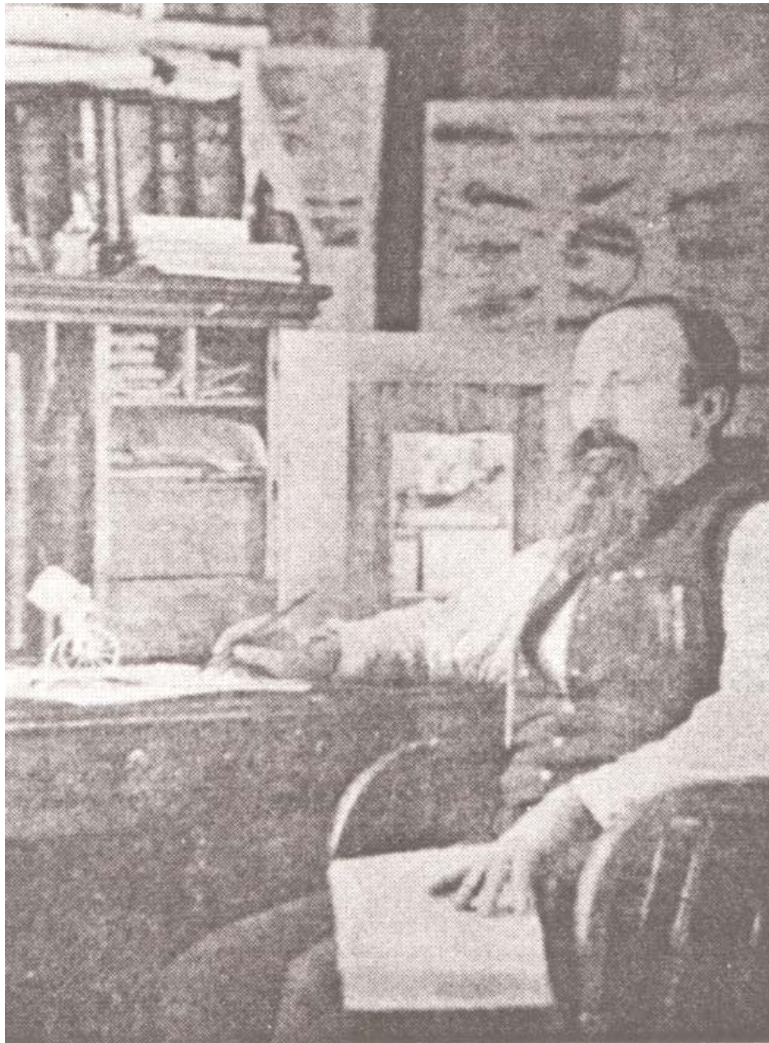


DAVID PANCOAST REUBEN STRONG



D.P.R. Strong in his newspaper office after the war.

David Pancoast Reuben Strong enlisted in the Union Army 17 April 1861. He joined Company C, Second Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. In June 1861 his company was ordered to Washington DC.

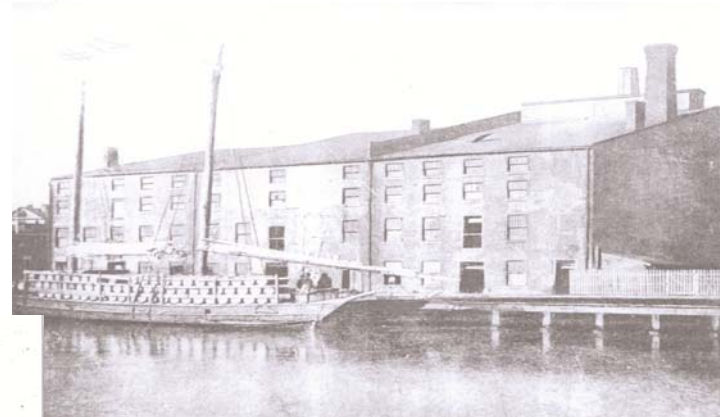
He fought in the First Battle of Bull Run and was wounded by a bullet between the knee and the ankle. He was captured by Confederates on the afternoon of 21 July 1861 hours after being wounded.

After capture Strong was kept in an old tobacco warehouse turned into a hospital. On September 1st, with the aid of crutches he walked into the Libby Prison. D.P.R. stayed at Libby until 17 January 1862 when he was released, deemed unfit to take up arms against the Confederacy. He weighed only 87 pounds upon his release. He then met President Abraham Lincoln who ordered him a new uniform.

