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RECOLLECTIONS
—OF THE—
26th Missouri Infantry



COL. BENJAMIN D. DEAN.
1863.

—IN THE—
WAR FOR THE UNION.



LAMAR, MISSOURI.

PRINTED AT THE SOUTHWEST MISSOURIAN OFFICE.

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GEN. GEO. B. BOOMER.
First Colonel of the 26th Missouri Infantry.
killed at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.

MY COMRADES:

I dedicate these fragmentary recollections to you as a memento of our services in camp, in field, and on the march. If this volume proves interesting to you, and ultimately becomes a treasured heirloom to your descendants, the object of its publication will have been fulfilled.

Yours in Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty,

BENJAMIN D. DEAN.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

This book was printed in, and published from, the office of the SOUTHWEST MISSOURIAN, as a business enterprise. About 150 known survivors were notified that its pages were open for their sketches, and several have availed themselves of the privilege. The work has entailed a greater amount of labor and research than was at first anticipated, and no pains have been spared to make it as complete and reliable as our resources would permit.

H. Z. WILLIAMS, Publisher.

H. F. LINCOLN, Compiler.



COL. B. D. DEAN.

From a photograph taken in 1890.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

[From the "HISTORY OF MISSOURI."]

BENJAMIN DEVOR DEAN, of Lamar, Barton county, Missouri, was born on the 7th of October, 1828, in Greenville, Darke county, Ohio. His father, Aaron Dean, was born in New Jersey; immigrated to Ohio, at an early day; and engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was an intelligent farmer, and an officer in the war of 1812. The subject of this sketch was brought up on a farm; was educated at Greenville—studying, at the age of twenty-two, dental surgery, which profession he practiced for several years. He then

engaged in merchandising with marked success. In 1857. Dean came to Missouri, purchased a farm near Union. Franklin county, and in the following spring settled upon the property.

In 1861, he raised a company for the 26th Regiment of Missouri Volunteer Infantry, and was commissioned its Captain. He was in the battle of Iuka, Mississippi, where he received three wounds. He was complimented by his Colonel for his good conduct upon that occasion. "By your bravery and skill," said that officer, "on the bloody field of Iuka, you have made the reputation of my regiment." General Rosecrans declared that the 11th and 26th saved the day. On the 28th of May, 1863, Dean was commissioned Colonel by Governor Gamble—he having been promoted "for gallant conduct at Champion Hills, Mississippi, and at the attack on the fortifications at Vicksburg." He was the first of the three thousand men who crossed the Tennessee river at midnight, November 23d, 1863, and attacked the confederate forces on Mission Ridge, causing them to fall back from Lookout Mountain. On the 11th of July, 1864, he was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade of the 3d Division of the 15th Army Corps. On the 10th of November he moved forward for the Grand March with General Sherman to the sea. On the 9th of January, 1865, he was mustered out of the service with his regiment at Savannah, Georgia, and returned to his home in Missouri. In 1872 he was elected Treasurer of Franklin county, and re-elected in 1874, by a large majority. Mr. Dean was on the Republican ticket as Presidential Elector for the 5th Congressional District, and was twice elected Mayor of Union. He was made a Mason in 1856, was one

of the charter members of Union Lodge, No. 731, and occupied the position of Master thereof, for eight years. He was also D. D. G. M. of that Masonic District for one year. Colonel Dean married Sarah A. Harlan, daughter of Nathan Harlan, a prominent farmer and extensive stock dealer of Warren county, Ohio, and has three children as follows:

MRS. FLORENCE D. MEYER, of Los Angeles, Cal.

AARON G. DEAN, of Lamar, Mo.

WILLIAM S. DEAN, of Lamar, Mo.

Colonel Dean removed to Sedalia in 1877, and in 1880 he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, and was chosen Chairman of the Board for two terms, and on retiring from the Board of Aldermen, was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane appropriately inscribed. He was also one of the Directors of the Sedalia University, and Commander of Geo. R. Smith Post, No. 53, Grand Army of the Republic.

In 1887, Col. Dean visited California, and after a five months' sojourn, returned and engaged in farming in Laclede county for two years. Removing to Lebanon, Mo., he practiced dentistry for a time, and then removed to Lamar, Mo., where he engaged in the merchant-tailoring and ready-made clothing business. Col. Dean is an Elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Lamar.

ERRATA.

On page 2, last paragraph, sixth line, instead of "present at the battle of Tiptonville," should read "*surrender* of Tiptonville." Also in tenth line, instead of the "capture of Island No. 10," should read "capture of *New Madrid*."

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THE 26TH MISSOURI INFANTRY

—IN THE—

WAR FOR THE UNION.



In preparing these "Recollections" covering a portion of the services of the 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry during the Rebellion, it was not Col. Dean's intention to attempt to write a history of the regiment, (or anything similar to it,) as he has been compelled to trust to his memory, and such documents as he has in his possession, entirely for details, but rather to recall to his comrades, incidents of the service they had together, and for this reason, too, personal reference as far as possible, is avoided.

In 1861, Col. Dean was living at Union, Franklin county, Missouri, and had raised a company of seventy men (F) for the 26th Missouri Infantry, and was commissioned as Captain. This work was completed about December 20, 1861, and the recruits were encamped at Sullivan, on the railroad for a time, and then proceeded to Pacific, Mo., where they were joined by four companies recruited by Col. George B. Boomer, in Gasconade, Osage and Maries counties.

The command then proceeded to St. Louis, and at McDowell's College on December 31st, 1861, was mustered into the United States' service for three years. Special Orders, No. 14, signed by Chester Harding, Jr., Adjutant Gen-

eral, directed that the company and parts of companies of Missouri Volunteers, mustered into the service for three years, under the command respectively of L. D. Maynard and First Lieutenants R. C. Crowell, H. L. Elsworth and John F. F. Koops, stationed at Medora; the three companies mustered into the same service, under the respective commands of John H. Holman, John Welker and D. W. C. Brown, together with the unassigned recruits raised for Holman's Battalion of Sharpshooters, and three companies raised for the 26th Missouri Volunteers, and mustered into the same service, under the respective commands of Captains Wiseman, Dean and Rucker, making an aggregate of eight hundred and twenty company officers and enlisted men, were consolidated into the 26th Regiment of Missouri Volunteers.

Captain John H. Holman was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and A. W. Maupin, Major, who declined to accept, and L. E. Kaniuszeski received the appointment.

As soon as the muster rolls were completed, George B. Boomer was appointed Colonel.

In February, 1862, the 26th Missouri embarked on a steamer whose destination was said to be Fort Donelson, but the surrender of that stronghold turned our course, and the command landed at Bird's Point, and joined General John Pope's expedition against New Madrid, and was present at the battle of Tiptonville, on April 9, 1862, and Farmington, April 22, 1862. Col. Boomer led the 26th in these movements. The colors of the regiment, carried by Sergeant H. Koops, were the first to be planted on the fort after the capture of Island No. 10. This movement resulted in the taking of over 6,000 prisoners at Tiptonville, Tenn., and

the regiment bore a conspicuous part in the success of the day. The 26th was also with Gen. Pope's command when it marched down the Mississippi and took part in the engagement at Hamburg and siege of Corinth.

THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

At the battle of Iuka, September 19, 1862, the 3d Division, 15th Army Corps, which included the 26th Mo., had been driving the enemy's cavalry pickets and came up with Price's command about four o'clock in the afternoon. Each colonel had orders to hold his ground at all hazards. It was a square stand up fight, and at times the rebel onslaught was terrific.

Companies A and B of the 26th Missouri were thrown out as skirmishers, and the report was sent to General Hamilton that the rebels were in full force in two lines of battle.

Colonel Boomer, of the 26th, was impatient to meet the enemy and asked permission to send the regiment in advance to meet the Confederates.

The right wing of the regiment under Lieut.-Colonel Holman was ordered to press forward, and had gone but a short distance when Price's artillery opened a terrific fire upon it, when it was ordered to fall back to the rear. The right wing of the 26th was not further engaged during the battle.

The brigade was ordered into position, and the left wing of the 26th Missouri and 5th Iowa Infantry were rushed up to support the 11th Ohio Battery. The rebels determined to force our line and moved into the desolating fire that met them with unfaltering courage. As they came within close range, that single battery, the 11th Ohio, opened on them

with grape and cannister. The guns were worked with great rapidity, and at each discharge gaps opened in the dense ranks, but they closed up again and the hostile line swept steadily forward. At length the 48th Indiana pressed by three times its number—its gallant commander cut down—fell back in disorder. This left the 11th Ohio death-dealing battery exposed, and with an exultant shout the enemy sprung upon it. The Confederates received the battery's cannister and grape without flinching, and swept over it and captured it; but not till every officer, and nearly every gunner was killed or wounded, and not a horse left standing.

Our forces rallied, and sent the rebels back to cover. Maddened by their loss the rebels rallied, and with yells precipitated themselves upon the Union force and recovered the battery, but they were met with such an overwhelming fire that they were unable to take the battery away. Around these guns the battle raged with awful fury. Every flank movement of the enemy was promptly stopped, and they were compelled to fight it out in front, and from five o'clock till dark, the 5th Iowa, and 11th and 26th Missouri held that single road. During the night, the Confederates evacuated the place, leaving many of their wounded behind them, and their dead were interred by the Union burial parties.

Colonel Boomer, while leading the left wing of the 26th Missouri, was wounded by a rifle ball, in the left lung, and carried off the field. The other officers wounded in this engagement were Captain R. C. Crowell, Captain B. D. Dean, (in three places,) Lieutenant Denny and Lieutenant Maupin. Lieutenant Crowe had seven bullet holes in his blouse. First Sergeant Alonzo Bliss and Second Ser-

geant William Roan were killed by Captain Dean's side—Sergeant Roan's blood was scattered over Captain Dean. First Lieutenant W. L. Wheeler was also wounded at Iuka, by a ball passing through his canteen and bruising him. The water saturated his clothing and caused him to believe that he was bleeding to death.

History gives the 26th Missouri merited distinction. Its left wing charged and recharged the rebels on that day, and once recaptured the 11th Ohio Battery.

In summing up the part taken by the 26th Mo., at Iuka, it is noted that but four companies were engaged, F, E, H and C, numbering 162 men. Enlisted men killed, 22; officers wounded, 5; enlisted men wounded, 70; missing, 1—Total, 97.

The following is an extract from Col. Boomer's official report which he wrote while in the hospital at Iuka:

"It gives me great pleasure to mention the names of several officers engaged with me on the left wing who behaved with distinguished gallantry and energy: Capt. B. D. Dean and Second Lieut. J. W. Maupin, of Company F; Capt. Robert C. Crowell, First Lieut. R. B. Denny, and Second Lieut. J. T. Crowe, of Company E; First Lieut. Schirmer, commanding Company K, and First Lieut. J. M. Dennis, of Company C. I was not present with the skirmishers in action, but understand that all exhibited great coolness and energy."

Gen. C. S. Hamilton, commanding the Third Division, in his report of the battle of Iuka, says that "the fearful list of killed and wounded in the few regiments actively engaged shows with what heroism and desperation this fight was won.

I say boldly that a force of not more than 2,800 men met and conquered a rebel force of 11,000 on a field chosen by Price and a position naturally very strong and with its every advantage inuring to the enemy. A list of casualties is herewith submitted. It is known that 263 wounded, numbering over 400, fell into our hands. The number of able-bodied prisoners who fell into our hands is large. I report, with the greatest satisfaction, but 26 missing from my command. Over 800 stand of arms were gathered on the battlefield, mostly of improved patterns, showing that the rebels are not wanting in this essential means of making war. The dead of my division number 135, the wounded 527, and the missing 26. Of my staff and escort, officers, wounded, 4; private, killed, 1. Total, 693."

The revised government report of the casualties in the Union forces at Iuka, makes the total, 790; an increase over the figures named above by General Hamilton.

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Holman of the 26th Missouri, in his report to Col. John B. Sanborn, commanding 1st Brigade, 3d Division at the battle of Iuka, pays the following tribute to the officers and men of his command:

"Permit me further to report that the officers and men under my command, with scarcely an exception, during the whole engagement conducted themselves with rare coolness and true soldierly bearing; but Captains John Welker, T. M. Rice, and William M. Robinson, and Lieut. F. G. Schoenen, acting adjutant, and Lieut. C. F. Brown, regimental quartermaster, with many others, are deserving a special notice. Their conduct was truly brave, gallant, and noble. If space would permit too much could not be said of their signal

acts of daring, their coolness and skill in discharging the duties respectively assigned them on the field. The country may truly be proud of such men, for under their leadership continued success will mark the progress of our gallant army. Of those officers above named it will be doing no injustice to any for me to say that Captains Welker, Rice, and Robinson, and Lieut. C. F. Brown, regimental quartermaster, and Lieutenant Schoenen, have won for themselves distinguished merits—efficient in camp, brave and patriotic on the field. I can cheerfully recommend them for promotion in the army.”

Cap. Dean's wounds were such as to cause his removal to the rear, and thence to the hospital at Corinth. After a short time he was sent to the St. Louis hospital, and when his wounds permitted, visited his home at Union, Mo. In about one month Capt. Dean returned to Corinth and took command of his company.

After the battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th, 1862, the regiment went to Germantown, Tennessee, and remained a short time, ultimately camping near Memphis.

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

The Vicksburg campaign in the spring of 1863, gave the 26th Missouri an important part to enact. General Grant determined to get in the rear of Vicksburg, for it could be taken in no other way. The regiment was embarked on two boats, the right wing under command of Major Charles F. Brown and the left wing in charge of Capt. B. D. Dean.

The destination was Moon Lake, separated from the river only by a thin strip of land. From this lake a narrow stream, called the Yazoo Pass, leads into the Coldwater River, which flows south into the Tallahatchie, that in turn unites with the Yazoo. Grant's intention was to get into the latter river, by which means he would be able to move down in the rear of Haines' Bluff, and thus turn the fortifications there. The canal of the lake was quickly cut, the waters of the Mississippi poured through it, and our steamers floated into Moon Lake. The boats sailed through the Yazoo Pass. The country was flooded with water and the current very rapid—compelling the use of cables to control the boats and prevent them running into the trees. The snags tore the boats, which were forced to continually back water. The task could not be accomplished, and although we had landed, we were forced to go back without silencing a

fort near the confluence of the stream, which was so surrounded by bogs as to be unapproachable. This expedition might well be called steamboating through the woods. The smoke-stacks were taken off of the boats to enable them to pass under the limbs of the trees.

The 26th Missouri then went to Millikin's Bend, disembarked and went into camp, and was at that point when the blockade was run.

The 15th Army Corps, of which the 26th Missouri was a part, marched down the right bank of the Mississippi below Vicksburg and crossed in gunboats to below that point, passed through Port Gibson, and took part in the battle near Raymond, on May 12th, 1863.

On the night of the 13th the rain fell in torrents and continued until the next day at noon, rendering the roads muddy and slippery; yet our troops in close order and in cheerful spirits, moved off through the storm, making a weary march of fourteen miles, and at noon came upon the enemy about two miles from the city.

The 26th boys were here drawn up in line of battle, and behaved bravely under fire. Jackson was evacuated, and the boys had an opportunity of visiting the capital, and reading one of the rebel newspapers printed on wall-paper, and filled with rebel braggadocia regarding their ability to whip the Yankees. The editor himself and everybody else threatened to take part in the punishment of the Union troops, but alas their legs ran away with their courage.

The Union force then marched back towards Vicksburg. The various incidents of this march were barren of any facts requiring especial description. The federal troops were confident of victory and eager to meet the enemy.

and on May 16th, the 26th Missouri again took the field against the Confederates, and participated in

THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS.

The 26th went into this engagement under very trying circumstances. General Hovey's Division was being hard pressed, and falling back, the Third Brigade, Col. Boomer, commanding, was ordered up on the double-quick. The ground over which the 26th Missouri passed, was very much obstructed, and in consequence some of the companies had to break the line of battle and move by the flank under the shells of the enemy. On reaching the line of battle, notwithstanding our fatigue, the 10th Iowa and 93d Illinois immediately engaged the enemy; the 5th Iowa and 26th Missouri lying down behind them waiting their turn which soon came. Colonel Boomer, our gallant brigade commander, seeing the enemy approaching on our right flank, ordered the 26th Missouri to meet them, which it did on the double-quick by "about face," "half wheel" and forward movement, getting possession of a deep ravine which the enemy was trying to secure. In making this movement, our brave regimental commander, Major Charles F. Brown fell mortally wounded, and a few moments later our Senior Captain John W. Welker was instantly killed. These casualties gave the command of the regiment to Captain Dean.

The position gained by the above movement was a strong one, and enabled us to stop the enemy who outnumbered the 26th Missouri, which finally drove the Confederates from before it, after firing forty rounds of ammunition. Being nearly surrounded by the enemy, we changed our position under heavy fire, but the position was so strong

that the loss was slight considering the hot engagement.

We charged the rebels, drove them back and captured a number of prisoners. On falling back to Acting General Boomer's position, he earnestly complimented the 26th Missouri for their gallant conduct on the field.

In this battle, two officers and 16 enlisted men were killed; three officers and 66 men wounded.

The regiment bivouacked the night succeeding this fight and next day marched to Black River, crossing on a bridge made of cotton bales.

On May 19th, the 26th Missouri took part in the investment of Vicksburg, and occupied a position on the left of what was afterwards called Fort Hill. During the night, we sent our two companies, A and B, to form a picket line, which caused the enemy to do some shelling.

Considerable skirmishing was experienced on May 20th and 21st. Grant had determined to carry the works at Vicksburg on the 22d, two advances being made without effect. General McClelland sent a dispatch to General Grant, saying he had silenced a fort in his front and desired one of the best divisions to support him in a charge.

Colonel G. B. Boomer, in command of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 15th Army Corps, was ordered to report to General Carr in the afternoon, who ordered him to lead the charge, but before obeying the command, Col. Boomer, evidently knowing it to be a reckless move, at once called the regimental commanders, and told them he wanted them to hear General Carr's orders. Colonel Boomer thus relieved himself of the responsibility of the order to charge.

DEATH OF COL. GEO. B. BOOMER.

Carr then designated the fort, stating that the batteries had been silenced, and ordered the charge to be made. "Forward," was sounded and the line was started with a rush and yell. Then followed a terrible scene. The "silenced fort" opened an artillery fire upon the men, which compelled them to seek the cover of a hill, where they lay down to escape the incessant shower of shot, shell and rifle balls from the rebel fort, and to rest from the exertion of the preliminary charge.

Colonel Boomer, after awhile rose up, and had shouted "Attention!" as if to resume the charge, when a rifle ball struck him in the head, killing him instantly. This occurred on May 22d, 1863. Col. Boomer's commission as a Brigadier General is reported to have reached camp shortly after his death. Several pages descriptive of the life and services of General Boomer will be found in another part of this volume.

The command of the brigade then devolved upon Col. Putnam of the 93d Illinois, who sent for the regimental commanders to confer with them. He wanted to know whether he should continue to charge, and asked for an opinion in regard to the subject. Captain Dean commanding the 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, said he would not move without positive orders, as it was impossible to do anything under the terrible artillery fire from the fort. Colonel Putnam said he was aware of that, but General Carr's orders were to charge the fort. Captain Dean replied that the situation had changed since General Carr had given his orders. The other commanders agreed with Captain Dean.

who informed Colonel Putnam that the 26th could lie down in their sheltered position until dark, and then he marched away without the loss of a man. This was done and the 26th Missouri was back again in its old position early in the morning.

We remained in front of Vicksburg, digging roads through the hills in order to allow the movement of troops and artillery, and engaging in skirmishes every day until June 22d, when the 26th Missouri and other troops, moved to Bear Creek to prevent Johnston coming up, and on July 4th the surrender of Vicksburg was the grand culmination of the labors of the Union army.

"The result of the campaign," said Grant, "has been the defeat of the enemy in five battles outside of Vicksburg; the occupation of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and the capture of Vicksburg and its garrison and munitions of war—a loss to the enemy of 35,000 prisoners, among whom were fifteen general officers; at least ten thousand killed and wounded. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand men have fallen into our hands, besides a large amount of other public property, consisting of railroads, locomotives, cars, steamboats, cotton, etc., and much was destroyed to prevent our capturing it." General Grant estimated his own total loss, in killed, wounded and missing, from the time he crossed the Mississippi, at 8,575.

Soon after the fall of Vicksburg we were ordered to Jackson, Miss., to meet General Johnston, but just before reaching the place we learned that a heavy rebel cavalry force was making for our rear to fall upon our transportation and ammunition. On the night of July 14th our brigade received orders to march back to Clinton where we had a

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quantity of stores, and wounded, in a hospital of our own, also some Confederates. We had a very dark and tiresome march of it and arrived before daylight. Some of the enemy's cavalry arrived next day, but a slight skirmish kept them out.

A handsome silk flag was presented to the 26th Missouri after the fall of Vicksburg, by the ladies of Union, Mo., who sent it by Capt. J. T. Crowe. The old regimental flag was shot to ribbons at Iuka, and at Vicksburg the last remaining star was obliterated by the enemy's fire.

Captain Dean received his commission as Colonel of the 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, after the fall of Vicksburg, to rank from May 28th, 1863. Across the face of the commission written in red ink are the words: "Captain Dean is promoted to the Colonelcy of the 26th Infantry Missouri Volunteers, for gallant conduct at Champion Hills, Miss., and in the attack on the defenses of Vicksburg, Miss. (Signed)—John B. Gray, Adjt. General State of Missouri."

The 26th Missouri left Vicksburg on Sept. 7th, 1863, embarking on a transport for Helena, Arkansas, to support General Steel at Little Rock. Arrived at Helena, September 14th, and learned that General Price had retreated from Little Rock. The services of the regiment were not needed at that point, and it moved up to Devall's Bluff on September 16th.

While the 26th Missouri was at Memphis on October 3d, 1863, orders were received for the regiment to march to the Memphis and Charleston depot and embark for Glendale, establish camp and repel any attack of the enemy and remain until further orders. The cars were stopped before reaching the town, and the 26th Missouri disembarked, and

pushing our horses off on a plank, we threw out skirmishers and marched into the town without any opposition.

On October 8th, 1863, the regiment was ordered to Burnsville to guard the railroad and bridges, and on Oct. 10th we pushed forward to Bensonville to watch the enemy and keep the railroad from being destroyed. November 5th, the 26th Missouri moved to Chattanooga and found Elk creek contained about four feet of water and was two hundred yards wide. We could not cross, and therefore directed our march towards Gilbertsborough, then by way of Prospect towards Fayetteville.

Heavy rains had fallen and the roads were very muddy, also exceedingly hilly and rocky. The regiment reached the mouth of Battle creek, Tenn. on the night of Nov. 14th, and arrived at Bridgeport on the 17th. We crossed the Tennessee river on pontoons at Bridgeport, on November 18th, leaving all of our sick and most of our camp equipage, taking only one tent, marched on the Whitesides road, and recrossed the Tennessee river at Brown's ferry, with Chattanooga and the relief of General Thomas as our object.

We arrived at Chattanooga on Dec. 19th, and maneuvered considerably at night, in order to conceal ourselves from the enemy. We remained a day or two in camp behind the hill, out of sight of the Confederates, and made preparations to cross the Tennessee river at the mouth of the Chicamauga creek, on the evening of Dec. 24th. Our brigade received orders to commence crossing at midnight, by rowing across in pontoon boats. The 26th Missouri was the first to cross. A squad of soldiers from a regiment of our corps got into a boat in Chicamauga creek, floated qui-

ely down to the Tennessee river, near the rebel picket post, surrounded and captured it without causing any alarm, took the officer of the guard around and relieved all of the outposts. The successful soldiers then put out a signal light which indicated that the way was clear for us to commence crossing. After the 26th Missouri landed, a forward movement was made through the woods and a cornfield to a place that had been designated the day previous, and the men commenced intrenching at once. Soon one regiment after another began to arrive and were soon intrenched on either side of us, and by daylight we had a very long line of intrenchments.

Soon after daylight the pontoon corps commenced laying the pontoon bridge, and by noon the cavalry and artillery had passed over. Then a forward movement was made, and we got possession of another ridge. After viewing the situation a short time, Colonel Dean thought it would be prudent to construct temporary shelter from the enemy's sharpshooters who were then watching us pretty closely. Seeing a rail fence located a short distance in our front, the 26th Missouri were ordered to stack arms and get those rails. As they started for the fence they commenced a war-whoop, and the Confederates took it for a charge and retreated over the hill. Our boys thought it quite a novelty to run the enemy without any arms.

That night, fearing a flank movement, we marched back to near our first position, and digging little holes in the ground built fires therein so that the enemy could not see the flames while we cooked our suppers.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

On December 25th, the Union forces made a forward movement to the foot of Missionary Ridge. Grant now had Sherman's army above, and Hooker's below him, and both on the same side of the river; while Thomas lay in front of Chattanooga. Missionary Ridge, trending southwest from Sherman, passed in front of Chattanooga where the center lay. The brigade, General C. L. Mathies, commanding, had to move across an open field, and did so in quick time, for it was exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns, but they were trained so high that they could not get the range on the rapidly moving troops.

The foot of the ridge was gained without having any killed. A few soldiers were wounded by the bursting of shells. Col. Dean received a slight wound on the shoulder by a piece of a shell which carried away one of the eagle wings of his shoulder strap.

The position of the 26th Missouri soon became very uncomfortable. The enemy were getting the range with one of their small guns, and Col. Putnam, of the 93d Illinois asked permission of General Mathias to go to the top of the hill and silence it, which request was granted, and he moved forward, the 26th Missouri following close behind. Just as the 93d Illinois was nearing the top of the ridge, the enemy made a charge upon them with superior numbers,

and would have driven them back, but the 26th Missouri rushed to their support, and the two regiments drove them back and held the position, keeping the battery silenced for about an hour and a half without any support near.

Colonel Putnam, of the 93d Illinois was killed and brigade commander, General Mathias wounded, the command devolved on Colonel Dean. The ammunition was nearly exhausted, and Colonel Dean contemplated moving the two regiments back to the foot of the ridge, but to do so he saw that a loss would follow. The enemy's battery was captured, but to let go was not very easy. Enough sharpshooters would have to be left to keep the gun silenced for the enemy could open a destructive fire upon the troops if they retired, and would be very apt to capture the sharpshooters if they were not supported.

While thus meditating on the situation, it was discovered that a heavy force of the enemy was upon the right flank and a little to the rear of Colonel Dean's command, in fact it was nearly surrounded. Hence, the order was given to fall back on the double quick to the foot of the ridge. Fortunately, the enemy was partially between Colonel Dean's force and their own battery which was under control of the Union soldiers, so the Confederates were only able to fire one round at the boys in blue. The enemy, however, made flank movement by rushing through the railroad tunnel and captured about one-half of the 5th Iowa. The battle ended, the enemy retreated, and the 26th Missouri with other troops followed in pursuit.

Captain E. H. Stoddard, of Co. B. and Lieutenant H. P. Harding, of Co. D., 26th Missouri Infantry, were killed in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and Lieutenant A. W.

Fritchey, Co. A, 26th Missouri Infantry, was close under the rebel guns with a squad of men, and being unable to retreat was captured by the enemy.

Mr. J. T. Headley, in his History of the Civil War, thus describes the battles of Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga:

“Bragg was amazed at this sudden apparition of a powerful army on his extreme right, and immediately made preparations to dislodge Sherman. In the meantime, Hooker, from below, moved against Lookout Mountain, and by dark carried the nose of it, and at once opened direct communications with Chattanooga. His advance up the steep sides of the mountain had been made with great celerity and skill. A thick fog for awhile concealed him, but as it lifted before the sun, the cliffs above were seen crowded with the enemy, while cannon sent a plunging fire from the heights. Grant, far down in the mist-shrouded valley below, could hear the thunder of guns and crash of musketry high up in the clouds above, as though the gods were warring there. Says an eye witness: ‘At this juncture the scene became one of most exciting interest. The thick fog, which had heretofore rested in dense folds upon the sides of the mountain, concealing the combatants from view, suddenly lifted to the summit of the lofty ridge, revealing to the anxious gaze of thousands in the valleys and on the plains below, a scene such as is witnessed but once in a century. General Geary’s columns, flushed with victory, grappled with the foe upon the rocky ledges, and drove him back with slaughter from his works. While the result was uncertain, the attention was breathless and painful; but when victory perched upon our standards, shout upon shout rent the air. The whole army,

with one accord, broke out into joyous acclamations. The enthusiasm of the scene beggars description. Men were frantic with joy, and even General Thomas himself, who seldom exhibits his emotions, said involuntarily, 'I did not think it possible for men to accomplish so much.' The day before, Thomas had made a strong reconnaissance in force, in his front, and with but slight loss, had occupied Orchard Knob, and developed the lines of the enemy. Everything was therefore now ready for the grand assault upon the rebel position. Bragg had thought that Chattanooga was his beyond a doubt; but suddenly to the right, in front and left of him, he saw himself confronted by three armies. Still he believed Missionary Ridge to be impregnable, and that no force could climb its steep and rugged sides in the face of his powerful batteries.

"Sherman, from his position, could glance across to Tunnel Hill, on which the rebel batteries were placed; and he looked grave, but determined, at the fearful task that had been assigned his brave troops. Before the great, decisive day (the 25th) had fairly dawned, he was in the saddle, and by the dim light that streaked the cloudy east betokening a stormy day, rode along his entire line. A deep valley lay between him and the steep hill beyond, which was partly covered with trees to the narrow, wooded top, across which was a breastwork of logs and earth, dark with men. Two guns enfiladed the narrow way that led to it. Further back arose a still higher hill, lined with guns that could pour a plunging fire on the first hill if it should be taken. The depth and character of the gorge between, could not be ascertained. Just as the rising sun was tinging with red the murky rain-clouds, the bugles sounded 'Forward!' and

Corse, leading the advance, briskly descended the hill, crossed the valley under a heavy fire, began to ascend the opposite heights, and soon gained a foothold; but the spot where he stood was swept by the enemy's artillery.

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

“The great battle had now fairly opened, and for more than an hour it swayed backward and forward in front of Sherman. Bringing up brigade after brigade, this gallant commander strove nobly, but in vain, to carry the lofty heights above him. By ten o'clock, it was one peal of thunder from top to base, while the smoke, in swift puffs and floating masses, draped it like a waving mantle. Corse, severely wounded, was borne to the rear; yet still the columns stubbornly held the ground. All the forenoon the battle raged furiously at this point. This most northern and vital position must be held by the rebels at all hazards, for if once taken, their rear would be threatened, with all the stores at Chickamauga. Hence, Bragg massed his forces here, and at three o'clock, says Sherman, ‘column after column of the enemy was streaming toward me; gun after gun poured its concentric shot on us from every hill and spur that gave a view of any part of the ground.’ Once he was partially forced back, but by a skillful move, he recovered his ground and drove the pursuing, shouting enemy to his cover. His men were sternly held to their terrible work; but Sherman was getting impatient for Grant to move on the center, as he told him the night before he would. From his elevated position he could see the flags of Thomas' corps waving in the murky atmosphere; but hour after hour passed away and still they did not advance. The enemy was steadily ac-

cumulating his forces against him, and his troops that had fought from early dawn, were getting weary. Grant had sat on his horse, listening to the thunder of artillery on his right, as Hooker came down like an avalanche from the heights of Lookout Mountain, and to the deafening uproar on his left, where his favorite lieutenant, Sherman, was hurling his brave columns on the batteries of the enemy; but still he did not move. Thinking, at one time, that Sherman was too hard pressed, he sent over a brigade to his help, but the latter, who had become thoroughly aroused at the resistance he met with, sent it back, saying he did not need it. And so, hour after hour, for six miles, it flamed and thundered along those rocky crests, until at last the decisive moment, looked for by Grant, had arrived. In front of him the steep acclivity went sheer up four hundred feet. The base was encircled with a line of rifle-pits, while the summit was black with batteries. Between him and the foot of the mountain was an open space a mile and a half wide, which the advancing columns would be compelled to cross. He saw that it would require no common effort and no common bravery on the part of troops to reach and climb that steep, in the face of such difficulties, and he therefore wished Sherman to push the rebel left till Bragg, in order to save the key of his position, would be compelled to weaken his center; and also till Hooker could come up, who was detained in building a bridge. The rebel commander, not dreaming that Grant would attempt to advance up the steep face of the mountain in front, and evidently thinking that he meant at all hazards to crush his right, and thus threaten his rear, drew away his troops from the center, till the line here became comparatively weak. This was what Grant had been

waiting for, though fearful that the day would be passed before it came. But it had come at last, and Hooker being well advanced, he, from his position on Indian Hill, ordered the signal for the 'Forward!' to be given. These were six cannon shots, to be fired at intervals of two seconds. Strong and steady the order rang out: 'Number one, fire! Number two, fire! Number three, fire!' 'It seemed to me,' says an eye witness, 'like the tolling of the clock of destiny. And when, at 'Number six, fire!' the roar throbbed out with the flash, you should have seen the dead line, that had been lying behind the works all day, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye, and leap like a blade from its scabbard.' Three divisions, under the command of Granger, composed the storming force, and as they moved off towards the frowning heights, the enemy seemed to regard it as a mere review. But, with a swift steady motion, the glittering line swept on, and it was soon evident that desperate work was afoot. Suddenly, all along the crest of the ridge, the artillery opened, and the gallant line began to melt away. Still, it never faltered—the banners kept advancing, and at last that terrible mile and a half were past, and the columns stood face to face with the long line of rifle-pits at the base of the mountain. A sheet of fire ran along the summit, cutting with fearful mortality our exposed battalions. There was no time to stop here, for, great as was the obstacle that confronted them, it was only a barrier of mist, compared to the awful work that lay beyond; and so, with one wild cheer and a bound, they cleared it, and stood panting in the deserted ditch. And now for the ridge. 'Take it if you can!' passed along the bleeding line, but it was already advancing. The brave fellows, casting one

look up the steep, rocky sides to the thirteen batteries flaming at the top, clutched their weapons with a firmer grasp, and began to mount the slope. Here can be no rush—no sudden charge. Step by step, like mountain goats, they must win their way upward. As the smoke lifted here and there, Grant saw with inexpressible anxiety, the regimental flags, like mere crimson specks, fluttering slowly upward. Regardless of shot and shell, each vied with the other in the advance. Over their heads, from Forts Wood and Neagley, and other batteries, our shot and shell flew with fearful precision, and fell crashing in the rebel works. Rocks and stones, and shells with lighted fuses, were rolled down on the torn line, and it now and then halted under some projecting rocks for breath. But 'Forward!' again rung above the uproar, and each flag seemed to have a voice crying 'EXCELSIOR.' Oh! it was a thrilling sight. Shot and shell were doing their murderous work; but nothing short of annihilation could stop those noble battalions. Higher, and still higher they crept until at last, just as the sun was sinking in the west, they reached the summit, and then, as the gathered billow thunders and foams along and over the sunken ledges of the sea, they, with one wild shout and burst, swept over the deadly batteries. The next moment, cheer after cheer went up all along the smoking crest, and rolled down the crimson steep, till, to the right and left, and far below, the air trembled with glad echoes. Dismayed and filled with consternation at the frightful calamity, Bragg, mounted on his gray horse, sped away to the rear, followed by his discomfited host. The army was now thrown forward in swift pursuit, which was kept up till late at night and renewed next morning before daylight. As the columns swept

on, wagons, guns, caissons, forage, stores, and all the wreck of a routed army, met them at every step. By night, the rear-guard of the enemy was reached, and a fight ensued which lasted till darkness closed in. The next day Hooker and Thomas joined in the pursuit, and the beaten army was smitten with blow upon blow, until further advance became impossible. In the meantime, Sherman detached Howard to move against the railroad between Dalton and Cleveland, to destroy it. This was done and communication between Bragg and Longstreet cut off.

"Our total loss in the battle was about four thousand. We took six thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and five or six thousand small arms. The rebels killed and wounded was not known."



ON THE MARCH SOUTHWARD.

COL. DEAN RELATES MANY INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The 26th Missouri Infantry was with the troops who followed the enemy on November 26th and 27th up to midnight, when the order came to march back to Bridgeport. The regiment was out of crackers and the boys were compelled to satisfy their hunger by eating parched corn. There was an abundance of rations at Bridgeport, Ala., twenty-eight miles away, but the roads were full of troops on the move to that point, hence provisions could not be sent to us. On November 29th, orders were received to march to Bridgeport, and on November 30th, I issued orders to the 26th Missouri to parch one day's rations of corn, and be ready to move at seven o'clock in the morning. The roads were badly cut up by wagons, moving artillery, and crowded with tired troops, and the march was necessarily slow.

The 26th commissary sergeant, with a detail and mules, was sent through the woods to Bridgeport on a forced march for the purpose of procuring rations, and to meet the regiment on the way. The next morning the commissary sergeant was seen approaching, with his pack mules winding their way through the woods, close to the road, with a box of

crackers strapped on either side of each animal, and a quantity of bacon on its back between the cracker boxes. When the men saw the provisions coming they made the woods ring by shouting: "Crackers, sow-belly, sow-belly, crackers, etc." We were very hungry and a halt was ordered, fires built, and the regiment at once commenced cooking breakfast. Coffee was boiled in tin cups, strips of bacon cut and stuck upon sticks and thrust before the fire, and when the grease began to run out, crackers were held under the drip and the savory food quickly eaten. The boys were happy over the abundance of food and the relief from a parched corn diet.

