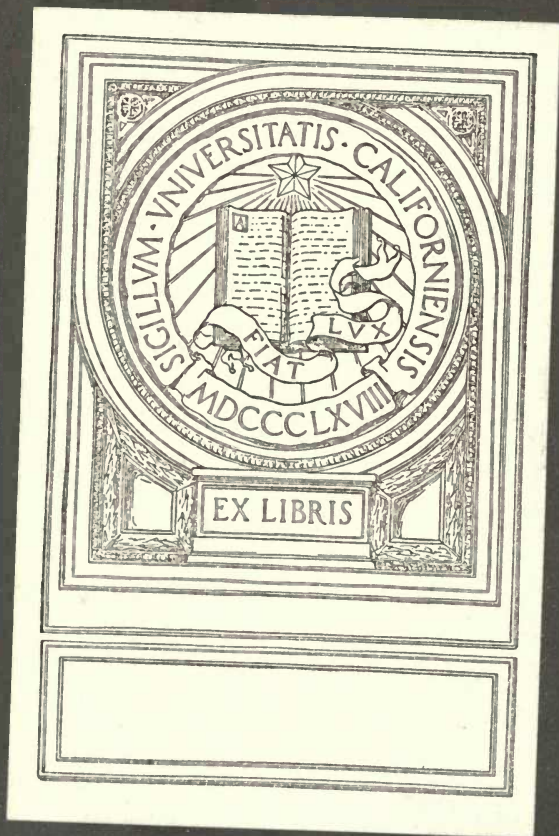
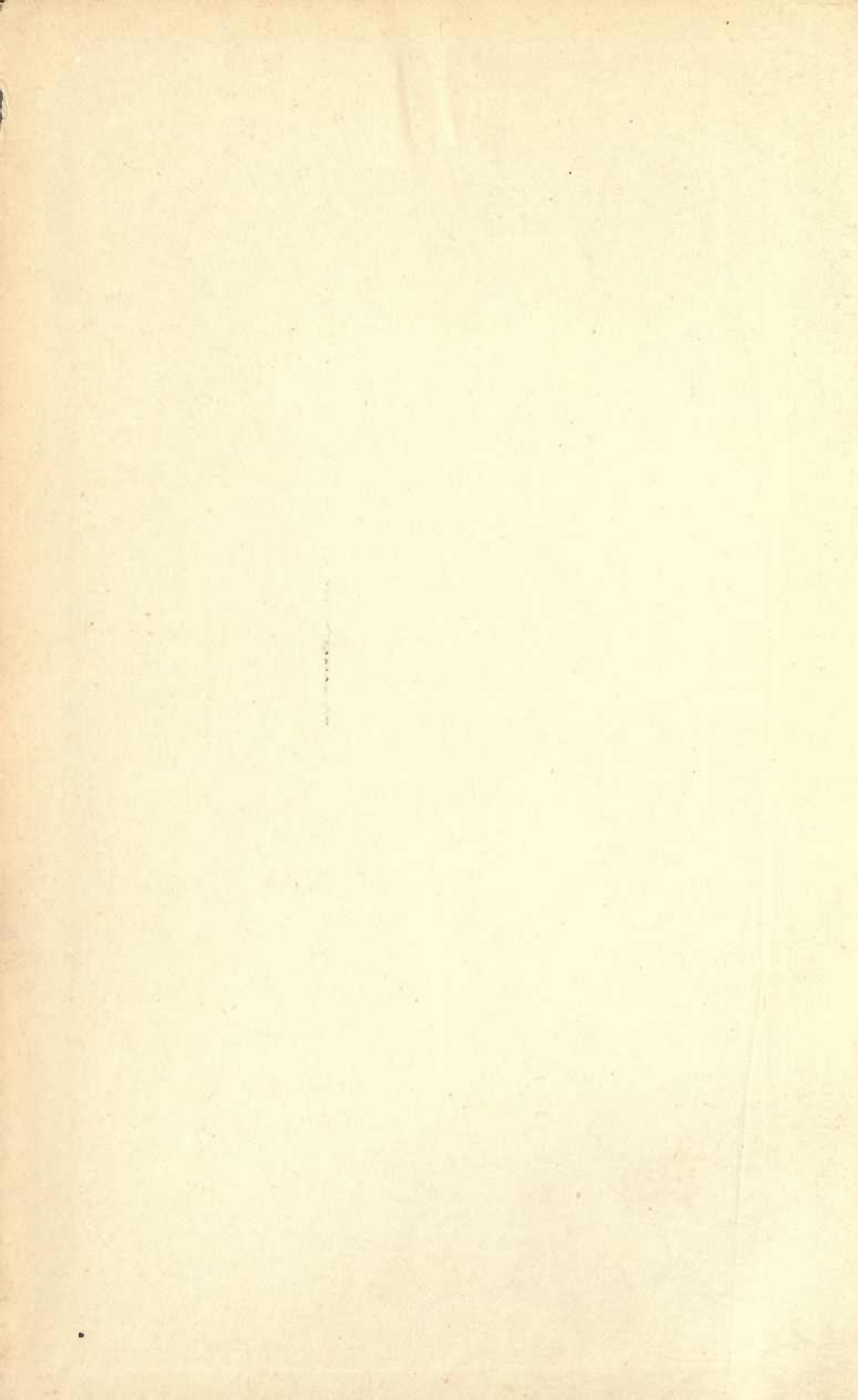
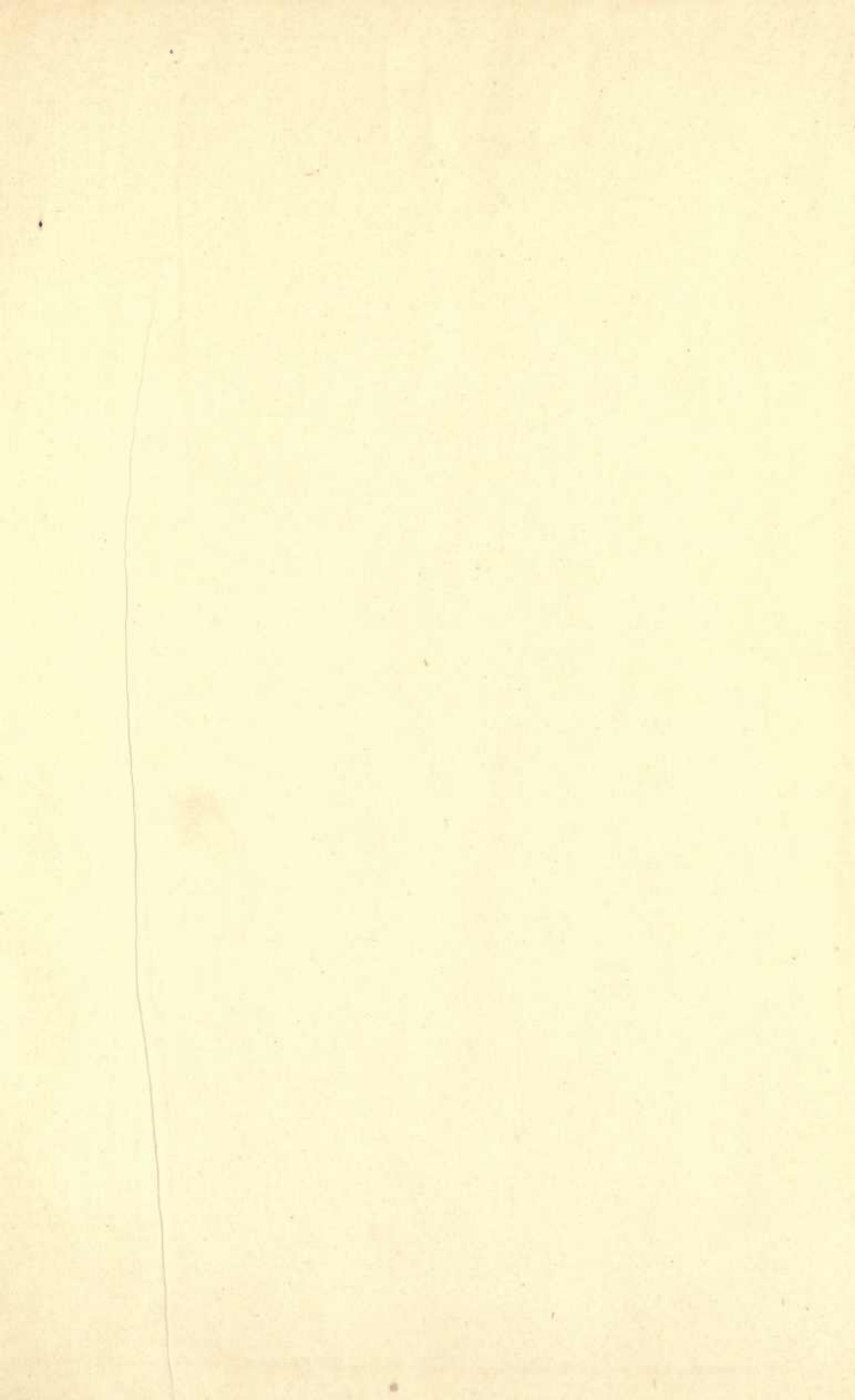


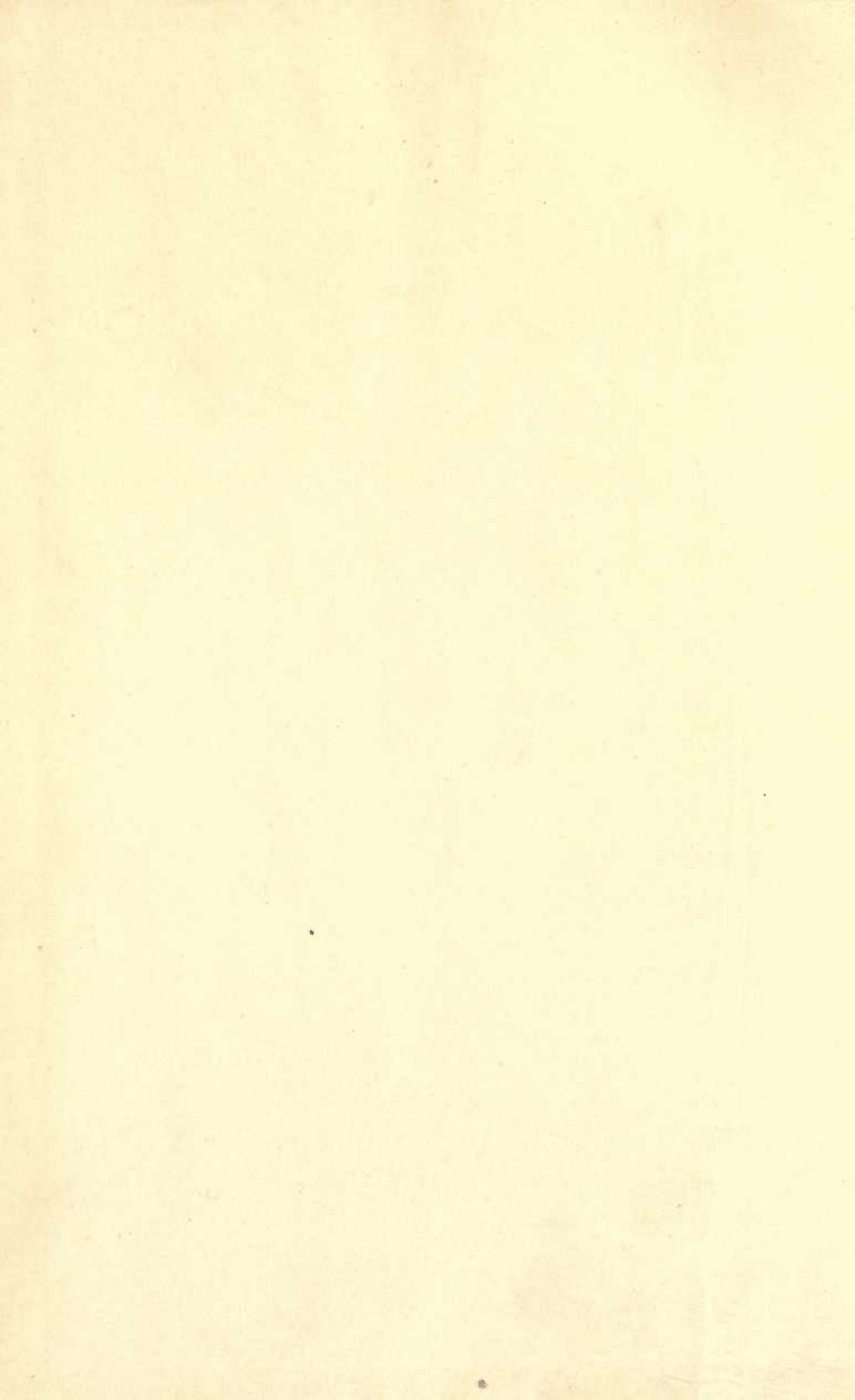
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HISTORY

OF THE

124TH REGIMENT

Illinois Infantry Volunteers,

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE

“HUNDRED AND TWO DOZEN,”

FROM AUGUST, 1862, TO AUGUST, 1865.

BY R. L. HOWARD,
CHAPLAIN.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H. W. ROKKER.
1880.



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PREFACE.

At the request of a portion of the survivors of our dear old regiment, I have compiled and written its history. Not because I recognized in myself any peculiar qualifications for the task, but because I loved its members, was proud of its record, and wished its history to be written. The labor has been sandwiched in among the severe duties of an arduous pastorate, and the result is not what it might have been, if some leisure could have been given to it. But it has been a labor of love, and as in my study I have lived the old days, and fought the old battles over, one after another, our dear comrades, both living and dead, have seemed to stand by my side and fill my room, as I could not have believed it possible after the lapse of so many years. And in their coming, considering their numbers, they have brought but little to pain, with much, very much, to gladden. And if you, my dear readers, enjoy the perusal of this book half as well as I have the work of preparing it, I shall deem my labor an eminent success.

That much that is worthy has been rescued from what would otherwise have been oblivion, I know. That there is other material equally valuable that ought to be here, I also know. But it was not at my command. All that Gen. Howe, Maj. Field, Quartermaster Reece, Hospital Steward Allaire, and Private Snedeker had, with my own diary and papers, I have given you. Others, too, have rendered valuable assistance, especially Capt. N. H. Pratt, and Lieutenants Dorlan and Richards. That the details are correct in dates and figures, I am confident, and as far as they go, the statements and facts of the work may be relied upon.

If, when you have read the book, you pronounce favorably upon it, as a history in some degree worthy of the old "Hundred and two dozen," instead of thanking me for what I have so imperfectly done, thank one more laborious and deserving than I—the inspirer and back-bone of the enterprise, without whom the noble One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Illinois Infantry Volunteers would never have had a written history—our old comrade and Quartermaster, Capt. A. N. Reece, of Chicago.

R. L. HOWARD.

BANGOR, ME., Oct. 16, 1879.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Companies, where raised, by whom, and their organization— Jonas Smith—A Representative Regiment—Camp Butler—First Ex- periences—A Private for Quartermaster—The Extra Drawers—Field Officers Chosen—Drill Sergeant and Awkward Squad—Our Visitors— First Divine Service and Dress Parade—Muster Rolls—Richmond Taken.....	1
---	---

CHAPTER II.

Muster-in—Martin Etter—Field and Staff—Other Troops with Us—Drawing Arms—Our First Deaths—Lieut. Willian—Off for the Front—Route Changed—Columbus, Ky.—Mutiny—Embark for Jackson, Tenn.....	14
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Jackson—"A Young Brigade"—Camp Under the Poplars—Our Assign- ment and Commanders—Picket—Confiscation—The 20th Illinois and Sutler's Goods—Mules, and the Quartermaster's Experience—Com- pany H on Provost Guard—Stoves—Three Companies get New Rifles —Conflicting Orders—To Move at Last—Up all Night to be Ready to Start—To Boliver by Cars—Up at 2 to Start at 10—Our First March— Overcoats all Right—Company F's Calves—Getting into Camp—Rails —Camp Fires—McAllister's Battery—Astonished at the Column— Dust and Smoke—Suffering—Lagrange—"So, Bossy"—On Picket—A Dead Rebel—Positive Orders.....	23
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

"Inflation"—Camp Equipage Arrives—More Comfortable—Guarding Rebel Property—Drill—A 30th Illinois Boy Disgusted—Grand Review —A Day on Picket—Relieving Guard at the Depot—Off Again—The Quartermaster's Troubles—Into Mississippi—Holly Springs—Heard Firing—Tents Come Up, and How—Lumpkin's Mill—Abbeville— "Rebs Skedaddled"—Raining Hard—Across the Tallahatchie and Through the Mud single-file to Oxford—In the Advance, and What Came of It—To the Yacona—Van Dorn in Our Rear—"About, Face!" —Improvement in Transportation—In Camp on the Tallahatchie— Short Rations—Drawing Corn, &c.....	36
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Again Moving—Carrying a Dressed Hog on Horseback—Lagrange Once More—On to Moscow in a Storm—Colliersville and Guarding Railroad —Six Inches of Snow and Boys Barefooted—Reach Memphis and Proceed to Clear Land—Clothed up Once More—Dissatisfaction Created by Northern Copperheads—A few Desertions—Five Roll-calls a Day— Dainties from Home, and the Sanitary Commission—A Great Deal of Sickness—Pay to October 31st—Hopefield Burnt—On the "Platte Valley," and Down the Mississippi—Lake Providence—Peach Trees in Bloom February 23d—A Beautiful Camp	50
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Resignations and Promotions—Routine Life—Heavy Rains—The Steamer "Henry Von Phul"—Levee Cut—Berry's Landing—A Wagon Load of Fish—Religious Interest—Tremendous Storm in the Night—Company G's Hog—Interesting Poetry—Col. Sloan in Trouble—Adjutant General Thomas in Camp—Logan's Speech—Four Months' Pay—Off for Somewhere—Milliken's Bend—Mortality Statistics—Graves on the Levee—Volunteering to Run the Blockade—Gov. Yates—Demoralizing Drill, and Dress Parade in our Shirt-sleeves—Views of Vicksburg—Roses by the Mile, and Pride of China Trees..... 60

CHAPTER VII.

The Vicksburg Campaign Begun—On to Richmond—Col. Howe's Horse—The Quartermaster's Experience—Still on—Ashwood Landing—Lake St. Joseph, and Dr. Bowie's Mansion—Camp in 3,000 Acres of Corn—Grand Gulf—Running the Batteries—The Tuscumbia—Crossing the Mississippi on the Mound City—Bruinsburg—The Quartermaster Again—"Just Before the Battle"—To the Front—Signs of a Fray—Support the 31st—Capt. Potter Wounded—Up and at Them—Thompson's Hill—Chase Them Till Dark—Sleep on Our Arms—Port Gibson—"Down With the Traitors, and Up With the Stars"—Wading the Stream—Such a Country—Big Bayou Pere—Halted by a Shell or Two—Line of Battle—A Long, Weary March to the Big Black—Grand Gulf Evacuated—Resting—Sitting Up to Sleep—Transportation Up—Rocky Springs—Utica—Special Orders..... 70

CHAPTER VIII.

Feeling Our Way—May 12th, Pickets Run a Race to Catch Up—Raymond—Our First Man Killed—The Quartermaster's Story—Corporal Brown—Into the Village in Style—Our Loss—Rebel News—On to Clinton—Col. Sloan in Arrest—Toward Jackson—Rain and Mud—Double-Quickening for a Fight—Over Crocker's Battle-field—Jackson Evacuated—Camp by the Deaf and Dumb Institute—Back Track—Burying the Dead—Eighteen Miles Toward Vicksburg—Champion Hills—43d Georgia—Battery Taken—Our Loss, and Incidents—A Night Ride, and a Scare—On to the Big Black—Crossing, and on to Vicksburg..... 86

CHAPTER IX.

Before Vicksburg—The 22d of May—Our Position—Shirley's House—Digging and Sharpshooting—Mortar Boats—"Giving Them Their Coffee"—Flag of Truce—Three O'clock in the Morning—A Charge on Co. H—Gen. Leggett—Headquarters Tents Up—Col. Sloan in Command—Raked by a Parrott Gun—Fort Hill Blown Up—The "Slaughter Pen"—Our Losses—Lieut. Pratt Killed—Fort Blown Up Again—"Abe's" Experience—The Beginning of the End—White Flags—Under the Oak—Silence—July 4th—"Black Your Boots"—"Fall In"—"Hail Columbia"—"See the Rebs"—"Forward, March"—Into Vicksburg—The Old Flag to the Breeze—Cheer Upon Cheer..... 104

CHAPTER X.

Logan Commanding Post, and the 45th Provost Guard—Our Friends at Home—On Picket at Night—The Cause of the War—General Orders No. 20—Inside the Lines, and in Camp Once More—What We Saw in Vicksburg—Caves—Starvation—Testimony of the *Daily Citizen*—Famine Plaster—Graves—"But Vicksburg had not Suffered, O, No!"—Dress Parade—Patoled Prisoners—Pemberton Oak—Sickness—Maj. Pattison—Resignations and Promotions 124

CHAPTER XI.

Home—A Speech from Col. Howe—"City of Madison"—Monroe Expedition—Jimson Weeds—Camp near Bayou Boeuf—Monroe—Leggett's Order—Back Again—Twenty-four Miles the First Day—Only Eight on Sunday—Then Twenty-five Miles in the Heat—The Worn and Weary Given Six Miles Extra—Home Once More—Col. Howe on Military Commission to Condemn Rebel Property—A Scare—Moved Camp—Marching Orders—The Brownsville and Bogue Chitto Expedition—Over the Champion Hills Battle Ground—In Camp Again..... 138

CHAPTER XII.

Reece's River Experience—A New Wagon Master—Details to Colored Regiments—Conley's Mule—Roses—Moved to Big Black—Col. Howe in Command—Logan's Farewell—Battalion Drill—Trial Drill of Brigade—Won Prize for Best Picket Duty—Officers' Mess—Regimental Chapel—Leggett Division Commander—Force in Command of Brigade—Maj. Mann..... 152

CHAPTER XIII.

Col. Sloan—Our Prize Drill—The Proud "Excelsior Regiment"—"Veteranizing"—Recruiting Detail 164

CHAPTER XIV.

Marching Orders—Eastward, ho!—Gen. Sherman in Command—"Uncle Johnny Lyle"—Line of Battle—Jackson Again—The Minister's Mule—Brandon—"Uncle John" Trades Mules—Officers' Mess in Clover—Morton and Hillsborough—Houses Catch Fire—A Night on a Corduroy Road—Decatur—Chunkey—Mule Teams Guard a Bridge—Meridian—Some Destruction—Incidents—The Back Track—Diverge at Hillsborough—About the "Banner"—Better Rations—Mules in Plenty—Canton—Turn Over the Animals—Bill of Fare—A Mail—Adjutant Smith and Party Routed—Home with a Shout—The Quartermaster's Department Slightly Ahead—Negro Accompaniment—Name of the Expedition 180

CHAPTER XV.

Aurora's Respects—Conley Again—Col. Howe on Leave—Reece Detached—New Guns—Wedding—Brigade Broken Up—Left Out in the Cold—Every-Day Life—Circus—Horse Off for Dixie—Flag Surrendered—Its Subsequent History—To Vicksburg Once More—Col. Howe Returned—A Fish Story—Col. Sloan—Weather—Reece Up the River—Recruits—Defenses of Vicksburg—Big Black Evacuated—Respects of the Regiment..... 207

CHAPTER XVI.

Off on a Scout—Benton—Skirmishing—Vaughan's Station—Yazoo City—Sergt. Hanes Died—Reece Back—In a Well—Bigelow Quartermaster—Military Execution—Howe's Address—Off to Jackson July 1st—Back the 9th—Sanford Mortally Wounded—Inspected by Gen. Dana—Col. Howe Home on Leave—Political Speaking—Respects to Gen. Dana—Grand Review—On the "Shenango"—Mess—Running on the Boat—White River—Off for Memphis..... 224

CHAPTER XVII.

Memphis—Fort Pickering, and Box Cars—Guarding Wood Choppers—An Alarm—Lieut. Spear Sick—Off on the "Magenta"—Capt. Kendall Left Behind—Report at White River—On to Vicksburg—Run into the Bank—Home Again—Relieve the 72d—Guard Mounting—58th Ohio With Us—72d Leave—Move Into Their Camp—Provost Duty—Lincoln Re-elected—*Feu de Joie*—Whiskey and Pistols—A Jubilee—Capt. Calhahan—A Noble Record—Women in Trade—Sword Presentation—Closed the Year with a Funeral—Changes 247

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ladies in Camp—Style—Detached Service—Maj. Mann on the Works—Cavalry Movements—Troops Passing—Colored Regiments Go Down the River—More Recruits—Gen. Canby in Command Below—Move at Last—On the "Grey Eagle"—New Orleans—Camp Chalmette—Ladies With Us—"No Bottom"—72d Again—Reece Back—Enjoy the City—On the "Guiding Star"—A Jam—Over the Bar—Sea Sick—Dauphin Island.....	264
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

The "Festive Oyster"—Organization—Across the Bay—Reece and the Teamis—The "Father of Crooks"—Among the Pines—Brigade Drill—Franking Letters—Fortifying—Further On—Skirmishing—"Wake Nicodemus"—Adjutant and Hodges Wounded—Spanish Fort—Geo. C. Black Killed—Siege—Our Position—Wounded—A Fearful Day—Killed—Officers Digging Rifle-Pits—Killed and Wounded—Siege Progressing—General Bombardment—April 8th—Our Share in the Capture—Capt. N. H. Pratt's Story.....	282
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

On the Move Again—Halt—Blakely Fallen—Brigade Meeting—Off for Montgomery—Baldwin County Pines—Laurels—Florida—Accident—News—Cheer Upon Cheer—Flags by the Way—A Union Woman—Greenville—200 Guns—"Secesh"—Montgomery—Camp and Strawberries—Provost Duty—Officers Quartered Out— <i>Daily Advertiser</i> —Lincoln Assassinated—May 1st—Chaplains' Meeting	309
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Col. Howe Commanding Brigade—Colored Children—Mail Once More--Ears Cut Off—Dress Parade in State--Women after Mules--One Woman's Opinion of God--Turn Over Flag--It's History—Col. Howe and His Hostess—Dr. Gilmer—July 4th Approaching—Citizens wish to Celebrate—Arrangements—Programme—The Day Itself, and the Celebration--Disgusted--A Second Edition--A Little Marrying--Horses Sold—New Officers--Hot but Healthy--Rumors—Off on the "Virginia"—Going Home—Selma—Pokerish Bridges—Demopolis—On Top of the Cars—Meridian Again--Recruits Transferred--Watermelons--Jackson—March and Pay for Rides to Big Black--Vicksburg—Cherry Street Barracks--Sun-stroke	342
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

Muster out Rolls--Headquarters at the Washington House--Equipments Turned Over--The Work Supposed to be Finished--Lind Married--On the "Ida Handy" and Good-bye to Vicksburg--Aground--Mouth of White River--The Last Sermon--At Cairo--On a "Wild Train" of Thirty-five Cars with the 76th Illinois--Through the State--At Chicago--Soldiers' Rest--Grand Reception at the Court House--Papers Defective--Camp Douglas--Two Weeks of Waiting-- <i>Tribune</i> Article--Ed. McGlynn--Paid off and Free at Last--Testimonials to Reece and Durley--Off for Home--Reception at Kewanee--The War-Path Ended	380
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

(RELIGIOUS.

Ministers in the Regiment--Services in the Barracks--Chaplain Foskett--All New to Us--Somewhat Discouraged--Ranks Thinned--Change of Chaplains--Better Opportunities--Form a Church--Its Officers--Subscription for Reading--Bible Dictionaries--Protracted Meetings--The Christian Commission--Singing School--Bible Class--Weekly Prayer Meetings--Chaplain in the State House at Montgomery--African Emotion--Church Losses by Death--Letters Given and Church Disbanded,	335
--	-----

CONTENTS.

IX.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEDICAL.

Introduction—Camp Butler—Dr. Reece—Dr. Bucher—Surgeon Angell—Allaire and Murray—Assistant Surgeon Kay—Running Narrative—Dr. Jassoy—Raymond—Champion Hills—Inside Vicksburg—A Word of Praise—Extracts from Allaire—Resignation of Dr. Angell—Dr. Kay Promoted—Dr. Jassoy Dismissed—Died, Killed and Discharged—No Reason to Complain of our Medical Department—Kay and Allaire.... 417

CHAPTER XXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Officers at Muster Out—The Few Unchanged—Our Music—Nye and Mathews—"Judge" Austin—Postmasters—Hospital Stewards to Spare—Mexican War Veterans—Logan's Letter at Memphis—Fort Hill Detail—Spangler—Leggett's Letter to Adj. Gen. Fuller—McPherson's Ditto—Desertions—Reflections—One Story More 439

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR CAPTURED.

At Raymond—Schoonover—Peter Victor—New Canton, Miss.—Sayles' Narrative—Horrors of Andersonville—Final Release—Randall and Wilder—Mallen and Phillips—Murphy Escaped—Dunning 462

CHAPTER XXVII.

Our Departed..... 472

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Reunions—Conclusion 485

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE 493

APPENDIX. 496

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Companies, where raised, by whom, and their organizations.—Jonas Smith.—A representative regiment.—Camp Butler.—First experiences.—A private for Quartermaster.—The extra drawers.—Field officers chosen.—Drill sergeant and awkward squad.—Our visitors.—First divine service and dress parade.—Muster rolls.—Richmond taken.

IN THE Summer of 1862, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," was the refrain the thoroughly aroused North was singing, in city and hamlet and town, from sea to sea; but nowhere was it nearer a verity than in the Sucker State, whose prairies were all aflame with patriotism, and whose sons kept step to the ringing chorus, till more than sixty thousand of her noblest and truest were freshly enrolled under liberty's banner, and following their sixty thousand brothers to the field. A nation in arms from Illinois alone.

This was the tidal wave of the war, and on its crest were borne, impetuously thundering against the citadel of treason, the deep convictions, the unflinching patriotism, the unwavering faith, and the conquering energies of the land. The man of God sprang from his pulpit, the judge laid aside his ermine, the advocate dropped

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his brief, the physician left his patient, grave college professors buckled on their swords as their classes shouldered arms for the front, and merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, business men, and farmers, worth their tens of thousands, wrote themselves "privates" for their country and liberty's sake, and went out from the beautiful homes of the prairie State to suffer and die, if need be, in camp and field, that the nation might live.

It was at such a time, composed largely of such men, and for such a purpose, that the 124th Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers appeared upon the page of our war history. Unlike other regiments, raised by and for individual men, it substantially raised itself, and knew nothing of its commanding officers, as such, until it met or made them in camp.

Companies A and F were from the village of Kewanee, in Henry county. The story of their history, with changes in names and dates, would, doubtless, be that of others, therefore we give it. The exigencies of the struggle and the call had wrought the enthusiasm of the village to its highest pitch, when, on the morning of August 7th, a muster roll was opened in the office of Judge John H. Howe, and a meeting called for the night. During the day 29 names were enrolled. At night the rally was immense. Speeches were made by Judge Howe, James Elliott, and other leading citizens, and among them, one by R. A. Tenney, of Chicago, formerly of Kewanee, who proposed to enlist. The knowledge that "Ralph," as they loved to call him,

would go, was electrifying, and the enlistment was kept up till midnight, to be continued the next day, and furthered by liberal offers from those who could not go, to aid those who could, till the morning of the 9th, just *forty-eight hours* from the time the first name was signed, when 101 were enrolled. This number was subsequently increased to 111, and the second company was raised immediately. Two as noble companies as ever kept step to the music of the Union, in one village, raised by themselves, and well officered, within a week. Their organizations were completed as follows :

Company A—R. A. Tenney, Captain.

Judge John H. Howe, 1st Lieutenant.

Julius A. Pratt, 2d Lieutenant.

Company F—Matthew B. Potter, Captain.

Norman H. Pratt, 1st Lieutenant.

Enoch W. Taylor, 2d Lieutenant.

Subsequently these officers were all presented by their fellow-townsmen of Kewanee and Wethersfield with beautiful swords, which expressed not only the confidence of the givers in those who received them, but their own heart in the cause.

Rev. H. B. Foskett, the Baptist minister of Kewanee, afterwards Chaplain of the regiment, enlisted as a private in Company A, and A. N. Reece, of Chicago, afterwards Quartermaster, did the same. In his case there was not the remotest idea of promotion, as he was the 110th man, and the officers all elected, while the regimental organization was not even mooted. But

on that enlistment, very largely, the future of those companies and of the regiment hinged, for it was Reece who opened the negotiations with him who afterwards became its Colonel.

Company B was recruited in Batavia and Lodi, in Kane county, between the 3d and 15th of August, by those who became its officers, and went into camp with a rank and file of 93 men, under—

Adin Mann, Captain.

Edwin F. Stafford, 1st Lieutenant.

F. C. Van Vlack, 2d Lieutenant.

C, D and I were recruited with the view of raising a Temperance regiment in the State, under B. H. Mills, an ardent and efficient temperance worker. His effort proved a failure for the want of concert in action, companies raised for it being spirited away by the bids of rival organizations, till these three companies were its only visible result. They were sufficient, however, to cause the regiment to be frequently called the Temperance regiment, and to give it some inspiration and character as such.

Company C was known as the Springfield company, though it was partly raised in Jersey county. It contained 103 noble men, nearly all of whom were Good Templars, and was organized in Carpenter's Hall, Springfield, August 25th, with—

Henry L. Field, Captain.

John W. Terry, 1st Lieutenant.

James Rickey, 2d Lieutenant.

Saturday, September 6th, this company was presented with a very fine silk flag, of which it was justly proud, and carried it as the flag of the regiment for many a weary mile. The money, over sixty dollars, for the purchase of this beautiful banner, was solicited by two friends of the company and cause, Misses Amelia Lloyd and Mary Devore. A sumptuous dinner was also provided and served by many kind friends. The exercises occurred in Wright's Grove, just west of the city, and consisted of an inspiring presentation speech by Hon. James C. Conkling, a brief response by Capt. Field, followed by the abundant dinner, and a pleasant social interview. Then came the joyous return to Camp Butler. The day was one of the most interesting and memorable in the history of this company

It was raised by Rev. Stephen Brink, a fighting Methodist minister and sterling patriot, of McDonough county, principally from Colchester and Tennessee, with which was consolidated a band of Good Templars from Chicago and Dundee, under Asa A. Cowdery. Its officers were—

Stephen Brink, Captain.

A. A. Cowdery, 1st Lieutenant.

Travis Mellor, 2d Lieutenant.

I was from Bruce and McComb, in McDonough county, under Thomas K. Roach, and from Adams and Pike counties, under Rev. R. L. Howard, of Barry, and was organized with—

Thomas K. Roach, Captain.

R. L. Howard, 1st Lieutenant.

Benjamin A. Griffith, 2d Lieutenant.

E and H were mostly from Aurora, in Kane county, though a fraction of the former was from Chicago and Hennepin. This fraction, numbering nearly 40 men, came into camp fully officered, with one Jonas Smith, of Chicago, Captain, his son 1st Lieutenant, and Preston B. Durley, of Hennepin, who had enlisted most of the men, as 2d Lieutenant. Capt. Smith seemed to be about the only officer in camp, for a time, and the inexperienced stood in wonderful awe of his straps and consequence, as he ordered them about with the airs of a more than West Pointer. But it was soon found his company could not be filled, and consequently its officers could not be mustered. Adjutant Gen. Fuller said the men would be consolidated with those from Aurora, under William B. Sigley, also having a full complement of officers, and the officers of both could be mustered in as soldiers, and take their chances, or take themselves where they liked. Capt. Smith and son promptly took themselves away, and so faded these military lights from our sky, while Durley alone, unselfish patriot that he was, took off his sword and stepped into the ranks. The Aurora men thus secured the organization, which was effected with—

Wm. B. Sigley, Captain.

James H. Blackmore, 1st Lieutenant.

Osborn Wilson, 2d Lieutenant.

H, which was a noble, full company, from Aurora, was commanded by—

Rufus P. Pattison, Captain.

John W. Kendall, 1st Lieutenant.

Justus D. Andrews, 2d Lieutenant.

Company G was mostly from New Boston and Millersburg, in Mercer county, and was officered by—

Lyman H. Scudder, Captain,

Ezra C. Benedict, 1st Lieutenant.

Benton Pratt, 2d Lieutenant.

K was from Sangamon, Wayne and other counties south of Springfield, and was assigned to the regiment by Adjutant General Fuller. Its officers were—

Rev. James H. Morgan, Captain.

Thomas I. Willian, 1st Lieutenant.

Stephen N. Sanders, 2d Lieutenant.

It will thus be seen that the regiment was a representative one, from its spontaneity and patriotism, as also from the territory from which it was recruited, including, among others, Cook, Kane, Putnam, Henry, Mercer, Sangamon, Christian, McDonough, Adams, Pike, Jersey and Wayne counties. It was also peculiarly a representative regiment, from the intelligence, moral character and christian standing of its men. It contained eleven ordained and five licensed ministers of the Gospel, including five commissioned officers besides the Chaplain, and these ministers only appropriately represented the noble band of temperance and christian workers with whom they were associated.

On the 27th day of August, the Springfield company, Captain Field, reported at Camp Butler, about six miles from Springfield, the rendezvous of the regiment. It was an undesirable place, for the reason that all the barracks were full of rebel prisoners, with whom the new recruits must come into quite too near proximity for health and comfort. But there the thousands were gathering for other organizations, and Company C led the way for us, "drew provisions," as the Captain called it, and "soldiered their first night without blankets or straw, under a few loose boards leaned against the stockade inclosing the rebel camp.

On the 28th, Lieutenant Cowdery arrived with his Chicago boys, and on the 29th the rest of Company D and Company I, having passed six companies of the regiment at Camp Point, Adams county, without knowing who they were, little dreaming that the strange faces into which they peered so eagerly, as the train stopped for a moment, were those of their noble comrades for the next three years of war. The next day they arrived, having spent over thirty hours at Camp Point for want of transportation, without rations or shelter. A rough introduction for nearly 600 such men, on their first night from their comfortable homes, to find themselves dumped in a little hamlet, at the junction of two railroads, with scarcely houses enough to cover them all, much less provision to feed them. But this was only a beginning, Camp Butler was no better, except that rations were to

be had as soon as the mysteries of red-tape could be sufficiently mastered to draw them.

The exposure of the first few nights soon began to tell upon the constitutions of the boys. The location was malarious, upon the banks of the Sangamon, while the affluvia from a prisoner's camp, and the ignorance of our own thousands of the necessary sanitary precautions, combined to make the attendance upon Surgeon's call increasingly large. The seeds of disease were rapidly sown, and many a noble spirit was subsequently lost to his country through the improvidence of Camp Butler.

All were on the ground now but Company K. Inspection speedily followed, while "falling in" and forming companies, with roll call and breaking ranks, were among our first lessons. One officer raised a good laugh at his own expense by saying, "the company is dismissed," though he did not say, "with the benediction."

Having no regimental organization, we as yet had no Quartermaster. But nature, if not the government, had provided one for us in Private Reece, of Company A, who gave abundant evidence of being a *born* Quartermaster, and endeared himself to all by his efficiency and promptness in that time of our need, securing to us more than other regiments were able to get, some of which had been much longer on the ground. We had already drawn a few cooking utensils and some clothing from the State supply, through the Post Quartermaster. But now Reece came to our aid with all the cooking "apparatus" required, and a full outfit of clothing and blankets,

obtained on his own personal responsibility. And what was better still, if possible, he succeeded in getting teams to haul us lumber, and supplied us with all the saws, hammers, hatchets and nails, our willing carpenters needed, and almost as by magic, commodious barracks sprang into existence, clean and sweet, while the ground, dew and rain of Camp Butler, as sleeping luxuries, were numbered with the past. We were under shelter of our own erection, well clad in "army blue," and our citizen's clothes sent home. Our messes were organized, our cooks at their posts, and our companies well to drilling in about one week.

One incident in the Quartermaster's department deserves mention as showing how highly we were favored. The Post Quartermaster had drawn a quantity of drawers that were all wool, and far above the average. Reece saw this at a glance, and put in his requisition for 3,000 pairs, the last of which were issued to the boys in Mississippi. The like we never saw again in the service.

September 2d, field officers were chosen, as follows:

Thomas J. Sloan, of Chicago, Colonel.

1st Lieut. John H. Howe, of Co. A., Lieut. Col.

Capt. Rufus P. Pattison, of Co. H. Major.

This caused 2d Lieut. Julius A. Pratt to become 1st Lieutenant, and Edmond C. Raymond, 2d Lieutenant in Company A, and John W. Kendall to be Captain, Justus D. Andrews 1st Lieutenant, and Theodore Potter 2d Lieutenant in Company H.

From this time to the day of leaving for the front the drill was incessant. Sergeant Hiram H. Hall, of Company E, formerly of the Ellsworth Zouaves, became Drill Sergeant of the regiment, and gave the "awkward squad" of officers their first lessons in "Casey," and the facings, dressings, wheelings and evolutions learned of him in the morning were carefully, though often laughably, interpreted to the companies in the afternoon. From one company was heard the order, "Company, right wheel, like a gate." From another, "Form a straight line, like a picket fence."

Guard mounting, with sticks for guns, and all the minutiae of challenges, countersigns, relieving guard and "grand rounds," which meant so little to us then, civilians as we were, were not forgotten, but came in to very the tedium of the drill, and break the monotony of the nights. New fledged Captains sported their sashes over their shoulders as Officers of the Day, feeling that the destinies of their country were in their hands as never before, and daring hardly to lie down for a moment without their entire accoutrements on, even to caps and revolvers, lest all should be lost.

Our wives came to visit us, and shared with trembling the strange accommodations of our barracks, and looked with anxious eyes into the faces of those who were to be their husbands' comrades in the coming danger, in battle, and it might be in death. Numberless patriotic and personal friends came to cheer us, and cakes from home, Bibles, and pictures, were almost omnipresent.

On Sunday, September 7th, Chaplain Foskett, that was to be, held divine service, to which we were marched by companies. His text was from Psalms 20: 5: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." The sermon was forcible and patriotic, and encouraged us greatly in the Lord. At 3 o'clock Lieutenant Howard preached in the barracks from Phil. 3: 19, 20, and then, strange proceedings to us, we had our first dress parade. But we soon learned that Sunday, of all days, was the day for military pageants. The awkwardness of that occasion will never be forgotten. Adj't. W. E. Smith was at his post, and Lieut. Col. Howe in command; doing well. But the music was poor and everybody green, and that which so soon became a mechanical nicety, was the most trying thing of all, so far. Yet it was a noble line, there first formed, and the vision of its length and promise lingers with many of us still.

Muster-rolls soon became a vexation. They would not be correct. The names would not wheel into line alphabetically, with the privates reversed, while the officers were straight forward. And just where, if anywhere, might we "dot under," and could we erase a letter if we made a mistake, or scratch a little and not invalidate the whole? What momentous questions these were, and how anxiously we asked them, especially as

"One said, 'aye,' another said 'no,'

So we could learn nothing, where'er we might go."

But there were things funny as well as vexatious and annoying. The spirits of the men were perfectly irre-

pressible. Songs, jokes and ringing laughter abounded. The zest with which a ring would be formed and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or "We'll rally round the flag, Boys," sung, closing with rousing cheers for the country and its President and flag, is inspiring still.

One night Goodhue and Gibbs, of Company D, roused the whole camp with the news that Richmond was taken, and the rebels had surrendered. They were on duty at the main entrance to the stockade, and informed a few strange soldiers, who had just come from the city, of the important fact as they passed them in, and soon the whole camp was in an uproar. Men were shouting and drums beating, while the orators began to harrangue the excited crowds, and the enthusiasm of the thousands was tremendous. Messengers despatched to the city presently returned with the intelligence that the news lacked confirmation, and it soon became evident who had been sold, but not by whom.

CHAPTER II.

Muster.—Martin Etter.—Field and Staff.—Other troops with us.
Drawing arms.—Our first deaths.—Lieut. Willian.—Off for the front.—Route changed.—Columbus, Ky.—Meeting.—Embark for Jackson, Tenn.

AT LAST the rolls were completed ; the tenth company was assigned ; and that wonderfully important, and quite as wonderfully consequential personage, the mustering officer—in this case Lieut. Ferdinand E. DeCoursey, of the 13th U. S. Infantry—announced himself ready and willing to pass us under his benign eye, and the tenth of September dawned auspiciously upon us. That date, to be written against so many noble names, on so many papers, and in so many records, on through the weary years—September 10, 1862.

After an apparently rigid, and certainly very impressive examination, from the manner in which it was conducted, mingled with grumblings and hard words, the meaning of which we novices were not expected to know ; after Martin Etter, of company I, a right-handed man, had been kicked from the ranks by the indignant

Lieutenant for *accidentally* cutting off the first finger of his right hand, while splitting a little kindling wood ; and after we had thought it was all completed two or three times, we at last found we were "well and truly" a regiment of infantry, in the United States service, to be known as the 124th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, commonly called the "Hundred and two dozen," or the "Bully two dozen," and entitled to all the honors of war, provided we could win them. We had passed through DeCourcey's hands, and had received his approbation—had been "cussed in," as the irreverent boys called it—therefore we had character. We were somebody ; and the men received one month's pay and forty dollars bounty—but the officers not a cent.

Our Field and Staff, as afterwards completed, were as follows—

Colonel, Thomas J. Sloan, of Chicago.

Lt. Col., John H. Howe, of Kewanee.

Major, Rufus P. Pattison, of Aurora.

Surgeon, L. H. Angell, of Aurora.

Chaplain, H. B. Foskett, of Kewanee.

Quartermaster, A. N. Reece, of Chicago.

Adjutant, Wm. E. Smith, of Woodstock.

1st Ass't Surgeon, James R. Kay, of Liberty.

2d Ass't Surgeon, John Jassoy, of Aurora.

NON-COMMISSIONED.

Sergeant-Major, John L. C. Richards.

Q. M Sergeant, Preston B. Durley.

Com. Sergeant, James A. Nye.
Hosp. Steward, Charles B. Allaire.
Principal } Joseph E. Merrill,
Musicians } Benjamin C. Bartlett.

At this time there were at Camp Butler, besides our own, the following regiments—

82d,	Colonel Fred. Hecker.
91st,	“ Henry M. Day.
97th,	“ Friend S. Rutherford.
107th,	“ Thomas Snell.
114th,	“ James W. Judy.
115th,	“ Jesse H. Moore.
117th,	“ Risden M. Moore.
118th,	“ John G. Fonda, Commanding Post.
120th,	“ George W. McKeaig.
130th,	“ Nathaniel Niles.

In all nearly 11000 men, in constant preparation for the seat of war. A spirit of generous rivalry was eagerly fostered. To be the best drilled and the best equipped regiment, and the next to move, was the ambition of all. Col. Hecker seemed to lead in battalion drill for a time, and the gruff old German's ringing voice, as his men sweltered the hours away in the field at his bidding, was a source of considerable uneasiness to many of our officers, who feared we were being distanced in the race. But soon the gallant 82d left for the front, and we never saw them again.

On the 27th of September we drew arms—an old French rifled musket, as poor and unserviceable as could

well be. The regiment felt insulted, and the complainings were loud, deep and general. Very many who would pass for temperate speaking men, declared they would never go to the front with such arms. The officers, as well as the men, shared the disgust. This feeling bore speedy fruit.

On Sunday, the 29th, we had our first Grand Review, with ten regiments in the line—all Camp Butler, who were fit for duty. It was a goodly pageant, but many of us never could see why it should have been on Sunday.

By this time sickness began to tell fearfully upon our ranks. It was the unhealthy season of the year, and prolific of febrile diseases. Many left us on sick furlough who never came to us again. On the 4th of October we lost our first man by death, at his home in Batavia—Isaiah Noakes, of company B. His release from service came soon. The next day, October 5th, we had our first death in camp, and just at night company F followed Albert Walton to the grave. It seemed that our family had been invaded, and the thoughts suggested were varied and painful. It was the beginning of that experience with “muffled drum and funeral note” which soon became so frequent as to excite no attention.

Lieutenant Willian, of company K, was unwell the day of muster, and soon left for home with a fever. We never saw him again; he lingered till the 5th of November, and passed away. Our changes and exposure were

doing their work ; our Colonel was in Springfield sick, and all were anxious for a move. We were sick of Camp Butler.

The air was now full of marching orders. The other regiments were leaving—Hecker and Snell and Day and Rutherford had gone ; and now the Moores start, and we see them off—for where, no one knows. We think one hour we are going to the Potomac ; the next, Cincinnati and Louisville are in the ascendant. “Any-where but to Cairo,” the boys all say, for it is so unhealthy that way. Not one of our Camp Butler regiments did we ever meet again but the 117th, Col. R. M. Moore ; with that we came in contact a few times, though not closely.

At last the long expected marching orders came, and to our delight, for Cincinnati. Our stragglers were in, our sick were transferred to the Post Hospital, and on the 6th of October we bid a long farewell to our first camp, which we had come to hate most cordially, though with less reason than we thought. Now for the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, we said—in the pure air, and by the limpid streams of that delightful region, the healthiest part of all the field of operations, we shall speedily recover from the malarious effects of Camp Butler.

In all but our muskets, a happier regiment never started for the front. At 4 P. M. the whistle blew, and we rolled away amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the deafening huzzas of our thousands of friends.

But, alas! for the uncertainty of all things military. Before reaching Decatur our orders were changed, and upon arriving there at midnight, we were whisked from the Great Western to the Illinois Central R. R., through the mud, and headed south, bound for Cairo, after all. But we were going from Camp Butler, and that was something; besides the boys were weary and sleepy, and exhausted nature often silences mutterings that reason and authority never can.

Cairo was reached about noon of the 7th. All were heartily tired of riding—especially as the trip from Decatur had been in “cattle cars,” as the boys called them—and glad to get ashore. Raids upon the eating saloons were extensively organized, and small change was in general requisition. Here our Quartermaster, ever on the alert, succeeded in drawing a full supply of most excellent tents. In a few hours all were embarked upon the steamer Diadem and the barge Gazelle, for Columbus, Ky., which we reached in the night, and debarked the morning of the 8th.

In the afternoon the regiment was ordered on to the cars for Jackson, Tenn. Everything was on board but the men, and all was ready for a start, when, instead of going on the cars, the long pent-up feelings of disgust with the worthless arms broke out into open insubordination, and a part of the regiment stacked arms, and refused to move. The “Hundred and two dozen,” so anxious to meet the rebels, had actually mutinied before it had been twenty-four hours in “Dixie.”

This episode in our history needs more than a passing notice.

A part of the regiment had protested against the arms at Camp Butler, urging that they were unfit for anything but drill and guard duty. But as concert in opposition was wanting, the guns were issued. Every subsequent day had increased the conviction of their worthlessness. At Columbus the boys had been firing them considerable ; the nipples had blown out in many instances, the locks proved too weak, the range was inconsiderable, the recoil tremendous, they heated rapidly, and their aim was entirely unreliable. Expecting soon to meet the foe, and believing that once away from our base of supplies, they could get no better, it was scarcely in nature for such men, accustomed to rely upon their own judgment, and not yet reduced to the condition of military machines, to do other than they did, especially as their views were correct. The guns were worthless ; a part of the companies were sustained by their officers, in whom the men had unbounded confidence, as well they might, for they were men of good judgment and undoubted patriotism. They felt they had been trifled with, and were determined not to be sacrificed by the wilfulness of those whose judgment was no better than their own.

An earnest appeal was made to the men by Lieut. Col. Howe, who was in command, but it made little, if any, impression upon a part of the regiment. Matters were becoming serious. The aid of the Commandant of

the Post was invoked, and it is said the guns of the fort were turned upon us, while the troops present were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to fire. This is a little hypothetical, but it afforded a solution of the whole question, all unlooked for. The men became deeply incensed, as the reports were circulated, and loudly affirmed their ability to whip out all the forces in Columbus. This caused Col. Howe to suggest that if they could whip out their friends with such arms, they might be able to stand a good brush with the rebels upon occasion, and the mutiny was at an end.

As we look at it now, after three years experience of the stern discipline of war, terminating as it did, we are not sorry it occurred—not even for the reputation of the regiment. Our men asked for nothing but what was right; they did not refuse to go south, or to fight; they only asked to be made efficient. Their patriotism and courage did not suffer in the least; and the officers who took the same view were honored for it. And yet it had to result in unqualified submission, in shouldering the “old blunderbusses,” as the boys called them, and going on board the cars. Therefore, as the honest, manly protest of thinking men, we are proud of it to-day; as the graceful submission, after a little, of men sworn to obey military orders unquestioningly, we are equally so. There the civilian and the soldier met, and the soldier triumphed, as was inevitable; but the honors were equally divided. But little subsequent reference

was made to the affair in the regiment, or in any military circles; the best of feeling soon prevailed, and all went on the cars, after a little delay, and composed themselves for a night ride to Jackson, waking up occasionally among railroad guards, to realize they were at last in a land under martial law.

CHAPTER III.

[Jackson.—“A young brigade.”—Camp under the poplars.—Our assignment and commanders.—Picket.—Confiscation.—The 20th Illinois, and Sutler's goods.—Mules, and the Quartermaster's experience.—Company H on Provost Guard.—Stoves.—Three Companies get new rifles.—Conflicting orders.—To move at last.—Up all night to be ready to start.—To Bolivar by cars.—Up at 2, to start at 10.—Our first march.—Overcoats all right.—Company F's calves.—Getting into camp.—Rails.—Camp fires.—McAllister's Battery.—Astonished at the column.—Dust and smoke.—Suffering.—Lagrange.—“So, bossy.”—On picket.—A dead rebel.—Positive orders.

OCTOBER 9TH, at 3 A. M., found us at Jackson, Tennessee, a thoroughly “secesh” town, well laid out, and beautifully embowered, though rather dingy, and showing the effects of war. We marched about a mile east of the town, into a beautiful skirt of timber, and were told that was to be our camp—our first home in “Dixie.”

We attracted a good deal of attention from our numbers, and were frequently called “a young brigade,” by the soldiers we met, whose ranks had been sadly deple-

ted by their past service. So far we had all our men in line. Not a detail had been made except by disease. But we soon learned what assignments and details could do in reducing numbers.

Our location was lovely. The timber was the chestnut and the majestic southern poplar, or tulip tree—*Siriodendron tulipifera*. The foliage, as yet untouched by frost, was heavy, entirely shutting out the sun. The ground was very even, and broom sage for bedding abundant. We never found a more delightful camp, in many respects, than this our first one.

Very soon our tents were issued, and the boys took their first lessons in pitching them, and in the order and police of the camp. Capt. Mann, of Company B, laid it out for us. It was amazing how soon we all became topographical engineers, and our metes and bounds were determined. And with everything new and tidy, our camp was a pride to all, both officers and men.

We found ourselves assigned to the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, consisting, after a few changes, of the 20th, 31st, 45th and 124th Illinois, and the 23d Indiana. The Brigade was commanded by Col. C. C. Marsh, of the 20th Illinois; the Division by Brig. Gen. John A. Logan, formerly of the 31st Illinois, and the Corps by Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson. The Department was under General Grant, then at Bolivar. Our Brigade and Division commanders came out to greet us on our arrival, and the next day made us a ceremonious

“visit,” with their staffs, treating us most cordially, and evidently pleased with our numbers and appearance.

Our first duty was picket. All the roads were heavily guarded from two to three miles out, and our details soon became heavy. But as the weather was fine and the country a novelty, the boys rather liked it, and more especially as it gave them a chance to gather chestnuts, beechnuts and persimmons, and perhaps to “confiscate” a small “swine.” The latter was almost sure to be the case, if the rebel porkers took any liberties, for the orders were very strict against allowing any “running the guard.” It is true, orders were equally strict against confiscation, but the dignity of the guard was always at stake when the unlucky pig sought to pass, and that settled the question for him. The other order was a general one, and the army in general might obey it. His first duty was that of a picket. This view had its little drawbacks, however, but they were usually more annoying than serious. One day two of Company C’s men were caught by the ever vigilant aids of the Brigade commander, in the heinous act of dressing a small hog that had sought to evade their notice at their post. Verbal orders were immediately issued to Lieut. Col. Howe to stop two months’ pay against them. He issued the same verbal orders to Captain Field, as in duty bound, but delicately hinted that verbal military orders of such a character he feared were not binding, consequently the pay was not stopped. Neither was the killing of hogs.

But while upon this subject we would mention that a very salutary, though severe lesson, was taught the whole command at Bolivar, soon after, in the matter of confiscation. A number of men of the 20th Illinois confiscated the contents of two Sutler's tents, which resulted in the dismissal from the service of the two highest officers of the Regiment, and the assessment of \$1200 against its pay-rolls.

Quartermaster Reece again began to improve his opportunities by organizing his forces. This he did with Walter M. McAuley, of Company B, as Wagon Master, and an efficient corps of teamsters, one in which there was very little change to the close of the war. He then proceeded to "draw mules." His story shall be told in his own language, copied from his diary: "I often laugh at that day's experience; there I was, fresh from the counting-room and handling ledgers, tramping around in the mud, giving my opinions with a knowing look, as to the good points of the poorest, thinnest, and worst used up mules that were ever gathered together in any country—the fag end of all muledom. The 'corral' was filled with animals that had been condemned as worn out in the service, the refuse of the army that had been operating around Corinth. The result was 78 mules, enough for 13 teams, and you can imagine how proud I was to march into camp with this beautiful collection of 'bones.' But the boys consoled me by saying, that when once in the enemy's country, they would develope trading qualities that would

astonish me. How well they kept their word, every man in the Regiment, and the rebels along the line of our marches, can testify."

One thing deserves to be mentioned here, which is, that our regiment, large as it was, was allowed no more transportation than the depleted ones, with less than half the number of men; only the regulation 13 teams. But as yet we did not feel this.

Our drill was constant, the men rapidly laying the foundations for the superiority they afterwards attained. Company H was detached as Provost Guard, with quarters in the Court House. We looked upon this as a piece of good fortune on their part, and kept on with our drill.

About this time stoves began to be popular, as the weather was growing colder. A kind of sheet-iron affair, which we foolishly thought we could carry, and for which we paid "secesh" tinnerns a good many dollars; a folly we did not repeat. Ever after we preferred to confiscate brick and build fireplaces. They were more cheery and far less expensive. Our tents were put up on split logs, as we were able to accomplish so much, good bunks were made, and many of the boys constructed log kitchens, which made their quarters very comfortable. A great improvement over Camp Butler.

Three of our companies drew new guns, a very pretty piece, of the Austrian pattern, so called. They gave great satisfaction to their lucky possessors, and were the envy of the rest. But ultimately these, as well as the

others, gave place to the "Enfield," the standard infantry piece.

Toward the last of October, we began to hear of marching orders, and on Sunday, the 26th, they came, and all was astir. Descriptive-rolls were made out for our sick, and we were ready for a start, but we did not move. Monday passed in waiting, and on Tuesday we were on battalion drill again. The 29th marching orders were repeated, to move at daylight, with ten days' rations and 200 rounds of ammunition. In about an hour they were countermanded, and the next day orders came to prepare winter quarters, which we all relished, as we had just had quite a snow storm. Really, if the enemy had sought to learn what we were going to do, all we knew would not have helped them much.

But marching orders came for certain, the evening of the 1st of November, and so anxious were we, or our officers, to be ready, that we sat up all night to make sure. Some would have secured a little sleep, but about 1 o'clock the order came from Colonel Sloan, who had reached us a few days previous, to fill our canteens, as there was no water on the road. Besides, our tents were all struck over night, lest there should not be time to do it in the morning. How the recollection of such verdancy amuses us now, after learning to sleep soundly in our tents till the drums began to beat "fall in."

We were in line at 4 o'clock, Sunday morning, November 2d, with our knapsacks and cartridge-boxes on, and officers mounted. After a long time, productive of

uncanny speech and foolish actions, we marched to the depot, where there was no stir, to wait again. Towards 8 o'clock the other regiments began to put in a tardy appearance, as we thought, though we noticed they were quite soon enough for the transportation. Finally we took possession of a number of "flats," and were off for Bolivar, which we reached about noon. Here we found ourselves, brigade as we were, only a small part of what appeared to be a great army, and the accumulation of war material was perfectly surprising. We bivouacked about a mile from the depot, in a very pleasant spot by a stream, with only the few trees and the heavens over us, and the broad earth for our chamber and bed. The experience of the previous night proved a soporific, and after a good wash and a draft upon our haversacks, most of us surrendered unconditionally to sleep.

The next morning we were up at 2 o'clock, and all was bustle for breakfast. This was not as bad as the night before, but was quite bad enough, for our line was not formed till 10, and we did not move till some time after. While in line we received a mail, the last we expected to get for a long time, but in this we were agreeably mistaken.

At last we began to move, and soon found ourselves, for the first time, a part of an advancing army, with its officers and their staffs and escorts, its artillery, cavalry, infantry, and trains stretched out indefinitely. It was wonderful to us. Its order was chaotic. Its array was bewildering. But we were in our places, and that was

all that was required of us just then. We started off with alacrity, being all perfectly fresh, and though the day was dry and hot, and we were so heavily loaded, kept it up well. But our ignorance of marching told against us. We really had no conception of the weariness of the way. Other regiments, knowing what was before them, carried lighter loads, and as we would move by them in forming, or they by us, would notice our heavy overcoats strapped on our plethoric knapsacks, and call out, "we will have your overcoats before night." Our boys knew full well what this all meant before the day was over, but the other regiments did not get our overcoats. We made about eleven miles in the heat and dust, which was a good beginning.

About 4 o'clock five or six calves were observed by the road-side, looking with apparent interest upon our moving column. They were some six months old, and in good condition, and many a soldier cast a wolfish eye upon them. But as the ranks were unbroken and moving, they appeared to be perfectly safe. And so they were till Company F came along, for no one could stop to molest them, or dared to, with the eyes of so many subaltern aids upon them. But the boys of F just opened their files, and hovering the unlucky calves into their marching ranks, partially covered them with overcoats and blankets, and kept them along as though nothing had happened. No one who saw it will ever forget the look of Fred. Statz, as he smiled benignly on those new recruits. The reason as we afterwards learned was,

Statz was a butcher. On we moved till at last a skirt of woods was reached, and all at once the line halted from some obstruction in front. Company F was seen to gradually deflect into the bushes with unbroken files, till out of sight. In a moment a bawl was heard by every ear, sure precursor of others, we thought, and of the presence of angry aids and dire disaster. But Maj. Pattison being near, comprehended the situation in an instant, and called out in stentorian tones, "music, beat up there," and immediately our drums and fifes were played as if for dear life, and the other calves might have split their throats with bawling without any danger of being heard. It is almost superfluous to add that the musicians and the Major had veal for supper.

As this was our first march, so this was our first experience getting into camp with an army. The long halts and short advances were an enigma to us, like almost everything else. But we soon learned why, though this night's experience, like many others after, failed to prove it pleasant; still there was but little cause for complaint, and ere the night fully shut in, we found ourselves in a very comfortable camp, with plenty of rails gathered, both for fuel and sleeping between, and our fires all lighted. It was a sight never to be forgotten, those thousands of blazing fires, springing up in lurid brightness, as if by magic, with the weird forms flitting about among them, while the murmur of voices, and the neighing of horses and braying of mules, added not a little to the wildness of the scene. For myself,

through the kindness of an officer from the 28th Illinois, who had been in the service much longer than we, I had cove oysters, sardines, and pine apple for supper, to eke out the stores of my own haversack—not a very common bill of fare on such a march.

There were said to be upward of 20,000 men in the column, under Logan, Lauman and Veach, as division commanders, and expecting to be joined by other forces from Corinth, at some point below. We were informed that we were expected to support McAllister's battery, of two sections of rifled 24-pounders. We looked with a great deal of interest at the wide-throated monsters, and wondered what our future with them should be.

The next day we moved over fifteen miles. Our conceptions of the magnitude of the column, and the movement of an army were more perfect than before, as the start was more immediately under our notice. But we soon became used to all this, and that which astonished us at first, was thenceforth scarcely thought of.

Our sufferings this day were very great, on account of the heat, smoke, dust and want of water. The troops ahead—the cavalry, doubtless, for infantry never do such things—had fired the fences by the roadside, and many of the buildings, which made the smoke, at times, almost suffocating; the sun was fearfully hot for such clothing as we wore, and such loads as we carried, while the dust was blinding. We never saw anything like it; it was said horses ran against trees, because they could not see them. It coated us perfectly, being mixed with

the perspiration, till a mother would scarcely know her son. We could easily have passed for contrabands. Our canteens were empty; of brooks there were none, and before half-a-dozen could be supplied from a well, the rope or chain would be broken in the scramble, the bucket at the bottom, and the needed water entirely out of reach. Many of the boys carried their overcoats through on the taunts of the previous day. A great many were really broken down, in spite of their grit; the ambulances were full, and the officers were loaded with muskets, cartridge boxes, and even knapsacks, to help the poor sufferers, who, but for such assistance, could not have reached camp. We often marched farther in a day after that, sometimes nearly double the distance, but never suffered so much again.

Just after dark we reached Lagrange, and our line was formed a few rods east of Lagrange Synodical College, of the Presbyterian church. While we were stacking arms, a very fine cow came leisurely up within a few steps in our rear, and one or two of our boys, not in line, and not having the fear of the rebels or Colonel Marsh's aids before their eyes, began to cultivate her acquaintance. They stroked her glossy hide, and laying hold of her horns, said, "so, bossy," in soothing tones, till a reinforcement arrived with a hatchet, knocked her down, dressed her, and buried her head, hide and entrails, in a little more time than it takes to tell the story. Soon after a Captain from the left of the regiment, passing by, hit a horn with his foot, and kindly

remarked, "Boys, you had better bury that a little deeper." The boys took the hint, and sent him a piece of beef. So neatly was the thing done, that the Colonel was really indignant the next day, that his regiment should be accused of such a transaction.

Before our coffee could be pounded and made, and our beef roasted on sticks, a detail came for picket, and twenty-five men from each company were ordered out, fully officered. After making the "grand rounds" of all the headquarters for instruction, because no one knew where to report, we marched about two miles further and reached our destination about midnight. We immediately proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, though we were so far into rebeldom now that danger was considered imminent, and the men on duty were cautioned to be extremely vigilant. Consequently, at one post, the reserve had but little more than become quiet, when the picket discharged his musket. Upon going to him he was found to be coolly re-loading, and he said he had shot at a rebel, who was skulking upon him in the bushes, and he thought he had killed him, for he had heard him groan since he fired. Lieut. Cowdery, in command, made examination, and there was a dead rebel, sure enough. The shot had been a fatal one; but unfortunately for the heroics of the case, the victim was clad in bristles instead of the grey, and the exigencies of the hour demanded his flaying. However, fresh pork was abundant in one company the next morning.

Owing to the loss of the cow previously mentioned, with other animals, serious complaints began to be made by the good *Unionists* of Lagrange, and very strict orders were issued against foraging. Our boys, being for the most part law-abiding, as the foregoing proves, really thought, from the Colonel down, that these orders were to be obeyed. But the old regiments paid little attention to them, and their boys, to disguise themselves when caught, would frequently claim to belong to the "Hundred and two dozen." This would be repeated at Headquarters by the suffering citizens. And so it came to pass, that it was honestly believed by many that we were a "bad lot," and upon Lieut. Col. Howe's going to see if we could draw rations of fresh meat, he was told we could steal our living. He politely replied, "If those are the orders from these Headquarters, they will be obeyed."

CHAPTER IV.

"Inflation."—Camp equipage arrives.—More comfortable.—Guarding rebel property.—Drill.—A 30th Illinois boy disgusted.—Grand review.—A day on picket.—Relieving guard at the depot.—Off again.—The Quartermaster's troubles.—Into Mississippi.—Holly Springs.—Hear firing.—Tents come up, and how.—Lumpkin's mill.—Abbeville.—Rebs "skedaddled."—Raining hard.—Across the Tallahatchie, and through the mud single file to Oxford.—In the advance, and what comes of it.—To the Yacona.—Van Dorn in our rear.—"About, face."—Improvement in transportation.—In camp on the Tallahatchie.—Short rations.—Drawing corn, etc.

OUR TRANSPORTATION had been left at Jackson. The Quartermaster and his teamsters had practiced "inflation" to the best of their ability, but the obstinate mules had declined to inflate. No feeding seemed to reach their case. So the baggage was put on the cars, and the teams started through with empty wagons. This was risky, as they were unguarded, but no harm befel them. At Bolivar the wagons were loaded, and on the 11th of November we were gladdened by the sight of our tents again. We immediately moved about three-fourths of a mile, into a beautiful skirt of timber, and pitched them, and soon were at home once more. Here

we split puncheon and obtained boards, and floored our tents nicely, which added not a little to our comfort and health. We needed this, as sickness had begun to tell sadly upon our ranks, and many of our noble boys had died. Whisky rations were also issued for our health, but by many they were poured upon the ground. Our Surgeon believed commissary whisky and quinine were a prophylactic, but very many of the regiment disagreed with him and claimed the privileges of independent thought and conviction. So they poured the whisky on the ground.

We had a little experience guarding rebel property at Lagrange, to which we did not take kindly. We found the men all away from home except the invalids and aged, and the strange mingling of rebel bitterness with women's tears failed to reach our sympathies. It was very trying for an officer to have to drive off his own men—his friends and neighbors whom he had known and valued for years—and sometimes with hard words and threats, from the property of those who would have rejoiced to see him and them shot down like dogs, could it have been done safely ; to defend those in whose presence he did not believe his own life secure for a minute. This was our first and last of this kind of duty, save in a general way as provost guard.

Our time was fully occupied ; when not on duty we were on drill. This varied from company to battalion, and from battalion to brigade. The latter was imposing, and sometimes deeply interesting. We made good

proficiency while here, in all that makes the soldier, save fighting, and already attracted the attention of military critics by our discipline and bearing.

A laughable incident occurred in the 30th Illinois, during one of those brigade drills, for which Lagrange was famous. The whole command was executing, "On the right by file, double quick, march," when a soldier on the extreme left became detached so far from the rest of his regiment, that he stopped short, brought his piece from a "right shoulder-shift" to the ground with a thump, and called out, "There, by thunder, I'll not budge another inch till I get my Descriptive Roll."

November 21st, we had our first inspection of arms, followed by a Grand Review by Generals Grant, McPherson and Logan, with the whole division under arms. It was the grandest pageant we had yet seen; "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

About this time a portion of the regiment was stationed, on an especially fine day, upon the highest hill in all the country, south of our camp, on picket. The view was magnificent. Most of our camps were visible, while a large part of our forces were in sight, either drilling or passing in review. Away to the southeast, another army, as it seemed to us, about two miles distant, was in the field, whose evolutions and flashing arms were plainly discernable; and the rattle of drums and shouting of orders were borne to our ears from every quarter. It looked as though we must be able to take the world if we chose, as though we were perfectly

invincible. And later, when Price retreated before us, we thought it a proof of his good sense, and wondered if we should ever see a rebel in arms; if they would ever dare to make a stand before such an overwhelming force.

A very sharp trick was practiced here by some boys of another regiment, at the depot of the Memphis and Charleston road. A large quantity of commissary and sutler's stores were lying on the platform, under a heavy guard. A few minutes before time to relieve guard, some time in the night, but so near as to excite no suspicion, the relief came, and the weary, sleepy boys on duty, left for their rest. When a few minutes later the real relief came, they found no one to relieve; no guards at their posts. And it soon appeared that a false guard had been on extra duty, had broken open sugar barrels, tobacco boxes, and other packages, and helped themselves with a liberal hand, and gone. Who they were was never known, but all learned that it was well to make sure who constituted the relieving guard.

Thanksgiving day, November 27th, we received marching orders, and the next day the whole army moved. We were up at three, for starting on a march was still a great thing with us, but we did not move till eight. Then we headed south into Mississippi.

And now we were expected, for the first time, to take everything with us. This made our Quartermaster, with his thirteen skeleton teams, far from a happy man, and more especially as many of the officers had just

been providing themselves with mess-chests quite up to the regulation pattern, while it was hinted some had been gathering relics for northern college museums. Be this as it may, it was found when the wagons had been fully loaded, that the tents and effects of three whole companies were as yet untouched. Recourse was had to the brigade commander, who had previously returned, disapproved, several requisitions for more transportation. He said, "Why in —— haven't you drawn more teams?" Upon being told, he angrily replied, "If your teams are not in line at 6 o'clock, I will attend to your case." Probably his shoulder-straps saved him from a little trouble about that time. The Quartermaster returned to the regiment and reported his failure. All sympathized with him, but that would not carry tents. There we were, with 900 men, and no more transportation than regiments having only 400. But the teams we had were in line at 6, and started with us, while the Quartermaster and his Sergeant, Durley, staid behind with the rest of the baggage. This they succeeded in storing in a warehouse in the course of the day, and then pushed on for the regiment. The next day Reece reported the case to Gen. Logan in the field. He asked Col. Marsh, the brigade commander, with a surprised and indignant look, what this all meant. He replied that it was the first he had ever heard of it. The Quartermaster then told the whole story, or, as he says, "relieved his mind." The result was an order on the Post Quartermaster back at Lagrange for three more teams, which was duly hon-

ored, the baggage loaded, and the command overtaken at Holly Springs—the Chaplain, Quartermaster and three men having taken the train through, with only one revolver to defend themselves with in case of an attack. Perilous, but nothing succeeds like success. Once, on nearing Holly Springs, they thought they were “gobbled,” sure enough, but it proved to be a company of our cavalry that had alarmed them. The affair gave Gen. Logan a place in the hearts and confidence of our men which he never lost, and to which his subsequent kindly acts proved him to be richly entitled.

The first day south of Lagrange we moved about ten miles, going into camp in a cornfield at ten at night. The next day was fine, we started early, and went into camp at three, on the Coldwater, five miles from Holly Springs. On the way we had been joined by other forces, largely swelling our numbers. We enjoyed the early camp and the running water, and to add to our delight, received a mail.

At one o'clock, Sunday, November 30th, we marched into Holly Springs, the county seat of Marshall county, Mississippi, a noted rebel village, and went into camp just across the railroad, east of town. Firing had been heard to the southwest from about 11 o'clock, which became quite heavy and brisk later in the day. It was the first we had heard, and made us hope Price would really show fight after all.

The afternoon was showery and became quite threatening toward night to us who were tentless, but just

before dark, who should dawn upon us but Reece, with his face flushed with the joy of his transportation victory, and followed by his grand procession of sixteen six-mule teams, bringing all our baggage. Few of us knew what he had risked and accomplished, but we knew how glad we were to see him. Our tents were eagerly seized and rapidly pitched, but none too soon, for many of us were well soaked before it was accomplished, as the rain fell like a deluge. No tents were ditched around for want of time, and sleeping was almost impossible. It is said of Capt. Tenny and "Al. Sayles," that being kept up by a young Mississippi that ran under their tent, they stood up and played checkers all night, with wonderful resignation. The rain continued until near morning, accompanied with incessant lightning and thunder, and then it became quite cold.

As soon as it was light enough for the boys to see to do it, they went to ditching, filling up puddles and making themselves secure against similar floods. But orders came to move, and directly we had swept our cotton city out of existence, and were on the wing for Abbeville. We pushed along briskly till near night, when we encamped at Lumpkin's mill, in view of Waterford, where we found McArthur's division moving toward the front from their camp, as we were going into ours.

December 2d we were early astir, expecting a fight. We were ordered to leave our knapsacks and weak men, and Dr. Kay assured us that orders had been received to clear the ambulances, for the enemy were expected

to make a stand on the Tallahathie. We marched rapidly on till about 11 o'clock, when we came in sight of the rebel earthworks north of the river, to find them evacuated, and the enemy said to be in full tilt south. It commenced raining about nine o'clock and kept it up all day, most of the time pretty hard. We turned aside into a skirt of woods and bivouacked without a blanket or a tent; with not even a rubber, as we had had no opportunity to purchase or draw any such thing as yet. McArthur's division again moved to the front, crossing the river just before dark.

The next morning we left our wet leaves and smouldering fires quite early, without any great difficulty, and moved down to the river. We did not cross till nearly noon, when we double-quickd through the treacherous bottom and on, past McArthur's division, the earthworks, Abbeville, and all our trains, till we found ourselves for the first time in the infantry advance, with the untracked mud about six inches deep. The day became fine and on we pushed, our flank movement gradually thinning into single file, to beat a path, till our regiment must have been two miles long. Just after dark, having come eighteen miles since noon, we straggled through the beautiful village of Oxford, and went into camp about half a mile south of the town. There were scarcely men enough in any company at the first, to locate it in the line, and "stacking arms" was one of the lost arts. But soon "where is Company A?" and "where is Company B?" etc., began to ring out in every direc-

tion, and shortly the boys were in, and even strong enough to make a draw upon the rebel commissary, for there were few messes but what had bacon and sweet potatoes the next morning, while sugar and tobacco were strangely abundant.

We found Oxford, the county seat of Lafayette county, Miss., to be a very pretty, well situated and quite busy place. It is the seat of the State University, and of a Cumberland Presbyterian Female College. The buildings of the former are ample and pretentious, and we found the Professors with their library, apparatus, cabinets, etc., mostly in their places, though a part of the building had been used as a hospital, and we so continued to use it. But all of the officials were as bitterly hostile to us, as though we were of another race. In doing the honors of the buildings and grounds for us upon occasion, we could plainly read the inward cursings their politeness failed to hide. It hardly seemed possible that we had been born under the same flag, had helped to sustain and loved the same institutions, spoke the same language, and up to within a few short months had been one people, so cordially did they hate us. Some of our regiment were detailed to the office of the principal paper, to print military blanks, where we found the evidences of ignorant secession abundant. The lowest and vilest of prejudices had been systematically pandered to, and page after page of known falsehoods published for the sake of fostering a spirit as uncalled for and stupid, as it was devilish and cruel.

We remained here about a week, and were then moved south about 13 miles, to a stream called the Yacona, where we staid from the 11th to the 22d of December. The time was spent in foraging, trying to be comfortable, listening to the rumors that were abundant, and wondering what next. Clothing was getting a little worn, and some employed themselves grumbling at the Quartermaster because he did not meet all their demands. One field officer here filed his requisition for a tent, and was greatly annoyed because it was not immediately honored. The Quartermaster told him he would make out the papers, and possibly VanDorn would honor them.

One of the many rumors with which the air was filled was now verified. It was not that Steele had taken Grenada, or Sherman Vicksburg, or that both were marching to join us at Coffeerville, a few miles below, much as we wanted such rumors to be true. But it was one that struck us on the other tack, in a vulnerable quarter, and taught us that the foe was not dead, and even we might fear and feel him yet, invincible though we thought we were.

It had been rumored that our communication was cut off in as many as three places at once, and Union City, Trenton, Jackson, Corinth, LaGrange and Holly Springs had each in turn been taken and burnt, and the railroad demolished. But now the stern fact was, Holly Springs had been captured by VanDorn, Col. Murphy of the 8th Wisconsin had betrayed his trust or proved incom-

petent, and all our supplies had been destroyed. The railroad had been in good working order so far, and a large collection of quartermaster and commissary stores and ordnance had been accumulated there, to follow us as soon as the necessary repairs across the Tallahatchie could be made. But the blow had been struck by the fleet rebel, and a retreat was inevitable.