Being disabled Strong was discharged from the Army on 18 January 1862. After some rehabilitation he was able to reenlist in August 1862 with the 23rd Wisconsin Infantry with which he served until the end of the war.

Roster of the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry.

NAME	RESIDENCE	DATE	REMARKS
Jones, George F.	Potosi	May 20, '61	Disch. Aug. 28, '61, disability.
Jones, Robert C.	Fennimore	Jan. 2, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Kinsey, Valorous F.	Potosi	May 17, '61	Wnd. Gainesville and Gettysburg; lost leg; disch. Oct. 24, '61, disability.
Ladd, Charles	Boscobel	Jan. 2, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
La Font, Louis	Lancaster	Apr. 23, '61	Det. in 1st R. I. Battery from May, '62, until killed in action, June 9, '62, Lexington, Ky.
Leut, William H.	Milton	Jan. 8, '61	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Ladwig, Otto W.	Lancaster	Apr. 20, '61	Killed in action, July 1, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.
Manning, Charles	Waterloo	May 20, '61	Wnd. Gainesville and Rappahannock River; trans. to V. R. C. July 1, '63.
Martin, John L.	Millville	Jan. 8, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
McCord, Edmund H.	Lancaster	Apr. 23, '61	Disch. Dec. 3, '61, disability.
McDonald, Isaac H.	Fennimore	Jan. 4, '64	Wnd. and missing, Wilderness; trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
McKenzie, R. Harrison	Ellenboro	May 20, '61	Killed in action, Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
Mead, Spencer	Lancaster	Apr. 27, '61	Disch. Nov. '61, '62, wnds. rec'd Gainesville, Aug. 28, '62.
Milan, Daniel C.	Fennimore	Jan. 2, '64	Serjt.; trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Miles, John W.	Lancaster	Apr. 23, '61	Vet.; det. in Battery B, 4th U. S. Art. from June 6, '62, till Mar. 10, '64; trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Mueller, Henry	Glen Haven	Apr. 22, '61	Disch. Aug. 28, '61, disability.
Nevin, George W.	Tafton	Apr. 22, '61	Wnd. Gainesville; disch. Mar. 21, '63, disability.
Neaville, Frank	Potosi	Apr. 22, '61	Serjt., 1st. Serjt.; killed in action Aug. 28, '62, Gainesville, Va.
Neaville, Henry R.	Potosi	Apr. 22, '61	Corp.; killed in action Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
Neaville, James H.	Potosi	Apr. 22, '61	Musician; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Nichols, Frank	Potosi	May 23, '61	M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Northrup, Henry W.	Tafton	Apr. 23, '61	Wnd. Antietam; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Northrup, George W.	Millville	Jan. 2, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Paroday, Alanson	Muscoda	Apr. 22, '61	Wnd. 1st. Bull Run, Gainesville and Gettysburg; disch. Feb. 11, '64.
Pettygrove, Frederick	Muscoda	Apr. 22, '61	Wnd. Gainesville and Antietam; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Pepton, Samuel	Beetown	May 20, '61	Disch. May 6, '63, wnds. rec'd Gainesville, Aug. 28, '62.
Phillbrick, Phlander H.	Fennimore	Jan. 5, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Pettinger, Robert S.	Boscobel	Apr. 23, '61	Killed in action Aug. 28, '62, Gainesville, Va.
Powers, Silas H.	Clayton	Jan. 23, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Raines, John W.	Lancaster	June 11, '61	Disch. Nov. 29, '62, wnds. rec'd Gainesville, Aug. 28, '62; Brevet Capt. Aug. 28, '62.
Reckler, Fritz	Casville	Apr. 23, '61	Wnd. and pris. 1st Bull Run; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Reed, William B.	Lancaster	May 20, '61	Corp.; wnd. 1st Bull Run and Gainesville; disch. Jan. 24, '63, disability.
Rhoda, Henry		Apr. 22, '61	Vet., Musician; pris. 1st Bull Run; trans. to Co. D, Feb. 28, '64.
Richmond, Emerson	Boscobel	Jan. 4, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Russell, James F.		May 24, '61	From Co. G.; trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Schillig, Joseph	Potosi	Apr. 22, '61	M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Schmidt, John	Lancaster	May 20, '61	Killed in action Aug. 28, '62, Gainesville, Va.
Simpson, Robert J.	Marion	Apr. 23, '61	Wnd. 1st Bull Run; killed in action Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
Snodgrass, James	Boscobel	Jan. 2, '64	Wnd. May 3, '64; trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Snodgrass, William H.	Patch Grove	Apr. 22, '61	Corp., wnd. Gainesville, Rappahannock River and Chancellorsville; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Speas, Albert W.	Potosi	June 11, '61	Wnd. 1st Bull Run and Gainesville; died Apr. 29, '63, Washington, D. C., disease.
Sprague, Samuel	Potosi	May 20, '61	Corp.; wnd. Gettysburg; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Stephenson, George A.	Beetown	Apr. 22, '61	Barriage Master; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.
Stephenson, Robert S.	Beetown	May 20, '61	Killed in action Sept. 17, '62, Antietam, Md.
St. John, John	Potosi	May 18, '61	Died Oct. 8, '62, Washington, D. C., wnds. rec'd Gainesville, Aug. 28, '62.
Stratton, Alcinous L.	Walworth	Jan. 5, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Stratton, Gilmore M.	Walworth	Jan. 5, '64	Trans. to Ind. Batt., June 10, '64.
Sronz, David	Lancaster	Apr. 22, '61	Wnd. and pris. 1st Bull Run; disch. Mar. 27, '62.
Stubbs, John H.	Boscobel	Apr. 22, '61	Corp.; wnd. Gainesville; M. O. June 28, '64, term exp.



