Upon the approach of the fall elections of 1882 his old comrades in arms brought his name forward for the Republican nomination to congress from the First District, and after a canvass which is memorable in the history of New Hampshire politics, he was nominated in the convention at Dover, and elected by an unprecedented plurality of nearly thirty-eight hundred. In 1884 he

was renominated in the convention held at Wolfeborough, and received nearly twenty-two hundred plurality at the polls. He was renominated for a third term in 1886, but was defeated by an adverse plurality of 105 votes, although, as twice before, he polled more than his party strength and ran ahead of his ticket.

He served his constituents faithfully for four years, and to the best of his ability aided many of his comrades in getting their just dues from the government. In this respect he was unwearied, and the narration of one of his kind acts will be an illustration of what he has done for many who are to-day enjoying the benefit of his labors. Among those who enlisted in the summer of 1861 was a young Irish lad of seventeen years of age. He had just returned from a campaign of three months in the First New Hampshire Regiment, and hearing of the formation of an Irish company in the third regiment, then being organized, he was among the first to enroll his name in Company C, Capt. Donahoe. When he took what proved to be his last farewell, he left behind him his mother, a poor widow, and a sister, blind from birth. He participated in all of the engagements attending the long and bloody siege of Charleston, being severely wounded in the very first assault at Secessionville, on James Island, June 16, 1862. When the 10th Corps was ordered to Virginia, in 1864, he accompanied it, and in the terrible campaign which the survivors of the Third Regiment have such distinct recollections of, that followed—Dru-ry's Bluff, Mine Run, and Cold Harbor—he was mortally wounded, died,

and was buried at Hampton, Va., after rendering three years' faithful service to his adopted country. He never forgot his poor old mother in New Hampshire, sending his pay home regularly. She received her pension in due season, and, being thrifty and frugal, she had contrived to save enough out of her scanty income to build a comfortable cottage, which she occupied, free from debt. For years the figures of the mother and daughter were the most familiar objects on the street, to and from the church, Sunday mornings, in the village where they resided. Early in 1886 the widow died, leaving the poor girl dependent on the labor of an invalid sister. A friend of the family made the facts of the case known to honest Mart Haynes, who, in the goodness of his big heart, had a special bill drawn up, and never cried halt until it passed both branches of congress, was signed by the president, and the certificate, allowing her \$12 a month as long as she lived, duly forwarded and placed in the hands of the astonished recipient, with the amount of the first instalment, before she knew actually that she was an applicant for a pension, and all this *without the expense of even a postage stamp!* That unselfish act brought happiness to two poor hearts, and the surviving comrades of the Third Regiment will feel justly grateful to Hon. Martin A. Haynes for the efforts which will make easy the declining years of the relatives of their brave comrade, Stephen Cooney, of Company C.

He was married in 1863 to Miss Cornelia T. Lane, of Manchester, and two daughters survive to bless

their pleasant home, which is delightfully situated in Lake Village, on an eminence, surrounded with fruit and forest trees, and overlooking the waters of "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

He has delivered many addresses and poems at soldiers' reunions and other gatherings, and has also written a "History of the Second Regiment," copies of which are now eagerly sought for by collectors. He is decidedly a man of the people, makes

friends and keeps them, and delights in the sports of gun and rod. He is still in the prime of life, of magnificent physique, over six feet in height, and on the weighty side of 200 pounds. Blessed with a charming wife, two beautiful, healthy children, and a happy home, with a legion of friends, and a life of usefulness before him, he has the best wishes of thousands who deem it an honor to be known as his friends.



Nothing more could be done to save the fortress to remain in the hands of the Indians, so the time was over, and the hands to the Indians. In drilling them to attack. The shutters were firmly secured on to the parapet with extra oaken bars.

Time elapsed since the first attack, when Tristan, calling to Colonel Bulow and Antonio, drew them into Maud's apartment, and, closing the door, said,—

"Colonel Bulow, I must resign my command of the garrison, for I am going to leave you."

"What, Tristan, are you going to desert our friends?" cried Antonio.

"I am going to try and save Isabella and Helen from Indian vengeance," said Tristan, "for if they fail to storm this fortress—and they will if you remain, Antonio, and meet

atagems by your Indian warfare—even the chief, Osceola,

but sacrifice your life, my brave young brother, Bulow. "Can you ransom the la-

"As well try to ransom the young fawn that has been struck down by the fierce and hungry jaguar!"

"And you do not want me to share your danger, brother?" said Antonio, reproachfully.

"Your place is here, Antonio, to save the fair locks of Maud Everett and the gray hairs of Colonel Bulow from gracing the belt of one of the blood-thirsty savages who will soon howl all about you."

"Yes, I need you, Antonio, for you will be my only dependence when Tristan departs. Not that I care for