So, on the morning of December 22d, we left "Camp Turnabout," as the boys ever afterwards called it, and began to retrace our steps. This was the only retreat our regiment ever knew, and this was without having seen an enemy. The railroad was totally destroyed behind us, and we pushed on, re-crossing the Tallahatchie on the 24th. On Christmas day we moved camp about a mile, and pitched our tents in a skirt of timber, as though we expected to remain there all winter.

One thing our regiment had gained by this movement which must not be overlooked. Says Reece, in his admirable way, "when we left Jackson it took a whole team of six mules to make a shadow, but now we have as fine a lot of mules as any regiment with us, and all due to the superior trading qualities of our teamsters. Out of ninety-six mules that we started from Holly Springs with, only twelve remain, and this change has been effected without a requisition on Uncle Sam."

Here we spent New Year's day, and remained till the 5th of January, 1863, spending twelve days in our Tallahatchie home. Our commissary had gone into

bankruptcy, and the question of subsistence was a very serious one. First we were put upon three-quarter, then half, and soon afterward upon one-quarter rations. At last the pinch came, and corn was issued in the ear to eke out our supplies. Many are the comical recollections of those days. General Logan came through our camp at one time, and in his cheery way called out, "How are you getting along, boys?" to be answered with, "Pretty well, General, only those blamed mules are eating up all our rations." So far did they carry the joke that Commissary Sergeant Nye says, a guard had to be set over the mules at feeding to keep the boys from filling their haversacks. Certain it is that at drawing time some of the boys would harness up in four and six mule fashion, with bits of old gear, and come with a driver, furiously neighing for their feed. Others again would go down on all fours, and grunt and squeal, picking it up in their teeth, and making all manner of sport in the emergency. Surely the straits could not have been very desperate. This was the first and last time we were ever on limited rations.

Foraging was conducted on a grand scale. A hundred wagons at once would go out fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five miles for supplies, escorted by whole regiments of infantry, with cavalry and artillery, and commanded by Generals of divisions. Such occasions, with our commissariat so low, brought the average "bummer" rapidly into notice, and actually made a hero of him in the camp on his return. It is really questionable

if the vicinity of Holly Springs had much cause to felicitate itself on the results of the VanDorn burning, when our protracted stay and foraging were taken into the account.

When on these expeditions, the boys usually managed to get what they called one "square meal," and their experiences were often deeply interesting. On one occasion the Quartermaster and Charlie Miles were indulging in a breakfast, some distance from the train, on a lonely road, where the usual member of "War-widows" was found, when a boy was observed being put upon a horse, and directed down a back road by one of the ladies. Miles insisted that the movement meant guerrillas, who were doubtless lurking near, but Reece, that it only meant to save the horse. Miles' appetite failed him, however, and when he proposed to go, the widows were so anxious for him to stay, that Reece concluded it meant guerrillas too, and both hastily rejoined the foraging column, but little better for their breakfast. Miles took his regular rations more kindly after that, but the lesson seemed to be wholly lost upon Reece.

An amusing incident occurred early in our straits here, that helped out one company's rations wonderfully. General Denver's division started for Memphis, and, as usual, many were by the roadside to see it pass. Just as a Headquarters train was going by, all at once a wagon-sheet slipped back off the bows, and a number of articles came thrashing to the ground. The

wheel locker called to the driver, who stopped the team, left his saddle and came back to repair damages. Of course every team, and all behind, was stopped by this team. The driver proceeded quickly to put the sheet back in its place, and as he did so, he said, "It is them d——d peas." This directed a Lieutenant's eye to a well filled sack lying among camp kettles, chairs, and a Sibley tent in the road. These were speedily re-loaded, when the driver vaulted into his saddle, cracked his whip and started, leaving the sack of peas untouched. The Lieutenant comprehended the situation at a glance, sprang and picked up the sack, with a hundred men looking on, and bore it to the road side before the team behind could reach him, or any one else seemed to understand the move. But just as he said to a man of his company, who chanced to be there, "Lay hold, Charlie," a murmur of approbation broke from the road line, and such expressions as, "Well done, by thunder," "See that, will you," and "Bully for the Lieutenant," saluted them as they moved off in great glee for camp. The sack contained about two and a half bushels of as fine stock peas as the south ever grew, and that company drew no corn.

CHAPTER V.

Again moving.—Carrying a dressed hog on horseback.—Lagrange once more.—On to Moscow in a storm.—Collierville, and guarding railroad.—Six inches of snow, and boys barefooted.—Reach Memphis and proceed to clear land.—Clothed up once more.—Dissatisfaction created by northern copperheads.—A few desertions.—Five roll calls a day.—Dainties from home and the Sanitary Commission.—A great deal of sickness.—Pay to October 31st.—Hopefield burnt.—On the “Platte Valley,” and down the Mississippi.—Lake Providence. Peach trees in bloom, February 23d.—A beautiful camp.

SHUT OUT from all the world as we were, without a mail from Dec. 19th, and with all kinds of rumors, first that Richmond, Vicksburg and Mobile had been taken, and again that we had been defeated under Burnside and everybody else, it may well be imagined that when marching orders came, January 4th, we were glad to get them, and on the 5th we struck our tents with a will, and started north. The blue-birds were singing sweetly, and the going was fine, and we enjoyed it. We went into camp at Holly Springs after dark, and rested well. The place showed the effects of its visitation.

The railroad depot was a sad sight to us, because of the remains of arms, ambulances and wagons, but the rebels doubtless felt worse for the spoiled town.

On the 7th we reached Lagrange again, and went into camp about three-fourths of a mile from our old home, in a cotton field, without wood or water, wondering why we could not be permitted to seek our old quarters, as we expected to remain here some time. The boys really felt disappointed. They were at sea. No mail, no rations, no anything. As well not be at Lagrange, with the locomotive whistles shrieking in your ears.

During this day Reece and Durley had a bit of adventure, which deserves to be told. They had concluded to do a little foraging on their own account, as the train was jogging along safely, so they rode some five or six miles from the column before finding anything worthy of their notice in the "cleaned out" country. At last they reached a house where they found an antiquated "secessioner," who politely requested them to leave, upon learning their business. But the colored individual was at hand, who informed them that he had just "done cleaned" some very nice pigs, a few months old, and led the way to where they were still hanging. Durley said they must have one of these; so down one came, which he rolled up carefully in his rubber blanket, and with the assistance of the negro, placed on the horse in front. Reece secured a small bag of dried apples, and they started, with the long distance before them, leaving the darky in high glee over what he considered a

good joke on "old massa." But before going far, as Reece tells the story, Durley concluded the whole joke was on him. The pig, being freshly dressed, was limp and flabby, and exceedingly hard to balance on a trotting horse in a slippery rubber blanket; seeing which, Reece would say, "Hurry up, Durley, or we shall not reach the train before night." Durley begging him not to hurry, Reece would start up, give Durley's horse a dig, and away go the pig to the ground. After laughing it out, Reece would help him to reload, only to shortly repeat the same experiment, and again shake his sides at the lofty tumbling of the pig and Durley's ludicrous discomfiture. But the joke soon became stale to Durley, and he left the pig on the ground, and rode away, having carried it less than a mile. They soon made a detour, obtained some dinner, and then started more rapidly for the regiment. Shortly after they fell in with an artillery man with two fresh hams tied together, and hanging over his horse's neck. Upon being asked where he obtained them, he replied, "Some d—d fool tried to carry a whole hog, and couldn't, so he left it lying in the road. He must have been a new recruit, or he would have known better than that." Reece and Durley both agreed with him, but it was all the former could do to keep from telling where the fool was. A warning look from Durley alone prevented. They reached the camp after dark, and the dried apples were nicely stowed away in a wagon. But the next morning they were gone, so the "honors were easy,"

and nothing remained of the day's foraging but the food for laughter, and this story.

Upon reaching Lagrange we found that a large part of our stored baggage had been stolen, involving considerable personal loss. Of course we had no redress. We only remained one night in our desolate camp, and left the next day on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, for a guard. We moved west from five to eight miles, and divided up at different posts. About 10 o'clock we drew full rations once more, and our breakfast waited till then, for our haversacks were empty. The next day we sent out foraging parties, by direction of some higher headquarters, which returned full-handed to find us under marching orders again. So our beef and pork and sweet potatoes, which we expected to enjoy so much, had to be left for whoever might come after us, and we had to push on to Moscow in a very heavy rain. We arrived after dark and took possession of houses sufficient to shelter us. Two companies occupied the Masonic Hall, where the regalia and fixtures were all left at our disposal. It looked strange to see two rows of guns stacked through the hall, which appeared as though the Lodge had just left it. But probably they had not held a meeting for months. We had speaking and singing, as befitted the place, and all were in good spirits despite the rain and mud of the march.

January 11th, we reached Colliersville, still farther west of the railroad, and from there were distributed,

some of us back from one to four miles along the track. On the 12th still other changes were made, and then we settled down for a few days, which proved very trying, with our head-quarters at Colliersville. On the 13th we received a mail, our first since leaving "Camp Turnabout," twenty-five days.

Our tents were only temporarily pitched. We had no floors or bunks, and were poorly prepared for the storm which now burst upon us. On the 14th it rained incessantly and heavily. A deluge of water, almost at the point of freezing. On the 15th it turned to snow, which fell till it lay upon the wet ground upwards of six inches deep. The oldest inhabitant said he had never seen the like, and that it must be a touch of "northern manners," which we had brought with us. It then turned very cold, and we suffered exceedingly. Ink froze in our valises before our rail fires, and the water in our canteens became solid in spite of us. Our only recourse was to keep the rails blazing night and day in front of our tents. This lasted for three days, and was an experience never to be forgotten. We felt thankful ever after that our campaigning was in "Dixie," despite its summer heat, rather than in the teeth of our northern winters.

On the 19th, after an all night's rain with which our cold snap terminated, and which had softened the snow to about four inches of slush, we were relieved, and moved back to Colliersville, where the regiment were together once more. A sorrier plight we could scarcely

be in. Our clothing had become very ragged and insufficient, and many of the boys had been barefooted for days; scarcely any one had dry feet. Sickness was telling fearfully upon us; a great many were entirely helpless; but no alternative presented; we must rough it through. So our wet tents were pitched, and our beds made in the slush for the night. Some were fortunate enough to get a few rails, or a bit of board to keep them out of the snow and water, which was more than ankle deep. I think I remember seeing a Lieutenant come into camp triumphantly, with a double gate on his shoulder, which he had carried more than half a mile, and over which one tent was pitched in high glee. What a bed-chamber success to achieve. And just before dark our barefooted and sick were loaded on some flat cars and started for Memphis, which was another piece of wonderful good fortune. We almost envied them as they rolled away, armed with their Descriptive Rolls, the soldier's guaranty for all he needs.

The next morning we moved on, and reached Memphis, in tolerably good order, the evening of the 21st. We went into camp in a fine piece of timber near the rest of our brigade, about three miles from the city. Here we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, flooring our tents, and building bunks and chimneys, and consuming large quantities of the valuable timber in which we were encamped. So thorough were we that it seemed more like clearing land than

simply getting a little wood and timber, and had it not been for the almost incessant rain while lying there, scarcely a tree would have remained standing in our camp.

Our first business was to get clothed up and shod, and none too soon was it done for the suffering boys. The Quartermaster's efforts were untiring, and for a time he was the hardest worked officer in the regiment. But the sunny smile never faded from his face, and no one was prouder of the appearance of the "Hundred and two dozen" than he.

While lying here our patriotism passed through a trial of another, and an unexpected kind. We had been moving in force against the foe for months, without a chance to strike a blow; we had suffered a great deal; the winter had been severe, our rations had been short, we had received no pay, and a great many were sick. Now we were within earshot of home and its comforts, the river that flowed at our feet laved the shores of our own State, all looked discouraging in the east, the citizens of Memphis were very communicative, and prophetic of evil to us, and to cap the climax, rebels from home, northern copperheads, filled our camps and sought to discourage and reduce us. It was the *night* of the war. It was even affirmed that members of the Illinois legislature were on active duty in the city, furnishing means and citizens' clothes to soldiers to get them to desert. Certain it is that many did desert, and all the commands suffered more or less. But perhaps none

less than we, as only four of our men yielded to the pressure and left, and three of them were of foreign nationality.

To lessen opportunities for evil communications, a rigid pass system was enforced throughout the command, and five roll calls a day were ordered. Inspections, too, and drill and reviews sprang into existence once more. The Sanitary Commission came to us with appreciated favors, the first we had received, and boxes of "goodies" began to pour in from home. The spirits of all began to revive. Our ranks were still sadly thinned by sickness, and many had died, but the rest seemed to rise from the gloom, and the night was past.

On the 14th and 15th of February, Maj. T. J. Osgood visited, and paid us to October 31st, two months' pay, the first any officer had received. Though not what we had a right to expect, it was accepted very thankfully, and did much to allay the discontent of the boys and raise our spirits. It also contributed not a little to our comfort, and perhaps to our health, though it is questionable if soldiers are generally benefited by having money to spend freely in the interest of their haversacks.

On the 19th of February some of our regiment, who were on duty on the Division Quartermaster's boat, "Catahoula," lying at the levee, saw a speck of war beyond anything previously witnessed. The little village of Hopefield, on the Arkansas side of the river, had been a favorite guerrilla haunt, and from the shelter of its houses, firing across into the steamers and city, had

been frequent and sometimes deadly. At last orders were issued to destroy the place. The gunboats proceeded to shell the woods in the rear, and under cover of their fire, troops landed and applied the torch to every house. The heavy cannonading and the rising flames gave war, to us, a sterner meaning.

At 10 o'clock, on the 20th of February, we found ourselves on board of the steamer "Platte Valley," with the whole of Logan's Division in company, evidently bound down the river. It was a fine day, and the scene was one of great activity. Having our part done, and being safely stowed away on a fine boat, we were prepared to enjoy all we saw with a keen relish. Brig. Gen. John A. Haynie had relieved Col. Marsh of the command of our brigade, much to our gratification, and his headquarters were on the boat with us. The day wore away and still the troops were marching down the levee, and embarking on steamer after steamer, and mules and wagons were being loaded, with various stores and supplies, till it seemed that nothing was to be left in Memphis. The next day it rained furiously the long hours away, but we were comfortable, and therefore willing to lie still and wait the developments, as the little steam that all the boats had up, slightly fizzed, and "nothing more." We were probably waiting for the 22d of February, "for luck," for before daylight the next morning steam was raised, the lines were cast off, and the sun-rising of Washington's birth-day found us proudly steaming down the father of waters, sail-

ing to victory. Yes, to victory, though many of our bravest were sailing to their graves. As it was Sunday, Chaplain Foskett preached us an excellent sermon, which was greatly enjoyed by many.

A little before 10 o'clock the next morning we landed at the village of Providence, in Louisiana, where a canal was being cut through from the river to Lake Providence, but a short distance, in the hope to do something toward flanking Vicksburg, through Mason and Tensas bayous.

We found ourselves in the loveliest country we had yet seen. In fact, it was almost a paradise. Though but the 23d of February, peach trees were in full bloom, roses and spireas were abundant, and the air was soft and balmy as our May. McArthur's Division was already on the ground, and we were marched beyond it, about five miles from the river, to a lovely camp on the bank of the lake. We passed several beautiful plantations and palatial residences before reaching our camp, only to find ourselves among others finer and more noble still, if possible. How sad that the ruthless hand of war should be laid upon such loveliness. But these planters had invoked our presence. They had helped to bring on the war, little thinking the hated "Yanks" would ever get so far—would ever sit down in front of their mansions, and intrude into the presence of their household gods. But there we were, and our coming was a lesson of justice such as God often teaches, and we abode our allotted time in their Eden, quite content.

CHAPTER VI.

Resignations and promotions.—Routine life.—Heavy rains.—The steamer "Henry Von Phul."—Levee cut.—Berry's Landing.—A wagon load of fish.—Religious interest.—Tremendous storm in the night.—Company G's hog.—Interesting poetry.—Col. Sloan in trouble.—Adj. Gen. Thomas in camp.—Logan's speech.—Four months' pay.—Off for somewhere.—Milliken's Bend.—Mortality statistics.—Graves on the levee.—Volunteering to run the blockade.—Gov. Yates.—Demoralizing drill and dress parade in our shirt sleeves.—Views of Vicksburg.—Roses by the mile, and Pride of China trees.

OUR STAY at Memphis afforded such of our officers as had wearied of the service an opportunity to resign, of which they gladly availed themselves. Lieut. Andrews, of Company H, resigned January 28th, which promoted Lieut. Potter to 1st Lieutenant, and Sergt. Greenville A. Spear to 2d Lieutenant. Capt. Morgan, of Company K, resigned February 5th, which made Lieut. S. N. Sanders Captain, Lieut. Willian having previously died, and Sergt. Hiram H. Hall, of Company E, 1st Lieutenant. 2d Lieut. Rickey, of Company C, resigned the same date, and Orderly Lew. Dorlan was promoted accordingly. 1st Lieut. Benedict, of

Company G, left us February 16th, which raised Benton Pratt to his vacant office, and made Orderly John W. Mosby 2d Lieutenant.

Our life at Lake Providence was not remarkable for anything. General Haynie was taken sick and left us, which put Colonel Sloan in command of the brigade for three weeks, when Colonel Marsh returned again. We did some drilling, and practiced target firing when we discharged our picket guns. We also foraged a little. One trip, on the 3d of March, under command of Col. Stevenson, of Missouri, was particularly enjoyable. It was through a very lovely and rich country, on a fine day, and was perfectly successful. Our object was sweet potatoes and corn, and the wagons, two from each regiment in the division, were filled from one plantation, without seeming to diminish the supply. We also got a few Irish potatoes, though not enough to go round.

We had some very heavy rains while here, and at one time it seemed as though the whole country must be inundated, such sheets of water fell. But the dry land prevailed at last. The steaming heat told sadly upon some of our men, and our Surgeons had their hands full. Many, too, left for the general hospitals, but others who had been left sick at Memphis began to come in, and our ranks were kept tolerably full.

On Sunday, the 15th of March, in a heavy rain, we broke camp, and floundered through the mud to the river, to embark on the steamer "Henry Von Phul," with the 20th Illinois. We lay on board her the rest of that

day, and all the next. Toward evening of the 16th, the levee was cut through, and the waters of the river turned into Lake Providence. The troops yelled with delight as the torrent tore through, for it seemed to promise us some advantage. But no good ever came of it, except that of damage to the enemy.

The forenoon of the 17th we moved up the river about five miles, and debarked at our next soldiers' home, called Berry's Landing, or Vista Plantation. We were this time near the levee, and could see all the steamers from our camp as they passed to and fro, loaded with troops. We were soon very nicely fixed up, bunks were made, and Reece's sleek mules robbed of corn-fodder for our beds. The water was poor. It was procured by sinking barrels anywhere we chose. They would speedily fill, the water looked pure, and was palatable, but it was doubtless unhealthy, and the Surgeons forbade our using it, ordering us to get water from the river; an order which very few obeyed. The standing water in the rear of our camp came up to within a few rods of us, and was visibly affected by the canal below. At one time we really thought it would drown us out, as it rose at the rate of about an inch an hour. But the tide and our fears subsided together, and we were the gainers by a wagon load of buffalo fish, which were gathered from among the cotton rows, where the receding waters had left them.

While here we had considerable religious interest in our regiment. Chaplain Button, of the 20th Illinois,

preached for us two sermons of great power, and our Chaplain and ministers inaugurated extra services, which were largely attended. Prayer meetings of absorbing interest were held in some of the tents nearly every night, and not a few were reclaimed and quickened, while some started to live a christian life.

One of the most furious storms occurred here which we ever experienced. It was about midnight, and came upon us without warning. The water fell in torrents, while the wind was almost a tornado. Many a tent yielded to its fury, while all through the camp were half-naked men, tugging at tent corners, driving stakes and trying to save the wrecks. Fortunately the fury of the storm was of short duration, and soon all was comparative quiet again.

A ridiculous affair transpired at this time, the particulars of which are involved in something of a mystery. It seems, however, that Colonel Sloan, who was in command of the regiment again, had become involved in a difficulty with some of Company G about a hog, which he had probably sought to rescue from them in the interest of the "secesh" owner, and had put the boys under arrest. The result was a neatly formed grave on the levee, in a conspicuous place, with head and foot boards complete. On the former, written in a bold hand, was this poetic effusion :

" This sow has died without a moan,
Beneath the nose of Colonel Sloan,
Charged by men on murder bent,

She breathed her last close by his tent.
In digging her grave, we've done our best,
While we, the murderers, were under arrest.
Now Surgeon, let this poor corpse be,
So neatly buried by Company G.
For in this world her troubles are o'er,
She was a sow, but Sloan's a bore.
Reader, tread lightly on her head,
For if she gasps, by thunder, you're dead."

The feeling indicated by this poetry was pretty largely shared by the whole regiment. Col Sloan had most signally failed to commend himself to the confidence of officers or men, and any little thing would weigh heavily against him. At a regimental inspection of arms which he had just conducted, he had thrown pieces back so violently as to bruise and lacerate several hands and fingers, and then insisted he was right. This, trivial as it was, seemed to precipitate action, and all of the line officers of the regiment, save Capt. Mann, of company B, signed a petition to Col. Marsh, to have him summoned before an Examining Board, to inquire into his competency. If he blundered so in camp, what, we asked, would he do in the face of the enemy? Our petition was favorably entertained, a day set, and he was summoned to appear. He immediately sent for the officers, and marched them down by the river, in a retired place. when he took the centre of a circle and made us a speech. The substance of it was a desire to have us withdraw our petition, and give him our confidence again upon his avowal of good intentions, or, at least, to give him a further trial. This the officers unan-

imously declined to do, affirming that the office and the occasion demanded the requisite knowledge and ability. We were too near the enemy to educate a commander, and he must stand upon his merits. Then, as we soon learned, commenced a course of study in the Colonel's tent, which was protracted and exhaustive, and that was all that came of our petition, for we moved too soon for him to appear before the Board, and there the matter dropped.

On the 8th of April our division was massed to hear Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas, on the government policy of arming the negroes. His remarks were dry and formal, and while many approved some hissed at the mention of negro soldiers. After him General McPherson spoke for a few minutes, and then introduced General Logan, our own division commander, who gave us a thrilling speech in favor of the new policy, which overbore all opposition, and elicited rousing cheers of approval. In his speech, which I imperfectly outline from memory, he made a personal confession.

He said he had been educated to love slavery and all who supported it, and to believe that whatever opposed it was wrong. But this war had opened his eyes. Slavery had struck at the life of the Republic, and there remained no alternative but to strike slavery. He had entered the service to help put down the rebellion, and had been proscribed and abused for doing it. He and his wife could a "tale unfold" of copperhead malignity that would astonish us. But by the help of God he

would never sheathe his sword till the rebellion was crushed out. And in order to do that, we must hurt the rebels in every way possible. Shoot them with shot and shell and minnie balls and cold steel, and, d——n them, shoot them with “niggers.” They are vulnerable in that quarter. Take their corn-raisers and women-protectors and fort-builders from them, and set them to stopping bullets for us, and the thing is done. And you, my old “Dirty-first,”—addressing himself to his own old regiment, the 31st Illinois, which stood right before him—you are willing even a colored man should shield you from rebel bullets. I know you are. So we’ll unite on this policy, putting the one who is the innocent cause of this war, who has everything to gain or lose in this war, in the front rank, and pressing on to victory. And when we have gained it, we’ll all hear the plaudit, “well done, good and faithful servants, come to father Abraham’s bosom.”

The 31st was won. From that day we heard but little against negro troops. Step by step the army and the land rose to the demands of the hour, to the indications of the will of God.

Receiving four months’ pay was the next event of importance, for which we were particularly thankful. Our communications with home were perfect, and whatever the future should do for us, our families and friends were sure of so much. The companies sent home from \$2,000 to \$3,500 each.

On the 18th of April we embarked on the "Sioux City" for somewhere, most of our division having previously gone. We started about half-past six at night, and ran down by poor Providence, with the waters surging through and over her. In the night a heavy storm came on, and the whole fleet tied up till daylight.

Sunday, the 19th, we reached Milliken's Bend before breakfast, and tied up in company with fully fifty steamboats, stretching along the levee for more than a mile, all in the interest of this dreadful war. After staying a couple of hours we ran back up the river about two miles and landed, going into a pretty camp, high and dry, half a mile from the levee, where we were soon at home again.

Here I took the pains to get the mortality statistics of the regiment, as far as known, and found we had lost 51 men, distributed as follows: A, 2; B and C, each 3; D, 7; E, 5; F and G, each 7; H, 1; I, 4; and K, 12. About as many more had been discharged for disability, so that we were not so strong by over a hundred men as we were seven months before, and yet had not even been in a skirmish. At that rate it would cost us nearly 500 men to get through our three years' service, without a battle. So do the hardships of early campaigning tell.

This view of the service was strikingly corroborated by the levee both above and below the Bend, for miles. In less than a two mile walk, 200 graves were counted, and all from sickness. They were stuck in everywhere,

by twos and threes and singly. And the great army wagons had gone lurching over some of them, as the levee was our military road, and they could not be avoided. Neat boards were at all these graves, telling name and regiment, and every northwestern state had its share, with some from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. All this had been done in a few weeks' time.

On the 21st volunteers were called for to run the blockade on transports, and so many offered to go, even whole companies, that selections were impossible, and none of our boys went. We heard the firing distinctly, and saw the flashes of the guns the evening of the 22d, when the batteries were passed.

In the forenoon of the 22d we had a grand review to receive Governor Yates, who made us a very effective speech, which drew tears from many eyes. What a noble, patriotic heart was his. Representative E. B. Washburne, of Galena, was with him, and also addressed us. His esteemed regiment, the 45th Illinois, was in our brigade.

That afternoon we had a very trying battalion drill in the broiling sun, which did not add to the affection existing for our Colonel. At its close we were ordered on dress parade, and its formalities gone through with in our shirt sleeves, to which we had been reduced by the heat of the drill. It seemed an uncalled for and slovenly exhibit, and certainly was demoralizing.

Several of our officers went down to Young's Point, and beyond the canal, on the picket boat, Diligent, and

had very fair views of Vicksburg and its defences. We could see the muzzles of the guns, and the flashing of the sunlight on the bayonets of the sentries. Little we thought so many weary miles, and graves as yet undug, lay between us and the prize our glasses brought so near.

At Milliken's Bend we were embowered in roses. Rose hedges stretched out in many directions, and were in full bloom. Rose leaves covered the ground under them, and the air was heavy with their odor. The Pride of China tree was first met with in flower here, a sort of straggling, lilac bloom, pretty on the trees, but not choice for cutting or fragrance. How we wished the tree could be devoted to its legitimate use, according to the chorus—

“ We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a Pride of China tree,
As we go marching on.”

CHAPTER VII.

The Vicksburg campaign begun.—On to Richmond.—Col. Howe's horse.—The Quartermaster's experience.—Still on.—Ashwood Landing.—Lake St. Joseph and Dr. Bowie's mansion.—Camp in 3,000 acres of corn.—Grand Gulf.—Running the batteries.—The "Tusculumbia"—Crossing the Mississippi on the "Mound City."—Bruinsburg.—The Quartermaster again.—"Just before the battle."—To the front.—Signs of a fray.—Support the 31st.—Capt. Potter wounded.—Up and at them.—Thompson's Hill.—Chase them till dark.—Sleep on our arms.—Port Gibson.—"Down with the traitors, and up with the stars."—Wading the stream.—Such a country.—Big Bayou Pers.—Halted by a still or two.—Line of battle.—A long, weary march to the Big Black.—Grand Gulf evacuated.—Resting.—Sitting up to sleep.—Transportation up.—Rocky Springs.—Utica.—Special orders.

ON THE 25th of April, the long expected movement on Vicksburg began in earnest. Other troops had occupied positions opposite Warrenton and below before, but not so as to give the enemy a clear idea of our intentions, who still, doubtless, thought we were expecting to move in force, by the way of Steele's Bayou, the Sunflower, Yazoo Pass, or some other opening above. Now the 17th Army Corps, under McPherson

son, broke camp to move to the right of McClelland, and to be in turn rapidly followed by Sherman.

We left much of our baggage and all of our sick, Capt. Roach, of company I, being in command of our invalid camp; Col. Sloan, too, on account of sickness, remained behind, Lieut. Col. Howe being in command. In the best of spirits, and with our bands all playing, we struck away from the river into the interior of Louisiana, in gallant style, Quinby's division in the advance. The day was warm, but the scenery was lovely, which made our marching easy. We soon struck Willow Bayou, below Walnut, and passing down it by Tellula, a station on the demolished Vicksburg and Texas Railroad, crossed Roundaway Bayou, and went into camp near Richmond, having made a twelve mile march with comparative ease for the men, but not for the teams, as the road cut up very badly.

While we were much enjoying our camp, just at sundown, an unfortunate incident occurred. Col. Howe turned out his valuable horse, Rodney, which he had recently received from home, to play and graze. In some way he stumbled upon the rough ground, badly breaking his left fore shoulder, and had to be shot. It seemed such a pity to shoot the beautiful, noble fellow, and the Colonel and horse had the sympathy of the whole regiment.

Our Quartermaster had a little personal experience, which deserves to be told. He had received orders from brigade headquarters to remain with the surplus

equipage, but being desirous to go with the regiment, and having a quantity of flour which the teams allowed could not carry—we had just drawn flour, after eating hard bread for a long time in camp—he loaded up an extra in the afternoon with flour and grain, disobeyed orders, and leaving Durley in charge of the stores, took “Charlie” Miles for body-guard, and with his teamsters slipped out. He expected to reach the regiment by night easily, having the whole road to himself. But he did not know what a whole army could do to Louisiana roads. Frequently they had to unload and roll the flour and carry the grain sacks past the bad places, in mud up to their knees. Night came on and no camp was reached, or likely to be. At last he left his team and pushed on with Miles. But it was no use; it was too dark and muddy to go through, so they camped in a blacksmith shop by the roadside, in which Reece fell over the anvil. That, in turn, fell upon his foot, and from its effects he has not recovered to this day. The next morning they rode through among the wagons, caissons and cannon that had been stuck the day before, and joined the regiment just as it was moving out again, and reported to Col. Howe, who kindly promised to intercede at brigade headquarters. Says Reece, “All the transportation of the 124th was in its place that morning, which could not be said of any other regiment in our brigade.”

The 26th we moved out again at seven o'clock, through a lovely country. Stopped to rest awhile at a fine plant-

ation belonging to a Capt. Holmes, and went into camp early, just after a very heavy shower, having made about the same distance as yesterday. Firing towards the river was heavy a part of the day, and all night. The next day we pushed on by New Carthage in heavy rain and through horrid mud. Such a plastering, and so many stuck teams, we had never known before. How they ever all got through is a mystery still. We camped at Dunbar's plantation, on Roundaway bayou. Our teams all came up, but too late, having been hindered by others on their way. We marched only about eight miles.

The 28th we got off about ten o'clock, and after crossing the bayou had a fine levee road for a few miles. Passed by a Judge Perkins' plantation and reached the river at a place called Ashwood Landing. Here we found the "Cheeseman," "Forest Queen" and "Horizon," that had run the blockade at Vicksburg, and Hovey's division, of McClernand's corps, embarking on them.

We expected to follow them, but instead were pulled out about midnight to march farther down. Our road was good, the night fine, and we rather enjoyed it. About daylight we had a halt and a cup of coffee, and then began to wind around Lake St. Joseph, through the richest and most delightful country we had yet seen. The residences of the planters were splendid; among them that of a Dr. Bowie, was conspicuous for its elegance and surroundings, and none the less so for its

furniture. But it fell a prey to the flames before the army passed, though not by the hands of any of Logan's division. We had all passed ere it was burnt, and learned of it with unfeigned regret; not that we cared for its owner, but it was a "thing of beauty" and deserved a better fate. The boys this day obtained quantities of cabbage, beets, onions, green peas, string beans and blackberries, but our march of twenty miles and upwards, in the heat, was very exhausting.

We went into camp at last near the east end of the horse-shoe lake, in a corn-field, said to contain 3,000 acres. It looked very large, even to an Illinoisan. The corn was upwards of knee high, and even as though it had grown by rule. It was a pity to see it punished as the camping ground of an army.

We were only a mile and a half from the landing above Grand Gulf, which many of us visited, weary as we were, before we slept. There had been a gunboat attack on the formidable rebel batteries there that day, and the shots were still occasional from our side, though eliciting no reply. While we were at the landing, our gunboats and transports suddenly wheeled into line and started down the river, past the batteries. We started for camp, but had not gone far before we heard from the rebels, and merry music they made of it, till our fleet had all passed, which was done in safety.

The next morning, April 30th, we marched about five miles to a landing below, where we saw our whole fleet, transports and gunboats, loaded with troops, and

steaming away down the river at our approach ; or all except the "Tuscumbia," which lay at the shore with no steam up. Having leisure, some of us went on board of her, and found her sadly disabled in the fight of the day before. She was in fact ruined, helpless ; three out of four of her hog-chains had been let down by shooting off the stanchions, so that she was "hogged," as sailors term it. Her smoke-stacks had been riddled, her exposed wood work was in splinters, she having been struck eighty-two times, and her casing had been pierced in several places. Five men on board had been killed, and a much greater number wounded. The killed were lying in as many coffins, side by side, before us, with the flag for which they had died spread over them.

About three P. M. our turn came, and we went on board the gunboat "Mound City," fairly covering her up. We ran down the river about eight miles, and landed at Bruinsburg, on the Mississippi shore. Here we found the whole of McClernand's corps, some of whom were falling in for a start as we landed. Our regiment and the 23d Indiana were in the advance of our division.

Bruinsburg was a delightful landing, innocent of any houses that we saw, but covered with a rich carpet of hitherto untrodden grass, that furnished a charming camping ground, with the river and its puffing steamers on one side, and the heavily wooded Mississippi hills on the other. No rebel had disputed our approach, and

save for the ugly scars on the "Tuscumbia," we could hardly bring ourselves to believe there was any foe intending to oppose us.

In the haste to cross the troops, the horses of the field officers had been ordered left behind. This was very rough on many officers that night and the next day or two, but Reece was on hand as usual, and smuggled over the horses of our officers, with those of a battery. He tried it the second time before succeeding. The first time he was detected and ordered off the barge, for which he was very thankful, as that barge sunk and many animals were lost. But he came out ahead the second time, and our officers were mounted for the march next day, which they all voted was better than leaving Reece at Milliken's Bend.

Gov. Yates and E. B. Washburne addressed us again that evening. The Governor told of opening the Mississippi river the next day, of putting an end to the rebellion by breaking its back, and of our boys covering themselves all over with glory. Of course it quickened the pulse of our patriotism somewhat, and under orders to march at four the next morning, we lay down under the peaceful heavens to rest, expecting ere another nightfall to meet the enemy.

Our sleep was troubled, as troops were moving out all night, and long ere the morning the sound of distant firing could be distinctly heard. We were moving early, and started about half-past six, having been detained some time for artillery to pass. We pushed up the

river about two miles, and then wound into the hills, rather slowly at first, and then more rapidly, all the time listening to the firing. The day was hot, and as we moved faster we suffered greatly. The Mississippi sun almost roasted us. Blankets and overcoats were abundant by the roadside.

Soon we began to see signs of the fray. About eight miles out we met a large squad of rebel prisoners under guard, going to the river. Just after, we saw their wagons, left in their retreat, and knew that we had been driving them. A little farther on and the wounded of both sides began to appear, with occasionally a dead man. Then we reached a hospital by the roadside, to which they were bringing the wounded on stretchers. The next thing we were met by an Aid, and ordered to "unsling knapsacks," which we did with three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, and moved rapidly to the front. It was then about one o'clock.

We soon came to a section of a battery, playing rapidly upon some frame houses in the distance, about which we could see the shells burst, but saw no enemy. We were filed to the left from the road and halted; but before we did so a few minnie balls "zipped" over our heads, though from where we could not tell, and while resting an answering shell or two came back from the Johnnies, striking near our guns. We saw the 23d Indiana move down toward a skirt of timber on our right front, and were told we were to support them. But soon it was whispered that Col. Sanderson, their

commander, had said he did not want us to support him, as we were an untried regiment, but that Col. McCook, of the 31st Illinois, had said, "Let them support me." Certain it is that the 31st were deployed as skirmishers, and we went to their support, though probably Col. Sanderson said no such thing, as he stoutly denied it. We found ourselves in an old plowed field, in front of our artillery, and were ordered to lie down ; an order which we very promptly obeyed. Our ground was slightly descending toward the direction of the enemy. From some woods in front of our right the balls began to whiz quite unpleasantly, but no enemy appeared. We were confident the 45th were in the woods, for we had seen them enter, therefore our friends must be between us and the rebels. Still the balls struck uncomfortably close, and often made us cringe, as the little puffs of dust would rise from the ground where the bullets entered. Another minute and Capt. Potter, of company F, was wounded in the heel, the first man hit in the "Hundred and two dozen." Capt. Bedford, on the brigade staff, ordered the Chaplain and musicians to accompany Capt. Potter to the rear, and we wondered who, and what next. In a few minutes a real artillery duel began, and the rebels answered back in earnest, just clearing our right. We moved forward and halted again, while the firing of the 45th in the timber rattled merrily. Shortly a shout was heard, the 31st were all on their feet and closing up in front of our left, and we were ordered forward in time to fire two volleys at the

retreating greybacks. Col. McCook shouted, "Give it to them," and forward we went with a will, but they were fleetier than we. So much for Thompson's Hill, where we first smelt powder in the presence of the foe. Our only loss was Capt. Potter, who never fully recovered from the effects of his wound, and resigned the 7th of August, following. Our forces lost but few compared with the enemy, whose loss in prisoners was nearly a thousand, with Gen. Tracy killed.

We soon came to a halt, with the ground quite plentifully strewn with the knapsacks and blankets of the retreating foe. We noticed, with interest, that the former were marked "Alabama," "Mississippi," "Louisiana," etc. Some of our boys replaced the blankets thrown away on the march in the forenoon, but these were usually very poor compared with ours. Trinkets, letters and keepsakes from the emptied knapsacks passed rapidly from hand to hand. It was all very strange to us. While at a halt, Gen. Grant came riding by alone, and said, so quietly and naturally, "I never want soldiers to do better," and, "You have behaved yourselves well," that it did us good, though we knew we had done very little.

We followed the rebels until dark, having a slight brush with them as a parting salute, in which we mortally wounded the Adjutant of the 31st Alabama, who was left to die in our hands. His name was McAfee, and was shot through the bowels. Poor fellow, his groans were distressing, but the next morning put an

end to to his sufferings. We lay on our arms all night without any fire, and as the night was cool and our blankets few, our condition, following the heat and relaxation of the day, may well be imagined. We were not loth to leave our pillows at the earliest instant.

Off at six and passing several dead rebels, we pushed on rapidly to the pretty village of Port Gibson, which we reached to find the enemy had left in hot haste, burning the bridge over the Little Bayou Pere behind them. We entered the place in fine style, and stacked arms in one of the principal streets. Having a little conversation with some of the surprised citizens, we found there were those among them who had really thought that Yankees had horns, and were in doubt as to our being the genuine article, because those appendages seemed to be wanting. We soon resumed our march, and treated them to "Down with the traitors and up with the stars," in full chorus, as we passed through the streets. We made a detour to the southeast after leaving the village, on account of the burnt bridge, and waded a beautiful running stream some miles away, which we think was the same Little Bayou Pere. It was several yards wide and about half leg deep. We stripped off our shoes and stockings and went into it with a relish. It was truly grateful to our sore and heated feet. After leaving Port Gibson we found the road lined with gaping darkies, all ready to welcome us. Some of them joined us that day to share the fortunes of war with us to the end. We passed some very pretty places, and

moved in all about fifteen miles, camping at last near the Big Bayou Pere, northwest of Port Gibson, about half-past nine at night. We were certainly tired enough to rest, after the excitement of the two days, and the experience of the previous night.

The country through which we had come from the river was to us a wonder. Without mountains or rocks, it was the most rugged we had ever seen, being a continual succession of sharp pitches from fifty to a hundred feet high. It was up and down for a while, through cuts in the hills that were almost defiles, with the stiff clay forming perpendicular walls on either hand, and then winding along on the surmounted crest of one of those zigzag, dirt waves, or hog's backs, for as much longer, to dip for a transverse section at last, with but little gained for all our toiling.

The forests, which were abundant, were luxurious and brilliant. We noticed the oak in upwards of twenty varieties, from the shrub-like chincapin, to the lofty yellow and Spanish. The poplar, or tulip tree, in full bloom, was everywhere in its majestic beauty. The chestnut, beech, maple, linden, elm, ash, cottonwood, hickory, pecan, black walnut, sycamore, sweet and black gum, pine, mulberry, hackberry, hornbeam, dogwood, persimmon, sassafras, holly and bay were abundant, with the splendid magnolia *grandiflora*, and the wonderful umbrella tree, both in blossom. The flowers of the latter, of the purest white, were nearly a foot across. Add

to these the monstrous grapevines, and the many shrubs unknown to us, with which the woods were filled, and the picture of vegetation is large enough, if not complete. The cultivated fields were for the most part side hills, plowed and planted in water tables, to keep them from washing, but the corn and cotton were fine, showing that the soil was productive, and that industry, whether black or white, was sure to be rewarded here. Only man is at fault in all this southern land.

The morning of May 3d we crossed the Big Bayou Pere just after daylight, on a suspension bridge, which the enemy had tried to burn, but which we had repaired the night before. It swung some and looked scary, as we passed over the charred timbers, but the cables were all right, and we crossed safely to find plenty of rebel "sign." Their picket-fires were yet smouldering within a few rods of the bridge. Our brigade was in the advance, and we pushed along briskly for about a mile, when "bang" went a cannon on a hill in front of us, followed by the bursting of a shell and a puff of smoke almost directly over our heads. This was followed by another and another very soon.

We were easily halted and soon formed in line of battle, our regiment to the left of the road in an orchard. After waiting a little for our artillery, we commenced advancing through the corn fields, cane brakes, briar patches and woods, and over the fences, in the broiling sun, in hopes to catch a handful of saucy rebels, who

were covering their retreat, and trying to keep us from intercepting their forces, which were just then evacuating Grand Gulf.

We moved in this way about three miles, to our great disgust, during which there was a little skirmishing, but we did not share in it. We then resumed our flank movement in the dust and heat, and kept it up till ten at night, when we camped within three miles of Big Black river, above Grand Gulf, to find the enemy had crossed at three o'clock that afternoon. About seventy stragglers were taken by our forces, and we picketed the river that night, across which a bullet occasionally straggled when we talked too loud. This was a very trying day's march for us, having been upwards of twenty miles, of which three were in line of battle. But we should not have cared had not the Johnnies slipped through our fingers so easily.

The next three days we moved only a few rods to get a better shade, and spent our time mostly in resting, which we much needed. On the night of the 4th we were roused from slumber, and compelled to sit up by a heavy rain, to keep our blankets dry, which could not be carried if wet. A vision of a Lieutenant is before our eye as we write to-day, who, after rolling up his blanket and shawl, and getting them under either arm, with his rubber about his neck, sat down on a log on a steep hillside, where he got to sleep, fell off on the lower side of the log, and rolled nearly to the bottom of

the hill before he could stop. The next day our tents came up, by the way of Grand Gulf, which put an end to such soldiering. Our communication was now open with the whole outside world again, and our mails were large. Gen. Sherman's corps passed us while lying here, and about this time Col. Sloan overtook us and assumed command, while Col. Marsh left us forever, and was succeeded by Brig. Gen. John E. Smith, formerly of the 45th Illinois.

On the 7th we were in motion again, and went about five miles, when we halted for McClernand to pass us, which he did, evidently moving rather to the left, nearer the Big Black than we. He was so long in passing that we pitched our tents for the night, and occupied them the next day and night. On the 8th we had our last dress parade till after the fall of Vicksburg. We also received congratulatory general orders from Grant, on crossing the river and effecting a secure lodgment in the enemy's territory. The 9th we struck tents about one in the afternoon, and marched about seven miles, passing the little hamlet of Rocky Springs. A part of the way we had a delightful road, on a ridge heavily shaded with towering pines.

Sunday, the 10th, we were astir early but did not move till after one, when we made about eight miles, passing through the badly used up village of Utica, and camping by a tannery, some two miles beyond. Here special orders were issued for each regiment to be in

line of battle, fully equipped, one hour before daybreak every morning, and to have no music till further orders. The latter was literally obeyed for nearly two months. Not a note of music was heard in the whole command till the surrender of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

Feeling our way.—May 12th.—Pickets run a race to catch up.—Raymond.—Our first man killed.—The Quartermaster's story.—Corporal Brown.—Into the village in style.—Our loss.—Rebel news.—On to Clinton.—Col. Sloan in arrest.—Toward Jackson.—Rain and mud.—Double-quickening for a fight.—Over Crocker's battlefield.—Jackson evacuated.—Camp by the Deaf and Dumb Institute.—Back track.—Burying the Dead.—Eighteen miles toward Vicksburg.—Champion Hills.—43d Georgia.—Battery taken.—Our loss, and incidents.—A night ride and a scare.—On to the Big Black.—Crossing, and on to Vicksburg.

ON THE 11th of May we were in line of battle at three o'clock, according to orders. During the day we moved about three miles, the enemy evidently being in front of us, and our officers feeling their way very carefully. Companies H and I were ordered on picket and stationed about a mile away, off the line of march. The morning of the 12th the command started early, Logan's division in the advance. By some oversight the pickets were not relieved till after the regiment had gone, and had to run a race to overtake it, passing by the whole of Crocker's division, and much of

their own. When they came up the teams were corralled, and firing was heard ahead.

About noon the halt was general, and preparations lively. Soon the firing became heavy, and two men in company A were hit. We were deployed to the right, and moved forward through an old field, with shells striking quite frequently a little to our left. Seeing this, we were moved by the flank farther to the right, and then by front, in line of battle, into some heavy woods, with the 45th on our right. Company B was deployed as skirmishers. As our artillery got into position the firing became tremendous ; and soon the musketry was heavier than the cannonading. We lay down awhile, and then advanced a few rods to lie down again. The timber was very thick, and as we could see nothing, we had not yet fired a gun. Soon the bullets began to rattle, and to cut the leaves over us, which came sifting down upon us. We must have lain in this place for an hour or more, during which time the spit and zip of the balls was incessant, and the crash deafening. But fortunately for us the bullets flew just above us, as the trees accurately proved. At last there was talk of rebels in sight, and though we had instructions not to fire, for our skirmishers must be in our front, Capt. Scudder, of company G, which was then our left, said he knew he saw "greybacks," and sung out "fire." Maj Pattison repeated it, and the left of the regiment put in a volley or two in good style.

We were soon ordered forward, and in a few steps

found ourselves in a wooded creek bed, a couple of yards wide, and the banks of which were some seven or eight feet deep. Here the Johnnies had evidently been lying till within a very few minutes. Our skirmishers had moved more to the right and failed to strike them. We passed rapidly out of the woods into an open field, upon entering which we found some wounded rebels, who had probably fallen under our fire, as they said they had just been hit. Among them was a rebel Captain. Maj. Pattison took his sword, and some of our men carried him into the shade. We pushed on a few rods and raised the brow of a hill in hopes to get a glimpse of the foe; but none was in sight. Whether by command, or involuntarily, we halted, and stood for a moment. Suddenly the wind began to rush by us strangely, and the bullets sang among us like a nest of bumblebees, and a crash was heard from a fence and thicket on our right front. It was almost an enfilading fire, hitting several, instantly killing John Martin, of company E, and mortally wounding Josiah W. Goodwin, of company D. We were clear ahead of our command. We dropped down a moment, but soon rising poured it into them for a few volleys, when they ceased firing and "skedaddled." We moved forward a little farther, but were soon ordered by an aid to fall back under the brow of the hill, the enemy having taken a battery in position directly in our front. This we did, and our guns soon opened upon them. They replied spiritedly for a few minutes, some

of the shells passing over our heads, but directly they "limbered to the rear," and the firing ceased.

Quartermaster Reece tells his story as follows: "I had ridden forward with "Judge" Austin, our Ordnance Sergeant, and halted on the top of a hill to lunch. While we could see troops being moved here and there, we did not dream the enemy was on the opposite side of the ravine. We had seated ourselves under a tree, and just commenced our dinner, when, whiz went a shell over our heads. To say we were surprised would not begin to express it. Soon another shell came, and another, until it was evident we were drawing the fire of the enemy, and I suggested to Austin that we had better go to the rear, as doubtless the teams required our attention. By this time the engagement became general, and the roaring of the musketry and hissing of the shells was terrible. Soon orders came for Austin and his ammunition team, and as he was moving down the road, Lieut. Warner, acting Quartermaster of the 20th Illinois, came up and requested me to go with him to the battle-field. Lieut. Col. Richards, of his regiment, had been shot, who had brought him up as a boy, and he wished to find him. As we rode across the open field before reaching the woods where the 20th were engaged, it seemed as though every shot fired went over this space. Upon reaching the timber we found about twenty of the regiment lying in a row, cold and stiff in death, and among them Lieut. Col. Richards. As I could be of no use to Lieut. Warner, I rode around

near the bridge where Austin was distributing cartridges, when Gen. Leggett, riding by, ordered me to seek a safer position for my team, on account of so many shells falling near the wagon. I must confess this order was welcome, as the place was too warm for me. But just as I was leaving, Corp. Brown of our regiment, came running to me and asked for transportation to the rear, because he was shot. Upon asking him where, he replied, "In my side, and the blood is running down; you must take me to a surgeon." I told him I could see no blood, and proceeded to examine him, to find that his canteen had been struck by a spent ball, and the contents were running down his side. He had felt the clip and the wet, which he supposed was blood. When he found the true state of affairs, it is remarkable what a change came over him. But he soon settled the question of going to the rear, by double-quicking it over the hill to the regiment."

Our whole division soon advanced on Raymond, which was nearly two miles ahead, moving most of the way in line of battle by regiments; a sort of straggling *echelon*. The country was open and the display was fine. We halted for an hour or more in the town, which is the county seat of Hinds county. Then we moved about a mile beyond, and camped at the base of a beautiful height, getting settled before dark.

The loss of our brigade in this battle was considerable, though ours, as a regiment, was slight. The 20th lost eighty, killed and wounded, including four commissioned

officers killed. The 23d Indiana lost ninety, killed and wounded, and thirty prisoners. The 31st Illinois also suffered badly, but the 45th much less. The rebel loss must have been heavy, and Gen. Tilghman was killed. A portion of the time it was almost a hand to hand fight, and Capt. Holcomb, on Gen. Logan's staff, affirmed that the crash of musketry was more terrific for about an hour than at Donelson or Shiloh. How we could go through it and lose no more, was a wonder to us all. Dr. Kay was left with our wounded, in charge of the division hospital.

The next morning we obtained a Jackson paper of the 12th, giving an account of Hooker's great battle, and the death of "Stonewall" Jackson. It also told us of our own movements, that we were to be whipped near Raymond, and would never reach Jackson, if that was our objective point. But it complained sadly of the behavior of some of Johnston's new levies, and various other things in connection with the scare at the Capital. Evidently this part of Mississippi was in no very enviable frame of mind.

While lying upon our arms by the roadside, General Sherman's forces passed us again, taking what was called the Mississippi Springs road to our right. We soon after moved nearly due north, Crocker's division in the advance. The day was hot and the roads dusty for a while, but before we reached Clinton we were refreshed by a fine shower, and found ourselves at a romantic vil-

lage, eight miles north of Raymond and ten west of Jackson.

Owing to some mistake in assignments we did not get into camp till far into the night, which was exceedingly dark, and yet we had reached Clinton quite early. The men were wet and weary, the camp very steep and rugged, and our teams slow in finding us. It was about as unpleasant as it could well be, we thought, and consequently very productive of hard words and complainings.

The morning of the 14th we slept late; it was broad daylight when we began to arouse ourselves, and we wondered what it meant. Upon looking toward our Colonel's tent we saw no stir, though other regiments were all alive as usual. It soon flashed upon our consciousness that the Colonel's nap had been too long, though we could hardly blame him. Directly an Orderly called upon him and inquired why his regiment was not in line. We were all routed instantly, but too late for the line. Very soon thereafter an officer came for the Colonel's sword, and upon falling in Lieut. Col. Howe took command of the regiment, while Col. Sloan rode in the rear. His excuse was, that his Orderly had failed to awaken him, so poor Robert Hogaboom alone was to blame.

We took the road for Jackson, Crocker's division in the advance again. The morning was heavy and threatening. Soon it began to pour down rain, and the men were thoroughly drenched; and the mud, too, became fearful, a kind of thin porridge from six to eight

inches deep in places, and in others a heavy, sticky clay that almost held us fast. After a little respite a second shower began, heavier than ever. It also became cooler, and as the drenched boys struggled on under their heavier loads, it would sometimes strike to their stomachs, and they would stop by the roadside and vomit as though they were sea-sick. But still on.

Soon we began to hear firing ahead, and in a few minutes we were moved onto the railroad track and hastened forward for the fight. Presently the musketry rattle was heard, and our speed became a double-quick, though not till our knapsacks were disposed of. The rain also ceased for a time, and on we went for a couple of miles, till all who could keep up were in a glow of heat, that bid defiance to cooler air and wet clothing. The firing ceased, but, "On the right by file into line, double-quick, march," rang out, and off the railroad to the right like a cracking whip we went, up a smart pitch into the bushes, and swept on. We soon came to our dead and wounded, and so knew we were on our battlefield. But neither friend or foe was there, save the helpless, and we halted. A few moments and we moved on again, though not so fast. Past the rebel dead and wounded we went. Our whole brigade came up, and other troops, and alternately advancing and halting, still in line of battle, some two or three hours passed. Now we would stand in a plowed field, over shoe in mud, till we were chilled through and through. Then we would find solid footing for a little while in a skirt of timber.

But no more enemy ; no more firing ; a little more rain ; a great deal of wonder, and later, a wagon train in the distance, moving north.

Soon a column of smoke began to rise to the east of us, in the direction of Jackson. It looked like burning grease ; what could it be ? Directly cheering was heard. An Orderly brought us the news, Jackson was evacuated ; Johnston had fired his commissary stores and “skedaddled.” It was then two o’clock.

The wagon train we had seen on the ridge to the north was that of the rebels, and we with others started in pursuit, but the chase was soon given up as hopeless. They had too much of a start, so we turned back and went into camp, as wet as drowned rats, near the Deaf and Dumb Institute, west of the city. We found this used by them as a hospital, and their Surgeons still on duty. Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, was ours, but we had not helped to take it, neither did we see it. We said surely, that night as we dried our pants and drawers on sticks by our fires, and tried to make ourselves comfortable, surely we shall now have a little rest, and to-morrow we shall see the city.

But to-morrow came, and at half-past six we took our back track. Why, we could not tell ; it was all dark to us ; we little knew that Pemberton had marched out of Vicksburg, thinking that while McPherson and Sherman were at Jackson, he could eat up McClernand on the Big Black. And so we little scented the wisdom of the move we were so reluctantly making.

As we moved back over the battlefield of yesterday we saw a party burying the dead. In one trench seventeen of our boys were laid, with their faces exposed as we looked on them in that peaceful morning light. Many of them had feet badly blistered by their march to die, with their shoes cut open here and there to relieve the pain. Their clothing was soaking wet, and their pants stiff with mud to their knees. Some of them looked strangely pleasant, some so frightful. One had a Testament firmly grasped in his hands, open as though he had died reading it. His face wore a smile, and we wondered how many of them had lingered long hours in agony, ere the relief of death came to them, perhaps in the night—the dark, lonely night. Such is war, and we turned, sickening, away.

Past Clinton, eighteen miles directly toward Vicksburg, we marched the 15th. The going had improved greatly, the air was cooler, and the distance was made with comparative ease. Our camp was lovely that night, and we enjoyed it much.

The sun of May 16th rose hot. We got off about nine o'clock as rear guard, and moved along quite briskly. At half-past eleven we came to where a large quantity of cotton was burning by the roadside, and halted. While there we heard the roar of cannon on our left front, which soon became heavy and incessant. Soon we moved on, and directly found our trains all corraled. "Unslung knapsacks," was followed by "double-quick," which we had come to know meant business.

We rapidly passed to the right of what seemed to be the brunt of the battle, as it was then raging, up a long slope under a scattering fire, and were ordered to lie down for a few minutes, in line of battle, just under the brow of the hill. A battery, under Maj. Stollbrand, Logan's Chief of Artillery, was playing on the foe from our right and left. Gen. Smith and staff were near, looking anxious. We were ordered to load, and fix bayonets, as there was fear of a rebel charge upon the guns on our left; but the fear was groundless. Hovey was giving them about all they could manage in that direction. We were soon ordered forward, and rose the brow of the hill to find the land open in front of us for a considerable distance. It gently descended for about forty rods, to rise again nearly as much farther, to the foot of an abrupt pitch, on the top of which a rebel battery was placed, and doing rapid execution. Between us and that were several high rail fences, and at the foot of the hill beneath the battery, their troops were massed against the yellowish bank, almost the color of the ground they were hugging. These were raining upon us, while the woods to our left were full of our forces and the rebels in fierce conflict.

We commenced firing rapidly and moved forward quartering over the first fence, and down through the fields over the others. A little trouble was experienced in unfixing bayonets, which interfered with our loading, but our ranks did not falter. The battery poured grape and cannister into us, but we were descending and they

mostly overshot us. Wildly we swept on, and our execution upon the foe was fearful. Our ranks, too, thinned, but our momentum was irresistible. The rebels at the foot of the hill, as we neared them, threw down their arms and begged for mercy. Scarcely a man escaped. The Captain of the battery fell, pierced with twelve bullets. Horses had remained hitched to some of the pieces, to be piled dead in a gateway and obstruct the passage. The four guns were ours, and the resistance ceased.

This proved to have been a flanking movement, turning the enemy's left, and it had been perfectly successful. By the time it was accomplished they were in full retreat, and the battle of Champion Hills was over. We had gone into action with about 350 men, and taken nearly that number of prisoners, mostly from the 43d Georgia, which opposed us at the foot of the hill. They went into action with 850 men, 300 of whom were taken prisoners and 250 killed and wounded. Their Colonel, Skid Harris, fell mortally wounded, and their Major, J. W. Anderson, was killed on the spot. Both were neatly buried on the brow of the hill near where they fell, by our men the next day. We covered ourselves with glory, but at the cost of many precious lives.

Our loss in killed and wounded was 63. Of these Martin Lenox, Alphonso Rice, Geo. A. Snow, and Peter F. Shyler, of company H, Henry Shultz, of company D, and Henry C. Ferguson, of company I, were killed outright, and buried in one grave on the field.

Orderly Sergeant Hiram J. Howland, of company E, Orderly Sergeant John Vlerebone, of company C, and Henry T. Forrest, of company I, lived a few hours, and Thomas Broadbent, of D, John Kidston, of E, Nathaniel Copper, of F, John T. Bates, and Charles Shafer, of G, George P. Hezlep and Thompson Thomas, of I, and James T. Keen, of K, all died of their wounds.

Several of our officers had narrow escapes. Capt. Scudder was hit by a ball which cut a gash nearly two inches long on the top of his head. A trifle taller and the Captain—who was over six feet—would not have shared in our victory. Capt. Sanders was shot through the neck by a buck shot, the two wounds being about two inches apart, but neither of these officers left the regiment. Orderly Sergeant Abraham Newland, company D, was shot in the face, and left to die upon the field, but was picked up later, and carried to the hospital, to recover and become the honored Captain of his company. A story about him deserves to be told, as illustrating the temperance principles of the regiment, he being one of the Good Templar members. His jaws and mouth seemed to be all shot to pieces, and he was apparently in a sinking condition. Seeing this, Surgeon Angell directed him to have a little brandy, which the dying man, as they thought him to be, refused. Later the Surgeon himself told him he must take some stimulant or die. Newland motioned for paper and pencil and wrote, "If I die, I will die sober." This seemed to anger the Surgeon for a moment, and turning away,

he muttered, "Die, then." But his great heart triumphed over his professional pride, and he gave the Sergeant the best of attention, to see him rally and get well, with scarcely a trace of the wound.

Adj't. W. E. Smith was seriously wounded in the thigh; Lieut. B. A. Griffith lost a thumb, and Capt. Field was twice grazed, the last time sharply, cutting the clothing in three places, by passing balls.

Shultz, of Company D, had been on duty with the teams for months, till after they were corraled for this fight, when he was ordered by his Captain to take a gun and go with the company, which he did without a murmur, only to die. Many incidents of personal bravery occurred, but to tell them were almost invidious where all were so brave. The whole regiment, from Colonel Howe down, seemed to regret the close of the battle. Having gotten well into it, and punishing the rebels badly, it did not last quite long enough. We seemed to be transformed into furies, with a passion for war. Certainly we were veterans now.

We pushed on about a mile and bivouacked in a piece of woods, to find, as the excitement passed, that we greatly needed rest. Others were in the advance, and firing through the night was occasional. The next morning we moved early to the music of cannonading ahead. Dead rebels were frequently passed by the roadside, and prisoners were corraled here and there. Moved rapidly till about ten o'clock, when the firing seemed to have ceased, and we stacked arms in a nar-

row strip of woods, between the road and the Big Black river, about two miles above the railroad bridge. Here we learned of the successes of the morning, at the crossing below us, and that the enemy that had escaped us was retreating in disorder upon Vicksburg, after destroying all the bridges.

So, Pemberton's effort to surprise McClernand and defeat Grant, in detail, had ended in his own utter discomfiture, in the loss of thousands of men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and all the artillery he had this side of the Big Black; as we afterwards learned, over eighty pieces of cannon. Instead of his surprising us, he was surprised. Upon the testimony of a rebel Lieutenant, one of his batteries went into position six times at Champion Hill, and then was captured without having fired a shot.

An extract from the Quartermaster's diary will be relished at this point: "I was anxious to see the ground over which Gen. Hovey's division had fought, for from my position it seemed that they had done some of the hardest fighting of the day. As I rode through the woods it was quite dark, and when I reached points where the forces had been massed, I could hardly keep my horse from stepping on dead or wounded soldiers. Several clung to my horse and to my feet, and begged me for God's sake to give them water. Water was the cry all through the woods. I of course emptied my canteen, but I could do no more. I cannot describe the scenes of that night. It sickens me to think of them

now, and should I live a hundred years they will never be effaced from my memory. In every direction could be seen the lights carried by those in search of the wounded, as they moved among the trees. All at once I found myself mixed up with wheels, caissons, cannon, horses and dead soldiers, and found it was where a battery had made its last desperate stand. It seemed as if every man and horse had been killed. Heart-sick, I left for the road, soon falling in with Lieut. Blake, Quartermaster of the 45th, and my own Wagon Master, McAuley. We rode along to the house near where our regiment had captured the battery, and thought we would bivouack for the night. So we dismounted, hitched our horses, and lay down on the ground. The house was used for a hospital, and the wounded were still being brought in, which made it almost impossible for us to get to sleep, with the moans and groans in our ears. But we did fall asleep at last, to be suddenly awakened by what we supposed was a cavalry charge upon us. We lost no time in mounting, but in my haste I had neglected to unhitch, and as I applied spurs to my horse, he would rear and pitch so that I could scarcely manage him. I soon found out what was the trouble, and rectified it, and we ascertained that instead of a cavalry charge, we were the victims of a "bummer's" charge. A squad of soldiers had taken a cart and filled it with camp kettles and cooking utensils, and hitched a mule to it, which was opposed to working single. The result was a runaway, and as the cart came

thundering down the road, hitting every wagon in its way, it really seemed as though a thousand cavalymen were on us. Blake and McAuley had a good deal of sport at my expense, and it was really amusing to hear them describe the comical figure I cut, trying to make my horse pull up the tree to which I had hitched him.

We remained by the Big Black during the 18th, while a pontoon bridge was being built of lumber from demolished houses and barns. Gen. Sherman had the only pontoon train in the army, and he was crossing above us, and pushing on to Haines' Bluff and the north of Vicksburg. McClernand was crossing two miles further down by the burnt bridges. While lying here we drew flour and baked cakes in the ashes. Our Hospital Steward and Apothecary also joined us from "Hard Times" landing, below the mouth of the Big Black, where they had been since we crossed the Mississippi.

A little after midnight, the morning of the 19th, we started out by companies as train guard, and crossed the river, halting by corrals, and staying an hour or two in several places. Towards daylight we moved on more rapidly, and soon began to hear heavy firing. This continued all day, and proved for the most part to be Sherman, who took Haines' Bluff, and opened communication for us with Yazoo, ere night fell. In fact, our teams started for rations to the north of Vicksburg that day.

We camped in various places that night, as our duty required, but the morning of the 20th we were relieved

early, and soon were a regiment again, and with our brigade, except company G, which was corral guard during the whole of the siege which followed. The firing was heavy all day. We went into position under the crest of a hill, where our batteries were firing over us rapidly, and the bullets from the enemy's line singing merrily in reply, and so, with us, began the siege of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER IX.

Before Vicksburg.—The 22d of May.—Our position.—Shirley's house. Digging and sharpshooting.—Mortar boats.—“Giving them their coffee.”—Flag of truce, three o'clock in the morning.—A charge on Company H.—Gen. Leggett.—Headquarter tents up.—Col. Sloan in command.—Raked by a Parrott gun.—Fort Hill blown up.—The “Slaughter Pen.”—Our losses.—Lieut. Pratt killed.—Fort blown up again.—“Abe's” experience.—The beginning of the end.—White flags.—Under the oak.—Silence.—July 4th.—“Black your boots.”—“Fall in.”—“Hail Columbia.”—“See the rebs.”—“Forward, march.”—Into Vicksburg.—The old flag to the breeze.—Cheer upon cheer.

FRESH FROM the victories of Champion Hills and the Big Black, we expected to make short work with Vicksburg. Sherman had already gained substantial advantages on the north, taking several strong works, and as soon as we could bring up all our forces, we thought to walk over their extended lines with ease. It could not be that the men whom we had just whipped so terribly, and who had strewn their retreat with the proofs of their demoralization, would make any stand. We doubted if they would fully man their lines, and every hour of the 20th and 21st we expected some new

development, a conflict it might be for a little time, or some discovery of their weakness which we could take advantage of, that would end the campaign.

Therefore, as our batteries went into position and opened on them fiercely, and on the night of the 20th advanced nearer, and shelled them with terrible effect, we said they could not stand it long, and it must be the beginning of a speedy end. But these days passed without any lull in their fire. Their bullets were singing everywhere, and seemed all the more spiteful on account of our shelling. Vicksburg did not fall.

We were lying on the side of a steep hill, just below its crest, to the right of and near the Jackson road, due east of the city. A few trees were over us, serving for shade and to brace against in our sleep, lest we should slip out of our pants, if not to the bottom of the hill. What was beyond we scarcely knew, though we afterwards learned there were more such hills, on which the trees had been felled, where there were any, and briars and cane were growing, forming a perfect abatis. The hills were nearly a hundred feet high where we were, and very steep, running in nearly every direction, but mainly parallel to the rebel lines. Twisting and tortuous were the snake-like defiles between them.

Gen. McPherson held the center of the lines. On our right was Ransom's brigade, of McArthur's division of our corps. Next to him was Blair's division of Sherman's corps, in plain sight. Then the rebel line angled west to the river, and was opposed by Tuttle and Steele

under Sherman. On the left of our division, under Logan, was Crocker's. Then McClelland's corps, of four full divisions, under Hovey, Osterhaus, A. J. Smith and Carr, stretched away to the south, and with Lauman's division of the 16th corps, afterwards added, and Porter's mortar fleet on the river, completed the investment. Ours was the highest and roughest ground upon the whole line, affording us great facilities for observation, right and left. It also led to the concentration of artillery near us, giving us, if it were possible, the Babel of the siege.

As yet we had nothing to protect us. Little fires were kindled at the foot of the hill, to boil our coffee, but our sleep was without shelter, and with many without blankets, while the showers found us waiting (as the ground waits) for our accustomed drenching. Samuel S. Allender, of Company C, had his left arm shattered while near the Shirley house for water, losing about five inches of the bone below the shoulder. One man of Company E was also struck in the neck, while skirmishing. We lay on our arms, watched the mortar shells from Porter's fleet beginning to fall at three o'clock each morning, and occasionally during the day, as something unusual seemed to be going on among the rebels. So passed two days and nights.

The morning of the 22d everything was astir. Ladders were being carried by, and our Generals were in earnest consultation. At nine o'clock our regiment was called into line, the officers "to the front and centre," to be told by Col. Howe, that a charge was to be made

upon the enemy's works at ten o'clock precisely ; that we were to move with fixed bayonets, without firing a gun, in column of regiments, our regiment in the rear of the brigade. Meantime we had moved forward, over one hill to a second, to the right of a house on the Jackson road. The little remaining time till ten we spent in giving directions to comrades, in case of disaster, and awaited the issue with what composure we might. The cannonade became furious along the whole line, and for half an hour the thunder was terrific.

Soon our brigade moved. Past us on our left went the gallant 20th and 45th, and so the rest to their stations. We exchanged hurried words with some of them as they moved by. We advanced near the crest of the ridge, among some beautiful peach and pear trees, heavily laden with half grown fruit, where we had a commanding view of Ransom's and Blair's forces to our right, with the opposing rebel lines, and of nearly two miles to our left. Here we were halted, and awaited orders. Company A was detached for sharp-shooting, and moved to a sheltered position out of sight on our right, to join us no more till after the surrender. Company B, Capt. Mann, was detailed for skirmish duty, and moved to the front. Soon the battle became furious everywhere, and we could see the wreaths of blue smoke curling over the rebel earthworks as their rifles cracked, right and left, directly under our exploding shells, as though they were not harming them in the least. Our men advanced, under Blair and Ransom,

on the double-quick, in full view of our position. Some reeled and fell, others pressing on, gained the works and planted their flags upon them, but they could not enter, and after a fierce struggle for a few moments they sank down on the outside under the friendly cover. It was of no use, they were too few, and the enemy's fire was too galling, concentrated as so much of it was on single points reached by our enfeebled columns. The wounded crawled under the shelter of logs where they could. The dead lay there in sight. The flags still waved, for the rebels dared not expose themselves to cut them down. We could watch it all. How was it going with *our* boys, we wondered. Them we could not see, and no tidings reached us. So the hours wore away. At two o'clock there was a fearful struggle on our right again. Clear up to the works our boys surged only to be mowed down by scores. They fired up the works, and tried to fire over, but it was in vain. Then a little shower of rain was followed by another effort, but they failed. How we suffered as we watched them fall. Later the battle raged more fearfully on our left. McClernand thought he had effected a lodgment. Reinforcements were sent him, and the strife was terrible. We could see and hear it all. But night closed in upon us, and we were outside of Vicksburg still. Companies E, H, I and K were ordered on picket, as it grew dark, and stationed within a few yards of the rebel earthworks, where we could hear them talking quite plainly. And so this memorable day was ended.

But before we slept we learned that the brave Maj. Cowan, of the 45th, Col. Nevins, of the 11th, and Col. Dollins, of the 81st, had been killed, and Capt. Bedford, our brigade Adjutant, was seriously wounded. We had not lost a man, or scarcely been under fire, save company B. Such are the fortunes of war. The rest of our brigade moved back of us, except the 45th, which took a position slightly in the rear of our left, and where the night of the 22d found us, we remained during the siege. It was really the most advanced position on the whole line of investment, as far as we knew. And that night ended our unprotected picketing. It was too dangerous, and we were fired upon sharply in the early morning, ere we withdrew.

Our position was now in Shirley's peach orchard, with our left resting on his house—the "white house," as we called it. Mr. Shirley was at home, and claimed to be a Union man. The 45th used part of the house for headquarters. Only the side to the rear could be safely occupied, and the whole house was fearfully scarred by bullets. The hill which sheltered us was in the form of a half horse shoe, open on our right, quartering toward the rebel lines in front of Ransom and Blair, and leaving us badly exposed, but for the distance. On our left the crest curved to the rear by Shirley's house, and on it the Jackson road came for a few rods, to continue therefrom a little to the left, toward the rebel lines and the city. Four brass pieces went into position just under the crest of the hill in front of us. Here we dug

into the side hill, made terraces to "fall in" on, and prepared to stay, to "guard the rebels," as it was termed. Without a tent, we put our rubber blankets on sticks, or built "chebangs" of whatever we could lay our hands on, and made ourselves comfortable as possible, settling down to the rigors of a siege.

Rifle pits were immediately dug in every available direction, timbers were placed on the dirt crests in front of them, with notches or gains for firing through, and these were kept hot day and night. Our picketing was this continual sharpshooting. Heavy siege guns were brought up from Yazoo, and mounted wherever the ground was favorable, about fifty pieces, large and small, being near us. A protected way was dug from our rear, passing just to our left, through Shirley's door yard, wide enough to drive artillery through, with occasional spaces to turn around in. This was a heavy job, and our details for fatigue were very irksome. This covered way ultimately reached "Fort Hill," as it was called, the key to the rebel centre.

The firing from the mortar fleet, beyond the long point west of the city, was continuous, and at night we could easily watch the shells, tracing their flight by the burning fuses. Frequently they would explode in the air over the doomed city, with a very loud report, but others again could be heard to strike before exploding, though it was full three miles away, to be followed soon after by a stifled roar. Our cannonading was often terrific. For an hour or more, as fast as the guns could be

worked, they would pour it into them, sometimes a hundred at one report, seemingly. Columbiads, Dahlgrens, Parrotts. Howitzers and James rifled, all mixed together, a real artillery concert. "Giving them their coffee," this was called. Occasionally they would answer back with a Whitworth projectile, or a small mortar shell, but their firing was unfrequent. Their light artillery had nearly all been lost east of the Big Black.

Being under the range of our own guns, some fearful accidents occurred from defective ammunition. On the 24th of May two men of the 30th Illinois were dreadfully mangled by the premature explosion of a shell. One had his right leg and arm torn into shreds. The other both legs. Death soon relieved them from their agony.

May 25th a ripple was raised by a flag of truce on the enemy's lines. We hoped it meant surrender, but it only asked for the burial of the dead of the 22d, both theirs and ours. There had been no opportunity for close search, and the stench forced them to this step. The dead were nearer them than us. From three to eight P. M. we had a respite, during which we looked each other in the face, talked a little, and then settled down to our work of death again.

On the 29th of May, Capt. Rogers, of McAllister's battery, near us, was killed by a rebel bullet, during the cannonading. The brave Capt. DeGolyer, who skirmished with his battery early in the siege, was mortally

wounded while lying in his tent in the rear, about this time.

An extract from my diary of Sunday, May 31st, will give an idea of what it was to us: 'Opened at three o'clock in the morning, with the most terrific cannonade on our part I ever heard. Up and in line. The night was perfectly hideous. A hundred guns at once, and half as many exploding shells answering back, with streams of fire and dense smoke. Like Pandemonium, for nearly an hour the deafening roar was kept up, and the enemy must have been severely punished.'

On the 1st of June, two ten-pound Parrotts were planted near our heads to help steady the nerves when drinking our coffee. The same day one of the 24-pound Howitzers recoiled over the bank, and made a breech charge on Company H, tearing down among the "che-bangs" for some distance, and finally bringing up against a small tree. Fortunately no one was hurt.

On the 2d of June, Adam Pulling, of Company F, was killed while sharp-shooting.

On the 4th, Gen. John E. Smith was assigned to the command of what had been Quimby's division, recently commanded by Gen. Crocker, and Gen. M. D. Leggott, of the 78th Ohio, took command of our brigade, which he retained until assigned to the command of the division, being over us in all, nearly a year, during which he greatly endeared himself to both officers and men.

On the 8th of June Oscar T. Cooley, of company B, was killed by a chance shot, while lying in his bunk.

On the 14th Nelson Phillips, of company C, whose bravery was conspicuous at Champion Hills, was struck in the face by part of a bullet, which had struck a ring on his gunstock, while sharp-shooting, of which wound, erysipelas having set in, he died in two weeks.

On the 17th a wall tent for each company and one for regimental headquarters came up, and were set into the side hill by terracing. But they were in full view of the rebels on our right.

On the 18th Col. Sloan was released from arrest, by the expiration of the time for which he could be held, without a trial, and resumed command.

And so the siege dragged its weary length along. Heavy details were always in the rifle pits, and equally heavy ones always on fatigue. Our covered way reached clear to the enemy's works, and then we mined under them. Every day brought us something new, some incident, sensation or rumor, to relieve the tedium. One day it would be Johnston, and troops to the rear; another, Capt. Hickenlooper and his wooden mortar; then Foster, or "Coonskin," and his observatory, or Gen. Parks and his ninth corps above us. Gen. McClernand was relieved of his command, and "white hat," or a rebel Gen. Green, of Missouri, was killed in front of our regiment, for variety.

On the 20th the enemy stirred us up considerably, and materially lessened the chances of our stagnation, if any existed, by firing several 20-pound Parrott shells among us, from in front of Blair. One shot away a corner

stake of company I's tent, after exploring a mess-chest for company D, and went dashing among the "chebangs" of C and H, without doing any farther damage. A second cut the ridge-pole of the same tent in two, a third cut off the hand of a colored cook, and a fourth buried itself, and ricocheted to kill two men in a Minnesota regiment, more than two miles away. We saw it as it left us, and sped away on its errand of death. Still others struck nearer the foot of the hill where some of the boys had their fires kindled, and did their cooking, of one of which Maj. ann, then Captain of company B, relates an amusing incident. Company E's boys had built quite a pretentious oven, the results of which they enjoyed hugely, but from which the smoke was frequently drawn up the hill into the quarters of company B, greatly to the disgust of those whose eyes had to suffer. While the shells were falling quite thickly, the smoke was also on duty, and Lieut. Stafford, of company B, stepping out from their headquarters, rubbing his eyes, said he hoped the next shell would smash company E's oven. He had but little more than uttered the words before one came booming to its mark, and "knocked it all to smithereens," as the Major said when telling the story. But this gun could fire but two or three shots at a time before a whole pack of artillery would be trained upon it, and its firing would cease. In the course of a day or two it was completely silenced, having been partially dismantled, as we found after the surrender. It had also been previously struck several

times, proving the accuracy of our aim, though sustaining but little damage. The enemy had constructed a most ingenious dirt casemate for it; and, considering the many times it was discharged at us within such easy range, it was really strange that no more damage was done to us.

On the 23d of June Maj. Chase gave us his compliments in two months' pay.

On the 25th of June Lieut. Julius A. Pratt, of company A, was instantly killed by a stray bullet. He had been suffering with sickness for a few days, and was off duty, sitting in his tent, in what was supposed to be as safe a place as any on the lines. His elbows were reclining on his knees, with his face forward resting on his hands. The ball had probably glanced from the limb of a tree on the crest of the hill above the tent, and ranging downward, entered at the back of his neck, coming out under one of his eyes. Lieut. Pratt was the only officer we had killed. He was capable, faithful, brave and popular, and at the time of his death was in command of his company, Capt. Tenney being absent sick. Lieut. Norman H. Pratt, his brother, then in command of company F, after innumerable rebuffs and delays, succeeded in procuring a leave of absence and a casket, and took his remains north, to his home in Kewanee, Illinois, where they now repose.