Libby Prison in Richmond Virginia. During the war it had housed an estimated 125,000 Union Soldiers.



New London Review
12 February 1885

REMINESCENCE OF MY SOLDIER DAYS AND IMPRISONMENT

During 1861 & 1862

David Pancoast Reuben Strong

(Read before Stewart Post 124, G. A. R. Saturday
February 7th 1885 and published by request of the
Post)

I enlisted April 17th, 1861 in Company C. Second
Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, in June we
were ordered to Washington D.C. and became part
of the "Army of the Potomac."

The Months of July and August are very warm in
Virginia, and those months were no exception in
1861. Not a member of my company had ever met
the boasted "Southern Chivalry", but were anxious
to make their acquaintance.

On July 18th we left our tents in light marching
order acting as a reserve in General McDowell's
reconnaissance at Centerville; we saw no enemy
and the only casualty resulting to our regiment was,
one man in company B has a leg taken off by a
spent cannon ball, about 4 pm we returned to our
camps of the morning.

The ensuing two days was spent as many of their
predecessors had been, guard mount, camp duties,
sandwiched in by card playing, "chuck-a-luck" etc.
etc.; vague apprehensions of an approaching
conflict was the only theme breaking the
monotonous routine of camp life. Saturday, July
20th, orders were received at Regimental
Headquarters, to send to the rear all superfluous
baggage, tents, etc; cartridge boxes were examined
and each soldier was supplied with a deficit of "80
rounds," which, at the time, consisted of an ounce
ball, three buck-shot and powder enough to make
"em git there" – as night settled down upon us,
fires were extinguished, lights and loud talk was
forbidden. Gloomy apprehensions hung over all.
How little we knew, or though of the baptism of
blood awaiting us on the morrow.

My "bunkey" and I, each had a "poncho" and a
blanket which we spread upon the warm, dry

ground, and tried to sleep, the surface was a hard
gravelly clay, which, with the prospects of coming
strife, perhaps, wounds, or death, effectually
banished sleep, for "coming events, do sometimes,
cast their shadows before." What soldier has not, on
the eve of a premeditated battle, knowing the
formidable preparations, prepared for the coming
day, been oppressed with like gloomy forebodings?

Here let me digress a moment, my "bunkey," T.B.
Day, one whom I had known for years, had been
showing signs of restlessness by repeatedly turning
from one side to the other, but up to about 12
o'clock not a sound had broken the oppressive
stillness; when I was startled by a nudge and a low
voice asked: "Dave, are you awake?" "Yes," said I.
"Well I'll be damned if I'd like to die and be buried
in this country." The expression, although not well
chosen was a serious one, and one in which my
thoughts had been concentrated for some hours
previous, for, strange as it may appear to some, I
was at that time a "Bible student" and quite
religiously inclined.

After pondering o'er his words awhile, I remarked,
'why not?' Said he: "Because the ground is so
damned hard I could never raise to come to
judgment." The ridiculousness of the answer
caused me to burst into a loud peal of
uncontrollable laughter, which was soon hushed by
the sharp voice of the Captain saying, "silence over
there."