Breakfast finished, the march was resumed and Bridgeport reached the same day, where we remained on duty several weeks. The 26th was ordered to Huntsville, Ala. about January 1st, 1864, and remained there on duty until about May 1st, when our brigade was ordered to Decatur, Ala., to strengthen that post, it being very much exposed to the enemy, situated as it was on what was called the enemy's side of the Tennessee river. Frequent annoyance was experienced by the sudden dashes of the enemy's cavalry on the 26th Missouri pickets. One of our forts was located on quite an elevated position, and a signal gun was to be fired therefrom whenever the enemy came in sight. This gun let loose its voice quite frequently and the Union force would turn out in response, but on one occasion a very laughable circumstance occurred, but at the time it looked a little ugly. The commanding officer of the post, myself and several others were bathing in the Tennessee river, and the signal gun was fired, and of course all had to hustle into camp. We dressed ourselves, mounted our horses and rode

up to the fort as soon as possible, but the enemy had disappeared. The commanding officer of the post questioned the officer in charge of the fort about the enemy and his firing the gun. The post commander was a very nervous officer, and was always apprehensive of a surprise and this incident made him suspicious that the officer in charge of the gun had not fired as quick as he ought to have done. The officer, however, assured him that as soon as he sighted the enemy he had fired. The commanding officer excitedly replied, with: "Why in h—l didn't you fire before you saw them?"

From this point reconnoitering parties were often sent out. On one occasion a New York regiment was sent out, and had a little skirmish. On its return they were ambushed and had several wounded. The 26th Missouri with other troops were sent out to assist them, but they had to cut their way through before we reached them. On June 11th, we reconnoitered the Confederate lines, and encountered a few of their cavalry, capturing one of their horses, but had no engagement. We thought that they were watching the road to ambush us as we returned, but the Union troops returned by another route.

The stay of the regiment at this post was very pleasant, and one of our pastimes was to rig up a pontoon boat with sails made of a "tent fly" and sail up and down the Tennessee river with our brigade band on board. We feasted on an abundance of fish, which the boys would catch and sell very cheap, but soon our pleasant sojourn came to an end by the regiment being ordered to Huntsville, Ala., on June 15th, 1864, to rejoin its division and take up the line of march for Atlanta, Ga. On the day mentioned, the 26th broke camp and marched about fifteen miles, when it encamped near

Madison Station. On June 16th, Huntsville twelve miles distant, was reached and a camp established with the balance of our division.

June 22d, 1864, the entire division marched on the Burnsbury road for about eleven miles. June 23d, moved sixteen miles to Paint Rock creek. June 24th, marched seventeen miles, passing through Larkinsville, Ala., and bivouacked near Scotsburg, where a caisson of the 12th Wisconsin Battery exploded, killing seven men; one man of the first brigade was accidentally shot and killed and two men of the second brigade died of sunstroke.

On June 28th we marched eighteen miles on the Stephenson road, bivouacking on Crow creek, three miles from Stephenson, Ala., and on the evening of June 27th boarded the cars at Stephenson for Chattanooga, Tenn., arriving there the next day, June 28th.

At this time I received orders from General Stedman to take charge of seventeen hundred head of beef cattle and deliver them to General Sherman's army at Marietta. It was considered a very risky undertaking for one regiment to protect so many cattle on a several days' march through the enemy's country, and I so informed General Stedman, who stated that he was aware of that fact, and made an order for about three hundred men then at Dalton to accompany the expedition. These men belonged to different commands which had been left there on the sick list, but were then able for duty.

The same day we marched three miles in the country to where the cattle were in corral, and on June 30th we spent the entire day in getting ready for the march, by arranging wagons, ox teams, tents, camp equipage etc., be-

longing to the cattle drivers. Receipts were given for everything—cattle, oxen, ox yokes, wagons, tents, camp kettles, plates, knives, forks, cups, spoons, etc., and all must be accounted for at the end of the march.

The officers and men felt "blue" over the prospect before them, knowing that they would be subjected to the chances of a raid by the enemy's cavalry, causing the cattle to stampede and in that event they would rush over us and trample many to death.

On the morning of July 1st. the regiment moved forward on the journey of seventy-five miles. Part of the 26th Missouri was placed in front of the cattle, a few soldiers marched on either side of the road in the woods, some distance from the road, in order to prevent a surprise, and the remainder of the men were in the rear of the wagons, having the cattle in the middle. So the march commenced, the cattle drivers whooping and halloing with sufficient loudness as to be heard for miles. Many of the cattle were poor and the weather so warm that quite a number of them gave out every day. With great effort these were driven along to a military station and turned over to a quartermaster, taking a receipt therefor, as all government property must be satisfactorily accounted for. The march was so timed that all the cattle were corraled within the lines of some army post every night while on the road.

Arriving at Dalton, July, 2d, 1864, we received our reinforcements, but instead of the 300 men promised, there were only 200 fit to undertake the march, and one officer. All had been off duty so long, and under no discipline whatever, that the reinforcements did not create a very favorable impression, but the best use had to be made of them. Two

or three officers of the 26th Missouri were placed in charge of them. Lieutenant Colonel McFall was instructed to be very strict with these men, and it seems that he was, for the next day some of them wanted to know if the Lieutenant Colonel "did not belong to the regulars." But in spite of our vigilance we had a great many stragglers by night. Next morning before resuming the march the command was re-organized by assigning an equal number of convalescents to each of the companies of the 26th. The officers did not enjoy the new order of things at first, but on being informed that it was for the good of the service they yielded a cheerful obedience, and we proceeded very nicely.

When the regiment went into camp for the night, the rear guard did not have a straggler in charge. The 26th marched twelve miles and then went into camp at Resaca, Ga. On July 3d, on account of the intense heat a six mile march only was made, and on July 4th, marched eleven miles, passing through Calhoun, camping within one mile of Adamsville, Ga. July 5th, an eleven mile march brought the regiment and its charge three miles east of Kingston, Ga., where a camp was made. July 6th, marched nine miles and encamped near Cartersville, Ga. On July 7th, the command marched through Allatoona Pass where a great battle had been fought a few days before. A visit was paid to the hospital at that place, where 1000 wounded of the 15th Army Corps and 400 of the 16th were being cared for.

On July 7th, the 26th Missouri marched about fifteen miles to Marietta, Ga., which was the end of a very hot journey. The regiment went into camp and turned over the cattle, wagons, etc., and resting until July 11th, the railroad cars were boarded, and the regiment rejoined the Division which was stationed at Cartersville, Ga.

The following order was received on July 20th:

HEADQUARTERS 3d DIV., 15TH A. C.
CENTERSVILLE, GA.

Col. Benjamin D. Dean, 26th Mo. Infantry:

SIR:—You will hold your command in readiness to go to the relief of Colonel Banbury, commanding the Post at Kingston, who is threatened with an attack of the enemy from the south of the Etawah river. Cars will be held at this point for you. By order of

BRIG. GEN. JOHN E. SMITH.
C. L. SMITH, Captain and Ass't. Adj't Gen.

The 26th Regiment was held in readiness at the depot for a few hours, but Colonel Dean received a dispatch notifying him that his command was not needed. The regiment returned to camp and remained on duty until July 24th, when the following order was received:

HEADQUARTERS 3d DIV., 15TH A. C.
CENTERSVILLE, GA., July 24th.

Col. Benjamin D. Dean, 26th Mo. Infantry:

SIR:—You will move with your command to Kingston, Ga., and relieve the 5th Iowa Infantry, stationed on the Etawah river, and will assume command of the post of Kingston, Ga., and 3d Brig., 3d Div., 15th A. C. and relieve Col. J. Banbury, who will report to his regiment for duty. By order of

BRIG. GEN. JOHN E. SMITH.

Next day the 26th Missouri arrived at Kingston and the regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. McFall, was sent to the Etawah river and stationed at Gillam's and Woolridge's bridges, two miles from Kingston. The planks or floors of these bridges were taken up and piled on our side of the river and big piles of dry stuff laid up against them ready

to burn at a moment's notice. The 93d Illinois and the 10th Iowa were at Kingston, distributed along the railroad. The enemy had frequently dashed in and captured the pickets.

Watch was kept day and night both in and outside of the lines. Quite a number of non-combatant rebels, inside the lines, were trying to give information to the enemy, notwithstanding their professed friendship. They were being fed with Union rations, and one "old rebel gent," who professed loyalty, was especially under suspicion. Several of the boys disguised themselves in rebel clothes and called on him at night. The boys inquired how the "Yanks" were fixed, and he replied that they had "stacks of rations at Kingston," and gave the number of Union soldiers at Kingston, the Etawah river, and the different block houses. The disguised Union soldiers then left the "old rebel gent," who evidently believed that he had done the Confederates a great favor, but to his surprise next morning, the same boys dressed in blue, called at his home and escorted him to headquarters. I gave him quite a lecture, and sent him outside of the lines across the river, with strict injunctions, that if he was ever caught inside the Union lines, he would be shot as a spy.

About July 30th, one of the Union wagon trains was attacked by the Confederate cavalry not far from Kingston. On hearing the firing, a force of cavalry was sent out and the infantry ordered to follow. We met the train guard coming in to Kingston, having abandoned the wagons, and the force was able to save the teams, with the exception of one or two mules which had to be shot. The enemy saw the approach of the Union troops and made good their escape.

Forage for the horses having become scarce, I decided that an effort should be made to find some over the Etawah river on the enemy's side, and accordingly a strong detail from the 26th Missouri replaced the planks on the bridge at Gillam's, and wagons were sent over. They had gone only a short distance when a Confederate lady friend ran up to me and said that the men would surely be captured. The 26th Missouri boys, however, did not believe her, and stated that they "could whip their weight in wild cats" and over into the enemy's territory they went, and safely returned with several loads of corn.

The following correspondence explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIG., 3D DIV., 15TH A. C.
KINGSTON, GA., Aug. 14, 1864.

Gen. William Vandever, Rome, Ga.:

SIR:—The enemy's cavalry is annoying my outposts very much and I have not sufficient cavalry to cope with him. Can you send me a few for a short time?

B. D. DEAN, Col. Commanding.

ROME, GA., Aug. 15, 1864.

Major General Sherman:

SIR:—Colonel Dean sends to me for reinforcements.

WM. VANDEVER, Brig. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIV., 15TH A. C.
CARTERSVILLE, GA., Aug. 15, 1864.

Colonel B. D. Dean:

SIR:—If there is a train of empty cars at Kingston send it to Rome at once. Write to commanding officer to send by direction of General Sherman two of his best infantry regiments with 100 rounds of ammunition per man. A

train guard of fifty men should be sent with it. Hold your command ready to move on receipt of orders.

JOHN E. SMITH, Brig. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIV., 15TH A. C.
CARTERSVILLE, GA., Aug. 15, 1864.

Brigadier General Vandever:

SIR:—By direction of Major General Sherman you will send at once to Colonel Dean at Kingston, Ga., two of the best and largest regiments of your command. They will be supplied, before starting, with 100 rounds of ammunition per man and three days' rations.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. SMITH, Brig. Gen.

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HEADQUARTERS 3D DIV., 15TH A. C.
CARTERSVILLE, GA., Aug. 26, 1864.

Col. Benjamin D. Dean, commanding at Kingston:

COL:—You will send out, Tuesday next, 28th inst., 60 picked men with three days' rations and 40 rounds of ammunition, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Buswell, to scout the country south and west of the Etawah river, and co-operate with a party of 200, under the command of Colonel Heath, coming up from Dallas to Euharlee. All suspicious persons will be arrested by Colonel Buswell and brought in for such disposal as their conduct merits.

By order of

BRIG. GEN. JOHN E. SMITH.

CARL L. WHITE, Ass't. Adj't. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIG., 3D DIV., 15TH A. C.
KINGSTON, GA., Aug. 26, 1864.

Lieut.-Col. N. Buswell:

SIR:—You will select 60 of your best men, with three

days' rations and 40 rounds of ammunition per man, to scout the country south and west of the Etawah river, and co-operate with a party of 200 cavalry under command of Col. Heath, coming up from Dallas to Eubarlee. You will arrest all suspicious persons and bring them to these headquarters.

COL. B. D. DEAN, Col. commanding.
CAPT. R. MCKEE, Ass't Adj't Gen.

On October 12th, 1864, a dispatch was received from Atlanta that General Hood had evacuated that place and was moving north. It was his intention to attack the Post at Kingston, for the purpose of securing the large quantity of commissary stores located there. The troops were set at work building a fort in order to defend themselves and the depot. The work continued night and day until the fort was completed. It was defended by two pieces of artillery, and the earthworks were additionally strengthened by cotton bales. The fort was also surrounded by rifle pits, so arranged that the men could be relieved from the fort without being exposed to the enemy's fire. A palisade was erected around the entire works, which made everything ready for the attack.

The following order from General Sherman was received:

IN THE FIELD NEAR ATLANTA, GA.

October 15, 1864.

Col. Dean, commanding Post at Kingston, Ga.

SIR:—You will cause the two bridges across the Etawah river to be burned.

MAJ. GEN. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS 3RD BRIG., 3^D DIV., 15TH A. C.

Lieut. Col. John McFall, commanding 26th Mo., Etawah river:

SIR:—You will, on receipt of this order, burn both bridges across the Etawah river.

B. D. DEAN, Colonel.

CAPT. R. MCKEE, Ass't Adj't Gen.

General Hood prepared to attack Allatoona, and dispatched a whole rebel division, under French, to capture it. General Sherman, aware of his designs, sent a signal from the distant Kenesaw mountains to General Corse, who was in command of Rome, to take his brigade, and move with the utmost speed to Allatoona and hold it against all opposition until he himself could arrive with help.

Pushing forward by railroad, General Corse reached the place with about two thousand men, arriving a little after midnight on the west side of the fortification. Just as Hood's skirmishers approached on the east, the enemy made an assault but were unsuccessful. The rebel General sent a flag of truce to General Corse and demanded a surrender: Then followed another unsuccessful assault, and another flag of truce with a demand for a surrender. General Corse informed the messenger that if Hood sent another flag of truce on such a mission, he would shoot him. They made another assault and were again repulsed. Maddened by their failure, a rebel officer procured a torch and attempted to fire the depot filled with rations. A negro servant saw him, and grasping a dead soldier's rifle, shot the rebel officer dead.

Hood abandoned his efforts of capturing the position

and marched around, but Sherman, anxious about Allatoona, hastened forward, and reached the top of the Kenesaw, eighteen miles distant. He says, "I could see the smoke of battle and hear the faint sound of artillery." He immediately pushed forward a brigade, and flew his signal, telling Corse to "hold the fort" for he was coming. But General Corse had too much on his hands to be looking out for signals. He knew without them that Sherman was hurrying forward troops to his relief as fast as they could march.

Our garrison at Kingston anxiously listened to the roar of the artillery, fully knowing if Hood crushed Corse the rebel horde would appear in our front the next day. Yet we felt confident that we could hold out until Sherman was on to them. We were more anxious about Allatoona than ourselves, as we were well fixed.

A writer says: "The fight was kept up, and the smoke of battle wrapped the combatants, while far away on the serene heights of Kenesaw stood Sherman flying his signals and watching through his glass to see if they were answered. For a long time they waved unheeded, but at last an answer came, and he knew then that while Corse lived, the rebel force would never have Allatoona. At three o'clock in the afternoon the rebel general gave it up—for, repulsed in every attack he saw he was only increasing his piles of dead, and ordered his bugles to sound retreat."

Next day Hood passed by our outposts, and we exchanged a few shots with him. We had large quantities of commissary stores at Kingston, and Hood was well aware of that fact, but he was discreet enough to know that it would cost him too much to capture them.

Sherman hurrying forward his army passed through Alatoona to Kingston in pursuit of Hood, which he reached on October 6th.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND STAFF DINE WITH COL. DEAN.

We issued rations to Sherman's army from our commissary stores. General Sherman and staff took dinner with me, and the General remarked that "Hood would be very glad to eat such a good dinner." Sherman had telegraphed me when he would arrive in Kingston, and I ordered my cook to prepare the best dinner possible, and the menu was certainly all that could be desired.

Sherman said that he would follow Hood until Thomas got hold of him, and then would return and make ready to march to the sea. He declared that he "would not hunt up anybody to fight with, but whatever came in his way he would knock out." Sherman returned to Kingston after his pursuit of Hood and was my guest for several days.

On November 4th, 1864, our brigade was ordered to Cartersville to rejoin our Division and make preparations for the grand "march to the sea." Here our brigade, (the 3d,) was consolidated with the 2d Brigade, in command of General Green B. Raum. Our brigade, consisting of the 26th Missouri, 93d Illinois, 10th and 5th Iowa, had become very much reduced in numbers by the expiration of terms of enlistment, killed and wounded, about one-half of the latter-named regiment being captured at Mission Ridge.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

From Cartersville we sent north all of our sick, those that were not considered able to march, and all of our surplus baggage. We were to march into the enemy's country with just what we had and what little we could gather up in the country, and nothing more. Supplies could not be sent to us, no matter how much we needed them, and no one could know our wants and sufferings save Sherman and his army. We were for a time at least to be lost to the world.

Some of our northern newspapers said we would be utterly destroyed by the enemy, but Sherman and his army were not dismayed, as they had heard that kind of stuff before. Letters were mailed to our dear ones at home; some sent valuables and keepsakes, and told them they would not hear from us again until we opened communication by the sea.

At this place an accident occurred that deprived the 26th Missouri of two valuable officers—Captain John T. Crowe and Lieutenant James T. Berry, Regimental Quartermaster. An upper porch gave way and these two officers fell to the ground, and were so severely injured that they were sent back. With regrets they departed from us on the last train going north.

Sherman had moved his army by easy marches back to the neighborhood of Smyrna camping ground, sent all sur-

plus artillery and baggage to Chattanooga, put Kilpatrick's cavalry force in the best possible condition, ordered Corse, at Rome, to burn every thing that could be of service to the enemy, and, at the same time destroy all the railroads in and around Atlanta, and finally ordered all the garrisons north of Kingston to fall back to Chattanooga, taking with them the public property and railroad stock, and the rails from Resaca, saving the latter for future use. A historian says, "he thus rapidly and effectually cut himself clear from the outer world, and stripped himself for the race."

"Rome was first burned; and a thousand bales of cotton, two flour mills, two tanneries, a foundry, machine shops, store-houses and bridges were set on fire, making a fearful conflagration. The soldiers, seeing the work of destruction commenced, applied the torch to the private dwellings, and soon the flames leaped and roared through the murky atmosphere, lighting up the nightly heavens with a lurid glare, and flooding field and mountain in flame.

"A few days after, Atlanta shared the same fate. The Michigan engineers were detailed to effect its destruction. A foundry, worth half a million of dollars, was first in a blaze, then an oil refinery, followed by a freight ware house in which were stored several bales of cotton. The depot, turning-tables, freight sheds, and stores around, were soon a fiery mass. The heart was burning out of beautiful Atlanta.

"A stone ware-house was blown up by a mine. Quartermasters ran away, leaving large stores behind. The men plunged into the houses, broke windows and doors with their muskets, dragging out armfuls of clothes, tobacco, and whiskey which was more welcome than all the rest. The

men dressed themselves in new clothes and then flung the rest into the fire.

"At a distance the city seemed overshadowed by a cloud of black smoke, through which, now and then, darted a gushing flame of fire, or projectiles hurled from the burning ruin.

"The sun looked, through the hazy cloud, like a blood-red ball of fire; and the air, for miles around, felt oppressive and intolerable. The Tyre of the South was laid in ashes, and the 'Gate City' was a thing of the past.

"On the 12th of November, Sherman stood detached from all its communications ready to move. His army was composed of four corps; the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, constituting the right wing, under Major General O. O. Howard; the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, constituting the left wing, under Major General H. W. Slocum, making an aggregate strength of sixty thousand infantry, with one cavalry division of five thousand and five hundred men, under Brigadier General Judson Kilpatrick, and the artillery reduced to the minimum, one gun per one thousand men.

"The whole force was moved rapidly, and grouped about Atlanta on the 14th of November."

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Rations were loaded in wagons and consisted of bread or hard tack, coffee, sugar, beans, salt, etc., and meat in beef cattle to be driven, and were called "rations on the hoof." The hoof rations our boys would frequently refer to in a very jocular manner. Before we got to the sea our crackers had a good many "skippers" in them, and when the boys saw them crawling about, they would shout: "Here's your rations on the hoof!"

Saturday, November 12th, 1864, our Division marched from Cartersville, Ga., passing through Ackweth and camped for the night three miles beyond said place, distance fifteen miles. Sunday, 13th, marched fifteen miles. Monday, 14th, marched sixteen miles and camped one mile west of Atlanta. Tuesday, 15th, marched sixteen miles. Wednesday, 16th, marched seventeen miles. Thursday, 17th, marched at 6 a. m., passed through Jackson, Ga. and made about twenty-three miles. Friday, November 18th, marched at 6. a. m., crossing the Oconee river on pontoons: made about six miles. Saturday, November 19th, marched at 6. a m.; made thirteen miles. Sunday, November 20th, marched at 7:30 a. m. and made fifteen miles. Monday, November 21st, marched at 7 a. m. Tuesday, November 22d, marched at 12 m. Reached Gordon, Ga., at 8 p. m. Wednesday, November 23d, remained in camp at Gordon, Ga. Thursday, November 24th, changed camp about one-half mile. Friday, November 25th, marched to Irvington, thirteen miles. Saturday, November 26th, marched at 8 a. m. on the road to the Oconee river, making about thirteen miles. Sunday, November 27th, marched at 8 a. m., and when we were nearing the crossing of the Oconee river, we heard very brisk firing on our front and we supposed that our advance was having an engagement with the enemy on the opposite side of the Oconee river, who were trying to prevent our crossing, and of course the 26th Missouri boys felt inspired with thoughts of following the example of Alexander the Great and his army by plunging into the river, swimming across and whipping the enemy. To our surprise, and perhaps satisfaction, when we reached the river there was no enemy in sight, but we found the troops in our

front were shooting a large number of worn out and crippled mules and horses. In this campaign it was the policy to leave nothing behind that the enemy could use against us.

Our departure from Atlanta had occasioned a tremendous sensation all over the Confederacy. The Georgia legislature had ordered a levy "en masse" of all the citizens of the state, and General Beauregard had followed with a volley of "General Orders," commanding the people to destroy all their property, to prevent our troops getting the benefit of it. The Southern papers, were full of hysterical shrieks—"we are drawing the Yankees into the swamps; when we get them far enough in, we will destroy every one of them." We had heard of that "drawing them on" business before. In fact, from 1861-1865 the Southern papers were continually telling their readers how Beauregard and Bragg and Johnson (though always victorious, according to their accounts) were always retreating, "just to draw the Yankees on!" Less frequently we captured one of our Northern papers, full of surmises, hopes and fears. It seems strange to us now, what importance was attached in the North to the operations of Wheeler's Cavalry, and the little squad of Georgia Militia, who once in a while got in our front, and pretended to fight "just a little." As a general thing the Bummers licked them before the head of the column got up.

In all this chaos of rebel doubt and uncertainty, the only man who showed the slightest signs of military ability or practical good sense, was General Hardee. He rapidly moved the Georgia Militia southwest to Albany, and after marching them sixty miles to Thomasville, took them into Savannah, (by way of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad.)

where he set them to work building intrenchments and cutting the dikes of the canals, in order to flood the rice swamps surrounding the city. At the same time Wheeler's Cavalry (Confederate) was ordered to get in Sherman's front, and delay by all means in his power, the advance of our army. As he was not even able to hold Kilpatrick in check, the ridiculousness of such an order reminds us of Ben Butler's laughable reply to some little fellow who tried to interrupt him while speaking in Congress. Old "Ben" just turned that "cock-eye" on him, and simply said, "Shoo fly!" and that's what our army said to Wheeler. We left Gordon after a couple of days' delay and crossed the Oconee on the 26th near Ball's Ferry, easily driving off a brigade of rebel cavalry who were attempting to prevent our crossing.

As one of the principal objects of this march was to break up the railroad communication between the east and the west Gen. Sherman made arrangements to have it thoroughly done. It was taken up in turn by the right and left wings, (as their routes brought them nearest the railroad) and from Griswoldville, near Macon, to Savannah, but little was left undestroyed. Generally a corps was detailed for the work, and as it was always one of the "center corps" (having a full corps marching on each flank,) it was safe from attack, excepting from front or rear. It was customary to divide the work as follows: The leading division marched without train, other than ammunition, and were always prepared to deploy in line of battle if necessary. The rear division protected and assisted the train, kept up stragglers and guarded the rear. The center division, with such further assistance as the length of the march rendered necessary, deployed along the track, on ground that had previously

been assigned by the Chief Engineer equally to each brigade, and in turn, each regiment had marked off to it the amount of track it was expected to tear up, and as soon as arms were stacked they went at it. The troops had supplied themselves, from some railroad section house, with a set of tools which answered the purpose admirably. They had picks and claw bars and a number of light sledges. They also had provided several blocks of "iron wood," or some similar hard wood, about four inches square. It was an easy matter to draw the spikes of the first rail on each side of the track up to the old fashioned "chair," where the rails joined. The rail was then raised by strong arms until the block could be put under it, close to the "chair." Then the rail was dropped, and the leverage on the block drew out the "chair," and nearly all the spikes on the next rail. The spikes were knocked out of the "chair," and the rails rolled to each side of the road bed. Other detachments pulled up the ties, placing them in piles, built up like a cob house, and fence rails, pine knots, or anything that would act as kindling wood, was placed inside the piles, and the rails laid flat on every other pile and a fire started under that pile. This process would be repeated until all the track assigned to the regiment was torn up, when the boys would proceed to boil their coffee on the red hot rails, and eat their dinner, if they had any.

About this time the Engineer Corps detail would come along and complete the work. Their tools were very simple, consisting of a broad, flat hook and two or three links of a strong chain, ending with a round ring. Making the hook fast to the flange, they carried the links first under and then over the rail. A stout handspike was inserted in the open

ring, and strong men, one at each end, twisted in opposite directions. As the rail was red hot about two-thirds of its length, it looked like a stick of twisted candy when we were through with it, and was of no further use for railroad purposes. The engineers then lighted the fire in the other pile, which had been left unburned for their comfort, and passed on with their work. There were other methods in vogue, such as wrapping the hot rails about trees, twisting them together in long links, etc. The cavalry rarely did more than turn the track over and set fire to the ties, which accounted for their raids being of so little value in this line. The job most thoroughly despised, was train and rear guard duty. The wagons went along "steady by jerks" all day, and the unfortunate rear guard was lucky if it reached camp before nine p. m., very tired and thoroughly disgusted. The division that was rear guard one day was always "in advance" the next, this latter position being considered by far the most desirable. Our road, after leaving Gordon, ran mostly along ridges covered with large pitch pine trees, and was always good, excepting when crossing creeks or branches. There were plenty of pine knots lying around, and our camps at night were brilliant with the lightwood illumination, and generally very musical, especially if the foragers had brought in a good supply of apple-jack or peach brandy. Frequently whole divisions would march through the forest carrying these lighted pine knots, and it produced a novel and weird spectacle never to be forgotten.

General Sherman took great interest in the destruction of the railroad, and as he rode along the line watching the work, and looking like anybody excepting the commanding General, the boys, who always hailed him as "Uncle Billy,"

had a great many remarks to make as to our destination. He always took everything good naturedly, but I never heard of any one getting any information on that subject.

When one, more daring than the rest, remarked, "I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond, Uncle Billy," he only laughed, and suggested "a little more twist on that rail."

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, and Monday, November 28th, marched at 7 a. m., making about eighteen miles. Tuesday, November 29th, we passed through a beautiful country abounding in forests, but made no roads and marched about sixteen miles. Wednesday, December 1st, started at 8 a. m. and marched through an unsettled pine region, interspersed with numerous swamps and sloughs, and only made about seven or eight miles. Friday, December 2d, marched through a settled country, but like the day before we encountered many swamps and mires which prevented us from marching but a few miles. Saturday, December 3d, we remained in camp. Sunday, December 4th, marched at 6:30 a. m., and when some of the enemy's cavalry appeared in our front, we formed in line of battle, threw forward a line of skirmishers, fired a few shots and the enemy soon disappeared. Tuesday, December 6th, remained in camp on Frank Brannon's plantation. Wednesday, December 7th, started at 9 a. m. and found the roads very bad most of the way. Considerable rain fell in the forenoon, and in consequence marched only nine or ten miles. Thursday, December 8th, remained in camp. Friday, December 9th, started at 6:30 a. m., crossed the Ogeechee river and canal, making about fifteen miles. Saturday, December 10th, marched at 6 a. m. on the canal road to-

ward Savannah, and when within about three miles of that place we encountered the enemy's pickets. During the afternoon and night our troops were engaged in throwing up breastworks.

On Sunday, December 11th, at six in the morning, we got four guns in position and commenced shelling the enemy, which was vigorously returned. At 8 a. m. we moved three miles to the rear, remaining until 7 p. m., when we made another move of six miles, running the enemy's batteries at night.

One incident, I may recall, as showing General Sherman's prompt method of dealing with what he considered violations of the laws of war. When nearing the city it was found that the main road at a certain point had been planted with torpedoes, and several of our men were killed and wounded. General Sherman promptly ordered the prisoners to be brought to the front, and forced them at the point of the bayonet, to march in advance of the troops until the danger was passed. He then paroled an officer and sent him through the lines with a message of such a character that this act was not repeated.

During this whole march we had fared sumptuously on the good things brought in by our foragers, and had lacked for nothing. Sweet potatoes and chickens were "ripe," and I am sure we thought those hams, cured with but little salt, were the nicest we had ever eaten. General Sherman had so timed his movement that the corn was all in the crib, and no time need be lost in gathering it. In all directions we found great stacks of corn fodder (the blades and tops alone) bound up in bundles like sheaf oats, and making the nicest of forage for our animals. The quartermaster would

seize the numerous mills along the route, and delaying the rear division a little, would grind the best of meal for the use of our troops.

The boys developed various ingenious methods to get the corn out of the crib. A favorite plan was to drive a wagon up close to the crib side, and raise the wagon cover on that side. Boards were then knocked off the side of the crib, and a line of men, lying on their backs, would draw their feet up and kick the corn into the wagon, filling it in less time than it takes to write it. By repeating this process through the other side of the crib, its contents were speedily placed in our wagons, and on its way to the mill. In fact, one day a line of empty wagons was seen to draw out of the marching column, which were so speedily loaded in this manner that they were able to get back without losing their place in the line.

So much has been written of the actions and appearance of the "Bummers" that there could probably be nothing new or interesting added, but the 26th Missouri contingent to that most enterprising corps, were fully alive to their duties, and if anything eatable, or drinkable or rideable, got away from them, no one ever heard of it.

The Bummers became more daring as they gained experience, and were really more valuable than cavalry in protecting our front and flank. At one point, before we reached Millen, the troops met considerable resistance from Wheeler's Cavalry at the crossing of a little creek, and had deployed to support the skirmishers. Suddenly a great commotion was seen among the enemy, and they broke back on the run.

After crossing a wide swamp, we came to a small vil-

lage about two miles further on, and found the main street filled with burning wagons. The citizens said that the Bummers flocked in from all directions, drove off the guard, plundered the wagons of whatever they wanted, and burned the rest. When the Confederate cavalry got back half an hour later, not a man was in sight. If you happened to see a long line of men, deployed like skirmishers, marching across a field, with guns reversed, and at every step jabbing the bayonet in the ploughed ground, they were not "crazy" they were only hunting buried provisions, or other valuables.

Strenuous endeavors were made to capture them. (the Bummers) whenever we laid down the pontoons to cross a stream, but they would either build a bridge of their own, or swim their stock over, and as a matter of fact, they were not gotten rid of until at Goldsboro, N. C., the "Grand Commander" handed in his resignation to General Sherman in person. His identity was never fully established, but there is no manner of doubt that he was a power, generally for good, in the army.

Monday, December 12th, we moved seven or eight miles around towards Fort McAllister. We were out of hard tack for a few days but had plenty of sugar, coffee, salt, and beef on the hoof, and here we found any quantity of unhulled rice, but our boys pounded or ground the hull off in wooden mortars. With the rice thus prepared, we boiled it with our beef, which ate very well, although it was not very rich as the beef had marched with us from Atlanta to the sea. We were now near the sea shore and seven miles from Fort McAllister. We could see one or two of our vessels in the distance, on the sea, lying at anchor, but the enemy were in possession of Fort McAllister, which was

garrisoned by about two hundred men, and had an ornament of three ten-inch, three or four eight-inch Columbiads, and two thirty-two pound Parrots, in all twenty-four guns.

The second division of our corps, the 15th, was detailed to capture Fort McAllister, and as J. T. Headley, the historian, gives an interesting account of the battle, it is here reproduced:

“Sherman now began to close gradually but steadily in upon the city. But he had no siege guns, for only field artillery could be taken in the long and difficult march across the state of Georgia. The former he must get up from the fleet in Ossabaw Sound or the city could not be taken. But Fort McAllister, that had twice repulsed an attack by our iron-clads, commanded the entrance of the Ogeechee river, effectually preventing the ascent of our vessels. Its capture, therefore, was indispensable to success. It is singular that the enemy did not see this and strengthen its garrison and defenses landward. But thinking the great danger was from the fleet, they left a garrison of less than three hundred men to hold it.

“Sherman, aware of this, resolved by one bold stroke to seize it, and the gallant Hazen was selected with his tried division to carry it by assault. This division, the 2d, was Sherman's old division of the 15th Corps, which was the corps he spoke so proudly of after the battle of Missionary Ridge. When he sent word to his old favorite division that he expected them to take Fort McAllister, they were as delighted, says an officer, as though ‘he had sent them a wagon load of brandy.’

“On the 12th, Sherman sent for Hazen and told him

what he wanted him to do. In a half-hour this gallant officer was off with his division, and by night reached King's bridge, ten miles from the fort. The next morning he kept till within a mile of it, when he halted. Selecting nine regiments with which to make the assault, he moved them forward to within six hundred yards of the works. The fort stood on the right bank of the Ogeechee, just where the firm land and sea-marsh join. Between him and it, stretched an open space more than a third of a mile wide, planted thick with torpedoes and swept by artillery, across which in broad daylight, the storming force must march before they could reach the ramparts. These were surrounded by a heavy abatis, and beyond it was a deep ditch, along which were driven high, strong palisades. Sherman was well aware of the desperate nature of the undertaking, and designed to have the fleet co-operate in the attack, so as to draw off a part of the hostile force from Hazen. He had gone down the river with Howard, and was at this time standing on the top of a rice mill, three miles off, on the opposite side of the stream, anxiously watching for the appearance of the expected gunboat, for he had not heard from the fleet since Colonel Duncan set off to communicate with it. At length he saw the smoke of a steamer seaward and exclaimed, 'See, Howard, there is the gunboat.' In a short time its signal waved, 'Is Fort McAllister ours?' 'No,' was the answering signal from the rice mill. 'Can you assist?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'what shall we do?' The thunder of the guns from the fort announcing that the struggle had commenced, rendered a reply unnecessary.

"Hazen had sent forward some sharpshooters to within two hundred yards of the fort to clear the parapets while he

got his lines in position. This was attended with a good deal of difficulty on the right, where the marsh was soft, and crossed by a lagoon, and caused Hazen much solicitude. He saw this signal flying from the top of the rice mill, three miles away: '*The fort must be taken at all hazards, to-night!*' and yet the sun was then almost touching the rim of the western horizon. He knew that Sherman and Howard were both watching him through their glasses, that Savannah was the stake at issue, and hence could not but feel the fearful responsibility under which he was to fight the coming battle. His anxiety was depicted on his grave countenance, yet every lineament was fixed and stern as fate itself. At length he saw his line in position, when he called the nearest bugler to him, and ordered him to sound the '*Attention.*' The prolonged warning notes swept along the waiting line and died in faint echoes over the sea. '*Sound it again,*' he exclaimed, and again the well known strain stirred every heart and called the foe to the ramparts. '*Sound it again!*' cried Hazen in sterner accents, and for the third time the appealing notes swept in soft cadences over the plain, making each soldier clutch his musket with a firmer grasp. Now, shouted Hazen, in tones that made the bugler start, '*Sound the forward!*'

"The shrill, rapid notes shook the excited line as a sudden wind-gust the tree tops, and the next moment, with a loud and ringing cheer, it bounded forward. In an instant the guns of the fort opened, sweeping all the level space the brave fellows must traverse, with a horrible fire. Breasting this without flinching, they came upon torpedoes, buried in the sand, that exploded to their tread, sending men, mangled and torn, into the air. Heedless of these, as of the

fire in front, they kept unhesitatingly on their terrible way, moving on the double-quick, until, at length, they reached the abattis. Pulling this apart by main strength, they stormed through it and reached the ditch. Seizing the strong palisades here, they wrenched them fiercely out, and making a gap, poured through it with loud shouts, and mounted the parapets.

"Sherman stood on the rice-mill watching all this through his glass, with emotions that can but faintly be imagined. As the blue line swept steadily onward, he exclaimed, 'How grandly they advance! not a waver!' With his eye still glued to that unwavering line, he, in a few seconds again exclaimed, 'Look, Howard! see that flag in the advance; how steadily it moves! not a man falters. Grand, grand!' After a short pause, he cried, 'The flag still goes forward; there is no flinching there.' But in a few seconds, he said, in an altered tone, 'Look, it has halted! They waver.' But as the smoke lifted a moment, he almost shouted, 'No, its the parapet. There they go again, right over it! See, there is a flag on the works! another! another! It's ours! The fort is ours!'

"The firing ceased; the rebel flag came down; the stars and stripes went up; the glass dropped, and a smile lighted up his features, for he well knew what a shout was going up from those smoking, bloody ramparts—and exclaiming, 'Savannah is ours,' he seized a slip of paper, and wrote a dispatch to the Government, closing with, 'I regard Savannah as already gained.' Calling one of his aids, he said, 'Captain, have a boat ready, I must go over there.' Swift rowers were soon pulling him across the river, and just at dark he walked into the fort, his face aglow with enthusi-

asm, and seizing Hazen by the hand, overwhelmed him with praises, as well he might, for Hazen had captured Savannah for him, and thus made his Georgia campaign the decisive movement of the war."