Also on the 25th Fort Hill, as we called it, was blown up. Twelve hundred pounds of powder had been safely placed under it, divided in four places, and great expect-

ations were entertained of success. Our forces were all in line and awaiting the result, hoping to walk into Vicksburg. The gallant 45th was in the van. The explosion took place about four o'clock, but instead of effecting a breach in the fort, it only changed its face to us. The 45th rushed forward with great spirit, to be met by a most deadly fire, which they heroically returned. It appeared that the falling earth had formed a new line of defence for the rebels, leaving a sort of *cul-de-sac* to the rear, into which our brave boys poured, only to be mercilessly slaughtered. Maj. Fiske was instantly killed, Lieut. Col. Smith was mortally, and Col. Maltby severely wounded, while the loss in a few minutes was 59 men. The 31st relieved them after a little, and kept up the firing till dark, losing 30 men, among whom was their Lieut. Col. mortally wounded. Other regiments in turn relieved them, and held the fort during the night.

We lay on our arms, and in the morning of the 26th Companies H and I were ordered into the breach. The enemy threw hand grenades with rapidity and deadly effect. Our men loaded under cover of the dirt, and reaching up, fired over. This was done for thirty minutes, when two other companies relieved them, and such was the order of the day. As the reliefs returned to the "Slaughter Pen," as it soon came to be called, it was like moving into a deadly battle in cold blood. At last the night came on, and the 3d brigade relieved

us. The fearful day, the most trying and horrid in our history, was past.

And we had lost forty-nine men in killed and wounded. Of these Corporal Vance, of Company C, was torn almost to pieces by a hand grenade that exploded in his lap, followed by another at his left side as he lay on the ground. George Grabendike and George W. Lanham, of the same Company, were fearfully mangled by another hand grenade, and died the next day. John J. Smith, of Company E, shared the same fate, living only long enough to be carried to the hospital. Jacob Raper, of Company D, and Presley Peek, of Company K, were mortally wounded, and Lieut. Potter, of Company H, and Corporal M. W. Morgan, of Company K, severely. But little if any advantage was gained by all this, and on the 27th the breach was as effectually held by our guns and sharp-shooters, though at some distance away, as it had been at such fearful cost.

Many incidents of this terrible day ought to find a place in this history, and would if they could be rescued from oblivion. Our loss, while it does not show heavily on paper, was very large for the numbers engaged. Forty-nine men from eight companies, already worn to exceeding thinness by the vigors of the siege, and with no field officers engaged, is a large per cent. An idea of the proportion may be gained by the statement that at one time, after a sharp succession of hand grenades from the enemy, only six men were left in the breach, two of Company H, with Lieut. Spear, and two of Company C,

with Capt. Field, all the rest having been killed, wounded, or, for the time, left the Fort. The Captain, himself, during this time, was struck on the left hip by a piece of shell, causing a severe bruise, though not penetrating the clothing.

General Logan personally complimented the brave men who so gallantly stood at their post through such an hour of slaughter.

During the same afternoon L. Hegans, of Company C, was so stunned by the near bursting of a shell, that blood started from his ears, and he was partially deafened for months. Serg't. C. M. Cassatt, of the same Company, and others, were also severely stunned from the same cause, some being insensible for a time.

Everything had been unusually active since the 26th, and on July 1st the Fort was blown up again. Quite as much damage was done as before, and with no loss to us. Six persons were blown into our lines, three of whom were colored, and one of them, named "Abe," survived his transit. Theodore R. Davis, of Harper's Weekly, sketched him on the spot, all dirt and tatters as he was. He said he went up two miles, saw stars, met his master—who was one of the white men killed—coming down, etc., a part of which—seeing stars—was doubtless true. He was the hero of the hour, and seemed to enjoy it vastly. The rebels were seen digging very actively immediately after the explosion, which indicated severe punishment.

On the 2d of July firing was very brisk on both sides, the enemy discharging volleys on our left. Our cannonading was especially furious, and we treated them very plentifully to the twelve-pound shells from a wooden mortar, in return for their hand grenades of the 26th. An ounce and a half of powder would toss them over very prettily, and land them where we chose. John P. Mathews, of Company F, was mortally wounded by a loose bullet from one of our shells which burst prematurely. It struck him in the hip, and he died the 11th of July. He was but a boy in years, though a veteran in service, and always ready, willing and cheerful.

But the end drew near. At eight o'clock in the morning, July 3d, a white flag was noticed away to our left on the rebel works. Soon another appeared, and another, and, directly, one in front of us. The firing ceased, and all was still, the first time since May 25th, thirty-nine days. Soon greybacks began to show themselves all along the lines. Heads first, cautiously, then bodies, and we straightened up too, in many places only a few yards from them. The works were mounted and we looked each other in the face, the line of motley and the line of blue. How eager we all were to see, and what did it all mean? Was it to bury the dead again—their dead—or the prelude to a surrender? And so the forenoon wore away. About half-past one a scare occurred. "We all dropped, and a few shots were fired, but "cease firing" rang out everywhere, and no one

was specially anxious to disobey; we had all had about enough of that.

A few minutes later, and a stir near the white house on our left indicated something unusual, and all eyes were turned in that direction. Soon our quiet Captain, the determined, self-possessed, heroic Grant, came riding down our covered way, with McPherson, Logan, Ord, A. J. Smith and other officers, and half a score of orderlies, and passed on toward the rebel works. As they left the trench and emerged into open view, three horsemen, followed by orderlies, came out from the rebel lines and advanced to meet them. These were, Pemberton, Bowen and Col. Montgomery, Pemberton's chief-of-staff. All dismounted as they met, a general hand shaking followed, and then Grant, McPherson and A. J. Smith were seated with the rebel three, under a large, narrow-leaved oak, in peaceful conference. This augured favorably, but still the mortar fleet kept thundering away. At four o'clock the conference had ended, and our men were all ordered down. The rebels, too, had disappeared, but there was no firing.

As night drew on the silence began to be fearfully oppressive. For so many long days and nights it had been a continuous battle. Not a minute but the crack of the rifle or the boom of the cannon had been in our ears. And much of the time it had been deafening. Now it was still, absolutely still. The tremendous tension was over. We had not felt it so overwhelmingly earlier in the day when we could look and see, but now

it began to pain us. It was leaden. We could not bear it; it settled down so close; it hugged us with its hollow, unseen arms, till we could scarcely breathe. Only those whose experience has been similar, can imagine the weight we carried through that otherwise happy night. Few of us slept much, and none well.

The morning of Saturday, the 4th of July, dawned gloriously. It was our nation's birthday, and we felt it. We sympathized with it as never before. The oppression of the day and night had given place to light feeling. We seemed to tread on air. We put our feet down in a sort of uncertain way, and it was so strange to stand up straight whenever we chose. But as yet we had no news. No orders.

A little later and report said the city was to be surrendered at ten o'clock. Then rumor said Grant's stern terms had been rejected. Soon we were ordered to black our boots, which was done with a will. All the finery we had, whether paper collars or white gloves, was in speedy requisition. And, thanks to our efficient Quartermaster, despite the rigors of the siege, we were far from being a shabby lot. What the battle and sickness had left of us looked well.

Just before 10 o'clock, "Fall in" was the word, and in a moment we were in our places, shoulder to shoulder, as we had often been, but never with such a feeling, never so proud of each other before.

A moment later our brigade band, one of the best in the service, startled the leaden air and us together,

by bursting out with "Hail Columbia," hidden from us in the white house on our left. We had not thought of music ; it had been so long since we had heard any, that its place had dropped out, or been filled with shot and shell. Since Utica Cross Roads, May 10th, but few of us had heard a note, save a bugle call one evening in the direction of Pleasant Dale, some miles away. And now, as these strains welled out so exultingly, and the chords of our hearts were swept, we went down before them, and strong men wept like babes. This was followed by "The Star-Spangled Banner," during the playing of which we received a mail. While the Johnnies marched out in front of us, and at many other places along the line, stacked arms, and marched back again. "See the rebs," we cried, under our breath, lest we should lose a note of the music, then "Forward, march," rang out, and the gallant 1st brigade, Gen. M. D. Leggett, commanding, of Logan's fighting, 3d division, took up its line of march into Vicksburg.

Past the rebel gun stacks, over the works, with our field bands playing, through among the gazing Johnnies, right down the Jackson road we went, the 45th leading. Not a dog barked at us, not a cat shied round a corner. Poor things, they had all been eaten in the straitness of the siege.

The roads were dusty and the day was hot, but this was our celebration, and our steps did not falter. On we went through the scorching road cuts, sweltering. It was farther than we thought. When should we reach

the retreating city? But at last the houses grew thicker, the hospital was passed, and cheer upon cheer was heard. "Ah! that is the court house, and, see, the stars and stripes are floating from the cupola where the 45th have placed them. Now boys, hip, hip, hurrah." And we shouted lustily. Our wild huzzas rent the air. We shall never, we *can* never shout so again. The long beleagured, stoutly defended, and sadly punished city was ours at last, and it has ever since seemed to us, who shared in the glories of that day, that we had two Fourths to celebrate. One for our national birth, and one for Vicksburg.

CHAPTER X.

Logan commanding Post, and the 45th Provost guard.—Our friends at home.—On picket at night.—The cause of the war.—General Orders, No. 20.—Inside the lines, and in camp once more.—What we saw in Vicksburg.—Caves.—Starvation.—Testimony of the *Daily Citizen*.—Famine plaster.—Graves.—But Vicksburg had not suffered, O, no!—Dress parade.—Paroled prisoners.—Pemberton oak.—Sickness.—Major Pattison.—Resignations and promotions.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN was given command of the Post of Vicksburg, the gallant 45th Illinois, of our brigade, was assigned to Provost duty, with headquarters in the court house, and so the military occupation was complete.

Our first thought after the surrender was of the loved ones at home. "To them the release from the fearful tension has not yet come," we said; "they share not our joy to-day; they think of us and pray for us as still in the battle; O, that they could know how it is with us," breathed many a loving heart, and we never sighed for telegraphic communication with our homes at any other time in the service as we did that day. But we

found some solace in the voluminous letters and ample details of our victory and joy, which we penned for the dear ones' future perusal.

We soon returned to our old quarters outside the lines, and heavy details were made upon us for guard duty, every foot of the long line of rebel works being picketed, and by nightfall of that memorable day the scene had changed from one of two opposing forces confronting each other, to that of an immense corral of the disarmed butternut and grey, vigilantly guarded by the victorious blue. Our portion of the lines extended from the right of our position, by Ransom's, to the corner fort in front of Blair, making nearly three-fourths of a mile, all of which was thronged with hungry, eagerly questioning Johnnies. They had heard nothing reliable from the outside world for weeks, and, scanty as their rations had become, consisting of little beside mule beef and stock peas, they were in many instances quite as hungry for intelligence as for food, and made as vigorous demands upon our newspapers and talking powers as upon our haversacks.

Some of the mistaken statements about the war, volunteered by the prisoners that night, would have been vastly amusing to us, had it not been for the fact they made us conscious of, that we had an ignorance to contend against which was scarcely less powerful and dangerous than the Confederacy in arms. One of the statements was made by a consequential Colonel, who had come in to extinguish the Yankee officer, who had

proved to be a little too well informed for his more humble opponent, and was in these words: "Sir, you are responsible for this war and all its horrors; you have brought it upon us; not a blow would ever have been struck, sir, not a gun fired, sir, but for Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation." Any reply to such a statement was absolutely out of the question.

The next day the following was issued, which explains itself. Of course we appropriated our share:

HEADQUARTERS 17TH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863.

[General Orders No. 20.]

Soldiers of the 17th Army Corps:

Again I rejoice with you over your brilliant achievements, and your unparalleled success.

Hardly had your flag floated to the breeze on the capitol of Mississippi, when springing to the call of our NOBLE COMMANDER, you rushed upon the defiant columns of the enemy at Champion Hills and drove him in confusion and dismay across the Big Black, to his defences within the stronghold of Vicksburg.

Your assaulting columns, which moved promptly upon his works on the 22d of May, and which stood for hours undaunted, under a withering fire, were unsuccessful only because no men could take the position by storm.

With tireless energy, with sleepless vigilance, by night and by day, with battery and with rifle pit, with trench and mine, you made your sure approaches, until over-

come by fatigue, and driven to despair in the attempt to oppose your irresistible progress, the whole garrison of over thirty thousand men with all their arms and munitions of war, have, on this the anniversary of our NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, surrendered to the invincible troops of the Army of the Tennessee.

The achievements of this hour will give a new meaning to this memorable day, and VICKSBURG will brighten the glow in the patriot's heart, which kindles at the mention of BUNKER HILL and YORKTOWN.

This is, indeed, an auspicious day for you. The God OF BATTLES is with you ; the dawn of a conquered peace is breaking upon you ; the plaudits of an admiring world will hail you wherever you may go, and it will be an ennobling heritage surpassing all riches, to have been of the 17TH ARMY CORPS on the 4TH OF JULY, 1863.

JAMES B. MCPHERSON,

Official :

Major General.

WM. T. CLARK,

Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.

Ere the nightfall of the 5th we had moved inside the lines, to the left of the Jackson road, and our company tents and equipage having come up—thanks to our Quartermaster—and A and G being in their places once more, we were a regiment in camp again.

And now we had a little leisure to look at Vicksburg, and inspect the prize we had been trying to draw so long. We found the place, which was never very beau-

tiful or wealthy, in a sorry plight from the fierceness and long continuance of our shelling, both from the mortar boats and the rear. There was scarcely a building of any kind uninjured, and many were nearly or quite ruined. For the most part the dwellings had been deserted during the siege, and the people had burrowed into the clay hills, digging them full of caves, with the entrances of the size of small hay-cocks, in the steep banks of the road cuts. Into these they had carried stoves, beds, rugs, etc., and had managed to live in them for weeks, comparatively safe. Occasionally, however, a mortar shell would tear through the too thin protection over their heads, and explode in the midst of some wretched family with fearful effect.

Of food in the city we found very little. The fear of starvation had really forced Pemberton to surrender.

The last issue of the *Daily Citizen*, of July 2d, was found in form upon the stone, and several copies, on *wall paper*, lying in the office. Our boys put in a square at the foot of the last column, announcing our presence in the city, and struck off an edition for Yankee circulation, otherwise just as J. M. Swords, the proprietor, left it. Two articles from its columns we copy entire, upon the food question; certainly it ought to be authority:

“We are indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of Confederate beef, *alias* meat. We have tried it, and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary, they need have no scruples at eating the meat. It is

sweet, savory and tender, and so long as we have a mule left we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist on it."

"VICTIMIZED.—We learned of an instance wherein a 'knight of the quill' and a 'deciple of the black art,' with malice in their hearts and vengeance in their eyes, ruthlessly put a period to the existence of a venerable *feline*, that has for time, not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, faithfully discharged the duties to be expected of him to the terror of sundry vermin in his neighborhood. Poor, defunct Thomas was then prepared not for the grave, but the pot, and several friends invited to partake of a nice rabbit. As a matter of course, no one would wound the feelings of another, especially in these times, by refusing a cordial invitation to dinner, and the guests assisted in consuming the poor animal with a relish that did honor to their epicurean tastes. The 'sold' assure us that the meat was delicious, and that pussy must look out for her safety."

We also give an extract from another article on the same subject :

"A rumor has reached us that parties in our city have been, and are now, selling flour at five dollars per pound, molasses at ten dollars per gallon, and corn at ten dollars per bushel. We have not as yet proved the fact upon the parties accused, but this allusion to the subject may induce some of our citizens to ascertain whether such prices have been paid, and to whom ; and if so, let a brand not only be placed upon their brow,

but let it be seared into their very brain ! that humanity may scorn and shun them as they would the portals of hell itself."

The appearance of the people corroborated the statements of the paper. We did not find a rugged looking person in the city ; the higher officers even were haggard and wan, and our first duty was to issue rations to all, both soldiers and citizens.

The ground near the lines was in a filthy condition from the prevalence of diarrhoea among the rebel soldiers, and the impossibility of their digging or using sinks, on account of being so hard pressed by our forces. Could the surface have been fairly turned over, and had they not been cooked, it seemed as though the undigested stock peas, as they lay where they had been voided, would have seeded the land for a crop. Police duty was necessarily arduous, and subsequent sickness was doubtless largely owing to the effluvia our utmost pains-taking was powerless to escape.

Rebel graves were stuck in everywhere along the lines, singly, and by twos and threes, wherever there was a spot sheltered so they could safely bury, or level enough for two or three graves together. Very many had been buried in the trenches where they fell, as we suspected then, and soon found upon repairing the works, and in few instances were they buried so deep that the stench, and often the green flies did not become a great annoyance. When we blew up Fort Hill, upon remodeling the works, some time after, the mass of legs,

arms, and other decaying remains turned up by the spade, was so great as to give us new ideas of the terrible punishment we had inflicted upon them, and to cause us to seriously fear for the effect upon our health, despite our utmost precautions.

But notwithstanding all we found to prove their fearful suffering and loss during the siege, everybody in Vicksburg—unless talking upon some other subject, and telling the truth by accident—stoutly maintained that we had done them very little if any damage. The long and terrible struggle which had terminated in the unconditional surrender of more than 30,000 famishing troops, and such a vast quantity of munitions of war, which, ere it reached that result, had wiped out whole batteries and companies, till not a man remained, which had rained iron hail and leaden death upon their devoted heads from a thousand cannon and more than 50,000 rifles, night and day, for weeks, till every place of business was closed, and all dwellings abandoned, the inhabitants having gone into the earth like prairie dogs for safety, and which had killed non-combatants by scores and hundreds in their places of shelter, and as they sought to go a few steps by night in the streets, all *that* had been a mere bagatelle—a simple farce. We had been greatly mistaken if we thought we had punished them much ; very greatly mistaken. But *we* must have suffered terribly, they said. Such ability to hide the plainest facts from their eyes, and fortify themselves in transparent falsehoods which had nearly ruined them,

we could scarcely believe a sane people capable of. But there it was, before us every day, and some of its changes continually ringing in our ears.

On the 9th of July we had dress parade for the first time in months. It was sad to look at our decimated ranks, and many an eye filled with tears for those whose places were vacant. But upon the whole the occasion was a proud one; it was a parade of veterans.

On the 11th and 12th the paroled prisoners passed outside the works for their homes, after being searched in line for powder and arms, which some were trying to smuggle out. Many severely reprobated Gen. Grant for paroling them, alleging that they would not regard their parole. But he had not the transportation requisite for sending them north, unless he took it from our sick and wounded, who were loading every boat; neither had he the rations for them so far, or where they were, with all the citizens to feed. He had no alternative with such a multitude on his hands, besides it was confidently believed by many, that after such fearful punishment as they had received, if permitted to scatter, very many of them would be lost to the Confederacy, without any further cost to us, and that they might prove to be the moulders of a healthier public sentiment throughout the south.

On the 15th of July we moved camp again about three-fourths of a mile, taking a position about equi-distant from the Jackson road and the rebel works, in front of

the right of Ransom's old position. We gained in height, shade and water by the change.

About this time the oak under which Grant and Pemberton sat, July 3d, became the object of very special interest to the soldiers. It was a somewhat pretentious tree, about eighteen inches in diameter, of a narrow leaved variety, and ought to have been sacredly preserved, like the charter oak at Hartford, Conn., and the Washington elm at Cambridge, Mass. But the idea was conceived of making relics of it, and it was cut down and dug up, even to every little fragment of its roots, and gone, before what was being done was known by those who might have saved it. It was divided up and sold for fabulous sums for canes, boxes, sets in rings, etc., and cords were probably palmed off upon the credulous for Pemberton oak, which the tree was as innocent of as a poplar. Lately a small monument and iron railing marked the spot, but these, too, yielded to vandal hands, and were subsequently replaced by others.

Notwithstanding the skill and pains-taking of our medical staff, sickness began to tell fearfully upon the regiment. The heat was excessive, the stench was deadly, and the duty hard. A malarial fever, of a peculiar type, became very prevalent. After suffering a few hours, the patients would turn yellow as saffron. Some thought it the veritable yellow fever, and were greatly alarmed, but the boys who recovered from it christened it "the break-bones fever," by which name it is generally remembered. Sanitary stores were plenty, our

hospital accommodations as good as they could be made in tents and booths, and the care of the nurses was unremitting. All chronic cases were sent to the general hospitals or furloughed, that every energy might be expended upon that class which needed it most. The Hospital Steward, C. B. Allaire, refused a furlough home, to remain at his post, and too much praise cannot be given to all who did what they could at this juncture. But despite everything our mortality list was fearfully large.

On the 26th of July a bomb-shell exploded in our camp, in the dismissal of Major R. P. Pattison from the service, by order of the War Department, which had already taken effect July 9th. There was something so peculiarly cruel in this order, coming just when it did, and having been cooking just when it had, while a brave officer was undergoing all the perils and rigors of such a campaign and siege, that, had it been really deserved, it would still have secured for him the sympathy of all patriotic men in the service or out of it. But based upon a technicality, as it was, its reprobation was universal, and the sympathy with the Major was very demonstrative and deep. It seemed that Company H, of Aurora, of which the Major was Captain, had been entitled, like many others, to pay for subsistence between the time of its enlistment and its drawing rations at Camp Butler. For this subsistence the Major had put in a claim against the government, as very many others had under the same circumstances, as though he had

subsisted the men. This claim had been allowed, he had received the money, and divided it *pro rata* among the men, who had really subsisted themselves, and were entitled to the pay for it. The government was not wronged, and the Major was not a gainer. For this, and this alone, he was dismissed from the service. He immediately bade us a sad farewell, and hastening to Washington, laid his case before the proper authorities. The dismissal was promptly revoked, and he soon received an order restoring him to his rank and command, but having had advantageous offers of business extended him, which had been accepted previous to its receipt, he did not rejoin the regiment. This was one of the very few really unpleasant episodes of our regimental life, for which there seemed to be no sufficient cause.

About this time many other changes took place in our command. Owing to a partial failure of his sight, Chaplain Foskett resigned July 1st, leaving us just before the surrender. Religious services were still sustained in the regiment, however, the sick visited, and the dead appropriately buried, by Capt. Brink, of Company D, and 1st Lieut. Howard, of Company I, who were both ministers. Later a petition, at the instigation of the men, was signed by all the officers of the regiment, for Lieut. Howard's promotion to the vacant Chaplaincy, upon which he was commissioned Chaplain and subsequently accepted the office, remaining with the regiment till its muster out of service.

Capt. R. A. Tenny, of Company A, had tried to struggle through the campaign until reduced almost to a skeleton, and even his life was despaired of, when he felt compelled to resign. It was hard for us to lose the inimitable, inspiring, once jolly "Ralph" from among us, but there was no alternative. His resignation, bearing date July 9th, and the death of Lieut. Julius A. Pratt, caused the promotion of 2d Lieut. E. C. Raymond to the Captaincy, while Orderly D. Ames Bigelow became 1st Lieutenant, and Serg't. Warren F. Dodge 2d Lieutenant.

Capt. Stephen Brink, of Company D, and 1st Lieut. A. A. Cowdery both resigned soon after the surrender. The latter had been on detached printing service since he left us at Oxford, Miss., in December, 1862. Abraham Newland became Captain of this Company, and Henry J. Brockway 1st Lieutenant.

Capt. Mathew B. Potter, of Company F, who was wounded at Thompson's Hill, also resigned from disability, and 1st Lieut. Norman H. Pratt became Captain, and 2d Lieut. Enoch W. Taylor 1st Lieutenant.

Capt. Thomas K. Roach, of Company I, who had been at Milliken's Bend, La., during most of the campaign, in command of convalescent camp, came to the regiment just before the surrender, but was unable to resume command of his company on account of severe sickness, and resigned July 11th. 1st Lieut. Howard having been promoted Chaplain, 2d Lieut. Benjamin A.

Griffith became Captain, and Sergt. Elijah Barton 1st Lieutenant.

First Lieutenants John W. Terry, of company C, and James H. Blackmore, of company E, also resigned, and 2d Lieutenant Lewis Dorlan, and Sergeant Reese L. Merriman, were respectively promoted to the vacancies.

On the 17th of July Maj. Marston paid us to June 30th.

Our communications were now open with the north. Our friends began to visit us, and, saving the sickness, we commenced gradually to recover from the exhaustion of the campaign, and regain our former elasticity and tone.

Quartermaster Reece had a little detached experience about this time, which deserves to be told, in connection with the death of a brother, which occurred on the Big Black. But at his request it is omitted, only as we say that his exhaustion during his brother's sickness, and the wearying trip home to Illinois with the remains, brought on a protracted fever, which detained him at home for three months, during which time the business of the Quartermaster's department was admirably managed by Quartermaster-Sergeant Durley.

CHAPTER XI.

Home.—A speech from Col. Howe.—“City of Madison.”—Monroe expedition.—Jamestown weeds.—Camp near Bayou Boeuf.—Monroe.—Leggett’s order.—Back again.—Twenty-four miles the first day.—Only eight on Sunday.—Then twenty-five miles in the heat.—The worn and weary given six miles extra.—Home once more.—Col. Howe on military commission to condemn rebel property.—A scare.—Moved camp.—Marching orders.—The Brownsville and Bogue Chitto expedition.—Over the Champion Hills battle ground.—In camp again.

GREAT NUMBERS of the men were furloughed from Vicksburg, and many precious lives thereby saved. In other instances the furloughs came too late, and the ailing ones reached home only to die there. Most of the officers, too, were granted leave of absence, from four to six at a time, and the dear ones at the north were gladdened by the presence of many they had feared they should never greet again. Nearly every officer and well soldier going up the river had one or more discharged men under his care, making the trip one of great weariness and anxiety. And often the effort to assist the poor invalids home terminated in

burying them by the way, and carrying home their last words, and a few little mementos of a soldier's undying love. Thus while many homes were brightened by the dear one's presence as July and August sped by, over many others the pall settled down to be lifted no more.

On the 11th of August, upon the return of Lieut. Col. Howe from his leave of absence, the boys called him out for a speech, and he addressed them very happily. Col. Sloan also made some remarks, and the occasion was one of some interest. A little different from the daily routine of heat, picket and fatigue.

August 19, a shocking accident occurred at Vicksburg, in the blowing up of the steamer "City of Madison." She was being loaded with ordnance at the wharf-boat, and it was said a percussion shell was accidentally dropped and discharged, communicating with about 800,000 rounds of ammunition, which exploded with terrible force, tearing the boat all to pieces save a part of the hull, which immediately sunk. About thirty were killed and wounded, and the scene beggared description. None of our boys were on the steamer at the time.

On the 21st of August, about noon, marching orders were received, for where no one knew, and all the bustle and preparation of getting off were ours once more. By order of Col. Sloan, Lieut. Col. Howe was left in charge of the camp, and at 6 P. M., led by the brigade band, the regiment marched down to the landing, and embarked on the "Sam Gaty," with the 23d Indiana.

The force proved to consist of General Logan's fighting 3d division, under command of Gen. John D. Stevenson, of Missouri. We soon pulled out into the stream and steamed up the river. The night was oppressively hot, and the mosquitos fearfully active, so that but little rest was to be had. All were astir early the next morning, and soon after breakfast Goodrich landing was reached, on the Louisiana shore, about sixty miles up the river, and the command debarked. We marched up the bank about three miles to the Dorsett plantation, took possession of the grove near the mansion, went into camp, and spent the day, greatly enjoying the shade and a bath in the Mississippi, as a relief from the extreme heat.

The morning of the 23d, which was Sunday, we moved early, marching back to the landing, and then striking due west for Bayou Tensas, eight miles distant. The road lay through a heavily timbered, low, flat country, which had been flooded when the levee was cut at Providence, to the height of about fifteen feet, as we could see on all the trees. The opening for the road was so wide that the timber afforded us no shelter, and we were shut into a narrow wagon track in the centre of it by the wonderful Jamestown and other weeds, which towered above our heads, emitting a peculiarly offensive and sickening odor. The heat was intense, and many of the men were completely overcome by it. Says Captain Pratt, of Company F: "Upon attempting to form a line and stack arms at Bayou Tensas, Sergeant

Green and three or four men were all I had, while Company A could not form a stack. This is simply an index of the condition of the command. I was personally never more prostrated than by the heat and the noxious, mephitic odors arising from the vegetation through which we passed that day."

The bayou was reached at two o'clock, and its dark, murky waters hailed with delight. Here the regiment bivouacked for the night. The water was warm and unpalatable, but the rest was a luxury, though in a cypress swamp, amid snakes, lizards and alligators.

August 24th, moved at nine o'clock in the roasting heat, and traveled slowly. We were told by the intelligent contrabands that the rebels were in force ahead, under General Walker, with thirty pieces of artillery. We stopped for coffee and roasting-ears about thirty minutes, reached Bayou Mason about three o'clock, and bivouacked, finding good water.

The 25th we moved about fourteen miles through a land of plenty, which kept the boys and the darky cooks in clover. But towards night the surface of the country changed, and we bivouacked in a swamp, wet and dismal enough. Captain Pratt tells the story in this wise: "We obtained water out of sink holes and mule tracks, of a long previous date. It was green and had remarkable body. After boiling and skimming, we made coffee with it, and eating our hard-tack, lay down in our blankets, and found the repose that comes so readily to the innocent, the weary and the just. Before

we had slept long, however, some of those indefatigable, restless spirits known as 'bummers,' who are always on the move, and finding out what seems past finding out, came in with canteens full of clear, sparkling water, saying that three miles ahead was a river (Bayou Boeuf) of such water, with a sandy bottom and numerous springs. Then the air became lurid and sulphurous with curses, loud, long and deep, from men who thought a commander who knew so little about the topography of a country was either an incompetent ass, or utterly unfeeling." Probably a part of the command was near the stream, but that did not help us.

Here Hospital Steward Allaire, in searching for water, was lost for some time in a canebrake, and Lieut. Miller, on Gen. Leggett's staff, was lost for the night, causing serious alarm. But he found his way into the lines again in the early morning.

On the 26th we marched at seven o'clock, and halted at the river Boeuf at eleven o'clock for lunch. We then forded the stream at Point Jefferson Landing, and passed on to the quiet village of Oak Ridge, reaching it late in the afternoon. Here a wedding was in progress, which was terminated in some haste, leaving the wedding-cake for our boys, which they relished immensely.

On the 27th an order was read prohibiting foraging in the Parishes we are now passing through, because the inhabitants are said to be loyal. Our route lay through a swampy forest for much of the way to-day,

over corduroy roads. We halted for rest in a dark, cypress swamp, through which a still darker lagoon wound its tortuous course. The water was quite cold, but unpleasant to the taste. We marched sixteen miles and went into camp at night, eight miles from Monroe, with the expectation of meeting the enemy to-morrow.

Had inspection of arms the first thing in the morning of the 28th, which we knew meant business. Our brigade had the advance, with the 31st Illinois in front. The country through which we began to move was very fine, the plantations being large and well improved, orchards of apple, peach and apricot trees numerous and flourishing, and the buildings large, rich and often pretentious. Nothing seemed wanting to make the land a paradise, but to eliminate the ignorance and bitterness of the people, and diffuse intelligence and a loving spirit in their place. How often are we compelled to remember and endorse the poetical sentiment, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

When within about two miles of Monroe we heard the booming of artillery ahead, which somewhat quickened our pulses, and we hastened forward. But we soon learned that the redoubtable foe had fled, and Monroe was ours.

We marched through the place with drums beating and colors flying, the people seeming to be really glad to see us. The negroes especially were shouting and laughing in high glee, as though the day of jubilee had

really come. We found Monroe a very pretty and somewhat wealthy place, the seat of government of Wachita Parish, and pleasantly situated upon the bank of the Wachita river, a lovely and inviting stream. We went into camp in a delightful shade upon its banks, expecting to remain some time.

Gen. Leggett, our brigade commander, soon made us a speech, telling us we were in the "land of plenty," that fruit and vegetables were in abundance, and we were to have a full supply. The citizens were going to make us munificent donations in the morning, and we were to send our wagons for the bountiful store. But in the meantime we were not to touch or disturb a thing, for these were Union people, and sent for us to come there to drive the rebels out. The boys responded with a shout of "Hurrah for Leggett," and "Bully for Monroe," and spent the rest of the day on their good behavior, bathing in the limpid, pebbly-bottomed Wachita, and chatting about home, and the good things of the morrow.

Sergeant-Major Richards describes the realizations of the morning of the 29th as follows:

"O happy anticipations of yesterday! What a vanishing of bountiful, good things does the reality of the morning's order cause, turning our hopes into disappointment and bitterness. 'Backward, march,' was the word, starting at six A.M. The boys were simply mad, and cursed Gen. Leggett up and down for deceiving them so. It was a little the most complete 'sell' in

the way of promises that we had ever been made the victims of, and seemed so needless. We could not get over it all day, and the boys were just spoiling for a fight, or an opportunity to clean somebody out."

To add to the cause for complaint, the haste with which we were moved, was very trying. Without having accomplished anything, or being in any danger, the average soldier could not understand why we should be kept at such a pace, and compelled to make twenty-four miles in such a hot day, unless it was to run away from the negroes, who literally swarmed about us. We reached our old camp on Oak Hill at ten P. M., and needed no rocking to sleep.

The next day we marched only eight miles, and bivouacked on the east bank of the river Boeuf, having crossed it two miles below Point Jefferson Landing. The rest was very acceptable, and especially so to many, as it was Sunday. Some of the men, however, improved the opportunity to forage a little, and among other things made the pleasant acquaintance of the muscadine grape, which was very plenty in the forests.

On Monday, August 31st, we marched twenty-five miles in the heat and dust, starting at five o'clock in the morning. This was simply terrible, and all the more so, as it seemed to be entirely unnecessary. So many of the men were crippled and used up that, after lying in camp all day September 1, they were detached from the command, to the number of about a hundred, and, under Capt. Pratt, of company F, started forward at

five P. M., with orders to proceed to the Mississippi and go up the river three miles, and bivouack. This they did, reaching the designated point a little before daylight, all terribly exhausted and footsore, and throwing themselves upon the ground with sighs of immense relief.

Meantime the whole command was moved forward at a break-neck pace, starting at eleven o'clock at night, and reached the landing at six A. M., September 2d, our regiment having, as the boys expressed it, raced the 23d Indiana all night, laying out the Hoosiers by the roadside quite plentifully. The command was immediately embarked, we going, with our whole brigade, upon the "Sam Gaty" again. This necessitated an order for Captain Pratt's command to countermarch to the landing forthwith in order to go with us, which the poor boys did, thereby gaining the sorry privilege of marching six miles further by starting six hours earlier. This gives some faint idea of the wisdom and military sagacity manifested in the conduct of the Monroe expedition, which, to many an officer and soldier, looked like the exploit of that famous king who marched an army up a hill, and then—marched down again. That evening found us in our home camp at Vicksburg, where we were permitted to welcome Adjutant Smith once more, who had not been with us since wounded at Champion Hills.

The rest of September passed without anything worthy of special notice.

October 1st, Lieut. Col. Howe was detailed on a military commission to condemn rebel property, with Gen. Leggett, president, and Capt. Chauncey Black, of the 17th Illinois, the other member. This necessarily took the Colonel from us considerable of the time, though he still occupied his regimental quarters. The commission held sessions and adjourned from time to time for months.

On the 6th of October, after our division had been on general review once more, which had quickened our military pulses a little, we were treated to quite a scare. There had been rumors of hovering rebels for several days, and an extensive line of new fortifications had been commenced, intended to be impregnable, but they were not completed, and there was a general feeling of insecurity, should any formidable demonstration be made against us. A very heavy thunder shower occurred in the early part of the night, and in the midst of it the report was circulated that the enemy had driven in our pickets on the Big Black, and were advancing upon us in force. Some were incredulous, but there was also considerable alarm. The regiment was immediately ordered out on picket, and passed the night under arms. But no enemy appeared, and the morning brought us to camp and quiet again.

October 9th we moved our camp into an orchard, nearer the city, and expected, from the nature of the move, to have the privilege of occupying it for the winter. But we had scarcely begun to make ourselves com-

fortable when marching orders were received, coming just after service on Sunday, the 11th, and immediately all was bustle in drawing rations, and getting ready for a start.

We did not get off until six A. M., on the 14th, when we moved east on the Jackson road, by our old siege quarters. Our force consisted of Gen. Logan's division, though he was not with us, and a few cavalry. At the Big Black we were joined by Gen. Tuttle's division, of Sherman's Army Corps, the whole being under Gen. McPherson. We moved along very nicely, the men being fresh, the roads fine, and the day cool, and made about sixteen miles, camping on the Big Black before nightfall.

The morning of the 15th of October is memorable for the tremendous racket kept up for a full hour in beating reveille. The noise would have easily indicated the presence of 40,000 men, and if it was a piece of strategy, just what effect it was to produce, and where, would be open questions. We moved again at six, crossed the Big Black, and pushed on towards Canton, through a fine country, heavily timbered, in which the dark ever-green magnolia and holly seemed struggling against the approach of winter, as indicated by the deciduous trees that had cast their foliage. It was as though the torrid zone had stretched out her fingers on the ridges to repel the encroachment of the familiar polar regions, saying to them despite their naked creeping down the valleys, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." We en-

joyed the march very much, picked a few grapes and chincapins by the roadside, when halting, which we frequently did, and actually saw one magnolia blossom, at that unusual season of the year. About three o'clock we passed through the village of Brownsville, and soon found our teams corraled and heard firing. Skirmishers were thrown out, lines of battle were formed, and business was indicated generally. The skirmishing continued, more or less brisk, till nightfall, and we bivouacked where we lay in line of battle.

The next morning was beautiful. We were early astir, but did not move. Shelling was heard at a distance, and we were informed the force confronting us was a body of about 1,800 cavalry, under Wirt Adams or Cosby. The whole day was spent in maneuvering and trying to flank the enemy. Occasionally the firing would be quite heavy, and then comparatively still. Some casualties occurred, but mostly in the cavalry. The Bogue Chitto creek was in our front and the enemy used their superior knowledge of the ground to good advantage, though a part of our force crossed the creek upon their flank. We encamped quietly a few rods from the creek at night.

Peter Victor was captured and murdered that day, as we learned subsequently. His body was found in a ravine.

The morning of the 17th they commenced shelling us about six o'clock. Our brigade crossed the creek and deployed in a cornfield, throwing out skirmishers. Our

artillery soon opened and we advanced in line of battle for upwards of a mile. The most of our command was in sight a part of the time, advancing in column of brigades, and the display was very fine, the effect being heightened by the shelling from both sides, and the curling smoke in the air as time shells burst over their position and our advancing lines. Soon we saw their cavalry moving rapidly to our left, and upon ascending the higher ground found their position deserted, though our advance had found a few to fire at, with a section of artillery, up to within a few minutes. We soon moved forward briskly by the flank and pursued them till nearly dark, when we burnt a tannery, and manufactory of some kind of war material, and falling back a little for forage and water, went into camp. It rained heavily in the night. The next morning we retraced our steps a few miles, and then diverged southward toward Clinton, which we reached about four o'clock. While halting there for a little rest, the enemy's skirmishers opened upon our rear, but we paid them but little attention, moving on toward Vicksburg, and going into camp about eight o'clock, the other side of the road from our old camping ground the night before the battle of Champion Hills. As we afterwards learned, the enemy had brought up Loring's division of infantry against us, besides Wirt Adams, Logan, Cosby, and Whitman's brigades of cavalry. We really had retreated from the face of a superior foe, but the men did not know it.

The morning of October 19th was lovely. We had plenty of leisure for breakfast and got off at last about eight o'clock, well refreshed, moving over the familiar road, and the battle ground of Champion Hills. Our brigade band played a while before we started, and the enemy were firing occasional shots into our rear, which heightened our interest in the occasion and place, but we kept up our flank movement undisturbed, with our band playing and flags unfurled. We especially marked the course of our own regiment, saw the graves of our comrades, and also those of Colonel Skid Harris, and Major J. W. Anderson, of the 43d Georgia, killed at the previous battle. Our emotions can be better imagined than described.

We pushed on over the same road of May 17th, past Edward's Station, crossed the Big Black on a pontoon bridge just above the burnt railroad bridge, and camped at Bovina.

About the middle of the afternoon of the 20th we reached camp in Vicksburg, and were at home again, where we were gladdened by the presence of Quartermaster Reece, after an absence of over three months.

CHAPTER XII.

Reece's river experience.—A new wagonmaster.—Details to colored regiments.—Conley's mule.—Roses.—Moved to Big Black.—Colonel Howe in command.—Logan's farewell.—Battalion drill.—Trial drill of brigade.—Won prize for best picket duty.—Officers' mess.—Regimental chapel.—Leggett division commander.—Force in command of brigade.—Major Mann.

COMING DOWN the river on the steamer "Live Oak," in company with Colonel Stolbrand, Logan's chief of artillery, Captain Raymond, of our regiment, and other officers, and a number of citizens of the south, Quartermaster Reece had a bit of experience, which we insert in his own language, as bringing out a phase of army life, and of the character of the rebellion, which deserves to be recorded :

"After the fall of Vicksburg the guerrillas infested both sides of the river, and gave our transports a great deal of trouble, few boats passing up or down without being fired into. Requiring some wood one morning we landed at a wood yard. As soon as the plank was run out several stepped on the bank, I being among the

number, but the clerk of the boat, who had gone ashore as usual, decided very suddenly not to purchase, hastened on board, and the plank was drawn in so quickly that some of us had to jump lively to keep from being left, and before we reached the stairs leading to the cabin, we were saluted with a shower of bullets from guerrillas secreted behind the wood. Had the clerk concluded to purchase there would have been trouble.

Our Captain was an old rebel, and having surrendered one boat on the Missouri river, no doubt would have surrendered this. But the Pilot was true to the Union and a brave man. After the second volley the guerrillas made a target of him as he stood at the wheel, trying to get the boat out into the current, and their shots broke the glass all around him. As the bullets and glass were flying he was heard to say, "Shoot away, you devils, you can't have this boat." And, thanks to his pluck and skill, they did not get the boat.

Upon entering the cabin, I found the greatest confusion existing. I hastened to my state-room and obtained my revolver, (though I might as well have procured a club,) and then took a survey of the comical scene. One man had a cane-seated chair, holding it over his head for protection, and a number were lying as close to the floor as they could possibly get. The women and children had retreated to their state-rooms, and were trying to barricade their doors for safety, while one of the waiters on the boat had piled the extra leaves of the table on the floor, and was lying on the wrong

side of them, under their shelter. In the language of a colored man, "Such scattering among the citizens I never did see." But the soldiers were mostly on deck, prepared for anything that might occur, though aside from the breaking of glass in the wheel-house and side of the boat, no great damage was done.

The officers and soldiers on board soon held a meeting, and as our suspicions had been aroused by the action of the Captain, we selected a good man to watch him during the remainder of the trip, with instructions to shoot him at once in case of any proceeding which should place us or the boat in peril."

Upon Reece's return, he found himself with a new Wagon-Master, McAuley having received promotion to a Lieutenancy in a colored regiment, and C. C. Miles, of company A, having been appointed in his place. Miles filled that position with efficiency for the rest of our term of service.

About this time a great number of our boys sought and obtained promotion in the colored service, thereby increasing their pay without increasing their risks, but usually rendering their associations far less pleasant. For a time the loss of so many threatened to essentially impair our strength and efficiency, especially in some companies where it became almost epidemic, those who had gone being bent upon getting others to go to be with them, and there was considerable complaining among those who cared most for our regimental record. Company A resisted so stoutly as not to lose a man.

The following is believed to be a nearly correct list of those who left us, though several whose names are included did not go till the following year. Most of them received commissions, but what rank they attained cannot be learned in time for insertion here :

Wm. A. Bingham, Walter M. McAuley, Henry A. Lewis and Theodore Wood, of Company B ; Noah Hodge, D. C. Caward, J. J. Eubank, W. W. Leverett, J. H. Slaughter and C. B. Thacher, of Company C ; Jos. A. Dean, Victor M. Dewey, Geo. W. Weeks and Robt. A. Hogaboom, Company D ; Wm. Getchel, Homer J. Elliott, Horace J. Hall, John Fairweather, Frank Pinney, Jacob G. Forney, Maurice C. Ryan, Napoleon J. Smith and Hiram G. Wyckoff, of Company E ; Edward H. Cheeney, Alfred H. Carson and Thomas M. Custer, of Company F ; John P. Dungan, of Company G ; O. D. Bonney, Samuel A. Campbell, Florence M. Crosby, Solomon S. Dennison, Asahel Judd, Harvey S. Seymore and Joseph Sedgwick, of Company H ; and A. B. Kelly, of Company I. Add to these Xenophen Beher, of Company H, who was made Principal Musician as Chief Bugler of the 3d U. S. C. C., and we have a reduction of our numbers by the loss of thirty-six competent, reliable men.

Sometime in October Ransom Conley, of Company B, one of our teamsters, had a little characteristic experience, too good to be lost. The story is taken from Reece's diary. A favorite lead mule of Conley's, which he had taught a number of tricks, was missing from the

corral . After hunting a long time, he was found in the corral of the 81st Illinois, with his mane shaved off and otherwise disguised, so that it was difficult to recognize him. Conley insisted that it was his mule, but the boys of the 81st declared it was not. So he laid his grievance before Lieut. Root, the regimental Quartermaster, who knew the circumstances, how his boys procured the mule, and being fond of a joke, he asked Conley how he could identify his mule. Among other tricks which Conley had taught the mule, was one to follow when patted upon the neck. So he immediately answered, "All I have to do is to pat that mule on the neck and he will follow me all around the corral." But this the 81st boys knew of, and had taught the mule a counteracting trick, when he was patted upon the neck to kick instead of following. This Lieut. Root understood, so he gave Conley permission to go and prove his property. He thought surely he was all right, and would soon be in possession of his favorite again, but upon patting the mule upon the neck, to his great astonishment and disgust, he wheeled and kicked him. But the indomitable teamster would not give it up that way, though the laugh was so perfectly on him, and he had nothing personal to gain or lose by it, but pressed his claim till in January after, when he obtained the following order from Army Corps headquarters, which is probably without a parallel in the service :

HEADQUARTERS, 17TH ARMY CORPS,
Vicksburg, Jan. 14th, 1864.

Ransom Conley, private teamster 124th regiment Illinois volunteers, has permission to get a mule belonging to his team, upon proper identification of the same.

By order of

MAJ. GEN. MCPHERSON.

L. S. WILLARD, *Major and A. D. C.*

Upon this Conley triumphed, riding off his mule with the greatest satisfaction, and all admired the pluck with which he had prosecuted his claim. The original order is in our hands as we write the story; but more of Conley by and by.

The last of October the weather began to stiffen, and several nights ice formed, once or twice an inch in thickness; but notwithstanding this the gardens were still full of flowers, which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of winter. On the 31st day of October the Chaplain had two flower pots of full bloom, perpetual roses, on his rude table in his tent, containing forty-seven varieties, some of which were very large and rich beyond description. After the lapse of years the memory of them is still an inspiration and a joy.

On the 7th of November we moved camp to the Big Black river, fourteen miles east of Vicksburg, and relieved Gen. Tuttle's command. We went out by rail, and got fixed up and comfortable by nightfall, without any extra effort. Our location was a fine one, about half a mile from the station and the river, where the

enemy burnt the bridges in their retreat of the 17th of May previous. We understood this was to be our winter quarters, so we made arrangements accordingly from the first, and our camp soon assumed a character for convenience and comfort equal to, if not surpassing any other we ever had. Our tents were boarded up and floored, and we all had brick fire-places and chimneys, with an abundance of fuel and the best of water. Being on the main Jackson road, we had access to all the country afforded, and often availed ourselves of opportunities to add to our rations. We remained in this camp till the 5th of April, 1864, almost six months.

The next day after reaching Big Black, Col. Sloan being under charges, and having been summoned before a court martial, turned over the command of the regiment to Capt Mann, of company B, the ranking Captain, not recognizing the presence of Lieut. Col. Howe, who was with the regiment at the time. He assumed that Col. Howe's being on duty on a military commission, which held sessions from time to time, disqualified him from command in the regiment; but Gen. Leggett immediately issued an order placing him in command. The next day several of the officers were summoned to appear before the court martial as witnesses.

The 13th of November was a sad day for the 3d division, being the occasion of General Logan's leave-taking, upon promotion to another command. We went on review in the forenoon, at the close of which he addressed us very feelingly for a few minutes, and bade us an affec-

tionate good by. By his uniform sympathy and kindness, his readiness to aid us in any emergency, his well-recognized ability and soldierly qualities, and by his stern, uncompromising and unselfish patriotism, General Logan had greatly endeared himself to us all. We reposed almost implicit confidence in him, both in camp and under fire, and parted with him with deep regret, following his fortunes thenceforth, during the war and subsequently, with a lively and anxious personal interest. Among all our commanders' names none is engraven more deeply in the heart tablets of "the hundred and two dozen," than that of Maj. Gen. John A. Logan.

From this time until February, under the efficient command of Lieut. Col. Howe, battalion drill became an almost daily exercise. With very little fatigue duty to do, the time was at our disposal, and well was it improved. Five days in a week, frequently twice in a day, and occasionally three hours at a stretch, were we under arms in the field, until every duty man became a drill expert, and every officer could have handled the regiment as well as a company. The brigade and division shared the spirit, and all the region of the Big Black, except on rainy days and Sundays, was one great, occupied drill ground.

In keeping with this spirit, Gen. Leggett, then commanding our brigade, offered a prize to the best drilled regiment, of twenty days exemption from fatigue duty, and to the regiment which should perform picket duty in the most vigilant and soldierly manner, of twenty

days exemption therefrom. The latter we won, while the 31st Illinois won the former, the trial drill being had before Gen. McPherson, and other officers on the 25th inst. Our success and our failure alike stimulated us, and from that hour we entered the lists against all competitors, determined to carry off the honors, whatever they might be.

About this time an institution sprang into existence among us, which will always be remembered with lively satisfaction by all who shared in its blessings. It was christened "The Officers' Mess." Previously we had messed, we hardly knew how; Col. Sloan had messed by himself; Lieut. Col. Howe, Chaplain Howard and Capt. Field had messed together for a time; the Surgeons messed at the hospital; the Quartermaster at the corral, and the company officers with their commands, or united by twos and threes, as the case might be. Our pretentious mess-chests of the regulation pattern had been long ago spilled out by the exigencies of our transportation, and we could boast of but very little in the way of real culinary comfort. It became apparent that by clubbing together we could have our cooking apparatus carried, and so have far better facilities, and could run a large institution for less money than so many smaller ones, and there being no impediment in our way in the shape of personal dislikes and hostilities, we concluded to turn our separate "kits" in together, and try a regimental mess. Some went into it with misgivings, but it ultimately brought in every officer in the regiment save Quartermaster Reece, who was so situated

with the corral that it seemed almost impossible for him to leave it.

Sergeant Major Richards took charge of the institution at the first, with Justus Dodge, of company E, detailed as cook. Occasionally Chaplain Howard and others would relieve Richards for a time, make the requisitions, collect the accounts and settle the bills, but Dodge remained cook nearly as long as the mess existed, which was until we reached Montgomery, Alabama, in April, 1865, and it was broken up by our being gratuitously quartered upon the citizens, at their special request.

Many were the pleasant hours and festive occasions of the old mess table, and sweet the fellowship we shared during the remaining months of our sojourn together, and much of the *esprit de corps* of our regiment was doubtless owing to our mess table discussions and after dinner talks. As we look back now, after a lapse of fifteen years, we can almost see those noble men file into our mess tent at meal time, and seat themselves again as they used to on the Big Black, and at Vicksburg, and New Orleans. How the individualities of men stand out at "feeding time." Some would take their seats in silence, and with only a nod to the right-hand man; others, and of that number was Capt. Field, would speak pleasantly to every man near, and secure a reply; some would commence eating immediately and look hungrily over the board, as though there was danger of "short commons" under the administration

of Richards and Dodge, while others, not seeming to care for their food, would leave their plates untouched for a time and discuss the last drill, some army incident, the current rumors, or the latest news. Capt. N. H. Pratt, the stateliest gentleman of us all, would carefully spread his handkerchief upon his knee, sitting a little remote from the table, and go about his meal with all the precision of a dress parade, while Richards would be full of apologies if the fare was scanty, or *look* his expectations if it was unusually good. And then the ringing jokes and hearty laughter around that board, how their waves ebb and flow still. Enshrined in our memories, we all unite to-day in saying, "All hail! to our officers' mess."

Another thing achieved upon the Big Black at this time was a regimental meeting house. As the winter forbade service in the open air, this had come to be a religious, if not a military necessity, so the boys went to work with a will, rolled up a commodious log body, covered it with condemned flags, which the Chaplain had secured, floored and seated it, and put in a good brick fireplace, and, behold, we had a desirable place of worship, which very many most richly enjoyed. A series of meetings was held in it, which were largely attended and productive of much spiritual good, and we used it for our officers' gatherings while planning for our subsequent drill victories. It was so much of an institution that upon moving to Vicksburg in the spring we reproduced it in the form of a chapel tent.

Our brigade commander, Gen. M. D. Leggett, formerly of the 78th Ohio, in the 2d brigade of our division, was now assigned to the command of the division, and Gen. M. F. Force, formerly of the 20th Ohio, also in our division, was assigned to the command of our brigade. These were both officers of sterling worth, and became very popular with their commands. Capt. Mann, of company B, was promoted Major of our regiment, and mustered December 18th, and this brings us to the close of the eventful year 1863.

CHAPTER XIII.

Col. Sloan.—Our prize drill.—The proud "Excelsior Regiment."—
"Veteranizing."—Recruiting detail.

AS HAS BEEN previously stated, the regiment, both officers and men, had been greatly dissatisfied with the command of our Colonel, Thomas J. Sloan. This had broken out at Vista Plantation, in Louisiana, at Clinton, while on the march to Vicksburg, and during the siege. Between him and Lieut. Col. Howe a very bitter feeling had sprung up, and there was apparently no way to allay it. Reece and others had vainly tried to bring about a reconciliation, but right or wrong, the Colonel persisted in his course, urging that if he did not it would be yielding to an inferior officer. Col. Howe at one time tendered his resignation, in order to escape the petty tyranny under which he maintained he was suffering, and the Colonel promptly accepted it; but it was returned unaccepted from superior headquarters, in which it was very well known Col. Sloan was no favorite. In fact there were several General officers who entertained for him a most cordial dislike, while on the contrary, Lieut. Col. Howe was held in high esteem.

The Colonel's outranking some other officers may have had something to do with this, through continual representations from them to commanding Generals, but that would not change the fact. As might have been expected, when Lieut. Col. Howe found he could not escape from the vexations of his position by resignation, but rather that he was relied upon to assist in relieving the command of the presence of Col. Sloan, he proceeded in the matter of an investigation.

A court martial was convened at Vicksburg, November 5th, before which the Colonel was summoned. Upon appearing he peremptorily challenged Gen. Maltby, who was a member, and the court dissolved. He probably thought that would dispose of the case, but it only aggravated it. Orders were immediately issued convening another court, with the additional order for him to turn over the command of the regiment, which he had not been directed to do before. So, on the 8th of November, the day after we reached the Big Black, he turned over the command to Capt. Mann, of company B, as stated in the last chapter, who was the ranking Captain. It occasioned no surprise that he did not recognize the presence of Lieut. Col. Howe, and simply leave the regiment in his hands, for he very well knew the Lieutenant Colonel was near the bottom of the whole trouble. But it would have been far better for him to do so, however humiliating, for that act constituted a grave military offense, in perfect keeping with others complained of, and hastened his fall.

On the 10th of November the court convened, and Lieut. Col. Howe testified. Sessions were held from day to day, and other officers of the regiment were examined as witnesses. At last the court dissolved, leaving us in comparative ignorance of its finding, though we knew the Colonel did not return to resume command, and Madam Rumor said he was to be dismissed the service. So the matter stood until the 15th of January, 1864, when an order of dismissal was received and read the following day on dress parade, taking effect the 15th of December previous.

Thus terminated the connection of Col. Sloan with our regiment. He immediately went to Washington and laid his case before Judge Advocate General Holt, for examination, who reported favorably upon it, and his dismissal was revoked, with permission to resume his command in case the regiment was entitled to a Colonel. But our numbers had been so thinned by the service that we were below the minimum entitled to that office, and he was never reinstated.

Col. Sloan had some very warm friends in the regiment, and most of us were sad at his leaving, or more especially at the manner of it. We would much rather it were otherwise. But it was best as it was, and a sense of relief was experienced at the termination of the controversy that had disturbed us so long. He was a man of considerable ability, most certainly was brave, and to some extent was noble and generous. But he was im-

pulsive, conceited and dictatorial. Having taken a position, however hastily, he seemed to feel under obligations to himself to maintain it at whatever hazard, and could brook no opposition from any source. He also carried his personal feelings into his official intercourse in a manner prejudicial to the service as well as himself, and descended to little vindictive acts which illy became his rank and station. Said one who understood him well, "The great trouble with him was that he did not understand human nature, and tried to enforce his school-room rules and regulations in his regiment, which rebelled at being treated like a parcel of school boys." He felt at leaving that he had been sacrificed, which was, to some extent, true, for without doubt the case was decided against him before the trial was begun, as he was told it certainly would be, in time to have saved himself. As we look at it now, at this distance, we sum it all up in this, that while he did not really deserve to be dismissed, the service demanded that he should be, and military necessities are inexorable and merciless, as more than he had occasion to prove.

The month of January, 1864, will always be a memorable one in the history of the regiment, on account of the excitement and glory of our prize drills, and winning the proud distinction of being the "Banner Regiment" of the division. After the prize drills of our brigade in November, Gen. Leggett, then promoted to the command of the division, issued the following order:

“ HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
17TH ARMY CORPS,
VICKSBURG, Miss., Dec. 3d, 1863.

General Orders No. 4.]

“The General commanding the 3d division, desiring to bring the troops of his command to the highest possible condition of drill and discipline, and believing that every soldier, at the expiration of his first term of enlistment, should be sufficiently conversant with the tactics to maneuver correctly a company or battalion, proposes the following as an inducement to drill and efficiency.

“He will provide two battle flags, one blue and the other red—the blue for the infantry, and the red for the artillery. On each flag will be inscribed in silver letters, “3d Division, 17th Army Corps, Excelsior.”

“The blue flag will be presented to the regiment of the division which, in battalion drill, soldierly appearance, condition of camp, discipline and all those qualities which characterize the efficient, soldierly and model regiment, shall present the best claim to the title of “Excelsior Regiment of the 3d Division.”

“The regiment that wins this flag will not be permitted to take it from the division, and will be required to hold it subject to being taken by any other regiment of the division that may, at any subsequent drill and inspection, be deemed more worthy of carrying it.

“The red flag will be given to the artillery of the division on precisely the same terms as the blue flag is to the infantry.

“ In determining the battery entitled to it account will be taken of the drill, the condition of camp, the personal appearance and discipline of the men, the condition of the horses, harnesses, wagons, guns, gun-carriages, and everything pertaining to the efficiency and soldierly appearance of the battery.

“ The first trial day will be designated as soon as the flags arrive, after which any regiment or battery desiring to compete for the flag of its arm of the service. can do so by giving five days' notice to the regiment or battery holding it, and to these headquarters.

“ The regiment or battery carrying these flags will be designated, “ The Excelsior Regiment,” and “ The Excelsior Battery.”

“ These flags will only be carried on parade and in battle, and either of them will be taken possession of by the division commander whenever in camp, on the march, or on the field of battle, the regiment or battery carrying it shall become unworthy of the distinction given by its possession.

By order of

“ BRIG. GEN. LEGGETT.

“ J. C. DOUGLAS, *Ass't. Adj't. Gen.*”

This very naturally raised the pulses of the men to fever heat throughout the division, and every regiment put forth a heroic effort to win the banner. Among so many, and some of them as fine bodies of men as the service could boast, it seemed almost impossible that we

should succeed, but our noble men, from the highest officer down, seemed animated by one common impulse to triumph. Our officers held meetings night after night in our meeting house, and discussed the matter, laying plans so as to cover every possible contingency, and every day saw a new blow struck, or an advance step taken toward the desired consummation. Come upon us whoever might, and where they chose, on duty or dress parade, in camp or company quarters, in the hospital or at the corral, everything was simply perfect, everywhere and always.

The Quartermaster and his efficient Sergeant, Durley, entered into the struggle with as much zest as any in the regiment, and contributed greatly to our success. They drew surplus clothing, and had every man not only newly clothed but fitted throughout; no slouch coats and bagging breeches would do for them. Caps were procured by telegraph from Memphis, and upon the trial drill days each soldier appeared in new clothes, white gloves and paper collar, as though just emerged from a band-box.

The plan of the trial drills was, that the brigade should drill in order, from 1st to 3d, on separate days, and the three victorious regiments should then meet and drill against each other. The same committee was to decide in the several brigades, and also in the final contest. Accordingly on the 20th of January, the 1st brigade drilled, and the 124th won. The next day the 2d bri-

gade drilled, and the 78th Ohio won; this was General Leggett's old regiment, and the one he doubtless expected would win the banner. On the 22d the 3d brigade drilled, and the 17th Illinois, Gen. Ross' old regiment, won. Our competitors were now before us.

The following is the committee's report of the contest in our own brigade:

“VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 21st, 1864.

“The committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the different regiments comprising the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, as regards their proficiency in battalion movements, manual of arms, cleanliness of camp, and soldierly appearance of the men, feel sensibly the difficulty under which they labor when all did well, and all are entitled to great credit.

“It is the unanimous opinion of the committee that the 124th Illinois Infantry is entitled to the proud name of the “Excelsior Regiment” of the 1st Brigade. Both officers and men deserve the greatest credit for neat and cleanly appearance of their persons, as well as that of the camp, and Lieut. Col. Howe, commanding the regiment, for the high state of discipline and drill to which he has brought it.

“The 31st Illinois Infantry, in the judgment of the committee, came next. The bad habit of a great number of the men in breaking the alignment of the ranks to avoid small puddles of water, thereby causing the loss of step

and confusion in the ranks, is much to be censured, and told very much against them. The committee found the camp and quarters of the regiment in excellent condition. Lieut. Col. Pearson is deserving of great credit for his manner of giving commands, which were more correctly given than by any other commanding officer.

“The 45th regiment Illinois Infantry lacked steadiness in maneuvering, but did splendidly. Maj. Duer, for the short time that he has been in command, shows an aptness for maneuvering a battalion, which promises to be of great service to the regiment. The men looked well and the camp was in fine condition. The regiment bears a name, of which all connected with it should be proud, and by close attention to drilling may yet be the “Excelsior Regiment” of the brigade.

“The noble, glorious old 20th Illinois labored under many disadvantages, which showed against it. The regiment should aspire to carry the “Excelsior Banner,” which would be in keeping with its reputation for gallantry and bravery in the field.

“The 124th must look well to its laurels, and should it be so fortunate as to carry the Division Banner, see to it that it never disgraces the reputation of the 3d, better known as Logan’s old Division.

“Gen. Force cannot but be proud of his Brigade, and must feel an abiding confidence in men who are so highly disciplined.

“To Gen. Leggett and his staff, and Gen. Force and staff, the committee return their sincere thanks for the many courtesies that were extended to them.

“Signed,

“JAMES H. COATS, Col. 11th Ill. Infantry.

“A. WALKER WEBBER, Col. 1st Miss. Infantry.

“J. C. ABERCROMBIE, Lt. Col. 11th Ia. Infantry.

“JOSEPH STOCKTON, Lt. Col. 72d Ill. Infantry.

“ORRIN C. TOWN, Lt. and A. D. C.”

The next day after the drill of the 3rd Brigade—the long to be remembered 23d of January—all were astir early, and in their best condition. At half-past eight the whole regiment embarked on a special train for Vicksburg, in high glee. Not a man who could get away was left behind, whether he was to participate in the drill or not. Upon reaching the city the line was formed and the regiment marched to Gen. Leggett's, and subsequently to Gen. McPherson's headquarters, and saluted them. We then marched to the drillground, about two miles below the city, stacked arms and ate our dinner, resting till the other regiments arrived.

The drill began at 1 o'clock. The weather was like June, and everything propitious. The 78th Ohio drilled first, the 17th Illinois next, and we last, giving us thereby a slight advantage. Each regiment had forty minutes for drill. The ground was carefully guarded by the 20th Ohio, the guards being stationed about twenty feet apart. This was absolutely necessary on

account of the immense crowd. When the drilling was ended the regiments were formed on three sides of a square, the 124th fronting the open side where the committee and Generals were stationed. The award having been made, Gen. McPherson advanced, and in a short, but very happy and complimentary speech, presented the glorious old "Hundred and two dozen" with the coveted and nobly won "Excelsior Banner." The other regiments then gave us three rousing cheers as the "Excelsior Regiment," and officers crowded around to congratulate us. We cheered our gallant competitors in return, knowing that we had barely won, for their drilling had been our especial admiration. All then marched back to the city, our bands playing and banners proudly flying, where we saluted our Division Commander once more, and embarked for the Big Black, as proud a regiment as the service could boast. Upon reaching home we found the 20th Illinois in line to receive us, as an escort of honor, sharing with us in the triumph of our Brigade.

The following is the report of the committee of award, carefully preserved by Reece, for which every participant in the victory of that day, when he comes to read it again, will heartily thank him. It will be observed that the report is issued as a General Order, series of 1864, bearing date six days subsequent to the drill, which gives it additional value:

“HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
17TH ARMY CORPS,
VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 29th, 1864.

“General Order No. 2.]

“The following report of the committee elected to award the “Excelsior Flag,” is published for the information of all concerned:

“VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 23d, 1864.

“In deciding between the 124th regiment Illinois Infantry, 78th Ohio Infantry, and 17th Illinois Infantry, the committee had a difficult and unpleasant task to perform, as in their estimation all deserved an ‘Excelsior Banner.’ It was hard to decide between troops so well drilled in the school of the battalion, and manual of arms as those which appeared before them. But one banner was to be given, and no other choice was left them but to decide between the brave competitors.

“The 124th Illinois was the unanimous choice of the committee. Their alignments were as near perfect as the nature of the grounds would admit. In wheeling into line the distances were correctly estimated by the company officers. The ‘charge bayonets’ on the double-quick was splendidly done. The steady line they kept before an imaginary foe, it is to be hoped will only be excelled when they see the enemy in front.

“The 78th Ohio did gloriously, and surpassed the 124th in the manual of arms.

“The 17th Illinois, true and tried, did fully as well as could be expected of them under the circumstances. Their ‘right about’ was splendidly done. All did well. The cheers which greeted the successful competitors, and which were so heartily responded to, showed with what friendly feelings the trial has been conducted.

“Gen. Leggett, commanding the division, and Generals Force and Maltby, and Col. Potts, commanding brigades, may well be proud of the honor of commanding such a noble body of troops. No division in the camp bears a nobler record than the 3d, of the 17th Army Corps. With such brave men to lead them, and with men ever willing to follow, they will gain for themselves more glory and honor in the future.

“Let the spirit of emulation then be kept up; let all strive to see who will or who will not keep the ‘Excelsior Banner,’ having in view that all they may do is for their own credit, their country’s good, and for the dear old Stars and Stripes.

“The committee have given their decision without any partiality or favor; they judged only of what they saw before them.

“In closing their duties they trust that these brave men may reap the benefits of their work, and

ever be proud of having belonged to the glorious 3d division.

“Signed,

“JAMES H. COATS, Col. 11th Ill. Infantry.

“A. WATSON WEBBER, Col. 1st Miss. Infantry.

“J. C. ABERCROMBIE, Lt. Col. 11th Iowa Inf’y.

“JOSEPH STOCKTON, Lt. Col. 72d Ill. Infantry.

“O. C. TOWN, Lt. and A. D. C.

By order of

“BRIG. GEN. LEGGETT.

“J. C. DOUGLAS, *Ass’t. Adj’t. Gen.*

The next day, which was Sunday, our beautiful prize banner was borne upon dress parade, and our brigade band came over and played for us. Lieut. Col. Howe made us a speech after the parade was dismissed, and we rested for a time upon our laurels, “the observed of all observers.”

Previous to this time the question of re-enlistment had become an absorbing one to all those organizations whose term of service would expire the following summer, among which were all our brigade excepting our regiment. The government had offered a large bounty to every soldier who should re-enlist for three years or during the war, or “veteranize,” as it was called, and to each organization, three-fourths of whom should re-enlist, a prolonged visit home in a body by the veterans, and the assurance of retaining its organization. Little by little the re-enlistment fever rose under the

home and bounty pressure, added to the latent patriotism of the men, and the prospective early close of the war, until nearly every organization in our command which had a right to "veteranize" had done so. On the 11th of January the 20th, 31st and 45th Illinois completed their re-enlistment, and had a jollification over it, marching to brigade headquarters at night, with torches and music, where they were congratulated by General Force. They were the first in our division to "veteranize," and rejoiced greatly over the assurance of retaining their organizations and fame, as well they might. But other regiments in the command had previously done so, and some had already gone home on regimental furlough, the 14th Wisconsin, which was among the first, having left Vicksburg for Madison, on the 3d of January.

Rumors began to be circulated that our command was to be re-organized, and only veteran regiments retained in it. This put us at once upon the anxious seat, as it would leave us out in the cold, and we had become so much attached to our old companions in arms that we would have re-enlisted for the sake of remaining with them, had we been permitted to do so. Our officers believing the regiment would "veteranize" if it had the opportunity, put forth strenuous efforts to secure the privilege, but they were of no avail. None of the regiments of 1862 were included in veteran orders.

The returning regiments were authorized to recruit while absent on veteran furlough, thereby filling up

their depleted ranks, and in some instances swelling their numbers to the maximum again, and affording relief to very many officers who had been awaiting promotion. To guard against too great disparity in numbers between them and us upon their return, and to secure whatever we might in the way of promotion, Lieut. Col. Howe obtained an order to that effect, and on the 27th of January started two commissioned and eleven non-commissioned officers home on recruiting service. Capt. E. C. Raymond, of company A, and Lieut. H. J. Brockway, of company D, were the commissioned officers, and after completing the service upon which he was sent, Capt. Raymond was detached at Springfield, Illinois, and never joined us for duty again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marching orders.—Eastward, ho!—Gen. Sherman in command.—“Uncle Johnny Lyle.”—Line of battle.—Jackson again.—The minister’s mule.—Brandon.—“Uncle John trades mules.”—Officers’ mess in clover.—Morton and Hillsborough.—Houses catch fire.—A night on a corduroy road.—Decatur.—Chunkey.—Mule teams guard a bridge.—Meridian.—Some destruction.—Incidents.—The back track.—Diverge at Hillsborough.—About the “Banner.”—Better rations.—Mules in plenty.—Canton.—Turn over the animals.—Bill of fare.—A mail.—Adjutant Smith and party routed.—Home with a shout.—The Quartermaster’s department slightly ahead.—Negro accompaniment.—The name of the expedition.

MARCHING ORDERS had been in the air for some days, but on the 2d of February they appeared on paper, and were read on dress parade, to take effect at an hour’s notice. The next morning, at eight o’clock, a brigade of cavalry came into camp, and halted till about noon, when they commenced to cross the Big Black. Previous to their crossing, the infantry began to arrive in large numbers, and stack arms on our drill ground. Among them, later, came the 2d and 3d brigades of our division, who stacked arms immediately in front of our camp, making it pleasant and lively for us.

In the mean time our teams were in order and wagons loaded up, and we were ready for the command to "fall in," leaving our tents all standing, and the camp in command of Capt. Newland, of company D, whose wife had just come to pay him a visit. For about half a day we enjoyed the rare luxury of being on a march without having started, while we waited for the cavalry to cross. The weather was fine, and the continually shifting scene exciting to an extreme. To add to it, one of the pontoon boats sunk under the passing cavalry train, and the river banks were lined with the crowds watching the repairs. As the sun began rapidly to decline, we wondered if we should move at all, but the repairs were at length completed, the cavalry were over, and winding across the bottom eastward, and drum after drum said to the different infantry regiments, "fall in." Evidently there was a controlling mind somewhere bringing order out of this human confusion, and the scampering across the grounds from every direction, in response to the eloquence of the long roll, was one of the kaleidoscopic pictures of the day. About six o'clock our drums beat, we "fell in," "shouldered arms," and took up our line of march eastward, across the Big Black, going about five miles into a pleasant camp, where rails were plenty, and introducing ourselves to our "shelter tents." Some of the boys were badly daubed with mud coming through the miry bottom, but all were in the best of spirits. Quartermaster Reece had taken his usual precaution in selecting teams for the expedition, and it was well that

he had, for the road from the river to our camp was lined with wagons stuck in the mud. But ours, as always when possible, came through safely and early.

We found that our force consisted of two divisions of our own Army Corps, under its gallant commander, Gen. McPherson, and two of the 16th, under S. A. Hurlbut, with Winslow's cavalry brigade, the whole being under the command of Gen. W. T. Sherman. Reposing the utmost confidence in the commanding officers, and being with old fighting comrades again, we were ready for almost anything in our line, and hoped to be able to strike a blow at the heart of "secession" before our return.

We had a new recruit with us on this expedition, not borne upon the rolls, in the person of John Lyle, of Kewanee, an old patriot, who had come down only a day or two before our starting. "to see the boys," and visit his relatives in the regiment. He was familiarly called "Uncle John," and was quite a favorite among those who knew him. The Quartermaster took great interest in him, and when it was found that he was willing to go with us, if he was permitted to do so, offered to render him any assistance in his power, and assigned him to the Sutler's wagon with Charlie Wilson, telling him to ride until the boys could "borrow a mule" for him. So he mounted the wagon all right, and started with the train, but before getting far he began to be uneasy, and told Charlie he could not ride and see the mules draw so hard, therefore he would walk to make

it easier for them. Charlie told him to sit still, that it was nothing strange to see mules flounder about so, that they were all right as long as their ears were in sight, etc., etc., but dear uncle John's sympathies with the laboring team quite overcame him, and slipping off the wagon in the very worst part of the bottom, nothing more was seen of him that night. The next morning, however, he put in an appearance betimes, but such a sight. The boys said it would have puzzled his wife to recognize him, his mud disguise was so complete. But not a word of complaint escaped his lips, and repairing to a stream of water he soon made his toilet, and was all ready for further adventures. He was a very short, stout man, and it would not require a very deep mud-hole to hide him entirely. He laughingly said he explored more than one such that night. It was a pretty rough initiation for an old man, but he kept on with us as though nothing had happened, and stood it well, though not mounted till we reached Jackson. He also did us good service many times on the expedition as a forager.

The 4th of February was a day of long halts and short distances. The command was early on the move, and did not go into camp till nine at night, passing the old battle ground of Champion Hills in the meantime, and stopping long enough to give every one a chance to fully explore it. Our advance skirmished considerable and sustained some loss, but it did not affect us.

On the 5th skirmishing began at daylight and continued all day. We started at half-past six, with our division in the advance, the 2d brigade leading. Just before reaching Clinton, which we did about eleven o'clock, the 3d brigade took the lead, but after passing that place our brigade was thrown into the advance, and held it the rest of the day, the 124th in front. The enemy took position just east of Clinton, and we were deployed in line of battle, following our skirmishers through fields and woods for some distance, with occasional halts. During this time we had three men wounded, one of whom, Cleveland Acox, of company B, died of his wounds at Clinton, the 7th of March following. Gen. Hurlbut's corps came upon the right flank of the rebels about three o'clock, and came near bagging them, but they soon gave us a practical illustration of tall skedaddling, and most of them escaped. Nearly all our forces were in sight a portion of the time we were thus advancing, and the view was very grand. Private Snedeker, of company H, makes this entry in his diary: "Our whole force was in sight at this time, both the 16th and 17th army corps. It was a most imposing and beautiful spectacle to see the different divisions and brigades in line of battle, with colors flying, the artillery in position, and the signal flags waving. It was the pomp of war, and it stirred within me feelings that are indescribable." Portions of the rebel force were also in sight. This scene will *never be forgotten* by any one who was present and saw it.

The enemy left their dead and wounded in their retreat, and many of our own boys were passed over on the field. One of them had the top and back of his head entirely shot away by a shell. We marched in line of battle till nearly sundown, when we resumed our movement by the flank, and advanced rapidly on Jackson, entering the city about nine o'clock at night, the 124th ahead. As we marched in with music and cheering, we were greeted by one woman, who waved a lamp, and by a small boy, who sung out, "hurrah for the Yanks!" Only our brigade entered the city that night, and we passed through the town into camp on the Canton road, just within the northern limits, having marched over twenty miles that day.

The Jackson of February, 1864, was not the Jackson of May, 1863. Then it was a beautiful city; now it was a heap of ruins. Some of the citizens called it "Chimneyville," from the great number of standing chimneys from which the buildings had been burned. We remained here over the 6th, during which time it seemed as though everything that had previously escaped the torch managed to take fire, especially on the business streets. The destruction was peculiarly sad, and years will not efface the effects of the war in Jackson.

Here "Uncle John" was mounted on an aged mule that had apparently been long since mustered out of service to die, but having by independent foraging regained a very little of the vigor of his youth, and being the best we could do for our traveling companion, a sad-

dle and bridle were furnished, and the aged couple made quite a respectable appearance. Before we left, however, a minister came to Col. Howe and claimed the mule, requesting its return, but the Colonel could see no reason for granting his request, and he left in far from the best humor. Says Reece: "After the war was over, while spending a Sunday at Kewanee, Col. Howe invited me to attend church with him, but before reaching the church he informed me that the minister we expected to hear preach was the one that wanted him to return 'uncle John's' mule, at Jackson, Miss., he having come north and been called to preach to this church, no doubt thinking he could do a great deal of good in companies A and F, of our old regiment."

As an instance of the destruction and waste of property in Jackson, one of our men in his diary records seeing a colored boy thrumming on a "dismounted" piano in a gutter, while passing through the streets of the city. Though of no consequence compared with the loss of lives and homes, and the terrible sufferings of war, this serves to illustrate its peculiar wantonness in all manner of needless destruction, and presents a picture to be retained with others against future temptation.

The morning of the 7th we resumed our march, crossing Pearl river on a fine pontoon bridge, which it was said the rebels had built. We halted till eleven o'clock on the eastern shore for Crocker's division to pass us, and then pushed on rapidly through a hilly, well timbered country, with a very red soil, going into camp

about two miles east of the once pretty village of Brandon, having marched about fifteen miles. This place, like Jackson, was none the better or richer for our occupation, foraging and fire doing fearful work, and as usual attacking the loveliest and costliest first. By our "occupation" I do not mean that of our regiment, but of our forces; our regiment did not halt in Brandon.

The next day we moved about sixteen miles, a good deal of the way through heavy pine timber, which made it very pleasant marching. Foraging seemed to be the order of the day, no one interposing any objections, and since crossing Pearl river our march had been through a country far better supplied than that between Big Black and Jackson, which had been foraged clean, not a hen's cackle being heard, or a pig's track seen.

Reece says: "During the day Eagle and 'uncle John' started out on a foraging expedition, and towards night we found them sitting by the roadside, with their animals loaded with poultry and other edibles, and what was more, 'uncle John' was in possession of a very fine mule, but little like the one he rode away in the morning. Upon inquiry I found he had 'traded with a planter.'"

The officers' mess was largely indebted to "uncle John" for valuable assistance during the expedition, and especially this day, when their rations included about all the country afforded and in abundance. He seemed to enjoy foraging and displayed a peculiar talent for it.

The 9th of February we marched about seven miles, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and one o'clock P. M., and encamped at Moreton station, on the Vicksburg and Eastern Railroad, spending the rest of the day in destroying the road. It was currently reported that the enemy, 16,000 strong, intended to fight us here, but if such had been their intention, they evidently changed their mind.