About 2 o'clock Sunday morning, July 21st, the
officers passed quietly among the sleeping men and
by whispers, and gently shaking them, gave the
order to "fall in without noise," the line was quickly
formed and began moving off in the darkness,
judging by the time consumed, and rate at which we
walked, we went about nine miles before sunrise.

You will remember the fires were extinguished, so
that for breakfast we had "Hard-tack and Sow-
Belly," or in plain English, hard crackers and raw
bacon, of which we had eaten as we walked, in
proportion to our appetites.

About this time the loud voice of cannon and the
rattle of musketry, told plainly to our unpracticed
ears that the carnage had begun. We were held in
reserve until near 11 o'clock when we were ordered
to the support of Ricket's battery; throwing our

knapsacks together; one man from each company was detained to guard them; "Double quick, by the right flank, file left, march."

Away we went for Blackburn's ford where the water was about three feet deep, a few rails were hastily thrown in, but as quickly floated away, and, with pleasure we received the order to "wade it, boys," many filled their canteens, while crossing, with the then clear water of Bull Run, the next time I saw it, 'twas RED with the blood of men and beasts.

Ricket's battery was posted on a hill a mile from the ford and just at the left of a ravine up which we went, eight or ten rods lay beyond the battery was a grove of thick, stunted, Jack pines, about ten feet high; upon coming to a "front" near the guns we beheld only dead or wounded men and horses, the smoking guns, the groans of wounded, told but too plainly of the whirl-wind of war that had swept over and around them.

We advanced from the ravine a rod or two, halted and dressed the line, where was the enemy? Not a living object could we see in front, save the wounded of the artillery, away to the right I saw a body of Infantry changing position, a mounted orderly swiftly passing out of sight; momentary stillness reigned, even the groans of the wounded ceased for a time; the order came - "forward march."

Continued - 19 February 1885

At the word of command the regiment stepped promptly forward, when, from the base of those stunted pines there came a burst of flame, another, and then another, with but a seconds interval; the bullets fell among us like hail-stones amid the ripened grain our men went down like grass before the scythe; three times did we return the fire, when we were ordered to fall back to the partial shelter of the ravine, about this time I received the compliments of a "Johne" between the knee and ankle which stunned my leg somewhat, but more especially my toes felt numb, or cold; and upon casting my eyes towards the ground, I beheld a tiny stream of blood slowly trickling off my shoe, thinking the wound a trifling one, and having on a cotton shirt, I thought I could safely sit and bandage my wounded limb behind a large pile of rails about

ten feet in front of the where I then stood; as I stepped off and my heft was thus thrown upon the wounded leg, the shattered bones were forced together, the pain was intense, the bright sunlight became suddenly dark, I felt myself going! going! gone!!!

Upon regaining consciousness the last thought before fainting was the first one upon recovery, I crawled to the haven of the rail pile, tore off a piece of the before mentioned shirt, bound up the wound and stopped the flow of blood which had been considerable, my shoe was full, the sock and lower part of the leg of the pantaloons was thoroughly saturated and the pain was intense.

After an hour or two I saw a member of my company passing and called him by name, he came to my assistance and together we began a painful and laborious retreat, but had not gone far before we were captured by members of General Stewart's Cavalry.

Three days and four nights I, with many other wounded men, lay in a yard on the battlefield, exposed to a drenching rain of 24 hours, the chills of the night air and the scorching rays of a July sun in a Southern clime, without food, water, or medical assistance, save such as was dolled out to us by the unwilling hands of an exultant enemy, never before had I known the pangs of hunger, but I was soon destined to learn their full import.

Thursday, July 24th we were transported to Manassas Junction, loaded into cattle cars, which had not even been SHOVELED out, since cattle had been shipped there-in; at this place the citizens were very kind, they came with provisions and words of sympathy, and gave to each man a pint of good coffee and a large slice of ham between two generous slices of wheat bread. Delicious meal, how I relished it.

About 5pm we pulled out with an armed sentinel at each car door, (to prevent the wounded men from escaping, I supposed.) 'Twas then I heard, for the first time, that afterward famous war-cry "On the Road to Richmond."

Saturday evening, the 26th we arrived in Richmond, having been on the road about 72 hours, or three days without food or drink of any kind.