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Our cracker line was not yet open. The approach by the sea was also laid with torpedoes, which took a few days to remove.

On Wednesday, December 14th, I visited Fort McAlister in company with General Green B. Raum and others. We went most of the way in a yawl on the big Ogeechee river, and secured some relics from the fort.



SURRENDER OF SAVANNAH.

Sherman now communicated with the fleet, and going on board the Admiral's flag-ship—the Harvest Moon—arranged with General Foster to send some siege ordnance from Hilton Head. After consulting with Dahlgren he returned to his lines at Savannah.

The reports of the division commanders on the condition of things, made him determine, the moment the siege guns arrived from Port Royal, to assault the enemy's works. A number of thirty-pounder Parrott guns having reached King's bridge, he, on the 17th, sent in a formal demand for the surrender of the city, which Hardee rejected. He now made further reconnoissances, and ordered Slocum to get in position siege guns, and make everything ready for the final assault, at the earliest moment. He also established a division of troops, under Foster, on the neck between the Coosawhatchie and Tullimnee rivers, where his artillery could reach the railroad, and then started for Port Royal, in person, to get reinforcements for him, so that he could assault and carry the railroad, and thus obtain possession of the Union Causeway, from the direction of Port Royal. This was the plank road on the South Carolina shore, which once occupied, would complete the investment of Savannah.

He put to sea on the night of the 20th, but a gale of wind arising, it was deemed impossible to get over the Ossa-

baw Bar, and the vessel, the Harvest Moon, ran into the Tybee to make the passage through the inland channel into Warsaw Sound, and thence through Romney Marsh. But the ship, caught in the ebb-tide, could not make the passage, and Dahlgren took him in his tug toward Vernon river. To his surprise, Sherman received, on the way, a message from his adjutant, Captain Dayton, stating that Savannah was evacuated, and our troops already in possession of the enemy's lines. He immediately hurried back, and on the morning of the 22nd, rode into the city of Savannah.

The surrender of the place was made to Geary, who was placed in command of the city. Sherman sent the following terse dispatch to the President:—"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." There proved to be thirty-eight thousand bales. Three steamers were also captured, besides locomotives, cars, etc., and eight hundred prisoners.

The 26th Missouri remained in camp at this point until December 21st. On December 18th, Companies E and F were mustered out by reason of the expiration of their term of service. They started for home via Hilton Head, South Carolina and New York.

On Wednesday, December 21st, at 1:30 p. m., they marched in the direction of Savannah, a distance of fourteen miles by wagon road, and arrived in the city at 5:30 p.m. Thursday, December 22d, changed camp, and on Saturday, December 24th, took part in the review of the army in the city of Savannah.

On Monday, December 26th, detailed Captain Wm. H.

Mengel with a squad of men and a wagon to go to the seashore and procure oysters. The captain sent back word that he had found too many oysters for one wagon, and asked that another be sent. The request was granted, and the squad returned in the evening with two wagon loads of oysters. The bivalves were shoveled out in camp, and the boys enjoyed a grand feast of oysters raw, oysters stewed and oysters fried.

All of the non-veterans with the commissioned officers of the regiment who had not been previously mustered out of the service, were mustered out January 9th, 1865, except the officers of Companies H and I and the Adjutant.

On January 10th, 1865, we took our leave of the army and embarked on the steamer for home, by the way of Hilton Head, South Carolina and New York, but we were forced to remain at the former place until about January 14th, on account of the inability to secure a seagoing vessel. The steamer, "Star of the South," was ultimately secured and our journey homeward was accomplished.





CAPT. WM. M. ROBINSON,
Co. A, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CAPT. WILLIAM M. ROBINSON was born in Port Byron, N. Y., removed to St. Louis, Mo., in 1858, and practiced law with Governor Thos. C. Fletcher, until the breaking out of the war.

With Captain Welker he raised Company B, and was commissioned First Lieutenant. He did staff duty under Generals Hamilton and Smith. In June, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company A, and served as such until

the company was mustered out. Though frequently selected for staff appointments, it was his desire and pleasure to be with his company, and make it, as it was, a first-class skirmish command. General Boomer, in 1863, said of him: "He has been in the field since September 10th, 1861; was in every battle and skirmish in which either the regiment or flanking companies have been engaged; has behaved with noted coolness and ability on every occasion, and particularly distinguished himself at Iuka and Corinth."

Captain Robinson has lived for the past twenty years in Grand Rapids, Mich., where he is now successfully engaged in the timber business.

HIS BUSINESS OPERATIONS.

The transaction in timber lands at the South during the past few years, have been remarked upon many times in the columns of the *Timberman*, and reference has frequently been made to the various timber land firms and agents, north and south, who have taken part in the location, purchase and sale of these lands from the start to syndicates and buyers throughout the country generally. It is our pleasure at this time to refer to the firm of Robinson & Lacey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who have perhaps conducted as large a trade in this business as any other firm. A few points in regard to the history of their operations, would prove interesting. The firm of Robinson & Lacey, was established in 1882 for the express purpose of operating in southern lands. William M. Robinson has been for many years engaged in the real estate business at Grand Rapids; and Mr. James D.

Lacey did business in the same city as a merchant and manufacturer.

Realizing the value of yellow pine and cypress they displayed their wisdom by going at once into the woods of the south and without hesitating took hold of the business in earnest. The members of the firm went into the woods with a large force of Michigan woodsmen, established camps, and estimated the whole pine belt of Louisiana and Mississippi by forties. As a result of this thorough going policy they have handled in the neighborhood of two million acres of land. They lived in the woods months at a time superintending the work of their men, and after duly locating and studying the field with a thoroughness that gave complete possession of the facts in regard to the section referred to, and the probable result of investments in those timber lands, they then divided their time between the timber section, and the capitalists of the north, and from the start, conducted very large transactions with investors.

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In connection with what we have said, it will be interesting to note that values of these yellow pine lands ranged at from 75 cents to \$1 and \$1.25 per acre, when Robinson & Lacey began operations, in Louisiana, nine years ago. Some of these lands have since sold as high as \$12 per acre and none are for sale at the present time at less than \$6 per acre, which fact demonstrates the profitableness of the investments of the gentlemen named above. In addition to this it may be said that some of these lands have been sold twice by Robinson & Lacey. They have also transacted considerable business in cypress stumpage and are now in posi-

tion to conduct large transactions in the cypress swamps of the Carolinas. The standing of the firm of Robinson & Lacey among the lumbermen is very high and their opinions and estimates go unquestioned.—*The Timberman.*



THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

BY LIEUT.-COL. T. M. RICE.

January 9th, 1865, the non-veterans of the regiment were mustered out with all the commissioned officers, except the officers of Companies H and I and the Adjutant, and the veterans were consolidated in two companies, H and I, and placed in command of the Adjutant as the ranking officer of the battalion.

During the latter part of January, 1865, with the 3d Division, 15th A. C., we crossed the Savannah river and marched to Pocotaloga, S. C., near the head of Beaufort bay. Thence with the 15th Corps we participated in the memorable march of Sherman through the Carolinas.

About the time this march commenced, a conference of Confederate officers was held near Augusta, Ga., for consultation in regard to proper means and measures to check Sherman's further advance. At this meeting were present Beauregard, Hardee, G. W. Smith and D. H. Hill, and as a result of their deliberations they decided that they could concentrate about 33,000 troops of all arms, for this purpose. They appear to have been somewhat misled as to the direction of Sherman's movement, and to have attached entirely

too much importance to natural obstacles, such as swamps, rivers, etc., in his way. It has been said that the opinion of these officers was decidedly in favor of transferring these troops rapidly to Petersburg, and hurling them against Grant's left flank, but they were over-ruled by the authorities at Richmond, who were unwilling to abandon so large a slice of territory without a struggle. We can only conjecture what might have been the result of such a movement, but it is evident now that it was the only plan that offered even a chance of success; the other alternative, Lee's withdrawal from Grant to join Johnston, being impracticable. The situation on the Union side was as follows: The collapse of Hood's campaign against Nashville had relieved the states of Kentucky and Tennessee from danger of invasion, and left Thomas' great army available for services elsewhere. Accordingly, Schofield and the 23d Corps were transferred to the east to take part in the movements being made to assist Sherman, while Thomas disposed the balance of his army, (which included a very large force of cavalry,) with a view to holding the country, and for rapid advance in the spring. A. J. Smith's command of the 16th Army Corps had been sent to assist Canby at Mobile, and a large cavalry command under General Wilson, moved down through central Alabama to attack Selma, and finish if possible, Forest and his command—in both of which they were successful.

The 23d Corps arrived in the east early in February, just after the capture of Fort Fisher by General Terry, with troops from the 10th Corps (directly following Gen. Butler's "powder ship expedition") and a portion of it was ordered to assist in the capture of Wilmington, which it was

thought might possibly be needed by Gen. Sherman as a base of supplies. This was accomplished February 22d, and Hoke's Division (Confederate) which had been defending the place, immediately joined Gen. Johnston. Meanwhile, other Union troops had advanced toward Kingston (on the direct road from Newberne to Goldsboro) which place they captured after a severe battle with the forces of Gen. Bragg, and ultimately reached Goldsboro, a couple of days before the arrival of Sherman's army.

The Confederate forces gathered to oppose our advance were considerably scattered, being unwilling to give up either Charleston or Augusta, both of which were threatened by Sherman's movement.

The Confederates fell back behind the South Edisto, taking position at Branchville. On February 7th we struck the railroad from Augusta to Charleston at Midway, and separated Hardee, and that place, from the rest of the Confederate forces. So far, we had advanced over roads, nearly every foot of which had to be "corduroyed." If "The March to the Sea" was distinguished for its railroad destruction, certainly the march through the Carolinas was made forever memorable by the miles of road we built!

In former campaigns, the trains had been allowed to get through as best they could; here, road making was a science. It became the custom, to detail one division of each corps to march with the trains, to make road, and act as rear-guard.

As soon as the train struck a mud-hole and stopped, the troops pushed forward until they reached the obstruction, when they came into line, and stacking arms, proceeded to fill the road with fence rails (if they were not to be had,

small trees were cut down) and over this solid, but rather rough causeway, the trains passed in safety. When the road sank in the mud, or became displaced, or worn out, it was renewed by succeeding detachments, and thus the long train rolled on, with scarcely a halt. This took place nearly every day, and I can assure you, the service was as heartily disliked, as it was promptly executed.

The North Edisto was crossed on the 12th and the branch railroad to Columbia struck at Orangeburg. On the 16th, a crossing was made, and pontoons laid over the Saluda, just above Columbia, which was soon occupied by a division of the 15th Corps. It had been previously taken by a detachment of the 13th Iowa Infantry, of Belknap's Brigade 17th Corps, who crossed the river in a leaky boat, carrying a stand of colors, and intending to forestall the 15th Corps in hoisting the flag over the State House! They were not successful in fully accomplishing their enterprise, as Wheeler's Cavalry had not yet left town, and "escorted" them back to the river on the double quick!

We witnessed the burning of Columbia. Gen. Sherman did what he could to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate citizens, and left them a herd of cattle for subsistence. I am afraid, however, that I cannot properly appreciate the hypocritical wailings of Wade Hampton, and other Confederate writers, in view of the fact, that none of them have ever expressed the slightest disapprobation of the destruction of Chambersburg, Pa., by Confederate cavalry. Nor did they seem to think anything wrong had been done, when Beauregard directed the people of Georgia to lay waste the whole country! And even the plundering of our Bummers was eclipsed by the wanton pillaging done by Wheel-

er's Cavalry, as can be easily proved by protests of southern citizens and other official papers, found among the Confederate records, and now on file at the war department.

When our troops entered the city, the next day, they were ordered down to assist in destroying railroad and rolling stock, among which were long trains containing Confederate notes and bonds, just fresh from the printing press, and which have since furnished the excuse to several Missourians to mention "when they were millionaires!"

On the 20th the whole army moved forward, passing through Winsboro and turning to the right toward the Great Pedee, at Cheraw. Kilpatrick, with some infantry support, pushed on some distance further to the north, on the road to Charlotte, N. C., to create the impression that the whole army was advancing in that direction, but he soon swung around into his proper position on the left flank of the army.

We crossed the Wateree on February 23d and pressed on toward Cheraw. We crossed numerous creeks, as a sample of the enterprise of the Bummers, the bridge over one of them (either Lynch or Black creek) was fortified, and held by them for two days, pending our arrival.

The whole army crossed the Pedee at Cheraw, and points above, and pushed straight for Fayetteville on the Cape Fear River, arriving on March 23d, where Sherman's consolidated army corps, consisting of the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th corps, moved upon Rolla to meet the Confederates under Johnson. Arrived at Rolla, N. C., about the 10th of April we learned of Gen. Lee's surrender and a few days afterward of the assassination of President Lincoln. The route was over a very swampy country, and "corduroying" our constant occupation, there was, however, but little resist-

ance, excepting from cavalry. Here, we first received notice of the appointment of Johnson to the command of the Confederates, and thenceforward expected much more energetic and systematic opposition. On March 9th, Wade Hampton, and a part of his cavalry, made a night attack on Kilpatrick, and gained some advantage by the surprise, but were finally driven off, after suffering considerable loss. It is said that Kilpatrick led his troopers to the charge, clad only in his night garments, and riding a bobtailed mule! As Gen. Hampton, who held the high rank of Lieut. General in the Confederate service, has seemed to attach much importance to this "skirmish," would it not be well to inquire, whether Kilpatrick did not violate the laws of war, by making an attack on the enemy with the flag of truce flying?

On May 13th we pulled out for Goldsboro, expecting to make that point without opposition, as it was supposed Johnson would not attempt to hold any position this side of Raleigh. Our Left Wing (14th and 20th Corps) moved up the river, as if threatening that city, while the Right Wing (15th and 17th Corps) moved straight for Goldsboro, marching on the Wilmington road. The Left Wing met with increasing resistance at Averasboro, and points beyond, which finally culminated at Bentonville, in a considerable battle, mostly between two divisions of the 14th Corps, under Carlin and Morgan, assisted by two brigades of the 20th Corps.

Gen. Johnson had placed his whole army, numbering some 25,000 men, in such a position that our Left Wing would be obliged to pass by the flank in front of it, for nearly three miles! There is no doubt that the Battle of Bentonville, was entirely unexpected by our Generals, and was an attempt by Johnson, who was a great student of military his-

tory, to imitate the tactics of Napoleon, and striking fiercely at each portion, endeavor to destroy the separated detachments before a concentration could be effected.

After the retreat of Johnson, our army marched into Goldsboro, crossing the Neuse at Cox's bridge. It was on this occasion that the Army of Bummers finally disbanded, and disappeared from history. Extraordinary efforts had been made to stop them at this point, and all unauthorized riders were summarily dismounted upon attempting to cross the pontoons. It was noticed, however, as the infantry was passing over, that there seemed to be nearly the usual number of mounted men charging about on the further shore. Gen. Sherman appeared to be very impatient at the slow progress of the crossing, and frequently expressed his feelings in language more forcible than polite.

At this time, it is said, a Bummer mounted on a raw-boned mule rode up, and after saluting profoundly, delivered himself as follows: "General Sherman, the chief of the Bummers sends his compliments, and has the honor to inform you that he has a d—d sight better bridge than yours, about half a mile above, which is entirely at your service," again saluting elaborately, disappeared in the crowd. I have been informed, that at the point indicated, a bridge was actually found composed of barges used in the transportation of resin, etc., which was planked over with boards from houses that had been torn down.

Gen. Sherman received his forces, as they entered the town, and had now under his command, an invincible army of 90,000 men. We remained here refitting, and drawing supplies of various kinds until April 10th, when the march was taken up for Raleigh, and the next day at Smithfield we

learned much to our joy, that Lee had surrendered, and the war was practically over!

Of the unfortunate "armistice," I need say but little, but we all remember the deep feeling of indignation Halleck's orders excited in Sherman's army. It only goes to exemplify to what an extent a "panic" can influence men, ordinarily calm, and with well balanced minds. At this time, it is almost incomprehensible to us that Secretary Stanton, the man of iron will, and usually correct judgment would have even suspected, much less charged Gen. Sherman with treasonable intent in negotiating this treaty! But so it was! and we have also been told, that had it not been for unfounded fears of the temper of Sherman's army, even more extreme measures would have been pursued.

As all these orders were issued through Gen. Halleck, he got the full benefit of the deep indignation provoked by them, and when our army passed through Richmond, they refused to even salute him, and marched by his headquarters (where he stood on the portico,) at a right shoulder shift! After Johnson's final surrender, our army returned to Raleigh and prepared for the march to Washington. From thence to our destination was uncertain. Some said we would go to Mexico to expel the French, while others thought we were bound for Red River to compel the surrender of Kirby Smith's command.

It is true, that the campaign from Atlanta to Raleigh, had offered but few opportunities for distinction in battle, and yet, it was the most remarkable in its results, of any within my knowledge. By it the grand strategy outlined by Grant in 1864 had been brought to a successful termination.

The mighty Army of the Potomac had done well its

part, and through battle and siege, though at times seemingly making little progress, had tenaciously clung to all it had gained and had finally held Lee and his army fast in their works at Petersburg. When Sherman's army occupied Columbia, the death knell of the Confederacy was sounded, and the inevitable result was visible to all, though the ruling powers at Richmond could not even then admit the idea of the necessity of surrender. The courage of northern manhood had been fully tested, and with few exceptions, our southern opponents had ceased to proclaim that "one southern soldier could whip four Yankees" (admitting which their cause was practically lost.) I have always felt entirely satisfied, that our Western Army was not in time to be "in at the death" at Appomatox; for while it is probably true, that Lee's surrender would have been much longer deferred, had Sherman's army not demoralized the transportation lines, and held the garrisons of southern cities away from his army, yet it did seem proper and appropriate, that the Army of the Potomac, which had so long and bravely wrestled with Gen. Lee, and the Army of Northern Virginia should be the one to receive its final surrender. Its losses had been fearful, principally because it had been slow to appreciate and assimilate the peculiar flanking methods of the Confederates, and perhaps partly owing to the large preponderance of regular officers, who had been educated in the school of European military tactics, and who had much to unlearn before they made a success of the war. In our western army we learned these lessons sooner, and we also learned the folly of assaulting earthworks held by equal numbers. In the nature of things such assaults could seldom be successful, and were generally costly mistakes, whose sole visible outcome, were

the tears and distress of widows and orphans, whose protectors had been thus uselessly slaughtered. The great regimental losses that you read of so often, were generally the result of such efforts, or of want of co-operation, or of faulty position, exposing the troops to attacks they were helpless to return or even resist.

The war now ended, with our corps we now started on our triumphant march to Washington; passing through Petersburg, Richmond, Fredricksburg, etc. We reached the west bank of the Potomac opposite the city on the afternoon of May 24th. Crossed the Long Bridge on the morning of the 25th and participated in the grand review on Pennsylvania Avenue, where two hundred thousand soldiers marched in an apparently endless stream past the Presidential mansion. We afterwards camped about four miles north of Washington. Remaining here about ten days with the Corps, we were sent by B. & O. R. R. and river to Louisville, Ky. The Battalion had been assigned to the 2nd Division at Washington, and with the 2nd Division, after a few days' rest at Louisville, we were sent to Little Rock, Ark., and subsequently, ordered to St. Louis, Mo., and mustered out about the 1st of September, 1865.

The moral heroism of the army was invincible, and I may say with all our hardships and privations, ours was the most cheerful and elastic military movement I ever witnessed. Our hardships and toil far exceeded the "March to the Sea," as it did in heroism, for while we knew we were in the heart of the enemy's country, we also felt in our souls that the end was near.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LIEUT.-COL. T. M. RICE was born in Trumbull County, Ohio, on September 21st, 1829. He received a common school education and studied four years at the Geauga Seminary, Chester Cross Roads. He subsequently taught school, read law, and was admitted to the bar, in May, 1853.

Lieut-Col. Rice removed to Canfield, Mahoning County, Ohio, where he practiced law until the spring of 1858, when he removed to Missouri, locating in California, Moniteau county. In 1861, he commanded a company of Home Guards, and in October of the same year, recruited Company G, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry and was mustered out in September 1865 as Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the war, Lieut-Col. Rice, returned to the practice of his profession; was elected Circuit Judge of the First Circuit in 1868, and as Member of Congress from the Seventh District of Missouri in 1880. He has resided in Boonville, Mo., since 1870.



COMMENDATORY LETTERS.

TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIG., 3d Div., 15th A. C.
CARTERSVILLE, Nov. 9th, 1864.

His Excellency, A. Lincoln, President U. S.:

SIR:—Col. B. D. Dean, 26th Mo. Vol., has served long and faithfully, his term of service will soon expire, he is a valuable officer and is well worthy of promotion. I respectfully commend him to your favorable consideration as an officer qualified for the office of Brigadier General of Volunteers. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GREEN B. RAUM, Brig. Gen.

TO SECRETARY OF WAR STANTON.

KINGSTON, GA., Sept. 1st, 1864.
Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec'y of War, Washington, D. C.:

SIR:—We, the undersigned field officers of the 3d Div., 15th A. C., most respectfully represent that we have been acquainted with Col. Benjamin D. Dean, 26th Reg't. Mo. Inf'y. Vols., since the spring of 1862, and for the greater portion of this time we have been more or less intimately associated with him in the army in the same Brigade or Division. We can cheerfully testify to his worth as an officer during the various campaigns, sieges and battles in which his regiment has been engaged. We know him to be patriotic, brave and efficient, popular so far as known,

and one of the best commanding officers in the Division. Therefore, believing it will be for the good of the service and a just compliment to an officer of highly deserving merit, we do sincerely recommend that he be promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

Respectfully, yours obediently,

P. P. HENDERSON.

Lieut. Col. Com. 10th Iowa Vol.

John McFall, Lieut. Col. Com. 26th Mo. Vol. Inf.; J. E. Tourtellotte, Col. 4th Minn. Inf.; James C. Edson, Lieut. Col. 4th Minn. Vol. Inf.; Jeff K. Scott, Lieut. Col. 59th Ind. Vet. Vol. Inf.; Thos. A. McNaught, Maj. 59th Ind. Vet. Vol. Inf.; Jas. I. Saminger, Lieut. Col. Com. 63d Reg. Ill. Vet. Vol. Inf.; Joseph K. Lemen, Maj. 63d Ill. Vol. Inf.; David Skeeles, Maj. 80th Regt. Ohio. Vol. Inf.; Pren Methem, Lieut. Col. 80th Ohio Vol. Inf.; Niehle Buswell, Lieut. Col. 93d Ill. Vol.; James P. Files, Capt. Com. 56th Ill.; J. M. Fisher, Maj. 93d Ill. Vol. Inf.; Chas. H. Jackson, Lieut. Col. 18th Wis. Vol.; Edward J. Wood, Lieut. Col. 48th Ind. Vol. Inf.; Barnet Byrkit, Maj. 48th Ind. Vol. Inf.; J. B. McCown, Col. 63d Reg. Ill. Inf.; John E. Smith, Brig. Gen. Com. Div.

TO U. S. SENATOR WILSON.

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIV. 15TH A. C.

OFFICE OF A. C. OF MUSTERS.

SAVANNAH, GA., Dec. 27th, 1864.

Hon. H. Wilson, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.:

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND:—I write this for the purpose of introducing to you a friend and brother officer, Col. Benj. D. Dean, 26th Mo. Vol., whom I have mustered out, because his regiment was, only, and who comes to Washington with papers of a very truthful (though flattering, to him) character, and the request contained in them I hope may be

granted. It has been my good fortune to know him for some months and to have done business with him, I have also seen him under the fire of the enemy. In the office, he is quick and apt, as to the details of business, courteous and gentlemanly,—under fire, cool, brave, courageous, with his heart in the work, and the request made for him, if granted, could hardly fall on worthier shoulders. I am as ever,

Yours dutifully,

GEO. W. HILL, Capt. 13th Inf.

FROM GEN. JOHN E. SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIV. 15TH A. C.

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 10th, 1865.

Col. B. D. Dean, 26th Reg. Mo. Vol. Inf.:

COLONEL:—Your term of service having expired, and your command mustered out, permit me to express my regrets that the United States loses the service of so valuable an officer as you have proven yourself. Efficient and faithful in the discharge of your duties and gentlemanly in your intercourse, you leave regretted by the whole command, and take with you my best wishes for your future welfare. Trusting that we may yet have the pleasure of welcoming your return to the service. I am truly yours,

JOHN E. SMITH, Brig.-Gen.

MEMOIR
OF
BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE B. BOOMER,
BY HIS SISTER
MRS. A. B. STONE.

Among the names of those who have followed the fortunes of our bleeding country, and who have died for it, is that of Brigadier-General Boomer, who was born in the town of Sutton, Worcester county, Mass., July 26, 1832.

George Boardman Boomer was the youngest child of Rev. Job Borden Boomer, who, at the time of his son's birth, had labored for nearly twenty years in the church of which he was the beloved pastor.

A visit to the parsonage, during the first few weeks of the life of young Boomer, by the Baptist Missionary, George Boardman, decided his name; and many were the silent prayers offered to the wise Disposer of all things that the mantle of this self-sacrificing Christian man might, in future years, rest upon his infant namesake.

The early surroundings and influences of this child were of such a character as to refine the taste and elevate the heart. The pure, healthful atmosphere of the country cradled and nourished his infant years,—the glorious country,

“Where every element conspires to bliss.”

At the early age of three years he was allowed to follow his own inclinations in attending the village school; but it

was not until a subsequent period that he at all distinguished himself as a scholar. When eight years of age, he was placed at the academy in Uxbridge, at that time one of the best institutions in the country, and it was there, at his first examination, that the quiet, thoughtful child made his first impression that he was a boy of bright, interesting talent.

At that period he displayed but trifling ambition for study, knew nothing of the spirit of rivalry, cared little for a task, and applied no particular energy to it. Still his lessons were well learned and understood,—an unceasing wonder to all who were familiar with his apparently indolent habits. With a retentive memory, and an ability to grasp the reasons of things, the conclusions were self-evident.

It was objected by his parents at that time that he should commence the study of Latin, on the ground that he was too young to comprehend it, and that the task would be too difficult; but his teacher, who understood his capacities better, overruled the matter, and after a few faithful efforts, the dry Latin seemed to yield to his will as easily as his more simple studies.

The four succeeding years of his life were spent in the beautiful village of East Brookfield, the family having moved, where he had the same opportunity to enjoy the loveliness of nature that was afforded him in the place of his birth. Scarcely had the new pastor established himself with his congregation, ere his bright little boy, sitting in the front pew with a careless air and merry countenance, was the observed of all, and much attention was given to the child.

During his residence in that place the young people of the community formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement. They issued a paper, which was read at

their gatherings. Young George felt that he could not allow his capacities of ten years to remain dormant while such a field of mental effort was suggested to him; so, calling the little boys of his own age together, they organized themselves into a society, based upon the same plan which was adopted by their seniors.

While pursuing his studies here, he made rapid progress; his ambition was stirred: the school was advantageous; and, added to that, he could not but reap great benefit from coming in contact with the highly cultivated mind of his brother-in-law, Mr. Daggett.

These school days bore the first evidences of mental discipline, which served the desired purpose of awakening more and more the thirst for study. He seemed also to be roused by the first impulses of manhood, to feel how much there was in life, "how brief man's earthly span," and how precious the moments were as they passed.

A few months subsequent he was placed at the Worcester Academy.

The first months of these school days seemed the very acme of happiness to young Boomer. Filled with all the ardor of youth, impressed with an unflinching desire not to study merely but to advance, enthusiastic to a fault, resolute in his plans, sanguine for the future, he naturally looked directly forward, and saw only a straight road, along which he felt strong enough to walk, defying any crooked lines which might appear, and battling with the "lions in the way."

When finishing his preparatory course, with the goal in sight, he began to suffer from pain in his eyes; but thinking them only overtaken, he allowed them a few months' respite, and commenced using them with renewed zeal.

This trial was followed by another disappointment. Still, as he gave no intimation of yielding his design to pursue a course of study, his friends urged him to give up, for a year, the idea, and engage in some healthful out-door occupation, as he was then very young to enter upon his collegiate course. An opportunity soon presented itself for travelling in the northern parts of Vermont and New Hampshire, which he gratefully accepted. For a time this disappointment seemed only "a blessing in disguise," affording a delightful exchange from the close confinement of the school-room to the beautiful scenery of the Green Mountains. Nature often proves to be man's best teacher,—“she unseals the eye, illumines the mind, and purifies the heart.”

After a year thus spent he returned to his books again, with his mind and heart in fine condition for the accomplishment of his long-expected plans; but bitter the decree—the nerves of his eyes were so affected that they could not be used for consecutive study, for years.

He was at this time seventeen years of age, with a mind remarkably mature, uncommonly disciplined, and well stored with general information. All his wishes and plans and thoughts had been given to study. Hopeful in his disposition, he had not dreamed that such an apparently slight difficulty could triumph over so healthy a body which contained so strong a will.

This was a crushing event, the great sorrow of his life, and at that time bowed him to the earth. It seemed too much for him to bear. Life, *his* life, was denied him. The medium through which he looked into the future was dark, the road he had designed to walk was closed to him forever. What could he do? Whither could he turn? Ar-

dent, earnest enthusiastic, with the soul of a poet, how could he yield all his tastes, his own heart's longings, for what seemed to him, at that time, the wearisome pursuits of business men?

He was poor and knew the necessity of personal effort. He felt its dignity and gloried in the fact that every man was most a man when carving his own name in the world; but he had read his future through the discipline of study, and was not prepared to make so great a sacrifice as to abandon it.

This was a struggle, a terrible conflict, which lasted for months. He battled against his own reason, against the testimony of medical men, against the advice of those who loved him best; but the strength of his purposes was such that it was not easy to surrender what he had so determinedly marked for his earthly career: and when at last he saw the folly of wasting time in regrets, and felt how important it was that he should acquire a knowledge of business, it was that he might ultimately, in some way, gratify his early ambition for study.

Notwithstanding this severe shock, this great trial of his character, yet the important fact of life, with all its relations and connections, stood out before him, and this discipline, which called for patience and endurance, so requisite for the future struggle, was not unheeded.

In the winter of 1851 Mr. L. B. Boomer, an elder brother, and Mr. A. B. Stone, a brother-in-law, entered upon an extensive business of bridge-building throughout the Western and Southwestern States. The headquarters of this new firm was established at Chicago, Ill.; yet some important contracts in Missouri made it necessary that they should open

an office in St. Louis; and it was in the charge of this department that Mr. Boomer first entered upon his business career, at the age of nineteen years.

This was a great event in his history, and fraught with many forebodings. He had been reared in the atmosphere of religious sentiment, and the associations of his home had been such as to stir within him a loving humanity, sanctified by the holy convictions of religious truth. He had always preferred the quiet fireside of his home, by the side of his mother, to the common pastimes of his boyhood; and to make the great change, to launch into the world of men, so far from all that had hitherto surrounded him, to make for himself a new world, was an unanswered problem.

After he had decided the question, to go or not to go, in his own mind, he submitted its final decision to his mother whose judgement he had always trusted, and who, at great cost, with many prayers and tears, bade her son depart, trusting that the protecting power of an all-wise God would do more towards guiding his steps aright than earthly father or mother.

In leaving the home of his childhood for one of his own making, Mr. Boomer was manly and full of courage. But that he had given thought and reflection to the subject, and that with such thoughts and reflections success would certainly crown his efforts, is evident by the following truthful ideas:—

“But why quarrel with my fate? Nay, why quarrel with God’s plan, so much better than mine? I have my own individual life, my personal existence, with all the thoughts, feelings, wishes and emotions of a man. Therefore I am not poor, I am not impoverished. On the other

hand, I have great possessions—more than I can possibly comprehend.

“But this great wealth of life and being impose upon me responsibilities. My physical and mental existence are, in a great measure, at my own disposal. I am to work with them; and if I refuse to bear the yoke in my youth, what can I expect to be the condition of my mental and moral character in mature years?

“There are many weeds which spring up in the garden of the mind, and if the soil is fertile, strong labor will be required to eradicate them. Man is a strange commixture of good and ill, and he is often short-sighted in his tendencies to good. In my disappointment, then, I must not presume to defy my fate. I must yield my own will when it seems plainly overruled by the great Omnipotent; for I cannot lift the veil which links my present existence with my earthly future, leading on, as it does, to the eternal veils.

“Man’s thirst for knowledge is often another name for ambition, a disguise for power, which degenerates into the weakest vanity, and ruins the whole character; whereas the truly great is often made so by the discipline arising from contending with the greatest difficulties and surmounting the greatest obstacles.

“There is a philosophy, as weak as it is unjust, awarding no true greatness to moral heroes; passing coldly by those noble souls who do not find ‘their paradise under the shadow of swords.’

“Thank Heaven there are but few such philosophers; the world is more just, and places, generally, a better, truer estimate upon the grandeur of moral actions.”

ARRIVAL IN MISSOURI.

In the month of February, 1852, Mr. Boomer arrived at the city of St. Louis.

He describes the morning of his arrival there as dark and gloomy. He was weary with a long journey, having travelled by way of Cincinnati and Louisville, and met with several detentions on the way.

He was emphatically a stranger, with a single letter of introduction—a stranger to his new duties, which imposed upon him responsibilities far beyond his years—and with the burden of his disappointment still upon his heart. These circumstances made the issue of this unsolved problem doubtful.

Of his journey to his new home, he says:—

“My anticipations concerning the West have not been disappointed, neither have they been precisely realized; in fact, it is different from what I have supposed, without being worse.

“The thriving and fresh appearance which all western towns are supposed to possess is in many instances sadly wanting, I assure you, and, in some cases, not only the appearance, but the essence of business is deficient. This is particularly the case with the river towns, many of which, both on the Ohio and Mississippi, have been laid out on a

supposition that they were to become places of great importance, and failing that, have very decidedly an old and dilapidated look. The river towns of Indiana, Southern Illinois, Missouri, and some of the Kentucky towns, are of this class, with a few exceptions, of course.

"The general appearance of the land, or the scenery, on the Ohio, after leaving Louisville, is very monotonous, as is the case for about two-thirds the distance between Cincinnati and the latter place. The land is not always low, but always in tables or flats, and invariably covered with an old and luxuriant-looking growth of wood, commonly water-oak.

"The scenery on the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio four hundred miles south, as that is all I could vouch for, is alternately bluff and flats, and is rather agreeable, that is, when the weather is such that you can view it from the deck of a boat. The flats are extremely low, and, in high water, flooded: but you will, in almost all instances, find opposite these the bluffs. In going up the river, some time since, I had the good fortune to descry a large fire on one of these, extending nearly a mile on the river, and it was truly a magnificent sight. Viewed from a distance it appeared like some vast fireworks."

After a few days Mr. Boomer located himself at the Planters' House, fixing his place of business directly opposite. This first step being accomplished, the next thing for him to decide was his place of public worship, which was the Second Baptist Church.

This step brought him into contact with William M. McPherson, Esq., who took at once a great interest in the young stranger: and occupying, as he did, a prominent position in the city, both in business and social relations, he of-

ferred him such kindness and attention as to forever fill Mr. B.'s heart with gratitude and love.

The following letters will give some idea of his first impressions of Missouri, and also of the manner in which his time was spent:

“ST. LOUIS, March 9, 1852.

“DEAR SISTER:—This morning I came in from the country, where I had been into the interior of the State one hundred and twenty-five miles. My journey was not altogether pleasant, although, to a person disposed to take it so, there was plenty of romance: but for my part I was disposed to make a reality of living on what the natives call ‘hog and corn,’ sleeping six or eight in a room, getting lost in the woods twice in a day, and going without clean clothing for a fortnight. The beauties of the country are said to be inconceivable; they were to me, as I dared not look about very much, for fear I should fall off my horse; therefore I am unable to describe anything which would interest you.

“Since my return to the city we have had snow, which fell last Sabbath and remained till Wednesday. Since then it has been as warm and pleasant as September, and the frost is nearly out of the ground. I think we are exactly at the point where the warm and cold climates are contending for the supremacy; and we have abundant evidence that neither obtains it for a long time. Nevertheless, climate aside, St. Louis is a fine city. There is a tone of health, vigor and enterprise about it that I did not expect to find; an order and propriety about all the customs of business, etc., which is charming to see.

“I am very well, except something like bronchitis, that prevents me from singing. In fact I have been obliged to

stop altogether, as the least effort affects me very sensibly. I regret it, for I was flattering myself on a great improvement in that way. At least 'one more unfortunate'—bad eyes, bad throat.

“You speak truly of the passion with which many are carried away, that is, money-making, and I shall be obliged to confess that I have some of it myself; but I can assure you that, although it is in some cases a sad failing, it is a very easy one to fall into. I can say, however, that it is not my only ambition to make money; and, in fact, I have not much of any sort, and certainly would not desire such ambition to destroy anything which contributed to the enjoyments of true life.

A few weeks later he writes:—

“I am quite contented and happily situated; have just moved my room to one of the pleasantest localities of the city—an office room and sleeping room connected. I have them furnished with plain, good furniture, and you must imagine that their appointments do me much credit, especially my private sitting-room, as a gentleman yesterday said that he knew I would be a bachelor, for the reason that I displayed so much taste and order in the arrangement of my rooms.

“Here I have my piano, which you may think a bit of extravagance, but it has this good moral answer, of amusing me evenings. I shall be more likely to stay at home, and as I cannot read, on account of my eyes, I must have something to keep me there during the long hours.

“I am also giving a part of every evening I am in town to

learning French. There are fine opportunities of mastering the language here, and it is much spoken in the best society. You are aware that most of the original citizens of this place were French, and being proprietors of real estate at the time when the rapid growth of population and consequent rise of landed property commenced, they were immediately constituted the aristocracy of the place. Thus, in that society, French was, and is still, very common.