The following day we moved to Hillsborough, passing through it in the evening, and going into camp about two miles east of the town. This was a day of excitement and apprehension. The 16th Army Corps was in the advance, and did considerable skirmishing in the forenoon, which it was expected might lead to an engagement at any moment. Upon reaching Hillsborough they were fired upon from the houses, which led to the burning of the town. Our regiment was center, train guard, and we were annoyed a great deal by the heat from burning buildings, which sometimes put our wagons and mules in jeopardy. Before getting into camp we had to cross a creek where the enemy had just burnt a bridge, and did not stack arms till ten o'clock at night, having come about fifteen miles. Some of our 2d brigade, we learned, were captured at Moreton, in the morning after we left, so we were between two fires; rebels in front and rebels in the rear, and nearly everything on fire by the way, besides.

February 11th we lay in camp until nearly five P. M., having a corral of about fifty prisoners to guard, mostly

Texans. After moving a mile or more we entered a pine swamp, and halted till after midnight for Crocker's division to cross it, expecting to move every minute. At last, about three o'clock in the morning, we reached a miserable camp, almost destitute of wood and water, where we remained till nine A. M., though but few of us lay down till after daylight. But our train fared worse than our regiment, starting at five P. M. and moving till eight o'clock the next morning. Reece's description of that night is worth giving entire :

"I consider this the most unpleasant night I ever spent in the service. The road was the poorest kind of corduroy, and was built as we moved. Great care had to be taken to keep in the track, for if once off, 'no bottom' would be the cry. Then to add to our other troubles, the fires had gotten under good headway, and the dead, dry trees were burning very rapidly, lighting up the heavens with a lurid light, while they were falling in every direction, across the road and elsewhere, with a continual crash, often impeding our progress, and the noise made by the workmen, the crack of whips and the yells of the drivers as the train would close up, made one almost think he was approaching the infernal regions. The scenes of that night are indelibly impressed upon my memory, and as I write it seems as if it was only last night that I had passed through them. We had several very narrow escapes from falling trees, and before reaching the corduroy road had frequently to remove them before we could proceed."

On the 12th we were ordered to fall in when our train came up, which was so soon after getting into camp that those who slept a little had no time to get breakfast, while those who got breakfast had no time to sleep. After crossing another swamp we halted for a time for other troops to pass, and the rest was very grateful; pushed on later and made fifteen miles, camping in Decatur at seven p. m. Here the rebels had made a dash on General Hurlbut's train, in the former part of the day, and killed twenty mules before being repulsed. As a consequence the town had shared the fate of Hillsborough and Brandon, and was but little better when we reached it than a pile of smoking ruins. The enemy at this time seemed to be all around us, but this was his first direct attack. Previous to this there had been quite extensive skirmishing, and so many foragers had been picked up that subsisting off the country had been rendered rather precarious, somewhat to our disgust. One of our men who was on picket the night after reaching Decatur, and stationed on the road on which we had come, says the rear guard of our army did not arrive till after one in the morning, which gives some idea of the character of army movements, and how little can be told of the whole by the experience or history of a part.

The next day we moved without noteworthy incident about ten miles, and encamped on the Little Chunkey creek, our brigade by itself. The marching was tedious and the country poor. A foraging party came in empty handed, but we had a good night's sleep.

The 14th, which was Sunday, was a stirring day for our brigade. At six A. M. we were fairly under way for Chunkey Station, on the Big Chunkey creek, eight miles distant, with orders to burn the railroad bridge, station house, the stockades and all unoccupied buildings, and tear up the track, and return. We reached there about nine o'clock, and completely surprised about 1,500 cavalry, under Wirt Adams, driving them across the creek after a sharp skirmish, in which three of the 45th were wounded, and capturing eight wagons. Some of these they left in the creek after starting, cutting the traces and barely escaping with their mules. We burnt everything, according to orders, including two stockades and a storehouse with considerable cotton. Our regiment set fire to the bridge. The enemy's surprise was so complete that Snedeker says in his diary: "We came upon them while they were eating their breakfast, and so unexpectedly that they left their butter and their corn bread already buttered in their haste to get away." After resting about an hour we moved toward the Meridian road by another route, and reached it in ten miles, at one P. M., making a pretty good day's work, as we thought, and one rather enjoyable. A few minutes after we reached the main line of march, the rebels came up and fired a few shots into the train of an Iowa brigade, but did no damage. Our halt at one o'clock proved to be for the remainder of the day and the night, and we greatly enjoyed our rest in a beautiful pine forest.

The morning of the 15th it rained for about five hours, and we did not move until eleven o'clock. From that time we pushed on steadily through bad swamps with swollen streams, and over "Stony Hill," where it was rumored the enemy intended to make a stand. The position was a strong one, but no enemy was there. About seven P. M. we went into camp near the Chickamauga creek, having marched about twelve miles. Here, says Allaire, "we found our teams and some comfort, being completely wet through and very hungry."

At this place our train had been a bridge guard. Not having gone with us to Chunkey, our teams had kept with the other trains on the Meridian road, but upon reaching here, Gen. Leggett ordered Reece to halt and guard the bridge until our brigade came up. He thought at first the General was joking, but upon finding he was not, packed his wagons and took an inventory of materials of war, finding he had thirteen wagons, fifteen men, and ten guns, with which to guard a bridge of considerable importance in the midst of an enemy's country, and in the presence of a daring and vigilant foe. But nothing daunted, he put out his pickets, and "held the fort" in good order till after dark, when our boys came up, and all had a good deal of sport about guarding bridges with mule teams, wondering if Gen. Leggett had any military precedent for such an order.

Reece says, in this connection, that he often wondered why our trains were not attacked oftener and more damagingly in this campaign than they were. They

were frequently many miles in length, and seldom guarded by any considerable force, affording opportunities for being struck and badly cut up, almost any day, before our troops could have been concentrated for their defense. Probably the reason why they were not, was to be found in the presence of our cavalry on our flanks, which afforded us a protection we did not see, besides giving our Generals continual information as to the whereabouts and movements of the rebels, and they, knowing we were not in any immediate danger, permitted us to straggle. That our trains were not attacked when so stretched out at any time, is one of the facts of the expedition.

The next day, February 16th, we marched five miles, into Meridian, and went into camp at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon we were detailed to destroy railroads. We found the place sadly injured by fire, yet showing signs of having been of considerable consequence to the enemy. Being the crossing of the Mobile & Ohio, and the Vicksburg & Charleston railroads, its importance in the movement of troops and supplies was very great, and extensive barracks and storehouses, with an arsenal, hospital, etc., had been recently erected, all of wood and of very cheap construction. The rebel force, which consisted of French's and Loring's divisions of infantry, and Lee's cavalry, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Bishop Polk, had fallen back across the Tombigbee, and Meridian was at our mercy. For three days we were busily occupied destroying railroads and rebel property, remain-

ing here till the morning of the 20th. The last building to burn was the arsenal, which contained a great many old shot guns and rifles, with some fixed ammunition, and when the heat discharged the guns and fired the shells, the music was lively and some scampering was done.

While here our rations run low, and how to eke them out was quite a question, while some of the expedients resorted to were not a little amusing. The grave Maj. Mann tried his hand quite successfully at baking a "corn dodger" on a board, but did not succeed as well in capturing a stray pig which he attacked with his drawn sabre. The piney woods rooter was altogether too fleet for him. Company H foraged a couple of sheep one day, which "Wash" Baker, the under-cook, tried to roast over a pit of live coals in a sort of barbacue style. But Snedeker declares they were "awfully cooked, and not *much* tougher than sole leather." Companies C and H secured about three barrels of pea-nuts, or "goobers," as the southerners call them, which came very timely, and John Eagle, our regimental blacksmith, ever on the alert, made a discovery of some flour, sugar, etc. So he went to the Quartermaster for assistance, who laid the case before the Colonel. He, with visions of nice warm biscuits before his eyes, sent for a detail and gave the command to John, who marched directly to a somewhat prominent house and demanded admittance. This was refused, but he played the officer so well as to finally effect an entrance, and soon found quite

a quantity of flour, with some sugar and saleratus, hidden under some carpets. All this was rolled out, an old wagon, pressed into service for the purpose, was loaded up, and the whole was at headquarters directly. After the barrels were emptied, the Quartermaster had the wagon taken off another way and the barrels burnt, so as to hide the tracks, and then the officers lived on the top shelf again. The owner made an effort at headquarters to have the flour returned, but did not succeed. The biscuit in the camp chest of the officers' mess probably hindered. It was a great mystery to other regiments where we obtained flour.

Reece says he formed the acquaintance here of a Miss Davis, who was raised in Massachusetts, and had been south several years teaching, who was the most bitter rebel he ever met. One day she passed his quarters and said she had been down to draw her rations, showing about a dozen ears of corn, which she said was all she could get. And then she added, she would be willing to live on corn for a year if the south could only succeed. Such was the spirit manifested by nearly all the women of the south. They seemed to glory in their sufferings.

"Soon after our arrival at Meridian," says an extract from a diary, "a soldier was seen to deliberately set fire to an occupied residence, and when the family took refuge in another house, he followed and wantonly applied the torch to that. Upon being arrested he gave as a reason for what he had done, that some time previ-

ous he had been a prisoner in rebel hands, and in being transferred had stopped at Meridian. While waiting transportation at the depot, this woman, whose house he had burnt, had stepped up to him without provocation or cause, and deliberately spit in his face, and he had sworn he would be revenged. All who witnessed the burning buildings can testify that he kept his word, and it is almost useless to add that he was not punished."

The morning of the 20th witnessed our departure from Meridian, on the homeward track. The four left companies were detailed to burn all the unoccupied buildings, and the rest started about six o'clock, guarding a squad of prisoners. Quite a number of white families and a great many colored people left with us, in all manner of vehicles, drawn by horses, mules and oxen. Peach and plum trees were in full bloom, filling the air with fragrance and our eyes with beauty; the day was favorable and the going good, so that the men kept well closed up, and reached camp easily at four P. M., having marched eighteen miles. We passed a good deal of land already ploughed and fitted for the seed, which looked strange to us northerners at this season of the year.

Very little forage was found for man or beast, as we were on the ground we had so recently cleaned out. Often it was extremely difficult to supply the teams, and many little squabbles were had over a few bundles of corn fodder, between teamsters and those foraging for officers' horses. Earlier in the service the headquarters

men usually came out ahead on such occasions, but now teamsters stood up for their rights, and an officer's horse was accounted no better by them than a regimental mule.

After enjoying our beautiful bivouack among the pines, we started at eight o'clock the morning of the 21st, and went into camp at Decatur, at three P. M., having come thirteen miles. We turned over our prisoners to General Maltby, and so were relieved of them, and having a delightful camp, could have enjoyed it but for the scarcity of rations. An empty haversack is a great misfortune to a soldier. An order was issued here to send the mounted men of each regiment ahead to overtake the supply train for rations, and as our regiment usually had its full share of such, now reinforced by "uncle John," we felt sure of our share of supplies. They started at five o'clock the next morning, and overtook the train twenty miles distant. After securing supplies, they returned about six miles and awaited our arrival. We reached camp at eight P. M., and after drawing one day's rations of hard bread, coffee and bacon, and two of sugar, things were lovely again.

The 23d we moved into Hillsborough, coming up with the trains and the 16th Army Corps; went into camp at one o'clock, and had a little chance to wash and rest. The weather was very fine and the roads, save on the old corduroy, quite dusty.

General Leggett issued an order to our division here, stating that he had only one day's rations left, and con

sequently should take a new route through a good country, bidding farewell to swamps and corduroys, and that each regiment must subsist itself. He could not have issued a more satisfactory order, and though we were a long distance from Vicksburg, rejoiced in being out of rations, for the opportunity it afforded us of satisfying our own wants. On the morning of the 24th we broke camp at six, and diverged northward, sending out a foraging detail from each company, and marching eighteen miles, our division in the advance.

And now began our "Banner" troubles, proving to us very conclusively that exaltation has its drawbacks, which largely discount the happiness it brings; a part of the stipulation in the award of the "Banner" being, that any misconduct on the part of the men holding it, in camp or on the march, would be sufficient cause for the General commanding to take it from them, we had been on our guard and good behavior at all times. Often on this campaign things not strictly according to orders had been laid to the 124th, and now that we had to forage for food as well as for fodder, it seemed that every regiment in the command was a model compared with the "Excelsior." But in no instance could any charges against us be proven, and we had the proud satisfaction of carrying the flag for thirty-one days on the most destructive march the southwest had then known, on our good conduct, which speaks volumes for the class of men composing the old "Hundred and two dozen "

We went into camp at three o'clock, and awaited the return of our foragers, who appeared in due time in two squads, one with an ox team and wagon, heavily loaded with meat, sugar, rice, salt, meal, and some flour; the other with a four-mule team, with hams, potatoes, chickens, turkeys and geese. Our commissary department was immediately flourishing, and all enjoyed it.

The 25th we marched only about seven miles, halting for Gen. Hurlbut's command to cross Pearl river. Our foragers were quite as successful as the day before, coming into camp with two yoke of oxen and a good wagon, well loaded with provisions. So many of our boys were mounted to-day as to recall the inquiry of Col. Marsh, when we entered Memphis, of what cavalry we belonged to.

On the 26th we crossed Pearl river, marched sixteen miles, and went into camp at Canton, at eight P. M. One diary of a non-combatant says: "Went foraging, and captured two wagons and eight mules." This sheds further light upon the mule question; in fact they may be said to have been plenty.

We found Canton a very neat and pleasant place, rather the most so of any we had seen in the State. The inhabitants seemed to be more than usually wealthy and intelligent. We remained here from Friday night to the next Tuesday noon, moving camp twice in the time, and being called into line at bedtime one night by a false alarm. At the time of this alarm, about half-past eight o'clock P. M., nearly all the regiment had retired for the

night, but immediately at the startling sound of the bugle, and Col. Howe's "*fall into line, 124th,*" officers and men sprang to their feet, into their garments and accoutrements, and were in line of battle, to a man, within two minutes, so the Colonel afterwards told us. The cause of this alarm was a reported attack of the enemy on our pickets.

Here, too, our mules largely slipped from our control through an order to turn over all surplus animals to the Division Quartermaster, but Reece having left some teams at Big Black that needed recruiting, determined to maintain his advantage, if possible, and while turning over so many mules that he was reported as having obeyed the order, managed to corral a number of the best where they were not discovered, through the aid of his willing teamsters, so that soon after we started again. Quartermaster Williams remarked that it was wonderful how soon our boys picked up mules on a march.

While here our foragers sustained their previous reputation, and our rations were kept at the full. "In writing home, February 28th," says an officer, "I find my bill of fare for that day was buscuit, ham, chicken, fresh pork, beef, sweet potatoes, butter, eggs, honey, and persimmon butter; not much like war. Of course this lasted but one day, but we enjoyed it while it lasted."

On the 29th a train reached us from the Big Black, with three days' rations and a mail, under the escort of one of Gen. Tuttle's brigades. We cared nothing for

the rations, but the mail was a delight, as we had not had one since starting. Some of the boys were almost wild with joy. A month with no tidings from home is a great while. Says one officer: "My share was thirteen letters." Another received twenty, and so on down.

The same day is memorable in our history for an occurrence of an entirely different character, which cast a very unexpected gloom over us in the midst of our joy. Adjutant Smith had gone out in the morning with a detail of ten men from our regiment, who were mounted, ostensibly for foraging, but really under orders on a scouting expedition. After dark news was received that he had been attacked by 300 rebel cavalry, and it was feared was killed or captured with all his command. We were immediately ordered to his assistance and went a short distance, but soon returned because it was too late. The details of this affair, as given by Corporal Alford S. Sayles, of company A, who was in it, are substantially as follows:

"We numbered forty men and two officers, a Captain from the 20th Illinois being in command. Ten were from our regiment. We were all mounted, and were ordered to go out about ten miles and stay till four o'clock, unless necessary to report sooner. It was rumored that the enemy were endeavoring to intercept our out-coming train from the Big Black, and we were to do cavalry duty as scouts. We went out as ordered,

staid our appointed time, and were on our way back when we were intercepted by Wirt Adams, with about 1100 men, constituting the advance of Gen. Jackson's cavalry. At first we saw only a few men on horseback, in the road ahead of us, wearing blue overcoats, and thinking they were our cavalry, were not apprehensive of danger, but being fired upon by a hidden foe outside the road, evidently connected with the blue coats, we took the alarm. Those whom we saw were only a decoy, expecting us as cavalry to charge them, while their whole force was waiting to receive us, but being infantry we dismounted, got over the fence, and commenced fire upon them in the flank, which disarranged their plan and caused them to develope their strength, and endeavor to close in upon us. We fought as long as possible against such fearful odds, and did some execution, but it was soon over. Some of our number were killed, sixteen were captured, and the rest escaped. One man was shot while stamping his bills in the ground, after being taken. Another was shot in the back while trying to escape. I was among the captured, and learned of the force after being taken. We were so near Canton that we distinctly heard our drums beat reveille that night."

Corporal Sayles' narrative as a prisoner, from this point, may be found near the close of this volume, and is fearful enough to make one shrink from shaking hands over the "bloody chasm" even at this day.

The morning of March 1st five companies of the regiment were ordered out to the relief of the Adjutant and his party, if any could be afforded. After going about a mile we discovered him and some of the men near the railroad track, making for camp. We hailed them and they immediately came to us, reporting that further search was useless, upon which we returned. Our loss in this sad affair was seven men, only three out of ten reaching camp, one of whom, from company D, name forgotten, was wounded. Of the seven, Sayles, of company A, has been mentioned, Cyrus W. Randall, of company E, died at Andersonville, Ga., the 12th of October following, and Wallace Wilder, of company H, at Annapolis, Md., March 16th, 1865, after having been exchanged. Both of these were literally starved to death. Samuel Mallen and Edward Phillips, of company K, were never heard from, but George C. Murphy, of company I, escaped within a few miles of Canton, and after considerable skulking and suffering, rejoined the regiment. safe and sound. Who the seventh man was is not now known so as to be available here. The Adjutant and those who came in with him lost their horses and lay all night in a swamp, hardly daring to stir, but very thankful to escape so.

While we were in Canton a large force was kept constantly employed in destroying the railroad, by bending and breaking the rails, and burning the ties. In some instances the rails were wound around trees and left so,

as though a special effort was put forth to render the work of destruction noticeable. The round-house, machine shops, twenty-four locomotives, and a large amount of rolling stock, was also destroyed, a cavalry force under Col. Winslow the previous summer having done a part of it.

At noon, March 1st, our work at Canton seemed to be finished, and we were once more moving toward home. We made slow progress, and went into camp on Montgomery's plantation at ten at night, having gone only about six miles. Having rained all the forenoon, it was exceedingly muddy. Sometimes the teams would go only about a wagon's length, and then have to stop an hour. The next day the going was better, and we marched about fifteen miles, passing through Livingston at noon. Cannonading was heard in our rear, and rebel cavalry were seen on our left, at one time, from the top of a high hill. Our camp at night was on the Bogue Chitto once more.

March 3d our brigade moved to the rear, and formed in line of battle on the side of what was called Queen's Hill, lying there till noon, during which time all the rest of the army crossed the creek. We then moved forward, unmolested, (though a few cavalry were seen at a distance,) passing through Brownsville, at four o'clock, and going into camp at seven, having made about fifteen miles. The next day, March 4th, we marched the intervening fourteen miles, and reached our camp on the

Big Black at two o'clock, crossing the river and filing into quarters with a glad shout. The 47th Illinois had been occupying our tents in our absence, but vacated upon our arrival, and we were at home again, after an absence of thirty days, and a march of over 300 miles.

The Quartermaster says this expedition was decidedly beneficial to his department, as he not only replenished the teams he had with him, but those he left in camp. There were very strict orders against allowing any extra animals to cross the bridge over the Big Black, but there were none against their swimming the river above, which may account to the Division Quartermaster, at this late day, for the presence of so many fresh mules in the corral of the 124th.

The return of our troops was attended by the most remarkable hegira of negroes the southwest had ever known. Over 5,000 came in with us, of every age, quality and condition. Some were on foot, marching all the way from Meridian, loaded down like pack mules, women carrying feather beds the whole distance upon their heads, and heavy bundles in arms besides. Others were in wagons of every quality and kind known to the south, drawn by mules, horses, oxen, a horse and a mule, an ox and a mule, or a cow and an ox, hitched up with ropes, chains, bark, leather, raw-hide, straw, or what not. Twenty-eight little, bare, kinky heads were counted, sticking up over the sides of one high box

wagon, very like chicken heads above the slats of a coop, and all were happy. They were making for "God's country," as they called all inside our lines, and preferred to take every risk for freedom. They passed in toward Vicksburg, and we resumed our old ways on the Big Black once more, remembering with the deepest interest our "Meridian raid."

CHAPTER XV.

Aurora's respects.—Conley again.—Col. Howe on leave.—Reece detached.—New guns.—Wedding.—Brigade broken up.—Left out in the cold.—Every day life.—Circus.—Horse off for Dixie.—Flag surrendered.—Its subsequent history.—To Vicksburg once more.—Col. Howe returned.—A fish story.—Col. Sloan.—Weather.—Reece up the river.—Recruits.—Defences of Vicksburg.—Big Black evacuated.—Respects of the regiment.

COMPANIES E and H enjoyed a little surprise upon reaching camp, in finding a pair of socks for each man from the ladies of Aurora, with a darning needle, yarn, thread, needles and pins, and a letter in each pair. God bless the patriotic women of the North, for their many proofs of interest in our cause, and love for the soldiers, of which this is but an instance.

Before dismissing the "Meridian raid," Conley must come in for a little further notice, as he and Reece had a little "bout," and this was its fashion: While on the Meridian march, says Reece, "I had an arrangement with my teamsters by which they took turns in going to the cattle corral for beef after the day's march. It so

happened that the night we arrived at Moreton, Wilson, whose turn it was, could not go, owing to the load he had, and as Conley's wagon was empty, I requested him to go, which he declined to do. I told him to do so or go to his company. Upon that he took off his hat and, scratching his head, (which he always did when in trouble,) delivered himself as follows: 'Now see here, Quartermaster, this ain't fair, to get a man a hundred miles from camp, with no gun, and then send him to his company. If I had a gun I'd go to the company, but not having any, I guess I'll go after the beef.' As he was one of my first teamsters, and had never carried a gun, I thought this was a sensible conclusion. But soon after this he played a joke on me, which causes me, at this late day, to laugh when I recall it. We generally had a few extra mules with the train, and one afternoon he put a saddle on one, and leaving his helper with his team, was riding along in considerable style. Upon falling in with him he praised his mule so highly that I was induced to exchange with him for a short time, to test his good qualities. Soon after Conley disappeared, and I did not see him again until after reaching camp. My mule went nicely until just before dark, when, upon attempting to ride over a long bridge, he positively refused to go. All my efforts were in vain, so I had to dismount and lead him across. Upon remounting, he again refused to go. By this time it was quite dark, and the troops and trains had all passed. I was getting in a hurry, but every time I mounted, he would stub-

bornly refuse to move. Mules were plenty, but saddles were not, and as I did not like to carry the saddle over the hills to camp, I had no alternative but to lead the mule, which I did, not reaching the camp till quite late, and had I met Conley that night I fear he would have gone to his company, gun or no gun. He had had some such experience with the mule before I came up, hence his anxiety for me to test his good riding qualities."

The next day after reaching Big Black, Col. Howe went to Vicksburg to obtain an order to go home, which he succeeded in doing, and started on the "War Eagle" March 8th, leaving Maj. Mann in command. Before he left Vicksburg he was presented with a fine sabre by Judge O'Neil and others with whom he had been associated upon the Military Commission.

On the 13th of March Reece was detached as Post Quartermaster, by order of Gen. Leggett, and reported to Col. R. K. Scott for duty, who was then in command of the Post of Big Black. Some of his experience while absent from us will be from time to time inserted in these pages. For, much of the time while away he carried the responsibility of the Quartermaster's department in our regiment, and Durley did the work.

On the 15th of March the regiment drew new guns, the regulation Springfield piece, with which the men were well pleased. New accoutrements were issued with them, and all the "old traps" were duly "turned over."

The 16th of March a novel war incident occurred, of which it would be difficult to tell who was the hero. Having been so long on the Big Black our boys had become pretty well acquainted with all the citizens near, of whom there were a good many, and some of whom professed Union sentiments. At all events they treated the boys kindly, and for tender, or other considerations, in some instances, became very intimate with them. The result was that, as in peace, so in war, young people would be true to their antecedents, and triumph over every obstacle in the way of their fancied happiness. And so Chaplain Howard was approached by two men of the regiment with the request that he would marry them to two sisters by the name of Ivy, who, with their mother, were refugees from somewhere, living in the immediate vicinity of our camp. He declined to take the responsibility of so grave a step, and counseled against it, urging that it would be in violation of the terms of their enlistment, it could not have been properly considered, it would involve them in expense and trouble which they were but poorly furnished against, etc. But finding them persistent, he at last consented to officiate in case they would get the written consent of the commander of the regiment and of the Post. So encouraged they went to Capt. Field, who was temporarily in command of the regiment, in the absence of Maj. Mann, and procured the following "license :"

“BLACK RIVER, MISS., March 15, 1864.

“*To Whom it may Concern:*

“I hereby cheerfully and freely give my consent for Mr. Henry C. West, company G, 124th Illinois Infantry, and Miss Caroline Ivy; also, Mr. John C. Lovell, company D, same regiment, and Miss Adaline Ivy, to become, *respectively, man and wife*, and for any one who has legal authority so to do, to marry them.

“HENRY L. FIELD, Capt. Co. C.,

“Temporarily com'dg 124th Ill. Inf.

“Approved:

JOHN B. RAYMOND,

Capt. and Prov. Marshal,

3d Division, 17th Army Corps.”

Armed with this formidable document, West and Lovell came to the Chaplain after prayer-meeting, the night of the 16th, who accompanied them across the drill ground to the humble residence of the girls, whom he found with their mother and a few friends, in a condition of somewhat nervous expectancy, and speedily allayed all their apprehensions, and made them happy by pronouncing the talismanic words that made them, as Capt. Field said, “*respectively, man and wife.*” Of these marriages it may be said, as far as known, they resulted as happily as though contracted in peace. Mrs. Lovell lived only a few months, dying of fever in Vicksburg in July following, and Lovell died at home on sick leave in May, 1865. West and wife were living to-

gether at last accounts, he having been mustered out in the South in June, 1865.

Up to this time we had hoped, in some way, to be permitted to remain in our old brigade and division. But now orders and decisions rapidly multiplied against us. On the 13th, 17th and 19th, respectively, the veterans of the 20th, 45th and 31st left for home, and our brigade was broken up. The non-veterans of the 2d brigade came out from Vicksburg and occupied the camp of the 45th, and in the absence of Gen. Leggett, and the other brigade commanders, all on veteran leave or business, Gen. Dennis became commander of the division and Post. He soon left, like the rest, and Col. R. K. Scott of the 78th Ohio, a non-veteran, afterward Governor of South Carolina, became the ranking officer on the Big Black.

Every step in these movements widened the distance between us and our old companions in arms, and we never saw the veterans again. The non-veterans staid with us awhile, and we yet hoped, hoped for the sake of the flag we still carried, and our proud name among them, that some plan would be devised by which *we* at least, might be made an exception in the re-organization of the army, for eastern campaigning, on a veteran basis. But gradually the newer regiments took the places of the veteran organizations, the 72d and 81st Illinois being thrown into proximity with us, the non-veterans left for the north as the leave of the veterans

expired, and we were out in the cold, beyond a preadventure. We thought, in our pique, that the banner had something to do with it ; that it was designed to reorganize us out to regain that, as they dared not hope to get it in any other way, since we were as well able to keep it by drilling and regimental superiority as we had been to gain it. In fact, no regiment had the temerity to challenge us to a contest for it. But while many still think there was such a design, others have long ago relinquished the idea, and doubtless for good reasons.

During the rest of our stay upon the Big Black, our duties were without any very noteworthy incidents. Occasionally a flag of truce would come in, and our officers would go out to meet it, and confer with the bearers. Once an ambulance train was sent out under a flag of truce for some of our men who were wounded on the Meridian raid, and had been paroled. Our pickets were fired on a few times, and we had a scare or two, with the usual number of rumors of every kind known to soldiers in the face of the enemy. John Fitzgerald, of company G, was mortally wounded in camp ; a circus came out and tried the experiment of a performance for the benefit of soldiers alone, with but meagre success ; the Colonel's horse got loose and skedaddled across the "spittoon" bridge, as a rebel woman called it, into Dixie, in spite of all efforts to stop him ; a few deserters came in, and police, drawing rations, Surgeon's call, picket, and dress parade, made up the rest.

At last, on the 5th of April, Col. Scott came to our regimental headquarters, in person, having previously sent for the banner and been refused, with a detail and a written order for the proud "Excelsior Banner," which we had so nobly won. The order set forth that, as we were no longer in the 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, etc., we would surrender the flag as the property of the Division, to the proper officer, upon his receipting for it, which the Colonel did, and Major Mann relinquished it to him, much as a mother says "good by" to a son at parting. This assured our fate, and was really the first thing addressed to us, that officially did so.

Of the subsequent history of the flag we know but this: On one or two occasions during the Atlanta campaign, the 78th Ohio undertook to carry it, but the 20th, 31st and 45th Illinois would not permit it, as that regiment had never won it, and had no right to carry it; that is, they made so much sport of the 78th that they were glad to deposit it at headquarters, and let it alone. After the war, being desirous of having it present at our first re-union, at Kewanee, General Howe sent a request to General Leggett, to send it to him, and he would be responsible for its return. General Leggett promptly sent the following reply: "That during the Atlanta campaign his tent was captured, together with his uniform and the 'Excelsior flag.'" So our regiment was the only one that ever carried it, and was thereby alone entitled to the proud distinction of the "Excelsior"

regiment, which it ever retained, while the banner, as a trophy of war, may have done duty in many ways in rebel hands.

As soon as the banner was obtained, the non-veterans of the whole division, Colonel Scott in command, left for Vicksburg and Cairo, on the cars, their objective point being Chattanooga and northern Georgia, under Sherman. Braver men and braver officers were not in the service than those of our old brigade, division and army corps. How longingly and lovingly we followed them in our memories and prayers. And when one after another fell, with the gallant McPherson (July 22d, 1864) at their head, we mourned them as though they had fallen by our side in the strife. Within a few hours we too were on the move for Vicksburg, taking with us all our lumber, with the evident intention of staying awhile and making ourselves comfortable. We were now officially informed that we were assigned to garrison duty in the city and Post of Vicksburg, with Gen. J. A. Maltby commanding brigade. We went into camp on a hill somewhat in the rear of the city hospital, on ground previously occupied by the 30th Illinois, and in the course of a day or two were quite comfortable again.

On the 12th of April Col. Howe returned from home, and was received as usual, with marks of respect and confidence, by the regiment, and called out to make a speech. The boys soon settled down into their routine of duty, which for the present was mostly picket, as the

colored troops, of which there were several regiments in the city, had been hitherto called upon for fatigue, and the 72d Illinois were on provost duty. It was always deeply interesting to us to picket the line of our old approaches to the works, and guard our historic spots, and our picket line at this time was mainly the line of the old rebel breastworks.

On the 16th of April the officers' mess got up a fishing party, and having obtained a detail of a mule team, started out in force to capture the denizens of some of the contiguous waters. It is now remembered that Chaplain Howard, who was then running the mess, and made some pretensions to piscatorial skill, was in the lead, and that Captains Kendall and Griffith, Adj't. Smith and Serg't. Maj. Richards were of the party. Who the others were is not remembered, though it is believed Captains Field and Stafford were along. The first point made was Long Lake, on the Yazoo bottom, being contiguous to the historic Chickasaw Bayou, where Gen. Sherman was defeated in December, 1862. Armed with fishing tackle enough to fill the wagon with fish, and plenty of bait, we expected some sport. But upon reaching the waters we found the "gar" so plenty that it was almost impossible to sink a baited hook below them, and after feeding them an hour or two, we gave it up in disgust, only one of the party succeeding in capturing a fish other than a "gar." Capt. Griffith caught one small perch, a sorry specimen, truly, for the officers' mess of the "hundred and two dozen," and we knew no way as

anglers to help ourselves. At this juncture some one, probably a teamster, told us that some men were catching catfish at the mouth of Steele's Bayou, just across the Yazoo, and to the bank of that river we went. Leaving our team we ferried over, found the fishermen, and speedily interviewed them. They had fish in plenty, a car full, as they called the sunken box where they kept them. We went and looked at them. They were fine fish, ranging all the way from five to a hundred pounds. But they wanted a shilling a pound for them, live weight. Twelve and a half cents a pound for catfish, when the river was full of them! But we bought one weighing forty pounds, at last, and were about to start back when some one asked them what they would take for the "run of the lines." That promised a little sport. A little fishing after all. It seemed they had quite recently run four of their lines, of which they had five, so they offered to take five dollars, which the boys readily promised to give, and were off for the sport. The Adjutant, with Kendall and Griffith, was in a separate boat, while the Chaplain was in with the fishermen who did the work. The four lines were run with but little success. Perhaps two small fish of ten or twelve pounds apiece was all. And then the fisherman was going to stop. It would be of no use to run the other. There was nothing on it. It was some ways off. It was baited for "buffalo" fish, etc. But the boys had no idea of being put off so. A bargain was a bargain. And he wisely yielded to our mild persuasions, and proceeded

to line No. 5. Soon a fine catfish was caught weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds, and then a smaller one, and the men felt that they were slightly ahead, while the fisher's face was correspondingly blank. But the feature of the entertainment was yet to come. Directly a nervous jerk or two indicated another fish, and of a large size. Expectation, which had risen on tip toe, as the downward "chug" continued, soon became wild, as the fisherman, who had caught a glimpse of the leviathan in the muddy water, sung out, "he is not fast; he is not fast, and I have no gaff-hook with me; has anybody a pistol to shoot him with?" The Adjutant said, "I have," and coming closer with his boat, and cocking his pistol, was ready to fire, while every eye was strained upon the surging line. Another lift and the fisherman called out, "he is fast; he is fast," and soon he was a struggling, floundering mass of about seventy pounds of catfish among us in the boat, and we were exultant. The reason why he had said he was not fast was, that getting a glimpse of him at first, in the muddy water, and of an eel nearer to the main line than he, he had thought the eel was on the hook instead of the catfish, which was true, as the eel had first taken the bait and was hooked, while the catfish had then taken the eel. But the latter had objected so decidedly to being swallowed, that he had run out through the catfish's gills, and then taken a hitch or two around the standing line above, tying up Mr. Catfish as securely as though he had been strung by the fisherman. We now had our

money's worth of sport, besides our surplus fish, and a big yarn, and went home satisfied. As for the fisherman, the sport and excitement of so novel an occurrence, more than made him amends for the loss he sustained in his bargain. The pure fisherman had triumphed over the mercenary features of the transaction.

While taking tea in 1878 at his own home with a Captain, who was with us on that fishing excursion, his wife said, "Of all my husband's army stories, there is but one which I feel inclined to doubt, and that is about a big catfish and an eel which he says they caught." Interrupting her, I said, "Perhaps you will let me tell the story and see if he has stretched it. We have not met for years, and there can be no collusion between us." So I told it substantially as related here, and when I had finished, she simply remarked, "I will believe John now."

On the 19th of April we received a visit from Col. Sloan. He had been out to see us before, first coming to camp on the 10th, and having been in Vicksburg since that time. And there had been a great deal of talk about his status and intentions. Some said he was reinstated, and it was feared such might be the case. But when he came this day, and the officers, at his request, were called together, he frankly told us that he could not be reinstated except by our consent, for which he was then a suppliant. Just what the reasons were, or who had given them, we do not remember, but we

knew we should soon be entitled to a Colonel, as recruits were expected, and so entertained the matter very seriously, giving an emphatic protest, with two or three exceptions, against his return. Several hours were spent in the discussion of the matter, and it caused a great deal of feeling, but that discussion closed up this case forever. The Colonel never returned to us again.

This was the most trying April we spent in the service. Not having chimneys, as on the Big Black, it required quite an effort, very frequently, to keep comfortable in camp. Allaire says of the 9th: "This day has been one of the most disagreeably cold, and we have no fire; windy, and we have eyes, so we have dust. Like many others, it has been spent entirely for one purpose, keeping comfortable, and with ill success." On the 24th we were all shivering, and one man attracted considerable sympathetic attention, if he did not quite succeed in setting a new fashion, by going about with his blanket on. The wind blew "*tremendously*" several days, as our diaries have it, and it was colder than February, on the Meridian raid.

During this month, Reece was acting Assistant Quartermaster for the non-veteran camp of the 17th Army Corps, and superintended the removal of all its camp and garrison equipage to Cairo, Illinois, remaining with it till the return of the veterans, and the eve of their departure for the field. All the non-veterans, and every mule and wagon belonging to the Army Corps, were

sent up the river on one boat, "a three decker tub," as Reece called it, by order of Ass't. Adj't., Gen. Col. Wm. T. Clark, of General McPherson's staff. Upon being remonstrated with, he swelled up and said, they should all go on that boat if it sunk it, and go they did; though they had to land twice to let the soldiers air themselves and clean the boat. If Colonel Clark had been along he would never have given another order. This is related here more particularly in view of the lamentable sinking of the "Sultana," some months later, from the same cause. That and this were simply "damnable," as more than one soldier expressed it.

Upon reaching Columbus, Kentucky, after a long and tedious trip, with most of the boys on deck, we noticed a great commotion in the town, and upon landing, were informed that Forrest was in the rear, and they expected him to attack them every hour, therefore we must disembark and assist them. Col. Scott and several other officers concluded to reconnoitre first, Reece being of the number, and upon riding over the hills, were soon met by scouts, who reported Forrest in full retreat. He doubtless thought all Grant's army was on that one boat, from its appearance, and hastened to get away. Reece says, that of all mud he saw in the service, that at Cairo was the worst, and the teamsters were all glad to get away from it. "No bottom," with a mule team, was not an altogether pleasant thing.

On the 20th of April, eighty-five recruits reached Vicksburg for our regiment, and most of our recruiting detail returned. Company D had received nine recruits in December, 1863, but these were the fruits of our own effort, and were mostly from among old acquaintances and friends ; hence their coming was hailed with delight. They were enlisted for particular companies, and were immediately assigned to them, giving their ranks an appearance somewhat like the olden time.

By this time the new defences of Vicksburg were in such a state of forwardness, or completion, that we began to feel quite secure. The line was continuous, with heavy batteries occurring at important points, among which batteries Castle, Grant, and Sherman, were especially strong and prominent. The line was very much shorter than the old rebel line, and in case of an attack, could be manned quicker by reason of its nearness, and held by a much smaller force.

Following, legitimately, upon the completion of the defences of Vicksburg, the Post of the Big Black was evacuated April 28th. and the troops that could be spared, were dispatched to other localities, many of them to Red river, under General Banks, thus materially reducing the force in the vicinity of the city.

The command of Vicksburg was changed about this time, General H. W. Slocum, of New York, being assigned to it, and on the 30th of April, after dress parade, we proceeded, as a regiment, to pay our

respects to him, at his headquarters, and were courteously received. After leaving Post Headquarters, we repaired to General McArthur's, and gave him a complimentary call, which he seemed to appreciate very highly. And so closed April, 1864, with us in a new organization, and settled down in Vicksburg, with a prospect of remaining there indefinitely.

CHAPTER XVI.

Off on a scout.—Benton.—Skirmishing.—Vaughan's Station.—Yazoo City.—Back the 21st.—Sergeant Hanes died.—Reece back.—In a well.—Bigelow Quartermaster.—Military execution.—Howe's address.—Off to Jackson July 1st.—Back the 9th.—Sanford mortally wounded.—Inspected by Gen. Dana.—Col. Howe home on leave.—Political speaking.—Respects to Gen. Dana.—Grand Review.—On the "Shenango."—Mess running on the boat.—White river.—Off for Memphis.

ON THE 2d of May we moved our camp to a position near the cemetery, just north of the valley road, and nearer the city than we had been before, where it remained till October. We had just succeeded in making ourselves comfortable, when marching orders were received, and on the 4th we left on what proved to be an eighteen days' scout. We moved at half-past six, as rear guard, and found ourselves in a brigade with the 11th and 72d Illinois, Colonel Coats, of the 11th, commanding, with General McArthur in command of the expedition. The weather was warm, and the roads were dusty, making our march of twenty-two miles very hard upon the men. We gained only about sixteen

miles by our march of twenty-two, on account of making a detour toward the Big Black, and then west again, and our camp was some distance in the rear of our command. The next day we started as soon as light, rejoined our brigade, and marched twenty-five miles, getting into camp before night. Our cavalry skirmished some during the day, but we had no trouble, except from a cane-brake. We passed through the dilapidated town of Mechanicsburg, a strange name for a southern hamlet, where there are no mechanics, and every other man is a doctor. We were played and sung to sleep at night by a rebel girl's performance at a piano, her principal tune being the "bonnie blue flag." If Miss Celia Lester (or the lady who used to bear that name) should ever read this history, she may recall the occurrence.

On the 6th we marched about seventeen miles and camped by a creek. The principal feature of the day was the capture of five rebels by a squad of our cavalry. They had been stationed there to capture stragglers, and came very near taking one of General McArthur's staff, our cavalry coming up just in time to capture the captors. Some of the way to-day our men foraged quite extensively, as we were where the Yankees had never been before. Chickens were plenty in camp at night. We were off at four, the morning of the 7th; heard shelling at half-past nine, and soon were in line of battle, and ordered to load. Shortly after we advanced through Benton, where the enemy had made a stand, and were shelling as we came up. We marched through by the

flank, in quick time, and formed in line of battle again, in the rear of Bolton's battery. Skirmishers were thrown out, and the enemy fell back. After advancing a short distance and finding them gone, we filed out into the Lexington road and followed them about four miles, returning and encamping about half a mile east of Benton, in an orchard. Lieut. Pomeroy, of the 72d, was mortally wounded by a shell, and one of the 7th Ohio battery was killed at Benton. The enemy left two dead upon the field. One of our shells dismounted a rebel piece by breaking the axle, and they drew it off by a rope round the gun, dragging it four miles in the dirt. We also captured a rebel courier, with dispatches from Lee to Adj't. Gen. Cooper, who rode right up to our men without knowing we were there.

The 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th we remained in camp while our cavalry were off toward Black river, and elsewhere, though a little skirmishing in the afternoon of the 9th, threw us into line of battle for about half an hour, and finally moved us half a mile to a more pleasant camp, near the 7th Ohio battery. Some rebels were seen across a ploughed field near us, and in close proximity to a building of some kind. Upon investigation it was found to contain corn, which explained their presence, and Adj't Smith and Orderly Campbell, of company H, burnt it. One gun of the 7th Ohio battery was taken out to the picket lines, and shelled the woods quite extensively on the 11th.

On the 12th our regiment made a reconnoissance to the east about eight miles, with artillery and cavalry, evidently seeking for a fight, or on a wild goose chase. There was a good deal of grumbling at Gen. McArthur among the boys. Our cavalry went on farther to the Big Black, and we waited for their return. Then we moved north awhile, and finally returned to camp at Benton, tired, dirty, and complaining. After getting to bed, orders came to march at five the next morning, with three days rations and one team. That made the boys all mad. They could see no sense in it. But we started betimes the 13th, after seeing our train and sick men off for Yazoo City. Our route was on the Lexington road for a time, and then diverged toward Vaughan's Station. About nine o'clock our cavalry came up with the rebels and had a heavy skirmish with them in an open field, which soon involved the artillery and infantry, and the enemy retreated. Capt. Starr, of the colored cavalry, was mortally wounded. About noon the enemy made another stand, which brought us all into line again, with our skirmishers engaged. We advanced about two miles, some of the time under fire from their shells, and occasionally seeing a dead rebel, until it appeared they had fled, and then went into camp near the house of a Dr. Frost, a Surgeon in the 30th Mississippi. He was at home upon our approach, having been wounded at Chickamauga, but chose to leave with Adams, despite his wounds, rather than be captured by us. We had marched about sixteen miles this

day, and as we learned afterwards, had punished the enemy considerably, their dead being hidden away in houses as we passed, only to be brought out when their scare was over. Three were in one house. Just after sunset a few rebels came to the edge of the woods and fired into one part of our camp, but they were soon chased away.

The morning of the 14th we had inspection of cartridge boxes, and a part of the cavalry, with the 11th Illinois, started at five o'clock, to burn the railroad bridge over the Big Black, north of Canton. But they found the enemy too strongly posted, and returned without accomplishing their mission, after losing three men. The rest of us started at seven, and marched to Deasonville, where we waited for the 11th to join us, and then returned to our camp at Benton, having marched twelve miles. The next day we marched to Yazoo City very easily, and encamped on the bluffs above the town. Found the "Autocrat" and two other vessels belonging to the Marine Brigade there, and proceeded to draw rations.

The 16th and 17th we remained in camp, and saw the court house and many other buildings burnt. We put our sick and foot-sore on the boats and started for Vicksburg the morning of the 18th, going into camp at Liverpool Heights, fifteen miles below, but having gone five miles out of our way to get there.

The 19th we marched seventeen miles down the valley road, passing through the used-up village of Sar-

tartia. The 20th we made sixteen miles more, reaching Haines' Bluff, and the 21st we arrived at our old camp in Vicksburg again, having been gone eighteen days, and accomplished very little.

The 27th of May Sergeant James Hanes, of company B, died, and was buried the same day. He was a favorite in his company, and beloved by all who knew him, and his funeral was the largest and most solemn ever attended in the regiment. We lost some brave men by sickness during the summer of 1864, but for the most part the regiment was healthy, all having learned better how to take care of themselves, our exposure not being as great as the previous season, and the men being partially acclimated. A reference to the roster at the end of this volume will furnish all mortality statistics.

Soon after we returned from our scout, Reece returned from his Illinois service. But he was not permitted to more than shake hands with us before he was detached again by order of Gen. Maltby, as Brigade Quartermaster, and entered upon his duties at brigade headquarters, some distance from the regiment. Having an invitation to take tea with us soon after leaving, he met with an adventure which was at once ridiculous and grave. The nearest way from brigade headquarters to the regiment was through a ravine near the base of the bluffs, where troops had been in camp earlier in the season, and had dug several wells, which were partially hidden by the vegetation which had sprung up since

they left. Starting on horseback to fulfill his engagement, in full uniform, he proceeded as usual till he came to the ravine, where he found a squad of colored troops drilling. His horse shied at some movement made, and jumping to one side, disappeared in one of these wells, rider and all. Having extricated his feet from the stirrups, providentially, when the horse stopped he found himself standing on its head, and just able to reach the grass above him. The negroes seeing him disappear in such a way, hastened to the rescue, and soon had him on terra firma uninjured, but plus a heavy coat of mud. Then they sent to headquarters and procured picks, spades and ropes, and after "sapping" the well, succeeded in extricating the horse without damage, greatly to the surprise of all. "But," says Reece, "I did not wish to repeat the performance, and I lost my supper."

When brigade headquarters were moved to the city, as they subsequently were, and it became apparent that all things were to continue as they were running for some length of time, Reece requested Col. Howe to appoint Lieut. Bigelow as Regimental Quartermaster, which was done, and he so served us till March following. (after we left Vicksburg,) when Reece returned to the regiment; 2d Lieut. W. F. Dodge meantime commanding company A.

For the next few weeks nothing transpired worthy of mention. We did no drilling for two reasons: we did not need it, save the recruits, and there was but little opportunity. We were on picket daily, and did

some fatigue, but June, 1864, was an uneventful month to the "Hundred and two dozen." A ripple was created on the 24th by a military execution, which many of us witnessed. A colored soldier who had murdered his wife, was shot in the presence of a vast concourse of people, soldiers and others, on our drill and review ground, south of the city. He seemed not to believe he was to be shot, but regarded it all as an immense joke to the last. He was shot sitting on his coffin, and was pierced by five balls, expiring almost instantly.

On the 26th of June, the anniversary of the "Slaughter pen" in Fort Hill, Col. Howe issued the following address :

" HEADQUARTERS 124TH ILL. INF'TY,
VICKSBURG, MISS., June 26, 1864.

"Officers and Soldiers :

"I deem it fit and proper to make note and mention that this is the anniversary of a day never to be forgotten by you—a day which will live in history—and of which you may well be proud—the day of the assault by you upon Fort Hill, the bulwark of the rebel defenses of Vicksburg.

"Consecrated by the blood of your heroic comrades, who nobly fell in that deadly contest of fire and blood, as well as by the steady, dauntless valor of all engaged, it has shed untarnished and enduring lustre upon your fame and prowess as American soldiers.

"Cherishing the memory of our fallen brothers, emulating their patriotic devotion to the cause of Freedom

and good government, let us strive to maintain the reputation you this day won, and by the blessing of Him who rules the destinies of Nations, may its next return witness the final overthrow of a wicked and causeless rebellion—the complete restoration of the government over all the land, and a glorious and honorable peace, nobly and honorably won!

“J. H. HOWE.

Lieut. Col. Commanding.”

During most of the month of June, Col. Howe was in command of the brigade, in the absence of General Maltby, while Major Mann was in command of the regiment.

July 1st the regiment started on what we termed the Jackson expedition, under General Slocum, and did not return until the 9th. The details of this week of our history are singularly wanting, as for some cause not one of those whose diaries are relied upon were present. The Chaplain remained in camp on account of the sickness and expected death of some who wished him with them. The Hospital Steward, Allaire, was ordered to remain in charge of the hospital; Snedeker was home on furlough, and Reece was on detached service. Col. Howe was in command of the regiment again, but unlike his usual practice, kept no diary on the expedition, and leaving for home immediately on our return, wrote us letters covering it. It appears that we encamped on the Big Black the first night, near our old camping ground, the men being greatly exhausted from the heat,

but from some cause we did not reach Clinton till the 4th. As usual the enemy was found here, and our pickets to the east were soon driven in with some loss. Rallying, however, they in return drove the rebels, and occupied their stations. On the 5th the 124th had the lead, and pushed the enemy ahead slowly till about eleven o'clock, when a rebel battery of four Napoleon guns opened upon us, and a flank movement was executed to dislodge them. This was entirely successful, though a few of our force were wounded. Our men suffered greatly from the extreme heat, but we pushed on and occupied Jackson that night, going into camp near Pearl river. The next morning our regiment was detailed to destroy a bridge across the river which was in process of construction, and accomplished our work by noon, though not without considerable opposition and some loss. Immediately thereafter we started for home, with bands playing and banners flying, as though we had nothing more to fear or to do. But about three miles out we were brought to a sudden halt by the fire of two masked batteries, one in our front and the other upon our right flank. The first shot came near unhorsing Col. Howe. We moved into a piece of woods which was exposed to the rebel fire, while the 46th Illinois, under Col. Dornblazer, and other portions of the command were more immediately engaged, some of them with considerable loss. We remained in this position all night, lying on our arms, and the next morning renewed the engagement, the 124th leading, and soon

routed the enemy, who retreated in great haste. Our train had been in considerable peril in this affair, and at one time we expected to suffer material loss. As it was, our killed and wounded were said to be about 300 men, among whom were Horatio G. Sanford, of company A, who died July 17th, and Serg't. James M. Griffith, of company I. The name of the affair was Jackson Cross Roads, and the enemy were, in part at least, under the command of General Gholson. On our return from Alabama, in 1865, we had him for a traveling companion through Mississippi, and he expressed himself in terms of high admiration of the gallantry of our forces, and of chagrin at their failure to "gobble us up," which they confidently expected to do. He lost a hand in the affair by a shot from one of our guns. Our Color Sergeants, Wesley S. Stokes, of company I, and James H. Hodges, of company K, bore themselves with such bravery, that Col. Howe specially complimented them for it.

Capt. Field, who was present, inserts the following when revising the manuscript:

"While in this piece of woods, through which the rebel artillery were frequently firing their whizzing missiles, several stirring scenes were witnessed—some decidedly laughable, but some as decidedly otherwise. A few 'colored gentlemen,' cooks, or officers' servants, were with our forces, who were by no means fond of flying cannon shot. One of these darkies was large, awkward, and wore an enormous white linen duster. He was

anxious to get through the woods, or at least to some portion farther west, and was watching his chances between shots, seeming to conclude, as well he might, that the rebels were making his great white coat a special mark for target practice, and that the day of final reckoning with *him* was close at hand. As this interesting gentleman was jumping from tree to tree, trying to dodge the big balls, and had just taken refuge behind an unusually large one, looking out first to one side, and then the other, with a terribly puzzled and distressed looking countenance, a cannon shot, with a horrid noise, came tearing through the limbs and bushes, when the darky sprang out to one side, then, expecting to be hit if he went that way, back to the other, and when about half way between two large trees, the ball cutting off a large limb over his head, in an instant, as for dear life, he fell flat on his belly, with arms and legs widely spread out, and white coat covering about a square rod of ground. But *as soon* as he decided that he was not killed, he sprang to his astonished feet, and disappeared in far less time than it takes to tell it.

While we were lying here, the rebels, in plain sight, moved forward quite a force of infantry, in line of battle, with right flank toward us, within easy cannon range; but as we had no artillery at hand, the opportunity of tearing their beautiful lines to pieces, was lost. A mounted rebel sharp-shooter also appeared suddenly from behind a house, some twenty rods from our regiment, took a hasty survey of the scene before him, drew up his gun

and fired a shot amongst us, and was out of sight before one of our men was quick enough to bring him down, though several shots were sent *after* him. Fortunately his shot hit no one, though it was a wonder."

Capt. Griffith of Co. I, always ready for a joke, says of the teamsters in the moment of their greatest peril, while driving over an exposed portion of the road: "It was wonderful how their language changed. Instead of swearing at their mules, as was their custom, when they came there they said, 'Now, good mulies, come, good mulies, get up, wont you; now do, please,' but the moment they were by, they cracked their whips as of old, and said, 'Now, d—n you, *get up*'." Our boys all felt sore over this scout. It was a new phase of war for them, for though they did not retreat in the face of the foe, they accomplished nothing worthy of their courage and skill, and could extract very little from it that was flattering to their prowess or patriotism.

Gen. Slocum, during this action, though several times exposed, behaved with remarkable coolness and gallantry.

On the 23d of July we had a day so cool that Dr. Jassoy came to breakfast with his overcoat on, and we all shivered for the want of a fire in our mess tent. Nothing else transpired out of the usual routine till the 29th, when we were inspected by a strange and fine looking officer, and soon found him to be Maj. Gen. N. J. T. Dana. All sorts of rumors were afloat regarding his presence with us, and our future; but we soon set-

tled down into our accustomed quiet upon learning that Gen. Slocum had been relieved, and Gen. Dana had been assigned to the command of Vicksburg.

On the 13th of August Col. Howe returned from his leave of absence, and about the same time we began to be somewhat excited politically, Lincoln having been re-nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans, and McClellan nominated by the Democrats. All the citizens of Vicksburg, with one exception, as far as we knew, were in sympathy with the Democrats, and ardently desired the election of McClellan. That exception was a gentleman by the name of Mygatt, a local Methodist minister, and one who figured quite extensively in Vicksburg for a time.

On the 24th of September the feeling culminated in a mass meeting at regimental headquarters, which was reported by Maj. Mann for the *Aurora Beacon*, as follows:

FROM THE 124TH.

“VICKSBURG, MISS., Sept. 26.

“*Editors Beacon*:—Although we are “away down South in Dixie,” and shut out, in a great measure, from participation in the great political contest now going on at the North; and although we have exchanged the wide awake torchlight of 1860, for the sabre and bayonet of 1864, and fought over many bloody fields the traitor enemies of our country, far from friends, and wives and little ones and homes, yet we have not lost a whit of our interest in all these loved objects, nor forgotten our obligations and duties as citizens, nor abated

one jot in our determination to overthrow all the traitor enemies of free institutions, under whatever garb or disguise. And our copperhead traitors at home having deprived us of the privilege of doing this in a quiet way with the ballot, we are more determined than ever to do it with the bullet and bayonet. And although as soldiers we earnestly desire peace, we here resolve on the ground of our battles and our toils, that Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and Honest Abe shall be our peace commissioners, instead of Vallandigham, Seymour, Pendleton and McClellan. With these sentiments glowing in the breast of nearly every "soldier boy," the old 124th, on the evening of the 24th instant, with Gen. Maltby's brigade band at their head, organized themselves into an impromptu mass meeting, before the regimental headquarters, and called out Col. J. H. Howe to perform the dissecting process upon the body of modern copperhead Democracy, which he did in splendid style, in an earnest, able and patriotic speech of near two hours' length, discussing the issues now before the American people, smashing the Chicago platform to splinters, cutting McClellan's letter into ribbons, and exposing the hypocrisy and treason of the so-called peace party.

"At the close of the Colonel's speech the following resolutions were adopted with a rousing cheer, with only one dissenting voice, followed with the "Star Spangled Banner" by the band, when Chaplain Howard being called out, made a few patriotic remarks, defining his political

faith, and the meeting closed with a deep feeling against those who have disfranchised their defenders.

Yours, ADIN MANN."

"Resolved, That we regard the recent Convention at Chicago, which nominated George B. McClellan for the Presidency, as an assemblage of mercenary, plotting traitors, no less guilty of moral treason than those who are in arms against the government, and seeking its overthrow and destruction. That they are less entitled to our respect than those in arms, inasmuch as they are wanting in courage and manhood to go into the field like men, and vindicate the principles they avow.

"Resolved, That we regard the platform adopted by that Convention as a craven-hearted and cowardly surrender of the government to its wicked enemies—a base betrayal of the holiest cause for which men ever drew the sword, and an open insult to our brave comrades who have fallen in defense of the Union.

"Resolved, That having been long separated from our homes and friends, to the sacrifice of our business, property, and all we hold dear on earth except our country, we most ardently desire peace, and should hail its return with inexpressible joy and gratitude—but such peace must be a just, honorable, and permanent one, predicated upon the unconditional restoration of the Union, indemnity for the government, and submission to its authority throughout the land; and no propositions

should be made or entertained which should not clearly embrace these terms.

“*Resolved*, That having borne the flag of our country on many a weary march, and amid the smoke and thunder of battle, we can never consent to see it trailed in the dust at the feet of traitors, and we can never consent to sue for peace at the feet of an enemy who began this war without a cause, who has waged it for unholy purposes, and whose hands are red with the blood of our countrymen—an enemy whom we have beaten and driven into the last ditch, where he will be overwhelmed and destroyed in a brief period, if the people are true to themselves and their country, and sustain like men their brethren in the field.”

“*Resolved*, That the shortest and surest road to honorable and permanent peace, is through a vigorous prosecution of the war; and to that end the army should be largely increased, and its ranks kept filled; and our enemies thus speedily overwhelmed by superior numbers, instead of being allowed to prolong a bloody and cruel war year after year, by equal numbers employed against them. That all true men who are worthy of a good government are willing to fight for it, and those who are unwilling to do so should be compelled to, as all who share in the benefits of the government are also bound to share its burdens, and if necessary take up arms in its defense.”

“*Resolved*, That we should regard a change in the administration of the government at this time as a change

of front in the face of the enemy ; always difficult of execution and perilous to be attempted, as likely to break our lines and throw us into confusion, at a time when we should present an unbroken front to the foe."

Resolved, That we are deeply grateful to the noble and patriotic women of the loyal States, for their devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty and the Union, in the hour of its peril ; and we assure them that they shall never need defenders so long as the 'boys in blue' can draw a sword or fix a bayonet ; but we most earnestly ask of them that they see to it that the race of the traitors who are seeking to destroy the Union, and the sneaks and cowards who will not fight for it, be not perpetuated on the earth."

Resolved, That we do not worship at the shrine of any man or party, and that we repudiate the whole brood of political politicians and army speculators, who are only seeking their own advantage and profit, and who are fattening upon the miseries and sorrows of their country, but we will strike hands with and sustain all who are contending earnestly and disinterestedly for the restoration of the Union, and the salvation of the country, wherever they are found."

"Entertaining these views, we are in favor of the platform of principles adopted at the Baltimore Union Convention, and the re-election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States."

In this connection it may be as well to insert the following from the Vicksburg *Herald*, expressing the political status of our regiment, at the time the Ohio soldiers voted :

“At a vote taken in the 124th regiment, Illinois infantry, the ‘Excelsior’ regiment of the old 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, and a regiment which presents one of the finest organizations of Illinois troops, the following was the result: Whole number of votes cast, 516—for Abraham Lincoln, 502; for George B. McClellan, 14. If there is another regiment outside the veteran organizations which can beat this vote for Uncle Abraham, we would like to hear from it.”

And still we jogged along in the service, doing little but picket duty. The Marine Brigade had been disbanded, as such, and put on shore as infantry. Some of these refused to do duty and were arrested, but after a little, submitted. And now on dress parade an order was read assigning us with them to a certain portion of the fortifications in case of attack, of which there were continual rumors. The 5th United States Heavy Artillery, colored, under Col. Leib, was assigned to its portion of the works, and one night a scare was gotten up for drill purposes, and the old Marine Brigade, with the 5th United States, colored, were hurried into the works as though Vicksburg depended upon their celerity and valor, but we were permitted to sleep through it all. On the 25th of September we paid our respects to Gen-

eral Dana, at his headquarters, and on the 27th he reviewed all the white troops belonging to the Post, despite a heavy shower that fell just as we were going to the review ground, and so passed our time till October 13th.

Meantime the air had been full of rumors of service in the field, as usual, and on the 12th we had been ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march, at a minute's notice. But no orders to start came till after six o'clock the evening of the 13th, when we packed up light, leaving our tents standing, went down town at ten o'clock, and embarked on the stern-wheeler, "Shenango," bound up the river. We had heard we were to go to Missouri, to chase Price, and then home in November, to vote ; but all these pleasant anticipations were dissipated by the announcement that our destination was the mouth of White river, in Arkansas, where a large force was collecting to operate against Marmaduke, under General Pleasonton, General Dennis' division having recently gone there. We seemed to be alone, and got off at last a little past one o'clock the morning of the 14th. All the forenoon of that day we lay at Paw Paw Island, wooding, where some of our boys had a little difficulty that they will not soon forget, for the apprehensions it gave them. In the afternoon a white crane that was hard pressed by two eagles took refuge on the boat, says Snedeker, and the boys caught it.

The officers ate two meals on the boat, at seventy-five cents each, when they concluded the fare was too poor

and the price too steep to endure it. So the officers' mess was set to running on board, much to the disgust of the steward of the boat. He offered to do better, but his day of boarding grace was past, and we preferred Dodge to anything he could do.

The morning of the 16th, which was Sunday, we tied up at the mouth of White river, Arkansas, at three o'clock, and lay till sunrise, when we debarked, stacked arms, and got our breakfast. During the day we saw the "Baltic" and "Nebraska" come in loaded with troops from Morganza, and the "T. E. Tutt," loaded with cavalry from up the river, which, added to the forces already there, made quite an army. We went on board the "Shenango" at night to sleep, and expected to go up White river, from that movement, as boats were going up loaded. But about one o'clock the next morning we were ordered off in a hurry, as some other regiment wanted her, and we rather liked the move, thinking, perhaps, the steward had had something to do with it, because we did not patronize him. Soon after sunrise we were moved half a mile back from the river, and went into camp, while the "Shenango" loaded up with some other regiment, and was off for Des Arc, or some point above. During the day the 29th Illinois arrived, and among other regiments we saw the 161st New York. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could, protecting against the sun and dew with brush, and awaited developments. Before night we were ordered to be ready to embark on the

"Colonel Cowles," for White river, at five o'clock the next morning.

The 18th, reveille beat at forty minutes past three, and at five we were moving into the "Colonel Cowles" according to orders, fully satisfied that the interior of Arkansas, much as we disliked it, was to be our destination for a time. The officers ate breakfast on the boat, finding the fare better than on the "Shenango," and the Quartermaster was just finishing his loading preparatory to a start, with steam up, when we saw a fine steamer coming down the river light, and with great speed. As she drew near we were all interested in two things: that she was about to land, and there were no passengers or troops on board of her. As soon as the plank was out, she communicated with headquarters, and immediately an Aid came dashing up, and ordered us from the "Colonel Cowles" onto the stranger—the "T. L. McGill," for Memphis. Forest and Chalmers were threatening them there, and they had sent for relief. The 76th Illinois was thrown on board with us, and at twenty-five minutes past eleven A. M., we were on our way up the Father of Waters, immensely thankful for the scare, since it had changed our destination. The 8th and 11th Illinois, and the 30th Missouri followed on the "Baltic," and the sick were put on the "Nebraska" for the same place, to keep them with their respective commands. This was one of the strangest moves of our history, and occasioned no little specula-

tion. "What does it all mean?" was in everybody's mouth. The afternoon, and the run at high speed, were most delightful. The river was full of wild geese and ducks, and we passed enormous flocks of pelicans, which contributed to keep our excitement very high, and when we lay down to sleep at a late hour, after passing Helena, the changes of the day, and the wild anticipations for the morrow almost forbade our rest.

CHAPTER XVII.

Memphis.—Fort Pickering and box cars.—Guarding wood choppers.—An alarm.—Lieut. Spear sick.—Off on the "Magenta."—Capt. Kendall left behind.—Report at White river.—On to Vicksburg.—Ran into the bank.—Home again.—Relieve the 72d.—Guard mounting.—58th Ohio with us.—72d leave.—Move into their camp.—Provost duty.—Lincoln re-elected.—"*Feu de joie*."—Whisky and pistols.—A jubilee.—Chaplain Calahan.—A noble record.—Women in trade.—Sword presentation.—Closed the year with a funeral.—Changes.

AT 11:30 A. M., the 19th of October, we reached the badly frightened city of Memphis, to find the scare was over. After sundry reporting we were permitted to land, and marched into Fort Pickering, where we were stowed away in a number of freight cars standing on the track. The officers succeeded in obtaining quarters in a contiguous house, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We found Memphis in a poor condition to withstand an attack, and there was much cause for her fright. The works were totally insufficient, and her force inadequate. The colored troops, of which there were a good many, were not in as high a state of discipline and efficiency as those

at Vicksburg, and could not be relied upon except for numbers and pluck. We had quite an exciting time the morning of the 20th, being aroused at four o'clock, and having battalion drill till daylight. The whole of our new force was in line ; but just what it was for we never found out, unless it was to impress somebody with the consequence of our presence, and the celerity of our movements. The next day we drilled again awhile, in order to keep our blood stirring, as we had nothing else to do. But the 22d we were sent five miles outside to guard wood choppers from rebel depredations. We reached quarters again a little past four, and in the evening had a scare, bringing us all out under arms. But it was a false alarm. We had no chance to do any fighting.

Lieutenant G. A. Spear, of company H, was taken sick while with us here in officers' quarters, and grew rapidly worse. Dr. Kay did all he could for him, but without avail. And when we were ordered on board the "Magenta," on the 24th, having done all we could for Memphis, he was unable to go with us, and determined to go to the officers' hospital. Capt. Kendall started with him, and being delayed some way, the boat swung out and left him. The Captain soon rejoined us, but we never saw Lieut. Spear again. He died in hospital six days after we left.

The "Magenta," on which we were now embarked, was a new and splendid boat, and ran finely, but was so heavily loaded when she reached Memphis, that she

ought not to have received us. As it was, we had to leave our ambulance and one six-mule team for want of room.

We reported at the mouth of White river at one o'clock P. M. on the 25th, and were then ordered to repair immediately to Vicksburg, which was immensely satisfactory to us all. So we did not debark, and our good steamer swung out again with us at 2:20, and proceeded on her way down the river. In the night a very heavy rain and storm came on us, and made it quite lively for a time. The rudder of the boat received some damage, and as a consequence we ran squarely into the bank a few miles above Vicksburg, the evening of the 26th, and were pretty badly scared. It was very dark and the Captain of the boat getting the impression that we were sinking, ordered the women into the "Texas" for safety. That produced a panic among the other passengers, and not a little affected the soldiers. But the pilot had ordered the engines reversed as soon as he saw the danger, so that the shock was very light to what it would have been, and soon finding the boat was not taking water, quiet was restored, and we moved on down as though nothing had happened. We reached Vicksburg at 11 P. M., and marched out to camp at midnight through mud shoe deep. Late as it was, our mail, which had accumulated in our thirteen days absence, had to be distributed, and doubtless for the most part read before retiring. After resting and fixing up one day, the guards and detailed men from the

72d Illinois were relieved by us on the 28th, and it became a fixed fact that we were assigned to provost duty in their place. And so on the 29th day of October we were further initiated into all the mysteries and technicalities of guard mounting, which became our morning pastime every other day, from that time till the 25th of February, 1865.

Associated with us in provost duty was the 58th Ohio, with which we passed the next four months very pleasantly, relieving each other every alternate morning, thus having a day on and a day off duty continuously, for the whole of both regiments.

October 30th the 72d broke camp and embarked on the steamer "Continental." It being our off day, we very generally accompanied them to the boat, parting with them with sincere regrets. They were very nicely fixed for the winter, and left their quarters with a feeling of sadness. But what was their loss was our gain, for the next day we moved into their camp, spreading our tents over their floors and bunks and around their brick chimneys, with which they had taken so much pains. And as there was no one to take our camp, we naturally added our lumber to what they left, which materially improved our condition, making us cook-houses, tables, etc., till we, as soldiers, had but little more to desire. We were also well into the city, so that we had but a short distance to travel. Most of our men and all the officers could come home, some time in the day, for their meals. But while all this was very nice, but few

of us liked provost duty. It was not up to the standard of the proud old "Excelsior" regiment. There was no dash, no honor, no military renown in it. We were but an armed police on our beats all over the city. We were stationed in jails, at refugee quarters, steamboat landings, wood yards, stables and theatres, and had to hover around drinking holes, gambling dens, and brothels. We had to become posted in all the iniquity of the city, patrol all the streets, and come in contact with all its villains, and such a life can but be demoralizing to the average soldier. If we had been permitted to choose, there were very few of our number but would have gladly gone to the front, despite its peril, and the leaving of our comfortable quarters at this season of the year.

On the 9th of November Gen. Morgan L. Smith, formerly Colonel of the 8th Missouri, assumed command of the Post of Vicksburg, which he retained during nearly all the rest of our stay, though Gen. Dana still commanded the District.

On Sunday evening, November 13th, our hearts were gladdened by the intelligence from the North that Lincoln was undoubtedly re-elected, and an extract from a private letter of the 17th, is interesting reading in 1879, when rebel Brigadiers have so nearly captured our government, and we give it place:

"The news grows better and better with every arrival. A two-thirds majority in Congress, a clear majority of the whole electoral vote given to Lincoln, so

as to convince the world, had every State voted, rebels and all, he would still have been elected; Union Governors in New York and Missouri, a Union Senator in the place of Richardson in Illinois, liberty written so high that no copperhead hand can ever reach it to mar its beauty, our long list of Union Generals sustained, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Butler, Farragut, Burnside, Hooker, Dix, Sickles, Hancock, and our own glorious Logan, all of whom were democrats. O, it is good. Our graves have not been dug down here for naught, neither has our blood flowed in vain. Widows can rejoice and orphans smile, while old and young can shout together for joy. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

On the 14th, at five o'clock P. M., a "*feu de joie*" was fired, of 35 guns from each battery in the line of our works, twelve in number, making 420 guns, in honor of our President's re election. We richly enjoyed the republican thunder as the 9, 10, and 11-inch guns roared as if they would split their throats. It was real secesh squelching. The following was the order for it:

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF VICKSBURG,
VICKSBURG, MISS., Nov. 14, 1864.

Circular.]

A National Salute will be fired under direction of Colonel Leib, from the batteries of Fort Grant, at five P. M. to day, to express the joy of the troops at the success of the Union cause in the late Presidential

election, and their great satisfaction at this new proof that the people of this country will stand by the army, till this war is completely fought out and the rebellion entirely crushed.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL N. J. T. DANA.

(Signed) F. W. Fox,

Assistant Adjutant General.

The 16th of November a disgraceful and tragic affair took place at the headquarters of Colonel Osband, of the 3d United States colored cavalry, who was then commanding a brigade in Vicksburg. The details will be of interest to all who knew of it at the time it occurred, and are from a paper written by the Chaplain to a temperance organization at home :

‘The social glass—what hast thou done ?

“Capt. Alexander S. Jessup, of the 5th Illinois cavalry, and Lieut. Maurice Dee, of the 11th Illinois cavalry, were firm and devoted friends. Having been associated together in the toils and hardships of many an arduous campaign, and being alike genial, loyal and brave, their association became very intimate, until it was a subject of general remark, and each was wont to say of the other, ‘he is my best friend.’ They were doing duty on the staff of Col. Osband, of the 3d United States colored cavalry, who was at that time commanding a brigade ; when on the 16th day of November last, at Col. Osband’s headquarters in Vicksburg, they, with

others, became merry over their cups. The drinking was merely social, without any thought of excess, and the whole party would have scorned the imputation of drunkenness. But as they became exhilarated, the conversation turned upon the fact of Capt. Jessup's being an unerring pistol shot, accompanied with the usual amount of bravado on such subjects. At last a proposition was made to test the matter, *a la Tell*, and Lieut. Dee volunteered to place a tin goblet on his head for the Captain to shoot off. He took his position against the side of the room, with the goblet turned downwards on his head, and his friend raised the pistol to fire. Just at that moment the Lieutenant, whose position had been scarcely erect, straightened himself up in his partially drunken bravery, making, by the extension of his neck, back and limbs, a difference of about two inches in his height. Too late was the movement: The Captain's finger was on the trigger, the hammer fell, and the fatal bullet came crashing through the Lieutenant's brain. He fell in the agonies of death, and never spoke again. The Captain, in agony, exclaimed, "My God, I have killed my best friend!" and placed his pistol to his own head. By the exertions of those present, the rash act of suicide was prevented, and his wretched life is still spared. A cloud has settled down over him darker than the grave. The consequences of that hour's indulgence have ruined him to his country, to his family, to his friends, to his own conscience, and perhaps to his God. Though living, he were better dead, he says, and not

all the waters of the earth can wash the stain upon his soul away.

I saw the mournful procession as it followed Lieut. Dee to the grave. All the officers of his regiment were there in their sorrow, and as they rode slowly along, following the hearse with their sabres reversed, I could but think of the cause. I pointed to the sad cavalcade and said, 'Whisky has done this,' promising myself to be more devoted to the cause of temperance than ever before. I also felt glad that there were schools of temperance through the north, where earnest women and brave men were educating the rising generation to shun such a fate."

On the night of the 30th of November, an election jubilee was held in the Methodist Church in Vicksburg, nominally under the auspices of the Union League, but which was largely controlled by the officers of the 124th. The Glee Club was from our regiment, and consisted of Captains Field, Merriman and Newland, Adj't. Smith and Serg't. Kent, under the lead of Chaplain Howard. The report of the occasion, from the Vicksburg *Herald*, is inserted entire :

" A GREAT JUBILEE!

A PERFECT SUCCESS!

"According to announcement made yesterday, a large concourse of citizens and soldiers assembled at the Methodist Church at seven o'clock last evening, to talk

and rejoice over the victory which has been achieved in the re-election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. The celebration, if we may so call it, was gotten up by the Vicksburg Council of the Union League, and was one of the finest of the kind we ever witnessed in the South. It was a most perfect success, and was conducted with unbounded unanimity and good feeling. The officers and members of the Union League appeared in the full regalia adopted by the Vicksburgh Council, and presented a very fine appearance. Captain Curtiss, our Provost Marshall, and a more worthy gentleman or officer is seldom met with, is President of the Council, and presided over the meeting.

“Long before the hour announced for the exercises to begin arrived, every available niche of room in the church was filled with as intelligent and patriotic an audience as ever assembled in this city. The ladies, and ‘God bless them,’ gave their smiling presence and cheer to the occasion.

“The Post Band, under direction of Prof. Slater, discoursed the ever-popular ‘Yankee Doodle,’ after which prayer was offered by the Chaplain, the Rev. A. Mygatt. The President then introduced to the audience Col. Howe, of the 124th Illinois Infantry, who spoke for half an hour sentiments of eloquent patriotism, which called forth bursts of applause from his audience. He began by saying that he stood before his audience in obedience to orders—he was one of the

'chaps in blue,' whose duty it was to obey orders. He referred most touchingly to the change of circumstances which has taken place in this city—to the Fourth of July, when the city capitulated—when the glorious old Union Flag waved in triumph from the dome of the Court House; but he thought that event dwindled into insignificance when contrasted with this occasion. It was not in the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, that we have to rejoice most, but the triumph of Union and Liberty over disunion and slavery.

"We made a full phonographic report of his speech, but regret the lateness of the hour at which we write will not permit us to give a more extended notice of it.

"The Glee Club sang a most appropriate and beautiful song, entitled 'A Thousand Years.'

"Major Dickey, Paymaster in the United States Army, was next introduced and was received amid bursts of applause.

Chaplain Howard, of the 124th Illinois Infantry, and Chaplain Calahan, of the 48th United States colored infantry, made excellent speeches.

Then A. Mygatt was announced as an old citizen of Vicksburg, and a thorough Union man, and was received with rapturous applause as he related the trials of Union men in this city, who fought against secession, and stood true to the old flag. He regarded slavery as the cause of the rebellion, and that with its death, treason dies out to be heard of no more. He pictured, in

glowing terms, the glorious future for redeemed and free Mississippi.

“Major Barnes, of the 50th United States colored infantry, was called upon and responded in a few brief and patriotic remarks, after which the assemblage gave three cheers for “honest old Abe,” and our brave Generals and soldiers in the field.

“The exercises were interspersed with songs from the Glee Club. The assemblage retired, with the band playing. We regret our inability to give the exercises of the occasion a more extended and deserving notice. It was one which has never been witnessed in this city before—one which the spirit of American institutions calls forth wherever it is free to act.”

The songs we sung, in addition to the one mentioned above, were, “The New Union—Now and Forever,” “The Ship of State,” “Hail Columbia,” “Battle Cry of Freedom,” “Uncle Sam’s Funeral,” “What’s the Matter?” “Gay and Happy Suckers,” and “Young Napoleon.”

Chaplain Calahan achieved a remarkable success at the opening of his speech on this occasion, not mentioned in the report. He is very far from being a handsome man, and when he chooses, can look almost hideous, with his bristly hair standing out straight, all over his head, and an ugly frown upon his brow. Upon taking the pulpit and putting on his worst look, he said, “just imagine me to be the devil.” The effect was electric, overwhelming. We shouted and roared, and

clapped hands and stamped. It was so easy, so natural to do as he said. When order was partially restored the vast audience would break out again, and again. At last he spoke once more, but only to repeat his words to be interrupted by the same wild cheering. It was a perfect whirlwind, from which it seemed impossible to recover. But when finally he was permitted to finish his remark, it proved to be this: "Not that I am ambitious in that direction, but if I was the devil, what do you think I would do with the copperheads? I would put them into the lowest, loneliest, darkest, hottest corner of hell, and I would not permit a decent, respectable devil to speak to one of them to all eternity." The effect of such an introduction can be better imagined than described.

Not far from this time, or soon after entering upon provost duty, the Vicksburg *Herald* paid its respects to us, as a regiment, as follows:

" A NOBLE RECORD.

" The 124th regiment Illinois infantry, now encamped at this place, has a record of which the noble regiment may well be proud. It has been in service nearly three years, and in a contest for superiority in drill, was awarded the banner over all competitors, in the division to which it belonged, the 3d division, 17th Army Corps. In battle it has proven worthy of the great State from which it hails, and its deeds of valor, stand as enduring

records of the heroism of the officers and men composing it. But it has, if possible, a record more to be boasted of than that of valor or discipline. Although so long a time has elapsed since its formation as a regiment, and notwithstanding the diversity of character of its numerous members, and the perilous scenes of trial and temptation it has passed through during this exciting war, it makes the proud and glorious boast, that not a man in the 124th Illinois infantry has ever been brought before a general court martial to be tried for a violation of the Articles of War, or any General Order.