Of that time I will pass hurriedly by as the incidents are too terrible to dwell upon, the reason why we were so long upon the road, was our train was an extra and had to give the way to all trains, and the road was literally swarming with them, all rushing to the front with men and supplies for the Confederates, the distance was but eighty miles: there was about seventy men in the car with me and when we arrived at Richmond, eighteen of them had answered to "Roll Call" on the other shore.

Drays, express wagons, carts, anything that was capable of hauling one or more man, was secured to convey us to the prisons, followed by a howling mob of Negroes and "Poor White Trash," who made the evening hideous with vile epithets, curses and threats hurled at us, defenseless, sorely wounded, "Yanks."

I was first conveyed to a tobacco warehouse, which had been converted into a hospital, where we had good nursing and the best medical care as the nurses were chosen from among our boys and medical staff consisted of Union Surgeons, many of whom had voluntarily surrendered after the battle, with heroic determination of staying by those in most want of their skill.

Towards the last of September I was able to walk with the assistance of my crutch and was then transferred to the gloomy walls of "Libby Prison."

Our ration time and bill of fare was breakfast at 8am which consisted of six ounces of bread and a piece of beef, it was good and fresh, we got a piece about 11 by 3 inches and one inch thick; if it was tainted, two or three times as much, and our morning prayer was "Oh Lord, send us stinking meat." Dinner at 5pm which consisted of what bread and meat we had left from breakfast and one pint of soup, which was made by the Negro cooks in this manner; the loose cabbage leaves, turnip-tops, refuse potatoes, a little rice, in fact all the refuse of the city markets was collected and dumped into kettles containing the water in which the beef had been cooked, boiled without salt and pepper, and served hot.

Often and often, I have found, in the bottom of my cup three or four large spoonfuls of maggots, well cooked, which I ate with relish.

You must not think that all was gloom and sorrow. With but few exceptions, the boys tried to lessen the monotony of captivity with social songs, dances, checkers, gymnastics, and theatricals, we constructed curtains of blankets and rendered several plays, we were honored (?) with the presence of the Editors and Officers of the city.

Continued – February 21st 1885

Comrades:

After so long a time has elapsed it would not be surprising if it was forgotten that I left narrative at the description of some of our pastimes. Our daily program was as follows: 6am Inspection. This inspection was a self imposed task, one that the "Johnnies" did not require, but one that we insisted should be THE MOST SEARCHING of all our duties; it consisted in divesting ourselves of what little apparel we wore, and catching and cracking those little "gray backed" companions that threw so bountifully upon our emaciated forms, and many were the merry jokes that were the "grand rounds" during inspection.

On my floor there was an artist who used to amuse himself by sketching the comrades during "inspection," some of his sketches would have been a prize for Nast. I have two of his sketches in my possession today – one looking north is "Castle Thunder," the James River, and the wagon and R. R. Bridge with broken scenery beyond; the other one is a view looking south-east from our prison windows, the James River, a steam boat at the wharf, a fishing smack on the opposite side of the river, and a deserted cornfield, hills and brush, with the autograph of the artist, C.H. Kellogg, all of his sketches was done with a common lead pencil on any kind of paper that he could procure.

Breakfast at 8am. Roll call at 9, which was very strict, after the roll was called the officer of the guard, would count us, and then "Old Wirz" would do the same. From that until supper (or dinner) time, 5pm, we amused ourselves the best we could, by marching, boxing, gymnastics, singing, etc., etc. Occasionally the dreary monotony was broken by the report of a speedy exchange, or parole; then we'd gather in congenial groups and converse of our homes and loved ones: In imagination, feast on the delicacies of our Northern lands, heedless of the

hours in their dreary passing, until the guards cry of "12o'clock, an' all's well" admonished us that even prisoners needed sleep, and with tender hearts and moist eyes, we'd stretch ourselves upon the hard bare floor, and in slumber would be home again, see our loved ones, and with them feast upon the well remembered viands, that only those we loved could cook so temptingly. So vivid would be the vision that only the craving for food, and fact of our presence there, would prove that it was a vision.

About the middle of October an examination of the prison was made with the object of thinning out, and I was among the number booked for Andersonville; but the day before we were to depart, I was carried back to the hospital, some said I had Yellow Fever, but the surgeons pronounced my disease "Black Measles," I only know that I was very sick for several weeks, thereby missing the Andersonville excursion, for which I was truly grateful.

After my recovery I solicited, and was appointed night nurse, my duties began at 6pm and continued until 6am. We had one extra meal, and the rations began at 6 pm and continued until 6 am. We had one extra meal, and the rations were a trifle more liberal, though far from satisfying the cravings of hunger.