I have not yet made many acquaintances, and do not intend to do so, as living with large circles of acquaintance is a great consumer of time, and necessarily expensive.

"My business goes on prosperously. It occupies me during the day; and in that I am content. In the evening I read a very little, think about it a good deal, play some, and in fact, make the most use I can of my leisure hours."

Of the resources of his new home, either in city or country, Mr. Boomer said nothing for some time. This was a study—a book which he was able to read at his own pleasure.

Whatever struggles he passed through during his early residence there, were known only to his own heart; but it soon became evident that he was determined to succeed in what he had undertaken, if by energy and perseverance he could accomplish it.

This being plunged into an entirely new atmosphere, coming into contact with a class of people whose customs and habits were strange to him, with the reputation of the new firm entrusted to his hands, as well as his own personal success to accomplish, without anyone to lean upon, was, in the end a great blessing. It drove him to his own resources, developed within him powers of which he had hitherto been

unconscious, and trained him, by this sharp, healthy discipline, to energy, courage, decision, and self-confidence.

He says that there was enough in his business to absorb and interest, enough mental effort to plan and arrange, enough obstacles to overcome. The greatest difficulty to contend with was in gaining the confidence of the people. The habits of thought among the St. Louisians were such as inclined them not to trust at once a young man of nineteen, and a stranger with important business contracts. Mr. Boomer saw the justice of this, and felt that he must be guided by the strictest rules of honor, good sense, and propriety, and that time must develop his right to be trusted.

"The time will come," he said, "when, doubtless, I shall wish to turn the hand backward upon the dial of my life, and bid the years recede; but now, for my present convenience, I would like to put it forward.

"It is shocking for a man to be too young, and short too. Oh, combination of evils! I cannot impress upon the minds of these conservative people that I am the man who has in charge the building of bridges for the State of Missouri, although they are too well bred to say so; yet their countenances brand me with a significance that savors of Young Americanism.

"I am relieved, to-day, in having had the opportunity of boldly asserting my manhood. While writing at my desk, a fine-looking gentleman bowed himself into the office, and asked 'Is Mr. Boomer in now?' The clerk replied, 'Yes sir,' when I accordingly stepped forward.

"After exchanging the commonplaces of the day, which, on his part, was done with rather a puzzled air, he said, 'My business was with Mr. Boomer, sir,' to which I replied that

I should be most happy to serve him; but he persisted, 'Are you not Mr. Boomer's son?' 'Certainly, sir.; my father's name is Boomer, but as he is at this time probably engaged in some parish duty in one of the quiet towns of New England, your interview cannot be with him.'

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The first months of his life here were spent entirely in his new business; all his energies were absorbed in it; and, during that time, he wrote little of what he was thinking or doing.

One delightful feature of his life was the study of character. Some of its phases here were new, and necessity as well as pleasure prompted him to the task. On this subject in after years, he said, "As man is God's crowning work, as he possesses a spark of the divine, and as he has been placed to have dominion over all inferior creation, it seems to me that his character is the highest study of this earth."

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Perhaps the first year of Mr. Boomer's residence in St. Louis was the happiest one of his life; for in that time he had succeeded in establishing for himself a reputation far beyond his years, or even his most sanguine expectations, and which he owed entirely to his own merits. Under his faithful management the business grew rapidly, and in consequence he was admitted as a partner in the firm.

AS A BUSINESS MAN.

While pursuing the necessary details of his business, travelling about the State, always willing to drop the distasteful for the agreeable, Mr. Boomer's attention was attracted by the beautiful scenery of the Osage River. His love of the artistic and poetical gave a peculiar charm to that part of the scenery which bore no traces of man's handiwork.

The native forests which covered the winding banks of this beautiful stream were, in many instances, untouched by the woodman's axe. These he could not sufficiently admire; and in the year 1854 he undertook an enterprise which afforded ample scope for his love of romance.

It seemed expedient, in carrying out successfully the bridge-building of the firm, that they should manufacture their own lumber; and for this purpose, mainly, Mr. Boomer bought of Government a township of heavily wooded land eligibly located on the banks of the Osage River, fifteen miles from its mouth.

A saw mill was immediately erected, and with such good success—so great seemed the facilities of manufacturing, and the location of the place was so fine for a residence—that he conceived the idea of building a little town, on the genuine New England principle, as far as compatible with the manners and customs of the people, stimulating

thereby, if possible, the country towns to greater internal progress.

This decision being made, his next step was to give his town a name. In vain did his friends urge that he should perpetuate his own name upon the archives of the State; but seizing upon a common tradition of that region, that an old man by the name of Castle once lived in the cave of a rock upon a high bluff across the river, he called his town "Castle Rock;" although the place is at present more commonly known by the name of "Boomer's Mills."

Some one has said that the glory of a State depends on the nature of its lands and the spirit of its men. But Mr. Boomer discovered another ingredient in the resources of his adopted State, which was the character of its climate. He said that the State of Missouri had internal resources which if well developed, would add not only to its glory, but to that of the whole Union. She had fertile valleys, noble rivers, minerals in great abundance and variety; she had splendor of scenery and richness of climate; but the question unsolved was: What would the spirit of her men do with their internal wealth?

That she failed of the enterprise which was the proud boast of the free States, and that she was far behind these free States for the reason of depending upon slave labor, was a stubborn fact; and the worst feature of the fact was, that the masses were not sufficiently intelligent to realize it.

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The following notice will show the result of two years, industry:—

"The new town of Castle Rock is situated in an eminently healthy situation, at the head of the most fertile bend

in the Osage River, which is navigable for steamboats to that point ten months of the year; to Linn Creek, one hundred and ten miles above, for five months in the year; and to Osceola, three hundred miles above, two and a half months in the year.

"The valley of this river contains the finest body of timber west of the Mississippi, and from it must be obtained the only permanent supply of oak timber for the construction of all the steamboats that ply the western waters above St. Louis. The quality of the lands lying on the river, especially the upper part, is well known to be unequalled for fertility in the valley of the Mississippi. Five steamboats are owned and run regularly on the river, besides many others which, during the season of high water, find profitable employment from the present large and rapidly increasing trade.

"Castle Rock is, by water, fifteen miles from the mouth of the river; by land, twelve; and from Jefferson City, the capital of the State, seven and a half miles.

"The town was laid out two years ago, by private interest, and it already contains a large and fine hotel, store, warehouses, church, blacksmith shops, wagon shops, and a number of private dwellings. Here is also one of the largest steam powers in the State, which drives a large flouring mill and a double saw-mill of immense capacity; and there still remains a large surplus of power which can be furnished to various kinds of manufactures at a nominal price.

"Steamboat building is carried on here to a limited extent; four hulls have already been constructed."

The following testimony, to a sister of Mr. Boomer.

from one of his friends in Castle Rock, gives ample proof that his ambition was not an ideal one:—

CASTLE ROCK, July 28, 1863.

“*Mrs. S—*—

“DEAR MADAM:—Our first acquaintance with your brother began in the year 1855, about one year after he laid out the town of Castle Rock.

“At that time his steam saw-mill was in active operation, going night and day, turning out vast quantities of lumber, with which he was building steamboats, bridges, and several houses; and he also shipped large quantities to St Louis.

“He employed a great many men, and, for so young a man, showed remarkable energy and judgment, such as would have become much older heads.

“Mr. Boomer was a great favorite, and when he visited us he was warmly welcomed by all—so many crowding to see him that it would always be late before he could retire. He also loved to come among us; and so great was his perseverance, that, in failing to get a conveyance at the mouth of the river, he has walked the whole distance, fifteen miles, after nightfall; yet, however fatigued or immersed in business, the humblest always received a warm grasp of the hand or a friendly recognition, showing that, in visiting us, he felt an interest in all.

“He was ever ready to lend a helping hand to any object of benevolence, and in cases of destitution it was not enough for him to be told of it and give aid, but he must go himself, and with the donation show his sympathy, in such a kind manner as to greatly enhance the value of the gift.

“Soon after the settlement of Castle Rock, he proposed

to the people that he would give the land and lumber, and build half of a church, if they would pay for the other half; but the inhabitants were slow in accepting his offer, feeling but little interest in religion. After waiting some time, seeing the general apathy on the subject, he went forward and built the church, without much assistance from those whose interest it was to have a place of worship.

“About this time the Bishop of St. Louis made him an excellent offer, in a pecuniary point of view, if he would build a Roman Catholic church, which was warmly seconded by the Germans in the vicinity; but I am truly happy to say that he did not listen to these propositions.

“His sympathies were deeply enlisted in the Sabbath school, and although crowded with business, yet he took sufficient time to visit every house in Castle Rock, inviting its inmates to come to the school.

“He took an active part in organizing the school, choosing officers, appointing teachers, and ever after, when in town, he always attended it, taking with him several persons in his employment, who would not attend at other times.

“Mr. Boomer not only gave us his presence at our school, but he also seemed to take a deep interest in the subject of the lesson, giving us his views, and making appropriate remarks. He furnished us a library of nearly three hundred volumes, with spelling books, hymn books, readers, question books, and a small map of Palestine. I mention these particulars to show his liberal spirit toward us.

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“The next year after we came here Mr. Boomer added a flour mill to his other works, which made so fine an article as to stand with the very best flour in the St. Louis market.

"At this time Castle Rock was in a thriving condition. Houses were being built; the town was laid out into lots, and many who had bought them commenced building. Mr. Boomer had also erected a large cabinet factory, and nearly all branches of business were represented here."

In a letter to his mother, Mr. Boomer relates a touching incident in the early history of his new town:—

CASTLE ROCK, October 21, 1855.

"DEAR MOTHER:—I was glad to receive your letter, and hear that you was well.

"I should like to be at home this very day as much as you would like to have me there, and sit down to a good talk all quietly by ourselves; but it is not so to be. We are a long way apart, and there is a wide difference in our circumstances. You are quiet in your peaceful home; I am here quiet in my (home I cannot say) house, unfinished, sitting by the fire, in a large, dirty room, with a wash-stand for a writing-table, and a candle standing in each corner of it. This is the new hotel which we have just completed, although it is not opened really, because unfurnished.

"It is, or has been, a cold, damp day. I came out here from Jefferson City, as I have to be here to-morrow, and could not come yesterday for the rain.

"I felt rather sadly as I reached here. Our head sawyer's child was to be buried. This is the first death we have had in the place. Rather a dreary funeral.

"Mr. J—— and K—— (my agents here) had selected, this morning, the spot for the village graveyard—a beautiful spot, too—and all the inhabitants of our little place in the

woods were at the house, ready for the funeral—a few on horseback, but mostly on foot.

“It was too wet for the ladies to walk, so we put them in a large wagon, and started for the first grave.

“It seemed so lonely—the little grave—and we had no clergyman to say a service or break the seeming solitude. If I only could have obtained a Prayer Book I would have read one myself.

“Well, we came home; and as I sit before the fire, slipped down into my chair, with my feet resting on the fireplace, looking steadily into the fire, I think of home, and when I was a boy, and the little grave, and other graves.

“Then my business comes into my head, and troubles me a little; and Mr. J—— occasionally says, ‘Mr. Boomer. what do you think we had better do about so and so? Shall we do this and get that?’ I say yes, and still look at the fire, and think of everything I ever thought, I believe. And now to-morrow I shall, after dinner, go over to the railroad, where I am having the most trouble, and stay until next Saturday night, when I suppose I shall come back here again. Rather a slave’s life this, and of a troublesome sort; although we all imagine that something different from what we have is desirable.

“But when I think of it, I am very happy, and have the greatest reason to be thankful. Almost everybody in the country is sick with fever—more than half our men—and I am remarkably well—better than I have been for a year. We have had pleasant weather—good roads. I have a fine horse to ride, and the prospect that I shall before long be through with my business troubles.

"Give my love to father; ask him to write me. Love to all my friends.

"I am your affectionate son,

"GEORGE."

In a letter to his sister, Mr. Boomer writes:—

"I take much comfort when at Castle Rock, my Osage place, as I always delight in the idea of being in a little world of my own, and seeing it improve and grow up with myself. The thought is pleasant that, as we live along we are doing something which is not to perish or change as the moment passes by, but which will live, not only with us, but after us."

To his mother, under date of July 10, 1856, he writes:

"I have been at Castle Rock for nearly three weeks, and enjoyed real pleasure there.

"Three weeks to-day we inaugurated our Sabbath school, of which I took the charge on that day, and saw that it was well-organized.

"The villagers have all taken great interest in it, and I believe it will result in much good to every one.

"We had from fifty to seventy-five scholars, the majority of them Bible scholars.

"Mr. P—— and myself presented them a fine library of three hundred and fifty volumes, and an excellent melodeon, so that they have everything a school ought to have.

"We have also secured preaching every other Sabbath; we have opened a singing school, and there is a universal interest in all these things by the residents of my dear Castle

Rock; and I assure you, my dear mother, if I ever enjoyed anything in life it was being there, giving my personal assistance to these things, of such vital importance to us all."

The following extracts are from his journal:—

"September 5, 1856.

"Have made a pleasant trip to Castle Rock. The day was beautiful, and the Osage lay placidly among its shaded banks, as a cloud lies lazily floating in the midsummer sun.

"We had a lunch after our arrival, when I sent General G—— back in a skiff.

"The auction sale of lots commenced about half-past one o'clock. We walked about in the hot sun, till, coming into the shade of the wood, the prices rose.

"I have made good sales, have inspected the church, laid plans for new streets, and have rested myself. I needed that.

"Went to Sabbath school, which lasted for two hours, and I then sang a long time at Mrs. P——'s. I love those good, sacred hymns, and feel better for singing them. They make the heart softer and the life purer."

"May 12, 1857.

"Dear Castle Rock! I am here in this peaceful atmosphere again, and am somewhat at a loss to know why I love this place so much. It is plain to see why I should have a pride in it, why I should be ambitious for it. That is my selfishness. But I love this place from the best of feelings; my heart yearns over it, and the kind-hearted people who have a home here.

"Perhaps this is all indulgence of my vanity again, as.

of course, this is my own realm; but I will not doubt my honesty of purpose for this place, for I believe it is a field for usefulness, which I shall be blest in filling to the best of my ability."

In the mean time, while Mr. Boomer was engaged in building up his new enterprise at Castle Rock, he was not forgetful of his duties as a citizen of St. Louis. Late in the autumn of the same year that he laid the foundation of his country town, he thus writes his mother:—

"I have taken quite an interest in the new Baptist church which is trying to erect a place of worship. They have a fine lot, which was in part donated to them, and they are now erecting a chapel in the rear of it, which will cost them one thousand dollars. I gave them one hundred and fifty dollars, and promised to raise them one hundred more, making one-fourth of the expenses. If they are prospered and it is justifiable, they will build their church in the spring, which the Second Church will assist them to do, and I have promised them five hundred dollars.

"I have been unable, however, to attend many of their meetings, having been in town only two Sabbaths. They are a small body, numbering about eighty members; are not wealthy, but are strongly united. Their minister is not a man of the first order of talents, but he is a worthy man and a sensible preacher, so I am well enough contented.

"This is in future to be my regular place of worship, because I shall feel more interest than in the old church, where I could do comparatively little good."

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About the same time he wrote his father, showing not

only the interest he felt in sustaining the preached gospel, but his personal need of the same.

“BUFFALO, December 12, 1854.

DEAR FATHER:—I expected to have been at home to-day, and am quite disappointed that I cannot be.

“I have been in Buffalo the last few days with Mr. S—and am detained so long that I cannot go beyond here, as I must be in St. Louis within three or four days.

“I should so like to be at home, if only for a short time; for, aside from the quiet charm with which home is invested, I wanted much to have seen you and mother; to have sat down in the twilight and talked as we used to do—talked as happy families and friends are wont in that holiest and happiest spot on the wide world's bosom—‘home!’

“As I am more and more entangled in the tumult and strife of life—for, though young, I have many cares—a hurried scene appears of expectations realized and disappointed, surprises pleasurable and sad, excited pleasure, with an occasional hour of quiet happiness. I do not forget, that the past is past; that the present is fast hurrying where memory will soon recall it as past; that the longest future must soon be numbered with the rest; and I solemnly resolve that my life shall not be a mere ephemeral existence, a bark, without oars or sails or helm, borne misguidedly down the stream of time.

“Yet I am at times painfully—though not enough so—reminded that the great current bears me on, almost as purposely as the ship without a guide—as one who knows not where he'll end: although there are times when I hope for the better. I believe I have some purposes which are not

unworthy of a man, and am conscious that in carrying out these purposes my heart must be imbued with love to God."

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Mr. Boomer spent quite a portion of the years 1856 and 1857 in different parts of the State. This was a consequent necessity of his business; but he also found it interesting and profitable to familiarize himself with the present condition and future prospects of Missouri.

That the developement of all new States must have for its foundation agriculture, was doubtless one of the principles which governed him in his Castle Rock enterprise. It seemed an easy thing to him for any man of industrious habits, surrounded by such regions of fertile soil, abundantly watered, and in so fine a climate, to become of real importance to the wealth of Missouri as a farmer; therefore he gave to that department of labor his personal encouragement by clearing a township of land.

But notwithstanding the value of the farmer and the merchant, the men most needed, in his opinion, in building up the State into a structure of real beauty, were mechanics. He says that recent investigations have shown that the richness of this State in iron ore is incalculable; and the people of Missouri should be earnest in turning this vast resource to their immediate and perpetual prosperity. They should, without delay, offer every inducement to manufacturers to convert it into use—which will tend greatly to complete the material civilization of the State.

He also became interested in the lead mines, and the firm made an extensive purchase of three thousand acres of pine and mineral land in Washington County. This prop-

erty was located in the town of Potosi, on a branch of the Iron Mountain Railroad, sixty-five miles from St. Louis.

These lands were selected with great care, on account of their heavy growth of timber, and from the fact that there were no pine forests in the western part of the State, or in Kansas or Nebraska. The market for this lumber would not only be good in St. Louis, but large quantities must be annually sent up the Missouri River. This property was also the centre of the great lead fields of Missouri. The mineral wealth was valuable, and several exceedingly rich mines had been discovered.

As a natural result of this enterprise, a little settlement sprung up, comprising a large saw-mill, with circular saws, edging and lath saws, a shingle machine, and a blacksmith's shop. These workshops necessitated dwelling-houses, a store, etc.

This additional field of industry gave him not only a wider range throughout the State, but it imposed upon him corresponding obligations connected with its inhabitants—obligations which he did not tire of performing, when by so doing he could gratify or benefit them.

He was invited to address the citizens of Westphalia on the 4th of July, 1857.⁷ Some extracts from his remarks on that occasion are here introduced:—

“It is reasonable and wise that we, as citizens of a great progressive, and free nation, should, during one day in the year, repose from our various labors, and assemble to thank the great Giver of all blessings for the continuance, thus far, of those mercies which he gave our forefathers strength to win for us, and to ask of him, in a becoming manner, their perpetuity unto our posterity.

"It is reasonable and wise that, on such a day as this, the stillness of the land should testify to that peaceful prosperity which the industrial promptings of social equality have brought us; that the sound of the mills should cease; that the fabric of the factory should stand in the loom or the lathe; that the hammer should rest on the forge; that commerce should repose at the wharves; that the harvest should await the husbandman; and that old men and matrons, young men and maidens, childhood and youth, should come together, bid industry adieu awhile, send memory back to the past with its pleasant face, and turn towards hope, which holds up the future with a smile.

"The youth, when walking the road up those mountains on whose heights history has builded her temple, reposes by the wayside in the heat of the summer's day, and refreshed by the hour, cheered by the journey past, is stimulated for the ascent beyond. So then, to-day, in the heat of the summer's sun we rest an hour by the wayside, while walking steadily the road of progress up those heights where we hope to finish a structure, already begun, better than this proud world has ever reared before; and, cheered by the past, we shall gather strength by the hour to work on the way beyond.

"If we may justly claim to be free, great, and prosperous as a nation, the causes that have worked out for us such a position are worthy our frequent and earnest study. If we are basking in the splendor of a government better than the world has ever known, a fact so marked in history must be underlaid by causes which that history has not yet unfolded concerning those states which have already risen, flourished and passed away. Yet the truths of that record have their negative importance, to teach the legitimate effect of the

causes producing them. So, by analysis, when we discover those various causes working out, with the certainty of universal law, sooner or later, their legitimate end in the sure destruction of each state or organized society in which their operations can be traced, we may hope for a happier result; a result which will teach us not to miss the better law, developing its inherent principle in a beneficent, and, we may hope, an enduring prosperity. Thus, learning error, we may discover truth.

“The one great deception which the world has perniciously clung to, has been reliance upon physical, material power. ‘Might makes right’ has been the world’s practical philosophy, religion, and morality, from the age of the Pharaohs until now, so that each growing age pulls down the weaker one passing away.

“Great, progressive, and free! Potent words, pregnant with thought, action, and principle; pregnant with power, progress, and perfection: pregnant with the greatest finite result of humanity—civilization.

“There is a question pendent here which the world is solving, which we are solving, which posterity is yet to solve; a question fraught with interest to humanity; a question vital to its finite perfection; and that question is, the extent of the human capacity—whether there be in man a germ of progress which, if planted in the early gardens of the world, cultivated in the fields which civilization has prepared, will ripen into a harvest whose fruit, when the gathering time shall come, will be deemed fit to be transferred to a new earth, a better land: whether, in fact, civilization, in its proudest and best sense, is progressive. I believe it is; and this has induced

me to say that we are a nation great, progressive, and free; that we are bearing a part, and a great one too, in the march of progress—pressing on to fuller developments of civilization.

“The fatality attending ancient civilization is attributable to its limited character or narrow extent. Intellectually, ancient society contained but one element, or represented but one power, which uprooted others. Not that the various elements natural to an organized society did not incipiently exist and contend for their relative positions, but one of those many assumed proportions too great for the existence of the others, and they were overshadowed, died, and left society subject to one idea, one element, one power, and that power was theocracy.

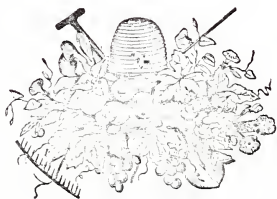
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“For the developement of profound thoughts and ideas in the fine arts, we are directed to ponder the ‘mouldering records of ages,’ and read there the perfections of those ripe years. True, the lustre of that age has remained almost undimmed by the shades and mists of many centuries: still, we may look for fairer, more harmonious proportion in the building of our glorious Republic, if, as architects, we study with becoming interest the grandeur of our work.

“This beautiful structure of ours is not entrusted to the genius of one mind, whose whole thoughts and life have been given to the investigation of real and ideal excellence, the blending of external and internal perfection. No; we each, and every one of us, as citizens of these United States, have a part to act in forming the beauty of this structure.

“Let us see to it, then, how we use the materials of our work. Let us see to it that we do not undermine the strength

of our Union through selfishness, ignorance, or wilfulness—a Union which God has given us the means of making perfect in its arrangement of mutually supporting parts, mutually related forces, all combined to attain a perfect and glorious end.”



THE PATRIOT.

"January 1, 1861.

The New Year! The phrase does not seem to startle a solitary thought from what I feel within me to be almost a sluggard's slumber. It falls upon my ear absolutely flat, meaningless, joyless, griefless, listless. I do not know why, but as a point in time it has no meaning beyond the hour of the day or the day of the week. My 'New Years' have heretofore been mostly spent in the city, in such a manner as to awaken memories of former ones; and so I have looked back on those days as rounds that I have grasped from year to year in the ladder of my life. The ladder for the last year has been in a horizontal position, and I have just held on."

It is evident that the first months of 1861 were to Mr. Boomer months of fiery trial, that he was passing through a terrible conflict, and that he sometimes felt that he was fighting his way alone.

Born and brought up in Massachusetts, a State which had always taken extreme views upon the subject of slavery, he had heard and seen many things (as has been previously noticed) which were, he maintained, unjust to the South and aggressive on the part of the North—views which, if carried out, would certainly lead to difficulty. He always begged

of his friends in the New England States to try to look at the subject from the slaveholder's point of view, and urged that hatred and violence would never convict men of a moral evil. Moreover, he abhorred quarrels, and in private life acted upon the principle of never contending. If he had disagreement with any person, he simply declared his position, but never used any means to vindicate his course; acting upon the common-sense principle of forgiving wrongs and letting them alone.

A letter under date of January 6, will give some idea of the workings of his mind upon this subject:—

“DEAR S——:—I did not receive the letter you say you wrote, and the postmaster does not know anything about it either. And the beautiful young lady—they (the young ladies) are myths sometimes ere you catch them, and I believe your letter mythical. Send me the counterfeit and let me see (the young lady I mean), and then I can tell exactly what the letter would or should have been, and you can write me a letter about something that is real; for we have in our times plenty of realities, and, though they are sad ones, they are ours.

“We (I mean the people) have been working hard and long to get them, and, now that they are in our possession, the inquiry begins to dawn upon our awakening senses much as it did upon that young man who drew an elephant in the lottery, the story of which you know. I think we are much in the same condition as that perplexed young gentleman. The elephant is stirred up, sure enough, and I am afraid he will eat us all up. I wish, though, I had charge of him for a while; I would feed him on corrupt politicians till he died.

"I wish you (I trust you did have) a merry Christmas and a happy New Year's day, and wish for the rest a happier ending than beginning of this new year.

"I cannot try to cheer you or myself with the solace that comes to us in individual trials, when perhaps our greatest troubles are our highest hopes, and when we may reflect with pleasure that if our burdens are great we are lightening the load for another; for there is no hope in madness, and it goes down from father to son.

"You do not know how I am weighted down by these evil times; you cannot conceive it living where there is a union of feeling. You are on the border, where the realities of civil strife do not appeal to you as they do to us here, who may be occupying the theater of fearful tragedies, our whole State a battle-ground.

"If you did, if the far North, and the far South could hear the prospective cries of distress that come to our ears, and see through the medium we do, they would come to the conclusion, I think, that there had been a misunderstanding; that, after all, there was no cause for such an awful quarrel and that the honor of both parties could be preserved without a resort to arms.

"I have hope, though, yet; for gentlemen have been known, when they arrived upon the ground to settle their private quarrels, attended in silence by friends and surgeons, in the coldest and grayest dawn of the morning, to listen, when the stillness preceding the conflict had become so deathly that they could hear well, to suggestions of the above description. I humbly pray it may be so with the impending quarrel of our country: else these times are sadly out of joint. I am determined to do all I can, when the time comes

to make people listen to reason; and if all, both North and South, who think as I do, would only act, the trouble would be avoided."

May 8.

"I was delighted to receive your letters, and think their sentiments are truly patriotic. I love my country, and shall try to serve it in this its hour of need, which is not to be done in this State without great prudence and greater sacrifices; but between a mal-administration of a government the best in the world and the chances of none at all, I have deliberately chosen, upon the 'Hamlet Undiscovered' principle, in favor of the former.

"I hope the President and his co-workers in power will be quiet with their Missouri army for a time at least, for we are stronger without them than with them, and have need of all our strength. Affairs are not pleasant in this State. The present picture, turn which way you will, is fearful to look upon, and still more so to contemplate for the future. It requires some physical and moral courage to travel through the towns and country at the present time, and a barrier has been placed in society in St. Louis which no one can pass. I am called an abolitionist by people here in the country, between whom and myself there has been heretofore the highest mutual respect. I don't like all this, but cannot help it, and think, with a worthy Carondelet alderman, 'that the best thing what one can do is to do the best thing what one can.'

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"I have received your present, which gives me much pleasure. I return you my love, which now is all I can safely call my own; but in sending you this gift do not fear that I

am robbing myself, for this possession, among its other virtues, is in no danger of suffering by division or a modern secession."

To his mother, under date of June 1, he writes:

"In whatever light we view the present troubles of our country, it is a very serious affair, and the question must arise, whether the remedy used is not as bad as the disease to be cured. Civil War is a long and dreadful thing, and I have feared this for years. You of Massachusetts, who are one people, and sustained each by the sentiments of the other do, not and cannot realize what war is in a community divided against itself, where the partisan feeling enters society and erects barriers between friends, neighbors, inmates of the same house, and members of the same family. Evil times have fallen upon us indeed, when that barrier widens from coolness to passion and from passion to arms. Yet such is the case here. In St. Louis a line is drawn through society, and across the barrier no social intercourse is allowed. Persons intimately connected with each other have met in arms.

"I have taken my position for the Union, and as a consequence for the government; for between a good government badly administered and the uncertainty attendant on forming a new one upon its dismemberment, I could not hesitate to choose. My position, therefore, in common with that of many others, is one that requires prudence as well as principle, and may involve much sacrifice.

"I have been pleased to see the promptness with which my native State, stimulated by patriotism, has responded to the call of her government believed to be in danger, and I

am pleased with the whole North, which volunteers to sustain the rightful authority of law. The supremacy of law as such, whether believed to be just or unjust, is the only safeguard of life, liberty, and property, and all differences should be adjusted under the law, until oppression marks the time to take up the sword.

"I cannot forget, however, that the good people of Massachusetts and other New England States did not display upon the call of former executives the same willingness to rush to arms in wars with foreign powers, one of which was for defending the rights of their own commerce and seamen, as they now display in a war, at best, to chasten the errors of their brethren; and I hope, if Providence designs by these troubles lessons of wisdom, that it may be a part of that divine plan to distribute a small number among the people of the North. The North cannot be held entirely guiltless in this fearful, awful war."

From journal, June 5:—

"Have been to St. Louis; stopped at my old home, and found W—— had a French consul housekeeping with him. I found also that extremely bitter hostility is felt towards the government in the aristocratic circles, which enters into every relation, both business and social. I feel utterly incapable, at times, to understand this feeling; and I also feel sometimes that I would fly from the bitter cup before me.

"Here are men—'near a whole city full'—who have heretofore gloried in our government, and served it faithfully, some of them—can they be disloyal now? There are

men here who have proved themselves sound in judgment in everything pertaining to the political economy of our country. men that I honor, love, and revere, men that would not flinch from any sacrifice—can they be misguided now?

“I am overwhelmed by these reflections at times; but I must be just and honest with myself in this matter, cost what it will.”

There is a pause here of some weeks; the pen makes no record either by letter or journal; the curtain is suffered to drop over the inner conflict still going on; no ear heard, no eye saw, save that which neither slumbers nor sleeps. But the following letter, bearing date July 15, gives proof that his heart was now at rest; that he had espoused openly the Union cause, although he had not then decided to take up arms in defence of his country.

“JEFFERSON CITY, July 15.

“DEAR S——:—I am rain-bound here to-day, with thin and soiled garments; it is cold and disagreeable. It rains nearly all the time now-a-days, and I expect the storm of to-day will entirely ruin my wheat, which has been a long time in the field, and ought to have been thrashed long ago; for you must know, my dear S——, that I have partaken of the belligerent spirit of the times, and am determined to thrash that wheat. For this purpose I have made every preparation—have put all my implements of war into the field, have raised men and horsemen—and the first day I shall make the attack.

“My infantry will make the first charge. This manoeuvre will throw the enemy into such a position that, by a vigorous movement of the cavalry, I will knock all their

heads off; and by continuing hostilities in this manner I hope to show that my enemy is a mere man of straw.

“After I get my adversary into my own power, tightly imprisoned, I shall carry him away and sink him in a dark dungeon, and mash him, which I think will completely subjugate him; unless at some future time, perhaps when peace and plenty shall smile again, and we all are happy around the social board, trusting to the careless security of the times, and instigated by yeast, he shall rise again. But if that event should occur, I am determined to eat him.

“My dear sister, you will think I am carrying the simile rather too far; but you cannot judge of war in your peaceful home. There are reckless, foolish men around me, and all over the State, who are continually exasperating the opposite party, creating everywhere a petty civil war. There have been fatal fights within a few miles of me, in every direction; but so far, by common consent, we preserve amity and good neighborhood. I have tried every honorable means to maintain this state of things, and feel grateful for my success so far, as I am an avowed Union man. Such sentiments are not always to be expressed with safety. I tell all Union men who wish to take an active part in this contest to join the army: secessionists the same: for the formation of home guards in this State is bad policy. I appeal to the selfish interests of all for industry, which is so necessary to both the soldier and the citizen, that it may not perish entirely throughout the State, as well as that the barbarities of such a strife may be prevented as far as possible. Our State is in a terrible condition, and it will be a long time before it recovers from it.

“Last night I received your letter, and will tell you, as

near as can be told, what I am doing. I am 'existing;' this is about all. I feel that my country is in trouble, and that it is a time when men, if they are needed, should not merely look on; and this feeling makes me uneasy, for the reason that my business connections are yet so elaborate and unsettled that there seems to be a necessity laid upon me to attend to them—a necessity imposed upon me as much by obligations to others as myself. There are so many people here to whom I furnish employment in my mills, and on the farm, in clearing up new ground in the vicinity—some mainly for the reason that it is their only means of obtaining the necessities of life—that in this I find a pleasant occupation.

"As for society, I have none, and feel little desire for any. Everything is so unsettled, and the times are so stirring and eventful, that to keep one's self fully informed leaves little time for other reading or study."

From journal:—

"CASTLE ROCK, August 11, 1861.

"I went into Jefferson City this afternoon, and while there reports came of the death of General Lyon. It seems but a day since I met him here on his way to Springfield, and had such satisfactory converse with him. How often my mind has reverted to his pure, honest, sincere character, and the hopes it gave me in the service of his country; and now he has fallen! A feeling of sadness at the loss of this heroic general has oppressed me beyond measure.

"In addition to this sad event, news reaches me of the death of C—— G——. This brings to my mind a long train of memories, which the recollection of mutual association brings back from the past. A sorrowful picture of the

horrors of war! The accounts of this battle, and the results it leaves, have begotten in me a feeling of personal responsibility, which leads to serious consideration.

"The action of the government seems inadequate to the necessities of the State, and the Union men here seem to rely too much upon the government to do, at least in part, their own work. I apprehend that Jackson and the Confederate forces will soon appear in large numbers at some point near the interior of the State, and that the friends of the rebellion, more ready than the friends of the country, will join them in large numbers. Shall Union men look on? Will it be all that we can do to listen for the news? I believe now is the time when my country, my native land, needs me and my all, and that here is the place.

"What can I do? Just now words or votes or civil government cannot do much. The appeal is to arms, and in arms must be met. I see but two ways—to take arms or look on. I have no family; am young; business considerations should not weigh. I cannot be of service as a private soldier, or even as a company officer. Physical disease and exposure have unfitted me to endure what would be necessary, and at the time needed, in those positions, I fear I should fail. Am I fitted for a higher position? Could I fill it in such a manner as to make the forces I should command an absolute additional force? Could I obtain such a position?

"On my way home I sketched in my mind the scheme of raising a battalion of three companies, to volunteer for one year, as aid in suppressing the rebellion in Missouri. This is the State of my adoption and my love. My heart is here, my home is here, and the government of my fathers is

mine. I must do something; and I ask the first of these questions intending to search myself in good faith; the second I shall set about solving to-morrow; and by the day following I will try to decide."

The following letter to his mother will show the result of the foregoing reflections:—

CASTLE ROCK, August 14.

"DEAR MOTHER:—I am just home from Jefferson City, twelve o'clock at night. I was detained late by business, and came very near being detained all night by the picket guard, as Jefferson City is now under martial law.

"The war news you see by the daily press; I will not speak of it in general terms, but enclose you a paper showing what I intend to do. I have considered this step more seriously than any act of my life, and am firmly convinced that it is my duty. I hope that you and my father will approve it.

"I have strenuously opposed that party which have unnecessarily aggravated the causes of this war; but that reckless men have hurried the war upon us does not obviate the fact that it is here, and that good men must take firm, positive ground. I love my country, and cannot consent to let it go without my effort.

"Pardon a short letter, as I have a great deal of writing to do, and to-morrow I go to Linn, to address a meeting of our county. I am well, in good spirits, and love my father and mother as well as ever.

"Your affectionate son,

"GEO. B. BOOMER."

It would be impossible to describe the sufferings, the discouragements, the difficulties of such a stand as this brave young man took—that he would take up arms in defence of his country—and the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of raising a regiment in such a disloyal atmosphere.

It is an easy matter to talk of acting from purely conscientious motives; it is no hardship to say that we will judge of things from their intrinsic merits, and that we will act independently, as those who must give account unto God. This is the theory, which if developed into action makes moral heroes in any and every sphere in life, whether they be kings or peasants, living in the city or country, laboring on the battle-field or in the humble shop. But it is not so easy to stand unmoved and fixed in the truth in the presence of adversaries. Human nature is weak; it loves approbation; and it is much more congenial for the heart to glide easily down the stream of popular sentiment than to buffet against the tide. It is hard to stand by one's principles, to be true to one's self, when on every hand, in looks, in words in conduct, we meet with opposition, with coldness, yea, with almost hatred. We are linked to our fellow-men by so many unseen but beautiful threads of sympathy, that when we feel that support to be gone, and we walk almost solitarily and alone for truth's sake—suffer trial and persecution for its maintenance—the reason and judgment are very apt to find some ground, in the pressure of circumstances around us, for escaping so severe an ordeal.

It is easy to be generous in deed, magnanimous in action, heroic and self-sacrificing in life, when our ears are filled with public applause, when our hearts beat quickly with the approving smile and the meed of love, when by such

acts we see friends increase, and our position in the community greatly dignified thereby. But when there is no eye to see except to look coldly, when there is no ear to hear except to condemn, when there is no hope except in firm reliance upon principle, then comes oftentimes the night of weeping, the heart-searching, the inner voice uplifted to that Eye which is never shut, that Ear which is never closed.

But such training, although severe, often forms the noblest characters, and gives them a calm, unshrinking confidence in the cause they espouse. They may be weighted down by difficulties, oppressed by fears, but having thus triumphed over self, having fought this first great battle victoriously, there is little fear of faltering.