“Is it not a noble record—and may not the ‘Sucker State’ point with pride and pleasure to this gallant regiment, and say, ‘these are my jewels.’”

“May every member of the regiment continue to feel that its honor is in his keeping, so that when it shall have fulfilled its allotted time of service, it may make the same proud boast as now. ‘No member of the 124th has ever been before a court martial’.”

One of the pleasant or unpleasant features of provost duty was the arresting of secession women, who had become experts at smuggling and carrying rebel mails, and our officers and men had to be continually on the alert for them. Thirteen, who had been caught, were sent outside the lines at one time, and forbidden to return. As an indication of southern feeling against the arming of the negroes, it is affirmed that a rebel citizen prisoner cut off his hand with an axe, in jail No. 1, to avoid going out to work under a colored guard. Or it

may have been to avoid the work alone. Few men in the south have any great relish for manual labor.

The evening of December 7th the non-commissioned officers of the regiment, headed by Serg't-Maj. Richards, and Quartermaster-Serg't. Durley, presented Col. Howe with a very beautiful and costly sword. Richards made the speech, the Colonel responded very happily, and it was a time of general good feeling.

With us the year 1864 closed with the funeral of Samuel E. Allard, of company F, another of our brave and true men. We had all become weary of carrying our heroes, one by one, up the valley to their last resting place, so frequently did we have to do it. And yet we were comparatively free from sickness, and had not half as many funerals as the cavalry regiments of Gen. Washburn's command. Our camp was where we saw them all go by, and heard every volley fired, so we were in possession of the facts.

Quite a number of changes took place among the officers in our regiment in the year 1864. Surgeon Angell, after suffering some time with sickness, was honorably discharged the 1st of June, and Ass't. Surgeon Kay was promoted to Surgeon July 1st. Second Ass't. Surgeon Jassoy was dismissed the service November 17th. We never knew much about the facts of the latter case, but presume the reiterated political sentiments of the doctor had something to do with it. He denied being a copperhead, but was most heartily opposed to the administration of Lincoln, which made it very unpleasant for

him in military circles, and in a regiment so pronounced and radical as ours, and doubtless some of his uncalled for remarks hastened his departure. Dr. Angell and Dr. Jassoy were both skillful and able men, and had many friends in the regiment, and having both since died, we feel like speaking of them with the utmost respect and tenderness.

Following the promotion of Maj. Mann, in 1863, 1st Lieut. Edwin F. Stafford was promoted to Captain, 2d Lt. F. C. FanVlack to 1st Lt., and Sergt. Christopher H. Keller to 2d Lieut. of company B, the first two dating February 8th, and the last one July 26th.

More recruits having reached us, company C became entitled to a 2d Lieutenant, and Serg't.-Maj. John L. C. Richards was promoted to that office, dating December 5th.

Capt. Sigley, of company E, resigned June 27th, and 1st Lieut. Reese L. Merriman was promoted to fill vacancy August 5th. September 10th Serg't. Wm. H. Anderson was promoted to 1st Lieutenant.

Company F becoming entitled to a 2d Lieutenant, 1st Serg't. Edward R. Breckons was promoted thereto December 31st.

Capt. Scudder, of company G, resigned June 29th, and 1st Lieut. Benton Pratt became Captain August 27th, and 2d Lieut. John W. Mosby became 1st Lieut. September 27th.

1st Lieut. Theodore Potter, of company H, resigned December 26th, 1863, but his papers were not returned

approved till nearly a month later, and 2d Lieut. G. A. Spear was mustered 1st Lieut. March 9th, 1864; He died October 30th, and 1st Serg't. Freeman L. Campbell was promoted to 1st Lieut. December 29th.

1st Lieut. Elijah Borton, of company I, resigned June 25th, and Serg't. Joel H. Masten was promoted to fill the vacancy. Date of muster not given.

Companies A, D and K remained unchanged through the year.

Serg't. John W. Wharton, of company G, was made Sergeant-Major of the regiment, to fill vacancy, occasioned by the promotion of Serg't-Maj. Richards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ladies in camp.—Style.—Detached service.—Major Mann on the works.—Cavalry movements.—Troops passing.—Colored regiments go down the river.—More recruits.—Gen. Canby in command below.—Move at last.—On the “Grey Eagle.”—New Orleans.—Camp Chalmette.—Ladies with us.—“No bottom.”—72d again.—Reece back.—Enjoy the city.—On the “Guiding Star.”—A jam.—Over the bar.—Sea sick.—Dauphin Island.

WE BEGAN the last year of our service, 1865, in Vicksburg, under most favorable circumstances. Col. Howe, Dr. Kay, Captains Newland and Sanders, and Lieut. Mosby were favored with the company of their wives, who did very much to enliven and cheer all our military circles, being present with us at meals, in the officers' mess, and forming the *nuclei* of little evening gatherings in our different quarters. Some of the men, too, had their wives with them, prominent among whom was Mrs. Henry H. Evans, of Aurora, who will long be remembered by many a soldier whose hospital life she cheered by her kindly presence.

Our men came to discharge their duties with a precision, ease and grace, which can only be acquired by long practice, and in general appearance, whether on parade or duty, were the peers of any in the service. Having nothing better to do, we "ran to style," as was often facetiously remarked. And this was sometimes made the occasion for a little pleasantry, as for instance, Allaire says in his diary of January 27th: "Drew up a petition to Col. Howe to request him to order P. B. Durley, Quartermaster-Sergeant, to wear his chevrons. He is putting on more style than his position warrants." Durley was wearing a military blouse without decorations, which might lead some to take him for a commissioned officer, especially as he was a man of fine and commanding appearance, and "Charley," as his equal in rank, gave him this little "nudge." Our rations and supplies as officers and men, were those of garrison service, wood and coal being issued to us as though we were in Fort Hamilton in New York harbor.

Many of our officers were on detached service while here, as the regiments for provost guard had less call for officers than men. Col. Howe and Capt. Field were absent very much of the time on military commissions and courts martial. Captains N. H. Pratt, Stafford, Kendall, Newland, Griffith, and others, also had their turns, and Major Mann was permanently detached as engineer in charge of all the defenses of Vicksburg, not being with us at the muster out of the regiment.

We had not passed far into the year before Vicksburg became unusually stirring as a military point. On the 5th of January, General Grierson, with his famous cavalry raiders paid us a visit, having left Memphis on the 21st of December previous. They brought in about 600 prisoners and 800 horses and mules, and remained with us a few days, though the prisoners went up the river at once. On the 11th other cavalry arrived, and the city was full of them, but on the 13th they nearly all left by boat, making the levee lively for a while.

Early in February troops began to arrive from above, belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith's command, sometimes two or three boat loads coming in a day, until the note of preparation for some where was heard in every direction.

About the same time the colored regiments began to leave for below, four going in one day, leaving their barracks for the temporary occupancy of the newly arrived troops. We were mixed up in the rumors occasioned by these movements, and were one day going to the front somewhere, while the next would send us into the empty barracks to stay. Meantime the hum continued, "Smith's guerrillas," as they were called, had nearly all come down the river, the colored troops, save Colonel Leib's regiment, had nearly all gone, and we were still mounting guard and patrolling the city as though its existence depended alone upon us. In fact, Gen. M. L. Smith, who now commanded the district, Gen. Washburn, who was in some way identified with the troops,

and Gen. Maltby, who had just come into the command of the Post, all said we could not be spared. Of course we believed them, and made up our minds to stay. So Allaire made garden, for hospital use in the spring and summer, sending home for seeds, and when we left, had peas two inches high, and lettuce, corn, etc., growing finely, with flowering plants set out in his hospital yard.

Recruits, too, came, company A receiving twenty, and other companies a few, and we proceeded to initiate them into all the mysteries of provost duty, as though that was all the service they were to see, while they were delighted with it as a very safe way of saving their country. On the whole, probably at no time in our service, was our future more clearly indicated than at Vicksburg during the early part of the year. We had a desire to go to the front, most of us disliking the effeminacy of our existing life, and when we learned Gen. Canby, who was in command of the Department of the Gulf, was preparing to move against Mobile, our military ardor and patriotism began to boil. But we were mixed up in everything where we were. Colonel Howe was President of a General Court Martial, whose work was unfinished; Major Mann was on the works; Reece was at headquarters, and our men were running hospitals, prisons, homes, boats, corrals, commissions, offices and churches, and we could not go. Therefore the rest of our term of service must be given to Vicksburg. In keeping with this, on the 21st of February,

Col. Howe—and he was now Colonel by brevet—was sent to Messenger's Ferry, on the Big Black, to meet a flag of truce and effect an exchange of prisoners, and that meant stay, when everybody else seemed to be going.

But on the 24th we were relieved everywhere as if by magic—all but Major Mann—and were ordered to proceed to New Orleans and report to General Canby. How easily we let go of everything, and took ourselves out of the places where we had been indispensable so long ! Even Allaire could leave his garden that his industry and skill had started, and our surplus accumulations could be boxed and sent north with wonderful dispatch, till by the morning of the 25th we were reduced to light traveling weight, and ready for the field. As man after man came in from here and there, who had been gone for weeks, we at last came to hail them with cheers, and there was an indescribable delight in our oneness again.

It had been raining very heavily a large share of the time for several days, till everything possible was afloat, and we scarcely hoped for a fair day in which to say good by to our long-time home at Vicksburg. But it came at the last minute. It rained all day the 24th ; a heavy thunder shower, lasting all night, with a young deluge falling. But about sunrise the 25th it broke away and we struck tents and marched to the levee, Vicksburg's defence departing. We were ordered to be on board at daylight, but the "Grey Eagle" was wind bound, or

something else, on the DeSoto shore, and did not come over till afternoon. We embarked at three P. M., waved our adieus to those we left behind, and at 6 o'clock swung off from our home of nearly two years, and were bowling down the Father of Waters in quest of new adventures and fresh fields of fame. We enjoyed the passage down the river very much. The boat was a fine one and not crowded. Being in the regular passenger line, she made all the landings, giving us an opportunity to see Natchez, Baton Rouge, etc., and as the trees were just leafing out, and the plum trees in blossom, the landscape was particularly inviting. Gunboats lined the river, an iron-clad in one place and a tin-clad or two in another. At the mouth of Red river there were five tin-clads, one monitor, and two rams, one of which was the captured ram "Tennessee." All of these were of great interest to us, and especially were we pleased to see the "Moúnd City," our old friend of Bruinsburg, once more.

At nine o'clock A. M., on the 27th of February, we reached the city of New Orleans, and Col. Howe went on shore to report to Gen. Canby. The scene was a busy and entrancing one. The peculiar mingling of river and sea-going vessels was new to many of us. United States transports and gunboats were plenty, with their taper masts and spars; two ocean steamers lay at their wharves, the beautiful blockade-runner "Circasian" lay anchored in the stream, and the river being very high, we almost looked down upon the city, which

seemed to lie seething and boiling at our feet. The levee was a perfect whirl of excitement. Great stacks of grain in sacks, and freight in barrels, with piles of cotton bales, were here and there, covered with canvas to protect from the drizzling rain which was falling. Steamboats and ships were loading, while six mule teams, and drays, and carts were rushing hither and thither, with a crackling of whips, scolding of mates, yelling of roustabouts, and general clamor that exceeded anything of the kind we had before witnessed. We drank it all in eagerly, Babel as it was, from the deck of our good steamer, while awaiting the return of Col. Howe, who soon came with orders to report to Gen. A. J. Smith, at Camp Chalmette, about four miles down the river.

As soon as the vessel had discharged her regular freight, we steamed down past the United States barracks below the city, and soon found ourselves in proximity to a vast encampment of troops, which explained to us at a glance, the destination of the thousands that had been passing Vicksburg for the last twenty days. We reported to Gen. Smith, as ordered, but for some reason did not debark, lying on the boat all night. The next morning, however, we went ashore betimes, thankful for one good night's rest, and went into camp near the levee, in a grassy field, which had been left rough, from growing corn or cotton years before. Orange groves were near us, the oleander in its plenty and luxuriance lined the fence corners, Jackson's magazine and battle-ground monument were close by ; in fact

we were on a part of the old theatre of war, and were in the best of spirits. We said we could lie in the soft grass between the old corn rows, and all would be lovely. So our tents went up with a will, and we were at home in the field again.

The ladies with the regiment, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Kay, and the others, had improved the opportunity of visiting New Orleans, so unexpectedly afforded them, and had come down the river with us. But now, knowing our destination to be to the front, they began to arrange for their leave taking, and the first step toward it was "doing" New Orleans. So the afternoon of our landing at Camp Chalmette found many of the officers returning to the city on the same boat, to escort the ladies, see the sights, and bid them good by at their departure. All this was pleasantly accomplished, and then we returned to our duties in camp.

On the 2d of March we indulged in the old time luxury of dress parade, and on the 4th witnessed a fireman's display in the city, which was very fine, it being inauguration day. It was a wonder to us, in a time of war, when the south had been so depleted to fill the ranks of the confederate army, how such a parade could be had. But there it was, though of course the ranks were very largely filled by exempts and negroes. Algiers and Carrollton contributed their share to the display.

On the 5th of March an ocean steamer, loaded up with negro troops below us, and left for the gulf. Meantime we were reducing everything to the lightest possible

condition. Our tents were many of them turned over and condemned, the order being for "three wagons to a regiment." Allaire says the regimental hospital lost its identity, being left without a medicine wagon, ambulance or tent, the dispensary consisting of a medicine chest of the smallest dimensions, and a knapsack.

The night of the 7th of March we enjoyed the luxury of one of the heaviest showers we ever experienced, a rainfall peculiar to lower latitudes, and of the power of which the North affords no example. It seemed for a time as though the Mississippi was spilling out in sheets, and we should be overwhelmed in spite of us. Of course we were but poorly protected against such a deluge, many of us being in shelter tents; but the worst was from beneath. Few of us had any bunks, as we had no lumber, and our cradle beds in the grass between the corn rows became our undoing. The shower came on about two o'clock, just when we were sleeping most soundly. Many were awakened, first by the waters rising under them, and while the senses of hundreds were only partially unlocked, some wag cried out in the twang of the river men in heaving the lead, "six feet." This set the camp in a roar of laughter, and was immediately replied to by some one in a different voice, from another quarter of the camp, with the cry of "seven feet," indicating the rapid deepening of the waters. And now the boatmen themselves could not have called it more skillfully than the thoroughly aroused soldiers did, as they ran through the whole range of the lead

line, in every pitch and quality of voice, from the piping treble to the deepest bass, with drawl and twang and snap, and inflections up, and inflections down. It was "eight feet," and "nine feet," and "a quarter less twain," and "mark twain," and "mark under water twain," the water still rising as the rain still poured, and everybody laughing ready to split, till at last the climax was reached, and the calling ended by the deepest bass voice of all, groaning out from a remote quarter, with a dying cadence which forbade response, save with a yell, "*no bottom.*" O, it was cruel, it was excruciating to have to laugh so, all drenched as we were, in the darkness of the night, and the floods still pouring. Many came right out from their tents, and yelled in their agony of laughter, crying, "O dear, it will kill me," and splashed through the camp like otters in a stream. Everybody was good natured, no evil effects of our drenching followed, and to-day Camp Chalmette has no more vivid recollections for us than those of that night, culminating in that wonderful "*no bottom.*" Many of us would give more than a penny to know who was the owner of that sepulchral bass.

We found ourselves with the 72d Illinois again at this camp, report assigning us to a brigade with them. But this was not to be, though we were with them for the first few days, and in the same division throughout the campaign. Little differences in rank of regimental commanders often changed the brigading of troops, respect being had to future contingencies, which might

involve much more than an unskilled man would suspect. In this case the 72d was taken from our brigade, after fairly starting with us, and why, no one at the time could tell.

While here Reece returned to us, and once more assumed the position of a plain Quartermaster, remaining with us to the close of the war. The day after his arrival he was detailed as Brigade Quartermaster, but declined to accept, and recommending Lieut. Bigelow for that post, he was detailed instead.

We improved the time while here to see New Orleans, having but little to do after disposing of our surplus stores, except to occasionally go on dress parade. The monument and magazine, the cemeteries with their tombs above ground, the shell roads, Lake Pontchartrain, the custom house, theatre, markets, all came in for a share of our attention. The street cars ran nearly to our camp, so that our communication was easy, and we suffered no part of the time to hang heavy on our hands. The passage of tugs with their tows of vessels was always interesting to us, going by, three or four together often, almost above our heads, lying nearly under the levee, as we did, with the river booming high. It was the time of the year to enjoy it. There was no danger of sickness, it was not very hot, flowers were abundant, and all vegetation, save the orange, at its best, with the birds singing on every bough. Why should we not enjoy it?

But the end came, and on the 11th of March we were ordered to embark on the ocean steamer "Guiding Star," of the New York "Star line." Our transportation had all gone by the way of Lake Pontchartrain and Grant's Pass, with Durley in charge, and we were ready to move. But the steamer was coaling, and did not report for us till Sunday the 12th, about nine o'clock, when she anchored in the river abreast of us, and the river steamer "Fairchild" stuck her nose into the levee to take us on board. We were not long in reporting, and quickly found ourselves, nearly 3,000 strong, on this leviathan of the deep, including the 8th Iowa, Col. Geddes commanding, and the 72d, 81st, 108th and 124th Illinois, with brigade headquarters. We made a perfect jam. Three of the regiments were stowed away in the steerage and hold, and the others were on deck, where the crowd was so great that the Captain did not go aft to his cabin once while we were on board. He scarcely could without stepping on the men. About half-past eleven the anchor was tripped, and away we sped down the river, the wind blowing almost a gale. Of course we were not lonesome, and there was the charm of novelty about it all, as we passed the orange groves that sometimes lined the banks, met the tows, took a look at Forts St. Phillips and Jackson, saw an occasional alligator, and especially as we observed the peculiar character of the shores a little farther down, which were only narrow strips of uncertain land, serving but to guide the mighty river safely out to sea. But a few rods, for

many miles, separated us from the blue water on either hand, which was in marked contrast with the turbid stream on whose bosom we were sailing.

At last the river divided and we took a right-hand channel, finding ourselves at the southwest pass at sundown, and too late for the tide over the bar. So we anchored in the stream for the night. The "Morning Star" and "Evening Star," the consorts of our ship, one outward and the other inward bound, were stuck in the channel on the bar, and as our vessel was the largest, drawing over twenty-one feet of water, our prospect for crossing was not very hopeful.

The 13th we lay all day on the ship. There was no water on the bar, so said, and there the other steamers still lay. In the afternoon it began to rain quite heavily, and the men on deck suffered from it, being unable to stir or help themselves; and yet the men in the hold suffered most from the impure air, and nothing to see. It was all wrong, besides the officers had to pay a dollar a meal or go without, as no one could cook at all, or even make a cup of coffee. The boat was so top-heavy that she lay lurching over, and the poor fellows "lying two deep," as Allaire says, had to be on a continual strain, lest feet and heads should come into unpleasant contact. It began to be soldiering with a vengeance. There was no longer any charm in the novelty.

But we had telegraphed to the city for aid, and the morning of the 14th the "Fairchild" steamed alongside

in the rain, when our regiment, with the 81st, went on board of her, dirty and forbidding as she was. It gave us more room, and we could stretch our cramped limbs a little. We passed a most cheerless day, as it rained heavily for a great part of it, and then a dense fog settled down upon us. When it became evident we should not get over the bar that day, the "Fairchild" ran up to some old coal barges which lay along the shore, if shore it could be called, and we spent some time in racing over them to stir our blood, and save our temper. The "Evening Star" came over the bar upon the last instant, leaving a passage clear for us, but we could not do in the fog, from our position, what she had been able to do from hers. She could get off the bar, being on it in the right place, but we stood no chance of finding that place to pass. As she steamed slowly by us that afternoon, while we lay on the "Fairchild," and we looked up and read her name—"Evening Star"—in great letters on the stern so high above us, how little we thought of her foundering in the gulf stream a few years later, with those hundreds on board. Ill-fated steamer, what an end was thine! What a mass of filth and rottenness, as well as of nobility, and moral worth thou didst take down to the depths with thee! Only twelve out of upwards of nine hundred were saved, and among her passengers were over a hundred courtezans, a circus company, and a French opera troupe.

The morning of the 15th the commissary boat, "Colonel Colburn," came to us with rations, and soon after

our ship passed out over the bar. At noon we untied from our coal barges and steamed after her, running close alongside the "Morning Star" in our passage out, and pitching nicely with our flat craft in the roll of the sea. The "Guiding Star" had swung around to the right behind the narrow tongue of land, so that we lashed alongside her safely, and unloaded ourselves from the hurricane deck of the "Fairchild," taking our before-time stowage. At four o'clock we weighed anchor, and steamed out on the Gulf of Mexico, in the teeth of both wind and waves.

The new motion of the vessel soon began to take effect, and unpleasant sounds to arise from all quarters. One of the commissioned officers, a Captain in the "Hundred and two dozen," was discovered in a very few minutes, trying to hold his head out of the round light in his state room, and of all the officers on board the vessel, numbering over a hundred and fifty, but one put in an appearance at the supper table. The men were soon in a sad plight from sea-sickness; their crowded condition rendered it impossible for them to go to the vessel side, or anywhere else to vomit, so there was no alternative but to "heave up Jonah" just where they were, and the result can well be imagined. A heavier wind-squall came on in the night, pitching us about fearfully for awhile, followed by a strong northwester, and a slimier, sourer, sorrier set of men than our brigade could exhibit the next morning, it would have been difficult

to find. The squall was accompanied with rain, drenching those exposed, but the air was pure on deck, while the poor fellows in the hold, had to breathe their vomit over and over the whole night long as well as lie in it. It would have been a satisfaction to many of us, and we would almost have defended it as being pious, if we could have condemned the officers who crammed us so, to breathe the stifling, filthy, mephitic odors of that night, till they learned wisdom. There was no excuse for such crowding. At sunrise the morning of the 16th, we were in sight of Pelican island light, and soon in muddy water again, from Mobile bay. A short time brought us to anchor in the channel between Forts Morgan and Gaines, waiting for lighters. We were not in an enviable frame of mind after our abuse; we could not be; we were entirely too filthy for that. If we could have taken some of the masters of transportation, and consequential department quartermasters out of their elegant quarters, and daubed them with our filth, and held their noses to it awhile, that would have soothed us amazingly. But our position soon helped to mollify us. We were where the noble Farragut had been lashed to the mast of the "Hartford," and had won the victory of Mobile bay. Here was the grave of the "Tecumseh" and the gallant Craven. There was massive Fort Morgan on our right, with the stars and stripes waving over her. Fort Gaines lay near us on our left, and in the stream by us was the "Richmond." Here was the new theatre of war. Up the bay yonder was

Mobile, the last port of any importance in rebel hands, and we were to take her. Our patriotism began to revive ; and a shoal of porpoises commenced to disport themselves around the vessel, rolling and tumbling, seemingly for our gratification. There was inspiration in the scene.

At one o'clock the "Tamaulipas," a large tug, came alongside, and the 72d, with some of our regiment, went on board of her. The "Laura" followed carrying three companies of us, and the rest on the "N. W. Thomas" were all soon landed safely at Fort Gaines, on Dauphin island, in the State of Alabama. How rejoiced we were to get on shore—on the clean, white sand. What a contrast there was between it and our soiled clothing. And how we stretched our limbs. It was such a luxury to walk about. The island pitched and rolled some, but really it felt more natural. It brought up more satisfactorily. All was bustle and confusion, but we soon brought comparative order out of it, as old campaigners can, and marching out on the beach about three miles, bivouacked for the night, making our beds in the clean sand, close down by the great heaving sea. An extract from my diary of that night shall close this chapter :

"Went into camp on the sand, with the pines for a background, our camp fronting south toward the irrepressable rolling surf. Was profoundly impressed with the majesty of the sea while coming out on the beach, with the tide coming in, but still more so, if possible,

when lying on the sand, listening to the voices of the wild waves, and gazing up at our starry canopy in this delightful night, with Jupiter and Mars in the ascendant, and Orion brightly beaming down upon us. The soldiers' nautical merriment, gushing out so comically, and exuberantly, after their confinement on the steamship, added interest to the scene ; and I felt like rendering thanks, deep and full, to the great Maker and Ruler of all this, as I closed my eyes for slumber."

CHAPTER XIX.

The "festive oyster."—Organization.—Across the bay.—Reece and the teams.—The "father of crooks."—Among the pines.—Brigade drill.—Franking letters.—Fortifying.—Further on.—Skirmishing.—"Wake Nicodemus."—Adjutant and Hodges wounded.—Spanish Fort.—George C. Black killed.—Siege.—Our position.—Wounded.—A fearful day.—Killed.—Officers digging rifle pits.—Killed and wounded.—Siege progressing.—General bombardment.—April 8th.—Our share in the capture.—Capt. N. H. Pratt's story.

WHILE ON Dauphin island we had some sport fishing for oysters ; though it is probable most of the men were more successful in obtaining black muscles, which were very plenty. We lacked the boats and rakes necessary for extensive oyster fishing from the island, but from the point above Fort Morgan, where our teams were landed, they could be obtained at low tide in great plenty, and Reece says Durley and the teamsters were growing fat on them, when he joined them. Eagle, the blacksmith, proved to be the champion oyster eater, and could empty the second bucket full of them in the shell, wondering as he finished how anybody could like them ! Some crabs, and a few fish

of various kinds, were obtained by our boys while lying here, and the getting of them helped relieve the tediousness of our waiting hours.

We now learned definitely that we were assigned to the 3d Brigade of the 3d Division, 16th Army Corps. The 72d had gone to the 1st Brigade under Col. J. B. Moore, and our Brigade was now composed of four regiments, the 8th Iowa, and the 81st, 108th and 124th Illinois, Col. Geddes, of the 8th Iowa commanding. Gen. E. A. Carr was in command of the division. The other two divisions of this corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, were commanded by Generals McArthur and Garrard. The 13th Army Corps with us, Gen. Gordon Granger commanding, consisted of Benton's and Veatch's divisions and Bertram's brigade. We had besides the usual complement of artillery and cavalry, the whole commanded by Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby. In addition Gen. F. Steele was operating from Fort Barrancas, Florida, with a respectable force, consisting largely of cavalry and colored troops, and two brigades of the second division of the 13th Corps, under Gen. Andrews.

The 17th and 18th of March we remained in camp, but the 19th the expected marching orders were received, and we moved down to Fort Gaines to embark, with orders for the officers to leave even their valises. All day long other regiments were embarking, and we watched them, but our turn did not come, and toward night we bivouacked and tried to make ourselves comfortable.

The 20th we remained in our bivouack, and endured the rain and cold wind, which made the day far from pleasant. The night was absolutely dreadful. The wind came surging in upon us from the gulf, and comfort and sleep were to us strangers. But the morning of the 21st we embarked on the "Peerless" and the "Thomas," with orders to cross the bay and proceed up Fish river, and report to Gen. Carr. We executed our part of the order very soon after our cheerless, wet breakfast, and steamed across the bay with due dispatch, but stuck on the bar, at the mouth of the river. For about seven hours we tugged and backed and filled, and at last, through the aid of the third boat, the "Red Chief," we got over, as we thought. But we went no further that night, and staid on the boats.

The 22d we stuck again several times, and were assisted by the "Iberville," "Elk" and "Reserve," and did not get well into the river till about two o'clock in the afternoon. This left some of our boys in an unpleasant predicament, being separated from their blankets and supplies. Capt. Field borrowed two boxes of hard bread in one instance, to eke out our rations. At four o'clock in the afternoon Danley's mill was reached and we debarked well satisfied to be on shore again despite the many attractions of Fish river.

Meantime Reece was not inactive. While on Dauphin island we were separated from our transportation, which was on the neck east of Fort Morgan, and as a consequence he had to borrow whenever we needed a team.

As soon as we embarked he started for the corral, taking passage in a sort of tug, which was going there, and found everything in good shape. The next point was to reach us with the wagons, valises, etc., which was no easy matter. It became a serious question whether they should rejoin the regiment at all again. But word came that a boat was to be at the pier at last, and whether he was on the list or not, he determined his teams should go on board. So word was given to be ready, and as but one team could go on the pier at a time, it became a point to be first. As soon as the boat landed, Reece asked to see the list, and finding our regiment was not on it, determined to put it on, so giving Miles and Durley the signal, they hurried the teams ahead, and got where they could not be passed, or turned back, and therefore had to be taken. There was some swearing and scolding when it was found there were more teams on than were called for, but at last the officer said it was a flank movement, which he had not expected, but he guessed they could get along without much inconvenience ; and Reece thought it was better to crowd mules and wagons a little, than men, as on the "Guiding Star." So in due time our transportation reached Fish river, or the "Father of crooks," as Reece calls it, and debarking at Danley's mill, soon came up with the regiment. This was an event to the blanketless men and the destitute officers.

We found ourselves now in the sand among the pines. These were of the long-leaved, or southern variety,

(*Pinus Australis*,) and were the only recommendation of the country. The soil was literally good for nothing, but the lumber and resin business had been, and still might be an institution. Nearly every tree had been scarified or boxed for turpentine, in the immediate vicinity of Fish river, and in many other portions of the country through which we passed. There were but few houses, and they were inhabited by a people as forsaken as the land where they dwelt. We rather enjoyed our marching under the grateful shade of these trees, especially as the fallen leaves made it soft for our feet. But had we been mules, we should not have liked the sand, and more particularly in some treacherous places where the thin wet crust easily gave way, and revealed the quick-sands below.

For two days we remained in our first camp, while the 13th corps was closing up, and crossing the river, and awaiting the arrival of some heavier guns. Both of these days we had brigade drill, the first we had had for a long time, and we began to feel quite at home on the field with our new associates, recalling the old "Excelsior" days of the first brigade, in "Logan's fighting 3d Division."

The boys improved much of their leisure here in writing to their friends, and as stamps were scarce, they largely availed themselves of the soldiers' franking privilege. This imposed a new, and sometimes rather onerous duty upon commissioned officers, and so it came to pass that most of it was done by the Chaplain. One morning

a much scribbled letter was brought him to frank, upon which the writer had already put the following, which illustrates the temper of the soldier :

“Soldier’s letter, ‘nary red,’
‘Hard tack’ in the place of bread.
Postmaster, please shove it through,
‘Nary’ stamp and seven month’s due.”

This was not a production of the 124th, for our regiment had been well paid.

While lying on Fish river we fortified quite heavily, throwing up log pens and filling in with dirt. The shoveling was very easy in the light soil, but the necessity for the work was scarcely apparent to the average soldier. Our force appeared strong enough to whip anything that could be brought against us here, without any protection ; and so it was, but a little intrenching might save a good many valuable lives, in case of an unexpected attack.

March 25th we broke camp at nine o’clock, moving by easy stages through the 13th Corps. Before starting a man by the name of Cockburn, of the 108th Illinois, was found dead by the side of a log. Probably a congestive chill was the cause. But it was so sad to think of a brave soldier’s coming so far from home and loved ones, to die alone by the side of a log in the darkness of the night. He was soon buried under the pines, where he remained in his last slumber, and we passed on and left him “in the grave where the soldier had laid him.” We did not see a house during that day, for

twelve miles; but our roads were pleasant, the weather fine, the men fresh, and we camped early, on a nice grassy knoll, called Deer Park, near a stream of excellent water. After a bath, we were in a good frame of mind to appreciate our brigade and field bands as they discoursed sweet music, which seemed to wind among the pines like the twining of the convolvulus. The 13th Corps was near us, but our own Corps was somewhat in the advance. We had heard firing ahead during the day, and intrenched at night according to General Orders.

The 26th was a lovely day and we moved early, through the same unvarying pine forest. Our route was nearly north, and we thought our destination was Blakely. The 13th Corps had diverged to the westward soon after starting. Very soon Gen. Canby and Gen. Osterhaus came riding by, it being the first time we had seen our commander, and directly after we saw a house—the first since leaving Fish river. We had gone but a little way when firing was heard ahead and quite a detention occurred. But, though skirmishing was kept up all day, we were not engaged. We marched about ten miles, crossing quite a stream, where we saw some fresh graves, and went into camp on some high ground about one o'clock. Here the men had a good wash, and soon composed themselves for rest. It being Sunday, towards evening the Chaplain sang a hymn under a pine, and gathering the boys about him, preached to them from "Deliver us from evil."

By the first mail after reaching Fish river, the Chaplain received the new song, entitled "Wake Nicodemus," and the Glee Club had introduced it under the pines in our two days' camp, with telling effect, inso-much that it had become a by-word throughout our division, the boys speaking of our hunt after the rebels as being an expedition to "Wake Nicodemus," and wondering, as we started in the morning if we should succeed in waking him that day. The 27th proved to be the day in which we did wake him, and the opening account of it, with the movements of our troops, is taken from Gen. Andrews' "Campaign of Mobile:"

"Gen. Carr learned, late on the evening of the 26th, that the 16th Corps would turn back in the morning against Spanish Fort; and knowing it would be his turn in the advance, he gave the requisite instructions to his brigade commanders. The morning of the 27th came with a prospect of heavy rain, which to veteran soldiers was some sign of a battle. The men had taken their accustomed breakfast, of hard bread, coffee, and a slice of bacon, toasted on a stick—as Achilles cooked the fat chine at the feast for the heroes. The usual hum of talk and speculation was heard around the expiring fires of their bivouac. By the men in the ranks all plans of strategy are freely canvassed, and up to this morning they had expected to move on to the Alabama river. Soon was heard the spirited roll on the drum to "fall in," greeted by that habitual and never-to-be-forgotten shout or cheer of the men. Then

the cartridge-box with its "forty rounds" is buckled on; the blanket is twisted up and thrown over the shoulders; the intrenching tools are picked up, the muskets taken, each company is formed, the roll called, and, at the time fixed, whether in ten or fifteen minutes, the regiments are in line.

"Leaving Garrard's division at Sibley's mill, Smith put the 1st and 3d divisions of his corps in motion. Carr's (3d) division had the advance, with Geddes' (3d) brigade in advance of the division; and at the head of the column was the 81st Illinois, numbering three hundred, five companies of which, under Col. A. W. Rogers, were deployed as skirmishers, with the other five companies, under Capt S. L. Campbell, in reserve. In these woods were numerous trails, which had been made in hauling lumber to the neighboring mills, and the guns being silent at Spanish Fort, the column had to find its way as best it could.

"Carr had gone four miles, and his advance, the 81st Illinois, had just passed the brow of the hill overlooking Minette bayou, where the day before the bridge had been burned, when suddenly a volley came from a confederate regiment, concealed in the bushes, four hundred yards distant, on the opposite side. This was the 21st Alabama, Lieut. Col. James M. Williams, having two hundred and twenty-five men. General Smith narrowly escaped, and some shots took effect in the 81st. Colonel Rogers returned the fire smartly, and was ordered by

General Smith to remain there with his regiment and hold that position.

“The 124th Illinois, Col. John H. Howe commanding, then took the advance, with five of his companies deployed as skirmishers, under command of Capt. Field, acting Major.

“When within about a mile of Spanish Fort, General Smith caused both divisions to deploy in line of battle, and it was his purpose, of course, to have his movements concealed from the enemy.

“Carr’s division, on the right, had formed in two lines; the first consisting of the 3d (Geddes’) brigade, the 108th Illinois on the right, the 8th Iowa on the left, the 124th Illinois deployed as skirmishers in front. The second line, consisting of the 1st (Moore’s) and the 2d (Ward’s) brigades; Moore’s having the 33d Wisconsin on the right, the 72d Illinois in the centre, the 95th Illinois on the left, and the 44th Missouri in reserve; and Ward’s having the 14th Wisconsin on the right, the 49th Missouri in the centre, the 40th Missouri on the left. The latter brigade had wheeled into line on the double-quick, and had been a few minutes in position, when the corps commander rode along with a stern countenance. At sight of their “chief” the men of the 49th Missouri gave a cheer, which could be heard in the confederate lines. Thus foiled in his efforts to conceal the position, he rebuked the men in a few hasty words. In half a minute a shell from the confederate works came screeching through the trees, and dropped close to the men who

had cheered. It did not burst as it fell, and the men gave back a little. Seeing this, Smith cried out to them, "stand up to it! You had no business cheering."

"Carr's centre and the light batteries approached by the Blakely road. Sharp skirmishing commenced about ten o'clock A. M., when within a mile of Spanish Fort. The confederate sharp-shooters were in advance of their rifle pits, using the hills and trees for cover.

"At this hour McArthur's division was in line on the left of Carr's, and connecting with the left of the 16th corps, Granger had come up with the 13th corps; so that the investment was nearly complete. The troops advanced with alacrity, their banners all unfurled. Their line was three miles in length, and presented a splendid appearance moving through the open woods. Sharp skirmishing was constant along the whole front. The confederates, apprehending an assault, also kept up a vehement shelling with their heavy and light guns, and there was all the stir and clamor of battle.

"The confederates had the advantage of being on the defensive, and being concealed, while the federals had the disadvantage of exposure, in pressing forward against the fire of sharp-shooters, and over the obstacles on the ground, but at the same time they had the moral advantage there is in the prestige and momentum of constantly gaining ground.

"Up to noon no federal artillery had opened, but the light batteries of each division were near by in the hollows. A little after noon, Carr caused the 14th Indiana

light battery, Capt. F. W. Morse, to open from a ridge about eight hundred yards from Red Fort, and near the position afterward occupied by the naval battery. Capt. Morse's fire was replied to with spirit during the afternoon, and many shots fell close, but no injury was sustained. Soon afterward the 1st Indiana light battery, Capt. L. Jacoby, opened from a prominent position, a little to the left and front of the 14th. Both batteries were supported by Moore's brigade.

"It was now toward the middle of the afternoon. The rain was coming down in a steady pour, and the fierceness of the artillery fire had abated.

"Carr, expecting to be ordered to assault, and feeling confident the works could be carried in his front, exerted himself to keep his lines compact.

"The 124th Illinois had pressed on fearlessly, gaining distance of half a mile in advance of its brigade, when the confederate skirmishers were met, and after a warm contest, driven precipitously into their works. Five of that regiment fell, including its Adjutant, Lieut. W. E. Smith, and the color-sergeant. On the extreme right was the 108th Illinois, Col. Charles Turner, which sustained a loss of six. Its skirmishers were commanded by Capt. W. M. Bullock, a daring and efficient officer, who fell, with his thigh badly shattered by a musket ball; but he refused to allow any of the men to expose themselves in helping him away, and dragged himself to the rear. The 8th Iowa, distinguished for discipline and gallantry, Lieut. Col. Bell commanding, was next

on the left, and had thirteen men wounded by musketry, and of this number six were non-commissioned officers.

“Next on the left, in Moore’s brigade, was the 33d Wisconsin, which sustained a loss of six wounded, including Major George R. Frank. The loss in the 72d Illinois, was two, and the 95th Illinois four. In Ward’s brigade there was a loss of one man in each regiment; so that the whole casualties in Carr’s division, were thirty-nine. The confederates in his front had been driven into their main works, and his line was established six hundred yards, on an average, therefrom. The ensuing night the division busily intrenched.”

From this account of General Andrews, it will be seen, that while the 81st were first in action at Minette bridge, our regiment was the first to develop Spanish Fort, and so to really “wake Nicodemus.” The forces met by the 81st belonged to Holtzclaw’s brigade, acting with the division of the Missouri Gen. Cockrell—now U. S. Senator, and he a rebel from a State that did not secede, God save the mark—and were a part of the defense of Blakely. So, too, Garrard’s division, of our corps, left at Sibley’s mill, took no part in the siege of Spanish Fort, but operated against Blakely. Also, it will be noticed, the account of our advancing fearlessly and gaining the distance of half a mile from our brigade, is put after the account of shelling by the light batteries. The order in point of time is previously given. We struck the enemy a little before nine o’clock, the skirmishing became general about ten, and the artillery

opened about noon. Within a few minutes after the "ball opened," the Adjutant was hit in the thigh, the bullet entering about an inch from the wound made at Champion Hills. He was on horse-back when struck, the other field officers having dismounted. He was conveyed to the rear, and sent to New Orleans, and north, not recovering in time to return to us again. Color Sergeant Hodges, of company K, was also struck in the arm, receiving a serious wound very soon after the firing commenced. We pressed the enemy forward very rapidly, our men sometimes moving upon the run, not knowing at first that a fort was before us, and secured a good position from which we could see their works and command their guns. We were relieved from skirmishing before noon, and closed up in our place in the brigade.

And this was Spanish Fort, seven miles east of Mobile, on the opposite side of the bay. The right of the works rested on the bay, or on the Apalachee river, at its entrance into the bay, and the left rested on Bay Minette, a body of water almost detached on the south, but connecting with the river above. The extent of the works facing south and east was about two miles in length, and the batteries were all on high and commanding ground. The surface was covered with open pine timber, but in front of the outer line of works the trees were felled for a few hundred yards. Every ravine had borne a heavy growth of hard wood, which having been slashed made, with the underbrush and vines, an

almost impassable obstruction. The ditch in front of breast-works was five feet deep and eight feet wide, but in front of Fort McDermett it was deeper and wider. In front of the batteries were also detached rifle-pits for sharp-shooters, and along the entire front was a line of abatis fifteen feet wide. Torpedoes had been planted quite thickly in open places, as also in the roads approaching the fort, or "subterra shells," as the enemy eloquently called them. But the strength of the place consisted in two strongly inclosed and bastioned forts, Old Spanish Fort and Fort McDermett, heavily armed with columbiads, Parrotts and Brooks' rifled guns. Red fort was also heavy and well armed, but not enclosed. The whole number of guns in the works, including batteries Huger and Tracy on the river, was fifty-seven, during the first days of the siege. Hence we had more to contend against, providing the earth-works were equally strong and well manned, than at Vicksburg, where the enemy had but little artillery which he could make effective against us. The earth-works were equally strong in many places but not quite so complete. In fact, on their extreme left, owing to the marshy character of the ground, there was a space which was scarcely protected at all, or only by a slashing. The garrison consisted of about four thousand men, all of whom were veterans from Hood's army, except the Alabama reserves, under Gen. Thomas. Gen. R. L. Gibson was in command, and his reliable infantry force consisted of his own, Holtzclaw's, and Ector's brigades. Gen. D.

H. Maury was in command of the district, with his headquarters at Mobile, and Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor, of the Department, with his headquarters at Meridian, Mississippi. General Lidell was in command at Blakely.

Toward night Private Geo. C. Black, of company K, was shot through the bowels, and died the next day. There was something peculiarly sad about the death of poor Black. He was a good faithful man and soldier, and as far as known was liked by all. Some months before he had lost his voice, and for a long time did not speak save in a whisper. He was urged to ask for a discharge, but he insisted that he was able-bodied and did his duty like a man. Owing to his inability to speak, he was given a detail as cook, and served in that capacity for sometime, having but recently taken his position in the ranks again, where he claimed he could do better service now than when the regiment was on provost duty.

Before night we had begun to intrench and dig rifle-pits, and to settle down to the hard work of a siege. Some of our officers thought an assault would be conclusive in our favor, but most thought every day spent in pressing the enemy would tell more fearfully on them than on us, and so in the end we should hurt them worse, with less loss of life on our part. Our gun-boats were close by in the bay, our heavy guns well up, and the investment complete by night-fall, and we also proceeded to dig holes in the ground, to put our "dog

tents" over, giving it all a character of permanence as well as of protection and comfort.

Our position in the line of investment was, as follows: The 16th Army Corps had the right of the line, our division the right of the Corps, and our brigade the right of the division, resting on Bay Minette. The 81st remained by the bridge across the bayou, where they encountered Cockrell. The 108th had the right of our brigade, the 8th Iowa the centre, and we the left. Next to us was the 1st brigade, Col. J. B. Moore commanding, with the 33d Wisconsin, the 72d and 95th Illinois, and the 44th Missouri in consecutive order. The 33d Wisconsin lapped by on the left of our regiment, owing to the peculiar formation of the ground, so that company A of theirs lay nearly in front of our company B, and our "cherbangs" intermingled. The ground where we lay was sufficiently rising toward the enemy's works to afford us some protection, which we made do good service by "burrowing," as we called it. Just in our rear was a partial valley running toward Bay Minette, and open toward batteries Huger and Tracy in the distance. Beyond the valley the ground was ascending again, so that going to the rear brought us in full view of the enemy's sharpshooters for several rods. The pine was quite plenty over all the ground, and towards Bay Minette, oak, hickory and other timber was mingled freely with it. And here, with the men working like beavers and the battle raging for more than two miles, the night of the 27th closed in on us in a drizzling

rain, with the prospect of an indefinite and painful continuance. Our blankets came up in good style, and those of us who could be spared from duty, managed to sleep some, despite the groaning of a wounded negro, who had been fired on by one of our pickets, in the darkness, while trying to come into our lines. Two of them came, risking their lives to do it, but this one was unfortunately badly wounded.

The morning of the 28th opened fair, which was enjoyable after the rain. It also opened lively; the rebel gun-boats, in the river near battery Huger, threw some heavy shells over us, and the firing in the rifle-pits was a perfect roar. Early in the day Mammon, of company D, was shot through the arm, and toward evening, Gregg, of company B, was hit in the thigh. The 29th was a repetition of the 28th, in the fighting, but a dark and wet day. Hazzard, of company D, was badly wounded. Our approaches were a little closer, and the artillery firing a little heavier.

The 30th was a memorable day. We were roused at midnight by a general scare. All turned out, but the alarm proved to be false. Comparative quiet was restored, and some rest was obtained. Nothing unusual occurred till noon, the storm of lead and iron falling about as yesterday. Crashing could be heard in the timber toward Bay Minette, occasionally, as a rebel shell would cut down a tree, and our bay batteries would reply with increased fury. But at noon one of the events of our history occurred. The officers were at dinner,

seated upon logs and camp chairs under the pines, in the little valley in the rear of our "cherbangs," and were chatting as usual, discussing the progress of the siege over our coffee, when a rushing sound from a missile was heard approaching us from the right, and hustling and shrieking through the air, apparently not more than ten feet above our heads. It seemed savagely to tear the air all to pieces, and to leave it empty. We instinctively turned our heads the way it went, as our coffee cups dropped from nerveless hands, and at the instant heard it strike among the "cherbangs" of company B, and the 33d Wisconsin, with a heavy thud, as though a barrel of sand had been driven into the earth. Another instant and there was a terrific explosion, followed by the ascent of logs, sticks, tents, dirt, guns, clothing, and we thought arms and legs, into the air. Our hearts fainted at the sight; it was horrid. We started for the spot, and meeting some boys of company B, leading Corporal Jackson Hovey away, who was only stunned, we hoped for the best. But on reaching the spot the scene beggared description. Corporal Rasalva Fisk, of company B, was found to be dangerously, and as it afterwards proved, mortally wounded, and five others slightly, while company A, of the 33d Wisconsin, had twelve men struck. There they lay groaning, poor fellows, with their legs broken and torn so that their feet only held by pieces of skin, some one, some both feet, some a foot and a hand, while the hole in the earth torn out by the shell was larger than a hogshead,

and the debris lay scattered all around. The men were off duty, having been in the rifle-pits all night, and it looked so hard to be slaughtered that way in their tents. I think five of the 33d Wisconsin were mortally wounded and eighteen in all were struck. The shell was said to be a hundred pounder, from a Brooks rifled gun on a rebel gunboat. But this was not all. While we were still in the quarters of company B, a second shell, with its unearthly screaming, came up our line, and exploded in the air a little in front of us, doing no damage. But the next was a messenger of death again. It exploded also in the air, just over the left of the 8th Iowa, and two pieces of it, one of which was a ragged, brass flange, came tearing down into company A, and killed two men, John Hervett and Wm. H. Wilson. They had just been ordered on duty, and were putting on their equipments when they fell. Wilson, who had been with us only since February 6th, was buckling his cartridge box belt, and the piece that struck him cut off both his hands, and cut him so nearly in two that it is said a part of him fell one side up, and a part the other. His hip and thigh bones were stripped and broken on one side, and a piece of bone carried into company I, several yards away, which was five inches long. He never knew what hurt him. Hervett was a stalwart young German, and had been with us from the first. He was a good, reliable soldier, full of rollicking fun, as he was of patriotism and courage, and was known by

the regiment as "lager John," from his expressed fondness for the German national beverage. He was struck in the side and a piece torn out half as large as a man's head. He clapped his hands to the place, calling out, "my God, boys, I'm shot," and fell dead. By this time the regiment became terrified, or horrified, one scarcely can tell which. All our skill and valor seemed to be set aside and rendered useless, by this distant and yet deadly foe. None of our works were able to resist such a monster shell. Our rifles were as jack straws and our caves as films of gauze against such a weapon, at such a range. And to-day it is seriously believed that whatever our complexion was before, just then we would have passed for white men. But the rebels did not know what they were doing, and only one more shell was fired, which did no damage. Our batteries opened on the gun-boat with some effect, and she soon withdrew. The enemy's report gives battery Huger credit for the shelling, and says it was stopped because one shell fell inside their own works. At all events she came in for a share in our return fire, though our gunners thought it was the gun-boat near her that did the execution. All that afternoon and early night, we spent in strengthening our works, and rendering our "cherbangs" more secure from our right. We worked with a will, with the ghastly scenes of the day before our eyes.

The 31st of March the battle raged as usual, the firing from the rifle-pits sometimes rising almost to a

roar and drowning the artillery. We learned of the sinking of the "Milwaukee" and "Osage" by torpedoes, and that the "Octorara" had opened on the rebels. We lost no men.

The sixth day of the siege, the morning revealed a new battery on the enemy's left, so close to our right that they could almost fire into our backs a little further up the line. This made work on the "cherbangs" lively again. Men can face almost any danger when they are engaged in it, but even old soldiers never acquire a relish for punishment when off duty. They like to be permitted to rest in safety. Our approaches began to be pushed with greater spirit, our commissioned officers working in the trenches all night. Orlando Brace, of company A, was wounded in the shoulder on picket, which was the only loss we sustained this day, but the next, George W. Lester, of the same company, was killed in his quarters, by a minnie ball in his head. And on the morning of that day we found the enemy had dug advance rifle-pits in the night, evidently with a design to head us off, from which they opened on us very briskly. As a consequence our officers were kept in our rifle-pits all day, directing operations, and as soon as dark all sprang to it again, including Col. Howe, Maj. Field, Chaplain Howard, and Hospital Steward Allaire, and dug with a will, till far into the night. The enemy annoyed us with a galling fire, but save poor Lester, who was not on duty, none were hit. The 81st were

relieved from their detached service, and took up a position in the line, upon our extreme right.

April 3d the eighth day of the siege gave us no new experience. Samuel Adams, of company F, was shot through the head in the rifle-pits. Another one of our brave men gone. The diary of a Confederate officer on this day, says, "The enemy seems to be most vigorous in front of our left."

April 4th was noted for a very heavy bombardment, lasting from five till seven P. M. We had thirty-eight siege guns, including mortars, and thirty-seven field guns in position, and the orders were for each gun to fire every three minutes. It was a grand bombardment, and a correspondent says, "The earth actually trembled from this mighty fire."

For the next three days the siege progressed as usual. Our approaches were gradually tightening around the doomed works, our artillery going into new and enfilading positions, and the enemy's fire slackening, save in their rifle-pits. We began to hear heavy cannonading in the direction of Blakely, in the lull of our fire, and Gen. Veatch's division having gone to Gen. Steele's aid on the 3d, we knew that meant business. We also heard of Wilson's dash on Selma, and knew the hopes of the enemy were cut off in that direction.

On the 5th McKenzie and Swigert, of company D, were wounded, and on the 6th Matthew Manning, of company C, was shot dead in the rifle-pits. He was

one of the best men in the regiment, a thorough christian, full of patience and patriotism, living with his Bible in his hand and leaning on his God. He was the last man we had killed in the service.

April 8th, the 13th and last day of the siege, opened fair and cool after a heavy rain on the 7th. Skirmishing had been going on all night, but there had been very little artillery firing. About noon we received orders to be ready to march with twenty days' rations; five in haversacks and fifteen in wagons. This the men did not relish. It seemed like cheating them out of the fruits of a well-earned victory. The order was caused by a false alarm of Confederate troops gathering near Stockton. At five P. M. our brigade was ordered into the rifle-pits, as there was to be a general bombardment. Soon after, it began from ninety-six guns, fifty-three of which were siege guns. The enemy also were shelling heavily, having commenced a little before we did, and the effect was terrific.

The corps commanders had discretionary orders from the beginning of the siege to take every advantage that promised decisive results, and those orders had been communicated to division commanders. Just when the cannonading was at its height, Gen. Carr determined to carry a crest covered with pines on the enemy's left, constituting a sort of detached portion of their works, for the purpose of planting a battery. The execution

of this undertaking was given by Col. Geddes to Lieut. Col. Bell, of the 8th Iowa, who accomplished it gallantly, though not without severe loss. In doing it he had pushed forward only three companies of his regiment, while all the rest of the brigade was engaged in the rifle-pits, where the firing was so heavy that it somewhat blinded the rebels to what was being done on their left. So when those who were first attacked had yielded, and the victorious 8th moved on to adjacent pits, they were a perfect surprise to their occupants, who either surrendered or were shot down in their tracks. In this way the gallant 8th took and occupied about 300 yards of the Confederate works, with three stands of colors and about 350 prisoners before enemies or friends hardly realized what was being attempted. In fact it was a surprise to themselves, and was one of the most dashing and brilliant exploits of the war. It was now, and had been some time quite dark, but gaining a knowledge of what was going forward, the rest of the brigade, including our regiment, gallantly rushed out of the trenches and entered the works. Apprehending an attack, we were ordered to commence intrenching to hold our ground, as no other portion of the besieging force was in concert with us. This we actually commenced to do. But our regiment was soon formed in line to repel assault, one having just been made upon the 8th Iowa advance, and repelled. Company A, under Lieut. W. F. Dodge was then sent out as a skirmish

line to feel of the enemy on our right front, while company F, commanded by Capt. N. H. Pratt, was sent out for the same purpose in front of our left. Capt. Pratt deployed his company with his left resting on the enemy's main line of works, and swept forward. After advancing about a hundred and fifty yards, a piece of artillery opened on them with grape, but they speedily captured it, sustaining no damage, and with it eight or ten prisoners and another gun. Sending his prisoners to the rear, the Captain requested permission to continue his advance, giving as a reason that he believed the enemy were evacuating, and these few men were only a feint to cover the escape of the main body.

Company F continued to move forward, capturing eight or ten pieces of artillery, and more men than its own force numbered, till nearly midnight. Some of the men inquired if the Captain was going to take company F to Mobile unsupported. But at last the rest of the regiment came up to find the rebels really gone, penetrating as far in the darkness as Old Spanish Fort, which it reached about midnight. Here we stacked arms and rested a little, scrambling meantime for the possession of the guns, and for the hams and corn meal left by the garrison. But very soon the "Octorara," not knowing of the change of administration in the Fort, sent a hundred-pounder shell at us, and it was deemed prudent to withdraw. So we returned to our quarters, reaching them about three o'clock in the morning, confident that

we had done a pretty good night's work. The division took about 500 prisoners, of which we took our full share. The troops on our left took the confederates in the rifle-pits in front of them, who had been left to their fate by the retreating garrison, but they did not do it until after midnight upon learning that the Fort was in our hands.

CHAPTER XX.

On the move again.—Halt.—Blakely fallen.—Brigade meeting.—Off for Montgomery.—Baldwin county pines.—Laurels.—Florida.—Accident.—News.—Cheer upon cheer.—Flags by the way.—A Union woman.—Greenville.—Two hundred guns.—“Secesh.”—Montgomery.—Camp, and strawberries.—Provost duty.—Officers quartered out.—*Daily Advertiser*.—Lincoln assassinated.—May 1st.—Chaplain’s meeting.

WE SLEPT LATE the morning of April 9th ; it was still, and we were so weary. About eleven o’clock we were ordered to march, and a little after twelve we bade good by to our burrows and bomb-proofs, and our beds of pine straw, and also to the graves of our brave comrades, and started, as we supposed, for Blakely. We moved to the rear and northward, crossed bayou Minette, and going about three and a half miles, bivouacked for the night. All day long our artillery from Spanish Fort had been pushing for Blakely ; and all day long we had heard the thunder in that direction. But here we were, in a beautiful pine grove, ready to enjoy the sweet stillness of a Sabbath

evening, if we should be permitted to do so, with the consciousness that our part of the fighting here was done, and well done, and the hope that Blakely would prove to be the "last ditch" of the confederacy, as we already had rumors of the fall of Richmond. It was a pleasant halt. The next morning all was still to the northward, but the batteries on the river below us, Huger and Tracy, shelled the bridge by which we had crossed bayou Minette, quite heavily, and somewhat annoyed our troops that were crossing. As a consequence, the battery on Bay Minette opened on them with spirit, and another one was planted near where we now were on the north shore of Bay Minette, to rake them in the morning. We soon learned that Blakely had been taken by assault the evening before, and the prisoners began to pass by early in the day. There were in all nearly 3,000, of whom very many were especially noticeable from their extreme old age or youthfulness. They were Thomas' Alabama reserves, and truly, as was often said, both the cradle and the grave had been robbed to furnish them. They appeared surprised to find so many "boys in blue," lining the road to Spanish Fort, as though they had thought we were all at Blakely, and would often ask, "where did you Yanks all come from?" At ten o'clock on the 11th we moved camp about three miles, as it was expected Huger and Tracy would reply to our new battery as soon as it opened, and that would imperil us. As expected, we had but just gone when the shells began to mow down

the trees in what had been our camp, cutting one off about a foot in diameter close by where the Colonel's tent had stood. This was the last of Huger and Tracy, as they were both evacuated in the night following, and our gun-boats ran up to Blakely. The same day Admiral Thatcher, with the 13th Corps, crossed to Mobile.

We remained in camp near Blakely, on the 12th, looking over the forsaken place, and conversing with the rebel wounded. We found the colored division, under General Hawkins, had done good service in the siege, and had lost quite heavily ; more than the white troops. There was no imputation upon their courage, but quite the contrary.

The night of the 12th we had a brigade service. Col. Howe had been called out the evening of the 10th, and made a congratulatory speech, reading a circular containing the tidings of the fall of Richmond, and the patriotic side of our exploits had been well brought out in songs, cheers and general felicitations. But now it began to be felt that we ought to unite in a kind of thanksgiving service to God for the victories vouchsafed us, and the prospects of returning peace. So the brigade band played the "call" in the twilight, and the men assembled in their strength under the pines, near Col. Geddes' headquarters. Chaplain Gue, of the 108th Illinois, opened the services. Chaplain Howard preached from Ps. 50: 14, 15. "Offer unto God thanksgiving ; and pay thy vows unto the Most High : and call upon me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and

thou shalt glorify me;" and Chaplain Carner, of the 81st Illinois, closed. It was a scene long to be remembered, in which we seemed to get a very firm hold upon the promises of God as the representatives of our nation, in which light we regarded ourselves and our service. And the pines of Alabama rang out with the sweet notes of our praise to the God of battles, in sympathy with the booming of liberty's guns, whose echoes then had scarcely ceased. We all enjoyed it most heartily.

The morning of the 13th was rainy and disagreeable. We were ordered to move at eleven. While waiting we heard the firing at Mobile in honor of our occupation of the city. Even the booming of the guns proclaimed their office. It was not death and war, it was life and peace they were bellowing from their flaming throats.

About the time set we swung out, as we afterwards learned, for Montgomery, 170 miles distant by rail, and more than that by wagon road. We took the Stockton road, passed through the camp of Gen. Hawkins' division, and marched about nine miles. Our camp for the night was a very pleasant one, and we enjoyed it much. All were in excellent spirits. The next day we started at seven o'clock, struck east, leaving our road of the day before, crossed a railroad track, and reached another road where we found Gen. Garrard's division was passing. Here we halted for them to go by, and then pulled out very rapidly, making about sixteen miles. The roads were bad for the teams, which often stuck in the sand, and the walking was far from being easy for the men.

The country was the same unbroken pine forest, literally good for nothing, reminding one of the answer in the old geographies to the question, "What are the principal productions of North Carolina?"—"Pitch, tar and turpentine." We saw residents at only two houses, and they were near where we camped. And it would be difficult to tell which looked the worse, the dilapidated, tumble-down houses, or the squalid inmates. But our camp was pleasant, as a camp among the pines always is, in good weather, when pine straw is abundant for beds.

The 15th was lowery, but we had had a good rest, and started early, pushing along through the same kind of country at a more rapid rate than the day before, and making the same distance. We got our tents up and into them just in time to escape a fine shower, having gained about two and a half hours on yesterday by our greater speed. But we—and particularly the sore footed—did not see any wisdom in that, and would have preferred being till six o'clock making the distance, instead of accomplishing it at half-past three. There was some gain however, for we had time to enjoy the banks of a beautiful stream of water, which was fringed by a species of laurel that was in full bloom, and very elegant. It was new to most of us, and is a delightful remembrance to those who love flowers, even till this day. We probably passed a half dozen occupied houses during the day.

The 16th we were in the rear and did not get off till two and a half o'clock P. M. The 1st division led, and as the 2d went by about 11 o'clock, having marched five miles, they were inquiring for a camp. Whether because they were tired out, or because they thought we had already gone into camp, we could not tell. We moved along quite pleasantly, after we got started, and reached camp at eight o'clock, having made about twelve miles. The country was a little better, and we saw some more signs of life and civilization. We actually saw corn growing, the first in Alabama, it being about three inches high. How different from the corn in Louisiana in the spring of 1863. We were still said to be in Baldwin county, the same that we had been in ever since we crossed the bay.

It was supposed at the time, that this day, or the day before we crossed a little corner of Florida, but from later investigation we find it quite unlikely, to say the least. There was no one on the route for two or three days that seemed to know where we were, so our information was very meagre.

The 17th we got off at seven o'clock, and moved along quite lively till we crossed the Escambia, or as the natives called it, the "Scamby." Then we increased our speed considerably for some distance, till a halt was very welcome. Later in the day we forded the Little Escambia, the water being about two and a half feet deep. This day the country began to improve and some few farms were seen, which were at least good to

look at. The timber began to change and while the pine abounded, it was mostly of another variety, the "*pinus mitis*," or the short leaved yellow pine. Most magnificent oaks skirted the streams, of the willow varieties, some of which were evergreen, while the shingle and chestnut oaks were plenty. Our old friends of Mississippi, the bay, holly, gum and poplar began to appear. We made about sixteen miles and bivouacked in a very pleasant place at four o'clock. A sad accident occurred just after dark in company K. We all heard the report of a small pistol, followed by a scream from the midst of a knot of men seated by a camp fire, and observing a commotion immediately after, we ran to the spot to find that Capt. Sanders had accidentally discharged his pistol into the eye of one of his men. It was a pop-gun affair, and the ball passed some few feet before taking effect, but it had been a center shot in the right eye of Ethan M. Murgel, completely bursting it without breaking the skin around it. The ball seemed to be lodged near the skin about two inches back on the temple, as though the bone had been broken outward, a great bunch having risen there almost immediately. Surgeon Kay was soon on hand and did all in his power to make the poor sufferer comfortable, but did not succeed in extracting the ball. We feared it would terminate mortally, but it did not. He stood it bravely, keeping along with us in the ambulance to Montgomery, and was discharged June 25th for disability, having fully recovered, minus the eye.

The 18th we marched at six A. M., the country still improving. Passed two or three quite fine houses, really guilty of having been painted. Went through the little hamlet of "Burnt Corn," where we saw a man at work in a wagon shop as though peace had come sure enough. The boys did some foraging and some purchasing by the way. Guards were stationed at every house to prevent the former, but they did little more than make believe. The cheeky soldiers were not deterred by them in the least. The difficulty in buying was in paying. The inhabitants had become for the most part, sick of their own money, and did not quite see their way clear to take ours. And if they did take it, they wanted the same prices for their truck that they had been getting for it in confederate scrip, which of course we could not stand. Two dollars and a half a dozen for eggs, was a little too steep. We got into camp at three o'clock, having marched our average sixteen miles. A few prisoners were captured by some of our command and passed to the rear, and we saw a few straggling chestnut trees during the day, which served to vary the forest scenery.

We left this Alabama pine home about noon, the 19th, being behind again. Troops had been marching by ever since daylight. We moved on slowly through about the same kind of a country as yesterday, not reaching camp, which was an unusually poor one, till after night, but making our usual distance. But we were all in glowing spirits. No night in all our marches

had we gone into camp with a prouder step and lighter hearts than this. And this was the reason of it: About three o'clock a courier had overtaken us from Mobile with the official announcement that Lee and Johnston had surrendered, and the rebel government had fled. As regiment after regiment behind us heard the news, they cheered to the echo. Their shouts almost rent the air. Soon it was our turn, and then they caught it up beyond us as the escort sped on, hastening to the front. How the volleys of cheers rolled out. The entrails had dropped out of the rebellion at last. The end had come. Though "it was long, long, long on the way," it had come. Jeff. Davis was a fugitive. "Glory be to God," we said, and then we shouted again. The natives began to inquire what it all meant, and we to tell them. They were all out of their houses to see and hear now, and seemed to be as deeply interested as we, though differently, perhaps.

Both yesterday and to-day were remarkable for a display of flags at the houses, which in this improved country were quite thick. Mostly they were only white cloth, signifying a desire to be kindly treated. But occasionally they were more pretentions. One said, "The Union forever," and another, "The United States forever." Doubtless there was real loyalty in this portion of Alabama, before it was crushed out by Wm. L. Yancey and others of his stripe. And their flags might have represented the sentiments of their owners; at least we thought so, for how could anybody be other

than Union then. There was no confederacy any more ; and so we kindly returned all their advances, whether white or colored, accepted all the flowers they offered us from their yards in passing, which were not a few, and actually wore button-hole bouquets presented by rebel fingers, for the first time in the south. Occasionally a lady would express Union sentiments in conversation with us, the like of which we had never heard in Dixie before. Sometime in the afternoon we passed through a little burg called "Midway," but midway between what or where we did not learn.

April 20th we jogged along finely and easily, though there were a great many sore feet in the army. The day was cool and the roads were good. We crossed Sturtevant's creek, quite a stream, flowing to our left towards the Alabama. We also passed the home of the then Governor of Alabama, Thomas Hill Watts, and where his mother then resided. She did not appear, as the inhabitants had generally done since the news ; too much secesh dignity for that. But the colored girls were distributing pinks to the officers while passing. We again marched about sixteen miles, and went into camp on Pine Barren creek at night. This was the last of our pine camps, our whispering homes in Dixie.

The 21st was a day long to be remembered on account of the rain and mud ; both were fearful. The soldiers plodded through, wet, drabbled, and thoroughly disgusted, peace or no peace. Teams stuck, unloaded, and corralled, were abundant. The supply train was

left hopeless in the rear. The 1st and 3d divisions reached Greenville, the county seat of Butler county, and camped, having gone thirteen miles, and about as hard a thirteen miles as any we ever traveled in the south.

But the day furnished a story of a model Union woman, to embellish our regimental history, which ought to outlive the recollection of the rain and mud.

The Chaplain and Serg't. Maj. Wharton rode ahead, by permission of the Colonel, to find a place to warm, dry, and rest a little, if possible, and procure some refreshments, as nothing could be had on the road. Selecting a house which looked rather inviting, where no horses were already hitched, they stopped and made their wants known, being kindly received. The family consisted of a lank, elderly man, the husband and father, by the name of Cheatham, with his wife and two daughters-in-law. Both of the latter were widows, their husbands having been killed in the war. The man was too aged even for the Alabama reserves, and so was at home, but the family could evidently have gotten along very well without him, for in the house, at least, he was only a Lieutenant, with no prospect of promotion. The mother was an invalid, though her disease, whatever it was, did not affect her tongue in the least. All these things were rapidly noticed while a warm fire was being built and the table spread by the mother's direction, the old man going after a couple of chickens at her bidding. The girls were very chipper for widows of so recent a

date. They explained how they had managed to keep up style since the blockade had diminished their resources, showing the hats their own deft fingers had braided, and the trimming for them which their feminine skill had constructed out of scarlet, white and yellow flannel by twisting. They also apologized for not wearing mourning, as it was not to be had, etc., etc., all of which was very interesting. Meantime various remarks were dropped in the interest of peace and union, and lamenting the cruelties of the war, which they pronounced uncalled for and inhuman, until we were prepared to expect almost anything in the way of union sentiment from any one of the family. The dinner was discussed in due time, all sitting down to it together, as is the custom in the north, but not in the south, and ample justice was done to it, the old lady in particular seeming to enjoy it amazingly. At last the regiment having come up, Wharton left, and the Chaplain was preparing to follow, he having lain down on a lounge for a little while to rest, when the mother expressed a desire for a few words more, and the following conversation occurred:

“So, Chaplain, you really think that the war is ended, that there will be no more of this cruel fighting and bloodshed among us, do you, Chaplain?”

“Yes, madam, I think the war is over, or nearly so. There may be a little skirmishing beyond the Mississippi, or in isolated places yet, but there probably will be no more heavy fighting.”

And then the invalid swayed herself to and fro in her easy chair, and raising her eyes and hands toward heaven, said :

“Bless the Lord. O, how glad I am to hear it. Bless the Lord.”

“But, Chaplain, do you think the north and south will come together in peace, and love each other as they used to, and do business together as though the war had never been, do you Chaplain ?”

“Yes, madam, I think so. It may be some time first, but ultimately I think the breaches will all be healed, business will resume its channels, and our relations will be as close and pleasant as before the war, if not more so, now the disturbing element of slavery is out of the way.”

“Bless the Lord. Husband, do you hear that ? Girls, do you hear it ? Bless the Lord. O, my heart is glad to hear such words. I never expected to hear them again, never. I had given up all hopes. Bless the Lord.”

And she almost fainted, seemingly, in her ecstasy. It made a profound impression upon the Chaplain. He expected to hear some noble union utterances in a moment more. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, during which time no one spoke, she began again.

“But, Chaplain, just see here. Now you know there’s been a great deal of bad blood stirred up ; more’n there ought to have been, Chaplain, and do you think folks

will get over it? Do you think we can go up north like we used to, and you come down here, and take papers, and all such things, and go on and live together just as though this awful, wicked war had never been? Do you think that, Chaplain? *Can* you think it?" And she almost screamed as she gesticulated in her earnestness.

"Yes, madam, I do believe that not only is the war over, but very soon its bitterness and enmities, and ruptures in social and business relations will be past, and we shall come the closer together from Maine to Texas, and from the great lakes to the gulf, for these few years' trial of each others' mettle, power, and needs. War will prove under God a broom to sweep away misunderstandings and wrongs, and a cement to unite us more closely together forever."

And then she rose from her chair, and striking an attitude of over-mastering joy, raised her clasped hands toward heaven, and cried out, "O, my soul, bless the Lord. I will praise him. Do you hear what the Chaplain says? Do you—hear it? He says we shall all come together, north and south, east and west, just as though nothing had ever happened. That's what he says. And then"—and the climax was evidently coming, for she was almost wild with joyous emotion—"and then I can get some more of Jayne's pills, Chaplain; some more of Jayne's pills; I have'nt had any for two years, Chaplain; not for two years. I laid in for two years at the beginning of the war, Chaplain, but I've

been out for two years. Now I can get some more, O, bless the Lord."

And she sank back in her chair exhausted, with her hands upon her face, sobbing, "Bless the Lord," while the Chaplain bade her good by, with thanks to the rest of the family, and closed the door upon the scene, musing upon the depth and quality of southern union sentiment.

Greenville we found to be a small, uninteresting place, on the railroad from Tensas Landing to Montgomery, about forty-five miles from the latter. It rejoiced in a small, confederate hospital, and a few poorly constructed barracks, and contained a good many refugees from Pensacola and Barrancas. We found quite a number of paroled rebel soldiers promenading the grass-grown streets, in a listless uncertain way, as though they scarcely knew what to do with themselves. But they were all defiant and consequential as though they had never been whipped, and expected to close the war with an overwhelming southern victory the next day.

The command did not move the 22d, except to bring up the trains and those in the rear, but having received orders from the War Department to that effect, proceeded to give expression to our opinions of the surrender of Lee and Johnson by firing two hundred guns. This we did at two o'clock P. M., waking the echos of Butler county quite extensively, and of Greenville in particular, our brigade band meanwhile discoursing its sweetest music at General Carr's headquarters.

The rebels had heard a rumor of Lee's surrender before we reached the place, but were very incredulous. They had thought him to be invincible. As soon as we arrived they eagerly inquired of us about it, hoping it lacked confirmation. Upon our declaring it to be true, they would turn away sadly, for the most part convinced it was so, but a few determined not to believe it at all, and one violent, opinionated rebel declared he would not, even if Jesus Christ said it was so. The salute of the afternoon gave it official emphasis to all.

As an illustration of the ignorance of a portion of the rebel army, the following are told :

Upon talking with a paroled soldier, possessed of average intelligence, upon the prospect of a speedy close of the war, adverse to the south, he ventured to dissent very strongly. The south was not whipped ; she could not be ; it was folly to think of such a thing. We asked why he thought so ; her cities and seaports were in our hands, her great Captain had surrendered ; what could she do ? He replied that we might take Vicksburg, Mobile, Charleston and Richmond, as we probably had done, but there were places we could not take. Upon pressing him to tell what places, he at last replied, with a candor that was transparent, "You cannot take Island No. 10."

The other is, if possible, still more ridiculous, but unfortunately not as well authenticated :

The fact was being urged by one of the rebel soldiers, in the presence of a squad of our boys, that we were not

Yankees; we were western men. They could whip Yankees; Lee's army had uniformly done so, and they could. This was often presented by the defeated rebels in the southwest, as an apology for their failures, and our boys had, as often wished, to take the lingering conceit out of them some way, if possible; so on this occasion one of the boys said, "I'm a Yankee." "Be ye?" said Johnny, "one of the reg'lar kind?" "Yis," said our Yankee, adopting the twang, "Yis, I s'pose I be." "One of the wooden nutmeg kind?" "Yis, I s'pose I be." "Well thare, now do you think you can fool me on one of them things? Mebbe you never made any yourself?" "Yis, I s'pose I have." "Well, I say, how d'ye do it? Just whittle 'em right out?" "Yis, that's all. It's nothing when you get the hang of it." "Well, I say, you hav'nt got one about ye, have ye, Mr. ? You could'nt fool me with one of 'em, no how, but I'd jest like to see one of the things, to see how it looks." Our Yankee designedly had a nutmeg in his pocket, which he very readily handed to Johnny, as the last specimen of his jack-knife manufacture. Johnny took it, smelled it, whittled it, tasted of it with the utmost pains-taking, and at last returned it saying, "I be durned if I can tell whether it is wooden or ginooine, and if you can whittle out such nutmegs as that, I can't see for my part why you can't fight as well as anybody."

Poor, nonplused fellow, he had honestly thought, with thousands of others in the south, that the Yankees

actually whittled out bogus nutmegs with their jack-knives.

While in Greenville, the Chaplain was sitting, with other officers, on the porch at a Mr. Quina's, where several of the citizens were gathered, among whom was a lady by the name of Gonzales, of Spanish extraction. She was an interested listener to all the conversation, but said nothing. Presently a citizen came in and announced that her husband was killed at West Point, Georgia, in the storming of that place by Gen. Wilson, six days before. Poor woman. A moment before she was dreaming of peace, and thinking of her husband, spared to her clear through the bloody war, in which so many others had fallen. But now at the very last minute the cup was dashed from her lips, and a night of deepest anguish had closed around her. How she screamed in her bewildering grief, and her daughter, a bright little girl of seven or eight years, running up at that instant, attracted by her mother's cries, upon learning the cause, added her shrieks to those of her widowed mother. And as they were locked in each others' arms, and their heart-rending expressions of affection for the lost one, and sympathy for each other found such painful utterance, we of the north had a new exhibit of war, and saw in that southern scene a picture of the thousands through all the land, where the cruel blight had fallen. Though we sympathized deeply with the stricken ones before us, we felt as never before for the widowed and orphaned of our own loved homes in the north.

While here a colored woman was met, surrounded by others who corroborated her story, who was one of the clearest and most beautiful white persons in point of complexion we ever saw. She was addressed as the mistress of the house, but affirmed she was a slave, though she was her master's daughter. She was nursing a babe with a complexion as clear as her own, and the interrogator was somewhat bewildered by the phase of affairs, when she said it was her master's child. It was thought she only intended to refer to her master's ownership in it, it being her child, as though slavery had not been abolished, and we hastened to assure them all that such rights and ownerships were in the past; they were absolutely free. But she blushing corrected the mistake by saying she meant no such thing; her master was her babe's father as well as her own. O, slavery!

We had speaking and singing at our headquarters that night, Col. Howe making one of his effective speeches, while "Nicodemus," "Old Shady," and other songs were rendered for the benefit of Greenville. Gen. Grierson and his cavalry passed through during the day.

Sunday, April 23d, was a bright, cool day. Our tents were struck and teams loaded at seven A. M., and at nine we were on the move again, crossing Persimmon and Hall's creeks, and taking it quite leisurely till after nine o'clock at night. As the evening came on it was cold enough for overcoats, and some very bad places

were found, but we were used to all that. We made about sixteen miles.

A lovely morning greeted us upon the 24th. We rose early and soon dispatched our breakfast, as we had not much to eat; our supply train was not yet up. Of course we did some little foraging during the day. We marched very steadily from about eight A. M. to five P. M., going full twenty miles, and passing through the village of Sandy Ridge, in Lowndes county, on the way. We crossed the Pintlalla creek by the Bethel Baptist Church, in Montgomery county, and went into camp on the plantation of Gen. Wm. L. Allen, with our whole division in sight. Our position was close by the residence, on a high knoll, with a beautiful sward, and although we lacked our long-time bed of pine straw, we managed to make ourselves quite comfortable, and especially so because of the distance we had come. Gov. Watts met us here with a flag of truce, requesting us not to enter Montgomery. O, no. The city must be spared, if possible, even if she was the first capital of the confederacy. War must not be permitted to hurt her, though she provoked and began it, and certainly no one did more to precipitate the war upon us than one of Montgomery's men, Wm. L. Yancey. Gov. Watts might have improved his time to much better advantage in getting the city ready to receive us, for his requests and pleadings were lost upon our commander; they seemed but as the vaperings of an idle brain.

We found a rolling and better improved section of the country after leaving Greenville, with many abodes of

wealth and luxury. Gen. Allen, where we were encamped, formerly worked forty hands, which meant comparative opulence. In speaking of a man's worth in this section of the country, instead of saying as at the north, he is worth so many dollars, the statement would invariably be, he works so many hands, or has so many mules. No reference would be made to land, even, as that was of comparatively little account. But the labor, the hands and mules, they were all important. How unwittingly oftentimes truth comes to be spoken. Labor is wealth, and brawn and muscle as well as intellect and character are above acres and gold. The power of production for the good of our race, is humanity's noblest earthly treasure, and he who has it in himself is rich ; more independently rich than he who can command it, for the time being, in others.

Tuesday, April 25th, we broke camp at half-past six A. M., with music playing and banners flying, and started for Montgomery, thirteen miles distant. We found the country still improving, and gradually becoming more level. The soil seemed to be deeper and far more productive, the maple having largely taken the place of the pine. Cotoma creek was crossed in due time, and about fifteen minutes past one we slowly entered the city, as we began the day's march, with music playing and banners flying. Our objective point was reached at last, and our weary march of one hundred and seventy miles in thirteen days.