January 12th 1862 and examination of the sick and wounded was conducted by a number of Rebel surgeons and only the names of those, who, in their estimation, would "never be able to fight the Southern Confederacy again" were taken down, and they were required to sign a parole nor to bear arms, until exchanged, and my name was among the number. January 16 orders were received that we must be ready at 6am January 17th, very little sleep was had that night, those not going were busy writing letters, or sending verbal messages home, and those that were going could not sleep for their great joy. True to the orders our breakfast was served a 6 and by 8 the guard escorted those that could walk, to the boat; it was near 10 before those that had to be assisted were aboard, when the boat shoved off and passing swiftly down the river, when salt water was reached, and in sight of Fortress-Monroe, we were met by the "Chesapeake" one of the large ocean steamers, proudly floating Stars and Stripes, but doubly dear is the emblem to a released captive. I saw men who had born cruel wounds, the

surgeon's knife, and the pangs of slow starvation without a murmur, CRY LIKE CHILDREN.

Some cheered, while others sang, my emotions were too great for utterance; I could not speak.

We were quickly transferred, and dropping back under the protecting walls of "Old Point Comfort," we got our first "square meal" in six months, then a bath, and a new suit of "Uncle Samuel's clothes;" by this time we were many miles on the green waters of the Chesapeake Bay, steaming towards Baltimore, where we arrived in the early morning of the 18th of January 1862. We were taken to the Soldiers Home in time for dinner which made THREE "square meals," after which I got my hair cut, and a shave, and then weighed just 87 pounds, on the Wednesday before my capture I weighed 133 pounds – which fact speaks more forcible of our prison regime than any words that I could use.

I was furloughed for 60 days, at the expiration of which, my wound not having healed, I was discharged.

In August 1862, I again enlisted in the 23rd Wisconsin Infantry, and served until the close of the war.

This text is from David Pancoast Reuben Strong's Story of his time in the Union Army and of his time of imprisonment during the Civil War. It was presented to the Stewart Post 124 GAR on Saturday February 7th, 1885. It was Published in the New London Review on 12 February 1885 - 21 February 1885.

D. P. R. STRONG, OLD TIME EDITOR, GONE

Pioneer Editor of New London and Atwater Died at Soldiers' Home

A well-known character in Kandiyohi County in the 80's passed at Minneapolis last week. D. P. R. Strong, Civil War survivor, and newspaper veteran of Minnesota and Dakota, died at the Soldiers' Home at Minnehaha Park, at Minneapolis.

Mr. Strong was an enterprising and quaint character. In company with H. J. Ramsett and W. A. Krause he started the first newspaper at New London in this county, the first copy appearing Aug. 22, 1884. The following year he sold it to W. A. Krause and bot the Atwater Press from Miss Julia O'Brien and continued to publish it three years. He also conducted the hotel, hardware store and other enterprises at New London for a short time. Mr. Strong made the New London Review the exponent of the "Greenback" Party and as a result Burbank, Roseville and Irving gave pluralities for Benj. F. Butler for President in 1884. The "Greenback" party was the first political movement organized against the centralization of wealth and accompanying political power in this country after the Civil War, being founded by Peter Cooper, the New York philanthropist who built and endowed the well known Cooper Union and Institute.

The Minneapolis Journal gives the following particulars of D. P. R. Strong.

"D. P. R. Strong, widely known editor of Minnesota and the Dakota, died today, 80 years old at the Old Soldiers home, Fort Snelling.

"Mr. Strong was at one time editor of the Atwater Press, Atwater, Minn., and later editor of the Grand Forks Herald. He was also for many years in newspaper work at Paynesville, Minn.

"He served in the Civil War, was captured by Confederate soldiers and imprisoned in the notorious Libby prison.

"On his release, in rags, with other prisoners, he met President Lincoln, who ordered new garments for the victims. Mr. Strong saved this suit until his death.

"Mr. Strong is survived by J. H. Strong, a nephew, Atwater, Minn., and by a grandnephew, C. H. Strong, 1523 Logan av N.

"The funeral will take place at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow and will be in charge of Masonic Lodge No. 19. Interment will be at Lakewood cemetery.

"Mr. Strong was born March 13, 1841. He lived for the last 20 years in Minneapolis."



Strong's obituary from the West Central Tribune
12 January 1921

Strong's uniform jacket. Issued to him by Abraham Lincoln after his release from Libby Prison.