The most brave heroic act of Mr. Boomer's life was not in shedding his blood before the stronghold of Vicksburg, although on that sad evening the setting sun cast its lingering rays upon the pale brow of as true and loving a patriot as was ever graced by the "white plume of Navarre;" but it was while toiling for months in raising his regiment, poor and almost unfriended, that he displayed a courage and endurance more grand than the hottest fight of any battle-field could have offered. In the excitement of action the soldier is stimulated by the circumstance of war, by martial harmonies, by the immediate hope of success, by many motives kindred to those around; he is sustained by a mighty host, a strength he believes invincible; he is impelled to deeds of daring which make the "world wonder," while at the same time they pronounce him a hero; but it is not so sublime, so pure, so lofty a heroism as that which is displayed by him who works for his country without the aid of sympathy or remuneration.

The men of loyal hearts in Missouri at this period were a small band of patriots, so small and so widely scattered that each seemed as it were standing alone. But their patriotism was not a covering of blue and gold, to be put on for ambition or display; it was a patriotism that had passed through the furnace, and bore the test of purity. It was a patriotism that could bear "the crack of prowling rifles," that could look upon burning homes, murdered fathers, houseless wives, and fatherless children. The sufferings of the people of Missouri can never be told. They were accustomed to pass sleepless nights and perilous days, to see property in every form stolen. The Union and Confederate armies had both passed through the State, which combined with the bitter hatred and enmity of its inhabitants made it one scene of devastation and ruin.

It was at such a time as this that Mr. Boomer undertook to raise a thousand men to fight in the defence of our country and with such feelings as the following passage indicates he commenced the work:—

"I know that in taking this step many, I fear most of those I have best loved for years, will condemn and forsake me. In the dear city of my love my name will be spoken of as evil, and every plan of my life I yield. My family are too far away to give me the support I need, and which it would be their pleasure to bestow; but I cannot and would not do otherwise than I have done. The struggle is over, and I feel sure of success."

A friend at Castle Rock says:—

"Mr. Boomer had frequent conversations with me at the commencement of the war in regard to his own duty, in the

then distracted state of the country, and upon mature reflection he decided to raise a regiment. No sooner had he come to this decision than he promptly set about the work with all his known energy, and from motives of pure patriotism."

Another friend says:—

"How Mr. Boomer was to raise a regiment in our poor, disloyal country, was a mystery, and how he was to leave his large business interests and prepare himself for a military commander, was equally unaccountable. But he was a man, although young, who had the confidence of all who knew him, was beloved by all classes, and had that popularity which would insure his success if any one, under the unfavorable circumstances, could succeed.

"He first established his camp at Castle Rock, freely giving to the soldiers the use of his household furniture, his beds, bedding, table furniture, and everything he had which would add to their comfort. After a few weeks he changed his quarters to Medora, where he at the same time could give his personal attention to military discipline."

He had great difficulty in turning the minds of the people to right views of maintaining the government, and to aid in accomplishing this he travelled from town to town, addressing the people, urging their loyalty, and many, says a friend, out of love to him joined his regiment. Sometimes days would pass without any apparent progress, and he would be told by his friends that he never could succeed; but he heeded not such prophecies, only to put forth greater effort. There was a power in his soul which lifted him above the fear of defeat; amidst the ravings of the storm around he was calm and unshaken. "As anchored ships

cling to rifted rocks amid howling tempests, so he clung to the truth," believing in its power to sustain.

There was but one thing which he counted a sacrifice, one grief, and that was the loss of his friends. On this subject he was usually silent, but an occasional remark told the depth of his feelings.

One evening, when sitting in a concert-room at St. Louis some of his dear old friends came in and stood near him. He looked at them very earnestly and tenderly; then, turning to the friend sitting by his side, he said, "God only knows what this has cost me. This is a test which you of the Northern States can never know."

Worn down by constant fatigue, he went from town to town, from county to county, and in an easy, simple, friendly manner, urged the people to loyalty; as may be seen by the following memoranda of meeting with the people of Linn County;

"I am glad, fellow citizens, to see you here, so many of you, to testify, by your presence at least, your concern for the public good.

"What is there so noble, so touching, in all the spectacles humanity presents as the stirring of that impulse of the human heart which leaps to the rescue of distress? When we see it in the individual it melts our heart into sympathy. It is this divine instinct which impels the mother to leap to the rescue of her child, regardless of her own peril and our hearts glow with admiration for that mother. But when we see the rushing of a mighty people to the rescue of their common country in distress, when we see them willing to imperil all they have to sustain that government which bears within it the seeds of happiness and the tree of liberty,

what shall we call that impulse but an approach to the higher nature of which man is said to bear the germ?

"Has the world ever seen the like of that spectacle which, four months ago, it beheld in the loyal people of this country, responding to the call of the President to save the nation from the foe that attacked it? Was it the less sublime that the foe was within its own borders, and that, with a sense of their own loyalty, to deceive them, they had hugged the sweet dream of peace and concession until the treacherous enemy had nearly encompassed them in their destructive folds? No! rather the more sublime! And I am glad indeed to believe, fellow-citizens, that you, or most of you, partook of this disinterested sentiment of loyalty, and that you are here by your presence to testify thereto.

"But while the impulses of the heart are noble, yet, as related to great actions, they should be tempered by judgment and intelligence; and I am here to consider the principles which I have embodied in the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, That we have a country which we love from patriotism; that we have a government which we love for its intrinsic worth, and the blessings it has conferred upon us; that we have a flag which we love from all the memories that cluster around it; that as American citizens all these are ours; and that we will defend them from the most dangerous of internal foes.

"*Resolved*, That a minority of the people, deceived by ambitious men, without cause (except evil passions) have rebelled in arms against the peaceful will of the majority; that they have done violence to our Constitution and the peaceful customs of our whole history; and that as we love peace, as we love liberty, as we love our domestic happiness,

and as we hope to secure obedience to all constituted authority hereafter, it is the duty of the government to put this rebellion down, and our own duty to aid in doing the same.

“*Resolved*, That as citizens of Missouri we are also citizens of the United States, and that no government can be said to invade its own citizens; that as citizens in our own state capacity we have been outraged by a conspiracy on the part of our former executive and legislative officers, against our honor, our interests, and our sovereign will as expressed in convention, and that, led by these men our homes are invaded and our property stolen; that our convention in secret session has done its duty in deposing those men who violated our rights, and in providing us new officers, and that we will sustain its action—obey the call of the authorities to compel the peace and drive the invaders from our soil; that the cry of our enemies for peace is a call for us to surrender our rights in law, liberty, and native land; that these are inalienable, and guaranteed to us by our Constitution, and that we will never surrender them: but that we will call upon *them* for peace—that they restrain their madness by laying down their arms, and obey the law, enjoy their protection, and take again their equal share in the glories and blessings of our common land.”

A few extracts from letters give some indications that he had difficulties to overcome in preparing for his new sphere of life:—

“September 11, 1861.

“DEAR S——:—I can write you but a few words to-night, as I am very busy forming my regiment, and getting my business and property into such a condition that it can be

safely attended to during my absence, or disposed of should I never return. It is a great deal of trouble to do both. The military affairs at St Louis are very imperfectly managed, which, in the confusion created heretofore, and partially now, from want of proper state authorities, makes additional trouble. I am making as much progress, considering these things, as could reasonably be expected, and am fully satisfied that I am doing what I should do.

"I am thankful for your letters, and feel happy when I know that those I love still care for me, and it will aid me.

"Raising a regiment in this State is attended with much difficulty, and I may be disappointed, but perseverance and tact will accomplish much. It is right to serve my country, and I must 'crown my thoughts with acts.' I am gratified with the feeling that I have been the cause of inducing many men to go into the field who otherwise would not have done so.

"Give love to A—— and the children, and reserve for yourself on the unfailing principle of the widow's cruse."

November 2.

"What can I say to you in detail, my dear sister? I do not like to deny what you ask me, but sometimes it is best I should.

"My regiment is still at Medora, recruiting very slowly, but with a good prospect for the coming week, and I hope in a short time to be full.

"I have seen our new major-general in command of the State, and could not be better pleased, so far as appearances go. I think he is quite perplexed by the situation here, and scarcely knows what to do, which I do not wonder at; in

fact, it will hardly be expected that he will be able to take intelligent action for some days.

“As soon as my regiment is full I want to go to Benton barracks and get thoroughly prepared for the field, and then go south. I would like to visit New Orleans with an escort.

“My dear sister, why do you beg to know all the particulars of what I am doing, thinking, etc.? The daily events of my life would only fill your heart, already anxious enough, with more solicitude. These are hard times for Union men in Missouri; but I am a man, my good sister. You always had a little comfort in such reflections about me, at least you have sometimes flattered me in that way, and now I have an opportunity of ‘testing my metal.’”

November 10, 1861.

DEAR S——:—I am as busy as I can be, drilling, holding school, etc. My duties begin at early dawn and last until eight o'clock p. m.

“My regiment is likely to be affected by General Halleck's policy, as he stopped further recruiting some time ago, turned it over to the State forces, and is going to consolidate all regiments not full. I may lose my position by this arrangement, but I will not fail to do my duty in any event. I have great faith in General Halleck, and if I have to suffer it will be the result of a policy which I think he ought to adopt under all circumstances.

“I more than appreciate your kindness, and it greatly aids me. I cannot say more, only to beg that you will not distress yourself about me, for you know, my sister—I have often heard you say it—that ‘it is a noble thing to suffer and be strong.’ I have made up my mind to do what I am doing for a cause I love, and though new and worse difficulties should arise, I shall not turn back. I am happy in this, never more so.

THE SOLDIER.

— - "To fight
In a just cause and for our country's glory
Is the best office of the best of men."

The following letter will show that Mr. Boomer had accomplished his work of raising a regiment:—

— "ST. LOUIS, January 11, 1862.

DEAR SISTER:—I need not say that I was very thankful for your last kind letter—except that the acknowledgment is becoming in me—and I hope you will continue to write me often, even though I should seem unmindful of a proper return. Your letters always give me pleasure; a fresh breathing comes with them through the air, and I respire for a while lighter and freer. The world of affection is one of its own, and when we enter it truly we have stepped out for the moment from the world of care as perfectly as in sleep, which the poets have always contended 'hath its own world.'

"I am at the Planter's House, writing after tea in the sitting room, and the crowd buzzes about as it only can at an American hotel. Sunday, at the proper loafing hour, it reaches its climax, and this is I think the hour; in other words, 'the hour and the men are come.'

"I am expecting Mr. V—— B—— and my assistant surgeon on the train shortly. I sent for them, as to-morrow

morning it is proposed to muster into service the whole field and staff of the Twenty-sixth Regiment Missouri Volunteers, George B. Boomer, Colonel; John H. Holman, Lieutenant-Colonel; L. H. Koninszesky, Major; Dr. Prout, Surgeon; Dr. Bryan, Assistant Surgeon; A. H. Van Buren, Adjutant; chaplain and quartermaster I have not yet appointed.

"The forces under my command were consolidated, December 30th, with those of the lieutenant-colonel and major, and my position is the more flattering as it was given without my knowledge.

"I believe I am to be placed at Franklin, the junction of the Pacific and Southwest Branch Railroad, thirty-seven miles from here. I cannot, of course, tell what will ultimately be our destination, but I hope south. I have entered the service for war, and, after due preparation, want to be where the hardest work is to be done."

In entering the field Colonel Boomer assured his friends that it would be vain for them to look for a labored correspondence from him; that he should have neither time nor disposition to write a history of the movements of the army as they occurred. He should enter the field for work, and if he attended faithfully to his duties it would leave him neither time nor thought for digesting or condensing the active operations of a large body of soldiers for newspaper correspondence. This opinion was fully confirmed, after a little observation in the field, by seeing the personal aims and ends of the press, many of them utterly false, or at least with truth so distorted that it was hard to recognize it even as a foundation.

The Twenty-sixth Missouri remained in the State ser-

vice as guard until the sixteenth of February, when they were ordered to Fort Donnelson; but as our army was victorious at that place before they could reach it, they were ordered to Bird's Point, from there to Charlestown, Missouri, and thence to Bertrand and New Madrid.

From the latter place Colonel Boomer wrote a letter showing that he fully appreciated the dangers to which a soldier was exposed on the field of battle:—

CAMP NEAR NEW MADRID. March 13, 1862.

“DEAR SISTER:—I write you a hurried note this eve, as we are ordered to be ready for advance to-morrow by daylight.

“I have seen hard times of late, as we marched thirty-eight miles in two days to get here, without tents or baggage, or scarcely anything to eat. We did not have our horses, so I marched with the soldiers, sleeping on the ground one night in the rain, which was too much for me, as I have not recovered my strength from the illness I had at Bird's Point.

“I do not know what we shall do to-morrow, but I hear heavy firing to-night, proceeding. I think from the enemy's gunboats upon our batteries below, on the river.

“We have a superior force, but the enemy has great advantage in position. I judge that the present intention is to advance on the lines; but whatever is done, or commanded to be done, I believe I shall be able to do my duty.

“I am in General Schuyler Hamilton's division, whom I know well. We are friends, and I feel sure that I shall be fairly treated, and well cared for if wounded.

“I send you a bill of sale of my library and household furniture, which I want you to have in case accident happens to me.

"L—— was to see me at Bertrand. We had a good brotherly visit. He was full of kindness, and we parted as I marched for this place. May Heaven bless him for all his love to me.

"Please transmit the contents of this letter to my mother, L——, and N——, with my love to you all. I can only write to mother my love, and tell her she will hear through you.

"With much love to your husband, to Ara and Bella,

"I am ever your dear brother,

"GEORGE."

HAMBURG, TENNESSEE, April 23, 1862.

"DEAR S——:—After the siege of New Madrid we crossed the river at Tiptonville. We were present at the surrender of Island No. 10, went down to Fort Pillow with the fleet, and while there received orders to move to this place immediately.

"I am quite happy in my position; yet I assure you I would be glad to get out of it were it not for the object with which I entered the service. It is a hard, thankless life; save the idea that it is necessary, one could not endure the horrors of war. It has its sunlights, however, and I shall be happy in the experience of this self-denial, should I be so fortunate as to survive it. My health is excellent, and I feel confident that my regiment will do well.

"I beg you will excuse a short letter, for it is the first time for more than a week that we have had any ink or stationery, and consequently I have an accumulation of writing on my hands.

"We have been in slow pursuit of the flying enemy since

the 30th, and succeed in keeping just about so near him, having nothing but blankets and ammunition with us, saving very little to eat.

"I believe now we shall stop and occupy the railroads and the country through which we pass, which, after so long a time, is the most sensible thing we can do.

"I am generally well, and am at present in command of a demi-brigade, three regiments—Fifth Iowa, Fifty-seventh Indiana, and my own. I commanded them before Corinth, and had the honor to lead them into one little skirmish which was quite brilliant."

On going into the field Colonel Boomer was presented with a very fine horse. The generous donor had spared no pains in the training of this noble animal, and during the siege of Corinth it won the reputation of being the finest animal in the field; but most unfortunately its fame extended to the rebel camp. Colonel Boomer, in the foregoing letter says: "I have lost my fine horse. I loaned him to my chaplain one day, when riding, to go back on the road to see a sick officer; returning, he strayed a little from the road, and was captured by the enemy. The chaplain I have heard from he is—in good hands—but there still remains an uncomfortable silence about the horse."

The sequel of the stolen horse was afterwards revealed. While at Corinth one of the rebel generals had his eye upon this horse, with the determination to capture it. This he succeeded in doing, as about six months afterward he sent a note of thanks to the Colonel for his splendid animal.

"IN THE FIELD, July 7, 1862.

"DEAR S——:—Your kind letters from home reached

me in due time, and they are so welcome that I dare not let this last one go by without a reply, for fear I may miss them hereafter if I neglect you. This is very selfish, is it not? but you know it is the mainspring of many of our acts. Still, I have another reason, for you know that I love to write to you. So here goes.

“First, the situation—a block for a seat, a tent-fly for a roof, a field desk and a candle; the air, the open field, constitute my other surroundings.

“It is a warm, moonlight evening; tattóo has been beating an hour; the horses are grazing, picketed; and there is systematic outbreak of noise among the mules and wagons, and a hum, low but distinct, along the stacks of arms stretched along this road, which runs east and west from Rienzi to Jacinto. I am in this open field on the south side of the road, the men and the arms on the north, and we are all two miles east of Rienzi, ‘whither two horsemen may frequently be seen riding.’

“We have been marching without tents or baggage, ever since June 26th, east and west, for about fifty miles, along this road, to near Holly Springs, an average distance of twenty miles south of Corinth. The enemy are hovering about, but I think only in small force, without any other motive than to annoy us.

“I feel often heartsick at what I see about me, which, with all the privations and the ‘often infirmities’ of the temporal man, very frequently make hard times. But the more I see of the strength of our foe in this part of the country, combined with our recent disasters East, the more I feel that this gigantic war is by no means over; and as I entered the service for three years or the war, I have not the least idea

of leaving it, so long as I may be of use in accomplishing the great end.

"I would like to see home and you, and I would like many other things; but I counted all these privations in the cost of being a soldier, and have no expectation of leaving the army while there is any use in my being in it, except when required to do so by wounds or illness. I do not believe in so many officers leaving the army on furloughs; it demoralizes and disorganizes everything. I know it is pleasant to rest, but if war is a necessity let us meet it as a necessity.

"August 1.

"Do not worry too much about me, my sister. It is true that we often have hard times, that we sometimes get desponding, but there is much to enjoy, aside from the fact that we are laboring for a country which has need of us. We come in contact with the brightest intellects in the land. These intellects, sharpened by action, called out by corresponding minds, bound together by a common sympathy, afford no inferior enjoyment. And then life is so active, so much is crowded into a single day or hour."

"August 10.

"My regiment has gone to Jacinto, twelve miles southwest of here. I shall join them to-morrow if as well as to-day.

"As I write I hear the guns of the batteries of the First Missouri Light Artillery, including Totter's and Dubois's. They are saluting the anniversary of the battle of Willson's Creek. I now hear the guns of the Second Kansas; they

claim their honors too. This interests me, as that battle decided me to enter the army.

"I am truly thankful for your letters; they are better than an oasis, for, as I travel along the desert, I can carry the fountain and shade with me.

"I rejoice that you are with our dear parents again, and wish that I could ride with you to our old home in Sutton. The older I grow the more vivid is my childhood. Remember me to all my acquaintances of those early years, as you see them. With love to all,

"I am your affectionate brother,

"GEORGE."

"CAMP AT JACINTO, August 13.

"DEAR SISTER N——:—I came to this place yesterday, where my regiment have been for several days. I found your letter to welcome me, which was a real happiness—greater than I can tell. How delightful to hear that you are in better health. I believe you will permanently recover. As a family we all have great vitality, and since I have been in the service I have borne the hardships well.

"The weather is very warm, but I dread more a certain quality of heat than I do the quantity. There are some peculiar properties of heat that reduce one.

"Altogether I like the service, and get on much better than I feared, though, like everything else, there are many trials connected with it.

"You speak of my life. It has been much as you think and from year to year I feel more strength and purpose. I shall never be too old or too wise to learn, and so day by day I receive a new pleasure. Whom the Lord loveth he

chasteneth.' I have sometimes thought those words were meant for me; they are beautiful and have given me much comfort.

"You say that Johnny wants to be a soldier. He is too young to enter the army. No one has a right, except as a last resort, to enter the field until his physical development is complete. To do so brings ruin upon his future, and does little or no present good. A more rigid inspection, throwing out nearly twenty per cent. of the recruits, would save millions of dollars, and give us a stronger army."

A few weeks after the foregoing letter was written, our troops were engaged in the battle of Iuka. This contest demanded prompt and energetic action, which was met by Colonel Boomer with a determination to conquer, as will best be seen by the following account of the battle, taken from the public press:—

"In this engagement seven or eight thousand of our troops fought against eighteen to twenty thousand of the enemy. The nature of the ground was such, also, that they could approach very near us without being exposed.

"Our battery took its position on a point where two ridges join. On each is a road, both converging at this place. The line of the First Brigade formed nearly at right angles with the battery on the point of the angle.

"The enemy poured grape and shell upon our troops all the time they were forming, and charged almost before our line was completed.

"When our battery opened, as it did, double charged with ammunition, it made fearful havoc in the enemy's deep

columns; but still they came upon us, with such a concentrated fire, that the battery was silenced, and the three regiments on the left gave way.

“Meantime Colonel Boomer, of the Twenty-sixth Missouri, seeing the danger, and that the battery was gone, moved his regiment forward, and by the off flank on and around the battery, fought against both a front and flank fire with the most unparalelled determination, sustained by the Fifth Iowa. During the fearful struggle Colonel Boomer had no field or staff officer to assist him; yet he was everywhere seen in the fight, apparently at the same time. Three times had he to rally his brave men to this deadly contest, one-half of whom were left on the battle-field, killed or wounded.

“In this hot fight the Colonel had received two balls in his thigh. Still undaunted, he pressed on—no surrender with him—until, as night closed in, another ball threw him from his horse, as it was supposed mortally wounded, but not until he had the satisfaction of knowing that the victory was ours, which victory justly covered him with glory.”

For some days Colonel Boomer's wounds were considered mortal. In contemplating death he expressed an entire trust in the all-wise Disposer of events, and said if it was God's will that he should end his earthly career at that time he was satisfied, and knew that he should not be left to tread “the dark valley” alone. One of his friends expressed her grief that he had thus sacrificed his life. He said reprovingly, “And you call this sacrifice, if I lose my life or become disabled? It is a price to be paid, but not too dear for the blessings of a good government. I would not have my coun-

try go through such a struggle without feeling the satisfaction that I had, in thought and in act, given it my entire, my most hearty sympathy. Our nationality must be maintained."

During this illness he was asked if he thought the war was nearly at an end. He replied that he thought not. He believed that certain successful campaigns on our part, such as taking their largest cities and their strongholds, might bring the hardest fighting to an end; but even that was going to be a difficult thing to do, and in that event the South would resist us by every means in their power. He was convinced the South would never lay down their arms and return to the Union so long as they had any ability to fight; and until their institutions were entirely changed, peace would never smile upon our land again, for "our enemy was really fighting for aristocracy, and their leaders were haughtier despots than were ever enthroned by the most arbitrary laws in any age."

While recovering from his wounds he was permitted to go north, and one circumstance after another led him to pay a visit to every member of his family. This privilege seemed to fill him with a new happiness, and although not usually demonstrative, yet he could not sufficiently express his pleasure in seeing all his friends again. To use his own words, "they all seemed invested with a new interest to him." Perhaps the shadow of this earthly farewell was hovering over him.

On returning to his command he stopped at St. Louis, and, as if guided by an overruling hand, he made a short visit to Castle Rock. Of his visit to St. Louis he says: "I

rejoice to be here once more, and greatly rejoice in the more plentiful number of Union people than when I left it. I am surprised at the change of feeling towards me, as my old friends very generally seem delighted to greet me. It was reported here that I was killed, and one of my good friends was on the point of sending to Corinth for me, when it was ascertained that my brother had already gone."

In speaking of this visit, a friend says: "Colonel Boomer seemed quite astonished at the enthusiasm with which he was everywhere greeted in going up and down the road from Jefferson City to St. Louis, and at the former place. As for the people of Castle Rock, their joy was unbounded when they heard he was going to pay them a visit. He was expected there the day before he went, and all his friends were gathered to meet him. As the next day went by without his appearing, they began to fear they should be disappointed; but when, late in the evening, it was announced that their dear Colonel was crossing the river, men, women, and children rushed to the landing, and with one burst of joy gave him a welcome."

This visit to Missouri gave him great support and comfort, and on reaching his command, the 11th November, he says his life seemed full of blessings; and, added to the joy of visiting old friends and sharing their confidence, his regiment received him in such a manner that he could not speak for some time.

"Colonel Boomer was advised by many of his military friends to seize upon so favorable an opportunity to secure his promotion. The following letter will show the nature of his feelings upon this subject:—

OXFORD, MISSOURI, December 8.

"DEAR SISTER:—Your kind letters are received; and let me thank you again for the interest you take in me, for it is rare, and I trust you believe that I bear no ungrateful heart toward you in return.

"I want to explain to you why I have taken no active measures to obtain promotion. I don't believe in it, and could not do it. Advancement is only valuable as it serves one's purpose. I have certain views of what is high and lofty in life, with which the means of advancement in these days do not always consort. I will not, in other words, do certain things to be promoted.

"My position is an honorable one, and one which gives me, in my own locality, all the reputation I deserve; for there is a true estimate of a man's qualities in the field; and if I am promoted it must be in such a way that I shall be proud of it, for it is not so distinguished an honor that great sacrifices should be made to attain it.

"I am fond of reflecting upon what I think have been right actions in my past career, that is, self sacrificing and meritorious. I desire to enlarge this resource continually; and it is not to be done by advanced position, unless all things are equal.

"Some things have occurred recently which afford me more satisfaction than any promotion the powers at Washington could give me without them. Shortly after I arrived here it was intimated that I was to be placed in command of a brigade, and when it was known that our division was to be reinforced with new regiments and reorganized, all the old regiments of the division, except two, applied to be assigned to my brigade.

"It would be egotistical for me to tell you of all the love and confidence that have been shown me in this affair, by men of all ranks: suffice it to say, I feel really affected by it, and would not exchange it for forty brigadierships. General Grant has treated me with the utmost consideration. I had no right to expect it.

"I have been placed in command of General Schuyler Hamilton's old division at New Madrid, with the exception of the Fifty-ninth Indiana. It is composed of some of the very best regiments in the army; and I hope now to be of more use in subduing our foes than I have been heretofore."

This promotion in the army was followed by recommendations from Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Hamilton, Quimby, and others in the field, asserting that Col. Boomer was an officer who had been tried, and deserved at the hands of his country the same promotion at Washington that had been given him unasked in the field. These recommendations were seconded by the governor and senators of Missouri; but at that time some favorite at Washington received the meed that was his due.

The following extracts from letters will show that Colonel B. felt deeply solicitous for our cause on return to the field:—

"January 8, 1863.

"DEAR S——:—We are now on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, fourteen miles from the city, guarding it. Our division guarded a train of five hundred wagons to Memphis and return—the most disagreeable service we have had."

January 19.

"We are going to Vicksburg as soon as we can get boats, probably ten days yet. I am not over cheerful in regard to matters in general."

Early in February he paid his last visit to St. Louis.

"CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, February 22.

"MY DEAR SISTER:—On my arrival here yesterday I found some late letters from you, and some old ones missing heretofore, covering a long interval, and bringing with them quite a retrospect. It seems, then, that I have at times written in blue lines. Well, that cannot be helped, for there are at times enough vexations to wear out the fortitude of the most patient of men. It is not at the necessary trials or obstacles to be overcome, but to see undone what might be done, and done what should not be done."

"GRAND LAKE LANDING, March 7.

"DEAR SISTER:—We are one and a half miles north of Louisiana line, and twenty north of Lake Providence. It was intended to work through these lakes into Bayou Mascon, from thence into Red River, and through the latter into the Mississippi above Port Hudson. This plan is now abandoned, and we are going up the river to what is called the Yazoo Pass, on the Mississippi side. We expect to go through that pass into Moon Lake, thence into the Cold Water and Tallahatchie Rivers and through these into Yazoo River, to a point above Vicksburg, which we propose to attack in the rear. There are five divisions going this route.

"I went yesterday down to Lake Providence to see General McPherson. It is one of the most lovely spots in

the world. The lake runs west from the river, and is about three-fourths of a mile wide. The water is clear, and skirted around the edge of the shore with luxuriant trees, hung with moss, so thick in places that it looks like a veil. The banks are about twelve feet high. The road runs along on the edge of it, which is lined with elegant residences, the plantations running back to the swamps. These plantations, deserted by their owners, are now occupied by our troops; while the generals in command find commodious quarters in the fine houses.

"I wish you could see this wealth of beauty; it is my first realization of the splendors of the Oriental. The beautiful foliage and luxuriant flowers and shrubs, profuse in fragrance, the brilliant birds, gorgeous in coloring, combined with the freshness of a sunny spring day, are enough to take one away from the fact of a despoiling war into fairy land.

"Well, there is always some sweet intermixed with the bitter. Military matters do not look so beautifully. I am not entirely pleased with the present plan, and asked General McPherson to go yesterday and see General Grant about it. Whether he can effect any change remains to be seen.

"General Grant is opposite Vicksburg, with half the army; the other half will be with us. I think they ought to be together. Whatever is done the force should never be divided.

"I am well, and, though a good deal disquieted at times, I have made up my mind to see what I can do for my country. I will not entertain the idea of deserting what I have undertaken, but try to make the best of things as they are.

"I am so much obliged to you for your letters, and indeed I will write you more frequently than I have done; and

if you will keep my letters I shall be glad. It might be a pleasure to me sometime in the future to look them over and see what I thought and felt during this struggle, though they are poor affairs."

"HELENA, ARKANSAS, March 14.

"I am left here in charge of the Second and Third Brigades of this division, to procure transportation and embark them down the Yazoo Pass. General Quimby left this morning with the First Brigade."

"FLAG-SHIP STEAMER W. W. CRAWFORD,

"AT LANDING, FIVE MILES BELOW HELENA,
ARKANSAS, March 22, 1863.

"I have been waiting here a number of days for transports to take my command into Yazoo River. I have now obtained them, and we are embarked ready to leave to-morrow morning. We shall undoubtedly have a rough time of it working through a narrow, crooked bayou, overhung with trees, but we will work through nevertheless. The enemy will be likely to fight us too after we land, I think, as it will be their policy to do so before we get the rest of our forces in; but they will have a hard time at that, as we have good troops, consisting of eight regiments and three batteries.

"This expedition will prove a failure, I fear. My opinion has been expressed to General Grant and General McPherson in advance. I shall try my best, however, which is all the satisfaction from it that I look forward to. I am well and in good spirits."

"HEAD-QUARTERS STEAMER CRAWFORD,

"AT HELENA, April 11, 1863.

"DEAR SISTER:—I waited for the aid of this bright morning to write you a cheerful letter.

"You remember that in Nursery Rhymes the King of France and Duke of York, with twice ten thousand men did great things. We have done the same, under much greater difficulties, with half that number of men. We have demonstrated what can, and, more, what cannot be done. Well, to come to the facts in the case, we have chased the so-called Southern Confederacy up and down all its small creeks, and I judge, from the effect our movements have produced on ourselves, that we have wrought very much confusion in the minds of our enemies.

"I do not feel like making any review of my expedition even for your benefit, for I am in too good humor. Still, you shall have some knowledge of it, even from me.

"I will content myself now with saying, that, after a trip which nearly worried the life out of me, we arrived at Fort Greenwood. We remained there two days and a half, which time I occupied in reconnoitring, and talking to the enemy's pickets—the same enemy we met at Corinth and Iuka, and who knew us at once, and were glad to see us. At the expiration of this time, under peremptory orders, we retired in good order, which, under the circumstances, was quite surprising to me, as the enemy saluted us with a few shells at parting and killed a few men by guerilla firing from the banks. We arrived here last night, and are going to Lake Providence to-day. Where our future destination is, I don't know.

"On the trip down, while one morning in the pilot-house of the Belle Creole, a limb burst suddenly through, and cut my right eyelid badly.

"You would be amused to see our boats—nothing but a photograph could describe them.

"My boat had to lie still about half the time, waiting for the others; and one day I gathered some beautiful flowers. I send you an apple blossom, which was most delicious when fresh, though there are few traces of its fragrance now.

"MILLIKIN'S BEND, April 20, 1863.

"DEAR S——:—We are twenty miles above Vicksburg by water; arrived here the 15th;

"My brigade has a fine camp inside the levee along the river. General Grant's headquarters are just on the right of my line.

"Colonel P——is here, working nobly at a new canal, which will be a success for the object intended; viz. to supply our army below Vicksburg with provisions, etc. One *corps d'armee* (McClelland's) is already at Carthage.

"Eight gunboats and two steamboats ran the blockade Thursday night. It was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. Over five hundred shots were fired at them, which set fire to one of the steamers loaded with cotton. The rebels lighted a bonfire to illuminate the river; and between this and the flashes of the guns, the reports, and the explosion of the shells, together with the interest felt in the safety of the boats and crews, all conspired to create quite an excitement.

"Our prospects are brightening. The troops are concentrated, and can soon be used, I think."

"CAMP ON BIG BLACK RIVER, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 6.

"At last through the 'many and various' we are two days in bivouac as above.

"I am in excellent spirits. Major Brown is in here,

and I am abusing him and having a real 'feast of reason' and 'flow of soul;' indeed, it is hard to bring myself down to write, being in a ripe condition to use my tongue instead of my pen; and while I know you are glad of it, yet I believe too you would like to have me make the sacrifice to write.

"I left Millikin's Bend the 25th April, and arrived here on the evening of May 3, having marched, by the route I took, about one hundred and twenty miles, a portion of the distance over horrible roads. I crossed my command over the Mississippi River in the interim, and laid by one day for other troops to pass, and moved the last day in the face of the enemy.

"Since General Grant commenced to move his columns he has displayed great tact and skill, together with immense energy and nerve. The passage of this army over the Mississippi River and up to this point is one of the most masterly movements known in the history of any warfare, and it is a success.

"We shall soon commence the second movement, when you will probably hear of a tremendous battle, and I trust a victory.

"You have no idea, my dear sister, of the beauty and wealth of this country. In Louisiana many of the plantations along the bayous and rivers are magnificent in the extreme, especially the grounds, covered with every variety of vegetation, all of the most luxuriant growth."

"BIVOUAC FIVE MILES EAST OF UTICA, ON

"RAYMOND ROAD, MISSISSIPPI, May 11, 1893.

"DEAR SISTER:—I am up very early this morning under orders to move but am waiting for the columns to get off.

It is about five o'clock a. m. I have had my breakfast; the air is damp, chilly and smoky. The dust, or something else, with a slight cold, have caused a soreness in my right lung and throat, so that I am feeling poorly.

“One thing which aids this condition is the news in the Southern papers announcing another reverse to our arms in Virginia. I hope it may not be true, but the probabilities seem to be that it is. If so, there seems little hope of accomplishing anything there for a long time; and, besides, it will have a bad effect upon us here. We have enough before us at best, although the General is doing nobly, and has troops of great valor to bring him through.

“You will know by this time that I am not feeling well, and as I cannot send you a letter now, being in the Southern Confederacy, so called, I will await to-day's march.”

Sunday Evening, 17.

“Since I wrote the above I have seen and felt more than I can express to you.

“Our active operations began that day. We marched twelve miles and fought a battle before Raymond. The forces engaged on either side were comparatively small—one and a half division of ours, and about the same of the enemy.

“The night after the battle we bivouacked in Raymond. I led the advance toward Jackson; skirmished for eleven miles under dreadful heat and dust. The enemy did not engage his main force, I lost none; some were slightly wounded.

“The next morning (it rained all day) we met the enemy, under General Joe Johnson, eight miles in front of

town. Our division joined in double line of battle, drove them from their position, captured their artillery, pushed them over their works and through the town, which we occupied at four o'clock p. m.

“The morning following we turned again for Vicksburg, made a march of sixteen miles, and yesterday, after marching five miles, met the enemy's whole army in splendid fashion, moved out to fight the battle of Vicksburg. We had but four divisions at hand to meet them with, and one of those could scarcely be said to have a part in the battle (Brigadier-General Osterhaus's). The other three were Hovey's, of McClernand's corps, General Logan's, and ours of McPherson's. General Grant and General McPherson were both on the field. General Logan's division and Sanborn's brigade were the right, General Hovey the left. I was ordered first left, then right, and finally, as the enemy massed all his force on General Hovey and commenced to rout him, I was ordered back again to the left, on the double quick, to support him. I did it manfully, though his force was completely routed by the time I got on the ground, and there was terrible danger of panic among my men for a moment. As his scattered forces passed by, I swung my lines into position under a terrible fire and drove them back. They reinforced again and came up, at the same time endeavoring to flank me on the left. I swung my left back again, and held them until I received two regiments from Holmes's brigade, which enabled me to drive them from the field.

“I captured what was left of a Georgia regiment and an Arkansas battalion. While we were doing this, General McPherson had forced their right, and they fled in ut-

ter consternation. The result was the capture of two thousand prisoners and sixteen pieces of artillery. The loss was about equal on both sides.

“The great struggle was on the left. General Hovey fought well; his men drove the enemy a long distance; but they were all worn out, their ammunition gone, and the enemy poured their whole force against him.

“The victory was great and decisive, but, oh! at how dear a cost to me! Five hundred and fifty-one of my brave men were killed or wounded! I cannot bear to think of it—the way they fought and fell.

“Major Brown, of my own regiment, is among the killed. He was as noble and gallant as he was pure and true, and his spirit will never die. He handled the regiment he commanded during that hot fight as though it were pastime, and his praise is on every tongue.

“Captain Welker was also killed, and we buried him with Lieutenant-Colonel Horney, of the Tenth Missouri, and my dear friend Brown, this morning, side by side, in rude coffins, with a description of the locality, that will identify their graves if the rude mementoes we placed at their heads are lost.

“We are now at the crossing of the Big Black River, near the railroad crossing. A part of the enemy had not crossed when our forces reached here. General A. J. Smith's Division, of McClernand's Corps, charged on them, and they surrendered before our line reached them—about three thousand in all.

“The enemy are totally demoralized, and a large force of them scattered in every direction. To-morrow we shall

know what of Vicksburg. The indications are very favorable for us in every quarter of this campaign.

"I thank God that my life has been thus far spared, and trust it may be until the end. I have not been scratched. My horse yesterday was shot in the leg, but he kept the field with me. I think much credit is awarded me for my conduct, and I feel that I have done my duty.