A description of the city is scarcely called for in this history. We found it pleasant and clean, though showing some of the ravages of war. Gen. Wilson had necessarily punished it some when in it a few days previous, and the rebel Gen. Buford had punished it more just before it fell into Gen. Wilson's hands, having burnt all the cotton sheds and warehouses with their contents, as though that could hurt us. The people lined the streets and filled the yards upon our entrance, the colored portion of course giving us a hearty welcome. A local flag, that of the "Montgomery True Blues," was flying from the dome of the capital; they wanted to fly something. The confederate rag they dared not fly, so they simply went for Montgomery. "Lord, bless me and my wife." What a satire upon State or any other sovereignty save that of our Nation. What a ridiculous position to put a State capital in, a noble city in such a country as ours. Of course the silly make-shift came down speedily; and the glorious stars and stripes were flung out once more over the desecrated spot where the confederacy was cradled, and as we gazed up Pennsylvania street at the graceful folds, it seemed as though the breath of Heaven kissed them with more loving tenderness for their four years' absence. It was a proud moment for us, and one full of happy auguries for our Nation. Such occasions went far to make us forget the hardships and losses of the service.

We went into camp in a very pleasant, shaded lot inside the city, just across a street from the African Metho-

dist, or Zion Church. Immediately in our rear was an extensive strawberry bed, and as soon as our guns were stacked the strawberries had to suffer. They were just in their prime, and there were very few of the boys who cared to do so, who did not secure a fair portion. There was no one to say us nay, or claim ownership. We were speedily informed that our brigade was to do garrison duty, and we were to be provost guard again, Col. Geddes being Post Commander. This was eminently satisfactory to us, and we proceeded to make ourselves pretty much at home.

Our officers' mess, which had flourished hitherto, now suffered somewhat from the farming out of some of our officers among the citizens. We had but little more than gone into camp before they were present in force to offer quarters and board gratis, for the sake of the protection of an officer's presence in their houses, and as the war seemed to be over and peace at hand, it was deemed best to accept their hospitality in some instances, as a means of cultivating those friendly relations which it would be for the interest of all to speedily restore. So the Colonel went to one place, the Surgeon to Judge Saffolds', the Chaplain to Mr. Watson's, etc., etc. But some of the officers objected to any such arrangements, and remained with the regiment; their hatred of the principles of secession and their sterling independence forbidding their acceptance of the selfish courtesies. And so the mess still run, but with diminished numbers.

Just here some extracts from the last issue of the Montgomery *Daily Advertiser* are inserted, to illustrate the habit in the south of bolstering up their fainting hopes by the most unlikely and senseless reports. Having had full particulars of the surrender of Lee, which were published in the issue of April 21st, an extra *Advertiser* of the 24th contains the following :

“News from Gen. Lee’s army have been received since the reported capitulation. The whole story appears to have been based upon the surrender of Custis Lee and his small force. Gen. R. E. Lee is still fighting Grant, over whom he is reported to have gained *two brilliant victories.*”

And again :

“We learn from a gentleman who left Vicksburg on Tuesday”—this was Monday, almost a week later—“that a Federal dispatch boat had arrived at that place, bringing additional information of the state of affairs in the north, by which we learn, although it was not generally made public, that a great battle had been fought between Johnston and Sherman, in which Johnston was victorious, capturing over 20,000 prisoners, besides killing and wounding a large number. If this information should prove correct, and it is generally believed in Vicksburg, the condition of our affairs in North Carolina is much better than we were led to suppose from previous accounts.”

Editorially the same issue says :

“The news from Vicksburg of a victory gained by Johnston over Sherman, is confirmed by the Macon (Georgia) papers. It was in consequence of this defeat that Sherman proposed the armistice.”

And so they tried to galvanize life into the dead confederacy—to whistle among the tombs in their despair.

As early as the day before we reached Montgomery, rumors had been heard of the assassination of our President, but they had not been credited. In the *Advertiser* of the 24th we found a statement to that effect, but it was alongside those we have just given of Lee and Johnston's victories, which we knew were false, so we gave the other no credit. It was too horrid ; too preposterous. We could not entertain the thought for a moment. So the time slipped along till the 29th of April, four days after we reached Montgomery, before the sad intelligence was received through authentic channels, that our beloved President, the immortal Lincoln, was no more—and that he had fallen by an assassin's hand. We need not try in this history to describe the effect of the tidings upon us, or upon the Nation. That is written too deeply in the memories of all who shared in the grief of that fearful hour. But it seemed to us that we had even *greater* cause for grief, if possible, than those who were not in the field. We were now among those who could but rejoice while we wept, if they were in sympathy with the rebellion. This was the legitimate result of their teachings and acts, from Sum-

ter to the end. Andersonville and Salisbury, and Fort Pillow had prepared the southern mind for this, if it needed any preparation beyond that naturally afforded by the barbarities of slavery. And with this people all around us, at the first capital of a government under whose fostering arms such atrocities had been perpetrated, far removed from all the soothing, sympathetic influences of our own homes, was it to be wondered at that we felt as though we too had been smitten? That in taking away our "master from our heads," in the language of Scripture, they had nearly taken our lives? We staggered under the blow. Veterans though we had become in the years of strife, we were palsied now. All hearts melted. There was no soundness under our feet. No way of safety to look. What would not this people and their diabolical teachings do? And what were we called upon to do among them? was the question. What, in case they, by word or look, expressed their joy? What, any way? And in these latter questions we found relief. It was, at first, and for some time, our only relief. And to-day it ought to be recorded as a wonder, almost a miracle of moderation and control, that under the circumstances the south was not doomed when Lincoln fell. We were among them everywhere. They were entirely in our power. They had proclaimed themselves rebels, with taunts and boastings in all circles. They had justified every step their worst leaders had taken everywhere. They had spit upon us

publicly and privately. They had called this man everything vile for four years. They began by threatening his life on his way to Washington, and now they had killed him. Yes, *they*. It made no difference whose hand struck the blow, the animus, the teaching, was their's. And now we could take our fill of vengeance. Had they been in our place it would have been done, and they felt it; keenly they felt it. They saw in Montgomery and elsewhere that their lives hung by a thread. That in keeping with a world's history, rivers of blood should flow. And their cheeks blanched in our presence. But we did not strike. We placed our hands upon our bleeding hearts, and looking heavenward, asked God to give us grace to restrain us, though in the midst of people who, as we believed, would not have left a man of us alive had the case been reversed, to help us set the world an example of Christian heroism and forbearance, such as would find no parallel in history. And to the eternal credit of the Union army be it written, that not one retributive blow was struck through all the southern States. It is true they hastened everywhere to disavow the act, and claimed to regret it as deeply as we. But with their prints in our hands, and their record before us, we could not but believe the disavowals were, in most instances, more the result of a wholesome fear than of genuine sympathy, though we gave them the benefit of their asseverations. Whether we were mistaken in our conclusions, let the massacres and midnight horrors of fourteen years of a

reconstructed south, answer. Coushatta and Edgefield, and Kemper county, Mississippi, and other places, can best tell whether the act of Wilkes Booth was sincerely condemned.

The *Montgomery Mail*, of May 1st, appeared in mourning, and said much about the non-complicity of the rebel government in the assassination. "Wicked and wrong-headed as it might have been," it said, "we cannot believe that the Richmond head of the rebellion has any sympathy with, or is in any way accessory to this diabolical murder." And further, it affirmed, "As for the unfortunate masses of the south, who have been made the unwilling instruments of this rebellion, and who have been the chief sufferers under the grinding despotism in which it resulted, they deplore the event quite as much as their countrymen of the north, and would rejoice in common with their fellow-citizens of the entire nation in the apprehension and punishment of the assassins and their accomplices."

This is from a press and people who, a few years later, publicly abused the government for the execution of Mrs. Surratt as an accomplice in the assassination. But it was good reading, and might have been honest, upon the day when all our flags were at half-mast and draped in mourning, and our funeral guns firing, as they were May 1st, according to the following orders :

“HEADQUARTERS, POST OF MONTGOMERY,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., April 30th, 1865.

“General Orders No. 4.]

It is with the deepest regret that the Colonel commanding publishes the following announcement:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY AND DIVISION
OF WEST MISSISSIPP,
MOBILE, ALABAMA April 20th, 1865.

“General Field Orders No. 29.]

“With profound sorrow the Major General commanding announces to this army the death, by assassination, of the President of the United States, and of the Secretary of State.

“Appropriate funeral honors will be ordered by the War Department, but in testimony of the deep grief which prevails in this army, the public offices will be closed, the flags will be displayed at half-staff, half hour guns will be fired from sunrise until sunset, and minute guns from twelve o'clock M. until one o'clock P. M., at each Post within the limits of this command, on the day next succeeding the receipt of this order.

“By order of

“MAJOR GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY.

(“Signed)

“C. T. CHRISTENSEN,
Lieut. Col., Ass't Adj't General.

“Official :

(“Signed)

“J. HOUGH, A. A. General.”

In compliance with the above order, and in testimony of the profound grief felt by the troops composing the garrison of this Post, and by the loyal people of this place at the great National calamity, thus officially announced all public offices and places of business within the limits of this Post, will be closed from sunrise until sunset, to-morrow, May 1st, 1865.

“By order of

“COL. JAMES L. GEDDES.

“W. F. HENRY,

Capt. and Post Adjutant.”

The *Montgomery Mail*, of May 6th, contained the following, which reflected the sentiment of the army at the time very accurately, and doubtless exerted quite an influence in moulding it, as there were twenty-two Chaplains present at the meeting :

“Pursuant to published notice, the U. S. Army Chaplains at Montgomery, Alabama, assembled at the State House, Wednesday, May 3d, 1865. A Chaplains' Association was organized, by the election of Rev. Joseph Porter, 61st U. S. Infantry, President, and Rev. F. Humphrey, 12th Iowa Infantry, Secretary.

“Earnest discussion then followed on the state of religion in the army, the condition of the country, the death of the President, and the prospects of peace. A committee was appointed to arrange for holding religious services in Montgomery, on Sunday next; also a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of

the Chaplains, as ministers of Christ, in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln. The association then adjourned to meet again Thursday afternoon, when the following preamble and resolutions were reported, and after very interesting remarks upon them by many Chaplains present, were unanimously adopted :

“Whereas, The spirit of secession which first moved men to insult our Nation’s flag, and seek to destroy our Nation’s life, which has plunged our country into civil war and produced the untold suffering, devastation, bloodshed and death, of the last four years, has culminated in the assassination of our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, mysteriously permitted by Divine Providence ; therefore,

“Resolved, By the Chaplains’ Association of the U.S. army, at Montgomery, Alabama ; that we bow in sadness of heart, but with entire submission before the inscrutable blow, firmly convinced that God, in His wisdom and sovereign mercy, will overrule it for the Nation’s good.

“Resolved, That in Abraham Lincoln we recognized one raised up by God for the emergencies of the times in which he lived, and the position he was called upon to fill, as Chief Magistrate of our great Nation, in the hour of its peril, and in his conduct of the affairs of State, and discharge of the responsibilities resting upon him, he has commended himself to our warm sympathy, generous confidence and tender regard to a greater extent than any President ever did before.

“Resolved, That we mourn his loss as a man, a firm, consistent patriot, a profound, lenient, yet unimpeachable Executive, and a sincere Christian ; that, in his death, we have lost a father, a brother, and a kind friend ; one we hoped would have been permitted to finish the work he had so nobly begun, and to guide the Ship of State through the angry tempest of civil war and looming breakers of treason and hate, to the fair haven of fraternal love and peace.

“Resolved, That we still stand pledged to his oft expressed wish ‘that all men might be free,’ and we believe the Nation’s zeal and devotion to the principles of which he stood before the American people and the world as the exponent, will not be abated by the martyrdom of our leader, who has set the seal of sacrifice to a life’s devotion.

“Resolved, That we will cordially support Andrew Johnson in the discharge of his duties as President of the United States, praying that the Divine hand may lead him as his predecessor was led, in the responsible task of restoring peace, protecting personal rights, and establishing the perpetuity of our Nation, ruling over the people in righteousness.

“Resolved, That we reprobate everywhere and at all proper times, not only the fiendish act of assassination itself, but the spirit of bitter hatred and malice out of which it grew ; yet, we urge upon our Nation, and especially upon our forces in the south, the cultivation of

charity and forbearance, and the promotion of kindly relations, in a Christian spirit, in our intercourse with all our enemies, thus mourning truly for our deceased President by practicing his virtues.

“J. H. MOORE,
Chaplain 95th Ill. Inf'ty Vol.

“R. L. HOWARD,
Chaplain 124th Ill. Inf'ty.

“E. M. EDWARDS,
Chaplain 7th Minn. Inf'ty.

“A resolution was then passed requesting the Secretary to furnish the editor of the *Montgomery Mail* with an outline of the proceedings, and a copy of the resolutions, with an invitation to publish the same.

“Adjourned to meet Monday next, at the three P. M., in the chamber of the House of Representatives.

“F. HUMPHREY, *Secretary.*”

CHAPTER XXI.

Col. Howe commanding brigade.—Colored children.—Mail once more.—Ears cut off.—Dress parade in state.—Women after mules.—One woman's opinion of God.—Turn over flag.—Its history.—Col. Howe and his hostess.—Dr. Gilmer.—July 4th approaching.—Citizens wish to celebrate.—Arrangements.—Programme.—The day itself, and the celebration.—Disgusted.—A second edition.—A little marrying.—Sold horses.—New officers.—Hot but healthy.—Rumors.—Off on the "Virginia."—Going home.—Selma.—Pokerish bridges.—Demopolis.—On top of the cars.—Meridian again.—Recruits transferred.—Watermelons.—Jackson.—March and pay to Big Black.—Vicksburg.—Cherry street barracks.—Sun-stroke.

BY THE ABSENCE of Colonel Turner, of the 108th Illinois, Colonel Howe became our brigade commander, soon after reaching Montgomery, and Captain Field, the ranking Captain, assumed command of the regiment; yet both of these officers were on courts martial and military commissions most of the time we were in the city, leaving the regiment almost to run itself. This it could do very easily on provost duty, and the more especially as every officer in it was able to command a battalion if necessary.

Our camp, as has been stated, was in close proximity to the colored church, and one Sunday morning, at the close of their Sunday school, forty-three colored children came trooping into it, all under twelve or fourteen years of age. Three of the number, two girls and one boy, seemed to be white, and their being with the colored ones, excited a little surprise. But upon approaching them and inquiring about it, they affirmed they were "little nigs" too. Having our attention so forcibly called to the subject of southern "miscegenation," caused us to notice them all, and of the forty-three, only three could by any possibility be called black; all the rest had been more or less bleached under the christianizing influence of slavery. And the proportion would hold good among all the children of the south. Not over seven per cent. of the rising generation in slavery were of undiluted blood.

On the 7th of May we received a mail once more, the first since leaving Blakely. How anxiously we had waited and watched for it, none but soldiers know.

Guard mounting and dress parade had come to be fashionable in the regiment again, and on the 14th of May, Gen. Smith's band furnished our music, and Gen. Carr and Col. Geddes were present. We felt a little like the old "Excelsior" regiment once more.

The same day we had another illustration of the beauties and moral elevation of slavery, in the arrival of three colored people, one man and two women, with their ears cut off close to their heads. One of the women

had lost a part of her scalp, too, as well as her ears, and had a part of her face skinned. It was reported as done at a place about forty miles distant, toward Georgia, called Society Hill, and seemed to be a purely fiendish act, without provocation or cause. The man who did it was not their master, overseer, or any official, military or civil. He simply did it, as was stated, because he wanted to, and then said, "Go and tell the Yankees did it." A more brutal thing we never saw. And yet it was "off the same piece." Wirtz, Forrest, Chalmers, Wilkes Booth, Dr. Blackburn, Jefferson Davis, and the hero of Society Hill, had one common parentage, and each in his way presented the legitimate fruit of the southern institution.

For several weeks the regiment moved on in the nearly even tenor of its way. Sometimes we would have battalion drill for an hour or two, and its dress parades were always attended by crowds of spectators, military and civil, being the most imposing in the city. We also had frequent speaking, and singing by the glee club, at regimental headquarters. Meanwhile the country moved steadily towards peace, and all the troops save our division, left for parts unknown. We began to be anxious for our time to come, and talked about it more than about anything or all things else. Chaplain Howard, who was dispatched to New Orleans on business for the officers, in anticipation of our muster-out, and left by rail on the evening of the 19th of May, had a little peculiar experience, which we narrate here :

The train was loaded for the most part with rebel soldiers from Lee and Johnston's armies, who had been thronging the city for several days, and were being passed home as rapidly as possible. There were on board also a half dozen ladies from Greenville and below, who had been to Montgomery for the purpose of getting mules, if possible, from the Quartermaster's department, to aid, as they said, in raising a crop. The department had been very kind, and upon proof of loyalty, had given animals to a great many for that purpose. But these, for some reason, had failed, and as a consequence were not in a very amiable frame of mind. Excepting two Union soldiers in each car as a guard, the Chaplain was the only Union man known to be on board, and being recognized by his dress, the ladies soon commenced upon him concerning the way they had been rebuffed at Montgomery. The Chaplain mildly observed that it was no fault of his, but the ladies became more and more persistent and insolent in their remarks, feeling secure in their surroundings, till at last he told them that he did not wish to hold any conversation with them upon the subject. That it was of no use. It could not prove beneficial to them or him, and if they pleased he would greatly prefer not to talk with them at all, as they could not agree. The cars were so crowded that he had no alternative but to stay where he was or go without a seat, as there were scores standing up. This appeal silenced all the ladies but one, who persisted in the attack, notwithstanding one of her number begged of her

to desist. Such words as "mean, cruel, contemptible, cowardly, craven, mercenary, white-livered, rotten-hearted," with a good many others of the same kind, fell from her lips quite freely, without a word of reply or provocation. At last the Chaplain appealed to her sense of right and wrong, and to her common delicacy as a woman, asking her of what use it could be to use such terms to a minister of the gospel, who was no more responsible for the war and the state of things than she was, and could help them no more than she could. After they had appealed to war they must abide the result. God had decided against them, and there was no help for it.

At that she quickly responded, "Do you believe God had anything to do with the result of this war?"

The Chaplain replied, "Certainly. Do you think so many thousands can be marshaled, and the earth shake beneath their tread, so many lives can be taken, such rivers of blood and tears flow, and so many graves be dug, and He who takes note even of the sparrow's fall, have nothing to do with it? Yes, madam, the God of battles has decided this strife, and has done it in the interest of the north and liberty, and the south must submit."

At that she rose from her seat, and gesticulating wildly, with every nerve quivering from intense excitement, she almost shrieked out, "I don't believe God had a thing to do with this war, sir, not a thing. And

if he did, I don't want anything more to do with him, for he isn't the man I took him to be."

On the 10th of May our old, battle-scarred flag was inspected by Captain Scott, A. A. I. General, 3d Division, 16th Army Corps, by order of Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith, and ordered to be dropped from our returns, and deposited at the capital of Illinois. The following is its war history, deposited with it at Springfield:

"HEADQUARTERS 124TH REG. ILL. INF'TY,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 10th, 1865.

"These colors were borne by the 124th regiment on the march of Gen. Grant's grand army from Lagrange, Tennessee, to the Yacona, Mississippi, and return to Lagrange, Tenn., in December, 1862.

"Also from Lagrange to Memphis, Tenn., in January, 1863; from Memphis to Lake Providence. La., in February, 1863, and from thence via. Milliken's Bend and Bruinsburg to Port Gibson, Miss., in April, 1863.

"They were carried in and through the following engagements: PORT GIBSON, May 1st, 1863; RAYMOND, May 12th, 1863; JACKSON, May 14th, 1863; CHAMPION HILLS, May 16th, 1863; Siege of VICKSBURG, including the assault on the enemy's works May 22d, and FORT HILL, June 26th, 1863.

"They were also borne on the Monroe, La., and Brownsville, Miss., campaigns, in August and October, 1863, and in the great Meridian expedition, under Gen. Sherman, in February, 1864.

“They were also carried by the regiment on the occasion of the Champion Drill of the 3d (Logan's) Division, 17th Army Corps, when the 124th regiment won the Prize Banner, which was presented to it by Maj. Gen. McPherson, January 23d, 1864, as the Excelsior Regiment of the 3d Division, 17th Army Corps.

“During all this period the regiment constituted a portion of the 3d (Logan's) Division, 17th Army Corps.

“These colors were also borne by the regiment in the campaign against Yazoo City, and in the battle of BENTON, Miss., in May, 1864, under Gen. McArthur.

“Also in the Jackson, Mississippi, campaign, and in the battle at JACKSON CROSS ROADS, in July, 1864, under Gen. Slocum, and in the White river and Memphis expedition in October, 1864.

“They were also borne by the regiment (though too much torn and shattered for actual use) in the great campaign against Mobile and Montgomery, Alabama, in March and April, 1865, under Gen. Canby, including the siege of SPANISH FORT, and the storming and capture of the enemy's works, April 8th, 1865, by the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 16th Army Corps, of which the 124th regiment was a part.

“During the period including the foregoing operations, the regiment marched, by land and water, over 4,100 miles, and was engaged in fourteen skirmishes, ten battles, and two sieges, of forty-seven days and

nights, and thirteen days and nights, respectively, thus being under the fire of the enemy eighty-two days and sixty nights.

“J. H. HOWE,

Col. by Brevet, Commanding Regiment.”

As illustrating the temper of Montgomery society, and its continual argument against the principles of the northern people, the following story is told, and it also presents the hollowness of southern pretension :

Col. Howe's hostess, who by the way was very much of a lady after the fashion of the south, lost no opportunity for rallying him upon what she was pleased to term negro equality, as believed in by all who favored the emancipation of the slaves. Having been on the street one day she came home in great glee, and with the air of one who is certain of a crushing triumph, commenced upon the favorite subject in this wise :

“Now, Colonel, you may deny it as much as you please, but it is just as I tell you. The northerners all mean negro equality, and they'll practice it too. Even your officers will practice it right before our eyes, in broad daylight. What do you think I saw to-day on a street corner, as bold and shameless as could be ? I'll tell you. I saw a Lieutenant, yes, a Lieutenant, with his shoulder-straps on—I don't know what regiment he belonged to, but he was a Union Lieutenant—hobnobbing with a colored girl. Yes, actually flirting with her, Colonel, as well pleased and interested as though she'd

been white. Now, you needn't tell me you don't believe in negro equality and mixing up with the colored people. You do believe in it. What I see with my own eyes is proof positive. I must accept it, and it is just as I thought it was."

The Colonel calmly replied that he was sorry the Lieutenant had done such a thing, and that it was in very poor taste for him to flirt with a black girl, though that proved nothing as to the sentiments of the northern people. He thought there were not many even of our unmarried soldiers, so far from home and all society, who would care to flirt with negroes.

"She was not a negro," said the lady, quickly, "she was a bright yellow girl, and they were enjoying it immensely."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "that changes the case quite materially. She was part white, was she?"

"O, yes. She was real bright and pretty. She was above the average of colored girls, considerably above, and well dressed. But then she was colored for all that. Now, what do you think of such things?"

"And you are sure they were flirting?" asked the Colonel.

"Certainly," said she. "There could be no mistake about that."

"And they both seemed to enjoy it?" he asked again.

“O, yes. She was as pleased as could be. I know them well. I understand them. They can’t deceive me. And the Lieutenant was the picture of happiness.”

“And you say she was real pretty?” inquired the Colonel, once more, “of fine features, and quite light complexion?”

“Yes, she was very fair and engaging. Now, Colonel, if you had seen it as I did, what would you have said? Wouldn’t you have called it negro equality?”

“Well, I don’t know,” he replied, slowly. “I probably should have wondered how in the name of God she came to be so white.”

Poor, annihilated woman. The bleaching process of the south was never presented to her in quite that light before. The Colonel used to relate this conversation with great satisfaction, and it was most richly enjoyed by us all at the time.

A case showing the peculiar beauties of slavery from another point of view, occurred about this time. Residing in the suburbs of Montgomery was one Dr. Gilmer, who owned quite a good farm and a few hands, before the emancipation act freed them, and managed, with a little practice as a physician, to maintain some considerable state up to the time of our arrival; and at that time, whether from fear, uncertainty, or what, his colored people were all with him, including an old woman upwards of ninety years of age, as he himself admitted. She was very feeble, being scarcely able to drag herself about, and could gain no strength from her

food, which, owing to its coarse character, she could not chew. This woman the doctor set to hoeing beans, and upon visiting her in the field some time after, found she had accomplished but little. So he jerked her hoe from her in his rage, and knocked her down with it, striking her two or three blows after she fell. The act being reported to Col. Howe, he sent for him, and inquired about it, expecting, of course, if it was not all a mistake, that the doctor would plead excitement, or having struck a harder blow than he intended. But to the Colonel's utter astonishment he not only confessed all he was charged with, but stoutly maintained that he had a right to knock her down, lazy old slut that she was. She was his, and it was nobody's business what he did with her. If he had killed her it would have been better for her, as she was old enough to die ; and it would have been better for him, for she could not do enough to pay for her living any more, and consequently it could not be expected of him that he should maintain her. The work must be pounded out of her, or she must be pounded to death, was the sum of his statement.

The bitter invective and scorn, mingled with noble, liberty-loving and humanitarian sentiments that poured from the Colonel's lips at the doctor's heathen avowal, were enough to overwhelm any one less stolid than he. But he sat and heard it apparently unmoved, while all that stood by fairly writhed for him under the weight of the infliction, though scorning him from the depths of

their hearts. It was a scene long to be remembered, though possibly it did no good save to deepen our convictions of the horrors and brutalizing effects of slavery, the corner-stone of the southern idea and civilization.

The approaching 4th of July we took but little note of, after it became evident that we must spend it in Montgomery. It could not bring us much beyond what we might have any day, if we desired it, namely, a little speaking and singing in camp. Had we been at home with our loved ones it would have been different. The presence of wives and sweethearts is always necessary, even to a respectable endeavor to celebrate, unless it be such a celebration as ours of 1863.

But some of the citizens of Montgomery, for reasons best known to themselves, began to talk about having a real, old-fashioned time—one that should mean something, as the 4th used to be before slavery wiped it out. This may need a little explanation. Since secession, not only had the 4th of July been like any other day in Dixie, but for long years it had existed only in name as a holiday. It could not be explained to the slave—its language was one he could not bear. And so the firing of guns and burning of fire-crackers in the south had ceased on the 4th, and come to be done only at Christmas. That could be satisfactorily explained to the intelligent chattel, and not unsettle him with the absurdities of Independence Day. And it was infinitely better to burn powder in the face of the babe in the manger, than to talk of liberty to a northern slave.

We hailed the desire of the few citizens to celebrate the day according to its old traditions, as an indication of returning sense, which it was for the interest of all to cultivate, and so the military met a little squad of them at Post Headquarters, to choose a committee of arrangements and put the matter in as good shape as possible, the 124th being represented by Maj. Field. General orders had previously been issued by Army Corps and Post commanders, as follows, and the programme in full appeared with them in the *Daily Mail*, so that all Montgomery was fully apprised of what was to be done.

“HEADQUARTERS, 16TH ARMY CORPS,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 28, 1865.

“General Orders No. 21.]

“Upon Tuesday, the 4th day of July next, the Anniversary of the Independence of the United States, a Federal salute of thirteen guns will be fired at sunrise, and a National salute at meridian, at each military post and camp of this command provided with artillery and ammunition.

“Division commanders will issue the necessary orders for the proper parades and celebrations, within their respective commands.

“By order of MAJ. GEN. A. J. SMITH.
 J. HOUGH,
Lieut. Col. and Ass't Adj't Gen.

‘Official :

JAS. B. COMSTOCK,
Capt. and Ass't A. G.”

“HEADQUARTERS, POST OF MONTGOMERY,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 30, 1865.

“General Orders No. 11.]

I. In compliance with General Orders No. 19, Headquarters 3d Division, 16th Army Corps, current series, the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence will be observed by the troops of this command with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday, the Fourth day of July next.

II. A Federal salute will be fired at sunrise, and a National salute at 12 o'clock M.

III. The several military organizations of this command will report promptly at eight o'clock A. M., at these headquarters, to Brevet Col. J. H. Howe, 124th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, who will be in command of the troops during the ceremonies.

IV. A procession will be formed at eight o'clock A. M., consisting of the military, city authorities, civic organizations, and citizens, under the directions of the Officer of the Day and Marshal of the Day, and proceed to the grove to join in other ceremonies appropriate to the occasion.

V. All drinking saloons or places for the sale of intoxicating liquors will be kept closed during the entire day, and no spirituous or intoxicating liquors will be sold or given away; and all public places of business, except eating houses, will be closed from eight o'clock A. M., until four o'clock P. M.

VI. All loyal citizens are invited to join and take part in the ceremonies of the occasion, and it is believed that the present is a most auspicious time for American citizens to testify their appreciation of the government under which we live.

“By order of COL. CHARLES TURNER.

W. F. HENRY,

Capt. and Post Adjutant.

FOURTH OF JULY.

GRAND CELEBRATION IN MONTGOMERY.

The committee of arrangements have decided upon the following programme of ceremonies for the celebration of the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, in Montgomery, on Tuesday next, July 4th, 1865 :

PROGRAMME:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Marshal of the Day, H. P. Watson,
Officer of the Day, Maj. L. W. Clark, 108th Regiment
Illinois Infantry,

Music,

MAJ. GEN. A. J. SMITH and staff,
BREV. MAJ. GEN. E. A. CARR and staff,
Post Commandant and staff,
Brigade Commander and staff,

Troops of Third Brigade,
Artillery,
Troops of other commands who may wish to join the
procession,
Music,
Mayor and City Council of Montgomery,
Masonic Fraternity,
Independent Order of Odd Fellows,
City Fire Department,
Committee of Arrangements,
Citizens on foot,
Citizens in carriages and on horseback.

ORDER OF MOVEMENT.

The procession will be formed on Commerce street, the right resting on the Artesian Basin, and extending towards the river, and will be put in motion under the direction of the Officer of the Day and Marshal of the Day, at eight o'clock A. M., moving up Market street, to the Capitol, and down Bainbridge to Madison; thence to Perry street, and up Perry to South; thence to Court street, and down Court to Roberts' grove, where the following programme of ceremonies will be observed:

Prayer by REV. DR. PETRIE,

Music by the Singing Choir,

Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Chaplain HOWARD, 124th Illinois Volunteers,

Music—National Air, by Band,

Oration of the Day—HON. MILTON J. SAFFOLD,

Music by Band.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Lieut. Col. W. R. LACKLAND,
108th Reg. Ill. Inf'ty Vol.
Maj. WM. STUBBS,
8th Reg. Iowa Inf'ty Vol.
Maj. J. P. COWEN,
81st Reg. Ill. Inf'ty Vol.
Col. J. J. SEIBELS,
Col. ED. HARRISON,
JOEL WHITE,
E. H. METCALF,
F. M. GILMER.

JULY 1, 1865.

By this it will be seen that the arrangements were complete, and sufficient notice given to ensure a full and hearty co-operation from every quarter. Five of the eight members of the committee were citizens, and assumed to speak for Montgomery with authority. Col. Seibels, who had been a foreign minister somewhere, at some time, was very sanguine as to the result, and had three citizens put on the programme, two from the army, in order to placate and harmonize them, and also to convince us that they were heartily in sympathy with the effort; or rather, three out of four were citizens, for the Officer of the Day was a daily appointment, and he had no authority whatever in the procession, that he or any other officer did not possess before. So it was Marshal Watson, Chaplain Petrie and Orator Saffold, from the one side, and Reader Howard from the other.

But this we cared nothing about at the time. We were only anxious for success, and if Col. Seibels, or any one else in Montgomery, could lead off to advantage, and largely aid in the formation of union sentiment, we were all heartily glad of it, even if thereby he could become Military Governor of an unreconstructed State, which seemed to be his object. So we awaited the day with deep interest, though not without many misgivings among the more observing. Of course there would be no failure on our part.

The 4th dawned clear and hot, bidding fair for a sweltering, if nothing more. The Federal salutes were fired at Post headquarters, and in the contiguous camps, and the drums beat as usual. But not a sound else disturbed the stillness. In fact unusual quiet reigned. Not a hack or dray was on the streets—not a vehicle of any kind. It was a holiday, therefore no work was being done, and the places of business were all closed. Soldiers, officers and colored people could be met on the streets, but no white citizens. Even the small boy was wanting. Up to the beating of "fall in," nothing like it for stillness and desertion had been experienced by us in the city. Everybody seemed to be gone from home. Not a piece of bunting was displayed anywhere except where our bands had raised it. It made us think of a funeral; it was far less lively than May 1st, which was sacred to the memory of our martyred President. There was no note or sign of preparation anywhere. Nobody coming into the city from the suburbs or country.

At last the regiments formed and moved to their stations. Buttoned up to their throats in their sweltering uniforms, they took their places in comparative silence. There was no outside inspiration attending a step of their movements. Soon the Major Generals with their staffs appeared, our Brigade and Post commanders were in their places, and the line was formed according to the programme, Marshal Watson, of the now union city of Montgomery, Alabama, being in full command. Right bravely did he flourish his baton over the distinguished officers and brave men, the veterans of a four years' war, made necessary, in part, by the action of this same recusant city. He, by courtesy, for Montgomery's dear sake, was our Generalissimo.

But where was Montgomery? Where was the Civic portion of the grand procession? Here were the military in full, four splendid regiments, with Army Corps, Division, Brigade and Post commanders and staffs, all under a civilian, and untitled, and hitherto unknown man to us, and one certainly of questionable antecedents with respect to loyalty. So much we could see. But where those whose presence alone should entitle him to the honor of marshaling us? We certainly did not need him for simple purposes of command. The Generals who had led us through the fire and carnage of battle were surely able to lead us through the streets of a city in time of peace.

So we looked back on the line for the Mayor and City Council, but in vain; for the Masonic Fraternity, and

the Odd-Fellows, but they were not there. Then we looked for the Fire Department, the Committee of Arrangements, and the citizens on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, and this is what we saw, one colored hose company was in line, led by Foreman No. 3. who was a white man, Foreman No. 1 refused to appear, and Foreman No. 2 had sworn he would not, but this one white man had nobly responded to the demand of his colored company, and appeared at its head, trumpet in hand, thus making it possible for it to express its loyalty on Independence Day, as it could not do, according to State laws, without a white foreman. One carriage brought up the rear, containing the Orator of the Day, Col. Seibels, and possibly one or two other gentlemen of the Committee of Arrangements. A beautiful pageant, truly, in Division No. 2, of the grand procession; a colored hose company, and one carriage; a hundred black men, and four or five white ones. This was Montgomery on the glorious 4th of July, in an old fashioned celebration; and the exhibit was a representative one. What was manifest in the line was true of the city.

Every house was shut, doors, blinds and all, as we marched through the streets. Not a casement was open. Not a white female face was seen. Not a handkerchief fluttered. Up Market street to the Capitol, down Bainbridge, and through Madison, Perry, South and Court, we moved, with our bands playing and banners waving, a military pageant, composed as it was of a Nation's heroes, that would have profoundly stirred

any northern city, and brought its citizens by tens of thousands to the balconies and streets, with bunting and cambric, and bouquets and smiles ; and not even a look of sympathy and greeting met us anywhere. It seemed like a great funeral with the dead in every house, or what was perhaps worse, a march through the graveyard of our Nation's hopes. We felt insulted. The only bright thing in sight, besides the burning sun above us, was in the dusky faces of the members of that hose company. In them we saw our only friends, and the Nation's only southern defenders. Many later steps in reconstruction have doubtless been taken under the inspiration of such experiences as ours of that day. And better would it have been for us now, if we had the white man less, and the colored man more.

But the rest of the story is to be told. Roberts' grove was reached at last. Our campaign under Marshal Watson was so far a success. The military was properly arranged near the stand. There was no trouble about that, as there was no crowd. Col. Seibels and Judge Saffold alighted from their lonely carriage and took their places, and all was ready to commence, when it was discovered that Dr. Petrie, the citizen Chaplain, was not present. He had thought too much of himself and of the south, to disgrace either by an appearance. He was not in sympathy with the day. He was behind the barred casements at home, mourning over the corpse of the confederacy. And so there was counseling to be done among the chieftains of the occasion. Watson

and Seibels, and Saffold put their heads together. Chaplains were present. Gere and Carner were there in their uniforms, as well as Howard, and they could not fail to be recognized. But, no. It would never do to call on one of them. There was no telling what a northern man would pray for, if once be started. He *might* pray for the confederacy, and that would be an outrage upon their feelings. And then it would certainly look badly if Montgomery didn't do pretty much all of it, since they had started out on that line, especially all there was any honor in doing. At least that was about the way their talk sounded to us who did not hear it, but were quietly awaiting its long deferred termination. But a very satisfactory way out of the dilemma presented itself. Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of a Protestant Methodist church in Montgomery, was espied, sitting under a tree near by, and invited to come on to the stand and pray, which he did. And why should he not? He had nothing at stake to hinder, like Dr. Petrie. The Protestant Methodist church was the Benjamin of the southern Israel, unlike the influential, Presbyterian church of the Rev. Doctor, and the particular, Protestant Methodist church of Montgomery, was one of the smallest in Benjamin. Nobody of any consequence belonged to it, and Rev. Mr. Johnson himself was far from being a Saul. He was not a head and shoulders taller than his brethren by any means, so he had nothing to lose personally, and could pray at a fourth of July celebration, with union soldiers present, without essential

damage. In fact, it was more than suspected, as he sat alone so strangely and conveniently, that he had been invited to be there for that very purpose by those who professed to be greatly surprised at the absence of Dr. Petrie.

At the close of the very short and common-place prayer, the "Singing Choir" was found to be absent also, which was platform failure No. 2. No apology was offered for it by the distinguished citizens who had it in charge. The band was invited to play, which it did, and we of the Glee Club could not but nod at each other, as we thought of the music that might have been furnished, had we been invited to sing.

Chaplain Howard then read the Declaration of Independence with a full, clear voice, and, led to do so by the painful features of the celebration thus far, gave marked expression to those portions of it which a liberty-loving man is glad to hear. The colored hose company seemed to enjoy it greatly. Probably it was new to the most of them.

A National air by the band was then given, followed by the oration, by his honor, Judge Saffold. And what shall we say of that? What, in justice, *can* we say of it? We knew that it was a hard place to put a citizen of Montgomery in, however able and fearless he might be, and that a prudent man would avoid it. But the Judge had chosen to assume the responsibilities of the position. It was a coveted opportunity to him; one which should make him famous at the north, and place

him in the front rank of southern reconstruction. It was a sort of political God-send, which should give him claims that he could press at Washington in the future ; and all that was against him. But still we hoped he would rise to the requirements of the occasion, and entertain some just sense of its importance. We did not expect what we would have liked to hear, sentiments in full sympathy with loyal, northern thought ; but we did expect to hear some noble, manly utterances in keeping with the irresistible logic of passing events. Some allusions to the facts of the last four years, and our presence there under arms, woven in somewhere, in a way, if not firm and decided, at least plausible and diplomatic. We did expect him to advert to the emancipation of the colored race, if not with express approbation, certainly as a very proper war measure, and one to which the former master must prepare to submit.

But we were disappointed. For nearly an hour we were fed upon what, under the circumstances, seemed the veriest trash possible. It was a simple exploration among the ruins of the past, without one allusion to the present. He lauded our pilgrim fathers at Cape Cod with great unction, instead of on Plymouth Rock ; discovered the Pacific with Balboa and the Mississippi with DeSoto ; followed the fortunes of the army of the revolution, via. Valley Forge to Yorktown and a glorious victory, and called to mind our common heritage in the triumphs of our arms in Mexico. He also left our shores and went backward like the shadow on the dial

of Ahaz, to Marathon, Thermopylæ, and the "base of Pompey's pillar, where great Cæsar lay along," and all without pointing a living truth, or possessing the merit of being an illustration. Poor man, how he traveled, and how disgusted we were with him, as with the fine-tooth comb of his witless effort he raked among the ashes of by-gone centuries, and turned bodily away from all the fires of the living, battling, glowing present. Not an allusion, even the remotest, did he make to the war, our flag, emancipation, treason, secession, the union as such, or the dangers that beset our government, or the fact of our presence there. If he had been asleep for five years, and just waked up in time for that speech, he could not have been more oblivious to the issues of the hour than he seemed to be. And as we thought of what he should have said that he did not say, and it became apparent that he was about to close without saying a word of it, from being simply disgusted, we became enraged. We felt insulted, outraged by him. It was the crowning indignity of the day; it seemed to be studied, intended. Montgomery had closed its doors and staid at home in good taste compared with this man, who had volunteered to be our orator, and thrust himself upon us on such a sacred occasion, in order to compel us to listen to his ignoring platitudes and senseless drivel, and leave us shamed and guilty by his silence, because we were where we had no call to be, and engaged in doing that which was unworthy a 4th of July mention in our presence. We could not and we would

not submit to any such thing. Whatever his reasons were—and they were probably those of a shallow time-server, as we come to see it now—we determined to change the whole order of things. To be marched and counter-marched in the broiling sun, as we had been, through the deserted streets of a contemptuous city, so many brave men and gallant officers, captured by four or five double-dealing, pretentious southerners, and then to have it all end in this way, was not to be endured for a moment.

So we said to our fellow-soldiers of the other regiments, as we left the grove, "Come over to the camp of the 'hundred and two dozen' when you hear the 'assembly,' and we'll have another edition," and they invariably replied, "we'll come."

From that time till dusk was principally spent in comparing notes on what had already transpired, which proved to be simply manufacturing thunder for the evening, for the more we thought about the matter and discussed it, the more indignant we became. There were no ameliorating circumstances, and no one hazarded so much as the faintest suspicion that there might be another view taken of the affair. It was simply outrageous from beginning to end. And so the long afternoon wore away.

About dusk the "assembly" was beaten with a will in our beautiful camp, though not before scores were gathered there. The multitudes soon responded. We had previously invited in a number of the citizens with

whom we were somewhat intimate, so that we had several more of them in the Colonel's tent than were present at the grand, union celebration in the morning. They dared turn out now. This would not involve a loss of southern caste. And the knowledge that something more than usual was going on, had filled all the balconies and piazzas within sight and hearing of us, the ladies being largely in the ascendant.

Next the tent were the soldiers by hundreds, not only of our own brigade, but of the other commands near us. Outside of them were the colored people in large numbers, both male and female, and beyond them the whites again. The evening was all that could be desired for out of door speaking, and its temperature was particularly inviting and grateful after the scorching heat of the day. Nothing outward was wanting to complete the inspiration of the hour, and all was in a quiver of expectation. The exercises began with a stirring song by our glee club, and notwithstanding the interest that had given character to our music at Vicksburg after the election. Captains Field, Merriman and Newland, and Sergeant Kent never sung before as they did that night. There was a peculiar emphasis given everything, that was in marked contrast with the maudlin twaddle of the day, and "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Union, Now and Forever," and "A Thousand Years," rang out upon the evening air like the irrevocable utterances of the gods set to music, as the time sped on and the enthusiasm rose higher and higher still.

Col. Howe was the orator of the occasion, and for over an hour he handled treason and secession with a master's hand. His denunciations of the leaders in the rebellion, including its petticoat head, and his warnings to the slaveocrats of Montgomery were a revelation to hundreds who heard him; and why we were there that day in arms, and what for, though not to their credit, were not among the debateable things when he had finished. Conviction had been carried to many a heart which had failed to realize the situation before, and we were all rejoicing in the opportunity for free speech at night, which the failure of the morning had afforded us.

After more songs, Chaplain Howard was called for, who added his testimony to the truth the Colonel had spoken; and by the time we closed, if there had remained any lingering doubts in the minds of the citizens as to who had conquered in the strife, and whether the slaves had really been freed, they must have been dissipated. So our 4th of July was a success after all, and one of the pleasant memories of our service is of that night and its ringing utterances.

The War Department having issued instructions through the Freedman's Bureau for all the colored people living together as husband and wife to be legally married or separated, wherever our armies should come, upon reaching Montgomery there was found to be so much of that work to do, that Chaplain Buckley, Post Superintendent of Freedmen, sought assistance, and

upon the 7th of July I began to aid him by marrying fourteen couples. I then fitted up a room for my greater convenience, and within ten days married eighty-two couples more, as my share in this reformatory work, or ninety-six couples in all.

Most of these were but the legalizing of so called marriages of long standing, and in many instances the *elite* of colored society and the honored members of the African churches were the subjects. The first day two ministers were married, who had lived with their wives for years, and raised large families. One of these ministers was a former slave of the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, and bore his old master's name.

One instance of this re-marrying was peculiarly affecting. A woman about fifty years old presented herself, with others, and said her husband would be in soon, and wished the papers made out against he came, as he was in a hurry. She was tall and commanding in appearance, richly dressed, and of more than usual intelligence, commending herself at once to the favorable consideration of a stranger. The papers were completed and one or two waiting couples had been disposed of, when a short, heavy, yellow man came in, barefooted, bareheaded, and wearing only a pair of blue overalls and a red flannel shirt, which was open at the collar, and sleeves rolled above his elbows. He had a blacksnake whip in his hand which he cracked a time or two between the gate and the open door, and he left a horse and dray standing outside. As he entered he was

addressed by this woman at once as her husband, and took his place on the floor by her side, with the whip still in his hand. The simple service was soon over, and at its close he turned to his new wife, with whom he had lived more than thirty years—I having married their daughter who was thirty years old, in the forenoon—and raising his right hand and eyes toward heaven, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks, he said, “I thank thee, O God, that I have been permitted to live to kiss my wife,” and then kissed her with a tenderness that was indescribable. My eyes, too, filled with tears as I witnessed the scene, and I said, “Despite all his deceptive appearances and disadvantages, here is one of nature’s noblemen.” He then offered me a five dollar bill, which I refused to take, affirming that I could not rob a freedman of an hour’s earnings. Then he asked me how much I would take, adding, “I wish you to understand that this is worth something to me, sir.” I replied, “The fee for recording at the Freedmen’s Bureau is fifty cents, and if you choose you may give me a little more.” He handed me a two dollar bill, with profuse thanks, went out with his wife, cracking his whip, and, leaving her to go home alone as she came, mounted his dray, and drove off, as happy a man as I ever saw.

This marrying resulted in keeping my room liberally supplied with fruit of all kinds known to the season and place, and with the richest of cakes in great profusion, as expressions of gratitude for the service rendered, on

the part of those who had little else to give. The fifty cents for recording, and a great watermelon, or a peck of peaches and figs for the certificate, made it all right. And the day we left Montgomery I was escorted by hundreds of these grateful people to the steamboat landing, in a hack which they had furnished, and bidden good by with as deep and genuine regrets as are experienced by those of whiter faces, and they were fully reciprocated by me.

About this time the certainty of our being speedily discharged, led us to begin to "trim ship," and as a part of that work the field officers all disposed of their horses, and from thenceforth went on foot; hence there could be no more reviews. All that was past, and in sympathy with it our dress-parade ceased. Fortunately for us horses were in tolerably good demand in Montgomery.

Quartermaster Reece, too, was ordered to turn over all his splendid teams, which was a great grief to him and Durley, and shared in by us all. But the teamsters, poor fellows, felt it the most keenly. It was really a breaking up to them, and as they sauntered around after their mules were gone, like Othello, without an occupation, they were really to be pitied. But they had the satisfaction of hearing the Post Quartermaster say, their teams were the best he had ever receipted for.

After the wounding of Adjutant Smith, at Spanish Fort, Serg't. Maj. Wharton acted as Adjutant, and his promotion to a 1st Lieutenancy was at last obtained,

but he was not mustered on account of our leaving the service so soon. Since leaving Vicksburg, however, we had secured the promotion and muster of 2d Lieutenants Thomas P. Price, of company D; Wm. B. Day, of company G; James A. Griffith, of company I; and John B. Mabry, of company K; while Harvey B. Powers, of company E, and Geo. M. Cronk, of company H, were commissioned 2d Lieutenants, but not mustered. Col. Howe was also brevetted Brigadier General, and Maj. Mann was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. Field, Major.

The last few weeks of our stay in this city were extremely hot, the thermometer creeping up to 112° in the shade, on the 7th of July. But there was very little sickness in the regiment, and we did not lose a man during all our stay in Alabama, after leaving Spanish Fort.

Rumors of leaving became very abundant soon after the 4th, and as usual they were of all kinds and shapes. Sometimes we were going back to New Orleans, and home by way of the Atlantic and Washington. Sometimes we were to be mustered out where we were, and scatter as we chose, and one day it was confidently affirmed that the muster-out officer had arrived for that purpose. But most of the rumors made Vicksburg the first objective point, from which we were to go north in a body, which proved to be correct. And we had not long to wait for their confirmation. Orders were re-

ceived to prepare rolls upon which to transfer our recruits to other organizations, and we went about it in earnest, realizing that the end was near. On the 14th of July some Missouri troops started for home, and the ice was broken, as the boys called it.

On Sunday, the 16th, orders were received to embark on the first boat for Vicksburg. All was on the *qui vive* in an instant. The day that had been quiet as Sunday should be till that moment, was quiet no longer. Home seemed very near, and every heart was throbbing. We were the first Illinois regiment to move, thanks to the influence and indomitable energy of Gen. Howe. A heavy rain and wind came on in the afternoon, but did not abate our ardor in the least, and we could have embarked in an hour had there been a boat.

Early in the morning of the 17th word was brought that a steamer was at the landing ready for us, and though it was raining quite hard, our boys immediately struck their tents, and were anxiously awaiting orders to go on board. Our neighbors of the other regiments were all greatly surprised at the celerity of our movements in getting off, as none of them were yet ready. But though they envied us, they rejoiced at our good fortune, and bade us say in Illinois that they were coming. At half-past one o'clock we were all safely bestowed upon the steamer "Virginia," having bidden good by to Gen. Carr and staff, and the hundreds of others who were there to see us off. The bell rung, the

plank was pulled in, and we swung out into the Alabama, and headed down the stream for Selma and Vicksburg, *en route* for home, bidding farewell to Montgomery, most of us, forever.

We reached Selma about ten o'clock at night, and remained on the boat till morning, most of us getting a tolerable night's rest. We debarked early, breakfasted from our haversacks and at restaurants—our officers' mess, at least, being defunct—and went on board the cars at eight o'clock for Demopolis. A few of us improved the brief moment before starting in visiting the ruins of the Confederate States Arsenal, as the grand cavalry raider, Gen. Wilson, left them. The destruction was found to be very complete, but our regrets were few.

Soon after starting we crossed two very pokerish bridges, one of which was over the Cahaba. They were simply a track laid on pine piles, in some instances, as it seemed to us, as many as thirty or forty feet high, and our heavily loaded train swayed its frail supports to and fro, as we slowly rolled over them, giving us a real scare. But we crossed in safety, and according to the old proverb, ought to speak well of the bridges, though we confess to no desire to repeat the ride.

At two P. M. we found ourselves at Demopolis, and went on board the ferry-boat "Robert Watson," steaming down the Tombigbee to McDowell's Landing. There we found the 117th Illinois on their way home,

and had to wait for them to get off. In about an hour we followed them on a train for Meridian, Mississippi.

Having only box cars and not enough of them, our accommodations were not very good, and many of us took the roofs of the cars for sleeping purposes, in preference to the crowded, suffocating insides, and we enjoyed our risky choice amazingly.

About three o'clock A. M., the 19th of July, we were awakened by the statement that we were once more in Meridian; that Meridian to which we had paid our respects in February, 1864, and left in ashes. We remade our beds upon the platform at the depot, and wherever else we could make ourselves comfortable, to finish our night's sleep. But unlike the old time, we did not lie upon our arms, or put out any guards. Meridian had become quiet and safe.

That day we spent where we were, and transferred our recruits to the 33d Illinois, which was in camp there. It was hard for the boys to leave us, and hard for us to part with them. Some of them had been with us ever since we went to the front, sharing with us in all our campaigns, and it seemed especially hard for them to be obliged to stay while we went home, because they had a few days less time to their credit. But there was no alternative.

During the day the 81st and 114th Illinois, and the 10th Minnesota came in, on their way home, which

made the forlorn looking place quite lively. The citizens seemed determined to improve their opportunity for making up their war losses while we were there, as far as possible, charging us a dollar for meals, and, as Allaire says, "Setting on victuals no one could eat." But we could stand it one day, especially as we were going home.

The 20th we were on the cars again, for Jackson, and rather enjoyed the ride. It is true we had only box cars, but we had more of them, so we could make ourselves more comfortable, and it was in the daytime and tolerably pleasant. And at every place the train stopped the inhabitants came flocking with watermelons for sale, which were disposed of so cheaply, unlike the Meridian dinners, that we all indulged in them, and they became the rage. Nearly everybody was cutting melons, and saying, "Now try a piece of my melon," and, "You must help me eat mine," all the way to Jackson. Great, luscious forty-pounders, for ten or fifteen cents apiece; we have never seen their like since, either for size or sweetness. Gen. Gholson, who tried a hand with us at Jackson Cross Roads, in July, 1864, and lost a hand in doing it, was with us on the train, and shared our watermelons, learning that we were a part of the force he did not whip that day.

We reached Jackson about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Reece obtained transportation for our baggage across Pearl river, where it awaited a wagon train

to the Big Black. We rested awhile and then started out to march a few miles in the cool of the evening, as the railroad was not in operation, and the distance to the Big Black had to be made on foot. Many of the officers took hacks, paying as high as ten dollars apiece for the ride, and pushing on all night, reached Vicksburg the next day. The men, too, clubbed together many of them, and hired mule teams to carry their personal baggage, paying in one or two instances, fifty dollars a company. This was the more necessary as many of them had extra loads in the shape of bird-cages with young mocking birds, and other things they were anxious to get home as souvenirs of the war.

A few miles out the regiment halted for the night, and the next day moved on to Edwards' Station, passing through Clinton, and over our old battle-field of Champion Hills for the last time, and getting into camp about ten at night, having rested during the heat of the day. On Saturday, the 22d, the Big Black was reached once more, and the cars carried the last of us into Vicksburg, where we found lodgment in the Cherry street barracks, having finished our last march in the service. And a trying one it had been, in the heat and dust, after so long relaxation at Montgomery. We found Lieut. Taylor, of company F, Quartermaster at Big Black, who rendered many of us kindly aid in our need, and proceeded to get ready to go home with us.

But our fatiguing march from Jackson was not so sad as our ride from the Big Black, for one of our brave men, Benjamin A. Noble, of company G, was sunstruck on the roof of a car, and died soon after reaching the depot in Vicksburg. To pass through so much unscathed, and die thus, on his way home was, indeed, strange.

CHAPTER XXII.

Muster-out rolls.—Headquarters at the Washington House.—Equipments turned over.—The work supposed to be finished.—Lind married.—On the “Ida Handy,” and good by to Vicksburg.—Aground.—Mouth of White river.—The last sermon.—At Cairo.—On a “wild train” of 35 cars with the 76th Illinois.—Through the State.—At Chicago.—Soldier’s Rest.—Grand reception at the Court House.—Papers defective.—Camp Douglas.—Two weeks of waiting.—*Tribune* article. Ed. McGlynn.—Paid off and free at last.—Testimonials to Reece and Durley.—Off for home.—Reception at Kewanee.—The war-path ended.

MONDAY, JULY 24th, saw us all at work on muster-out rolls and final papers. No one whose hand was clerkly was idle. Our headquarters were at the Washington House, where Gen. Howe staid, and in his rooms every step was discussed, and every effort put forth to ensure the greatest dispatch. Tuesday was devoted to the same tasks, and a part of Wednesday, when the rolls being finished, our equipments, except our arms, were turned over, and we passed through the formality, as we supposed, of a complete muster-out. But our rolls were not signed, as we could not be paid in full

where we were, our time being incomplete, and we were ordered to report at Chicago for final payment, and our discharge papers.

Thursday some other little details were attended to, by the direction of the mustering officer, and we were ready to start for home on the first suitable boat. We did not propose to take an unsuitable one if we could avoid it.

But before we could get off another little affair, which was a muster-in, instead of a muster-out, had to be attended to at the Washington House, in the shape of a wedding. Andrew Lind, of company A, who had so long been Col. Howe's orderly, had found a buxom widow in Vicksburg, by the name of Mrs. Josephine S. Burland, who was willing to accompany him to his northern home. So the aid of the Chaplain was invoked, and the last official act of our long, Vicksburg sojourn was the making of so much of the north and south, one.

The 28th of July the "Ida Handy" reached the landing from below about three o'clock, and we were soon on board of her with all our remaining effects. At five P. M., we got off, and were steaming up the "Father of Waters" on our last trip, having said farewell to our many friends, and also to the bloody hills of Vicksburg.

Two incidents occurred on the 29th, which were of some interest to us at the time. One was getting aground, where we lay about three hours, to our great disgust. But we were finally pulled off by the "Bostona" and "Gunboat No. 10," and were on our way again, though with less confidence in the management

of the steamer. No vessel going up the river, and as slowly as we were, should get aground so badly. Going down stream with the current to set us on harder would have been pardonable.

The other incident occurred at the mouth of White river, where the 6th Kansas regiment was ordered on board, with us for Cairo, and the Captain of the boat raised no objection. But Gen. Howe, remembering the "Sultana" horror, from overcrowding, and having had enough of the sardine packing business on the "Guiding Star," ordered them off the boat. In this he was most heartily sustained by every member of our regiment, though we deeply sympathized with the Kansas boys in their impatience and disappointment. In the evening we indulged in a little of our old "piney woods" music, in the cabin, and gave "Old Shady," with other pieces, a sort of going home emphasis.

Sunday evening, July 30th, the Chaplain preached his last sermon to the regiment, in the cabin, from Gen. 13: 12, 13. It was an earnest appeal to the men, upon their engaging in the pursuits of peace, among which they were at liberty to choose, not to pitch their tents toward Sodom simply because the plain was well watered, but to counsel with God, and pitch in the plain of Mamre, which is Hebron. And it closed with the hope that all the dear old regiment, so soon to be separated on earth, might be re-united in Heaven.

On Monday we reached Memphis at two A. M., and made but a short stop, leaving again a little after day-

light. But short as our stay was, the "Grey Eagle" passed us there, with the 76th Illinois on board, making us think regretfully of our three hours on the sand-bar, and anxious about our transportation from Cairo. But we could not help ourselves. They were ahead, and our boat stubbornly refused to run only about eight miles an hour.

A little after noon on the 1st day of August, we reached Cairo, and once more were upon the soil of our own State as a regiment, what was left of us. Sadly we looked down the river, up which we had just come, and thought of our brave comrades who had gone down that same dark stream to die. They once stood with us here in their strength and hope, but they are not with us now. Our ranks have been greatly thinned by our part in a Nation's sacrifice. But we had little time to indulge in sad thoughts, even for men so worthy, for we were almost home, and there was joy ahead.

To make sure of transportation upon reaching Illinois, and knowing the 76th were ready to leave Vicksburg when we did, Reece had telegraphed from there to Captain Black, at Cairo, to provide especially for us. But the dispatch was not received, and the 76th were there first. So upon Gen. Howe's reporting our arrival, he was advised to go back on board the steamer and proceed to St. Louis, as it would be two or three days before cars could be furnished us at Cairo. Here was a dilemma, and one which found us but poorly provided with patience. To be run by and headed off after such

a fashion, was peculiarly trying. But the same energy and perseverance that had served us so well in many an emergency in Dixie, prevailed in Cairo, for the authorities were manipulated into consenting to put both regiments on a freight train and start us off together. This was much better than waiting, especially if we had to see the 76th leave in passenger coaches. We were on a level now, and our pride demanded that.

So at four o'clock, having been in Cairo only a little over three hours, both regiments were loaded on a "wild train," as one without any right of way is called, consisting of thirty-five freight cars; and, covering roofs as well as filling the insides, a moving mass of blue, we started in great glee on our triumphal procession through the whole length of our home State.

Our train was so heavy that from Centralia it required two engines to draw it, and being a wild one, we sometimes ran very slowly, as we could go but a little distance before being obliged to wait for those who had the right of way. But wherever we came we were received with the greatest enthusiasm and the heartiest welcome. Crowds flocked to the depots to greet us, and handkerchiefs waved from countless windows and balconies by the way. At Champaign City, owing to the company of the 76th, which was partly raised in Champaign county, bountiful refreshments were awaiting us, provided by the ladies, and we stopped about three hours to enjoy them. Many of our comrades of that regiment met their wives and children there, and we

rejoiced with them in their greetings. only to long more impatiently to go forward to ours. We became greatly wearied by our positions on the long trip, being without seats only as our feet dangled from the roofs of the cars, or we sat upon the floors.

But at last, about nine o'clock Thursday morning, August 3d, after being forty-one hours on the way, we slowly rolled along the shore of Lake Michigan into the great union depot, at the foot of Lake street, Chicago, and this, our last ride together, all in blue, was ended.

Chicago was all astir to receive us. From the time that we came near the first house in the city, men, women and children stood ready to give us a cordial welcome. "This is grand," said Capt. Stafford, as we rode along the lake front, past the myriads of waving cambrics, where even the business of the great city seemed to pause to do us honor.

We were seized upon by a committee of citizens as soon as we alighted from the train, and hurried away to the Soldiers' Rest for breakfast. And even now we well remember that we did ample justice to the bill of fare, waited upon as we were by those whose bright smiles and kind attentions made us doubly welcome.

From breakfast, which we were a little long in discussing, we were marched to the Court House, where a public reception awaited us, an account of which we copy in full from the *Tribune* of that date, omitting the historical sketches and rosters:

“At an early hour yesterday morning, the 124th and 76th regiments of Illinois volunteers arrived here, the former direct from Montgomery, Alabama, and the latter from Galveston, Texas. They breakfasted at the Soldiers' Rest, and at a little after twelve o'clock marched up to the Court House square, where, under direction of Colonel Bowen, of the Governor's staff, a reception was tendered them. A very large concourse of people assembled to greet the returning veterans when they marched up before the Court House, the 76th on the right, and by division closed in mass. They were greeted with a succession of the most hearty and enthusiastic cheers, warmly expressing the proud and grateful feelings with which our people regard their gallant defenders. When the cheers had ceased and the band had brought to a close one of those elaborate and patriotic airs which, once commenced, they always persevere in finishing, under all circumstances, Mayor Rice addressed the soldiers in a few warm hearted words of welcome, speaking of the noble sacrifices they had made, and the courage and discipline by which they had won their ever green laurels of victory, and aided in saving the life of the Nation. He was succeeded by Hon. I. N. Arnold, who made an eloquent speech of considerable length, in which he spoke of the gallantry of the regiments before him, the arduous service and the terrible battles which they had endured, and of the gratitude toward them which filled every loyal American heart.

“Colonel A. W. Mack, the former commandant of the 76th regiment, made a brief, but pointed and spirited address.

“Colonel J. H. Howe made the first response in behalf of the 124th regiment. He spoke first of the gratitude they felt for the warm reception they had just received, and then with commendable pride in the brave boys under his command, reverted to the toils, dangers and hardships they had undergone without murmuring, and with the highest honor to themselves and the country. They went forth at the darkest hour of our great struggle, leaving behind them all men hold dear on earth, next to country and honor, with a full consciousness of the severity of the conflict in which they were about to engage, but sustained by a noble and patriotic sense of duty. In all their service, during which they have marched over seven thousand miles, and been engaged in two sieges and twenty-four pitched battles and skirmishes, they have never been obliged to fall back before the enemy, have never failed to drive him wherever brought into action, and have borne their battle flag without a single stain, except those which have fallen on it from the blood of its brave defenders. Although it had been the fortune of other regiments, as brave and thoroughly disciplined as they, to be at times repulsed, the 124th had to thank God that they had never been so unfortunate, but that victory had always attended their arms. In conclusion he again returned thanks to the people of Chicago, and especially to the

ladies both of this city and the rest of Illinois, for their unremitting attention to the wants of the soldiers in the field, and the hearty welcome they extended to them on their return home.

“Colonel S. T. Busey remarked that Col. Howe had so well expressed all he felt that there was little or nothing left for him to say, except to return his thanks in behalf of his command for the warm reception and kind treatment they had received, and this he did with his whole heart.

“On the conclusion of Col. Busey’s brief remarks, the band performed the “Star Spangled Banner,” the regiments marched by the flank out of the square, then opened ranks and assumed the handsome but unusual marching order of “knapsack rest,” or “cross shoulder shift,” and thus disappeared down Washington street, amid the long continued cheers of the assembled thousands of citizens. A finer looking body of soldiers has scarce ever been seen in our streets, well used as our city is to military display. They marched with an erect and easy carriage, accuracy of step and time, which stamped them at once as thoroughly disciplined veterans, and drew forth the highest encomiums from those who witnessed their marching.

“At the Soldiers’ Rest they partook of an excellent dinner, furnished by the ladies of the Rest, aided by the citizens’ committee, under the management of Colonel Bowen, and then marched out to Camp Douglas.”

The sketch from the *Tribune* makes the further statement, that the regiment returned with only four hundred, officers and men, the remainder having been killed in battle, died of disease contracted in the army, been discharged from disability, resigned or transferred. This was substantially correct, as the subsequent figures will show.

So far the 3d day of August, 1865, had been very pleasant, and we had drank deeply of its happiness. But ere nightfall our joy had all vanished, and we were entering upon one of the most vexatious and uncalled for experiences of our army life. It was true we were well cared for and quite comfortable, outwardly. We were among friends with no enemy to meet in deadly conflict, or trying march to make. But what seemed to us the very worst thing possible under the circumstances, occurred. Our muster-out papers were pronounced defective, and that placed us in a worse condition than as though we had done nothing at Vicksburg. To have been bungled over by one officer so far away, was to hinder others from undertaking our case.

But there was a possibility that the matter might be remedied by addressing the authorities at Washington, and on that hope we rested for a time, assured that the officers in Chicago would do all they possibly could for us. While the correspondence was going on, some few obtained leave of absence and went home for a day or two. It was almost impossible for them to do otherwise, being so near their loved ones from whom they

had been separated so long. Others had their wives come to them as soon as the dilemma presented itself, and several of the officers went to the hotels on that account. But the regiment remained at Camp Douglas, and there the officers were present a part of the time at least each day till the end came.

Our worst fears were all realized. The officer at Vicksburg had signed nothing, and the officers in Chicago could not complete his work. Neither could they undertake anew for us till specially directed to that effect, and the time consumed in waiting and corresponding, with that necessarily required to do the work all over again when permitted to go about it, dragged on almost interminably. Not till the evening of the 16th, two long weeks, were we released from our senseless thralldom. The following from the *Tribune* presents the case somewhat forcibly :

“The 124th regiment Illinois volunteers, are just now in no little trouble about their muster-out of the service. They claim to be mustered out, and show an order from one commanding General, sending them to Vicksburg to be mustered out, and another from another General, directing their muster-out after their arrival there. But the mustering officer, whoever he was, has not signed a single one of their muster-rolls or discharges, so that there is no official knowledge here of that important ceremonial having been gone through with. There can be no doubt that their statements are true, but through the lamentable ignorance of the mustering-out officer

they are now unable to get their pay or be discharged until that point is settled.

“For the past two days Capt. Pomeroy, United States Mustering Officer here, has been telegraphing and corresponding with the department, with a view to the adjustment of the difficulty, but matters still remain in *statu quo*.

“Meanwhile the regiment expresses itself with no small degree of force in the premises, and in a manner fully just, but decidedly uncomplimentary to the mustering-out officer.

“We have already had occasion to refer more than once to the almost incalculable trouble and annoyance, occasioned by the stupidity or carelessness of officers in the field, to whom this and other like important duties have been intrusted; and again we do so even more strongly than before, as this is a peculiarly aggravated case. Heretofore the sufferers have been but individuals. But now, by the inconceivable and immeasurable stupidity of one shoulder-strapped official, a whole regiment of several hundred men are kept in the most annoying suspense for days and possibly weeks, just at the time when they are most anxious to be free to hasten to their loved ones to whom they are brought so near.”

The day before our discharge, one of our number, who had come to Chicago in good health, was released by another mustering-out officer. The delay of red tape is all unknown to death. Poor Ed. McGlynn, of company E, was found dying in camp of a congestive chill,

the morning of the 15th. The excesses of a weary waiting among the temptations of Chicago had been too great for him, and in the midst of the formalities of our glad release from our three years of service, he was lying among us cold in death, having gone through the perils and hardships of the war to die like Abner, at the last.

But the good time coming finally came, though

“It was long, long, long on the way,”

and on the 15th our new rolls were completed, the requisite formalities gone through with again, our guns turned over, and Capt. Geo. W. Hill, of the 13th United States infantry, began to sign our discharges, while Maj. H. B. Reece commenced to pay us off, and by the evening of the 16th the work was done, the regiment disbanded, and most of us had gone our ways to meet no more till the Roll-call over the River, the sadness of our farewells being greatly lessened by our impatience to share in the delights of other scenes awaiting us.

While we were awaiting our discharge a very pleasant event occurred in the parlors of the Adams House, where Quartermaster Reece with his amiable wife were stopping. It was the presentation of testimonials of respect and appreciation from the officers of the regiment to him and Q. M. Serg't. Durley, for their remarkably efficient discharge of the duties of the Quartermaster's Department. The gifts were two neat gold and silver medals, and the presentation was made by

Gen. Howe in a very happy speech, in which he reviewed the history of the Quartermaster's Department in a way to show that the gifts were no empty compliments. The whole was richly enjoyed by the officers present, and was a perfect surprise to Reece, which he laughingly says now, all ought to have known from the very eloquent speech which he did not make. So still had the whole thing been kept that Durley was not present, and had to receive his medal subsequently, because he could not be found for the occasion.

It had been arranged that the companies going down the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, should get off together if possible, on the evening of the 16th, and this was partially done, so that, while it effected but little at Aurora, where three companies stopped, it accomplished something at Kewanee the morning of the 17th, where the citizens were awaiting the arrival of the train at seven o'clock, with a sumptuous breakfast prepared. Companies A and F, with Gen. Howe, were at home there, and all were wild with delight. Large portions of D and I were in company, and shared in the feast and welcome. That evening a general reception was given to the returned veterans, in every way worthy of the occasion, the men and the place. And other portions of the regiment were similarly welcomed and feasted at their respective homes.

While rejoicing in the sense of our freedom and the delights of home, more than one of us strangely missed

the old routine, and was sad at the absence of the tent-mates and comrades whose hearts had been knit together in the same privations, and welded in the same strife. There was an abruptness about it all that troubled us. But gradually we fell back into our old habits and returned to the pursuits of peace, not sorry that the war-path which had led us so far, and for eighty-two days and sixty nights under the enemy's fire, was ended.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RELIGIOUS.

Ministers in the regiment.—Services in the barracks.—Chaplain Fokett.—Ali new to us.—Somewhat discouraged.—Ranks thinned.—Change of Chaplains.—Better opportunities.—Form a church.—Its officers.—Subscription for reading.—Bible dictionaries.—Protracted meetings.—The Christian Commission.—Singing school.—Bible class.—Weekly prayer meetings.—Chaplain in the State House at Montgomery.—African emotion.—Church losses by death.—Letters given and church disbanded.

FEW REGIMENTS entered the service with as strong a religious force as the 124th. It numbered fifteen ministers in the ranks, besides its Chaplain, nearly if not quite equaling the 73d Illinois in that respect, which was usually known as “the preachers regiment.” There belonged as follows :

Company C—1st Lieut. John W. Terry,

“ Private Reuben Gregg.

Company D—Capt. Stephen Brink,

“ Private Victor M. Dewey,

“ “ L. C. Kelsey.

Company I—Capt. Thos. K. Roach,
“ 1st Lieut. R. L. Howard,
“ Orderly Joseph Lyon,
“ 2d. Serg’t. Joel H. Masten,
“ Corporal Milo Hobart,
“ “ Dexter Millay,
“ Private G. Miles Colwell,
“ “ Haywood Howell,
“ “ Elijah G. Lyon.

Company K—Capt. James H. Morgan.

Of these, five were Free Baptists, four were Episcopal Methodists, three Cumberland Presbyterians, and one each, Baptist, Wesleyan Methodist, and Unitarian, several of whom left their pulpits for the field only from a stern sense of duty to their country, and because so many of their members were going into the service and needed them.

With so many ministers it necessarily followed that the per cent. of professing Christians in the regiment must have been very large, and something to be truly thankful for, on the part of all those who cared for its moral and spiritual interests.

Among those who were not ministers were many whose piety and religious influence were quite as marked and effective, as in many who were, and it promised to be comparatively easy for us to maintain religious interests, and make spiritual progress despite the inevitable hindrances of the service.

We commenced our weekly prayer meetings at Camp Butler, as soon as our barracks were built, and we had a place to hold them. They were seasons of deep interest. In addition to the Sunday morning services by the Chaplain, we had afternoon preaching in the barracks by Capt. Brink, Lieut. Howard, and others, so that some of us were really gainers in religious privileges by being in the service. And all our meetings appeared to be well appreciated.

Chaplain Foskett entered upon the duties of his office with commendable zeal, and the confidence of the regiment. While in Camp Butler nothing occurred to seriously interfere with our volunteer services, or more than once or twice with our Sunday preaching. So we had no knowledge there of the difficulties and trials awaiting us. Of course we understood that a portion of both officers and men were indifferent as to whether we had any Chaplain, or religious services; but we were prepared to prosecute our Christian work, as at home, notwithstanding that, and even to make some head against serious opposition in case it was encountered, which, we are glad to be able to say, was not. Strong as we were we anticipated but little real trouble from any source.

And so we went to the field. Learning of our ministerial *personnel*, other regiments began to draw upon us for assistance, both in burying their dead, and conducting divine service; and scarcely a Sunday passed in

camp without some of our ministers being on duty elsewhere, besides our sustaining our own work.

But the details of the service in the field were found to be engrossing, new to us as it all was, and what was worse, the conditions of our religious privileges were equally new, and very unyielding. We knew not how to take advantage of anything. We could really be sure of no one at any time. Permanent details and sickness took away our men. Sunday seemed to be the favorite day for parades, inspections and reviews. There was no time to preach or pray. And there was an incongruity between our calling, and our profession as Christians, that for a time threaten the foundations of our faith and our character together. War with its Sunday desecration and spirit was so unlike the peace and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. They appeared to be irreconcilable. Even our Chaplain began to be discouraged. We had no regimental prayer meeting under his control, our social meetings all being company gatherings, which he had seldom attended, and as the service began to tell upon us to our hurt, and our Sunday services were less frequently held, and more thinly attended, he appeared to regard the religious prospects of the regiment as comparatively hopeless. And so passed our first winter, during which we all felt that we were losing spiritual ground.

And some of our ministers were among the first to leave us. Capt. Morgan resigned, Hobart and Gregg were detached, E. G. Lyon and Howell were discharged,

and others were sick. And the same was true of many of our most reliable Christian men. The dark days of our regiment, spiritually, as well as otherwise, were upon us, and our hearts and hopes fainted.

At Berry's Landing, in March, we had some deeply interesting meetings, which somewhat revived and cheered us. Chaplain Foskett brought Chaplain But-ton, of the 20th Illinois, to his aid, who preached to us two or three evenings, and our ministers entered zealously into the work. The voice of prayer was heard every evening for two weeks or more in some of our tents, and from some lips before unused to pray.

But the Vicksburg campaign was upon us, and that put an effectual period to all our services for a time. During the seige Chaplain Foskett went to the Division Hospital, where he could be of most service to the sick and wounded, and from there, his eyes failing him, he left us for home before the surrender, his resignation bearing date July 1st, 1863.

That left us without any official religious direction, though after we settled down quietly in camp once more we resumed our prayer meetings, and had preaching as formerly by some one of our ministers. During, or soon after the close of the seige, Captains Brink and Roach and Lieutenant Terry resigned, which still farther reduced our effective ministerial force, leaving us but four out of our former number of fifteen, upon whom we could rely.

The Christian men of the regiment seemed to apprehend its condition and wants, and immediately set about securing a Chaplain, which was done by the promotion of Lieutenant Howard, of Company I, to that position, upon a petition signed by all the officers in the regiment, as stated in Chapter 10.

He entered upon the discharge of his duties September 9, 1863, with the full confidence of the regiment, and with some advantages which his predecessor had necessarily lacked. These were chiefly, an experience in the field and the work; a more favorable state of mind in the regiment, owing somewhat to the rigors of the seige and summer, and somewhat to our having been longer in the service, so that we had adjusted ourselves to our recognized wants, and were now able to meet them; and a period of comparative quiet which afforded better opportunities for work than had been previously enjoyed.

One of the first things done under the new Chaplain, after the extension of the prayer meeting boundaries to include all, by having it at his tent, was the organization of a regimental church, which should throw around its members the restraints and influences, and invest them with the responsibilities of churches at home. In this he was heartily supported by every active Christian in the regiment. A full account of the organization is inserted, with the covenant and accompanying articles :

“It being deemed necessary in some way to secure the utmost harmony in effort, and the co-operation of

all Christians in the regiment, in promoting the interests of the cause of Christ therein; after advising with several of the brethren, a meeting was called by the Chaplain to be held at three o'clock P. M., on Sunday, October 4th, 1863, to take into consideration the propriety of organizing a Regimental Christian Association."

"SUNDAY, Oct. 4th, 1863.

"Met according to appointment. Opened the meeting with prayer. The subject of the call was earnestly discussed by the brethren, and the opinion was unanimous in favor of such an organization. On motion, a committee of three, consisting of Chaplain R. L. Howard, Captain H. L. Field and Lieutenant Abraham Newland, was appointed to draft a Covenant and resolutions, and report the result in one week.

"A committee of two was also appointed, consisting of Rev. Victor M. Dewey and Sergeant Wm. C. Kent, to write a letter of sympathy and condolence to sister Oman, widow of brother Henry Oman, of Company A, recently deceased, expressing the confidence of the meeting and regiment in his Christian character and triumphant death.

"Adjourned to meet in one week."

"SUNDAY, Oct. 11th, 1863.

"Met according to adjournment. After other services were through, the committee appointed one week ago reported the following, which was unanimously adopted by the brethren present. The letter for Mrs.

Oman was also read and requested to be sent, as expressing the views and feeling of the meeting.

“H. L. FIELD, *Secretary.*”

“*Covenant and Articles of Association of the Christian Union of the 124th Illinois Infantry Volunteer Regiment.*”

“We, whose names are hereto appended, believing in the cardinal points of Christian doctrine, and trusting that we have passed from death until life, through repentance and faith in our Saviour Jesus Christ, and believing that it will be promotive of the great interests of Christianity among us, do subscribe our names to the following Covenant and Articles:

“We do solemnly covenant and promise with each other and before God, that we will live lives devoted to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, following His example while here upon earth, walking as far as in us lies in all the ordinances of God’s house blameless. That we will love and carefully watch over each other, reprove, rebuke and exhort, with all long-suffering and prayer, maintaining gospel discipline in our midst.

“That we will sustain the means of grace to the best of our ability, and labor by precept and example to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth, by pointing them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. That among special sins we will discourage and prayerfully counsel against profanity, intemperance, card-playing and all games of chance, and other kindred

vices. And in general we will endeavor, by well ordered lives, to honor and glorify God, assist each other in the way to heaven, and do good among our associates.

“ART. 1. The officers of this Union shall consist of a Moderator, a Clerk, and a Committee of Ten, the latter to be chosen, as far as practicable, one from each company of the regiment. These officers shall be elected quarterly.

“ART. 2. It shall be the duty of the Moderator to preside at all business meetings of the Union, and in his absence the Clerk shall call the meeting to order, and a Moderator *pro. tem.* shall be appointed.

“ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep an accurate record of the proceedings of this Union, in a book provided for that purpose, and do all other writing usually pertaining to his office.

“ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the Committee of Ten, chosen from the different companies in the regiment, to aid in the distribution of reading matter, and to make any suggestions that may occur to them for the general benefit of their respective companies.

“ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the aforesaid officers of the Union, in conjunction with the Chaplain of the regiment, to counsel with and warn any members who may at any time become careless of duty; or step aside from the correct path, and try, in the spirit of love and meekness, to restore such to the path of virtue and godliness.

“ART. 6. In case of the death of any member of our Union, there shall be a committee of one or more, as shall seem best, appointed to write a letter of sympathy and condolence to the friends of the deceased.

“ART. 7. In case of the discharge of any member from the military service, or at the close of our term of service as soldiers, it shall be the duty of the Clerk, with those who may be appointed to assist him, to prepare for every such one who may then be a member of this Union in good standing, a letter stating that fact, and cordially recommending him as a proper person for membership in any Gospel church.

“ART. 8. On the first Monday evening of each month there shall be a monthly covenant and experience meeting, for the purpose of hearing especially from the different members as to their individual progress, or what may have occurred of interest to the Union during the preceding month.

“ART. 9. Meetings for business shall be held every alternative Friday evening; and such meetings may be called at any time, when necessary, by the Chaplain, or by any five members. Such meetings shall always be opened and closed with prayer.

“ART. 10. This Covenant and these Articles may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present and voting, at any regular meeting of the Union.”

The first business meeting of the Union, after the signing of the Covenant and Articles, to which sixteen

names had been appended, was held on Monday evening, November 2d, when seven others united by experience and a vote. An election of officers was then held, with the following result:

Moderator: Capt. Henry L. Field, company C.

Clerk: Rev. Victor M. Dewey, company D.

Committee of Ten: Serg't. Wm. C. Kent, company A; Cleveland Acox, company B; Matthew Manning, company C; Thomas Conner, company D; Herrick Blanchard, company F; James D. Sisk, company G; Corporal Charles A. Hannaford, company I; Sergeant Wesley Hudgens, company K.

No member was chosen from company E, for the reason that no one had yet joined from that company, but at a subsequent meeting Private Job. H. Yaggy was chosen to fill the vacancy, and several of our most active members, at a later period, were from company E.

The minutes of this regimental church afford some very interesting reading to a lover of the old regiment. Under the date of November 20th, 1863, on the Big Black, this entry is found:

"A motion was then made by the Chaplain to appoint a committee of three by the Moderator, to take into consideration the propriety of building a place of worship. Remarks were made by the Chaplain and Brother Newland, and the motion prevailed, whereupon the Moderator appointed Brethren Howard, Newland and Blanchard said committee."

That was the beginning of our chapel experience, and led to the erection of the commodious place of worship, which did us such good service there, and was repeated later in Vicksburg. But an account of that has already been given in the body of the history.

Under the same date occurs another entry, not already noticed, which introduces us to the beginning of an important work among us :

“Brother Conner, of company D, then suggested that a collection be taken in the different companies for the purpose of purchasing reading matter for the regiment. A motion was then made to instruct the Committee of Ten to raise what they could for that purpose, and the motion prevailed.”

Subsequently the committee reported \$92.95 collected, of which \$12.20 was from the field and staff, \$12.00 from company C, \$11.00 from company I, and \$10.00 each from H and K, each of the other companies contributing a share. This was increased at a later date, and the following papers were subscribed for with a part of the money :

New York *Tribune*, tri-weekly, one copy.

Chicago *Tribune*, tri-weekly, one copy.

Cincinnati *Commercial*, tri-weekly, one copy.

Harper's *Weekly*, one copy.

New York *Independent*, ten copies.

Northwestern Christian *Advocate*, five copies.

Christian *Times*, ten copies.

Morning *Star*, fifteen copies.

The two latter papers we received at reduced rates, and we were also favored with extra copies from benevolent sources at the north.

The 27th of December, 1863, after a deeply interesting service, the ordinance of baptism was administered by the Chaplain, in Clear creek, near our camp, the candidates being three members of the 20th Illinois, Geo. F. Smith, Wm. Nixon and Samuel Proud. Chaplain Richards, of the 20th, was present, and assisted by the water's side.

Somewhat later the *Watchman* and *Reflector*, two copies, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, were subscribed for, and our subscription list, in full, was kept up to the end of our service. In addition to our papers a Bible Dictionary was purchased by each company, and the study of the Scriptures was entered upon by several, with more of leisure and a deeper interest than ever before.

For several weeks while on the Big Black, we held meetings every night, assisted by Chaplain Richards, of the 20th. Several were converted and reclaimed, and most of the regiments in the brigade shared, to some extent, in the work.

The Christian Commission, from time to time, sent men to see us, who were always a help to us, and the aid afforded us by that organization, while in Vicksburg, in furnishing additional reading, keeping open rooms for the resort of soldiers, sustaining lectures and lyceums, and so creating, with the aid of soldiers' and officers' wives, a kind of northern or home society, can never

be fully told. Our gatherings in the basement of the Presbyterian Church in that city, where Messrs. Black, Maull, Parmalee and Corey, in turn, had charge, and where those noble young ladies from the north, Miss Bissell and Miss Levings, were always ready to cheer us with their sympathy, and encourage us by their Christian counsel, will never be forgotten by many of the members of the "Hundred and two dozen." They were bright spots in our army life; oases in the southern social desert.

In addition to other expedients for making the soldier's life one of improvement and culture, a singing school was taught by the Chaplain in our chapel tent at Vicksburg, which pleasantly, as well as profitably, employed many an hour during the long months of 1864. A black-board was procured and the class began in the rudiments, several of its members making great proficiency.

A Bible class was conducted for nearly a year, and made a success both in attendance and interest. Though broken in upon by all manner of details and duties, each recurring Sabbath found a goodly number present with their Bibles, and their smiling faces, eager for their wonted refreshing from the stores of divine truth.

But our prayer meetings were the great promoters of spiritual life and power among us. Two of these were sustained each week during all the later portion of our regimental existence, being held on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Different ones were appointed to lead

them, and they were often seasons of inspiration and refreshing. True, we lacked, and we sometimes pined for the sympathetic utterances, and the peculiar tenderness of the female element in our home meetings, but we often left our hallowed chapel, naming it "Bethel" in our hearts, because there God had met us so wonderfully.

A few extracts from our church records must be of interest to all who loved to meet with us :

"WEDNESDAY, Aug. 31st, 1864.

"Prayer meeting at the usual hour. The Lord was present, and that to bless. The brethren were strengthened and still determined to press on.

"EVAN H. NOYES, *Clerk.*

"WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5th, 1864.

"Held our usual prayer meeting. Brother Manning led the opening exercises. A good degree of interest was manifested, and several spoke who had taken no part with us for a long time. Our hearts were greatly cheered.

"SUNDAY EVENING, Oct. 9th.

"Prayer meeting led by Brother Mumma, of company D. More than usual interest was felt, and the love of God was richly enjoyed.

"R. L. HOWARD, *Clerk.*

“WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1st, 1865.

“Prayer meeting this evening as usual, led by the Chaplain. An unusually large attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The Lord was with us indeed.

“R. S. THOMPSON, *Clerk.*”

Occasionally, however, our prayer meetings would be a failure, though we were not on duty, and sometimes from trivial causes. The record of Wednesday evening, December 21st, 1864, says, “No prayer meeting because it was too windy to keep the stove-pipe up.” But on another occasion there was surely cause for a failure, as the record says, “There was no prayer meeting to-night on account of the present storm, and the chapel tent having blown down.” The last record of a prayer meeting is of the date of July 5th, 1865, at Montgomery, Alabama, and is in these words: “Prayer meeting led by the Chaplain.” But though our army prayer meeting days are numbered, the voice of prayer is not yet hushed on the lips of those who used to enjoy them.

One of the peculiar incidents of our religious history is that of a sermon delivered by Chaplain Howard, in the State House at Montgomery, Alabama, April 30th, 1865. It was the first public appearance of a union Minister of the Gospel in that city, which had rocked the cradle of secession as the first capital of the confederacy. And the service was held in the place where Yancey was wont to spout treason, and where Davis was inaugurated. Where a short time before, his life

would not have been worth a groat, had the speaker dared to utter such sentiments as constituted the staple of his discourse on that occasion.

The meeting was held at the instance of a number of the Chaplains, several of whom bore a part in the services. The Senate Chamber was used as being the more commodious, and was densely packed, many citizens and some ladies being present, though by far the largest part were soldiers. The text was from Luke 8: 53, "And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead."

The sermon was a presentation of the seeming hopelessness of the union cause as illustrated by the death of the little maid, with the south, the copperheads, and the envious monarchists of the old world laughing us to scorn. Until we ceased to return contrabands, and by the emancipation proclamation declared that the issue in God's war was against slavery, those who prophesied our failure seemed to have the truth on their side. The little maid was dead. But when our blows were directed against the giant evil, victory began everywhere to perch upon our standard, and the God of battles turned away the scorn of our adversaries on many a gory field, lifting up the Union into the promise of a new and more glorious life, which we and our children should live to see.

One other incident, which occurred at Montgomery, is worthy of mention. The Chaplain occasionally preached for the Zion, or African Methodist Church,

whose house of worship stood near our camp. One evening in his opening prayer, the house being very full, he referred to the fact that with a good many, emancipation was as yet only an experiment, the wisdom of which was by no means settled, and prayed somewhat in this wise :

“O Lord, help them so to live, so to take the necessary steps to secure their own elevation, mental, moral and religious, that not only the friends of emancipation but its enemies, the gazing world, and even their old masters, as they behold their well-doing in righteousness, shall be compelled to say that Thou in freeing them hast done well.”

As the conclusion was reached the whole congregation, which had been almost breathlessly silent, broke out into a wild storm of responses and shouting, rising almost *en masse* to their feet, and crying “amen,” “glory to God,” “hallelujah,” “done well,” “yes, yes, Massa Lord, done well,” till the scene beggared description. All the impulsiveness of that impulsive people had been fired like a magazine by an unconscious spark, and though the Chaplain sought the whole service through to calm them, it was nearly in vain. It made but little difference to them how he talked, or what he said more. Their minds were full. The one idea had taken complete possession with power, and though there would be comparative quiet for a few moments, at times, some brother or sister would groan out in tones of deepest feeling, as though it was impossible to repress it,

“That’s it, Massa Lord, that Thou in freeing us hast done well,” and scores would spring to their feet in an instant, as though electrified, and rocking to and fro would wring and clap their hands, and shout “amen,” “glory to God,” and “yes, Massa Lord, done well,” almost as wildly as at the first. It was a scene long to be remembered by one unaccustomed to such demonstrations, but which, though it argued but little for their power of self-control, spoke volumes for their keen appreciation of the truth, and for the sentiments of their hearts.

The time at last drew near for us to leave the service, and to carry out the provisions of our organization with regard to all worthy members. Upon examination of our record it is found that we had expelled five members; given letters to three, namely: Rev. Victor M. Dewey, of company D, promoted in the colored service; James D. Sisk, of company G, discharged for disability, and Francis Flanigan, of the 45th Illinois, the only member received from without our regiment; while three had died. These were: Cleveland Acox, of company B, who died of wounds on the Big Black, Mississippi, March 7th, 1864; Matthew Manning, of company C, killed at Spanish Fort, Alabama, April 6th, 1865, and Amos B. Johnson, of company I, who died in hospital, at Quincy, Illinois, April 27th, 1865. To the friends of these, as well as to the widows of Henry Oman, of company A, and Daniel Jenkins, of company E, letters of condolence and sympathy were sent.

And there remained of the sixty-eight in all, who had joined our church, thirty-nine members, according to the report of the committee appointed for that purpose, to whom letters should be granted, namely: R. L. Howard, Chaplain; Henry L. Field, Captain company C, (now Major); Abraham Newland, Captain company D; Joel H. Mastin, 1st Lieutenant company I; Thomas P. Price, 2d Lieutenant company D; Harvey B. Powers, 2d Lieutenant company E; W. C. Kent, 1st Sergeant company A; David T. Guy, 1st Sergeant company I; Sergeants, Henry W. Hulse, company D; R. S. Thompson, company E; Jackson D. Thornton, company G; Charles H. Snedeker, company H; Charles A. Hannaford and Isaac R. Hughes, company I; and Wesley Hudgens, company K; Corporals, James Constant and William G. Grabendike, company C; Thomas Conner and Jacob Warntz, company D; Lewis T. Hickok, William Smith and Job H. Yaggy, company E; Garrett Brown and Frank Steinbaugh, company F; and Evan H. Noyes, company I; Privates, John C. O'Conner and H. M. Van Winkle, company C; Joseph Duncan and John Johnston, company D; Herrick Blanchard, Peter Herbener, David J. Leech and David Magee, company F; Uriah Clark, company G; Horace N. Drake, company H; G. Miles Colwell, Bud Gooding and J. M. Morgan, company I; and B. C. Bartlett, principal musician.

The letter given to the above members was as follows:

“To any Gospel Church, and the People of God wherever this may come ; Greeting :

“This may certify that Brother _____ has been a member in good standing of the Regimental Christian Union of the 124th Illinois Infantry, and has so demeaned himself by a ‘well-ordered life and a godly conversation,’ as to secure the confidence of his brethren in Christ, and the approval of his comrades in arms. He has maintained his integrity, and the cause of Christ has not been ‘evil spoken of’ on his account.

“We therefore recommend him to the confidence and fellowship of the saints, wherever his lot in life may be cast, praying the blessing of God to rest richly upon him.

“Done for and in behalf of the Regimental Christian Union, Montgomery, Alabama, July 7th, 1865.

“R. S. THOMPSON, *Clerk.*”

The letters were not all issued at Montgomery, and the work was not finished and the church disbanded till after our last sermon on the “Ida Handy,” when going up the Mississippi towards home. Then and not till then did we say our farewells as brethren, feeling that the days of our sweet fellowship together, and pleasant relations in Christ were numbered below, but pledging each other so still to fight God’s battles, as to meet again at the roll-call of the grand army above.

Before closing this chapter, it should be further said, that our subscription for reading during the last year of our service, included, for Chicago *Tribune*, \$16.25 ;

Harpers' *Weekly*, \$19; Northwestern and Quarterly Reviews, \$6.25; Brownlow's *Whig*, \$3.00; and sundry other papers not in the former list, \$4.00; while only the New York *Tribune* and Cincinnati *Commercial*, one copy each, had been discontinued.

And the Chaplain would gratefully put on record his sense of the invaluable aid rendered him by Captains Field and Newland in all his efforts for the spiritual good of the regiment. Never for a moment, in any work, did he lack for their sympathy and efficient co-operation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEDICAL.

Introduction.—Camp Butler.—Dr. Reece.—Dr. Bucher.—Surgeon Angell.—Allaire and Murray.—Assistant Surgeon Kay.—Running narrative.—Dr. Jassoy.—Raymond.—Champion Hills.—Inside Vicksburg.—A word of praise.—Extracts from Allaire.—Resignation of Dr. Angell.—Dr. Kay promoted.—Dr. Jassoy dismissed.—Died, killed and discharged.—No reason to complain of our medical department.—Kay and Allaire.

IT WAS DESIGNED to have this chapter of our history written by some one connected with the medical department, and after Dr. Kay declined, C. B. Allaire, our Hospital Steward, undertook the task. But a press of business prevented him from completing it, and, at last, it was left for the same pen that has prepared the rest of the work, utterly incompetent as the result may prove it to have been. Copious extracts from what Allaire has written, it is hoped, will measurably redeem the effort, and if it were possible, all of his valuable paper should appear, as it contains critical matter upon the sanitary condition of the volunteer

forces, and the medical practice in the army, which is deserving of general attention. The limits of the work alone forbid its insertion.

Upon soldiers going into camp, all those habits of life upon which good health so largely depends, are necessarily broken up. Regularity in diet and rest at home, gave way to a regularity—if such it can be called—of quite another kind, in which the night upon duty alternates with the uncertain doings of the day, and no adequate provision can be made for that protection from the weather and security in sleep, which are essential to average health. The amount of exercise taken, almost invariably is changed, whether the soldier be from the walks of an active or a sedentary life, while between the efforts at becoming accustomed to the “hard tack” and grease of the regular rations, and the gorgings, when half starved, upon the “goodies” furnished from contiguous homes, the experience of soldiers before leaving their own State is apt to be quite as trying as that at any other period of their service, even when their camp is healthy. But when to the inevitable is added the malarious character of such a locality as Camp Butler, lying on the banks of the sluggish Sangamon, in the most unhealthy season of the year, with the grounds over-crowded by thousands, all novices in the art of camp cleanliness, and for some days a horde of rebel prisoners in their midst, it should not seem astonishing that disease developed rapidly among us, coming as

many of us did from northern portions of the State. Almost from the very first men began to sicken and to die. We had scarcely made the acquaintance of a commissary before we needed to make that of a Surgeon.

But Surgeon, we had none; and so our sick were sent inside the stockade to report to Surgeon Reece—brother of Quartermaster Reece—then on duty as Post Surgeon, who kindly volunteered to prescribe for them, and when necessary admitted them to the Post Hospital. But this could not possibly continue long. Other regiments were in a similar condition, and the demand upon one man, however willing and able, was too great to be honored.

At this critical juncture it was found that we had a medical practitioner among us in the person of Charles A. Bucher, of company B, and on the 11th of September, he was detailed by Colonel Fonda, commanding Post, as Acting Assistant Surgeon, and assigned to duty in our regiment. He immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties, and had the entire care of our sick in camp for nearly a month of this most trying period in our history. He proved himself to be the right man in the right place; and, by his efforts for the sick, and advice to the well, rendered us invaluable service.

On the 5th of October, Dr. L. H. Angell, of Aurora, joined the regiment as its Surgeon, and immediately assumed the responsibilities of his office, though Dr. Bucher superintended the removals of our sick to the

Post Hospital, and otherwise disposed of all those who were unable to travel, upon our starting for the front, October 6th.

Owing to the patriotism of Dr. Bucher, which had led him to enter the service as a private, and the skill with which he had filled the higher post when called upon, it was reasonably expected and hoped by his friends, who were many, that he would be commissioned Assistant Surgeon. But Surgeon Angell was not favorable to such a move, from some considerations of practice, therefore the Doctor quietly passed into hospital service under the new administration, and in the February following procured a discharge, to be subsequently appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 72d Illinois, and serve in that capacity with honor to himself to the close of the war.

Surgeon Angell proved to be very capable and efficient. Blunt, outspoken and absolute, oftentimes to an extreme, he was still warm-hearted and sympathetic, and while the "play-offs" were most roundly berated by him, the really sick knew he was their competent friend, and valued him accordingly. He was especially skillful as a Surgeon, as was afterwards proved, and a man of indomitable energy and large executive ability.

He immediately organized his department with Charles B. Allaire, of company H, Hospital Steward, and William T. Murray, of the same company, in charge of the medicine wagon, and secured the necessary details of nurses, cook and teamsters for efficient Hospital service

in the field. Upon going into our first camp in Dixie, at Jackson, Tennessee, with our beautiful new tents, conspicuous near them was our Hospital tent with the yellow flag flying over it, and surrounded by all that was necessary to a medical headquarters, constituting a sort of standing invitation to every one in the regiment to be sick for the sake of an entry there.

And a great many were sick. The seeds of disease at Camp Butler had been sown too surely to be eradicated by travel, and they speedily germinated in the farther south to which we had come, so that in a few days our Hospital was full to overflowing. The prevailing diseases were dysentery and fevers, and of the latter many cases were typhoid.

While at Jackson, Dr. James R. Kay, of Liberty, Illinois, reached us with the rank of 1st Assistant Surgeon, and was thenceforth identified with our regiment. When we moved from Jackson, all of our sick, numbering about fifty, were left in his hands, Surgeon Angell going with us on our campaign. Of that number, our loss by death, was only eight, but many others went from there to general hospitals who never returned to service. If they survived their initiation it was with ruined constitutions, which compelled an ultimate discharge for disability.

The same causes operated at Lagrange, Memphis, and in Louisiana, as has been already stated in the

body of the history, each region taking large toll of the brave men who had ventured all for their country. Fifty more of our number died before we really entered upon the Vicksburg campaign. Of these, eight died at Lagrange, one at Oxford, twenty-three at Memphis, nine at Lake Providence, and the rest in northern hospitals, or on sick furlough.

At Lagrange the men began to take more pains with their beds, the idea that lying on the ground was conducive to health, having been pretty well exploded by the prevalence of the fall rains, and the increase of rheumatic difficulties. But floors and bunks could not always be had, even at a Surgeon's order, and especially during our changes along the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, in January, 1863, when the snow was so deep and the cold so severe. And but few had rubber blankets, there having been no opportunity to procure them since their use became so well known, so that not all could be done that was desirable in the direction of our sleeping until after we reached Memphis.

And we also made some progress in other sanitary respects, which became preservative to the partially well, if not actually restorative to the sick, which served to check the inroads of disease in many still on duty, and tone up the systems of the convalescent.

Another change among us was pretty effectually wrought by the severities of our first winter in the service, in weeding out a large per cent. of the faint-hearted and weak-willed, who lacked the strength of character to

repel disease and triumph over difficulties, so that by far the greater part of those who moved from Milliken's Bend in April, were physical stalwarts, who could snap their fingers in the face of most diseases, while the others had been discharged for disability, were still in hospitals somewhere, or had obtained positions on detached service less trying to their constitutions than exposure in the field. Not that all on such service were of that character, by any means, for very many had been sought for their peculiar qualifications for certain duties, who would have preferred the front. But where such posts were attainable by those who had made up their minds that they could not stand so much exposure, they invariably secured them at every hazard.

Our period of homesickness, too, was largely over by the summer of 1863, so that we had but little more to suffer from that. It had doubtless killed some, but having survived its first attacks the subsequent ones were comparatively harmless.

At Memphis, in January, 1863, Dr. John Jassoy, of Aurora, reached us as 2d Assistant Surgeon, his muster dating the 21st. He immediately went upon duty at Surgeon's call, the others caring for the Hospital, and assisting in the general work in the city. Nearly all of those whom we lost in Memphis died after being transferred to general hospitals.

Nothing deserving of especial notice in this chapter occurred during our stay in Louisiana. When we crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, and moved on

Port Gibson, our hospital remained behind at Hard Times Landing on the river, nearly opposite Grand Gulf. There our sick were sent as long as we kept communication open to the rear, Capt. Potter, who was wounded at Thompson's Hill, and Capt. Tenney, whose health failed in our advance, finding an asylum there. But when we cut loose from below and swung around, via. Jackson and Champion Hills, to a new base above Vicksburg, our hospital followed us, and Allaire came up with it on the 17th of May, joining us at Big Black, after marching sixty-seven miles in three days without losing a patient.

At Raymond, Dr. Kay was left in charge of the sick and wounded of our Division, whom he moved into the village, where they were all captured by a rebel regiment from Kentucky, raised, as the Doctor says, near Hopkinsville, his old home. But he took no pains to awaken old recollections, or inquire for acquaintances. Some few of those able to move were hurried off to Confederate prisons, but the greater number were only paroled, including all belonging to our regiment, most of whom were ultimately sent to parole camp at St. Louis, where they were detained some months before an exchange was effected.

At Champion Hills, Surgeon Angell had charge of our Division Hospital and rendered good service. But being so near Vicksburg and our new base on the Yazoo, the wounded were soon moved and mostly sent up the river, the surgeon returning again to his old post

with the regiment, where he remained during the siege. Upon Dr. Kay's joining us from Raymond, which he did very early in the siege, he took charge of our Division Hospital till relieved by Surgeon Hill, of one of the Ohio regiments, who was afterwards in charge of Hospital No. 2. in the city, as many of our sick boys have occasion to remember. Dr. Kay remained on duty under him until after the surrender.

As the siege progressed our severely wounded were removed immediately to the Division Hospital, which was nearly two miles away, and it was there that George Grabendike and George W. Lanham of company C, Jacob Raper of company D, and John J. Smith of company E, died of wounds received in the "slaughter pen" on the 26th of June. Only one of our wounded died in the regimental hospital, namely, Nelson Phillips of company C. He was only slightly wounded in the face, and died of erysipelas, which soon set in.

A part of the time Dr. Jassoy was with us, but oftener on duty elsewhere. Having three surgeons, if a battery needed assistance, a refugee's camp, or some other regiment, we were called upon for a detail. And later, small-pox hospitals, prisons, freedmen and everything else for which surgeons were needed, were largely supplied from our medical staff.

Immediately after the surrender our regimental Hospital assumed greater proportions than ever before or after. A favorable locality was selected near our second camp, especial reference being had to good water and

pure air, and everything was done that was possible for the comfort and speedy convalescence of our sick, whose numbers, already large, were fearfully increasing. The malarial fever which had begun its inroads before the siege terminated, and taken off Guy, Hodges and Rude, was threatening us all. Oman, Steele, Miller, Allison, Robertson and Shaw soon fell victims. Several others were put on Hospital boats and started north only to die. Some were discharged who did not live to get home, and a feeling of apprehension and gloom became very general among the men. Under these circumstances it was of the highest importance that our Surgeon and Hospital *attaches* should be the right men in the right places. And they evidently were. While every nerve was exerted for the good of the sick, and their treatment was the very best the service could command and human skill furnish, the manner in which the apprehensions of the men were met, and their fears allayed by Surgeon Angell, was masterful and potent. Suffering himself from the encroachments of disease, under which he sank only a few months later, and often sorely tried by the thousand things that were inevitable to his position and surroundings, he appears to-day, as we look back through more than sixteen years upon him, as the incarnation of hope and confidence which went far to reinspire us all, and a mine of unfailing resources and energy more needful to us just then, than all the Major-Generals in the service. And he succeeded in imparting so much of his spirit and courage to all connected with the Hospital, that light beamed out of its

darkness, and new life sprung up in the presence of its dead. Whatever it might have been at some times, a Hospital detail was no easy, or "soft thing," during the summer and fall of 1863, and so well did all acquit themselves that we have as great reason to be proud of our medical department in the time of our greatest need, as we have of any other in our regiment.

The magnitude of the service rendered is made further apparent by the statement in Allaire's diary, of September 24th, that up to that time, as shown by the report books, there had been nine hundred and fifty-five cases treated. While this necessarily includes several men more than once, or it may be twice, it in no instance includes the same attack of sickness twice. If a patient was in the hospital weeks at a time, it was but once. But if he was discharged as cured, and subsequently re-entered, it was counted a new case.

July 9th, Dr. Jassoy was assigned to duty in the Confederate Hospital in the city, and about the same time Dr. Kay was detailed to the 7th Missouri, where he remained till the sickly season was well over, when he was assigned to Hospital No. 2, under Dr. Hill again.

Some extracts from a paper written by Hospital Steward Allaire are here given, which will commend themselves to the good sense of all.

"As a rule patients did not like to be sent to a General Hospital, preferring to take their chances for recovery where they were, to separation from their comrades,

and the possibility of being left out of the coming campaign. As a matter of history, however, I must say that there were exceptions to this rule. We almost always had in the regiment one or more patients who were "playing off," as it was termed, and it may seem paradoxical to assert that such cases were the most incurable, and if they did not get a discharge from the service, the most *fatal* cases we had to treat. They always came to "Surgeon's call," and with faces as long and wretched as it was possible to make them. When asked by the Surgeon how they felt, their replies were always of a discouraging character, and assumed a few stereotyped forms, as 'I'm powerful weak this mornin,' or ' 'bout the same,' or 'I think I'm a little worse.' When a case of this kind had been on hand some time, the Captain of the company to which the man belonged would drop in and ask the Doctor if he didn't think that man had better have a discharge.

This was a question the Surgeon knew he would have to answer sooner or later. To say, yes, was to give direct encouragement to others to pursue the same course, and thus very materially weaken and impair the efficiency of the service. To say, no, the Surgeon knew would surely cost the man's life. Such cases were, whenever practicable, sent to a General Hospital and received their discharges from there. By this mode of dealing with them the moral effect upon other men was gained. They were lost sight of by their comrades, and

if discharged it would not be known in the regiment, perhaps for months.

Right here may be as good a place as any to say, that the medical department of our regiment never had the affection and respect of the men in the ranks. This feeling extended even to the nurses and teamsters. Everybody about the Hospital was supposed to have a "good time," more comforts and fewer dangers. It may not be too strong an expression to say, we were all cordially hated. I do not blame any one for holding these views. Had I been in the ranks, I should have been of the same opinion. And yet, among the nurses especially—I wish I could remember all their names—we had some of the most self-sacrificing, kind-hearted men I ever knew in my life. They never spared themselves if they could add in any way to the comfort of a fellow soldier. I have known them to carry some man's gun, or knapsack, or blankets all day, their own being among the Hospital baggage. In camp they were always watchful and attentive in the discharge of their duty. Such men were John C. O'Connor, Jacob Messmore, David J. Leech and some others whose kind deeds I shall never forget, but whose names I cannot recall, * * * *

* * While perhaps kind words were not wasted upon the ailing ones, I do not remember an instance where the comforts or delicacies provided by the government or friends at home were diverted from their intended purpose. If the supply was ample, as was always the case at posts and depots of supplies, they were

used occasionally in the Hospital mess, but as a rule, so far as the mess was concerned, Hospital attendants fared no better than common soldiers. In the field this was always the case. But when there were no sick to be cared for on the march, we usually had cots to sleep on, plenty of blankets, tents, and a full supply of cooking utensils, which the common soldier did not have, and were exempt from all kinds of camp duty, therefore we were regarded as a privileged class."

Speaking of the transformation from citizens to soldiers at the first, and the sickness that followed, he says:

"We soon accumulated a full supply of patients, as can readily be imagined would naturally result from taking a large body of men from the regular diet and habits of their homes, and placing them in the open air, with nothing to do and plenty to eat, each having the idea that to be a perfect soldier he must disregard all the natural laws of health, live and be as filthy as possible. These ideas were imbibed from the old troops with whom we were then for the first time thrown in contact. I am glad to be able to say that the good sense of our men soon prevailed, and ever after each provided himself with as many comforts as possible, and found satisfaction and health in cleanliness, regular habits, and well cooked food."

"It was thought strange by many soldiers, that at Surgeon's daily morning call, when the sick in camp reported for treatment, so many should receive exactly

the same prescription, or medicine. This is explained by the fact that a large body of men, each fed on exactly the same articles of diet, with the variations of good and bad cooking, all clothed and sheltered alike, and exposed to the same influences of weather and water, all rising and retiring at about the same hour, and having as nearly as possible the same amount of exercise, would naturally, aside from constitutional predisposition, be subject to the same diseases. And yet, in the ingratitude of the human heart, I believe many of these poor fellows thought themselves ill-treated because they received the same as others, suffering from the same trouble."

"I want to make a suggestion here to the Surgeon General in the next war. It is this, that in some way knowledge shall be imparted to every soldier in the army in regard to the common laws of health and the care of the body. Make it incumbent upon the Surgeon of each regiment, that he shall appear on dress-parade, at least once or twice a month, and instruct the men orally in regard to these matters, dealing with them as they present themselves at the time. If upon a march, and the diet has been changed, that should receive attention, and instructions be given in regard to the mode of cooking, etc. In this way thousands of lives and millions of money could be saved in every campaign. Many men would take much better care of themselves if they only knew how. Many, it is true,

would not, but if only one life should be saved to its country and friends, I think any Surgeon should feel amply repaid."

"In receiving supplies from the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, we frequently found letters pinned to the articles sent, written by the fair donors, desiring to hear from the recipients of their kindness, and know where their favors went, when and how they were used, etc. A great many of these were answered, and in that way very pleasant correspondences began. We always felt that the least we could do in return for the weary and persistent labor of those kind friends at home, who worked so unremittingly for our comfort, was to let them know that the supplies reached those for whom they were intended, and now that we look back it seems marvellous that so much should have been done for the comfort of the soldiers at the front, without the knowledge of the donors as to whether their munificence was well expended or wasted. So much by faith, and for the love of our fellow men."

"It was surprising where so many boards came from, as we used in our floors, bunks, etc., but it should be remembered that we had no use for fences, out-buildings, cotton-gin houses, and the like, and I have even known of houses being burnt to get the nails."

"A favorite dish was prepared as follows: A piece of bacon was fried to a crisp in the pan, and all the grease carefully saved. While this was being done, a

few pieces of "hard tack" were slightly moistened in cold water, the meat was taken out of the pan, and the crackers put into the hot grease, where they were fried till nearly all the water was driven off, and the crackers saturated with lard. A little salt and pepper were added, and if the coffee had been put on to boil at the proper time, the meal was ready. It must be confessed that it was not bad to eat; not half so bad as it was to digest. Probably almost any person in perfect health could stand a meal of this kind once in a while, but if I had a valuable ostrich, I should not like to risk such a diet on him as a regular thing."

"I don't remember now just how it happened, but at the siege of Spanish Fort, on Mobile Bay, I was left in charge of the medical department of the regiment. We were all burrowed in the ground to protect ourselves from the shells of the enemy, and had no place for the sick or wounded, they being sent each day to the general hospital. It was probably not considered necessary that I should have a cook to prepare my meals, and so I prepared them myself, according to the recipe given above. I was in perfect health at the beginning of this course of diet, but in a week I began to feel the results, and am satisfied that I should have been a patient in the Hospital in another week. But the enemy kindly vacated and let us in, and I very gladly gave up the culinary department."

"When stationed at a post or in camp for any length of time, we had the privilege of creating a Hospital

fund with the Division or Post Commissary. Each month the value of a ration was computed. We were entitled to draw rations for all in the Hospital, patients, nurses, and all alike. Of course the sick could not eat a full ration, and the Hospital Steward was allowed to draw the money in lieu of the rations not drawn. With this money were purchased butter, ice, condensed milk, vegetables, and such articles as could be obtained. If we could have bought at reasonable prices, quite an addition could have been made to our bill of fare, but prices were usually so high that very little benefit was derived from the fund, though sometimes as high as two hundred dollars was thus accumulated in a month. We were obliged to make returns to the proper authorities, of the amount of the fund, and also of the use made of it, with the necessary vouchers. In this way the government did all it could for the comfort of the sick and wounded.

“At times between campaigns, soldiers sick and not likely to be fit for duty within thirty days, were granted furloughs for that time. In this way thousands of lives were saved. It was really astonishing what transformations took place in the physical condition of many patients in so short a time. They came back, without exception, greatly improved, many of them almost beyond recognition.”

“The fitness of men for duty was always a ‘bone of contention,’ and it was a very common practice for the

Orderly Sergeant or Company Commander, to excuse men who were not excused by the Surgeon.

“Men frequently complained of being sick when the duty was particularly arduous or dangerous, and on the other hand many brave men were known to report themselves and insist upon doing duty at such times when they were totally unfit for it.

“The number reported each morning would vary from five to fifty, these being all cases that could be treated in company quarters, by reporting themselves daily. When a man became so sick that the presence of a Surgeon was necessary, he was sent to the Regimental Hospital, as the men were never visited in their own quarters except in case of an emergency.”

On the 1st of June, 1864, Dr. Angell's health having entirely failed, he was honorably discharged from the service. For several months he had tried to resign, knowing that he could be of very little further use, and that he owed it to himself to seek the rest and quiet of home. But for some reason his resignation was not accepted, and at last he demanded and obtained a full discharge.

Dr. Kay was promoted to the rank of Surgeon from the same date, to fill the vacancy, and was with the regiment from that time to its muster-out in 1865. Dr. Jassoy was dismissed the service the 17th of November following, and the vacancy never was filled.

An examination of the Adjutant General's Report of the State of Illinois, gives the following statistics, bearing upon the medical history of our regiment :

The number discharged for disability, including wounds, was 140, divided very evenly between the companies, A and B losing 17 each, which were the highest, and E, I and K, 12 each, which were the lowest. The number killed in action was 18, D, E and G losing one each, the lowest, and H losing four, which was the highest. The loss by death other than killed in action, was 154, of which K lost 29, which was the highest number, F 20, the next highest, while H and I were the lowest, losing ten each. The total loss was 312. Of the deaths 23 were caused by wounds, as specified in the report, and four occurred in the enemies hands or after exchange. There were also 41 transferred to the Invalid and Veteran Reserve Corps, and five were absent sick at the muster-out of the regiment. Of officers we lost by death only three, namely, 1st Lieut. Thomas J. Willian, of company K, who died at Cotton Hill, Illinois, Nov. 5th, 1862, having never gone to the front; 1st Lieut. Julius A. Pratt, of company A, who was killed at Vicksburg, June 26th, 1863; and 1st Lieut. Granville A. Spear, of company H, who died at Memphis, October 30th, 1864. The total, as above is 361, which is exclusive of resignations of officers, and discharges for causes other than disability. The grand total would be considerably over 400.

From a careful perusal of the foregoing, with its facts and figures, it is thought even the most prejudiced soldiers in the regiment—those who were sure they had the most reason to complain of their treatment—will unite in saying we had no cause to complain of our Medical Department. Alive to the welfare of the men, and anxious to promote their health and efficiency through proper diet and cleanliness, as well as through care and prescriptions when sick, our Surgeons and their aids were as justly entitled to the honors attaching to our name as the “Excelsior” regiment as any others, and in their way contributed as largely to win them. Never did our Hospital in any sense fall below our proud record in other things, though submitted to the severest tests, and those who used to make merry at the morning call, as Bartlett and Merrill played it, singing through the camp to the music of the fife :

“Go to the Doctor to get your quinine,
Go to the Doctor and get your pills,”

would to-day be found among its warmest defenders and friends. Even the broken speech of Dr. Jassoy, who, the boys averred, when he asked them to show their tongues, used to say some curious things, has a ring of ability in it, and comes down from those years to his credit instead of otherwise. The laughter of those days has been long since hushed in the sorrow that he and Dr. Angell come no more with us. The latter died at Camp Chase, in Ohio, about the close of

the war, and Dr. Jassoy passed away at his home, November 21st, 1876.

Dr. Kay is now a physician in good practice at Bushnell, Illinois, and Hospital Steward Allaire is a manufacturing pharmacist at Peoria, achieving for himself the success his energy and ability deserve.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Officers at muster-out.—The few unchanged.—Our music.—Nye and Matthews.—“Judge” Austin.—Postmasters.—Hospital Stewards to spare.—Mexican war veteran.—Logan's letter at Memphis.—Fort Hill detail.—Spangler.—Leggett's letter to Adj't Gen. Fuller.—McPherson's ditto.—Desertions.—Reflections.—One story more.

THE ROSTER of our commissioned officers, as mustered out at Camp Douglas, Chicago, August 15, 1865, (those promoted not having been mustered, because the regiment was below the minimum number,) was as follows:

Lieut. Col., J. H. Howe.
Quartermaster, A. N. Reece.
Surgeon, J. R. Kay.
Chaplain, R. L. Howard.

Company A—Captain, E. C. Raymond.
1st Lieut. D. Ames Bigelow.
2d Lieut. Warren F. Dodge.

Company B—Captain, Edwin F. Stafford.

1st Lieut. F. C. Van Vlack.

2d Lieut. C. H. Keller.

Company C—Captain, Henry L. Field.

1st Lieut. Lewis Dorlan.

2d Lieut. John L. C. Richards.

Company D—Captain, Abraham Newland.

1st Lieut. Henry J. Brockway.

2d Lieut. Thomas P. Price.

Company E—Captain, Reese L. Merriman.

1st Lieut. William H. Anderson.

Company F—Captain, Norman H. Pratt.

1st Lieut. Enoch W. Taylor.

2d Lieut. Edward R. Breckons.

Company G—Captain, Benton Pratt.

1st Lieut. John W. Mosby.

2d Lieut. William B. Day.

Company H—Captain, John W. Kendall.

1st Lieut. Freeman B. Campbell.

Company I —Captain, Benjamin A. Griffith.

1st Lieut. Joel H. Masten.

2d Lieut. James M. Griffith.

Company K—Captain, Stephen N. Sanders.

1st Lieut. Hiram H. Hall.

2d Lieut. John B. Mabry.

Harvey B. Powers, of company E, and George M. Cronk, of company H, held commissions as 2d Lieutenants, but not having been mustered in as such, they were mustered out as Sergeants.

Maj. Adin Mann was absent on detached service, and was not mustered out with the regiment.

Adjutant Wm. E. Smith had been discharged the 15th of May previous, he being north on leave, wounded, and the return of the regiment being so near.

A comparison of this roster with the one of September 10th, 1862, will show four names unchanged, to-wit, those of Lieut. Col. Howe, Quartermaster Reece, and Captains Field and Kendall. But of these all had been virtually changed, save one. Lieut. Col. Howe had been commissioned Colonel, and brevetted Brig. General; Capt. Field had been commissioned Major, when Maj. Mann was commissioned Lieut. Colonel, and had acted as such for some time, while Capt. Kendall had gone into camp as 1st Lieutenant, and had been promoted when Capt. Pattison was elected Major.

Therefore, of all our field and line officers, Quartermaster A. N. Reece was the only one mustered out August 15th, 1865, without any change since going into camp at the first, and he not for lack of opportunity and invitation for promotion, had he consented to leave the regiment.

Of our non-commissioned officers, Preston B. Durley, Q. M. Serg't, and Charles B. Allaire, Hospital Steward,

on the staff, and four duty Sergeants and three Corporals in the line, were all that served the whole time through unchanged. The Sergeants were Jas. S. Stone, of A; C. M. Cassatt, of C, and Leonard Mitchelson and George S. Green, of F, while John Butterwick, of A, and Garrett Brown and Chester B. Vail, of F, were the Corporals, making a grand total of ten officers to whom the service had brought no changes. Ten out of one hundred and seventy-three, or one in seventeen. Of the changes, seventeen Sergeants had been promoted to Lieutenants, and two to Captains, while one Corporal and two privates had received 2d Lieutenant's commissions. From the non-commissioned staff there had been but one actual promotion, that of Sergeant Major Richards to be 2d Lieutenant in company C, and who was in command of that company for nearly a year, while the Captain was acting Major, and the 1st Lieutenant detached. Sergeant Major Wharton had been commissioned 1st Lieutenant, to fill the vacant Adjutancy, but had not been mustered.

Our music deserves a word of mention. We were mustered with sixteen musicians, seven companies having two each, and only one company—F—having none. But of that number only three were really efficient, and two of them, Joseph E. Merrill, of company H, drummer, and B. C. Bartlett, of company C, fifer, were made Principal Musicians. The rest were musicians in embryo. Our first efforts at dress parade were somewhat amusing, when they reached the musical feature, and as

for reveille or tattoo, we could not think of indulging in any such luxuries. We very well remember one day at Camp Butler, when, for some reason, Merrill and Bartlett were absent and there was no fifer, Adj't. Smith labored long to induce the three or four drummers who were present to 'beat off' in front of the regiment. At last he succeeded, only to be mortified by their breaking down before they had gone half the length of the line.

But such a state of things could not continue long, and under the instruction of the Principal Musicians, B. C. Bartlett and Merrill, proficiency came rapidly into pleasant notice. Some changes were made. A bright little boy, of company B, whose name we have forgotten, went home sick, and was soon discharged. Charles H. Burrows, of company C, became bass drummer, and Wm. H. Bartlett, of company C, and John Vining, of company A, were pressed into service as fifers, who had not been enlisted as musicians. Carr, King, Pinney, Swafford, Smirl and Sill, learned to drum, and we soon had a field band of ten, of which any regiment might well be proud. One which could not be broken up, or rendered inefficient as long as a fifer and drummer remained. Beher, of company H, was discharged in January, 1864, for promotion as Chief Bugler in a cavalry regiment, and Pinney, of company E, for promotion as Hospital Steward, but the rest of the efficient regimental band remained to the close of the war, and came home with the regiment. Even to-day do we tread a little more firmly, and unconsciously drop into the swinging

step of the olden time, as we think of the stirring strains that used to rest us on our weary marches, when "Dixie," well played, helped to put down the rebellion, and our band, like our muskets, wrought its share in the glorious work.

Of Commissary Sergeants, we had two. The first was James A. Nye, of company F, who served the regiment in that capacity long and faithfully, and will be held in lasting remembrance as our cracker man. His conscientious fairness and firmness won for him the confidence of all, both in the regiment and out of it. Being somewhat grave and particular, and a little advanced in years, he received the sobriquet of "Pap Nye," and will be affectionately spoken of as such as long as there are survivors of the "Hundred and two dozen." But he at last became weary of the burdens of his position, which called for a great many extra hours, and had its peculiar responsibilities and vexations, and asked to be relieved and returned to his company, which was done, and Ambrose Mathews, of company A, appointed in his place. He served in that capacity for the rest of our time, to the satisfaction of all.

Another institution in our regiment was Erastus Austin, first duty Sergeant of company F. He was a very large and fine looking man, with a sprinkling of grey, which caused him to be called "Judge," and such was his bearing that most of those unacquainted with him till they met him in the regiment, supposed him to have been a dispenser of justice in some capacity before he

entered the service. With us, however, he became a dispenser of cartridges, and as Ordnance Sergernt found a position all were glad to see him fill, and where he could be quite as useful as in the line, for which his weight and years had apparently disqualified him. But upon the promotion of Breckons to a Lieutenancy in December, 1864, the "Judge" came down from his wagon and was on hand for his place as Orderly Sergeant, which he filled till the muster-out of the regiment, apparently as little inconvenienced by the change as many a lighter and younger man.

While we are remembering the non-combatants, the Postmaster should not be forgotten. Among all the friends of the soldier none were more anxiously watched for than he. None were interrogated oftener, "Have you a mail?" "Why don't you get a mail?" or "When do you think we shall have mail?" were questions he had to run the gauntlet of from one end of the regiment to the other nearly every time he appeared, and answer till his tongue was tired. He was supposed to know all about the delays, whether by land or water, and his oft repeated "I don't know," was sometimes accounted scarcely honest. Our first Postmaster was James H. Pinney, of company A, who served as such till sometime during the Vicksburg campaign, when Albert Gibbs, of company D, was appointed, and served as such to the close of the war. Our longest and last remembrances are with him, and through his faithful hands for months the outgoing and

incoming streams of loving correspondence flowed without a break, gladdening us and lighting up the northern homes where the dear ones dwelt.

Different companies were distinguished in the service for different things, as company B for the tenacity with which it hung together, only one man in the company having sought or taken a transfer to the Veteran Reserve or Invalid Corps, and he being absent when he did it. Company H was distinguished for receiving no recruits, when the other companies received many, only two being accredited to it during the war, and yet it seemed to have nearly as full ranks as the rest. It had the usual number of deceased and discharged, and the largest number of killed in action. It had furnished its quota to other organizations, including the Veteran Reserve Corps and the Colored service, and in addition had given three Hospital Stewards to the Regular Army, namely, Henry E. Daniels, George S. Prindle and Melvin Tarble. But it probably had fewer men on detached service, and fewer sick, which would account for its large number always present for duty. It was also the young mens' company in the regiment, nearly all its members, with its officers, after the first year, being single men. At muster-out there were not a dozen married men in the company.

A quiet, unobtrusive private in company G, always at his post and ready for duty, which he discharged in a manner at once easy and perfect, proves to have been a real veteran, though it was known to but few at the

time. And he was abundantly qualified both by native talent and previous discipline to command us all where he obeyed so well. His name was Jackson D. Thornton, and he had served through the Mexican war, in Capt. Pemberton's company, in the 7th Regulars, and a subsequent term of enlistment in the U. S. Marines, on the west coast of Africa, in suppressing the slave trade. His soldierly qualities were soon recognized in his company, and he was appointed Sergeant, to fill the first vacancy.

The following letter, kindly furnished by Color Serg't. Wesley S. Stokes, of company I, explains itself, and pours a flood of historic light upon the darkness of the winter of 1862 and 1863 :

“HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION,
17TH ARMY CORPS,
MEMPHIS, TENN., Feb. 12th, 1863.

“*My Fellow-Soldiers :*

“Debility from recent illness has prevented and still prevents me from appearing amongst you as has been my custom and is my desire. It is for this cause I deem it my duty to communicate with you now, and give you the assurance that your General still maintains unshaken confidence in your patriotism and devotion, and in the ultimate success of our glorious cause.

“I am aware that influences of the most discouraging and treasonable character, well calculated and designed to render you dissatisfied, have recently been brought

to bear upon some of you by professed friends. Newspapers containing treasonable articles, artfully falsifying the public sentiment at your homes, have been circulated in your camps.

“Intriguing political tricksters, demagogues and time-servers, whose corrupt deeds are but a faint reflex of their more corrupt hearts, seem determined to drive our people to anarchy and destruction. They have hoped by magnifying the reverses of our arms, basely misrepresenting the conduct and slandering the character of our soldiers in the field, and boldly denouncing the acts of the constituted authorities of the government as unconstitutional usurpations, to produce general demoralization in the army, and thereby reap their political reward—to weaken the cause we have espoused, and aid those arch traitors of the south to dismember our mighty Republic, and trail in the dust the emblem of our National unity, greatness and glory.

“Let me remind you, my countrymen, that we are soldiers of the Federal Union, armed for the preservation of the Federal Constitution, and the maintenance of its laws and authority. Upon your faithfulness and devotion, heroism and gallantry, depends its perpetuity. To us has been committed this sacred inheritance, baptized in the blood of our fathers. We are soldiers of a government that has always blessed us with prosperity and happiness. It has given to every American citizen the largest freedom and the most perfect equality of rights and privileges. It has afforded us security in

person and property, and blessed us till under its beneficent influence we were the proudest Nation on earth.

“We should be united in our efforts to put down a rebellion that now, like an earthquake, rocks the Nation from State to State, and from centre to circumference, and threatens to engulf us all in one common ruin, the horrors of which no pen can portray. We have solemnly sworn to bear true faith to this government, preserve its constitution, and defend its glorious flag against all its enemies and opposers. To our hands have been committed the liberties, the prosperity and the happiness of future generations. Shall we betray such a trust? Shall the brilliance of your past achievements be dimmed and tarnished by hesitation, discord and dissension, while armed traitors menace you in front, and unarmed traitors intrigue against you in the rear?

“We are in no way responsible for any action of the civil authorities. We constitute the military arm of the government. That the civil power is threatened and attempted to be paralyzed, is the reason for a resort to military. To aid the civil authorities in the exercise of their authority—not to oppose or obstruct—is our office. And shall we forget this duty, and stop to wrangle and dispute over this or that political act or measure, while the country is bleeding at every pore, while a fearful wail of anguish wrung from the heart of a distracted people is borne upon every breeze, and widows and orphans are appealing to us to avenge the loss of their loved ones, who have fallen by our side in defense of

the old, blood-stained banner, and while the Temple of Liberty itself is being shaken to its base by the ruthless blows of traitors, who have desecrated our flag, obstructed our National highways, destroyed our peace, desolated our firesides, and draped thousands of homes in mourning?

‘‘Let us stand firm at our posts of duty and of honor, yielding a cheerful obedience to all orders from our superiors until by our united efforts the Stars and Stripes shall be planted in every city, town and hamlet of the rebellious States. We can then return to our homes and through the ballot-box peacefully redress all our wrongs, if any we have.

‘‘While I rely upon you with confidence and pride, I blush to confess that recently some of those who were once our comrades in arms, have so far forgotten their honor, their oaths and their country, as to shamefully desert us, and skulkingly make their way to their homes, where, like culprits, they dare not look an honest man in the face. Disgrace and ignominy—if they escape the penalty of the law—will not only follow them to their dishonored graves, but will stamp their names and lineage with infamy to the latest generation. The scorn and contempt of every true man will ever follow those base men, who, forgetful of their oaths, have, like cowardly spaniels, deserted their comrades in arms in the face of the foe, and their country in the hour of its greatest peril. Every true-hearted mother or father, brother, sister or wife, will spurn the coward

who could thus not only disgrace himself, but his name and his kindred. An indelible stamp of infamy should be branded upon his cheek, that all who look upon his vile countenance may feel for him the contempt his cowardice merits. Could I believe that such conduct found either justification or excuse in your hearts, or that you would for a moment falter in our glorious purpose of saving the Nation from threatened wreck and hopeless ruin, I would invoke from Deity as the greatest boon, a common grave to save us from such infamy and disgrace.

“The day is not far distant when traitors and cowards north and south will cower before the indignation of an outraged people. March bravely onward; nerve your strong arms to the task of overthrowing every obstacle in the pathway of victory, until, with shouts of triumph the last gun is fired that proclaims us a united people, under the old flag and one government. Patriot soldiers, this great work accomplished, the reward for such service will be realized; the blessings and honors of a grateful people will be yours.

“JOHN A. LOGAN,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.”

It was not fully stated in the body of the history that our regiment furnished most of the miners under Fort Hill, but such was the case, and as it was a work of more than usual hardship and peril, it is due to the brave men who had it in charge to make especial mention of the fact. In companies A, D, F and I, were a large

number of miners from the coal fields near Kewanee and Colchester. But as A was detached it furnished no details for fatigue during the siege, and D, F and I were entitled to the credit. The 45th Illinois supplied the rest, and it will please all who wrought so arduously there to know that their work is not forgotten.

The following statement, by Capt. B. A. Griffith, of company I, is of interest as showing how closely we were related to the rebellion at the outset, and how our magnanimity and forbearance were even then abused:

“In regard to Spangler, he came into McDonough county from Missouri just after the war commenced, and told me he had enlisted as 1st Sergeant in company C, 6th Missouri, rebel, and showed me a confidential letter from Claiborne Jackson, Governor of Missouri, authorizing him to raise a regiment for the confederate army, with the promise that he should name the officers if successful. He insisted upon my joining and assisting him. I told him my opinion of the thing plainly, but promised to try to keep the boys from hanging him in their indignation, till he could settle up some business for his father, and get out of Illinois.

“I next saw him on the Big Black river, when we were encamped at Rocky Springs, after the battle of Port Gibson. He told me he was A. A. General on Gen. Mart Green’s staff, and insisted on our meeting between the pickets, which I declined.

“We met again on the field at Champion Hills. My wound was dressed on the field, but I afterwards went

back from the command to the Hospital. As I was passing where General Osterhaus' division had been engaged, where the dead and wounded lay in piles, I was called to by some one lying almost in the road, with a red blanket under him and a knapsack for a pillow. It was Spangler. He reached out his hand and grasped mine, and said he was going to eat his supper with 'Stonewall Jackson' that night. He raised up and I examined his wound, which was just in the edge of the hair on the back of his neck. I did not think it was dangerous, but he said he was dying then. He asked me to send word to his people, which I did. There were from ten to fifteen of his old company dead and wounded around him. I stopped as I returned about an hour afterwards, and he was dead."

The officers who were sent home from the Big Black, on recruiting service, in January, 1864, in addition to their regular papers, were furnished with the following autogrrph letters to the Adjutant General of the State, to aid them in their work, which, for the testimony they bear, are worthy of being preserved in our history, and one of them is perfectly invaluable because of the fate of its writer whom we loved so well :

"HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION, 17TH A. C.,
VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 26th, 1864.

"BRIG. GEN. A. C. FULLER, *Adj't. Gen. Ills* :

"GENERAL :—Permit me to bespeak your especial attention to the 124th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, and ask that facilities may be offered to fill its ranks.

“Under the skillful management of Lieut. Col. Howe and the excellent line officers of the regiment, the 124th Illinois has become one of the very best regiments among the many good ones from that State. In the old 3d Division, *Logan's old veterans*, the 124th Illinois is to-day the Excelsior regiment, and carries the Blue Flag described in the enclosed Orders No. 4.

“I am, General, your obedient servant,

“M. D. LEGGETT,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.”

“HEADQUARTERS 17TH ARMY CORPS,
VICKSBURG, MISS., Jan. 24th, 1864.

“COL. A. C. FULLER,

Adj't. Gen. Ills., Springfield:

“COLONEL: Details from the 124th Illinois Volunteers have been sent home to obtain recruits for the regiment, and I trust you will do everything you can consistently to facilitate their object.

“The regiment, though one of the youngest in the 3d Division (late Logan's) has won a proud position in my command, having distinguished itself for bravery and gallantry on the battle-field, and recently carried off the ‘Prize Banner.’ competing fairly with all the regiments in the Division. The regimental and line officers are thoroughly in earnest, and well qualified for their positions, and you can rest assured that recruits joining

this regiment will find a good school in which they can learn everything appertaining to the duties of a soldier.

“Very respectfully your ob't serv't,

“JAMES B. McPHERSON,
Major Gen. Commanding.”

A statement has already been made in the body of the history about desertions, which puts the matter right, so far as it goes. But there is room for a few words more. Company K had been unfortunate either in the character or locality of some of its men. Probably the latter, for two reasons: First, that they lived so near Springfield that they were permitted to go home for a day or two and did not return. Second, that they were in a section of the State where the copperhead influence was felt the most. Certain it is, that out of thirty-five desertions in the regiment, eleven, or nearly one-third are charged to company K, six of whom were from its original ranks, and five from its recruits. Of the six, five never joined the company in the field, having gone home from Camp Butler. Of the rest of the desertions, seven were from among recruits, and therefore had no bearing upon the original material of the regiment, while the most part of the remainder were foreigners. Companies B, F and H did not lose a man by desertion, which deserves proud mention, and C only one from its original number, and he never went to the front.

Before closing this chapter, where they will be in place, if anywhere, a few remarks may be indulged. The record of the 124th was in many respects peculiar. And while that record has been already brought out in these pages, and the character of the regiment faithfully presented, there are some things which even a careful perusal of this history would fail to suggest. Things that for the most part a comparison with other regiments is necessary to bring out.

Of these the most important is that we were a very fortunate, or a wonderfully favored regiment. While taking our places willingly wherever we were assigned by our superior officers, we were never but once in a place to be slaughtered, or where we suffered any heavy loss. Other regiments in our own brigades, as the 20th Illinois at Raymond, the 45th Illinois on the 25th of June, in the breach at Fort Hill, and Col. Dornblazer's at Jackson Cross Roads, suffered far more heavily than we. On the 22d of May, in front of Vicksburg, we did not lose a man, and yet we were under arms all the day, and in sight of our comrades of other regiments who fell by hundreds. Our list of killed in action and died of wounds, forty-two in all, according to report, is very small for a regiment exposed as long as we were, under fire over eighty days and sixty nights. Single companies have lost as many in an hour, almost at a volley.

Again, we did not lose an officer in action. Not one was shot down at the head of his regiment or company. Colonels and Majors and Captains fell all around us.

Col. Dollins was killed on one side of us and Col. Nevins on the other on the same day, while Maj. Cowen fell in our front, but our officers were untouched.

We were always on the winning side. Other regiments had their reverses; we had none. We knew nothing about defeat; and consequently we were never compelled to retreat in the face of the foe. We returned from some of our expeditions in Mississippi without accomplishing anything worthy of our efforts, and with the enemy dogging us in the rear, but whenever we chose we held him at bay, or drove him back at our pleasure. In every march made, we went where we started to go, and came back when we got ready.

We never lost a prisoner in action, or had a man captured who was with the regiment at the time. We did not lose a flag, a team, or a drum, or even a gun when we were together.

We were never on short rations but twice, and scarcely knew what it meant then. Real suffering from want of food was no part of our experience.

We were not only well fed, but we were well clothed and well paid. No regiment in the service fared better in those things than we. No regiment in the army, east or west, was made more comfortable in the discharge of its duty for the same length of time; none was held in higher estimation by its commanding officers, as far as we knew, or obtained more favors when it craved them.

It is true we were re-organized out of the 3d Division, 17th Army Corps, and so had to give up our "Excel-sior Banner," and did not go with Sherman to Atlanta and the sea. But we remained at Vicksburg, and were thus spared the perils and hardships we coveted, and many of our brave men are living to-day because of our good fortune in not having our own way.

While we were a marching and a fighting regiment, the peers of the best, we were a parade regiment. Our *personnel* was of that kind that unites the polish and glitter of a showy life with the depth and power of the higher; the garishness of shoulder-straps, sashes and white gloves in provost service with the grime and blood that are born of the truest courage and sublimest patriotism in battle.

Unlike other regiments whose record is a military one alone, however gratifying and brilliant, we were so situated and constituted that we exercised a potent political and social influence. Our long stay at Vicksburg, including the political campaign of 1864, with our jubilation upon the re-election of Lincoln, and our 4th of July at Montgomery in 1865, are in point. We were not only military custodians and a police force in those cities, but we were in close contact with their leading minds, contributing largely to the restoration of society and in the manufacture of public sentiment for the coming years. Not that many another regiment from the Sucker State could not have done the same

had it been where we were, just as we could have suffered as some of them did, had we been where they were ; but that such was the fortune of war and rehabilitation for us, and it was certainly exceptional.

And in all this experience so unusual, affording the amplest opportunities for developement toward the bad, through the unthought of temptations of a people long debauched by slavery and its kindred vices, not an instance of meanness, inefficiency, double-dealing, disloyalty or moral cowardice was brought home to us to stay. (A little *strong*, Chaplain!—REVISER.) We went through it not only unscathed but a positive power for good. Our officers and men were competent, loyal, brave and true. And now, as we sometimes look over the past of our history, and at the turbulent condition of some of the nations of earth, and are led to wonder if we may not again be called to arms in defense of our own loved land and government, not one of us but says, should we have to go, as far as those still living should render it possible, we would go with our dear, old, tried comrades of the “Hundred and two dozen.”

And there is scarcely a man of us alive but what writes his name “stalwart” to-day, as he hears the yell of the rebel Brigadiers in Congress, and the crack of the shot-gun in Yazoo county, Mississippi, where our war-path used to lie.

One story completes this miscellaneous chapter, which would hardly be sufficiently miscellaneous without it.

The material is furnished by Major Mann, and it is substantially as follows :

“On the 22d of May, company B was detailed for skirmish duty, and deploying on the safe side of the hill where they lay, the men went over its crest in advance of the charging regiments. Throwing themselves flat upon the ground, and taking advantage of everything that would afford them shelter, they moved forward as rapidly as possible, keeping up a deadly fire upon the enemy’s works. As soon as our regiments appeared over the hill, the whole line of the fortifications was a blaze of fire, which continued all the long day. Gaining positions as near as they could to the enemy, for a time the skirmishers answered back, comparatively unnoticed, the attention of the rebels being directed to the larger bodies. But as the day wore away and the danger from the charge was less imminent, they began to turn their fire upon the skirmishers, and compelled them to hug the ground in sheer desperation, not daring to raise a head or hand for hours, as the first attempt to do so would be saluted with scores of bullets at short range. Being out of water, and the sun extremely hot, their suffering became severe, and the question of relief from it a vital one. While in this condition, just protected by a stump scarcely as thick as his body, one of the men saw a lizard near him, moving among the grass and weeds with the celerity of its kind, as though nothing unusual was transpiring around it. He naturally fell to

moralizing upon that fact, and directly thought if he were only a lizard how easily and safely he could get away. For a moment he almost envied the reptile, as it was darting back and forth so near him, but the next, a ball struck it and cut it neatly in two where it lay, and he then rejoiced in his manhood and his protecting stump, without a farther wish for the immunity from danger which a reptile might possibly enjoy."

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR CAPTURED.

At Raymond.—Schoonover.—Peter Victor.—Near Canton, Miss.---
Sayles' narrative.---Horrors of Andersonville.---Final release.---
Randall and Wilder.---Mallen and Phillips.---Murphy escaped.---
Dunning.

AS HAS BEEN stated, we lost no prisoners from the regiment directly, either in camp or action. But some of our men were captured when absent. The first instance of this kind occurred at Raymond, where the sick and wounded left in charge of Dr. Kay, after the battle, were taken and paroled. Josiah W. Goodwin, of company D, who died of wounds received in the battle, May 12th, died a prisoner of war. But as none from our number were taken to rebel prisons at that time, we scarcely realized they had been captured.

Adolphus Schoonover, of company A, was captured by some lurking foe, Aug. 18th, 1863, while we were on the Monroe expedition. He was probably on a commissary foray on his own account, as nothing was known

of the facts at the time. He was reported missing till March, 1864, when official intelligence was received of his death while a prisoner of war, at Shreveport, Louisiana.

Peter Victor, of company B, was captured by some party or parties while we were on the Bogue Chitto expedition. October 16th, 1863, and his remains were found in a gully where he had evidently been murdered and stripped. As we were surrounded by rebels during all the time we were in that vicinity, and especially as he was a perfectly harmless and inoffensive man, who could not have been disposed of in that way by our own soldiers, it was generally believed that he had wandered too far from his command, with the above result.

But it was upon our return from the "Meridian raid," in February, 1864, when lying at Canton, Mississippi, that our greatest misfortune of this kind befel us, as has already been mentioned in its place, in Chapter 14.

Corporal Alford S. Sayles, of company A, who was one of the captured, gives the following account of the affair, and his subsequent experience. The language has been varied for the sake of a more perfect connection, but the statements are substantially as he made them.

"On the 29th of February a scouting expedition was undertaken, commanded by a Captain of the 20th Illinois, and Adjutant Smith, of our regiment, which consisted of forty men, of whom ten were from the 124th, or

one man from each company, as I understood it. It was reported that the enemy's cavalry were making a demonstration between us and the Big Black, with the probable intention of capturing our supply train from there. We were ordered to go out about ten miles and remain till four o'clock, and were mounted as cavalry. There was considerable of a scramble in some of the companies for the privilege of going upon this expedition, as it was expected to be more than usually enjoyable. Our numbers were thought to be sufficiently formidable, we were well mounted and officered, and anticipated a dashing ride.

We had done as directed, and were returning just before night, not having seen an enemy, and therefore not expecting any danger. When within some three or four miles of our camp, as we were moving along on a swinging trot, we saw men on horseback in the road ahead of us, with blue overcoats on, whom we took to be our cavalry, and keeping on directly toward them without slackening our pace, we were saluted with a volley from some of their party, who were hidden by a fence in a field. They had concluded that when thus attacked we would naturally charge through them and endeavor to escape, or close out the affair with the usual cavalry dash, and had a regiment just ahead ready to receive us. But being infantry, we disappointed them by instantly dismounting, getting over the fence, and opening fire upon them, partly in the flank. Surprised, and with their plan frustrated, they immediately developed their

strength, and began to close rapidly about us. Seeing how useless a contest with such overwhelming numbers would be, most of our party broke for the nearest timber, which was low and swampy, and several of them succeeded in getting away. Some were killed outright, one being shot in the back while running, who, I think, belonged to our regiment. Another was killed while stamping his money in the ground after being taken, and sixteen in all were captured.

“The enemy proved to be the advance of Gen. Jackson’s cavalry, and were about 1100 strong, under the command of Wirt Adams.

“We were all stripped and robbed of everything of value. I hated to lose my boots, which were nearly new, but a Lieutenant took them and left me barefooted.

“Fearing I should lose my pants, as others had done, which were also new, I stooped over, unobserved, and tore them up the legs to save them.

“We remained nearly where we were until about two o’clock in the morning, hearing our drums beat distinctly at tattoo, with feelings that are a pain to remember. Some got a little sleep, but there was none for me. At that time they broke camp and started westward, going about sixteen miles, the prisoners all being barefooted and bareheaded, with very little to eat. The next day they struck northeast and run us across the country 172 miles,

as they called it, to Gainesville, in Alabama. We suffered greatly on the way, our feet being in a frightful condition. Sometimes the feeblest of us were allowed to ride for a little ways.

“From Gainesville we were taken by steamer to Cahaba, where we remained about six weeks. Then they told us we were to be paroled, and we felt pretty well about it, but the statement was only a refinement of cruelty, for we were taken directly to Andersonville, Georgia, which was then intended to be the great, permanent prison pen and graveyard for the Union soldiers in their hands. We were among the second lot that arrived there, about 5,000 having previously come, nearly at one time, from Belle Isle. But so rapidly did they follow us that on the 30th of June, only about two months after our arrival, there were 33,000 men drawing rations within an enclosure of only twelve acres, with two acres of swamp in the middle of that. The story of our exposure and suffering is a part of the fearful history of the war, and need not be repeated by me. I found my brother-in-law from Iowa among the prisoners, and was with him when death kindly put a period to his suffering.

“In July the authorities evidently became alarmed by the result of their atrocities, and began to enlarge the stockade. There was apparently nothing to prevent their doing that before, except the disposition on their part. If food was scarce, certainly ground was not,

and we might at least have had plenty of room, and purer air. But their efforts were too late to be of much avail. So many had died before the new grounds were opened, that we scarcely needed them.

“I was there all summer, and shared and saw it all. Our forces were only ninety miles away at one time, and two divisions of cavalry could easily have delivered us. We did not blame the government for not exchanging us; it would have given the rebels so many able-bodied men in our places, and taken us in our helplessness—there was not a man among us for months who was fit for duty.

“The 8th of September they became alarmed and commenced to run us out. I was taken away the 12th to Charleston, and then to Florence, South Carolina. There we lay in a field till they built a stockade, and were nearly starved to death. Rations for eighteen days were three spoonfuls of meal and two of beans per day, with an occasional spoonful of molasses. During five months in Florence we drew meat only once. After we got into the stockade they gave us a pint of meal a day, or its equivalent in beans. Sometimes we had a trifle of salt, but only a pinch. A spoonful of salt was worth as much as a pint of meal among us.

“We lay there till Sherman reached Columbia. I lost the run of dates after leaving Andersonville. When they found that Sherman was at Columbia, they began

to take us away from Florence. There were about 11,000 of us there at that time, and the mortality had been fearful. We were first taken to Wilmington, N. C., to be paroled, so said. But something occurring, we were removed to Goldsborough, and back into the woods, where we lay two weeks. Our condition can neither be described nor imagined. Then we were started for Wilmington again, this time to certainly be paroled. When within eight miles of the place it was captured by our forces and we could distinctly hear the firing and shouting.

“Having been unloaded from the train, we were hastily put on board again and run back to Goldsborough, which we reached in the night, and immediately started for the woods once more. On the way I dropped for the first time, and about 150 others did the same. We lay where we fell till morning, when they picked us up, loaded us into wagons and took us to a warehouse, where we remained till we were paroled, which was about two weeks after.

“We were then taken to Wilmington by rail, and I was left in the car after all the rest were removed, probably through some oversight. I think I must have remained there nearly an hour, expecting every moment some one would come after me, but becoming anxious about it, I crawled out on the platform of the car. Being unable to see anybody or anything from where I was, except the long train as it stood on the curved

track, I concluded to try to get down, and accordingly dropped to the ground. But I could not stand, and consequently rolled down the bank about twenty-five feet into the swamp. From this new position I looked up and could see the "Stars and Stripes" on the flag-staff of a steamer just ahead. I never felt so glad in my life. I picked myself up and went up the bank, as I would not have believed it possible. I was received kindly on board the steamer and given a cup of coffee and two 'hard tack.' I really thought I was in paradise. Inside of five minutes after I got on board the steamer the train backed out. I had just saved myself.

"From there I was taken to Annapolis, where I was clothed and given ration, or commutation money. As soon as I was able to travel, I was started for parole camp at St. Louis, Mo., going through Columbus, Ohio. At the latter place I had my first square meal, at a restaurant, taking the whole bill of fare. From St. Louis I obtained a furlough home, and reached there in time to hear of the assassination of our beloved President. Having been ordered to repair to St. Louis for discharge, I stopped at Camp Butler on my way, and was finally discharged from there, June 27th, 1865.

"Randall, Wilder and I were separated at Andersonville, and I lost track of them entirely. They called me Corporal while we were together, and the title stuck to me all through my prison life. I think one of our regiment died at Cahaba.

“My health is entirely broken. I can do but little, and nothing that involves any mental strain. Sometimes I dare not trust myself to transact any important business, and can scarcely remember anything. At other times when I have taken the greatest of care of my exercise and diet, and do not read at all, my head seems to be quite clear. But at the best I am only a wreck. One of the survivors of the horrors of Andersonville, and an exhibit of the tender mercies of the rebellion.”

Of Cyrus W. Randall, of company E, who was taken with Sayles, nothing is known except what is contained in the foregoing narrative, only that the records of Andersonville state that he died there, October 12th, 1864, and give the number of his grave as 10,772.

Wallace Wilder, of company H, another one of the victims, lived to be exchanged, probably about the same time that Sayles was, and reached Annapolis, where he died March 16th, 1865.

Samuel Mallen and Edward Phillips, of company K, were never heard from. If Sayles was right as to one of our regiment being shot at the time the rest were taken, and another one's dying at Cahaba, that would account for them.

George C. Murphy, of company I, succeeded in escaping after being captured, and returned to the regiment a few days subsequently, upon the Big Black.

The rest of the company got away that night, and came in with the Adjutant the next morning.

While we were on the march from Fish river, in Alabama, to Spanish Fort, Silas W. Dunning, of company E, fell into the hands of some prowling cavalrymen, and was detained by them for a few days, suffering but little inconvenience therefrom. And this completes the list of our captured as far as known.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUR DEPARTED.

SINCE THEIR honorable discharge from the service of their country, by the muster-out of the regiment, or previously, several of our number have died, and our numbers have been slowly but surely thinning. Already we look each other in the face with a saddened feeling, when we meet from year to year, because our old comrades come up with us no more, and because we remember that very soon our places, like theirs, will be vacant, and there will be none to fill them. The youth, the strength, the valor of the old "Hundred and two dozen" will have passed away, and save in the Union we fought to maintain, and the liberties and land we cherished, will have left no trace behind.

As we think of the near future to us all, and of the heroism of those already deceased, we feel like paying a tribute of respect to the patriotism, courage and memory of our departed comrades, as far as our information permits, deeply regretting that our knowledge is insufficient to make the list complete.

And first upon it must stand the name of our beloved commander, Brevet Brig. Gen. J. H. HOWE, who died at Laredo, Texas, April 3d, 1873; and we believe the interest taken in him by the brave men whom he commanded so long and well, demands the insertion of the following obituary and editorial from the *Kewanee Independent*:

OBITUARY.

"KEWANEE, April 21st, 1873.

"The funeral of General John H. Howe was attended yesterday at the Congregational Church in this place, by an immense concourse of people of all classes, each one eager to bear some humble part in token of friendship, or in testimony to the worth of our honored and loved friend and brother, now gone from us to return no more. A very appropriate tribute and sermon was delivered by the Rev. H. B. Foskett, of Monmouth, his first Chaplain in the army, and for a long time previous a personal friend of Gen. Howe and his family.

"Gen. John H. Howe was born in Riga, Monroe county, New York, September 12th, 1822, and died at Laredo, Texas, on the 3d of April, being in the fifty-first year of his age. Early in life he chose as his line of active service and duty the profession of the law, and was admitted to the bar in Ashtabula county, Ohio. From thence, in 1855, he removed to this place, where he resided until his death.

“In his profession as a lawyer he always held an honorable position—not only as an able advocate and counselor, but equally as a jurist, discharging the duties of judge with impartiality, and to the satisfaction of his compeers and clients.

“Judge Howe was always a friend of the poor, and always sought their welfare, as many now living will testify. He was largely a peace-maker, advising settlement of differences among neighbors, when it could be without the surrender of right and justice. And thus he won his way to the confidence and hearts of his friends, and was in the way of merited reward and popularity when the sky lowered and the nation's sun was overcast by the war-cloud of rebellion. When treason was openly advocated in the halls of Congress—when the southern States, one after another, declared for State rights, and demanded the surrender of the doctrines and principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Union of these United States—no heart was more grieved and no voice more firm and decided than was his; and when they madly, blindly grasped the sword, and rallied under the palmetto in defiance of the Stars and Stripes, the ‘red, white and blue,’ the ‘*glorious old flag of the Union,*’ and when the boom of the cannon, and the shock of the iron enginery of war, felt through the land, as Sumter's walls were battered, told that the ‘Rubicon was past,’ that it was dismemberment and disunion and the consequent overthrow of the Government, or war and victory for its

defense and the overthrow of the rebellion, then it was that the love of home and friends, and the advantages, pecuniary and political, gained by years of toil and strict integrity in his profession, gave way before the love of country. The tide of patriotism that was rolling over the loyal north like an ocean wave driven by the tempest, was hailed and welcomed by our departed friend with a profound determination to lay at once upon his country's altar his services, his fortune, and if need be, his life.

“And in all this his confiding and devoted wife was a partner and a conqueror, cheering every one who could to buckle on the armor of a soldier in defense of liberty and the Union. And when the call came for 300,000 more men, and then quickly for 300,000 *more*, Judge Howe was among the first to respond. In his own office, steps were immediately taken and plans matured for organization, and on the 9th of August, 1862, his name was enrolled with many others in this community, and September 10th they were mustered into the 124th regiment of Illinois Volunteers, J. H. Howe holding the rank of Lieut. Colonel. They were soon under marching orders, and how bravely and nobly this regiment, with Col. Howe as their gallant leader, acted their part in the bloody drama of the war of the rebellion, the following historic sketch will indicate. * * * * *

“Through all this leaden rain of death the life of the heroic General was spared, and when the rebellion waned, and the war-cloud began to lift, the struggle

being ended, no one was more glad or joyous than he. The country saved and the enemy subdued, he was eager to lay down his honors, and return to the quiet prosecution of his chosen profession.

“Of a generous and genial nature, Gen. Howe loved his intimate friends ardently, and it was in the bosom of society at home, and especially of his family, that he was most honored and loved. Commencing his public life so nearly with the beginning of this town, he at once entered heartily into all its public improvements, contributing liberally, and often beyond his means, for the support and maintenance of all the public interests of the then new and rising village. And we had fondly hoped that after the war closed he might here spend the rest of his life in the enjoyment of that promotion and success which his talent and service to his country so richly merited. But God’s ways are not as our ways. Almost immediately on his return from the army it was whispered in intimate circles, ‘The General looks bad; he is sick.’ These indications were even more anxiously noticed by his wife, who was quick to discern the insidious approaches of disease. Nor were those alarms false. Consumption had already begun its fatal work.

“Still he was comforted, and for two years by the appointment of the President, filled the office of Chief Justice of the Territory of Wyoming, discharging all the duties of this office with great acceptance to the people and credit to himself. And although for those years intervening, he has with an iron will fought against the

enemy in ambush, most of the time performing active labor in his profession, still the citadel of life, which had come to be a besieged fortress, gradually gave way, until it was evident that the last battle must soon be fought, unless something could be done to divert the enemy.

“Change of climate was suggested and plans were soon perfected, and by solicitation of anxious friends, President Grant gave him a commission as secretary to the United States Commission to Mexico and Texas, for investigating border difficulties. In this perilous journey, with all its anxieties, his excellent wife, by night and by day, was his companion and comforter. For a time hopes were entertained, and cheerful letters to home friends awakened expectations, which made the news of his rapidly failing health the more painful.

“At Laredo, Texas, 300 miles from railroad communication, in the very midst of savage hordes of Indians, that have of late disturbed that border State, he halted in the *march*, laid off his armor, and after giving affectionate and kind counsel to his comrades and to his wife, with comforting messages for his children whom he loved so ardently, and making several requests with reference to his funeral, he took the hand of his weeping wife, saying, ‘Don’t weep, Julia ; my time has come—I am ready. I am at peace with God and all mankind,’ and with a smile upon his countenance, *fell asleep*.