"Our noble soldiers have borne every hardship, trial and fatigue, hunger, thirst, heat, and death, without a murmur."



DEATH AND BURIAL.

The last letter in the preceding chapter was received long after the hand that penned it lay cold in death.

The movements of our Western Army, from its hour of triumph at Champion Hills (to which allusion is made in that letter) to the disastrous assault of the 22d of May upon the enemy's almost impregnable defenses at Vicksburg, must be familiar to the mind of every reader.

On the morning of that day, General Grant issued an order that the whole line should make the assault at ten o'clock, a command that was promptly obeyed by Generals Sherman and McPherson; but this was not the case with General McClernand, who called for reinforcements before taking the field. In answer to General McClernand's request, the Seventh Division of General McPherson's corps was assigned him as a reinforcement; but instead of its being kept as a reserve it was ordered to the front.

It is maintained by many of Boomer's friends that from the moment this decision was known he looked apprehensively upon the result to himself, and said to one of them, standing near, that he should never see St Louis again.

He was prostrated by the laborious campaign, fatigued by the fighting of the morning, disappointed at the result, and filled with a sense of injustice that the worn troops

should be sent to the front while McClernand's fresh soldiers were kept in reserve. All these would naturally combine to fill his mind with depression, which might have been the only ground for belief that some foreshadowing of his fate rested upon him.

Before making that fatal charge he gave directions that in case he fell his body should be sent to his sister in Cleveland, Ohio; and remembering, with a tenderness peculiar to his nature, that dear home in Missouri, desiring in his last moments to recognize the tie that bound him to it, he also ordered that the field officers of his own regiment should bear his body from the battle ground.

He then, with alacrity and cheerfulness, marched with his brigade to the scene of contest.

General Carr, in a private letter, says:—

“Boomer was perfectly cool and collected. He examined the position carefully, formed his men into two lines, took his place, and said, ‘Boys, I shall be with you right between the lines,’ and, giving the usual commands, marched them forward over the brow of and down the first hill or ridge.

“As soon as the men appeared over the brow of the ridge, the enemy's fire opened, and was terribly hot, but did not have much effect, as they fired high, and the men immediately commenced to descend the steep slope.

“At the bottom of this slope there was a ravine full of fallen trees and brush, very difficult to get over. After the men had scrambled across this, Boomer went on to the next ridge, and was making his arrangements for continuing his march, when he received his death wound.

"His last words were, 'Boys, don't charge those works.' He had discovered that it was too much for them to do."

This heroic officer was killed instantly by a bullet from the sharp-shooters, which pierced his head.

Whether he had any presentiment of his death or not, he had looked it in the face, and was prepared to meet it calmly as a condition of his loyalty, as a proof that he loved his country well.

There is a martyr's spirit in our war as true and grand as that which the poet comprehended, when, in describing the dying gladiator in the Roman arena, he painted him as one "whose manly brow consents to death, but conquers agony," a martyr's spirit more touching and sublime than any which "men or angels have ever gazed upon since they saw the drooping victim of Calvary's middle cross."

On learning the valuable service which this true hearted patriot had accomplished for his country at Champion Hills, Governor Gamble again requested that the President should confer upon him the rank which had long been justly his due.

The following answer was received to this petition:—

"GOV. H. B. GAMBLE:—In answer to your request, the President directs me to say that the government will testify its sense of the gallant conduct of Colonel Boomer by his appointment as Brigadier-General.

"EDWIN M. STANTON,

"Secretary of War."

In accordance with the wishes of this officer, the attempt was made to send his body north; but the facilities for em-

balming bodies were so imperfect in the army, and transportation was so difficult, that it was deemed advisable to bury him at Young's Point, until such time as his friends could furnish a safe passport.

A deputation was immediately sent from St. Louis to recover all that remained of him who had nobly made his last offering for his country; and on Sunday morning, June 21st, his body reached that city. It was conveyed at once to the Planters' House, where it lay in state until the funeral obsequies, which were observed the following day.

Loving hands shrouded the casket in which he lay with "a magnificent national banner of silk; over the head lay a well-earned chaplet of classic laurel, on the breast a large wreath of evergreen and white flowers, in the center of which appeared a single white floral star, and at the foot a beautiful cross formed of the same pure white material."

At half-past one the body was transferred from the Planters' House to the Second Baptist church, where as a mere youth, on entering that city years before, he first found a home in the public worship of God.

At the church, in front of the altar, a beautiful arch of evergreens and white flowers had been arranged with great taste, and underneath it his coffin was placed by those who had loved him faithfully in life. The religious exercises were conducted in the presence of a very large and attentive audience, in a most solemn and impressive manner by Dr. Post and the Rev. J. P. Schofield.

At the close of the service the choir sung Montgomery's beautiful hymn,

"Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power."

“At the conclusion of the religious services the body was received by the military escort, consisting of the Ninety-first Illinois Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith commanding, and two squadrons of the Fourth Regular Cavalry, the entire escort commanded by Colonel Day.

“The cortege moved with slow and measured tread, led by Boehm’s splendid band, thundering the awful notes of a grief-inspiring requiem, which, as it swelled to a perfect diapason, embodied at once the prayers and sorrow for the dead.

“Along the streets traversed by the cortege the sidewalks were lined in many parts with citizens, for the people loved the name of General Boomer for the bravery and goodness he was animated with in his lifetime; and as the boat pushed out from the wharf, transporting his honored dust from the soil of his adoption forever, many a sigh went up, and tears were shed from eyes all “unused to the melting mood.”

General Boomer’s remains were conveyed to the home of his father, in Worcester, Mass., for interment, and it was the design of his family to quietly place them in their final resting place. But the loyal citizens of Worcester remonstrated against this plan, and strongly urged that they might have an opportunity of showing their gratitude, in a public way, to one who had so generously suffered and died to maintain a common cause. This wish being acceded to, every honor was most generously paid to the dead by the kind hearts of that city.

On Sunday, the 28th June, his funeral obsequies were observed in Worcester, at the Third Baptist Church.

Long before the hour of service the church was filled to its utmost capacity.

The religious exercises on this occasion were conducted with great earnestness and sympathy by the Rev. J. Banvard.

“He gave a brief sketch of the more prominent points in General Boomer’s career, and paid a merited tribute to his eminent worth, closing with an urgent appeal to the men of the North to rise in the majesty of their whole might, to crush out the rebellion, and save their country, for which so much blood had already been shed.”

This deeply interesting service was closed by the chanting of that exquisitely tender hymn—

“Into the silent land, ah! who shall lead us thither?”

The casket which contained the remains of the deceased was again draped with the national banner, again profusely decked with bouquets and wreaths of flowers, and escorted to their last repose, in the Rural Cemetery, by the State Guards and the Highland Cadets, accompanied by the Worcester Cornet Band.

The throngs that crowded the streets to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of him who in his turn had passed into “the silent halls of death,” gave an affecting testimony to the fact that the great heart of the North beat in sympathy with the honest soldier.

But he to whom these honors were paid had passed beyond the reach of human praise. His work was done, his voice was silenced, his eye obscured, his arm paralyzed—but not until they had each and all been uplifted for the cause

he loved; not until he had done something for the progress of the world's civilization, in which he felt a deep interest.

On the death of such a man, the patriot and the friend might justly pause to shed a tear, and say with truth—

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—This was a man!”

In this hour of our country's gloom, when clouds roll on clouds, when woes cluster on woes, when every cup is full of bitterness, every prospect is draped in black, how precious the record of such lives! This gigantic rebellion furnishes an innumerable host, to be gathered from every camp and hospital and battle-field.

How delicious the fragrance of such unfading memories! How full of consolation such imperishable legacies!

The spirit of these fallen “brave” shall never die. “It shall outlive the ruins of empires and of eras, and, passing through the web of time, it will weave the bright colors of virtue, self-denial, and loyalty to God and liberty, into the mighty fabric of human souls, which shall be unrolled at the judgement, and then hung up as the golden tapestry of heaven.”

One of the most brilliant pages of history records the fact that the world-renowned Cæsar, “in dying, first gazed on the marble brow of Pompey, and then arranged his robes to lie with becoming dignity in death.” On another page, of equal lustre, the record is made of Nelson, before his last battle—Trafalgar—saying, “Now for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!” But how much loftier and purer the spirit of our brave warriors, who, with an entire abnegation

of self, accept the most trying agonies of death upon our battle-fields, knowing that their names and deeds will be alike unknown to history or to fame!

“In that wreath which a grateful nation twines around *her* brow, the most brilliant and imperishable flowers will be those gathered from the hallowed graves of the men who have freely offered up their lives on the altar of their country.”

But a far more enduring and glorious reward awaits our Christian soldiers than that bestowed upon them by any earthly homage. Passing through the dark river of death, they are bidden to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, whose foundations are built of precious stones. In that better country there are no envyings, no strifes, no wars nor rumors of wars. The mild reign of the Prince of Peace beams over all, and transplanted to those everlasting gardens of God's love, where angels walk, angelic hands shall crown their spotless brows with unfading diadems.



TESTIMONIALS.

From the many testimonials by General Boomer's friends in St. Louis, the following extracts are made:—

“General Boomer came to this city when a mere youth, with a business upon his hands that required the judgment, good sense, and experience of mature years. These traits of character he soon developed in an extraordinary degree, and by them he won the confidence of all who had business connections with him. He took at once an enviable position as a man of integrity and real worth—a position which he always maintained.

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It was evident to all who knew our dear departed Boomer, that he was governed by no common aims in life—that he had a high standard of manliness, ripened by much thought and reflection. One of the prominent traits of his character was his justice. Whatever he said he would do, he did. No one doubted his motives, or believed that they were covered by any cloak of policy, or that any selfish end was sought. He was unflinching in his principles, but kind in maintaining them; just and generous, the soul of honor and truth. These traits made him greatly beloved, because he could be entirely trusted.

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“General Boomer possessed the highest order of talents, and rarely has any young man, thrown into a world of

strangers dependent upon himself, accomplished what he did. He won a reputation, both in this city and in the country where he was known, that no man of his years has ever excelled or equalled in the State of Missouri. So great was his popularity in the country, that it was the wish of the people in the district to which his town of Castle Rock belonged to send him as their representative to Washington.

“In the death of this brave soldier the State of Missouri has lost one of its brightest gems. He was a young man whose high-toned moral character, whose activity and enterprise, whose ambition to use his time and talents to the best possible advantage, were well worthy the imitation of our young men. All who knew him loved him, for they believed in him. He had a keen knowledge of character, was sound in judgment, always kind and magnanimous.

“Too much cannot be said in praise of the brilliant record he has left behind, and although he lived but few years, yet it was a long life in noble deeds and manly action. The people of Missouri will long love and honor his name.”

“OSAGE CITY, MISSOURI, July 10, 1863.

“I have been intimately acquainted with General Boomer for the last six years, and have always been advised of the estimation in which he was held in the community. His acquaintance was extensive, and among all his numerous business connections in the country, he was always regarded as a man of sterling and unswerving integrity.

“Since the breaking out of the rebellion his popularity has greatly extended and increased, through the universal attachment and devotion of the members of the Twenty-

sixth Regiment, whose letters to their friends at home have been filled with descriptions of the sayings and doings of their noble commander. One old gentleman, living in this place, whose son was a captain in the Twenty-sixth Regiment shed tears upon reading the announcement of General Boomer's death.

"There has never been any man in this community who was so universally beloved and esteemed, nor any one whose loss could be so generally felt or so deeply regretted as his."

"CASTLE ROCK, September 18, 1863.

"As a man of business in this place, General Boomer pleased and satisfied all with whom he had any transactions. He was remarkable in possessing the desirable faculty of pleasing every one, on account of his justness and kindness. Free from excitement, generous to a fault, energetic, and given to detail in his business relations, manly and considerate, he was beloved by all who knew him.

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"All who knew Boomer loved him. There was a strength and tenderness in his nature that made him a universal favorite wherever he went. He was noble, generous, and true, and his loss falls heavily upon the people of this community. It will never be made up to them."

"BEFORE VICKSBURG, June 14, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——:—Though no words of mine can assuage the grief or fill the place made vacant by the loss of a dearly loved brother, still it is with a feeling of pride that I can bear testimony to his exalted character, his signal ability, and his patriotic devotion to his country, for the sake of which he lost his life in an attempt to storm this stronghold of the enemy on the twenty-second ult.

“Though he has been taken from us, his spirit still lives and animates his surviving comrades—it can never die.”

“While he was my friend and companion in arms, he was more than a friend—he was a support, one in whom I placed the greatest confidence, and whom I had learned to love as a brother.”

“The last written communication I had from him was the day before the assault, in which he had said he had discovered a good route leading nearly up to the enemy’s works, where troops could be marched under cover from their fire. I went down, and we talked the matter over, examined the ground*, and concluded the plan was feasible. The next morning he led his column to the assault; but before the final assault was made, the Seventh Division, to which he belonged, was sent to the assistance of General McClernand who had asked General Grant for reinforcements, and it was in front of his line that he lost his life.

“Very sincerely your friend,

“J. P. McPHERSON,

“Major-General.”

“ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 26, 1863.

“MRS. S——.

“MY DEAR MADAM:—I saw and conversed with your brother and my friend several times on the sad and eventful day when he gave his life for the country which he had served so long and so well. Though exposed the whole day, he was unharmed until my division was detached from General McPherson’s and ordered to the support of General McClernand’s corps, in the afternoon. The three brigades of the division were then sent to different points, and I was not near your brother when he fell, but one of his aids re-

ported the event to me soon after it occurred. He had formed his brigade to make a charge on the enemy's works, and was instantly killed as he was moving forward to give the final orders.

"I saw his body just before dark, after it had been brought from the field, and was impressed by the natural and composed posture and expression of the face. There was no distortion, and but little disfigurement, so that it was difficult to persuade myself that he was really dead, and not sleeping after the fatigue of the day.

"My acquaintance with General Boomer began in the early part of December last, and from that time up to the moment we were called to mourn his loss, he was in command of the Third Brigade of my division. A better man and a braver officer, a more warm-hearted disinterested friend, in short, a more noble man than he, I have yet to find. I conceived for him the strongest friendship from my first acquaintance, which was strengthened and cemented by an unreserved social and official intercourse.

"While it must be gratifying to you to know the high estimate in which your brother was held, and it may perhaps somewhat soften your sorrow, it cannot console you for his loss; nor do I presume that my own sorrow and heartfelt sympathy will do much to lessen your affliction.

"I regret that it was impossible to comply with your brother's wishes—to have his remains, in the event of his death, sent to you. The attempt was made by his aid-de-camp, but he was compelled to bury them at the landing on the Yazoo River, with the intention of forwarding them as soon as possible.

"I am, madam, with much sympathy and respect,

"Truly your friend,

"J. F. QUIMBY."

The following is an extract from a letter of C. A. Dana:—

VICKSBURG, May 30, 1863.

“I have met with few persons in life for whom I have felt such an instinctive sympathy as Boomer. He was brave, manly, affectionate, and sincere, keen in perception and sound in judgment. Of the many good soldiers who have fallen in this magnificent campaign, his death is the only one which has caused me direct personal sorrow.”

From General Crocker:—

ST. LOUIS, June 5, 1863.

“It is due to the memory of General Boomer to say, that there was no man of any rank in the whole army of the Tennessee more universally beloved than he. No officer has been more conspicuous than he in this magnificent campaign, and no generalship has excelled that which he displayed at Champion Hills. To him, in a great measure, we owe that victory. No man was rising so fast in distinction, as Boomer, and no death has been more generally deplored than his.”

From a soldier in the Third Brigade, Seventh Division, Seventeenth Army Corps:—

“VICKSBURG, May 30, 1863.

“Alas! our beloved Boomer has fallen! He had been fighting all day, and late in the afternoon was sent to reinforce McClelland, and instead of being kept as a reserve he was ordered to the front ranks. He said to a friend that he thought this unjust; but still he obeyed every order, and cheerfully went in to take charge of his column in person.

“ Just as he had drawn up his troops in line of battle, a bullet from the enemy’s sharp-shooters pierced his head, killing him instantly, just as the sun was setting.

“ He was the moving spirit of the division, the bravest of the brave, and has ‘gained an imperishable renown.’ ”

“ WALNUT HILLS, NEAR VICKSBURG, May 28, 1863.

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“ But our sky is not cloudless. Dark shadows have cast their gloom over our hearts; the darkest was the death of poor Boomer.

“ I cannot tell *you* what he was—you knew and loved him so well—but I can tell you that his loss is more generally deplored than that of any officer who has fallen in this campaign.

“ On our march to Hard Times I was with him most of the way, and our intimacy increased until I felt towards him like a brother. Personally I could almost feel the bullet in my heart that pierced his head.

“ He died at the head of his brigade, with his face to the foe.

“ Vicksburg would be bought at a heavy price if no other life than his was paid.

“ W. S. HILLYER,
General Grant’s Staff.”

HEADQUARTERS 7TH BRIGADE,
7TH DIVISION, 17TH ARMY CORPS,
VICKSBURG, July 27, 1863.

“ MRS. S—.

“ DEAR MADAM:—Had I known positively your name and address, I should have done myself the honor of writ-

ing you a letter of condolence at the time of your brother's death, knowing as I did from his own remarks, that you were more to him than any other living being.

"It is indeed true that I am familiar with his military career, and it is all bright and all glorious; so that it would be a most difficult task to recite facts or incidents that would have peculiar significance or interest. His whole life as a soldier, and all the incidents of it, seem equally interesting.

"His mind was adapted to the service in every respect; and when he knew what movements our army was about to make, he was never at a loss to know what the movements of the enemy would be. For three long and tedious campaigns, namely, against Corinth, against Vicksburg by the Central Mississippi Railroad, and against Vicksburg by the river, comprising almost every variety of movement and strategy, all of which were discussed and considered, no movement was made the effect and result of which he did not exactly foretell before it was commenced.

"When a large portion of our army below Corinth was sent forward to General Buell in Cincinnati last summer, I recollect how confident he was that we should be attacked on that line at an early day. You will remember how soon the battles of Iuka and Corinth followed.

"Again, last December, when we were below Oxford, on the Tuscony Patafytty River, he constantly discussed the great danger we were in of having our supplies cut off by a raid upon the road, and came one day to request me to go with him to Grant's headquarters and urge the necessity of the army being supplied immediately with twenty or thirty days' rations of hard bread and coffee, so that, in case the

road was destroyed, the army could march on down to Vicksburg and open communication by river, and thus no delay be incurred in reducing the place by any movement of the enemy in the rear. Subsequent events, which came speedily upon us, proved how well founded his opinions were.

“When the last spring campaign opened we were ordered to land about fifteen miles above Lake Providence, and open a way for boats above Bayou Macon, with the view of going through to Red River to reinforce General Banks at Port Hudson, and clearing the river as far up as Warrenton. The distance to be travelled through these narrow, crooked bayous and small rivers, through the enemy's country, would have been at least four hundred miles. Your brother at once took the most decided stand against the programme, and when the division gave the usual military reason for carrying it out, namely, ‘that it was so ordered,’ he went so far as to say that such orders must not be obeyed until a full consultation was had upon them, and the whole matter reconsidered. He immediately took a boat and went in person to Lake Providence, to have a private interview with General McPherson on the subject, and impressed him so strongly with the insurmountable obstacles to a successful campaign thus ordered, that the General made a trip to Young's Point to see General Grant on the subject, and the whole plan was dropped.

“We were ordered down the Tallahatchie River by the Yazoo Pass, which was also a movement in which your brother had no confidence, and he often remarked, before we sailed, that the campaign would be immensely expensive, and result in no advantage to the Government; and so it proved.

"But when the last movement was commenced, by way of Brunisburg, he was filled with confidence and hope, and often remarked that he could forsee its certain success.

"In battle your brother conducted himself with as much calculation, deliberation, and calmness, as in the most common occurrences and affairs of life, and he dared to do what he saw clearly was best without orders, and even against orders in an unquestionable case.

"At the battle of Iuka, after the enemy's skirmishers were drawn back to the main line by a portion of his regiment and a fire received from nearly the whole line of the enemy, Boomer applied to me for an order to bring in his skirmishers at once, to form the whole regiment into line of battle, and be ready for an advance of the enemy, which was evidently about being made. I told him my orders from General Rosecrans were, to have the skirmishers hold their line, or advance if possible, and bring the whole body of infantry forward to their support. He said the line the skirmishers were on could not be maintained a moment, and if I did not choose to take the responsibility of ordering the skirmishers in, he would bring them in without orders, and accordingly did so; and I obtained an order to the same effect while he was doing this. Hardly had a moment elapsed after he accomplished this before the whole line of the enemy came forward like a tempest, and almost swept away the imperfect formation we had made.

"Your brother was not overcome at all or disquieted by this shock, his regiment being in reserve, and he, having full discretion as to the point where and the time when he should move, personally led to the front line, where it was most weakened, and where the fire was most destructive,

with four of his best companies; and seeing at a glance that all our reserve forces were needed there, he attempted to bring them up. While doing this he was shot, and fell, as was then supposed, mortally wounded.

“While laboring under the pains of what he supposed, with all his friends (except his surgeon,) was a mortal wound, his courage and spirit did not fail, and he was only anxious for the issue of the battle. His only regret was that he was not able to complete the movement he had commenced, which he felt confident would have relieved the whole line in a great degree.

“At Jackson, Champion Hills, and before Vicksburg, he exhibited the same judgment, calmness, determination, and zeal. He was following my brigade to the right of our line at Champion Hills, when he received an order to move back quickly and support General Hovey’s division, then being engaged and overwhelmed by superior numbers in the center. It was but a few minutes before the whole center of the enemy’s line was falling back before him.

“The enemy was speedily reinforced at that point, and even commenced driving back the thinned ranks of Colonel Boomer’s brigade. He came to me and spoke as calmly and coolly as on any occasion, saying, ‘Sanborn, the enemy are too strong for my brigade where I am, but with two more regiments I can clear that part of the field. Can’t you let me have the Fifty-ninth and Forty-eighth Indiana from your Brigade?’ When I assured him that my troops were all engaged, but that the Second Brigade was close up, and I had heard General Grant order it at once to his support, he responded, ‘That is all I want,’ and rode off as cheerfully as if it were a holiday.

"In less than a half hour that part of the field was cleared, and clearing that really cleared the whole; so that your brother performed a most conspicuous part in that battle.

"When the general order was given for the army to assault the enemy's works on the 22d of May, Boomer was disposed to favor it, and to believe it would be successful, and not attended with very heavy loss. He based this belief on the fact that the enemy had been recently defeated in several engagements, and was consequently demoralized, and would not make a strong stand.

"But after the movement had commenced, and the condition as well as disposition of the enemy became apparent, he had no confidence of our success, and became much depressed. This depression did not seem to be the result of any gloomy forebodings about himself, but of a fear—well founded, I think—that the assault would be carried too far, that we should lose the strength and flower of our army, and as a consequence Vicksburg, which we were sure to capture and reduce by delay.

"Later than twelve o'clock that day he told me he had become convinced that we could not gain the parapets without more than fifty per cent. of our men; that this would leave the enemy the larger force, which would be fresh, while ours would be exhausted and worn out, and that we had no chance of success. He asked me once if I did not think some one of us should go and see General McPherson in regard to the matter, and try to have the men ordered back to the camps. This, however, was but a few moments before we received a dispatch from General McClernand, saying that he was in part possession of the enemy's works: that if he could be supported he could carry the position, etc., and an order for us to move to his support.

"As we left our positions to go to the support of McClernand, I saw your brother for the last time alive. He gave a broad, full smile, such as you know he could give, which seemed to say, 'I don't believe a word of the dispatch but am willing to go and see how it is.'

"A half hour afterwards we were both warmly engaged with the enemy in our new positions, when your brother was killed. He fell at the time of his greatest usefulness, and when moving most rapidly forward in the pathway of glory. In his case how speedily it led to the tomb!

'The decree went forth, and the arrow sped
By fate's irrevocable doom;
And the gallant young hero lies low with the dead;
But the halo of glory that encircles his head
Remains uneclipsed by the tomb.'

"Your brother will never be forgotten by his companions in arms; and we all, even before we could realize that we should see him in the flesh nevermore, in heart exclaimed, 'Wise counsellor! Brave soldier! Genial and faithful friend! Hail! and farewell!'

"Very truly yours,

J. B. SANBORN,

Brigadier-General."

MAJOR R. C. CROWELL.

ROBERT CODDINGTON CROWELL, late Major of the 26th Missouri Volunteer infantry is a descendant of the Scotch Presbyterians whose ancestors formed a part of one of the first New Jersey colonies, and were active and loyal soldiers of our Revolution, and of the War of 1812.

He was born January 11th, 1832, in New York City, educated in the common schools of New York and New Jersey, moved to St. Louis, Mo., in June 1847, and while there worked as an errand boy and clerk in various lines of trade. Attending the St Louis Commercial College at night and during the day, when not otherwise employed, until April 1850, when he joined a small party of young men crossing the plains to California, where he remained with varying fortunes until January, 1852, at this date he returned to the Atlantic Coast and proceeded to learn the trade of a shipwright. In June 1856, he again journeyed westward to St. Louis, and was immediately employed in various capacities by Eades & Nelson, Wrecking and Salvage Co., raising sunken steamboats along all the western rivers from north to south, when his health being impaired in this arduous service, he entered the mercantile business on his own account in Callaway County, Missouri. He moved in 1859, to Osage County, at St. Aubert Station, Missouri Pacific Railroad.

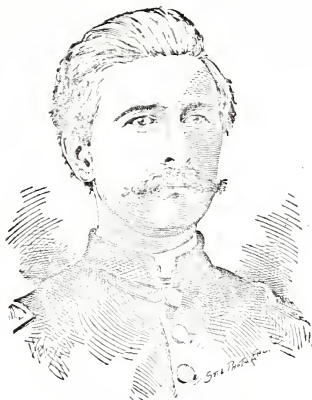
remaining there until the beginning of actual war, when he enlisted as a private in Co. K, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry. When this regiment was filled by consolidation of three skeleton commands at Pacific, Mo., January, 1862, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. K in May, 1862. On the resignation of Capt. Ruckel, of Co. E, Lieut. Crowell was promoted to Captain of that company, and as Co. K was not filled to quota required by law, it was disbanded and the men transferred to other companies of the regiment.

At this time Co. E was wanting in drill and discipline, and Capt. Crowell was ordered by Col. Boomer to "make soldiers out of them," which he at once proceeded to do to the best of his ability, and in a very short time Company E was behind no other company in either drill or discipline and this with their pluck was manifested in their first bitter battle at Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862, where they held their ground and emptied their cartridge boxes on the enemy until ordered to the rear to replenish ammunition, having held the right section of the 11th Ohio Battery until that moment and were relieved by a portion of the Eleventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry. Capt. Crowell was there wounded in the left shoulder and still carries the rebel lead.

The records show that Company E lost more men, killed and wounded, than any other company of like numbers engaged on the field. After forty days' absence in hospital Capt. Crowell rejoined his command and was immediately ordered to report at brigade headquarters as acting Assistant Adjutant General of 3d Brigade, 7th Division, 17th Army Corps, under Colonel Boomer as Brigade Commander. He remained in this capacity until May 16th, 1863, when on the death of Major Brown, at battle of Champion

Hills, Miss., he was promoted to be Major, serving with his regiment through the Vicksburg and Atlanta campaigns until he was ordered from the front to Chattanooga as Provost Marshal of the District of the Etowah, and there remained until ordered to Nashville, Tenn., where he was mustered out of the service in January 1865. Major Crowell afterward returned to Missouri where he has since resided at Kansas City.





CAPT. W. H. MENGEL.

From a photograph taken during the war.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. MENGEL was a clerk in the store of H. C. Finke at California, Mo., at the commencement of the war, and first enlisted in Capt. T. M. Rice's Co. G, Col. Allen P. Richardson's Regiment Missouri Home Guards (or 1st Regiment Missouri U. S. Reserve Corps, as it was called) as 1st Sergeant. Shortly after enlistment he was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, and was mostly on detached service doing duty as guide for regiments from other states. In September he was sent to Lexington, Mo., with twenty men to guard a steamboat with provisions for the troops un-

der Col. Mulligan at Lexington. On arrival at that place, and after reporting to Col. Mulligan, Lieut. Mengel was attached to Col. White's command during the siege and investment, was with the balance of the troops surrendered by Col. Mulligan to Sterling Price.

After being exchanged in October, 1861, Lieut. Mengel re-enlisted in the 26th Missouri Infantry, and at the mustering in of the regiment he was 1st Sergeant of Co. G; was promoted to 2d Lieut.; then 1st Lieut. Co. G; then Captain of Co. H, serving in that capacity until the regiment was mustered out at Savannah, Ga., in January, 1865.

Capt. Mengel's discharge, dated January 9, 1865, at Savannah, Ga., bears the following record of his service in said Regiment.

This officer has participated in the following named engagements and battles:

Siege and Battle of New Madrid and Island No. 10, March and April, 1862.

The capture of 5,000 prisoners at Tiptonville, Tenn.

Siege of Corinth, Miss., under General Halleck.

Battle of Iuka, Miss., September 19th, 1862.

Battle of Corinth, Miss., October 3d and 4th, 1862.

In the Yazoo Pass Expedition, Spring, 1863.

In the campaign around Vicksburg.

In the Battle of Port Gibson, May 1st, 2d and 3d.

In the Battle of Raymond, May 12th.

In the Battle of Jackson, Miss., May 14th.

In the Battle of Champion Hills, Miss., May 16th.

In the Assault on Vicksburg, May 22d.

In the Siege of Vicksburg.

In the battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25th, 1863.

In the Campaign on Atlanta, Ga.

In the Campaign and Siege of Savannah, Ga., where his service ends by reason of expiration of term of service, the 9th day of January, 1865.

[Signed]

B. D. DEAN,

Colonel Commanding Regiment.

Captain Mengel now resides in California, Mo., where he is in the lumber business.



LIEUT. W. W. WOODMANCY.

W. W. WOODMANCY, late 1st Lieutenant of Co. D, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, was born in Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y., March 16th, 1835, and at the age of nineteen obeyed the noted saying of Horace Greeley, and moved westward to Bloomington, Ill., which was then the terminus of the first railroad west of the now great city of Chicago. After remaining at Bloomington a short time he went to Southern Wisconsin, thence to Omaha, Nebraska, where he arrived in June, 1857, and remained until August, 1859, when he departed for Jefferson City, Mo., residing there until March, 1861, when he removed to the western part of Pettis county, Mo., near Knob Noster in Johnson county.

Soon after Lieut. Woodmancy arrived in the vicinity of Knob Noster, the war cry echoed throughout all parts of the country, and on the 4th day of July, 1861 at the meeting of the Johnson County Home Guards, in Warrensburg, the county seat of Johnson county, he was one of the 150, who volunteered to go to Lexington, Mo., for the purpose of securing arms for the Johnson County Home Guards, which were reported as being transported to Lexington by steamer from St. Louis, as there were no railroads in that part of the State in the early times.

After two days patiently waiting, the steamer with the arms arrived and preparations were being made to turn them over to the volunteers, when a little incident worthy of mention transpired. While preparing to unload the arms, a man appeared on the scene armed with pistols, knives, etc., defying any man or number of men to arrest him for anything he might say or do. He went so far in this bravado, that it became necessary for the boys of "hoop pole county," to arrest him, and send him to Jefferson Barracks, without the loss of a man or the shedding of any blood. After nine days' absence the detail returned with the arms to Warrensburg and distributed them to the Home Guards, and after making one more trip, concluded that that kind of soldiering did not suit them, and on going to Jefferson City, heard of G. B. Boomer, who was there trying to form a regiment, but had so far recruited only six men.

Lieutenant Woodmancy with the others joined Boomer on the September 11th, 1861. After studying tactics and drilling about ten days, they organized a camp rendezvous at the old town of Medora, twenty-one miles east of Jefferson City, and after four months, hard service, from Sept. 11th, 1861 to January 9th, 1862, was mustered into the regular volunteer service for three years. During their stay in camp at Medora, the following incidents occurred, the relation of which will be interesting to all comrades of the old "Boomer Battalion."

R. C. Crowell, being on recruiting service at Fulton, was captured by the Confederates, and in order to secure his return, it was agreed to capture and hold three prominent rebel citizens. To do this it was necessary to make a detail of about fifty men, who packed their knapsacks and

supplied themselves with sixty rounds of ammunition, and proceeded cautiously, under the cover of darkness, across the Missouri River, for the purpose of capturing the three unarmed men. Securing two of them they came to the third man and found him feigning sickness. Captain Koops, a German, told him they would haul him, and when asked how, replied, "mit de bagonet," which was so satisfactory to the man that he at once concluded to walk. After holding these men a few days, they were released and permitted to return home.

Lieutenant Woodmancy, after his muster on January 9th, 1861, continued in active service with his regiment until the term of service expired, January 9th, 1865, when he was mustered out at Savannah, Ga. After visiting his old home and friends in New York, he returned to Missouri, and in July, 1865, purchased a farm, three miles north-east of Knob Noster, Mo., and on October 9th of the same year, married Miss L. V. Askren, of Pettis county, and has resided there ever since. His post office address is Knob Noster, Johnson county, Mo.



LIEUT. JOHN N. PRICKETT.

JOHN N. PRICKETT was born in Bond county, Illinois, December 24th, 1820, and was brought up on the farm in Bond and Montgomery counties. When the war broke out he was teaching school. He enlisted in Co. A, an independent company of Sharpshooters raised in St. Louis, September 5th, 1861, and drilled in Filley's foundry on old Broadway. The company went with General Fremont on his expedition through Missouri to Springfield as his infantry body guard and returned with him to St. Louis, doing provost duty in the city until moved to St. Louis Arsenal, and was there until the company became part of the glorious 26th. Was with the regiment in all its marches, skirmishes and battles until after the Battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th. When the regiment left Corinth, Comrade Prickett being unable to follow on account of sickness was left in the hospital at Corinth, Miss., and from there went to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., and was discharged for disability, January 6th, 1863. He enlisted again February 3d, 1865, at Alton, Ill., in Co. G, 150th Illinois Infantry. Was 1st Sergeant until July, and from that time until mustered out in January, 1866, served as 1st Lieutenant. The 150th was first on duty at Bridgeport, Ala., and along the railroad toward Chattanooga, and then at Cleveland, Tenn.

From thence to Dalton, Ga., from there to Spring Place, Ga., and then back to Dalton; from there to Atlanta, July 8th, August 14th to Lagrange, Ga., seventy miles on Macon and West Point Road, and was there until ordered back to Atlanta, January 17th, to be mustered out.

Lieutenant Prickett was discharged at Camp Butler, Ill., January 31st, 1866.

Married Julia A. Denny, October 25th, 1866, who died January 18th, 1878. There are two children living by the first wife—Willie S. Prickett and Adie May Prickett.

Married Nancy S. Wiley, June 9th, 1881.



CAPT. JOHN W. MAUPIN.

JOHN W. MAUPIN was born May 18th, 1839, near Union, Franklin county, Missouri. His father was a native of Kentucky, and immigrated to Missouri at an early day. Being a staunch Union man, he, of course, urged his sons to respond to the first call for volunteers in 1861. John W., the youngest of three brothers, and the subject of this sketch, was the first to enlist. He served as private in the ranks of the three month's service and was at the capture of Camp Jackson, May 10, 1861. At the expiration of the three month's service he enlisted for three years as Orderly Sergeant of Co. F, 26th Missouri Infantry. He participated in several battles and was wounded in the battle of Iuka, Miss., September 19th, 1862.

While at home on leave of absence in September, 1863, he was married to Miss Josie N. Crowe, of St. Louis. He was twice promoted in the 26th Missouri for his bravery. In April, 1864, thinking that the war would soon close, and at the repeated and earnest request of his young wife, he resigned and came home. He was not content to remain long however, for as times grew worse he recruited Co. D for the 47th Regiment, Missouri Volunteers and was commissioned captain of said company, in which he served until the close of the war. Capt. M. now lives in Austin, Tex., and is en-

gaged in the upholstering business. He has reared a family of four children, three sons and one daughter, as follows: George E., James A., Amos W., and M. Justine. His eldest son, George, whom he named for Col. George Boomer, died not long since.

HENRY HOFMAN.

HENRY HOFMAN, of Taos; Cole county, Mo., was born August 30th, 1845, and enlisted in Co. H, 26th Missouri Infantry, September 16th, 1861, and was honorably discharged April 1st, 1865. The following is his service record:

New Madrid, March 14, 1862; Island No. 10, April 7th, 1862; Iuka, September 19th, 1862; Corinth, October 3d and 4th, 1862; Raymond, May 12th, 1863; Jackson, Miss., May 14th, 1863; Champion Hills, May 16th, 1863; Siege of Vicksburg; Missionary Ridge, November 25th, 1863. Battle of Nashville, Tenn.; Battle of White Oak Swamp, N. C.

Comrade Hofman is a farmer, was married to Lucy Schaffer, November 4th, 1873; and has six children named as follows: Sophia, born January 3d, 1875; Margaretta, born August 10th, 1877; Albert, born January 16th, 1880; Annie, born July 8th, 1883; Robert, born January 1st, 1886; Alma, born October 28th, 1890.

LIEUT. A. W. FRITCHEY.

AMOS W. FRITCHEY is a native of Pennsylvania. Enlisted April, 1861, in Co. D, 8th Illinois Volunteer Infantry for three months. Was honorably discharged at expiration of service. Then enlisted September, 1861, at St. Louis, in Co. A, Holman's Independent Company of Sharpshooters.

In the spring of 1862, at Bird's Point, was consolidated with the 26th Missouri Infantry in Co. A, as 8th Corporal.

In August, 1862, was promoted to Orderly Sergeant.

In November, 1861, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, in command of Co. A.

Was wounded in right shoulder at Battle of Champion Hills, May 16th, 1863.

Was captured at Battle of Mission Ridge, November 23th, 1863.

Was held a prisoner of war until May 15th, 1865, then was paroled and honorably discharged by Special Order No. 229 from War Department.

At present is living in Claremont, Richland county, Ill., and follows the business of druggist.

W. M. JONES AND BROTHERS.

WILSON M. JONES, was born in Franklin county, Missouri, October 15th, 1839, reared on a farm in the western part of the county, and educated in the common schools. He enlisted in Co. F, 26th Missouri Volunteers, September 20th, 1861, and was the third of seven brothers, five of whom were in Co. F, 26th Missouri. Comrade Wilson M. Jones was shot on the spine, at Iuka, Miss., but was with his company during the battle of Corinth, Oct. 3d and 4th, 1862, and on the march after the Confederate General Price. He was only able to partially use his limbs on account of the wounded spine, and was sent to the hospital at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, where by the spring of 1863, he had gained some strength. Seeing in the newspapers that the 26th Missouri was to go to Vicksburg, Comrade Jones concluded that he would rather die with the boys in the field than in the hospital. He found a friend to carry his knapsack to the cars, and taking what the boys called "a French leave," made his way mostly by steamboat to Helena, Ark. Down on the Yazoo Pass he met the regiment returning to Helena and was with or near the command until after the siege of Vicksburg, when he again succumbed to a violent fever, was again sent north, and honorably discharged in

1864. Comrade Wilson M. Jones has had varied experiences in life, and now resides at Dry Branch, Mo., and owns the finest lead mines in Franklin county.

THOMAS W. JONES, the eldest of the brothers served in the 18th Illinois Volunteers and died in 1867.

H. M. JONES, the youngest brother served in the 10th Missouri Cavalry, and now occupies the position of a Police Sergeant in St. Louis.

JOEL JONES, of Co. F, 26th Missouri Infantry, was discharged at Farmington, Miss., in May, 1862, and is now Dr. J. Jones, of Dade county, Mo.

GEORGE W. JONES of Co. F, 26th Missouri was discharged at Farmington, Miss., in May 1862, and in 1863 joined Co. M, 10th Mo. Cav. He was wounded while with Gen. A. J. Smith, had three horses killed under him at the battle of Big Blue, Kansas, and received a slight wound while charging the rebel lines. He saw Confederate General Marmaduke, and was trying to give him a warm reception, when the third horse was killed and he was wounded. Comrade G. W. Jones was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and died for want of attention.

DAVID C. JONES, of Co. F, 26th Missouri Infantry, was on every march and in every battle, and never missed a day's duty, although only fifteen years old when he enlisted. Af-

ter the capture of Vicksburg, he sickened and died of exposure. David was never wounded, and was loved by all who knew him.

JOHN H. C. JONES, of Co. F, 26th Missouri, was taken sick at Vicksburg, sent north and transferred to the Veteran Relief Corps, and served his full term. He participated in all the battles up to Vicksburg, in which his company was engaged, and has resided in St. Louis since 1866, and now lives at 5744 Berlin avenue in that city.

JOHN A. NIEBLING.

JOHN A. NIEBLING, at the age of fifteen years, enlisted September 9th, 1861, under the name of his stepfather, John A. Poolman, as a Drummer in Co. A; Independent Sharpshooters, which was mustered into the 26th Missouri Infantry about six months afterward. He served with the regiment in all its marches and battles, and after being mustered out in St. Louis, dropped his stepfather's name (J. A. Poolman) and resumed his own name, J. A. Neibling. He keeps a general store, and is Postmaster at Ferguson, Missouri.

JOHN H. ALLEN.

JOHN H. ALLEN, a member of Co. H, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, was born in Roan county, Tennessee, on the 19th day of March, 1844, and consequently is now forty-eight years old. He removed with others to Osage county, Mo., in 1855, where he has lived since, except when away in the army, or later while teaching music. His home is still the same on a neat little farm near Luystown, Mo. He has a family consisting of a wife and four children—two boys and two girls, all now grown, the youngest being sixteen years old.

Comrade Allen was seventeen years old when the war broke out, and he enlisted in Co. B, Osage County Home Guards, where he served with credit to himself and company until same was discharged after arduous service along Missouri Pacific Railroad and Missouri River. As soon as the Home Guards were disbanded he enlisted under Capt. John F. F. Koops, of Co. H, 26th Missouri. He never shirked duty, but was often unfit for service, and would not go to hospital if he could walk, but diarrhœa so reduced him that he fell over as if dead at Camp Clear Creek, Miss., when when he was sent to Benton Barracks where he remained three months before being able for duty. Comrade Allen was with the regiment, and participated in all

the marches, skirmishes, etc., up to the time of his being sent to the hospital.

In September, 1862, he thought he could stand service in the field, and securing his discharge from the hospital, joined the regiment then in camp at Jacinto, soon after marching with them to Iuka, where he was shot through both thighs, and lay until ten o'clock next day, when he was picked up by a detail engaged in burying the dead. Comrade Allen was in hospital at Iuka a short while, then removed to Corinth, Miss., where he lay in full view of one line of that awful battle for one day. He was moved that night to another point, out of range of Price's guns, from which he saw the second day's fight.

After lying in hospital at Jackson, Tenn., over five months, Allen was discharged, and was unable to get on a passenger car without help. He reached home in March, 1863, and engaged in farming. Has been unable to perform manual labor of any sort for the past ten years, and has taught vocal music with fair success, when health would admit, in Osage, Maries, Pulaski, Camden, Morgan and Cole counties. Has suffered since the war from wounds and disease, but was able to attend the reunion at Pacific, Mo., in October, 1892.



SERG'T D. N. SIMONS.

SERG'T DAVID N. SIMONS was born in Jefferson, Schoharie county, New York, December 22d, 1831. removed to Broome county, N. Y., in 1852, where he married his now deceased wife in 1854, removing with his family to Missouri in 1859.

Serg't Simons says: "Although nearly thirty years have rolled away since my discharge from the service, by reason of disability contracted in the line of duty at Camp Clear Creek, Miss., my recollections of the 26th Missouri Infantry are still vivid and cherished with pleasurable and patriotic emotions.

"My connection with the regiment was so brief, and its active operations so comparatively uneventful while I marched in the ranks, that I can claim no part in the honors afterward won by the distinguished services of the regiment on many a bloody field. Yet I consider it no small honor to have been associated, even briefly, with such brave and patriotic men, and I am proud to find my name on the roster of so distinguished an organization.

"For the satisfaction of such comrades as remember me, I will tell them that at the present time I am postmaster at

Chilhowee, Mo., and that I still love the flag, "Old Glory," with patriotic devotion.

With "cheers for the living and tears for the dead," I send greetings to all surviving comrades.

D. N. SIMONS,

late Serg't. Co. G 26th Mo. Inf'y.

WILLIAM H. ROOT.

WILLIAM H. ROOT was born in Vernon, Ind., November 24th, 1841. Moved with his father to Montgomery county, Ill., in the spring of 1856, being then fifteen years of age. Was enrolled on the 21st day of August, 1862, in Co. A, 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry. Joined the regiment at Jacinto, Miss., about September 5th. Comrade Root was in the battle of Iuka, September 19th, and Corinth, October 3d and 4th, 1862; on the Yazoo Pass expedition in spring of 1863; in battle of Raymond, May 12th; Jackson, May 14th; Champion Hills, May 16th; Siege of Vicksburg, 1863; in battle of Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25th, 1863; battle of Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864; on Sherman's campaign through Georgia, and siege of Savannah to the sea. Was through the South and North Carolina campaign during which campaign he participated in the following engagements: Tallahatchie River, Columbia, Feb. 17th; skirmish on Lynch's Creek, Feb. 25th; raid to Florence, March 5th, and battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, March 20th and 21st, 1865. He went through with the army and participated in the Grand Review and was discharged May 30th, 1865, at Washington D. C.

WILLIAM H. MOSS.

WILLIAM H. MOSS, was born on September 17th, 1841, in Montgomery county, Illinois. In the fall of 1861 he went to St. Louis and enlisted in an independent company, and his first service was to go with Gen. J. C. Fremont to Springfield, Mo., and then back to St. Louis, where he joined the 26th Missouri Infantry, and served in the ranks until reaching Savannah, Ga., and was one of those who re-enlisted as a veteran. While in camp at the Etawah river, Ga., Comrade Moss, on the recommendation of Dr. C. F. Barnett, received a warrant as Hospital Steward from Col. B. D. Dean. On arrival at Savannah, the regiment was mustered out, and the veterans organized in one company, (Co. I). He was detached from the battalion and sent to the Post Hospital as Steward, Dr. J. S. Prout and Dr. C. F. Barnett recommending him for the position. The battalion went on with the army to Washington, then to Arkansas, and St. Louis, and there mustered out.

Comrade Moss performed his duty at Savannah until the close of the war, when he was ordered to report to the battalion to be mustered out, but owing to the railroads being in bad condition through Georgia, and crowded with the renewal of business, it took him ten days to get to St. Louis, and he found the battalion mustered out and dispersed.

He received his honorable discharge and a muster roll a yard long with his name inscribed upon it. At Corinth and Iuka, Thomas Merry was Moss's left-hand man, until he was shot and killed, and at Champion Hills, Comrade Moss had the honor of carrying the flag after Sergeant Rowen was shot and killed. Afterward James McCain was detailed as color bearer. Sergeant Page secured the flag from Rowen's dead body and bravely assisted in rallying the boys.

In May 1866, W. H. Moss married Miss C. J. Wheeler and moved to Litchfield, Ill., and embarked in the grocery business, afterward engaging in the grain trade. In the fall of 1871, he removed to Sedalia, Mo., and engaged in carpenter work, which he had learned in early life. He was a contractor for several years and is now working in the Sedalia planing mill.

Harry Oscar Moss, born in Litchfield, Ill., Comrade Moss's son, is a draughtsman in an architect's office, and a member of Co. D, 2d Regiment Missouri National Guard, holds a warrant as Quartermaster's Sergeant, and has taken his turn in wearing the medal as the best drilled man in his company.



WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL was born in Mason county, Kentucky, on February 9th, 1842, and in November, 1852, his father moved to Franklin county, Mo., where he died in 1858, leaving his son to care for himself.

At the beginning of the war Comrade Campbell was working in Missouri for a farmer who was a thorough rebel, in fact was drilling a company of rebels at the time. In the early part of June, 1861, while setting out tobacco plants, the farmer and his sons commenced discussing the war and everything in favor of rebeldom. Campbell took no part in the conversation, and the farmer took occasion to say that there was "only one black Republican in the crowd, and that was Bill." and that they ought to hang him and have some sport. Comrade Campbell dropped the tobacco plant he was in the act of setting out and demanded his wages which he received after some talk, and left the place. He secured work on the farm of another rebel, and was not treated so harshly.


The first opportunity to enlist occurred on the September 19th, 1861, when Campbell enlisted in Co. F, 26th Missouri Infantry, and assisted to elect B. D. Dean, Captain; B. C. Anderson, 1st Lieut.; William L. Wheeler, 2d Lieut. The date of his enlistment was October 2d, 1861, and the

muster-in, was on December 17, 1861. Company F was proud of Captain Dean, and when he became Colonel of the Regiment, the boys were prouder than ever before. Comrade Campbell was with the 26th Missouri until the expiration of its term of service, when he re-enlisted, served under Major R. C. Crowell, and was mustered out in August, 1865. Returning to Missouri, Campbell remained until 1872, when he went to Moline, Elk county, Kansas, and on December 24th 1876, married Miss Hattie Lamb, and still resides in the vicinity of the above named town.

ROBERT L. PRICE.

ROBERT L. PRICE was born June 29th, 1840, and married April 16th, 1860. He enlisted on September 6th, 1861, under Gen. John C. Fremont, in Co. A, Sharp's rifles, as Fremont's escort to Springfield, Mo.

Comrade Price was a member of Co. A, 26th Missouri Infantry, and served three years. He is a Deputy City Marshal of St. Louis, and has one daughter, Ida Price, now Mrs. Ida Cook.



WAR EXPERIENCES.

BY SERGEANT WILSON M. JONES, OF CO. F.

In November, 1861, while Co's. F. I, and E were at Pacific, Mo., we were located in what the boys termed "Devil's Gulch," or "Hell's Half Acre," a very appropriate title for the gulch running down from the west side of the great white sand hill on the north side of the little town just at the back of the Merrimac bottom, just the spot for malaria to get its grip and it did at one time. Many were taken with chills and fever while I was in the crowded hospital with the same complaint. Almost every man in camp was sick, and 1st Corporal Joel Jones, was the only really well man in camp. He had many duties to perform for about two weeks, and with the help of a few half sick men, had the care of the camp, performed guard duty, and acted as nurse. No pen can describe the affliction of that camp, it was worse than the battle field. I do not remember the death of but one in Co. F, that of David Lehr, a brave, patriotic boy, who was missed by all who knew him.

The Corporal Jones who took care of so many, gave way after two weeks' service. He was prostrated with pneumonia and battled with death for six weeks or more, much

of the time insensible, but with the help of a strong constitution and iron will he recovered. Co's. I and E lost many of their best men in that camp, who were rendered unfit for military duty, and died after they were discharged. No soldier who understood sanitary laws would stay in such a camp if he could get to a battle field. Our officers were good and kind in all those three companies, or the last man would have died, but the captains were as green as the privates about soldier life.

The First General Engagement of the 26th Missouri Infantry.

In April, 1862, while encamped at Bird's Point, Mo., opposite Cairo, Ill., General Pope learned that Jeff Thompson, an old Rebel Guerrilla with several thousand Bushwhackers, was near Charleston, Mo., about twenty-five miles from our camp, and selected the 26th Missouri Infantry to whip Jeff Thompson. Every man who could stand up and hold a gun wanted to go. So we marched out on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad to Charleston, where we arrived at about 2 p. m., and were sent out some eight miles south where the rebels had fired on some Illinois cavalry and wounded one man. About six o'clock in the evening, Col. Boomer halted the regiment in a lane near a farm house and ordered us to stack arms. In three minutes after we broke ranks, one of the boys was attacked by a huge secesh gander, and about the same time one of the largest roosters yelled, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis," when Billy Campbell, a brave boy went for them and the attack became general and bloody, and continued for one hour. Blood flowed on all sides until at least five hundred rebel hens and roosters lay dead on the ground and the 26th was victorious without the loss of a single man.

About nine o'clock p. m. we were ordered to march back eight miles to Charleston. I look back to that field of carnage with regret that we could not take all the dead along, but had to leave many fat pullets to the mercies of old Jeff Thompson's band.

In the Field at Iuka, Miss., September 19th, 1862.

Much has been written about the Eastern soldiers, and I am glad to say they merited more praise than has been bestowed. Great battles are pictured in glowing colors and the credit given mostly to the commanding officer, who was away back out of danger, and the active operations directed by volunteer officers who were privates a few days previous, and knowing the valor of their men, they stood their ground, often allowing them to advance at will when they saw the enemy falter. They trusted to the courage of the line and the men did the work.

Thus was the battle of Iuka fought and won. I will write particulars of the 26th Missouri, but I know the entire brigade performed its duty well, for they fought as bravely as soldiers ever have done.

The 26th Missouri was ordered "in file right" to support the 5th Iowa. We laid down within sixty yards of their line and in full view. There were some twenty-five minutes of suspense, and the balls fell like hail in our ranks. Col. G. B. Boomer sat on his horse as cool as a load of ice, while Capt. B. D. Dean and Lieut. W. L. Wheeler sat on a log as if waiting for some of the boys to bring some more honey from the hives they had captured near the battlefield, and 2d Lieut. J. W. Maupin, young and brave but

more excitable, laughingly said, "Wilson, I can beat you shaking," and I then noticed that I was shaking too, and replied, "If you do, you will shake your boots off." Most of the boys were cool, while others shook like jelly, but it was not through fear, it was excitement. Many I heard say: "O, I wish they would let us go in! See the 5th Iowa boys are being cut to pieces!" Then the order came from brave Col. Boomer: "Attention, 26th!" Then Capt. Dean, as cool as on parade, with that soft, mild voice, called: "Co. F! Attention! Forward!" I looked along the line, and every officer was in his place—the men were all attention and all eager. I saw at a glance that every officer and man of the 26th had offered his life to his country and would not flinch.

Now came a trying scene. The brave 5th Iowa was ordered back all bleeding, through our ranks, and we saw the dead and wounded carried back. "See," some one would say, "See, we must pay them for that!" "Steady boys," commanded Capt. Dean. Col. Boomer shouted: "Dress on colors!" "Fire and load at will!" "Lay down! Fire at will!" was about the last order from Boomer, for he was wounded. As we halted in line, Lieut. Wheeler and I compared watches. It was 2.15 p.m. Captain Dean said: "Sergeant Jones, you are in charge of the left platoon—see well to your men!"

At this point everything was business. William Campbell and Charles Neison yelled: "Fix bayonets and let's charge the devils!" I had hard work to keep them down, for there was no flinching in those boys. The first line of "rebs" gave way, and were replaced by two lines of fresh troops, and they poured in a deadly volley. Marcus Wilt was killed by a shot in the face—a brave, orphan, German

boy, who gave his life for "Old Glory." Lieut. Shønen was shot, and no field officer left. Corporal Henry Meyer, was killed in the act of shooting; Lon Bliss, orderly, killed; William Rowen, sergeant, killed; 2d Lieut. J. W. Maupin, wounded. The boys were killed or wounded so fast that no one had time to count. The "rebs" were relieved again and we fought the third lot of men, ten to one all the time. We heard no field command, but from all along the line the captains shouted: "Steady, men!" "Be calm!" "Make every shot count!" "Be careful, boys!" "Take good aim!" "Shoot low!"

A continuous roar of musketry was heard all the time. My gun was so hot it burned my hand. Several men said to me: "I am out of ammunition." Just at that time a man passed with lightning speed on horseback, shouting for all the companies to fall back but Co. F. Capt. Dean stood on two small stumps with two buckshot in one leg and one in the other; and was too busy to hear. Lieut. Wheeler stood erect, shooting with his revolver, and was also absorbed in the fight. Some one told Capt. Dean that the rest of the regiment had fallen back, then he inquired of Wheeler and of myself, but no one could tell who gave the order. Then Capt. Dean said: "Boys if you have any ammunition we will stay while we can. I do not like to leave until ordered to leave." I had picked up several bunches of cartridges, marked London, Eng., which the rebels had dropped, and had been supplying the boys but had some left. Capt. Dean said: "Get where you can see, boys, and make every shot count." We collected in an open spot, eleven strong against two thousand "Johnnies," to hold them until reinforcements came. Do you call that bravery and the enemy not forty yards away? No, it was duty.

A. J. Jones stood by my left side and killed a big rebel with blue jeans pants, and the man on the right in gray fell at the same time. I do not believe that any of that band of eleven missed a shot. But all the fire of the enemy was centered on us now. A. J. Jones was at this time shot in the breast; John Fletcher, wounded; Dan Robinson, wounded. They were three as brave boys as ever fired a musket. When I saw this, I turned to Capt. Dean and said: "Captain, we had better leave, we are not doing any good here. See, they know our number and are pouring in a cross-fire on us." Capt. Dean replied: "Well, boys, I suppose we had better go, yet I do not like to go, and no one here to hold the enemy." He said these words in as calm a tone as if he were talking to children at play. If he had ordered us to fix bayonets and charge, in one-half minute those boys would have made a rush at the enemy or have fallen in the attempt.

I will here give the names of all that little band, for I wish to hand them down to posterity: A. J. Robinson, Samuel Campbell, William Campbell, William Williams, J. H. C. Jones, David C. Jones, Henry Helling, Charles Neison.

When we started back I noticed Capt. Dean using his sabre as a cane. I requested John Jones to assist the Captain, but the latter declined, saying: "There are many more needing help worse than I. Take care of yourselves." Some of the boys walked lively. I walked away with Lieut. Wheeler, loading my gun as I went, thoughtless of all but the dear, brave boys who had fallen. I had gone but a few rods when I heard the "Johnnies" shout: "Halt there!" I turned my head and saw a full line just at the point where

we had left. One rebel, with blue eyes and sandy mustache, dressed in butternut, raised his gun, and I knew it was for me. I was just capping my gun, so I sent the contents to him. He staid there all night, but I flew. The whole line must have fired at me for the air was full of singing balls, and one of them struck on the shoulder strap of my cartridge box, square in the back, which knocked it high in the air. At that time Samuel Campbell and Billy Williams, of Co. F, had gained the shelter of two trees and were loading their guns. They saw the situation, and one said to the other, "if your gun is loaded shoot that "reb," he will kill Wilson;" but seeing my assailant drop, Sam shot a rebel who was in the act of sticking his bayonet in a wounded man, while Billy made a lead mine of another butternut. Those two men fired the two last shots that were fired by the 26th in the battle of Iuka, and then the rebels skipped that night. We talked the matter over and they told me where their men lay, and in the morning I found them as reported.

On the morning of the 20th, there were sixteen of Co. F to answer roll call, and five of them with slight wounds, while every man but two had his clothes cut, some by a half-dozen balls. Davy Jones and Will Campbell had not a scratch, although they had been in the hottest of the contest, two hours and fifteen minutes. The battle began at 2:15, when we went in, and when we came out on the spot where we left the field, Lieut. Wheeler and I compared time. "Four-thirty, four-thirty," said Wheeler. "Why we have been in two hours and fifteen minutes, it did not seem thirty minutes."

On the morning of the 26th, Thomas Crowe and myself were the first to go back to the battlefield. That was the saddest time of my life. There were many wounded and dead. Several of the wounded said: "If I die, thank God I did my duty:" and others said: "I am not afraid to die." We gave them water and made them as comfortable as we could.

We then went up the hill to where the rebel lines had been, which was well marked by blood and dead. I went to where the big rebel was lying that I had seen Jackson Jones kill, and took a good look at him. He was about forty years of age, black hair and beard and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds.

I felt that I never would miss a chance to get revenge for the brave boys in blue that were killed, but God saw fit to impair my health soon after. I am thankful that he has spared others of the 26th Missouri who stood the test and never flinched. They never knew defeat, and I know that at any time, in any engagement, had all the officers of Co. F been killed, that some of the privates would have taken command and led the boys as long as there was any shadow of hope, and I think the same of all the other companies. May the blessings of God, who gave to my comrades such valor, and led them to such unexpected and wonderful victories, ever protect and enable them to be steadfast to this, the best and grandest government on earth, is the prayer of their comrade,

WILSON. M. JONES,

Ex. 2d Serg't. Co F, 26th Mo. Vol. Inf'y.



CAPT. J. T. CROWE.
Of Co. I, 26th Missouri Infantry.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHN T. CROWE was born in Franklin county, Mo., December 28, 1841. He was educated in the public schools and served in his father's office as Deputy County Clerk. He enlisted in the Union army under the first call of President Lincoln for troops, among the three months' men. In September, 1861, enlisted for three years in the 26th Missouri Infantry and was advanced from the ranks to the office of 2d Lieut., then 1st Lieut., then Captain of Co. I, of said regiment, a position he filled until the expiration of his term. Capt. Crowe returned home in the winter of 1865, and was

commissioned by the Governor of the state as Adjutant for the 2d Military District of State Troops. He further assisted his father in the county clerk's office until 1870. In 1872 he was elected sheriff of Franklin county; re-elected in 1874; elected Judge of Probate in 1876; appointed Deputy United States Revenue Collector in 1881, and was admitted to the bar of Franklin county in 1868, and elected to represent Franklin county in the 36th General Assembly in 1890.

Capt. Crowe's family is among the oldest of the state. His great-grandfather was a native born German, and settled in St. Charles county in 1796. Capt. Crowe's father M. S. G. Crowe was born in Franklin county in 1818. Capt. Crowe is now engaged in farming.





LIEUT. C. P. CARMAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES P. CARMAN was born at Louisville, Ky., April 9th, 1834, and is a descendant of the Carmans and Pickerings of Revolutionary fame. His mother and father died when he was three months old. He was the only child and lived with an aunt until he was old enough to make his own way in the world. He left Kentucky in 1854 and came to St. Louis. Lieut. Carman never received much schooling, but while in the army occupied his leisure moments in studying the rudiments of an education. At the conclusion of his army service he worked in foundries until 1875.

since which time he has been gauger and inspector of oils for the Waters-Pierce Oil Co., of St. Louis.

Lieut. Carman was married to Miss Rachel Barratt, of St. Louis, Mo., August 27th, 1863. His daughter, Jessie Benton Carman was born June 20th, 1864, and married S. E. Morrison, of St. Louis, Mo., April 9th, 1890. They have two children. Rae V. Morrison, born January 28th, 1891, and Harold Morrison, born October 31st, 1892.

LIEUT. C. P. CARMAN'S WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

In the spring of 1861, some citizens of St. Louis possessed of southern sympathies organized a regiment of "Minute Men," with headquarters on the corner of Fifth and Pine streets. I thought they were all right and talked in their favor. I worked with a man who was a member of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." We were both southerners and friends, and one day he informed me that the "Minute Men" had hoisted the "southern" flag, and if I would go with him he would show it to me. I saw the flag and it made me one of the strongest Union men in St. Louis. A patriotic friend who boarded at the same place I did, saw I had changed my views from one extreme to the other, and asked me to go and see a company which was drilling in secret, so as to be ready for service at any moment.

The result of my visit was that I enrolled my name in the organization, which afterwards was known as Co. I, Fourth Regiment, U. S. R. Corps; W. C. Jones, Captain; John Stevens, 1st. Lieut; J. H. Holman, 2d. Lieut. The

company drilled in a hall on the corner of Third and O'Fallon streets, and on May 8th, 1861, we went to the arsenal and were sworn into the United States service for three months, by General Lyon. We took up our quarters at Bechner's Garden, on Broadway, between Franklin Avenue and Morgan street, and when Col. Totten was called out with his famous battery to quell the riot at the Planters' House, the organization to which I belonged marched down Broadway to support the battery, but was ordered back, the trouble having subsided.

During the troublous times in St. Louis, Co. I had many exciting experiences, and was at one time ordered to Wentzville, on the north Missouri, to protect a trestle over a small stream. When we arrived there we heard that a rebel flag had been flying on a high pole in front of the post office. Lieut. Holman started out to find the flag, and it was secured after a search between the ceiling and rafters of the post office building, and when Holman exhibited it to the company the boys made a rush and tore it into shreds, every man securing a piece as a souvenir.

We received orders to march to Springfield on the 1st of July, 1861. The 3d Regiment, U. S. Reserve Corps started first and we followed after, and both regiments were as good examples of "Buttermilk Rangers" as ever travelled through Missouri. The road over the Ozark mountains was very rough travelling, and we arrived at Sand Springs, experiencing several amusing incidents on the way.

On the 4th of July we remained in camp to celebrate the day. The Lieutenant got out a keg of wine which had been confiscated while the company was on guard in St. Louis, and each mess was given a share. One captain

thought his company was the best drilled in the regiment, and ordering them in line, marched them out into the field to give the country people, who had crowded into camp, a chance to see their evolutions. But the boys were so "mellow with the wine that the movements were all in a zigzag direction, and the only way to keep them in a straight line would have been to lay them out on the ground.

On our arrival at Springfield we received orders to go to Phelps' farm about two-and-a-half miles distant, and with a slight interruption, reached that point and went into camp. We guarded Mrs. Phelps' house and orchard, but orders soon came to march for the purpose of reinforcing General Sigel. We reached Wilson's Creek and went into camp. Next day we made a forced march to Mount Vernon, where we came up with Sigel in retreat.

That night we started back in full retreat and arrived at Wilson's Creek about dark, where we encamped. In the morning after we got our rations I told Lieutenant Holman that I saw rockets going up in the night, he looked astonished and asked me in what direction they were, and I informed him. Those signals were made to let Sigel know that reinforcements were coming. The command then started for Springfield, and my feet were so blistered by marching that I was permitted to sit on one of the cannon belonging to a battery and rode eight miles to Springfield,

Our time having nearly expired we were ordered back to St. Louis. As we marched along we had to pass General Lyon's headquarters, and he stood outside with head uncovered in answer to our salutes. After arriving at Rolla we embarked on the cars and reached St. Louis in due time, making our headquarters at Uhrig's Cave.

The next day we were asked to go to Iron Mountain to keep the rebels out until the three years' men came. Our time was up, and we were asked to serve ten more days. My company and a few others agreed to go, and we went by railroad to Ironton. The rebels came in sight the next day, but they were informed of our strong position and retreated.

We marched to Arcadia, pitched our tents, and were soon at work cutting trees and building them into a fort. Col. Grant came and relieved us, and we little thought that he was soon to ascend the highest point of military renown.

Lieutenant Carman Raises a Company.

On our return to St. Louis we were mustered out of the service, having served three months and ten days. I then wrote to Lieut. Holman asking him to see Gen. Grant and secure authority for me to recruit a company to act as his body guard. Gen. Grant sent me the papers, and in answer to my request to have my men armed with Sharp's rifles, received word to go ahead, and I should have the arms. I received the rifles from the arsenal and had them conveyed to my recruiting office to show the men what kind of arms they would have.

I soon had some good men. Among them were Comrades Whitton, Page, Wingert, Stoddard, Fritchey, and Jones. I took them down to the arsenal and they were sworn into the service. As we were coming away from the arsenal we met some men from Illinois, and asked them if they wanted to enlist. They said that they came to St. Louis to see if Missouri would take a company from their state. Their names were Allison, Wallace, Woods, and

Stevens. We soon made a bargain with them, agreeing if they would furnish thirty men we would elect Allison one of the lieutenants, he seeming to be the leader. The thirty men from Illinois were soon on the ground, and in about two weeks we had about eighty men enrolled. I then sent a request to Gen. Grant to let us have Lieut. Holman for our Captain, and the General sent Holman up immediately and he was elected Captain. I would not take 1st Lieutenant for I felt that I was deficient in knowledge of the tactics, so Allison was elected to the position and I accepted the second lieutenancy. James Whitton was elected Orderly Sergeant, and Page, Wallace and Wingert, Sergeants. We then marched to the arsenal and were mustered into the service as "Holman's Sharpshooters."

In a few days Gen. Fremont came to St. Louis and took command of the department. After reviewing the company, he was so impressed with our appearance in the regular United States uniform, that he ordered us back to our quarters to await his orders. The next day we were commanded to report to him at the Missouri Pacific depot for the purpose of serving as his infantry body guard during the campaign in the southwest. I was left at headquarters to receive the new recruits and have them sworn in, clothed and forwarded to the company.

The recruiting went briskly on, and after receiving several men from Rev. Mr. Wood, I received orders from Capt. Holman to close up the recruiting office and join the company with the men I had. Proceeding to Tipton, Mo., I found that Capt. Holman's command had gone to Springfield, and marching on we met the company about twenty miles from Springfield returning to St. Louis with General Fremont, who had been superseded by General Hunter.

Now I was with my company and promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Allison, Captain; Whitton, 2nd Lieutenant, and Holman, Major. On arriving at St. Louis I was taken sick and remained in the hospital thirteen weeks, and while I was there my company was assigned to provost duty, which after my convalescence I assisted in performing. Rebel women would shake their flags from the carriage windows and it was often part of my duty to take the emblems of rebellion from them. I now have the orders issued by Gen. Hamilton for taking these flags in my possession.

On being relieved from provost duty, the company was consolidated with several companies of

The 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry,

and ordered on a boat bound for the south. The first place we stopped at was Bird's Point, Mo. We went into camp in log huts, and the mud was shoe-top deep. After an amusing foraging expedition during which a large number of chickens and turkeys were captured down on the railroad, and many men confined in the guard house in consequence, we broke camp and advanced to Sykestown. We had to go through a swamp over a burnt railroad trestle, and it was hard traveling. When we reached the place it commenced to rain, and we had no tents to shelter us. I was sitting on a log in the dense darkness when I was tapped on the back and a comrade whispered to me to follow him and he would take me out of the rain. We reached a stable and climbed up into the loft. It was so packed that I had to sit up all night. When day dawned I crawled out and saw a very amusing sight. The soldiers had driven the hogs out, and lain down on the floor. When the boys had fallen asleep,

the hogs walked in and lay down beside them. There they were, man and hog side by side.

The same day we marched to Charleston and encamped. many of the soldiers occupying deserted houses. The cavalry performed all the picket duty. One day they were ambushed about three miles from the town, and several killed and wounded. We soon received orders to go to New Madrid, and when we reached a point about six miles from that place, I was placed on picket and not relieved until next morning. John A. Logan, (who was then a Colonel), was left to protect the rear, sent a detail to relieve me, and when I reached his tent, he asked me if I was hungry, for it was nine o'clock, and he ordered breakfast for the men and myself, telling me not to be in a hurry to join my regiment, as it had moved forward. After a while I found the regiment about two miles from New Madrid encamped in a large cornfield.

The rebel gunboats tried to shell our camp, but could not reach us. The beef that the command received here was very poor. One day we drew a quarter that looked as if the animal had died of starvation, and Co. A got up a mock funeral by putting the quarter of beef on a bier and carried it through camp with "arms reversed" in true military style, and when the hole previously dug in the ground was reached, it was deposited therein, and a salute fired over it.

Smoke was observed floating through the swamp about this time, and it was found to proceed from a steamboat which was cutting its way through the swamp around Island No. 10, this was done by rigging a saw in such a way as to cut the trees under water, and they run over them all right.

One night we were ordered to march, and going through the woods at early dawn we found that we were too far south. Making a double quick move we soon came in sight of a rebel fort. Co. B entered the fort on the double quick and found the rebels had evacuated the place. One man was found asleep under an old carpenter's bench, and on awakening him he wanted to know where we came from and where the "rebs" were. It seems that his comrades had got away so rapidly and quietly that he was not disturbed. In about an hour after our occupancy of the fort, the rebel pickets came in and were astonished to find the blue coats in possession of the fort, and themselves prisoners of war. They said it was a mean trick for their comrades to run away and not send them word.

The day following, we took possession of Fort Thompson, and had to cross the trench on some brush, so we did not go over in very good order. In a short time Gen. Pope's body guard came in, and he upbraided them with being as great a lot of stragglers as the sharpshooters. We had not been in the fort long, when we saw a gunboat sailing down the river with barges loaded with bailed hay on each side. When the gunboat came near enough, the gunners in the fort fired a shot in front of her, but we soon found out she was the "Carondelet," and had run the blockade.

The rebels had built a redoubt opposite Mt. Pleasant, and the gunboat went for it, and it was a grand sight to see an odd looking thing come floating down the river. It proved to be the floating battery the rebels had at Island No. 10. They had scuttled it and set it adrift. It floated down by the fort, and the gunboat towed it in at Mt. Pleasant. We all went on board of the boat which had cut its way

through the swamp. She was laying in the slough by the fort. We had to go up stream to get out of the slough straight toward the floating battery. Gen. Pope was on board, storming around like a mad man, and told the Captain of the boat that he would have us all drowned. The Captain was the coolest man on board, but when she turned the point and got her bow down stream, she made the best time she ever made. We landed on the opposite side of the river and took possession of the redoubt or what was left of it. The "rebs" had vacated Island No. 10 and were trying to get away. We started after them and just at dark came up with them. We put out our pickets and they had their's out. In the morning we found out they had crossed. One man of the 11th Ohio Battery saw a corn crib ahead at dark. When they stopped he went to get some corn for the horses. He found the crib and crawled in. When he got in he found other men ahead of him. He asked them what command they belonged to, they said: "Holmes' Cavalry." He then knew that he was in with confederate soldiers, so he filled his sack and got out as quick as he could. That morning the "rebs" surrendered. We placed guards over them. They had no small arms. One of them told our men they had hid their guns in the woods. We went out on a search and found them. I found an Arkansas toothpick which I have yet. After the surrender, most of the officers were missing. Gen. Granger took his body guard and started out and captured them. The reason they could not get away, the river was high and the water backed up in the swamp and they could not cross it. Gen. Granger brought them back to camp together with the negro servants.

The confederates we took at Tiptonville were the most

insulting lot of men I ever saw, especially those from Alabama: The next day boats came and all the prisoners were put on board and sent north.

The 26th Missouri marched back to New Madrid and staid there for awhile, then received orders to break camp and go on board the steamer, City of Alton, which sailed for Memphis. The boat was crowded, and on reaching Osceola, Arkansas, staid there awhile, then received orders to go up the Tennessee river to Shiloh. We stopped at New Madrid as we went up the river, then at Mound City. Here we got our first onions, and the men were glad to have this change in their diet.

Starting up the Tennessee river, a landing was made at Hamburg, where we went into camp. Gen. Buford was our brigade commander, and he came to our camp and talked to us like a father. We could hear skirmishing going on in our front, and on April 25th, received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move with three days' rations in our haversacks. The 26th Missouri did not move until three days afterward, then advanced three miles. I was put on picket duty, and it was so dark that the pickets were not relieved. As soon as it was light enough I started on the rounds, and just before I reached one of the posts, it not being very light, I saw something bright on the ground. I stooped down and picking it up found it to be a huge bowie knife. I was puzzled as to how it came there. I think a rebel must have dropped it while crawling past our pickets, for when I came to the next post I found both pickets fast asleep. I took their guns and awoke them. They tried to make me believe they were not asleep, but I told them I found the knife close by, that a rebel had passed their post

while they slept, that I would report them, and the penalty was death. They begged me not to report, and after badly scaring them by saying I must do my duty, I handed their guns back, admonishing them to be careful in the future. I do not believe they ever slept on their posts thereafter.