“Mrs. Howe now had opportunity for brave and heroic action. So far from home, 300 miles inland from

railroads, and among savages, what should be done? Should he be buried in a strange and desolate land? It could not be. Her purpose was already taken. His dust should rest in the 'home circle' in the family lot, already sacred to the memory of loved ones gone. It would make this notice, already too long, wearisome to detail the incidents of that lonely journey, a large part of which was performed in a government wagon, with only a partial escort. But what will not the love and heroism of a noble woman accomplish. It should be said, however, that during the General's sickness and death, and on the passage to the railroad station, the officers of the Commission rendered every possible aid and attention.

"Mrs. Howe arrived at Kewanee with the body embalmed, on the morning of the 17th, and yesterday it was laid away for the resurrection, in the family lot, while many hundreds of soldiers and citizens and friends testified by their presence and tears, 'We are all mourners to-day.'

"He leaves behind to lament his loss, his devoted wife and four children, who will now gather up and cherish many, many precious memories of the departed. And may they each be able to say with a cheerful submission, 'He doeth all things well,' 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

G."

EDITORIAL—EARTH TO EARTH.

“The last sad tribute of respect was paid to the remains of the late Hon. J. H. Howe, on Sunday, the 20th inst., by a large concourse of friends, many of whom came from neighboring towns and cities to join in the mournful ceremony of consigning the remains of him they had so long known and honored to their last resting place.

“It is known to our readers, that in his rapidly failing health, Mr. Howe sought and obtained an appointment under the government, whose duties took him to the Mexican frontier, in the hope that his health would be benefitted by the mildness of the climate, and that Mrs. Howe accompanied him on what proved to be his last earthly journey. For a short time after reaching his destination he seemed to rally, and was encouraged to hope that his sojourn there would be attended with permanent benefit. But, alas, the hope was short-lived, and he died at Laredo, Texas, on the 3d inst. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made, Mrs. Howe in charge of the remains of her late husband, accompanied by a military escort, started for Austin, Texas, a distance of about 300 miles, and the nearest railroad point. This long, tedious, and lonely journey was safely accomplished, and she left Austin on the 14th, from which she made a rapid journey home, coming all the way by rail, and reaching here on Thursday morning, the 17th.

“The Masonic fraternity, of which Mr. Howe had long been a member, took charge of the arrangements for the funeral, notifying friends, companions and associates in the varied career of his public life, numbers of whom came from a distance to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains. Many of the officers and soldiers who served with and under him in the late war, were present and participated in the funeral services.

“The Masonic order turned out in much greater force than on any former occasion in this place. Galva contributed a delegation some forty strong, while the fraternity of Neponset, Princeton, and Galesburg were represented.

“The procession was formed at Masonic Hall, and preceded by a band of music, proceeded to the late residence of the deceased, at about two o'clock, P. M., from whence it moved to the Congregational Church, where an appropriate and impressive discourse was delivered by Rev. Foskett, and the usual services performed. After the close of which, and the performance of that portion of the Masonic funeral services adapted to the church, the procession was re-formed and took up its mournful line of march, escorting the remains of him who had so often moved with the throng in life, to their final resting place in the silent tomb, to which they were consigned with the solemn and impressive services peculiar to the order.

“On returning to the Hall, the Lodge of this place passed appropriate resolutions of respect for the deceased, and condolence with the bereaved family.”

Surgeon L. H. ANGELL, who was honorably discharged from the service for disability, June 1st, 1864, died subsequently at Camp Chase, in Ohio, but the time and circumstances of his decease are not known.

Second Assistant Surgeon JOHN JASSOY, died at his residence, in Aurora, Ills., November 21st, 1876.

First Lieutenant WM. H. ANDERSON, of company E, died in Texas, January 15th, 1876.

Second Lieutenant CHRISTOPHER H. KELLER, of company B, died at his home, in Batavia, Kane county, Ills., August 5th, 1876. The following notice of his death is from the *Batavia News*, of August 6th:

“C. H. Keller was born in Hinsdale, Cattaraugus, county, N. Y., April 20th, 1840, and came to Illinois with his parents in the spring of 1844. He labored with them as a dutiful and faithful son till in answer to the call of his country for defenders in her hour of peril, he enlisted in the 124th Illinois, serving faithfully till the close of the war, and being mustered out as Lieutenant. His comrades in arms all speak of him in the highest terms as a soldier and true friend. Many of them were present at his funeral, some coming from a long distance. At the close of the war he returned to

his work on the farm, where he was soon called by the long sickness and ultimate death of his father, to assume the responsibilities of the head of the family. His pleasant home, for so many years made cheerful by his presence, now seems desolate. Three children, a wife, mother and grandmother, representatives of four generations, mourn over his departure. But they mourn not without comfort. Faithful in all duties and responsibilities that were placed upon him, though dead to them he is with that blessed company that wear the crown of eternal life."

Second Lieutenant EDWARD R. BRECKONS, of company F, is also deceased. Being a coal miner of long experience and tried skill and faithfulness, he was offered a situation in Pennsylvania, as Superintendent in charge, which promised better for him financially than anything he could command in Illinois. So he removed from Kewanee, where he had previously resided, to his new eastern home, where he was prospering finely till an accident occurred in the mine or shaft, by which he lost his life. The time and particulars are unknown to the writer, but the fact remains that another family is in mourning, and another one of the brave, true and tried officers of our noble regiment, who came home with us, has been gathered to his reward, and we mourn his loss.

Sergeant ASA BUNTON, of company A, passed away only this last spring, of chronic diarrhœa, contracted in the army. For some years he had been wasting away, some of the time having no control over his appetite

whatever, being like a child in his weakness, in the hands of his friends. At other times he would seem to rally for a while, and a little hope would spring up in the hearts of those who loved him so well. But he is gone at last. He was a brave soldier and every way a worthy man, and really gave not three years alone, but his life to his country.

Principal Musician JOSEPH E. MERRILL, formerly of company H, is gone from us. He was young and apparently healthy, and his early death was a surprise as well as a grief to all. He died within the past two years, but we cannot give the exact time

WALLACE W. BAKER, of company H, is among those we mourn, he having died within the past few years. He was the athlete of the regiment, and in many respects a choice spirit, full of life and energy. But while many of the older and staid linger, his march below is ended. Both of the above came home with us.

First Lieutenant EZRA C. BENEDICT, of company G, who resigned February 16th, 1863, at Memphis, Tennessee, has since died at his home in New Boston, Illinois. His health was never good after his short sojourn in the south, and he passed away greatly beloved and regretted by all who knew him, leaving a large family to mourn a patriot husband and father's loss.

JAY MARTIN, who was mustered out of service August 15th, 1865, as 1st Sergeant of company G, has since died, as stated by Sergeant J. D. Thornton, but no particulars are given.

Privates MARTIN KINSEMAN and WILLIAM NADGE, he also reports dead, but no time or place, while Private HENRY KNICKERBOCKER died at Rock Island in 1877, and DANIEL McGRATH at Memphis, Tennessee, in the same year—all of company G, and who were mustered out August 15th, 1865.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RE-UNIONS. — CONCLUSION.

SINCE THE CLOSE of the war, the “Hundred and two dozen” has not been entirely lost to itself. It was the understanding at the muster-out at Chicago, that the 10th of September, the anniversary of our muster-in at Camp Butler, should be our re-union day.

Pursuant to that plan, our first meeting was held at Kewanee in 1867, and was one of great interest. The citizens of that beautiful village made ready a lovely grove for our reception, spread immense tables, even to groaning beneath their burdens, with the substantials and delicacies of their garden soil, and welcomed us and others by thousands.

The attendance on the part of the regiment was large, Aurora and Batavia appearing in their strength, C, D, and I being well represented; Tenney and Reece were present from Chicago, Chaplain Howard from Michigan, Durley from Hennepin, and Serg't. Major Wharton drove across from Millersburg.

Speeches were made by Generals Howe and Carr, Maj. Mann, Rev. Mr. Van Wagner, Capt. Newland, Chap. Howard, and others. The Chaplain sung "Old Shady," and "A Thousand Years," the boys all joining in the chorus as they did under the pines in the days gone by, and Serg't. Kent sung "We've drunk from the same Canteen," with inspiring effect.

The next gathering was in Aurora, in 1868, and was like its predecessor in attendance, interest and cheer. The citizens of that beautiful city seemed to vie with those of Kewanee in giving a welcome to their patriot defenders, though the gallant old 36th had the first, and therefore, it might have been supposed, the chief claim upon their public spirit and efforts.

In 1871 another re-union was held at Kewanee, which was the last attended by our beloved commander, Gen. Howe. Maj. Mann was chosen Chairman, and Chaplain Howard Secretary, and at the instance of Gen. Howe, a permanent organization was effected, looking towards the collection of material, and the ultimate publication of a history of the regiment. Of this organization Capt. Stafford was President, Chaplain Howard Recording Secretary, and Capt. Kendall Corresponding Secretary.

Gen. Howe, Capt. Newland, Chaplain Howard, and others made speeches; our old songs were rendered with some of the zest and *eclat* of the days gone by, and Kewanee gave us a bounteous supper at one of her

hotels, at which the old time "hard tack" knights were most ably supported by their wives and sweethearts as table-companions. The homes of the citizens were all open to us during our stay, and many of our battles were fought over again, and the weary miles re-marched, as we gathered with them around their pleasant fire-sides.

The account of the day, as published, closed with the following, which voiced the painful thought of more than one at our parting:

"At midnight the whistle was heard, not like the reveille of memory, and after another cup of coffee, prepared by loving hands, and another warm and lingering grasp, in which the fingers were compelled in many instances to do duty for the speechless lips, we were off in the darkness, as we had often been for the foe, and the re-union of 1871 was a thing of the past."

The next gathering was to have been held at Chicago, but naturally slipped down to Batavia, and was richly enjoyed by all present. That beautiful and thriving place could do, and did as well as her sisters in entertaining the veterans of a regiment of which she was justly proud, and to which she contributed such a noble body of men as company B.

"The fifth annual re-union," as the report called it, was held in Aurora, in 1876, spacing over eleven years from our muster-out. About fifty of the survivors of the regiment were present, and were nobly entertained by

the ladies and citizens, the Aurora Cornet Band, the Aurora Light Guards, and Post No. 20, G. A. R. Maj. Mann, Rev. Samuel Paine, Rev. H. W. Thomas, and Col. Stambaugh, made the principal speeches, and a bounteous supper was served.

Capt. Tenney, of Chicago, presided, and the question of a history was so prominently before the meeting that, on motion of O. D. Bonney, a committee, consisting of Maj. Mann, Quartermaster Reece, and Hon. H. H. Evans was appointed to take the work in hand, and report upon its practicability at the next meeting, which was voted to be holden in Batavia, in 1877.

Resolutions of respect, condolence and sympathy were adopted, in view of the loss sustained by us and their families, in the deaths of General Howe and Lieutenants Keller and Breckons.

Sept. 10, 1877, the re-union was held at Batavia, according to appointment, and was as truly enjoyable as its predecessors had been. At this gathering Maj. H. L. Field, of Upper Alton, acted as Chairman, and P. B. Durley, of Hennepin, as Secretary. A lengthy report was submitted by the publication committee, and formed the main topic for discussion. It having been ascertained that sufficient material could be gathered for a truly valuable history, and that Chaplain Howard, then a resident of Lewiston, Maine, would undertake the work of compiling it, subscriptions were taken upon the spot sufficient to guarantee its success, and the Chaplain was

chosen Historian. A committee of revision was also chosen, consisting of Maj. H. L. Field and Silas Wright Dunning, of company E, but the latter was unable to serve.

It was decided to hold the next re-union in Chicago, and that the Historian should be invited to be present, with his work in as good a state of forwardness as possible. This was carried into effect at the Tremont House, in Chicago, September 10th, 1878, and Chaplain Howard was present, with nine chapters of the written history, including the siege of Vicksburg. He had also visited Batavia, Aurora, Kewanee, Colchester, Upper Alton, Jerseyville, and New Boston, and lectured in the interest of the work. The attendance in Chicago was much less than had been expected, on account of a greater military attraction and re-union at Amboy. But the history spirit was high, and our plans were matured to such an extent, either over our sumptuous dinner, or in our club room, that the work from that hour was an assured success.

By vote, at Chicago, the selection of a place for our next re-union was left to a committee of three, Tenney, Stafford and Field. After due correspondence, as the State Fair was then to be in session in Springfield, it was decided to hold the next in that city, September 30th, 1879. A local committee of arrangements was appointed, of which Captain Lewis Dorlan was chairman, and an effort was made to secure General Logan to address us, but previous engagements prevented.

An *immense* gathering of the soldiers of the northwest, at Aurora, August 22d, 23d and 24th, had given those of our regiment in the north end of the State as much "re-union" as they cared to attend in 1879; and, to crown the whole, after all our arrangements were made, and Judge (formerly Colonel) Jas. H. Matheny had kindly consented to address us, *President Hayes and party* had a grand reception at the Executive Mansion of Gov. Cullom, the same evening appointed for our re-union! But, not to be defeated by these untoward circumstances, and in keeping with the well known spirit of the regiment, a stalwart dozen or so *did* "re-unite," some of whom had not seen the faces of the others since the day of our muster-out at Chicago, in August, 1865; heard the encouraging report, forwarded by Quartermaster Reece, that full 600 copies of the history had been subscribed for, at \$1 a copy; the amount already paid in, etc; saw the 284 pages of manuscript sent by Chaplain Howard to the revising committee, and then, in accordance with the benign suggestion of Judge Matheny, who, under the circumstances, wisely preferred to save his speech for some other re-union, adjourned to the great Reception at Gov. Cullom's, which was, indeed a magnificent affair.

It was fully intended to have the History ready for delivery by September, 1879, the time set for the re-union at Springfield. But the delays incident to the magnitude of the work, and the fact that the Historian

was meantime conducting the labors of an arduous pastorate, prevented.

But now it is completed. And whether its appearance, in the morning of 1880, shall prove a bond to draw us together, often and closer in the years to come, or whether the work itself shall suffice us, so that in its silent pages we shall live our perils over again to our fullest, and feel less of the hungering that has prompted us to traverse the weary miles to grasp a comrade's hand, remains to be seen.

The one who has been buried for months over these pages, never prized the members of the noble old regiment more highly, trusted them more fully, or loved them more dearly than now. And as he forecasts the threatening sky of treason, corruption and hate, hanging low over the granite of the east, and prairies of the west, as well as over the cotton-fields and sugar plantations of the south, he rejoices that so many of the men that followed our old "Excelsior" banner live still, and many more like them live also, writing their names "Stalwart." And because they live he has hope, hope for our country, hope for them, hope that the patriotism and valor that sufficed in the face of the foe in arms, will prove equal to the emergency now. And that hope causes a yearning for a look in the same determined eyes, and another march with the same proud step by the side of the tried and true, stronger than any entertained before. It may, or it may not be realized; He who watches over nations

only knows what awaits us, and He who cares for individuals alone can tell our future as men ; but there are none of our number who do not rejoice at what we have been permitted to do, and stand ready, if need be, to peril our lives again for our country and liberty and right.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

A word of explanation seems due from the Revising Committee. At the reunion at Batavia, September 10th, 1877, it will be remembered by those present, that among other steps taken to forward and complete the preparation of the History, such a committee was appointed, consisting of the undersigned and Silas Wright Dunning, of company E. On corresponding with Mr. Dunning, it was learned that he could not attend to this duty; and hence the entire work of revision has, much to the latter's regret, fallen upon the other member of the committee.

At first, with all his other duties and responsibilities, it is but proper for him to say that he felt wholly unequal to the task, and unwilling, alone, to assume so great a responsibility. But, after correspondence with the Publishing Committee—there seeming to be no other course, without extra trouble and delay—the task was undertaken, and notwithstanding the constant duties, of the pastorate of a church, and the extra labor of a change of residence meantime, it has been carried through with such of ability and carefulness as he was able to bestow upon it. The first 284 pages of manuscript were received about September 25th, 1879, and, as soon as possible, passed over to the hands of the printer, Mr. H. W. Rokker, of Springfield, when the work of publishing began in earnest.

About November 25th over 100 pages more of fools-cap manuscript, with eight pages of chapter headings for the forepart of the book, were received, and soon followed the other to the printer's office. About the middle of December the chapter on Reunions" was received

and forwarded, which completed the Chaplain's laborious part of the work. From October, 1879, till the work of publishing was done, (about the last of January, 1880,) from one to four parcels of manuscript a week, with accompanying proof containing from six to eighteen pages each, have been passing from the printer to the reviser, and back again, with as little delay as possible. And no doubt all interested are thoroughly glad that the end has at last come.

The labor of revising, while undertaken with much reluctance and apprehension, felt to be, as it was, one of great responsibility, and necessarily requiring much time, has been one of absorbing interest, and, in the highest sense of that term, "a labor of *love*." As the Chaplain has already testified, so the present writer can truly add, that he had never thought so much of the old regiment, to which he had the honor of belonging, as since reading over, in this connected way, the record of its history. And as he now casts about and has the evidence that a large number of its surviving members are filling places of honor and trust in the various walks of life, the conviction deepens that every man who belonged thereto has reason to recall, with pride, his connection with this regiment. Among those who served most, if not all the time, as privates, at least two have been called to fill seats in the Legislatures of their respective States—Hon. Henry H. Evans, (Co. H.) of Aurora, Illinois, to whose influence was largely due the present militia law of this State; and Hon. Harrison W. Beck, formerly of company C, in the Legislature of Kansas. Others, whose names it is not necessary to mention, both of officers and men, have also gained great credit to themselves in different ways, and thereby reflected honor upon their old regiment.

But a word more concerning the work itself, before closing. After all the pains taken by Chaplain Howard in preparing the History, which has involved a *vast* amount of labor, and all the care the undersigned has been able to bestow, both in revising the manuscript before going to press and the proof-sheets afterwards, some inaccuracies will doubtless remain, especially in the spelling of men's names in the appendix—many of them unusual, and necessarily copied from the muster-out rolls of the State, which are very inaccurate in this respect. A few mistakes as to facts may be discovered, which might

have been avoided had more of the regiment been within consulting distance. But the assertion is ventured that the entire substance of the history of the regiment will be found embodied in this work; and that for accuracy of detail, where so many facts, dates and names were involved, it will compare favorably with any similar work published.

HENRY L. FIELD,
Once Captain Co. C, and Major 124th Ill. Inf.,
Committee on Revision.

RANTOUL, CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, ILL.,
January, 1880.

APPENDIX.

REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

FIELD AND STAFF—COMMISSIONED.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865, at Camp Douglas, Illinois.

Lieut. Col. John H. Howe, commissioned Colonel; Quartermaster Alonzo N. Reece; Surgeon James R. Kay; Chaplain R. L. Howard.

ABSENT ON DETACHED SERVICE.

Major Adin Mann, commissioned Lieutenant Colonel.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED PREVIOUSLY.

Adjutant Wm. E. Smith, wounds, May 15, 1865; Surgeon L. H. Angell, disability, June 1, 1864.

RESIGNED.

Chaplain H. B. Foskett, July 1, 1863.

MUSTERED-OUT IN LOWER RANK.

Major Henry L. Field, as Captain company C.

DISMISSED.

Col. Thomas J. Sloan, Dec. 15, 1863; Maj. R. P. Pattison, July 9, 1863—restored, but did not re-join regiment. Second Asst. Surg. John Jassoy, Nov. 17, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Sergeant-Major James W. Wharton, commissioned Adjutant; Quartermaster Sergeant Preston B. Durley; Commissary Sergeant Ambrose Mathews; Hospital Steward Charles B. Allaire; Principal Musicians Joseph E. Merrill, Benjamin C. Bartlett.

PROMOTED.

Serg't. Maj. J. L. C. Richards, 2d Lieutenant company C, Dec. 5, 1864.

RETURNED TO COMPANY F, AT HIS OWN REQUEST.

Commissary Sergeant James A. Nye, after two years' faithful service.

COMPANY A.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Edmond C. Raymond; 1st Lieut. D. Ames Bigelow; 2d Lieut. Warren F. Dodge; 1st Sergeant Wm. C. Kent. Sergeants: James S. Stone, Matthew F. Boyles, Lewis I. Elliott, Asa Bunton. Corporals: John Butterwick, John Garrett, Jr., Frank Goodenow, Frank Hudson, Henry Rentfrow; Musicians, Robert G. Williams, Henry Carr; Wagoner Charles C. Miles. Privates: Daniel S. Adams, William L. Abby, William Blomberg, James M. Blevins, Simeon Baker, Joseph F. Baines, Jacob S. Baines, George A. Davis, James Ford, John Hipert, John Hooper, Chester S. Harrington, Josiah B. Harrington, John M. Knox, Fred. M. Leacroft, Andrew Lind, Marcus B. Lester, Jacob Messmore, John Mahnesmith, Abraham Mehew, Craven Newton, George P. Slocum, Charles Thaya, Rescum H. Thompson, John Vining, Andrew L. Wood, Charles O. Wilson, George Wickton.

Mustered out at other times.

Corporals: Alford S. Sayles, June 28, 1865; Orlando Brace, Oct. 14, 1865, badly wounded. Privates: Charles C. Cully, May 31, 1865; Isaac Cook, June 5, 1865; Henry Duffield, Jr., May 25, 1865; Samuel A.

Gardner, June 13, 1865; William Hurst, July 5, 1865; Benjamin Me-hew, June 16, 1865; Frank E. Norton and James H. Pinney, June 2, 1865; Joseph Sadler, Aug. 10, 1865; George Tunnecliffe, May 18, 1865; Charles H. Vanclave, June 5, 1865; Charles H. Winters, July 22, 1865. Recruits: William Mocroft and Edwin R. Slocum, June 15, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain Ralph A. Tenney, July 9, 1863.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

Sergeant Edward F. Pease, March 8, 1863. Corporals: Seth R. Slocum, Feb. 5, 1863; Jacob Pottorf, May 30, 1865. Privates: John Beck, Dec. 8, 1863; James Donnelly, Aug. 7, 1863; Albion Good, Nov. 16, 1862; Moses A. Hawkes, Dec. 13, 1863; Joseph R. Hills, Aug. 10, 1863; Christopher Ledren, July 26, 1864; Stephen D. Me-hew, Aug. 11, 1863; William H. McAdams, April 1, 1863; William Stover, Feb. 2, 1863; Harvey Shires, Oct. 22, 1863; Cornelius W. Young, May 30, 1865. Recruits: Washington Elliott, Dec. 20, 1864; James Thompson, July 17, 1865.

KILLED.

1st Lieutenant Julius A. Pratt, June 25, 1863, at Vicksburg, Miss. Privates: John Hervett and Wm. H. Wilson, at Spanish Fort, Ala., March 30, 1865; George W. Lester, at Spanish Fort, Ala., April 2, 1865.

DIED.

Corporals: James C. Leech, at home, April 3, 1863; William M. Steele, Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 7, 1863; Asa Smith, Fort Gaines, April 19, 1865; John Test, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 8, 1863; Henry C. Worden, Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 3, 1864. Privates: Henry S. Goodrich, St. Louis, Mo., May 22, 1863; William Johnson, at home, Oct. 8, 1863; Henry Oman, Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 18, 1863; Horatio G. Sanford, of wounds, Vicksburg, Miss., July 17, 1864; John Stratton, Jackson, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1862; Adolphus Schoonover, prisoner. Shreveport, La., March, 1864; Thomas Thomas, Quincy, Ill., July 11, 1864; Cassius Winn, Lake Providence, La., March 27, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporals: Ambrose Mathews, to non-commissioned staff; Tracy P. Sykes, to V. R. C., Oct. 23, 1863, mustered out as Sergeant, June 24, 1865; Champlin Lester, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865. Privates: Levi Leek, Invalid Corps, April 2, 1864; Latham B. Stewart, Invalid Corps, Sept. 3, 1864; James H. Winn, Invalid Corps, Jan. 3, 1864. Recruits: Montgomery Austin, John J. Bloom, Oliver Frink, Samuel Ferris, Daniel Hendricks, Thomas Hicks, Augustus Hulsizer, Norris D. Lyle, Robert McGilliard, Allen W. Penn, Harry Rankin, William Slocum, George W. Slocum, Joseph F. Tunnecliffe, John M. Thommett, Elias Thrasher, Horton Vail, Thomas Whiffin, and Robert Walton, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

DESERTED.

Privates: Peter Benoit, July 1, 1863; Hiram Dexter, July 30, 1863; James W. Dugan, Sept. 12, 1863; Andrew Townsend, July 15, 1863.

UNDER COOKS--colored.

Abraham Cook, Caesar McAlpine, and Hillyard Piper, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865; Albert Shades, discharged for disability, Nov. 24, 1864.

COMPANY B.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Edwin F. Stafford; 1st Lieut. F. C. VanVlack; 2d Lieut. Christopher H. Keller; 1st Sergeant Henry P. Brown; Sergeants: John H. Morse, Cullen Keefe, Franklin S. Hanks, Gilbert W. Young. Corporals: Frederick V. L. Morris, Charles E. Bassett, Michael Jordan, Jas. T. McMaster, Jackson L. Hovey, Hicks Frydendall, John H. Mole, Patrick Welsh. Privates: James D. Austin, Theodore P. Ball, John Black, John Brown, Emory Caskey, Charles W. Cook, George W. Gregg, Harlow Helmer, James C. Henrie, William J. Hollister, Edward L. Hunt, Henry C. Joy, William Johnson, Hiram Jenkins, Alonzo H. Kelsey, Thomas W. McAuley, James Martin, Charles H. Mallo, Nathaniel Ratcliffe, Ferdinand G. Stephenson, William C. Tulloch, George Voorhees, Orson Weaver, Edwin A. Williams, William Walrod.

DISCHARGED.

1st Sergeant H. Emory Abbott, disability, March 2, 1863; Sergeant Fred. V. D. Vanline, discharged June 19, 1863. Corporals: Norman L. Shults, May 24, 1865; Salem B. Town, dis. Feb. 28, 1863. Musicians: John Bullard, dis. Feb. 23, 1863; Charles F. Robertson, dis. Jan. 1, 1863. Privates: William A. Bingham, promoted Feb. 3, 1864; John S. Ball, dis. Dec. 16, 1862; William Boardman, dis. Jan. 20, 1863; Hyde H. Black, May 24, 1865; Ebenezer Bradley, Aug. 20, 1864; Jas. Bradley, May 24, 1865; Julius G. Brown, May 24, 1865; Charles A. Bucher, dis. Feb. 22, 1863; Charles Cleveland, dis. June 3, 1865; Oliver B. Douglas, dis. Feb. 22, 1865; Louis A. Desrosier, May 24, 1865; Charles B. Grover, dis. Aug. 12, 1864; Albert Johnston, June 14, 1865; Andrew Leroy, wounds, Aug. 22, 1863; Henry A. Lewis, prom. July 10, 1863; John W. Lumm, June 3, 1865; Francis W. Mann, May 24, 1865; Frederick Miller, wounds, Oct. 10, 1863; Noah Monroe, May 24, 1865; Thomas O'Connor, May 24, 1865; William Reed, dis. Feb. 28, 1863; Elisha P. Stone, dis. April 25, 1863; James K. Stephenson, dis. Sept. 11, 1863; Emanuel Sturgis, dis. Feb. 22, 1863; Theodore Wood, prom. July 20, 1864; Daniel Whipple, dis. Jan. 20, 1863. Most of the above, unmarked, were discharged on General Order No. 77, Western Department, discharging those absent from their commands on detached service, and is entered by some of the company commanders as "mustered out," to which it was regarded as being equivalent.

PROMOTED.

Captain Adin Mann, Major, Dec. 18, 1863.

KILLED.

Private Oscar T. Cooley, Vicksburg, Miss., June 8, 1863.

DIED.

Sergeant James Hanes, Vicksburg, Miss., May 27, 1864. Corporals: Rosaloo Fisk, wounds, New Orleans, La., April 21, 1865; Isaac S. Hedges, at home, Aug. 15, 1863. Privates: Cleveland Acox, wounds, Clinton, Miss., March 7, 1864; Samuel Ball, at home, Feb. 22, 1863; Franklin Boyd, Memphis, Tenn., June 23, 1863; Joseph Barrett, on Hosp. boat, Aug. 29, 1863; Milton Beverly, Memphis, Tenn., July 13,

1863; Martin C. Jones, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 3, 1863; Isaiah Noakes, at home, Oct. 4, 1862, (our first death); Simon H. Paul, Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1863; Menard L. Stone, Memphis, Tenn., April 21, 1863; Samuel M. Updike, on Hosp. boat, May 15, 1863; Kirby Waite, St. Louis, Mo., March 2, 1863; Peter Victor, captured and murdered by the enemy near Benton, Miss., Oct. 16, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Private Ransom Couley, to V. R. C. Recruits: Andrew Anderson, Edwin M. Benedict, Josiah L. Coolidge, John H. Cleveland, David E. Dean, Michael Davis, Edwin F. Fish, Francis C. Joy, Charles Lap-pin, Russell Massee, Frederick L. Manning, Valentine McDonald, William H. Price, Cyrus R. Ross, William J. Reynolds, Clark Wood, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

ON DETACHED SERVICE AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Walter M. McAuley.

ABSENT SICK AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

William Noakes.

UNACCOUNTED FOR.

John Crooks.

UNDER COOKS--colored.

Joseph Johnson and Lewis Nowles, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY C.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Henry L. Field; 1st Lieut. Lewis Dorlan; 2d Lieut. John L. C. Richards; 1st Sergeant Ninian C. Beatty. Sergeants: C. M. Cassatt, Lafayette Hegans, Joseph E. Wood, B. F. Goodman. Corporals: James Constant, William Grabendike, Charles H. Howell, Royal M. Lee, William F. Norris, Thomas Ross, Lewis N. Smith, Albert Truman. Privates: Charles H. Burrows, William H. Bartlett, Eli Cadwalader, J. G. Franklin, William Franklin. John Havener, Wilbur F.

Hesser, Thomas Hughes, A. C. Johnson, B. F. Miller, Stephen March, John Nelson, John C. O'Connor, George W. Perrings, F. A. Shinkle, James Smirl, Alfred H. Titus, Horatio M. VanWinkle, W. H. Wickersham.

Mustered out at other times.

Privates: S. E. Beck, June 19, 1865; J. J. Cook, June 29, 1865; H. H. Hays, July 13, 1865, wounded; Charles E. Payne, July 13, 1865, wounded; Robert Tindall, June 25, 1865; William S. Walker, May 18, 1865. Recruits: Harrison W. Beck, May 31, 1865; Timothy Booth, June 19th, 1865; Leroy Lamb, June 9, 1865.

RESIGNED.

1st Lieut. John W. Terry, July 27, 1863; 2d Lieut. James Rickey, Feb. 5, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

1st Sergeant John J. White, dis. June 10, 1863. Corporals: P. H. Conant, dis. Feb. 5, 1864; Noah Hodge, prom. Oct. 17, 1864. Privates; Samuel S. Alexander, wounds, Oct. 2, 1863; James H. Burrows, dis. Feb. 11, 1863; R. C. Butler, dis. March 9, 1863; R. N. Beard, dis. Jan. 1, 1863; D. C. Coward, prom. Oct. 6, 1864; H. P. Daggett, dis. Feb. 24, 1863; J. J. Eubank, prom. Jan. 1, 1864; Reuben Gregg, Jan. 5, 1865; J. P. Hansel, dis. March 15, 1863; W. W. Leverett, prom. June 15, 1865; Charles F. Mills, prom. August, 1863; Henry M. Stoker, dis. Feb. 22, 1863; J. H. Slaughter, prom. May 11, 1864; C. B. Thacher, prom. July 19, 1864. Recruits: Milton C. Brown, April 8, 1865; Rees S. Bell, dis. June 3, 1863; Jesse R. Cadwalader, dis. June 12, 1865; Thomas K. Mills, dis. June 3, 1863; Mason McCrellis, dis. Sept. 23, 1864; John J. H. McDow, dis. Jan. 18, 1865.

KILLED.

Corporal R. C. Vance, Vicksburg, Miss., June 26, 1863; Private Matthew Manning, Spanish Fort, Ala. April 6, 1865.

DIED.

Sergeant John Vlerebone, wounds, near Champion Hills, May 18, 1863. Corporals: Lloyd M. Kilby, Lagrange, Tenn., Dec. 7, 1852; Solomon Fullenwider, Camp Butler, Ill., Jan. 10, 1864; David Hawker,

Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 24, 1863. Privates: Frederick Austin, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8, 1863; Charles Barton, Lake Providence, La., March 10, 1863; John G. Givens, Lake Providence, —, 1763; H. H. Downes, Vicksburg, Sept. 27, 1864; Wm. Gaston, Vicksburg, Sept. 27, 1864; George Grabendike, wounds, Vicksburg, June 27, 1863; Thornton Hughes, Memphis, Tenn., July 14, 1863; George W. Lanham, wounds, Vicksburg, June 27, 1863; J. C. Motherly, Laclede, Mo., Sept. 15, 1863; Nelson Phillips, wounds, Vicksburg, June 28, 1863; L. D. Sell, on steamer "Crescent City," July 9, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Musician B. C. Bartlett, to non-commissioned staff. Privates: Conrad Brown, V. R. C., July 1, 1864; J. L. Culver, V. R. C., Dec. 23, 1863; L. H. Converse, V. R. C., July 29, 1863; Levi Crane, V. R. C., July 1, 1864; William Manning, V. R. C., April 2, 1864; George W. Rutherford, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863; George Shinkle, V. R. C., April 2, 1864; J. M. Vanarsdell, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863; Peter Vlerebone, V. R. C., June 27, 1864. Recruits: James Abercrombie, John C. Barley, Robert A. Barnes, Henry W. Beck, Pinkney S. Barton, Andrew J. Carroll, Leander Curtis, Henry Duquoin, P. W. Dougherty, Elisha Folds, Hiram Grabendike, Patrick Gallagher, Linus Humiston, Richard Hodge, Pliny G. Hays, J. K. P. Kennedy, John W. Lucas, John H. Land, Joseph S. Malott, John Malone, John H. McGee, Robert Murphy, Jeremiah O'Donnell, John Riley, Henry C. Riley, Henry H. Sisson, Milton E. Stringham, William R. Smith, Samuel W. Samson, Henry C. Terry, James Whitaker, John L. Wilson, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

DESERTED.

Private John S. Fleming, 1863. Recruits: Samuel Clark, Thomas Haley, Francis K. Reed.

UNACCOUNTED FOR.

Recruit Edward Heinline.

UNDER COOKS—colored.

Abram Lovely and Colman Wyatt, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865; Bristol Beddel, absent sick at muster-out of regiment.

COMPANY D.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Abraham Newland; 1st Lieut. Henry J. Brockway; 2d Lieut. Thomas P. Price; 1st Sergeant Jas. Sellens. Sergeants: Henry W. Hulse, Joseph Jackson, John Dungan, Thomas Hunn. Corporals: Robert Chapin, William Milbourne, John T. Smith, Benjamin F. Spicer, Jacob Warntz; Musicians: William S. Wilson, Hanby Wilson; Privates: Dennis B. Aiken, Daniel Byerle, Thomas Conner, William M. Green, Joseph C. Gilmer, Benjamin W. Goodhue, Albert Gibbs, William Hickman, A. J. Hainline, Besley Hobbs, Milford G. Harris, John Johnson, Edward Kelley, Anthony Lohn, Francis M. Mourning, David Mumma, Israel L. Shreves, John Terrill, George M. Young; Recruit John B. Kimball.

Mustered out at Other Times.

Private William F. Deener, July 5, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Capt. Stephen Brink, Aug. 11, 1863; 1st Lieut. Asa A. Cowdery, July 24, 1863; 2d Lieut. Travis Mellor, June 20, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Sergeant Joseph A. Dean, prom., Dec. 3, 1864; Corporals: John Baylan, dis., Feb. 3, 1864; Frank B. Reeves, wounds, Sept. 18, 1863; James H. Kirk, dis., Nov. 8, 1862; Abraham G. Bechtel, dis., June 5, 1865; Privates: Daniel Brown, dis., Sept. 18, 1863; George Butt, at Springfield, Ill., in 1862; Victor M. Dewey, prom., Sept. 20, 1864; Albert M. Dunton, wounds, Oct. 27, 1864; John W. Ennis, —, 1865; Charles Harvey, dis., Dec. 15, 1864; Robert A. Hogaboom, prom., Jan. 18, 1864; Stephen A. Houghton, dis., October 12, 1863; Lorenzo C. Kelsey, July 7, 1865; William McKenzie, Wounds, June 5, 1865; John J. Moore, dis., Mar. 17, 1865; William H. Moulton, dis., Aug. 6, 1863; Joseph L. Satterlee, June 5, 1865; Hugh E. Wear, dis., Feb. 18, 1863; William J. Waller, dis., Oct. 1, 1864; Geo. W. Weeks, prom., June 23, 1864; Recruits: Nicholas Bloomshine, June 8, 1865; William Hazzard, wounds, June 5, 1865; Timothy A. Holmes, dis., July 6, 1865; Walter Shannon, dis., May '31, 1865.

KILLED.

Private Henry Shultz, Champion Hills, May 16, 1863.

DIED.

1st Sergeant Solomon H. Dean, at home, Nov. 13, 1862; Sergeant John Bechtel, Lake Providence, La., Mar. 21, 1863; Corporal William E. Tolhurst, at home, Oct. 21, 1862; Privates: Thomas Broadbent, wounds, near Champion Hills, May 19, 1863; Abner Barrett, Keokuk, Iowa, Oct. 24, 1863; John Bainbridge, Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 28, 1863; William H. H. Boyd, Jackson, Tenn., Nov. 15, 1862; Simon Calbert, Memphis, Tenn., July 24, 1863; James M. Causey, Jackson, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1862; Job Gartside, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1864; Josiah W. Goodwin, wounds received at Raymond, Miss., May 16, 1863; George Hall, Jackson, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1862; Jacob Raper, wounds, Vicksburg, Miss., June 29, 1863; David Tolhurst, Dundee, Ill., Oct. 21, 1862; Recruits: John H. Lovell, at home, May 26, 1865; Franklin Meyers, Big Black, Miss., April 4, 1864.

TRANSFERRED.

Sergeant William Orwing, Invalid Corps, Sept. 3, 1863; Privates: Oscar Barnhart, Co. E, John Kidston, Co. E, Patrick Y. Mullen, Invalid Corps, Jan. 15, 1864, Elbridge C. Nelson, Invalid Corps, Aug. 10, 1864; Recruits: Frederick Bloomshine, William J. Burford, James D. Brower, William H. Delay, Jacob Delay, Joseph Duncan, John W. Holton, Albert H. Hutchinson, Francis M. Huff, Alfred H. Hodgkin, Henry M. Jarvis, David Jenkins, Hugh McCullough, Robert Mitchell, John Moore, Henry J. Mammon, Frank J. Milton, Joseph Nixon, Alfred Orr, William A. Pyle, Henry C. Pitman, Joseph H. Richards, John S. Richards, Michael O. Sullivan, Edward Shannon, George R. Sheets, Zachariah Swigart, Almon D. Twitchell, James M. Wear, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

ABSENT SICK AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Private Sylvester Parker.

DESERTED.

Privates: John Austin, Oct. 24, 1863; John Smith, Jan. 29, 1863; John York, Jan. 29, 1863. Recruits: Isaac Mayhorn, Jan. 8, 1865; Patrick Phillips, Jan. 24, 1865.

UNDER COOKS—colored.

James Gordon, Thomas McLean, Henry S. Sheridan, and Henry Winters, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY E.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Reese L. Merriman; 1st Lieut. Wm. H. Anderson; 1st Sergeant Harvey B. Powers. Sergeants: John I. Bromfield, Patrick M. Fitzgerald, Richard S. Thompson, John O. Wagner. Corporals: Henry Dickson, Lewis T. Hickok, Herbert Lane, Joseph D. Robinson, William Smith, Job H. Yaggy, Wagoner Fowler Irwin. Privates: George H. Brown, Thomas D. Cuthbert, Justus Dodge, Marshall Dorr, Sylvester D. Elderkin, Arthur M. Garnsey, William M. Hale, Charles Hartman, John Karney, David S. Miller, Neil McGlaughlin, Amos B. Morey, Horace McKay, James Smith, Joseph Thompson, Charles Usher, Daniel Vinson, George W. Wampole, John G. Weillein, David Weigler, William White.

Mustered out at other times.

Corporal James W. Lusk, June 12, 1865. Privates: Joseph B. Albert, May 15, 1865; Charles D. Bigelow, June 4, 1865; Jonathan Crosby, May 29, 1865; Silas W. Dunning, July 22, 1865; Michael Maloney, at Baton Rouge, La., - - , 1865; Joseph D. Newman, July 29, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain William B. Sigley, June 27, 1864; 1st Lieut. James H. Blackmore, July 24, 1863; 2d Lieut. Osborn Wilson, July 13, 1863.

PROMOTED.

Sergeant Hiram H. Hall, to be 2d Lieutenant, Co. K.

DISCHARGED.

Sergeants: William Getchel, prom., Dec. 30, 1863; Homer J. Elliott, prom., Oct. 9, 1863; Horace J. Hall, prom., Jan. 5, 1864. Corporal John Fairweather, prom., Aug. 14, 1863. Musician Frank

Pinney, prom., July 26, 1864. Privates: Nelson P. Atwood, dis., Oct. 21, 1862; Pierce Brennan, dis., Jan. 19, 1863; Hiram E. Corey, dis., March 3, 1863; Jacob G. Forney, prom., Feb. 22, 1864; Lanson Hinman, dis., March 5, 1863; Abram Matter, dis., Sept. 11, 1863; William Mears, dis., Sept. 17, 1864; Maurice C. Ryan, prom., Dec. 30, 1863; John E. Roach, dis., April 15, 1863; George H. Rogers, dis., July 26, 1864; David D. Speer, dis., Sept. 17, 1864; Martin L. Stage, dis., Oct. 29, 1864; Napoleon J. Smith, prom., Aug. 1, 1863; William Vintner, dis., Dec. 18, 1862; Hiram G. Wyckoff, prom., April 23, 1863. Recruits: Nelson W. Hinkston, dis., April 15, 1861; Oscar Barnhart, Aug. 31, 1863.

KILLED.

Private John Martin, Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.

DIED.

1st Sergeant Hiram J. Howland, wounds, near Champion Hills, Miss., May 17, 1863. Corporals: Robert B. Stephens, Lagrange, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1862; Howard C. Dunlary, Jackson, Tenn., Feb. 10, 1863. Privates: William A. Butler, Lagrange, Tenn., Dec. 5, 1862; Charles L. Cheeney, Jackson, Tenn., Oct. 24, 1862; John H. French, Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 14, 1864; Daniel Jenkins, Vicksburg, Jan. 11, 1864; Edward McGlynn, Camp Douglas, Ill., Aug. 15, 1865; Joseph R. Miller, Vicksburg, July 28, 1863; Peter Rackmeyer, Memphis, Tenn., June 10, 1863; Adam N. Roach, Lake Providence, La., April 22, 1863; Cyrus W. Randall, Andersonville, Ga., while a prisoner of war, grave No. 10,772; John J. Smith, wounds, Vicksburg, June 26, 1863; Monroe Turner, Memphis, Jan. 26, 1863. Recruit John Kidston, wounds, near Champion Hills, Miss., May 18, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporal Ezra D. Race, V. R. C., Oct. 26, 1863. Privates: Preston B. Durley, non-commissioned staff; Jacob S. Lautz, V. R. C., Oct. 26, 1863; Horace Miner, V. R. C., June 30, 1864, mustered out July 5, 1865, as 1st Serg't; Charles M. Plummer, V. R. C., April 2, 1864; John H. Ward, V. R. C., Oct. 26, 1863. Recruits: Alonzo V. Howard and William J. Ryan, to 33d Ill., July 16, 1865.

ABSENT AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Private John St. Martin, at Vicksburg, wounded — unofficially reported transferred to V. R. C.

DESERTED.

Privates: Sebra Emerson, Oct. 6, 1862, Henry Weber, Oct. 6, 1862; Recruit Paul Barnhart, Oct. 6, 1862.

UNDER COOK—colored.

Robert Ramsbury, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY F.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Norman H. Pratt; 1st Lieut. Enoch W. Taylor; 2d Lieut. Edward R. Breckons; 1st Sergeant Erastus Austin; Sergeants Leonard Mitchelson, George S. Green, John Mulligan; Corporals: Garrett Brown, Chester B. Vail, John H. Carson, Thomas E. Houle, Harrison W. Merrill, Wilson Sowerby, Frank Steinbaugh; Privates: Nathaniel Allard, Charles Bennett, David Beeman, Herrick Blanchard, Julius Charlet, William Couvee, John Coon, William G. Clark, John Eagle, Peter Herbener, Henry Hudson, Charles Harrison, Olof H. Johnson, Silas T. Jarman, David J. Leech, David Magee, William McPherson, John B. Munshaw, William O'Neal, Launcelot Oliver, Euemer W. Oliver, Lanty Oliver, Joseph Price, Charles Peck, Frederick W. Statz, William O. Willard, Robert Wonders.

Mustered out at other times.

Sergeant Joseph L. Flint, June 29, 1865; Corporal James Porter, May 30, 1865; Privates: Timothy L. Carson, June 3, 1865; Joseph Emory, May 17, 1865; Thomas Fleming, May 28, 1865; Samuel C. McBride, May 31, 1865; James A. Nye, May 17, 1865; Sylvester Sweet, July 25, 1865; George Wonders, June 24, 1865. Recruits: John L. Moffat, June 15, 1865; Thomas Murray, June 15, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain Mathew B. Potter, Aug. 7, 1863.

PROMOTED.

Private Thomas M. Custer, 1st Lieut. in 46th U. S. C. Inf.

DISCHARGED.

Corporals: Henry H. Sloan, dis., Mar. 4, 1864; Edward H. Cheeney, prom., April 27, 1863. Privates: John Boden, dis., Aug. 21, 1863; Alfred H. Carson, prom., Dec. 1, 1863; James T. Goeney, dis., Oct. 6, 1863; James Haney, dis., March 24, 1863; George S. Jarman, dis., Aug. 6, 1863; Lewis Johnson, dis., March 24, 1863; Louis Emile Lardon, dis., July 13, 1865; Richard Martin, dis., July 31, 1863; Robert Moore, dis., April 15, 1863; Joshua Shipley, dis., Aug. 6, 1863; Isaac L. Sloan, dis., Feb. 15, 1863; Edward Weinman, dis., March 28, 1864; Peter Work, wounds, Sept. 16, 1864; Alexander C. Younkin, dis., Nov. 16, 1862.

KILLED.

Privates: Samuel F. Adams, Spanish Fort, Ala., April 3, 1865; Adam Pulling, Vicksburg, Miss., June 2, 1863.

DIED.

Corporals: Samuel M. Likes, Vicksburg, Sept. 28, 1864; James B. Pratt, Vicksburg, Nov. 7, 1863. Privates: Ezra L. Aikens, Vicksburg, Oct. 7, 1863; Samuel E. Allard, Vicksburg, Dec. 31, 1864; John W. Atkins, at home, Oct. 11, 1862; Nathaniel Copper, wounds, near Champion Hills, Miss., May 21, 1863; Thomas Daughman, Jackson, Tenn., Oct. 31, 1862; William Dustin, Cairo, Ill., Oct. 7, 1864; Alexander Karnes, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 19, 1863; John P. Mathews, wounds, Vicksburg, July 11, 1863; David Morris, Chickasaw Bayon, Miss., July 3, 1863; Shedrick Oliver, Lagrange, Tenn., Nov. 15, 1862; James Oliver, Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 3, 1863; James C. Pyle, at home, Oct. 16, 1862; John C. Smith, Cairo, Ill., Aug. 7, 1863; John Taylor, Lagrange, Tenn., Nov. 19, 1862; Albert Walton, Camp Butler, Ill., Oct. 5, 1863; Alexander Weir, Memphis, Sept. 4, 1863; James H. Whaley, Lake Providence, La., April 4, 1863; Recruit, Jacob Schuyhart, Vicksburg, July 2, 1864.

TRANSFERRED.

Privates: John Demar, V. R. C., March 31, 1864; James W. Smith, V. R. C., Sept. 29, 1863. Recruits: Joseph Adams, Henry Ankel, Joseph Allbee, James M. Beatty, Andrew Conoway, Wm. H. Carson, Walter A. Fell, Alvin Gally, Sheldon Hodges, Andrew J. Hickson, William Hall, James M. Jones, Samuel Jones, Leopold Kempin, John Lehman, John McLelland, Adolph Nehring, Thomas W. Rule, Isaac Shipley, Joseph Sackrider, Andrew Turnbull, DeWitt C. Wilson, Joseph Wonders, William S. Wilson, Joshua Wilkins, John Zumbrun, Cyrus L. Zumbrun, John Zang, to 33d Ill., July 16, 1865.

ABSENT AT THE MUSTER-OUT OF THE REGIMENT.

Recruit William W. Wearmouth. Afterwards honorably accounted for.

UNDER COOKS--colored.

Joseph McGrew, James Simms, Reuben Taylor and Elias Tibbs, all mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY G.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Benton Pratt; 1st Lieut John W. Mosby; 2d Lieut. William B. Day; 1st Sergeant Jay Martin; Sergeants: Milton Anderson, Lukens Hall, Geo. H. Arnold, Jackson D. Thornton; Corporals: William H. Garrett, William Goddard, Marion Gross, William R. Heggs, Augustus Mullenberg, David Noble, Patrick Welch; Musicians: Edwin H. Damon, Levi F. Swafford; Wagoner, Henry Tieman; Privates; Chas. A. Brusor, Shadrach C. Burlingame, Jasper A. Commons, Nathan Commons, Rossler, Delabar, William Dobbins, David Davidson, Francis P. Eckert, Alfred Foreman, Sewell Garrett, James Hindman, Walter D. Hodson, George W. Jackson, James James, Andrew Johnson, John T. Jack, Martin Kinseman Henry Knickerbocker, Abraham Linsefelter, Uriah Lutz, Augustus Lawson, John McKinley, Frederick Mullenberg, Arno M. McWhorter, Joseph Mills,

William Nadge, Marion Riggs, Benjamin C. Stratton, Augustus J. Spolader, John Spear, Moses Shores, John W. Williams, Joseph Wagner, David L. Young; Recruit, Daniel McGrath.

Mustered out at other times.

Privates: Uriah Clark, June 8, 1865; Cyrus G. Jackson, May 27, 1865; Henry West, June 13, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain Lyman H. Scudder, June 29, 1864; 1st Lieutenant Ezra C. Benedict, Feb. 16, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Corporals: Isom Jackson, dis., Nov. 9, 1863; Thomas Fuller, June 15, 1865; Privates: Jefferson Allington, dis., Dec. 22, 1864; Frederick S. Batchelder, dis., Nov. 14, 1862; John P. Dungan, prom., Dec. 1, 1864; Loren Fuller, June 15, 1865; Jeremiah Fryer, dis., Dec. 16, 1862; Amos Goddard, dis., Jan. 21, 1864; Samuel S. Goddard, dis., Sept. 2, 1864; James Gross, dis., Aug. 12, 1863; Americus Lawrence, dis., Nov. 14, 1862; William H. Mosby, dis., April 20, 1863; James D. Sisk, dis., Oct. 7, 1864; David Townsend, dis., March 28, 1863; Joshua W. West, dis., June 12, 1863. Recruit Alvin P. Fuller, dis., June 4, 1865.

KILLED.

Private John T. Bates, Champion Hills, Miss.; May 16, 1863.

DIED.

Privates: Joseph S. Dungan, St. Louis, April 9, 1863; John Fitzgerald, accidentally shot, Big Black, Miss., March 25, 1864; James Lee, Memphis, Tenn., February 17, 1863; Levi Landreth, Memphis, March 16, 1863; John D. Linn, Memphis, February 19, 1863; George Middleton, Memphis, March 18, 1863; Benjamin A. Noble, Vicksburg, Miss., July 22, 1865; George Sloan, Memphis, March 8, 1863; Oliver G. Swafford, Lake Providence, La., May 8, 1863; Charles Shafer, wounds, Memphis, June 18, 1863. Recruit Henry Sloan, Memphis, March 3, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporal James W. Wharton, non-commissioned staff. Privates: William H. Burr, Invalid Corps, Sept. 15, 1863; Loami Brown, V. R. C., Sept. 15, 1865; William Chichester, V. R. C., May 21, 1864; Levi T. Faulkner, Invalid Corps, April 22, 1864; William R. James, Invalid Corps, May 31, 1864; Joseph B. Thornton, Invalid Corps, April 22, 1864. Recruits: William Anderson, Thomas Bratton, Benjamin Bowman, Isaac Downs, Jesse M. Derrickson, David H. Derrickson, Oliver P. Essley, Harrison P. Fuller, Marion James, John W. Jackson, Claus H. Pettersen, Charles R. Swift, Gilbert Sloan, Harrison Shoemaker, William T. Trusler, Orson Wood, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

ABSENT SICK AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Privates: Joseph W. Bates, John H. Shaw.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Recruit Charles Day.

DESERTED.

Privates: William Hiskey, Jan. 22, 1863; Charles Hildebrand, Feb. 22, 1863; Myron Williams, April 3, 1863.

UNDER COOKS—colored.

William Gould, Robert Malvin, Jesse Owens, and John Ousley, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY H.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain John W. Kendall; 1st Lieut. Freeman L. Campbell; 1st Sergeant George M. Cronk; Sergeants: Samuel Milner, Henry Frausham, Charles H. Snedeker, Byron Snow. Corporals: Frank Bailey, Jason Gregory, James H. Hurd, Emerson Pinney, George W. Rake. Wagoner Albert E. Albee. Privates: Merritt Allen, Theodore Bammer, John D. Church, William Cassalee, William E. Carpenter, William H. Crosby, James R. Chidester, Warren H.

Ensign, Henry H. Evans, Jacob F. Fisher, Theodore Golden, Martin J. Gould, Willis A. Gardner, William Hurlbut, Daniel Harris, Herman Kennedy, Henry J. Mostow, George Ormes, Albert Stickles, Martin J. Tarble, William Wright, Charles Woodward, Albert A. Westover, Harvey Woodcock.

Mustered out at other times.

Sergeant Wallace W. Baker, May 31, 1865. Corporal Wilford A. Seymore, June 7, 1865. Privates: Gustavus Aucutt, May 28, 1865; Horace N. Drake, May 3, 1865; William T. Murray, June 17, 1865; Charles E. Otis, June 2, 1865; Russell Richardson, May 28, 1865; Jay J. Tarble, May 28, 1865; George A. White, May 23, 1865.

RESIGNED.

1st Lieut. Justin D. Andrews, Jan. 28, 1863; 1st Lieut. Théodore Potter, wounded, Dec. 26, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Sergeant Oliver D. Bonney, prom., Jan. 13, 1864. Corporals: Levi Morgan, July 6, 1865; Joseph Sedgwick, prom., Dec. 15, 1863. Musician, Xenophon Beher, prom., Jan. 19, 1864. Privates: Robert T. Anderson, dis., Nov. 21, 1863; George H. Baker, dis., March 29, 1863; Samuel A. Campbell, prom., Jan. 4, 1864; Florence M. Crosby, prom., Jan. 10, 1864; Henry E. Daniels, prom., Dec. 11, 1863; Solomon S. Dennison, prom., Dec. 13, 1863; James A. Eggleston, dis., Aug. 26, 1863; Charles Edson, dis., May 7, 1863; James R. Gillett, Jan. 3, 1863; Austin P. Hatch, dis., Aug. 7, 1863; Asahel Judd, prom., Jan. 2, 1864; George S. Prindle, prom., May 12, 1863; George W. Slate, dis., Oct. 8, 1864; Harvey S. Seymore, prom., April 2, 1864; David Smith, wounds, April 25, 1864; Melvin Tarble, prom., Aug. 31, 1863; William Van Sickle, dis., Oct. 20, 1862; John Waldvogel, dis., Nov. 18, 1862; John Woodward, dis., Aug. 26, 1863; Evans M. Waterman, dis., March 6, 1863; Henry Young, dis., Dec. 3, 1863. Recruit, Henry Loomis, dis., Feb. 26, 1863.

KILLED.

Privates: Martin Lenox, Alphonzo Rice, George A. Snow, and Peter F. Shyler, all at Champion Hills, Miss., May 16, 1863.

DIED.

1st Lieut. Granville A. Spear, Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1864. Corporals: Alvin A. Page, Lagrange, Tenn., Nov. 23, 1862; David H. Parsons, at home, July 23, 1864. Privates: Orin C. Allison, Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 16, 1863; John Miles, Chicago, Ill., April 14, 1865; John J. Potter, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 12, 1863; Leroy J. Smith, drowned, Sept. 29, 1863, while trying to escape from burning Str. "Campbell"; Charles Tittsworth, wounds, Memphis, Tenn., June 23, 1863; Wallace Wilder, Annapolis, Md., just after exchange as prisoner of war, March 16, 1865. Recruit, Luther M. Trask, Vicksburg, Dec. 5, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

Corporal George R. Robinson, V. R. C., Jan. 15, 1864; Musician Joseph E. Merrill, non-commissioned staff. Privates: Charles B. Allaire, non-commissioned staff; Theophilus Gaines, V. R. C., April 2, 1864; John A. Miller, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863; Orlando J. McCullom, V. R. C., Jan. 15, 1865.

DETACHED AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Private William Ferrin.

UNDER COOK--colored.

Washington Baker, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

COMPANY I.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Benjamin A. Griffith; 1st Lieut. Joel H. Masten; 2d Lieut. James M. Griffith; 1st Sergeant David T. Guy. Sergeants: Thomas H. Beasley, Charles A. Hannaford; Color-Serg't. Wesley S. Stokes. Corporals: William M. Campbell, Thomas Foley, Cary F. Griffith, William F. Silvertson. Musician Albert V. Sill. Privates: John W. Browning, Shared A. Bugg, William Burrows, William Carlyle, G. Miles Colwell, William H. Duncan, William Foster, Budd Gooding, Joseph H. Hainline, James F. Harris, Penuel Leake, William

McCauley, William Murfin, George C. Murphy, Joseph B. Overton, George H. Peterson, Luke Snow, Moses F. Wooley, Job Yard. Recruits: John Creasey, James Warriner.

Mustered out at other times.

Sergeant Isaac R. Hughes, July 5, 1865. Corporals: William B. Hawkins, June 6, 1865; Joseph C. Teas, wounds, July 24, 1865. Privates: Edwin Divine, May 22, 1865; Jabez Edwards, June 15, 1865; William B. Greenup, May 20, 1865; Milo Hobart, June 9, 1865. Recruits: Rolly R. Branson, May 27, 1865; John Devault, May 22, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain Thomas K. Roach, July 11, 1863; 1st Lieut. Elijah Boreton, June 25, 1864.

PROMOTED.

1st Lieut. R. L. Howard, Chaplain, Sept. 9, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Sergeant James S. Shryack, dis., Feb. 10, 1863. Corporal Jesse See, dis., April 4, 1863. Musician Milton J. Stokes, dis., Dec. 10, 1862. Privates: Haywood Howell, dis., March 12, 1863; Adolphus B. Kelly, prom., July 17, 1863; Elijah G. Lyon, dis., Nov. 16, 1862; Dexter Millay, dis., Feb. 25, 1864; Alfred Paulk, dis., at Jackson, Tenn.; Isaac N. Stodgill, dis., Aug. 9, 1863, died on way home. Recruits: David I. Hainline, —, 1863; John M. Morgan, —, 1865; John H. Reiner, dis., Aug. 9, 1863, died shortly after.

KILLED.

Privates: Henry C. Ferguson and Henry T. Forest, at Champion Hills, Miss., May 16, 1863.

DIED.

Privates: Benjamin F. Bugg, Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1863; Albert G. Buttz, Vicksburg, Miss., June 29, 1863; Abraham C. Gooding, at home, Oct. 23, 1862; Nathaniel M. Guy, Vicksburg, July 8, 1863; Amos B. Johnson, Quincy, Ill., April 27, 1865; Jasper Kinnett, Memphis, Feb. 11, 1863; William C. Morris, Oxford, Miss., Dec. 16, 1862; Flavius J. Sypherd, at home, Dec. 27, 1864; Thompson Thomas, wounds, St. Louis, July 30, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

1st Sergeant Joseph Lyon, V. R. C., Feb. 11, 1864; Sergeant Thomas O. Bugg, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863. Privates: Harrison W. Beck, to Co. C; Rees S. Bell, to Co. C; Henry P. Brown, to Co. B; Paul Barnhart, to Co. E; Ephraim Frost, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863, wounds; John G. Given, to Co. C; Josiah D. Harrison, V. R. C., March 15, 1864; Lewis T. Hickok, to Co. E; Charles H. Mallo, to Co. B; James T. McMaster, to Co. B; Thomas K. Mills, to Co. C; Samuel Parack, V. R. C., March 15, 1864; Nathaniel Ratliff, to Co. B; George W. Wampole, to Co. E; Edwin A. Williams, to Co. B. Recruits: Corporals Bernhart Gilbert, Evan H. Noyes and Sylvester L. Williams, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865; Privates William H. Cloud, Charles L. Ellison, Hiram Fullerton, James M. Foley, George G. Gilbert, James R. Gilbert, Lyman Gooding, Joseph T. Griffin, Robert B. Hawkins, John Keeler, John N. Lovell, Charles W. Lovell, Calvin McGraw, George Morton, Luther Murphy, William O. Sweeney, John Smith, and William H. Victory, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

ABSENT SICK AT MUSTER-OUT OF REGIMENT.

Private John C. Phillips.

DESERTED.

Privates: Thomas J. Bowers, from home in 1862; Daniel McDonand, Oct. 3, 1862; Patrick McMullen, Feb. 11, 1863. Recruits: George C. Cooper, March 13, 1865; Benjamin McCann, March 4, 1865.

UNDER COOKS—colored.

Mike Hobson, mustered out Aug. 15, 1865; Isaac Williams, died at Vicksburg, Miss., June 7, 1864.

COMPANY K.

Mustered out Aug. 15, 1865.

Captain Stephen N. Sanders; 1st Lieut. Hiram H. Hall; 2d Lieut. John B. Mabry; 1st Sergeant Peter C. Rape. Sergeants: Wesley Hudgen, James H. Hodges. Color-Serg't: Thomas J. Sanders, Balaam N. Brown. Corporals: William P. Simpson, George W.

Easley; James W. George, William B. Hankins, Thomas J. Harris, William E. Mabry, D. B. Thomason, Joseph Wagoner. Musician, William R. Hampton. Wagoner, James N. Bland. Privates: William H. Brooks, John P. Colburn, William Campbell, John Conrad, John G. Earley, Henry Frasier, Shepherd Hudson, Fountain W. Halley, Joseph B. Harden, George Harden, Absalom Lusk, Jacob B. Proctor, Samuel Peek, John Peek, George H. Payne, John T. Puckett, Alfred N. Rape, Johnson F. Schultz, Loren Shurtlef, David C. Walker, James B. Ward, Presley E. Williams. Recruits: Nathaniel Grundy, William T. Mullen, William R. Pugh, Charles H. Talbot.

Mustered out at other times.

Privates: Richard J. Holloway, June 16, 1865; Chrisley W. Keen, Sept. 14, 1865, to date Aug. 15, 1865.

RESIGNED.

Captain James H. Morgan, Feb. 5, 1863; 2d Lieut. William H. Carter, Oct. 29, 1864.

DISCHARGED.

Corporals: Ethan M. Mengel, dis., June 25, 1865; Maxwell W. Morgan, wounds, Nov. 15 1863. Privates: Abraham Baker, dis., Nov. 8, 1863; Phillip W. Bradley, dis., July 17, 1863; William A. Craddock, dis., May 5, 1863; William F. Campbell, June 5, 1865; Bela Gather, dis., June 16, 1865; George M. Martin, dis., Feb. 5, 1863; Daniel Norton, dis., March 18, 1863; Newton A. Ooley, dis., April 6, 1863; John M. Robenson, dis., March 20, 1863; John Smith, June 16 1865; John D. Tilley, dis., Dec. 13, 1862; William A. Trousdale, dis., Dec. 16, 1862.

KILLED.

Sergeant James T. Keen, Champion Hills, Miss., May 16, 1863.

DIED.

1st Lieut. Thomas I. William Cotton Hills, Ill., Nov. 5 1862. Sergeants: Levi B. Mengel, Lake Providence, La., April 12 1863; William H. Hodges, Vicksburg, Miss., June 9, 1863. Corporals: Benjamin K. Proctor, at home, Jan. 22 1864; Gilbert L. Rude Vicksburg, July 2 1863. Privates: William H. Brandt, Natchez, Miss.,

April 21, 1865; John C. Bradley. St. Louis. Mo.. Dec. 16, 1862; Joseph B. Bridges Young's Point. La.. July 3, 1863; George C. Black. wounds, Spanish Fort., Ala.. March 28, 1865; Charles H. Christian. Big Black, Miss., Nov. 17, 1863; Rolla J. Carter. Jackson, Tenn.. Nov. 15, 1862; Harrison T. Easley. Big Black, Miss.. Dec. 4, 1863; James W. Gregory, St. Louis, May 8 1863; Josiah Kirk. Memphis. Tenn., March 3, 1863; John Loftis, Memphis, Feb. 21, 1863; Andrew McCrary, Memphis, March 18 1863; Presley T. Peek, Lake Providence, La.. March 28, 1863; Presley Peek. wounds Vicksburg, June 27, 1863; William Pugh, Memphis, Feb. 6, 1863; John Robertson. Vicksburg Aug. 11, 1863; Quartus N. Rice, Lagrange Tenn., Dec. 21, 1862; John Rabe, Lagrange. Jan. 21, 1863; James W. Shaw, Vicksburg, July 20, 1864; William T. Vangan, St. Louis, April 28, 1863; Newton J. Vangan, at home, April 8 1864; George Wright. Big Black. Miss.. Dec. 4, 1863. Recruits: Gilbert S. Hankins. at home. Dec. 31, 1864; Isaac P. Kinnerby. Memphis April 5, 1863; Job S. Lupton. Memphis, March 25, 1863.

MISSING.

Privates Samuel Mallon and Edward Phillips, Canton, Miss., Feb. 29, 1864. (See chapter on Our Captured.)

TRANSFERRED.

Private Pleasant Easley, V. R. C., Oct. 28, 1863. Recruits: Henry Brown, Tobias Blackman, Benjamin Blackman, William H. Crowder, Joseph Godfrey. William L. Horton Oscar F. Herron, George McByers, Finley McDowell. George W. Martin. George Robbins, Martin L. Sanders, John F. Sanders Andrew D. Sanders, William Smith, Washington Tobey. Henry A. Wilkinson, to 33d Illinois, July 16, 1865.

REJECTED FOR DISABILITY.

Recruit William D. Gash.

DESERTED.

Corporal William Haynes; Musician Andrew Jordan. Privates: John C. Abel, John W. Galyen, Jasper Hudson, Thomas H. Milburn, July 4, 1864. Recruits: Joseph Arguett, James D. Hamel, George King, James A. Martin, and John Risley, dropped July 4, 1864. The first five were dropped July 31, 1863, having never gone to the front.

UNDER COOKS—colored.

Charles Baldwin, deserted Sept. 30, 1864; Charles Bracey, mustered out, Aug. 15, 1865.

Unassigned recruits, never with the regiment, mustered out.

George Krill, June 8, 1865; Ferdinand Kreeger, June 3, 1865.

DISCHARGED.

William Hosier, May 14, 1864; D. L. Toland, William H. Wilson.

DIED.

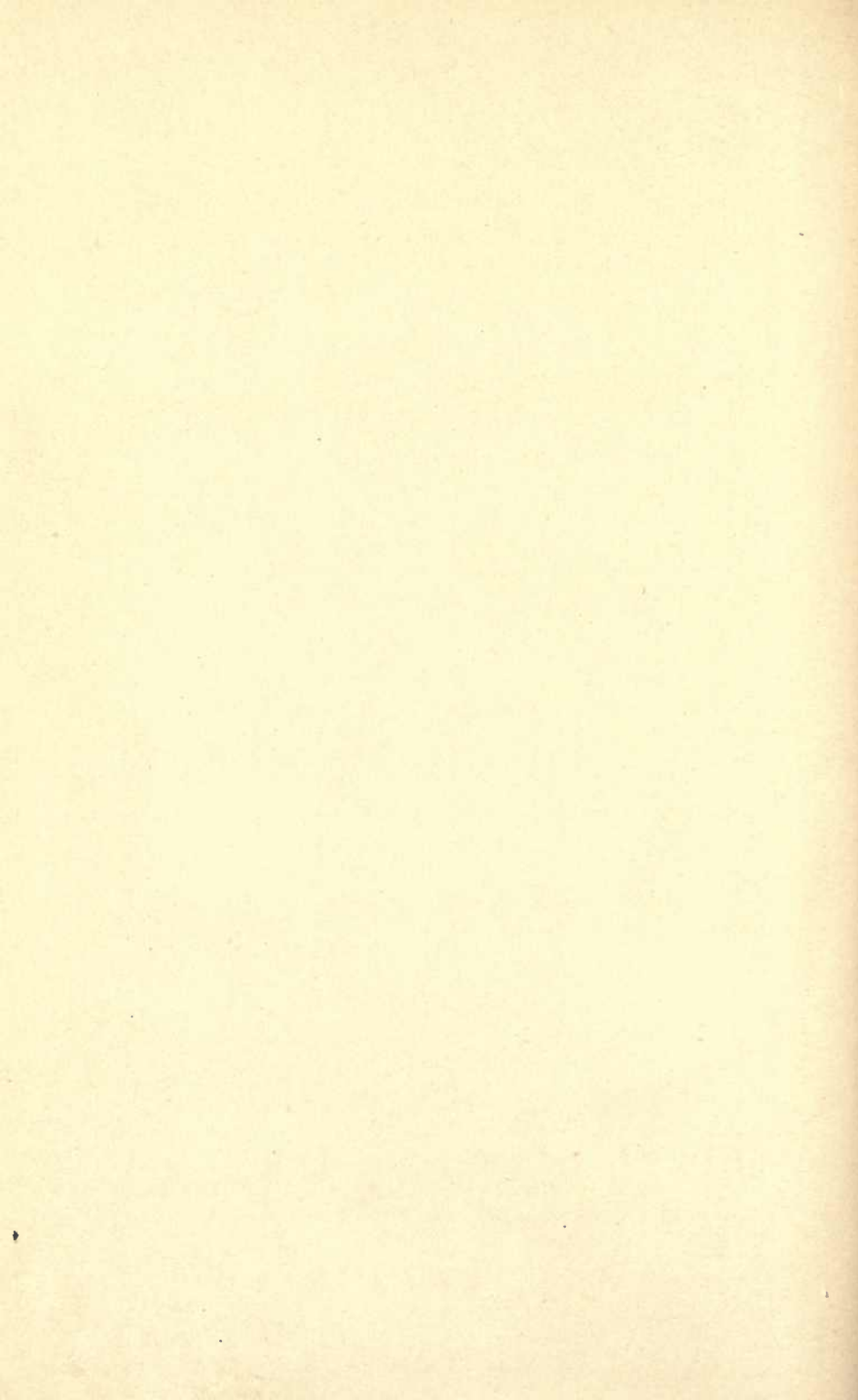
Thomas Ashton, Camp Butler, Ill., April 16, 1864; Philip Heil, Camp Butler, Dec. 31, 1864; William Tompkins, Camp Butler, April 9, 1864.

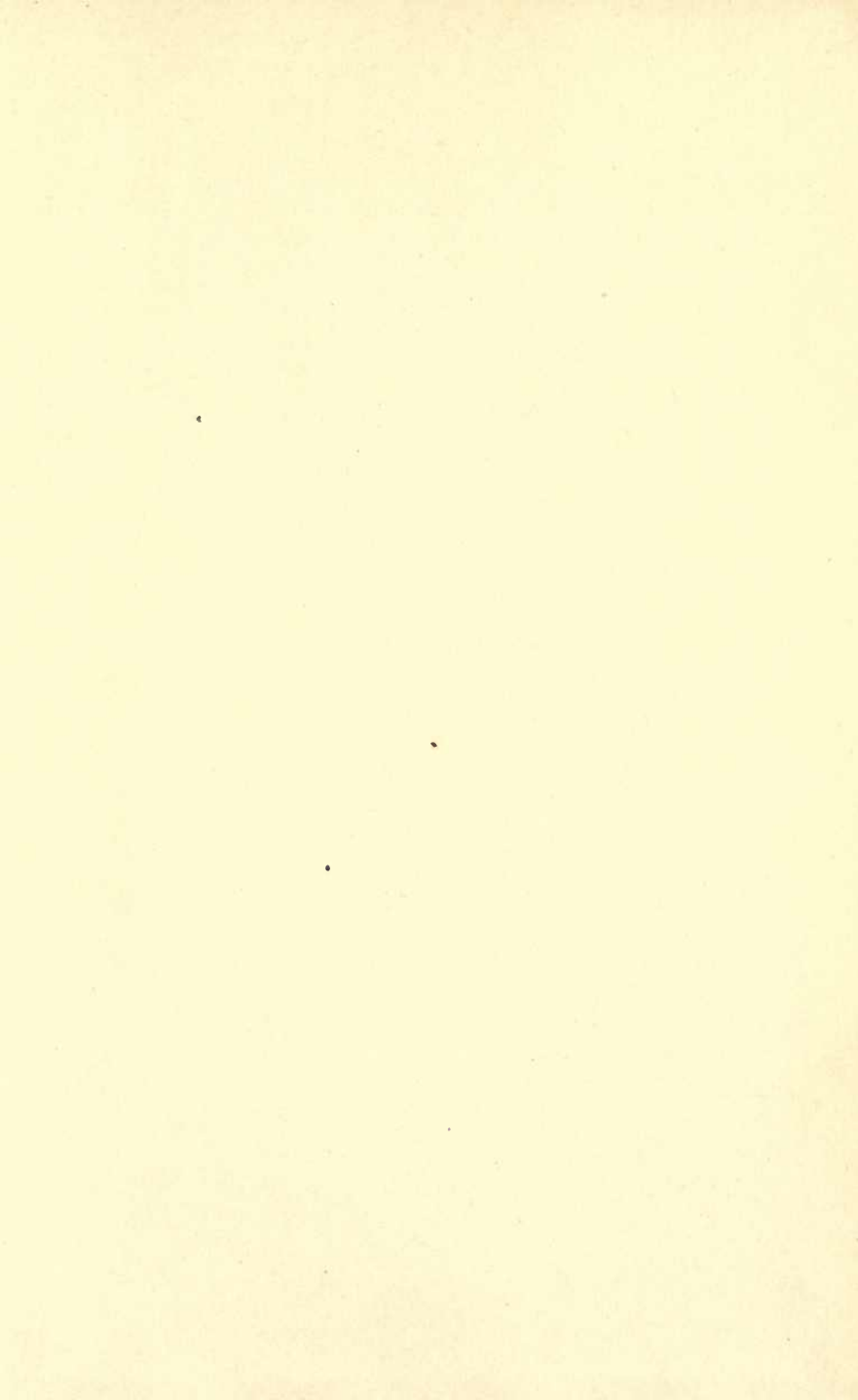
REJECTED.

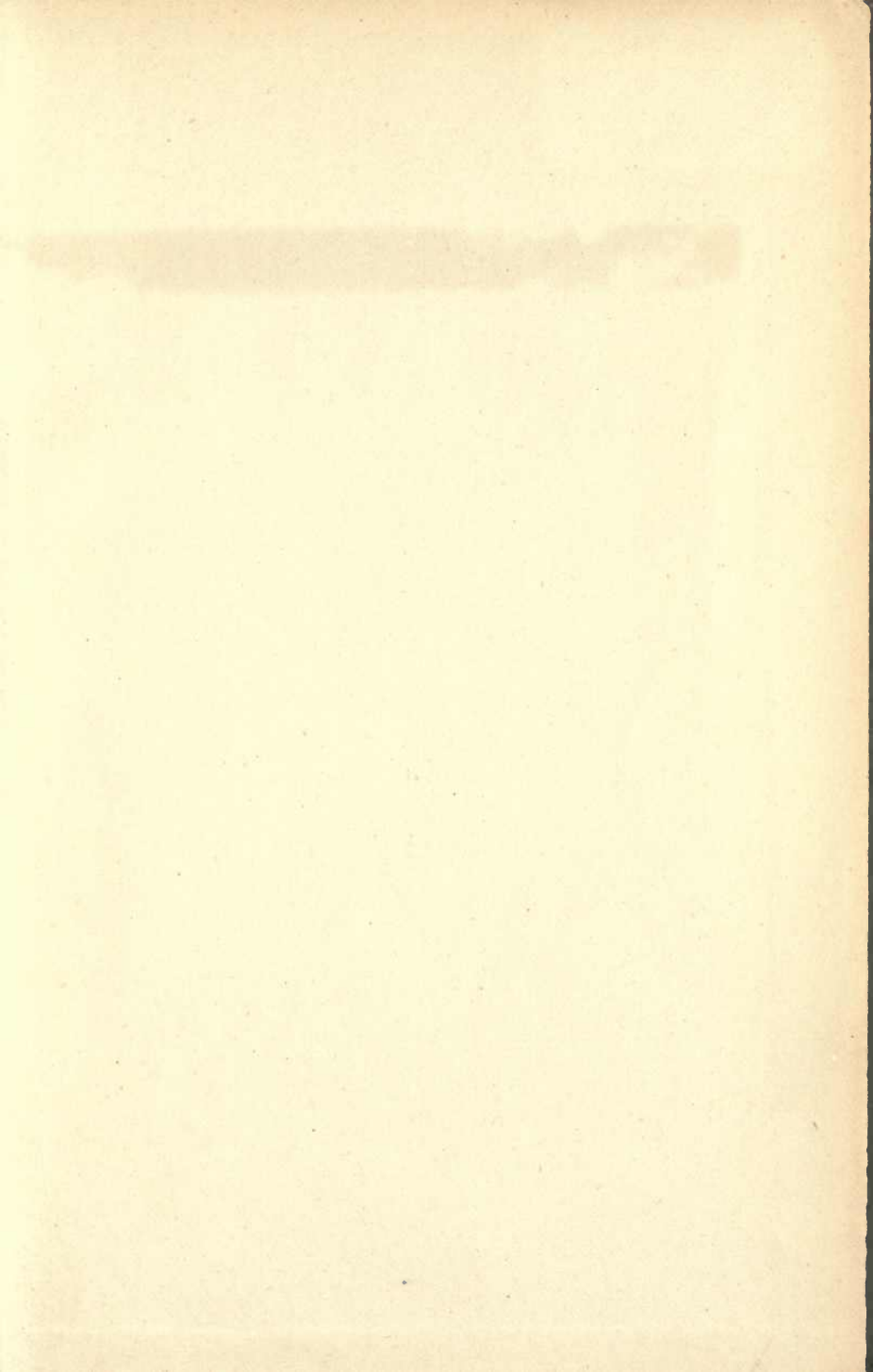
William J. Case, Peter Clark, William C. Orr, Kenyon O. Wood.

UNACCOUNTED FOR.

John H. Bambrun, Charles W. Brent, William J. Davis, James C. Herrington, Mortimer Lyon, John W. Mullen, James McMann, John Moore, Michael J. Murray, James McCafferty, Phelix L. Phillips, Andrew Sill, Alfonso Tisler, Charles M. Tompkins, Frederick Terwilliger, Leander M. Thompson.







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