On May 1st. marched out to guard each side of the road, while another regiment repaired the road and built bridges. We staid out all night and could hear the confederate drums beating. On May 2d returned to camp, and advanced five miles. The next day firing was heard in our front. On May 4th, went on picket, and placed the men, but it got so dark that they could not be relieved, and the rain poured down all night. I sat on a log with one foot on each side. One of the men lay down with his rubber blanket over him. Soon I felt the water on my foot, and placed it on the log. After awhile I felt the water on the other foot, and the man who was lying down beside the log got up. The water was rapidly rising and forced me to stand up on the log until daylight. Then I saw a novel sight. The pickets were standing on stumps, some on logs, and we had to wade waist deep to get back to camp.

The long roll beat on May 10th, and the 26th Missouri fell in line and marched out. Some of our cavalry had gone out on a scout and were driven back into our lines. Large seige guns came up, and on May 17th we advanced to Farmington, and here the 11th Ohio Battery was put in our command. We built a small fort and put a huge pole on a large tree for a lookout station. When the top was occupied by the sentinel he could see into Corinth.

On May 25th I received my commission as 1st Lieutenant, and Co. A had a skirmish with the rebel pickets, but I

was not able to be with the command on account of sickness. I went up on the lookout and saw them in the fight. I had not been down from the pole but a few moments when it fell with a crash, and no one could explain the cause of its falling. In this skirmish Wilcox was wounded. At night, Captain David Cain was not feeling well enough to go out on picket, and although I was sick, was compelled to go in his place.

On the night of May 28th Co. A took the outpost and was so close to the enemy, that when I went the rounds, as I approached a picket I would knock three times on my sword and it would be answered by two knocks on his gun.

On May 29th on reaching camp, received orders to advance, and when a mile out began to dig rifle pits. On the 30th we were still working on the rifle pits, and the rebels in our front destroyed what they could not carry away. We left our pits and advanced about four miles, and on the 31st marched into Corinth on the south side. On halting, I went into the rebel camp, and it presented a sorry sight—the dead and sick having been left behind.

On June 2d, the 26th Missouri Infantry advanced to Rienzi, and on the 3d, eight miles. Our tents came up and we advanced again one mile and pitched our tents. On the 8th received orders to procure three days rations and be ready to march on short notice. June 14th received orders to march back to Camp Clear Creek, our old camp ground. Capt. Cain had sent in his resignation, and it was not accepted, but returned. He sent in another resignation, and on June 23d it was accepted and he left for home.

Lieut. W. M. Robinson of Co. B, was promoted to the

captaincy of Co. A, and we received notice of the same on June 26th, and the next day we started for Holly Springs, marching about fourteen miles and camping on the former site of a rebel camp. On the 28th, marched thirteen miles and camped at an old mill, and was glad to see a stream of water. June 30th we passed through Ripley and camped five miles out.

On July 1st, the regiment started on the back track, marching about seventeen miles. We celebrated "The Glorious Fourth" by firing cannon salutes.

Co. A. was on picket duty, July 6th, and after I had finished making out the pay rolls, Capt. Robinson went to Camp Clear Creek to have the pay rolls signed by our sick men. The Captain then procured sick leave of absence and returned to his command in September.

On July 10th, the regiment moved back to Camp Clear Creek, and on the morning of the 15th, I was aroused by an unusual noise, and on going out found some of my men under the influence of liquor, and many of the other members of the regiment in the same condition. I commenced an investigation in order to ascertain how the liquor got into camp. It did not take long to find out. One of my men named Michel had gotten it from the sutler. The sutler's tent was pitched on the side of a hill, and he kept a barrel of whiskey hid in the back of the tent. Michel found it was there, and cutting a hole in the tent, took the prop from under the barrel and away it went a hundred yards down the hill. The boys then followed the barrel and knocked the head in, and the rest can be imagined. The sutler found the empty barrel, but never found out who started it down the hill.

On July 23d, James Blackwell was discharged for disability. Orders came to change our guns to muskets, and there was so much protesting the change was not made.

The 26th Missouri remained in camp at Clear Creek until September 1st, then marched to Rienzi, and received orders to go to Iuka, and when about eight miles from the town we confronted their picket line and drove them back. The position occupied by Co. A will be seen on the map, page 208.

Company A in the Battle of Iuka.

We reached a school house, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, then came to a blacksmith shop, which was the point where the battle was fought. We advanced about one hundred yards, but was stopped by a masked battery and the rebel line of battle. Our men kept the gunners from working their guns, by picking off every man who came near the guns. We were driven back a little way, but advanced again. We then received orders to move back, and the rebels having placed their guns in position, commenced to throw grape at us, and it was difficult to keep the men in order. Co. A then fell back through the line of battle to a point about fifty yards therefrom, to act as a reserve. We laid down and watched the battle in front.

The rebels advanced twice and captured the guns of the 11th Ohio Battery, twice, and were twice driven back before they could turn the guns on us. Then they advanced again and our men fell back a little, but not enough for them to get at our guns.

The bugle sounded and both sides ceased firing. In about twenty minutes, the rebels quietly advanced with the

purpose of capturing the guns, but the "boys in blue" were waiting, and gave them one volley that settled them, and they fell back and left the field to our side.

While Co. A was deployed as skirmishers in this battle, and kept the rebels from working their guns, I was standing by Lieut. Col. Holman, who had one of the guns in his hand. A rebel officer came up to the guns we were keeping them from using and gave an order to "limber up!" Holman stepped out in the road, took aim and fired, when the rebel officer threw up his hands and fell off his horse. We learned from prisoners after the battle that the officer was General Little, of Texas, who had just been promoted for bravery.

The Colonel of the 5th Iowa, a German named Matthias, was a brave man, and at the battle of Iuka amused us very much. He rode a gray horse he called "Shon," and during the battle a bullet struck the pommel of his saddle and tore part of it away. Col. Matthias looked at it and then said to the horse: "Shon, they are shooting at you." In a little while a bullet tore away part of his stirrup. He looked down and said: "Shon, they will shoot you sure!" Then the horse stumbled over some brush. The Colonel jumped off and looked all around the horse, and said: "Shon, I thought you was shot!"

At daylight the next day, the 20th, I was detailed to go over the field to pick up the wounded. It was a sorry sight. Some of the rebels had crawled off the field and were hid in the brush. They did not know which side had gained the day and were glad to see the blue coats come. Then a sight met my eyes that I shall never forget. It showed how brave the Iowa troops were. The left company of the 5th Iowa had been almost wiped out of existence, over half of

them lying just where they were formed in line of battle, showing that they never flinched but died before they would give an inch.

On the 21st we started back to Corinth, and on arriving there camped close to the town. We soon heard that the rebels were advancing on Corinth, and the Union soldiers were set at work building forts and throwing up earth-works, and by October 2d were ready to defend Corinth. The works close to our part of the field was named Fort Rolinet.

October 3d we were called into line in the woods on our right. There was fighting in our front, but we were in the reserve and did no fighting, but stray bullets were flying in the air, and one of them wounded Col. Holman. The missile struck his heel. I went with him to the hospital and he had his foot dressed. I helped him to get on his horse where he staid the rest of the day. We lay on the field all night.

October 4th, about daybreak, the rebels began to shell the town and steadily advanced, taking every battery in our front except the 11th Ohio, which was the one we had to support. We lay in line all this time ready to be called in. While lying down, Henry Harman, of Co. A, was shot in the chin, and retired to the corral for repairs. The 11th Ohio Battery was now doing good work, but the rebels kept advancing. Then we got the word: "Attention!" and were ordered to wheel to the front on the "double quick." and we went up that hill yelling at the top of our voices. When we arrived at the summit, I saw a sight that made me feel glad. The rebels were in full retreat. We followed them a short way and took thirty-two prisoners. Our boys

would call to them to halt, and if they did not obey, fired at them. I saw one man run out of the bushes, when Marion Evans and George Bird shouted "halt there!" He did not stop, and Evans and Bird fired at once, the rebel falling with an arm and leg broken by rifle balls. We then surrounded a small grove of trees, believing that some of the rebels were concealed therein, and called for them to come out. They sent out a boy about sixteen years of age, who inquired if they would be hurt. We told him "no." He then called to his comrades, and thirty-two came out and surrendered. While we were marching our prisoners to camp we sang "John Brown," and the boy who called the "rebs" out of their hiding place helped us in singing the song.

The 11th Ohio Battery had a gunner about seven feet tall and in the fight his partner was shot, and he loaded the gun by himself, brave man that he was. At the battle of Iuka our men saw a man shot while dodging behind a tree. Some of them said that in the next battle they would not dodge, but when we were making the wheel up the hill, a shell struck the ground in front of us and every man ducked his head. Some of the men looked around and exclaimed: "Mr. Lieutenant, we thought you were not going to dodge!"

On October 5th we started in after the rebels, and when we got a little way from Corinth we found a great many of our soldiers dead. They were killed on the 3d, in the first day's fight, and stripped of their clothing by the rebels, were rapidly decomposing. The burial parties dug holes deep enough to cover the bodies, and then with shovels rolled them into rude graves, which were quickly closed with the surrounding earth.

I had sent in my resignation for what seemed to me good and sufficient reasons, and on arriving at Corinth, found it had been accepted on October 12th, 1862. Thus I was in a three days' fight, and not a member of the regiment.



REUNION PROCEEDINGS.

Second Annual Reunion at Union, Mo., Sept. 2-3, 1890.

The Second Annual Reunion of the 26th Missouri was held at Union, Franklin county, Mo., on September 3d and 4th, 1890, and was attended by about 1000 people, 300 of whom were old soldiers.

Mr. J. C. Kiskaddon delivered the address of welcome, and the reply was made by Judge T. M. Rice, of Boonville, Mo. On the closing day of the reunion a barbecue was given to the veterans and their friends by the citizens. The following was

COLONEL B. D. DEAN'S ADDRESS.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades of the Grand Old Army of the Union:—

This is one of the most pleasant events of my life. More than twenty-five years ago we bade each other good-bye as a regimental organization, and for many years it has been my great desire to meet you, my old comrades, in a social gathering like this. More than a year ago, at the suggestion of some of my comrades, it was my privilege, as well as duty, in connection with Comrade Rice, to sign a call for a meeting to be held at Washington, Mo., for the purpose of organizing a society of the survivors of the 26th Missouri Infantry. As you are aware it was my misfortune to be sick and unable to attend your meeting.

At your permanent organization you did me the honor to appoint me your President for the present year. You also passed very consoling resolutions for myself and family in our affliction, for which we are very grateful. You also selected this beautiful little town of Union for our present meeting, and to me no other place seems so fitted for the occasion as this.

Nearly thirty years ago when the alarm of civil war was sounded all over our fair land and Beauregard was thundering down the flag of our country at Fort Sumter, and our state government was in the hands of secessionists, and the hand of neighbor was against neighbor, we scarcely knew whom to trust, and was distressed about the condition of our country, the safety of our families, our lives and property—this little town was my home, and I almost a stranger. Here I spent some of the saddest days of my life. Perhaps most of you know, my comrades all know, that sometimes sorrow and affliction so attaches us to persons, places and things, that we will always have a kind regard for them. So I am attached to the citizens of Union and Franklin county. The soldiers who have borne the burden of battle, sickness and distress together, are united in heart as a band of brothers, and our friendship extends to those who suffered with us on the other side of the dead line. We say to those who wore “the gray,” although we hate with a deadly hatred your rebellion against the government, we have a warm regard for you, and here is our hand of fellowship. We suffered together (for what both sides thought was right), like the ten lepers that Christ healed, nine of which were Jews and one a Samaritan. The Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other—they hated each other, but they had suffered

the same affliction together, which so united them in heart that they cried with one voice: "Lord have mercy on us!" So we who wore "the blue" and they who wore "the gray" unite in crying: "Lord have mercy on us, and save our beloved country from war within and wars without."

Comrades, there are but very few of us here to-day—most of the 26th are on the other side. Some we left "Down South." Our brave General Boomer, and Brown, Welker, Stoddard, Bliss, Rowen, with hundreds of others, and since the war the all-sweeping scythe of time has cut us down at a fearful rate. Comrades, when we think of the many precious lives that were laid down in our country's cause, and the dark and dreary days of the civil war through which we passed, and the doubts and fears of what would be the fate of our country, our hearts are sad. But when we consider the final result, we see that the political atmosphere of this country is purer, clearer, and brighter than it ever was before. We behold the rainbow of peace spanning our country from north to south, and from east to west, typifying that internal strife shall be no more. Our ship of state is sailing on a clear, calm and cloudless ocean, with our Constitution as framed by Washington and his compatriots unimpaired—with the addition of causing the bright sun of freedom to shine on an additional four millions of people, and with the same old flag without one star plucked from its escutcheon, and with a united people on board, "the blue and the gray" standing side by side, proclaiming to all nations: "*Beware!* If you insult 'the blue,' you insult 'the gray'—if you insult 'the gray,' you insult 'the blue.'"

Our country has been tried by fire and came forth the brighter star—next to the star that guided the shepherds to

the birthplace of our Lord, which will guide the oppressed of all the world to a haven of rest and security. No matter whether he be a king or potentate fleeing from his tottering throne crumbling beneath him, or whether he or she be a subject fleeing from the oppression of a monarchical government—if they once gain a foothold on American soil their person is secure and their rights are respected.

But notwithstanding our present security and prosperity as a nation, we know not what changes a few years may bring about. Hence, it is our duty to remember and teach our sons and our daughters, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

A VISIT TO THE OLD BATTLEFIELDS.

A year ago this month, it was the privilege of a few of our old brigade, including only four of the 26th Missouri—Comrades Crowe, Evans, Fritchey and myself, to revisit the South, and I assure you, comrades, it was much easier fighting the battles over again, and how we four did wish every survivor of the 26th could have been with us. All of you know how we were received on our first visit down there at the point of the bayonet, amidst the shriek of shot and shell; but last year we were received with open arms. "The blue and the gray" united in a barbecue on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The tables covered acres of ground and it was the largest gathering I ever saw. I do not recollect the estimate of the number of people present. Everyone who wore one of those badges representing "the blue and the gray," was admitted to dinner and provided with tobacco and a "pipe of peace" made from wood grown on the battlefield of Chickamauga.

After dinner I had the pleasure of a little chat with General Rosecrans, and as we took each other by the hand, he said: "God bless the 26th Missouri!" While down there we visited the battle grounds of Corinth, Iuka, and Chattanooga. We located the place where our regiment participated in the battles, and picked up some relics where the 11th Ohio Battery stood. We also located our position on Missionary Ridge, and visited the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, which contains seventy-five acres. The grounds rise to a central eminence 100 feet above the avenue which winds around the cemetery. From a flag-staff 150 feet high on the top of this mound floats the ensign of the Union. In this magnificent enclosure sleep 13,000 Union soldiers. We also visited the National Cemetery at Corinth, which is a finely laid-out and well-cared for place.

Comrades: Since we were in the South as a regiment, a great change has taken place. Then we met our countrymen in deadly combat, now we have laid down our arms and we meet as friends and brothers. Now, instead of seeing a country laid waste by war, we behold "The New South" teeming with industry and thrift on every hand. Agriculture, mining, and manufactures produce immense wealth and invites emigration from every part of our country, and from every land. And comrades, in looking into your faces, I see that a great change has taken place in us since the "sixties." Then we tramped, tramped with a bouyant and elastic step, now with feeble, tottering and uncertain ones, and our heads are white with the frosts of many winters. But with all this my comrades, when I look into your eyes, I see! I feel! *I know!* that the fire of patriotism burns as brightly in your bosoms as it did when

you took your lives in your hands and went down to the front willing to lay those lives down that your country might live.

Comrades: Often when meditating over our army life, I think I would like to know how all of our old comrades are getting along, and what they are doing, and would like to know if it is well with them. But some of us, we are sorry to know, have a hard time to keep the wolf from the door. To all such our sympathy goes out. Others have prospered and been honored with positions of trust and profit. To all such we say, "may your shadow never grow less." We who are down here do not envy you your well-earned honors, and as members of the same grand old regiment, we are hanging to your coat-tails, and as we do so, we feel some of the electric honors slipping to our fingers.

THE BATTLE-SCARRED REGIMENTAL FLAG.

Before closing these few remarks, I must mention a little circumstance, (or a big one would be a more proper name for it), the recollection of which is very gratifying to every member of the 26th Missouri. When we had successfully carried our flag on seven battlefields, and at Iuka it was pierced with sixteen balls, and at Champion Hills where it was stripped of its last star, and at Vicksburg it waved a starless banner in the face of the enemy from the 19th of May until the 22d of June—then the citizens of Union, and perhaps some in Washington, presented us with a beautiful silk flag, which we as members of the regiment are proud to say, we never disgraced. We had hoped to obtain that flag, and have it here on this occasion. We wrote to the Adjutant-General of the State about it, and he replied that he

"would like to grant our request, but it was contrary to law, and if such a precedent was established it would be but a few years until there would not be a flag left in the State Department."

Comrades: One more thought and I am done. I read somewhere, a long time since, that while a General was reviewing the troops of another, he said: "General, you have a very fine army." "Yes," was the reply, "and every one of them is a brick!" Fortifications in those days were built of brick. So in that saying he meant that every soldier was a fortification. So I say to you, as the old Commander of the 26th Missouri, every one of you was a brick—a fortification that was hard to capture.

Fourth Annual Reunion, October 3d, 1892.

The Fourth Annual Reunion of the 26th Missouri Infantry was held at Pacific, Mo., at the headquarters of Fred. Hecker Post, No. 290, G. A. R., on October 3d, 1892.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Col. B. D. Dean. Secretary J. T. Crowe being absent, Wilson M. Jones was elected Secretary *pro tem*. The President announced that the regular business of the Association would not be taken up at the present as the Honorable Mayor of the city, Charles Close, was present for the purpose of delivering an address of welcome. Mr. Close began by saying, that before he commenced his speech, he wished to correct the President, Col. Dean. He was not the mayor of the city, but had been selected to extend a welcome to the members of the organization of the 26th Missouri.

Mr. Close further said:

Gentlemen of the 26th Missouri Volunteer Infantry:—

In the name of the citizens of Pacific and the G. A. R. Post, I extend to you a hearty welcome to our city. We will spare no pains in making your stay with us a pleasant one. When you were in the field fighting the battles of your country, we were proud of your patriotism and your bravery. To-day we honor and love you as citizens, and we say to you, capture our city and hold it as long as you wish.

President Dean responded as follows:

Mr. Charles Close, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Allow me to explain why I was mistaken in calling Mr. Close, Mayor. I was informed a few minutes before, that perhaps, the Honorable Mayor of Pacific would deliver an address of welcome. Seeing Mr. Close present, and regarding him as the best looking man in your city, I took him for the mayor, knowing that the good people of a city usually select the best looking man for mayor. I know how it is myself. I was once selected mayor of the city of Union for my beauty.

Mr. Close, speaking for the organization of the 26th Missouri, allow me to say that we highly appreciate the cordial welcome we have received at your hands, and we assure you that this reunion will be one that will be long remembered. As we marched through your streets to-day, escorted by the G. A. R. Post whose guests we are, with stars and stripes waving, we were carried back to 1861, when we were with you as real soldiers, and we recognize friendly faces in your city to-day, that were our friends then.

The members of the 26th Missouri have a warm feeling

for the people of Franklin county. This is the fourth reunion of our regiment and we have held three of them in your county. We have not forgotten that when the last star was shot from our regimental flag, the good ladies of your county presented us with a new one. We do not forget that when we were in the south battling for the life of our country, that many of us had our homes and families in your county, and that they were always treated kindly, although many of your citizens were on the wrong side of the issue.

Comrades of the 26th Missouri: Again we meet in "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty." Who can have a truer fraternal feeling than we who have lived together for nearly four years as one family, all having one common aim, the perpetuation of the Government, as handed down to us by Washington and his compatriots. We who have suffered hunger, thirst and affliction together—comrades, these things have woven a web of affection around us that no one can fully appreciate but ourselves. Who can lay claim to more charity than we, when rations were scarce on the march and our canteens were nearly empty. Any of us would eat and drink less and divide with a comrade, and to-day we have lost none of our charity. Who can lay claim to more loyalty than we who took our lives in our hands and went down to the front, and while we are thus closely united together we harbor no ill feeling to our brave countrymen who fought on the other side. We know some believed in the right of states to secede, so we now declare that we have buried the past. Let us all be friends, but comrades there are some people in this country whom we have no respect for. We call them "copperheads."

Comrades: I am glad that I was a member of the 26th

Missouri, and I am sure that every one of you is proud of its record. As for myself, I have been accustomed to think we had a pretty fair regiment, as good as the majority of regiments. But recently I have come to the conclusion that the 26th Missouri was far above the average. If we did not accomplish as much as some other regiments it was because the opportunity did not present itself. Most of you are aware that recently I have been writing my "Recollections of the 26th Missouri," and on looking back on what we accomplished, and examining the "History of the Rebellion," I find that we were a much better regiment than I had been accustomed to think. I only have time to refer to a few points. Our first real battle was Iuka. That battle is familiar to you all. We lost in killed and wounded over two-thirds of our number that were engaged, and while every regiment on our left gave way with a fearful rout, we held our ground until night, when we were relieved by the gallant 11th Missouri. We had been furiously charged several times and finally they got possession of one of our guns, but our terrific fire was too much for them and they were compelled to abandon it. No regiment bore as conspicuous a part in that battle as did the 26th Missouri. The next day after the battle, General Rosecrans rode by us, raised his hat and said: "26th Missouri, I honor you!" Later on he said that "the 26th and 11th Missouri saved the day."

General Hamilton in his orders said, that "a few brigades whipped and put to flight Price's whole army, outnumbering us ten to one." At Champion Hills where our brave Major Brown and Captain Welker, with many others fell, we were hurried into battle in double-quick, changed our position under the galling fire of the enemy, out-maneu-

vered them, repelled the charge of three different regiments, and finally drove them from the field, capturing a number of prisoners, and our job being finished, we marched to the rear in line of battle with every man and officer who had not been killed or wounded, in his place. There was not a single straggler, and some of you will recollect that when we reached brigade headquarters, our gallant Brigade Commander, Col. Boomer, declared that "the 26th Missouri was the best regiment in the service."

At Missionary Ridge, the 26th was the first to cross the Tennessee in pontoons at midnight of November 23d, 1863. The 26th Missouri and 93d Illinois went to the top of Missionary Ridge, silenced a battery and held our position for three or four hours without any support. When the 93d Illinois was driven back, and their brave Col. Putnam killed—the 26th Missouri charged the enemy and drove them back over the hill, and finally, when we were almost surrounded by the enemy, we would not surrender, but cut our way through.

At Vicksburg we made three different charges. We were selected for the very responsible duty of escorting 1600 head of cattle from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Gen. Stedman detailed us for that very important task, because he believed that if any *one* regiment could take them through, the 26th Missouri could.

Comrades: It affords me great pleasure to refer back to our association in the army. During the whole time that I had the honor of being your Colonel, I do not recollect of any strife or ill feeling either among officers or men. If ever a regiment could be called a band of brothers, it was the 26th Missouri. May we all meet again. May God bless you all.

We will now proceed to the election of officers for the next year.

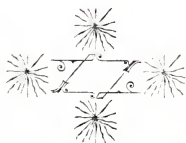
Col. B. D. Dean was re-elected President of the Association, and Capt. W. M. Robinson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Vice President, and Capt. John T. Crowe, Secretary and Treasurer.

"The 26th Missouri Infantry" was the subject of an eloquent and patriotic address by William Burchard, of Chamois, Mo. It was decided to hold the next Reunion at Chamois. After the transaction of other routine matters, the Association formally adjourned, but the social features were kept up till a late hour.

The following comrades were present at the Reunion:

Col. B. D. Dean, Lamar, Mo.; Col. John McFall, St. Louis, Mo.; Capt. R. B. Denny, Hempker, Mo.; Capt. W. H. Mengel, California, Mo.; Capt. B. E. Anderson, Stanton, Mo.; Lieut. C. P. Carman, St. Louis; Sergeant John T. Stevens, Donaldson, Ills.; Sergeant D. W. Simons, Chilhowee, Mo.; Sergeant W. M. Jones, Dry Branch, Mo.; John H. Allen, Luyston, Mo.; W. T. Compton, Donaldson, Ills.; T. B. Evans, Stanton, Mo.; C. McCallister, Dry Branch, Mo.; C. H. Rohrbach, California, Mo.; R. P. White, Fredericksburg, Mo.; James E. Bishop, Lone Dell, Mo.; W. H. Root, Greenville, Mo.; A. J. Robertson, Belmont, Mo.; Samuel Campbell, New Haven, Mo.; Joel Jones, Seybert, Mo.; Fritz Detmer, New Haven, Mo.; J. B. Dodd, Chamois, Mo.; William Burchard, Chamois, Mo.; Aug. Wilmesherr, Jeffriesburg, Mo.; John Casey, Bay, Mo.; R. H. Mueller, Chamois, Mo.; — Banks, Linn, Mo.; Henry Alt, Oakfield, Mo.; J. M. Richardson,

St. Clair, Mo.; J. N. Prickett, Sorento, Ills.; Sam Cartwright, Luebbering, Mo.; R. L. Price, St. Louis, Mo.; Henry Beste, Japan, Mo.; John Cole, Catawissa, Mo.; J. H. C. Jones, St. Louis, Mo.; W. H. Moss, Sedalia, Mo.; Fritz Weirich, Champion City, Mo.; J. B. F. Pursley, Mosselle, Mo.



ROSTER OF OFFICERS.

[Report of Adjutant General of Missouri.]

Col. George B. Boomer, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Appointed Brigadier-General for gallantry at Champion Hills, May, 1863. Killed in assault on Vicksburg, May 22d, 1863.

Col. Benjamin D. Dean, commissioned June 13th, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 9th, 1865. Residence, Lamar, Mo.

Lt. Col. John H. Holman, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned January 26th, 1863.

Lt. Col. John McFall, commissioned June 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December 27th, 1864. Address, 307 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo.

Lt. Col. Theron M. Rice, commissioned June 13th, 1865. Mustered out as Captain Co. H, August 13th, 1865. Residence, Boonville, Mo.

Major L. E. Koninzeski, commissioned January 10th, 1862. Resigned October 21st, 1862.

Major Charles F. Brown, commissioned January 16th, 1863; Quartermaster, February 8th, 1862; promoted Major, November 22d, 1862. Killed in battle at Vicksburg, May 16th, 1863.

Major Robert C. Crowell, commissioned August 10th, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of service, January 9th, 1865. Residence, 1431 Locust street, Kansas City, Mo.

Major Theron M. Rice, commissioned June 6th, 1865. Promoted to Lieutenant Colonel.

Major John Rees, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Mustered out as Captain Co. I, August 13th, 1865.

Adjutant A. Van Buren, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned April 26th, 1862.

Adjutant George W. Brown, commissioned June 20th, 1862. Appointed Captain 10th U. S. Vols., A. D., November 9th, 1863.

Adj't Theron M. Rice, commissioned February 13th, 1864. Promoted Capt. H. March 14th, 1865.

Adjutant Valentine McVay, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Not mustered.

Quartermaster James T. Berry, commissioned February 6th, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 12th, 1865.

Quartermaster James H. McKane, commissioned June 1st, 1865. Not mustered.

Surgeon Jonathan S. Prout, commissioned Jan'y 13th, 1862. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 10th, 1865.

Assistant Surgeon John L. Bryan, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned July 31st, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon Charles F. Barnett, commissioned February 2d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 9th, 1865.

Chaplain Joseph Warren, commissioned May 26th, 1862. Resigned October 26th, 1864.

COMPANY A.

Capt. David Cain, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned June 21st, 1862.

Capt. William M. Robinson, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Mustered out at expiration of term, November 15th, 1864. Residence, Grand Rapids, Mich.

1st Lieut. George W. Allison, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Mustered out March 31st, 1862.

1st Lieut. Charles P. Carman, commissioned July 15th, 1862. Resigned October 12th, 1862.

1st Lieut. Amos W. Fritchey, commissioned January 16th, 1863. Discharged by Special Order 229, War Department, May 15th, 1865.

2d Lieut. Charles P. Carman, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted to 1st Lieut., April 1st, 1862.

2d Lieut. James Whitton, commissioned July 15th, 1862. Mustered out at expiration of term, November 15th, 1864.

COMPANY B.

Capt. John Welker, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Killed in battle at Vicksburg, May 16th, 1863.

Capt. E. H. Stoddard, commissioned June 22d, 1863. Killed in battle, November 25th, 1863.

Capt. John W. Perry, commissioned April 18th, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of term, November 17th, 1864.

1st Lieut. William M. Robinson, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted Captain Co. A.

1st Lieut. E. H. Stoddard, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Promoted Captain Co. B. May 20th, 1863.

1st Lieut. John W. Perry, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Promoted Captain Co. B. April 18th, 1864.

1st Lieut. Thomas Gaylard, commissioned October 22d, 1864. Not mustered.

2d Lieut. E. H. Stoddard, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. B.

2d Lieut. William A. Wilson, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Resigned January 11th, 1863.

2d Lieut. John W. Perry, commissioned February 10th, 1863. Promoted 1st Lieut., May 21st, 1863.

COMPANY C.

Capt. D. W. C. Brown, commissioned January 16th, 1862. Resigned April 23d, 1863.

Capt. James M. Dennis, commissioned June 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December, 1864.

1st Lieut. Jacob Keller, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Transferred to 10th Infantry, Mo. Vols. by General Halleck.

1st Lieut. G. W. Brown, commissioned February 19th, 1862. Promoted Adjutant, April 26th, 1862.

1st Lieut. James M. Dennis, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Promoted Captain, April 25th, 1863.

1st Lieut. N. M. Holtzinger, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Resigned August 6th, 1864.

1st Lieut. John Julius, commissioned October 7, 1864. Not mustered.

2d Lieut. N. M. Holtzinger, commissioned February 14th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut., April 26th, 1863.

COMPANY D.

Capt. L. D. Maynard, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Dismissed by Special Order 117, War Department, March 12th, 1863.

Capt. Frank G. Schöenen, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 8th, 1865.

1st Lieut. Frank G. Schöenen, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted Captain Co. D, March 13th, 1863.

1st Lieut. Henry P. Harding, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Killed in battle, November 26th, 1863.

1st Lieut. W. W. Woodmancy, commissioned January 25th, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 8th, 1865. Residence, Knob Noster, Missouri.

2d Lieut. Henry P. Harding, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut., March 14th, 1863.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Robert C. Crowell, commissioned May 26th, 1862. Promoted Major, June 1st, 1863.

Capt. Robert P. Denny commissioned September 30th, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December, 1864.

1st Lieut. Robert P. Denny, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Promoted Captain, June 2d, 1863.

1st Lieut. Frederick Zender, commissioned September 30th, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December, 1864.

2d Lieut. John T. Crowe, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I, December 1st, 1862.

COMPANY F.

Capt. Benjamin D. Dean, commissioned January 13th, 1862. Promoted Colonel, May 28th, 1863.

Capt. William L. Wheeler, commissioned June 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December, 1864.

1st Lieut. B. C. Anderson, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned March 29th, 1862.

1st Lieut. William L. Wheeler, commissioned May 26th, 1862. Promoted Captain Co. D. June 1st, 1863.

1st Lieut. John W. Maupin, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Resigned April 20th, 1864.

1st Lieut. Isaac Evins, commissioned October 22d, 1864. Not mustered.

2d Lieut. William L. Wheeler, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted 1st. Lieut. Co. F.

2d Lieut. E. M. Koninzeskie, commissioned April 26th, 1862. Died June 30th, 1862.

2d Lieut. John W. Maupin, commissioned July 23d, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut. June 2d, 1863.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Theron M. Rice, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned February 14th, 1863.

Capt. Charles A. Meyer, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 8th, 1865.

1st Lieut. H. L. Ellsworth, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned June 16th, 1862.

1st Lieut. Charles A. Meyer, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Transferred to Co. H, January 9th, 1863.

1st. Lieut. William H. Mengel, commissioned January 26th, 1863. Promoted Captain Co. H, May 1st, 1864.

1st Lieut. John Rees, commissioned October 22d, 1864. Promoted Capt. Co. I, March 14th, 1865.

2d Lieut. Charles A. Meyer, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G.

2d Lieut. William H. Mengel, commissioned July 5th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut, Co. G.

2d Lieut. Thomas Lee, commissioned July 26th, 1863. Died of wounds received in action at Champion Hills, May 16th, 1863.

COMPANY H.

Capt. John F. F. Koops, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned November 19th, 1862.

Capt. Laurengs Scherma, commissioned January 26th, 1863. Resigned April 1st, 1864.

Capt. William H. Mengel, commissioned June 11th, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 10th, 1865.

Capt. Theron M. Rice, commissioned March 14th, 1865. Promoted Major, May 1st, 1865.

Capt. Aug. E. Geyer, commissioned June 6th, 1865. Mustered out as 1st Lieut., August 13th, 1865.

1st Lieut. Laurengs Scherma, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted Captain, January 8th, 1863.

1st Lieut. Charles A. Meyer, commissioned January 26th, 1863. Promoted Captain Co. G, February 24th, 1863.

1st Lieut. Samuel W. Reed, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Resigned March 30th, 1864.

1st Lieut. Wm. B. Ferguson, commissioned June 11th, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of term, January 10th, 1865.

1st Lieut. Aug. E. Geyer, commissioned March 14th, 1865. Promoted Captain, June 6th, 1865.

1st Lieut. John Quick, commissioned June 6th, 1865. Canceled.

1st Lieut. A. J. McEwen, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Not mustered.

2d Lieut. William L. Morrow, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned August 31st, 1862.

2d Lieut. George Shepard, commissioned October 26th, 1862. Resigned June 2d, 1863.

2d Lieut. J. E. B. Vaughn, commissioned March 14th, 1865. Canceled.

2d Lieut. John Quick, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Not mustered.

COMPANY I.

Capt. John McFall, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted Lieut. Col., February 1st, 1863.

Capt. John T. Crowe, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December 25th, 1864.

Capt. John W. Reece, commissioned March 14th, 1865. Promoted Major, June 12th, 1865.

Capt. John S. Price, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Mustered out as 1st Lieut., August 13th, 1865.

1st Lieut. Wiley C. Wiseman, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Died of chronic diarrhea, November 18th, 1862.

1st Lieut. James T. Berry, commissioned January 26th, 1863. Promoted Quartermaster, January 8th, 1863.

1st Lieut. John T. Crowe, commissioned June 22d, 1863. Promoted Captain Co. I, June 23d, 1863.

1st Lieut. Earnest A. Solf, commissioned August 22d, 1863. Mustered out at expiration of term, December 30th, 1864.

1st Lieut. John S. Price, commissioned June 6th, 1865. Promoted Captain.

2d Lieut. William Gilcrease, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Resigned March 29th, 1862.

2d Lieut. E. M. Koninzeski, commissioned April 26th, 1862. Transferred to Company F.

2d Lieut. James T. Berry, commissioned May 26th, 1862. Promoted 1st Lieut. January 8th, 1863.

2d Lieut. John S. Price, commissioned October 22d, 1864. Promoted 1st Lieut. June 6th, 1865.

2d Lieut. Benjamin Wheeler, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Not mustered.

COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Robert C. Crowell, commissioned January 17th, 1862. Promoted Captain Co. E.

1st Lieut. John C. Walker, commissioned June 12th, 1865. Mustered out August 13th, 1865.



ROSTER OF SURVIVORS.

JULY, 1891.

Col. B. D. Dean	Lamar, Mo.
Lieut. Col. John McFall . . . 307 Locust st.	St. Louis, Mo.
Lieut. Col. T. M. Rice	Boonville, Mo.
Major R. C. Crowell 1431 Locust st.,	Kansas City, Mo.
Surgeon J. S. Prout 26 Schermerhorn st.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Major L. E. Koninszeski	St. Louis, Mo.

COMPANY A.

Capt. W. M. Robinson	Gr'd Rapids, Mich.
Lieut. C. P. Carman 1516 La Salle st.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Lieut. A. W. Fritchey	Claremont, Ills.
Samuel M. Bassett	Blair, Neb.
William Compton	Donaldson, Ills.
Stephen Chapman	Jefferson City, Mo.
William Davenport	St. Louis, Mo.
Charles Edwards	Hillsboro, Ills.
T. M. Evans	Donaldson, Ills.
James Hilton	Hilton Head, N. C.
J. W. Howard	Mexico, Mo.
R. H. Kirkland	Sorento, Ills.

George McPhail	Hillsboro, Ills.
John Moss	Litchfield, Ills.
William H. Moss	Sedalia, Mo.
George Morris	Hillsboro, Ills.
James McKain (Police)	St. Louis, Mo.
J. A. Niebling . (known as J. A. Poolman; see page 191) .	Ferguson, Mo.
J. N. Prickett	Sorento, Ills.
Harvey S. Page	St. Louis, Mo.
John Pence	Sorento, Ills.
Robert L. Price (Deputy City Marshal)	St. Louis, Mo.
John Stevens	Donaldson, Ills.
Albert Schrimpf	Peoria, Ills.
John Sinott	Collinwood, Ohio.
P. C. Woods	Hillsborough, Ills.
Louis Wagner	" "
Samuel O. Russell	Washville, Ills.
Thomas Roberts	Lacoma, Neb.
Rass Root	Washville, Ills.
W. H. Root	Greenville, Ills.

COMPANY B.

Lieut. W. M. Robinson	Gr'd Rapids, Mich.
Andreas Diedrich	Brooken, Ind. Ter.
Fred. Eberhardt	Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Mike Kieley	California, Mo.
Adolph Kæchner	Tipton, Mo.
Anton Lutz	
F. Marckworth	California, Mo.
Thomas Murphy	St. Louis, Mo.
Christ. Roherbach	California, Mo.
J. M. Rockhold	Boswell, Ind.
F. W. Sarman	California, Mo.
J. H. Sherhold	Atlanthus, Mo.

COMPANY C.

Capt. J. M. Dennis	Wash.
Lieut. N. M. Holtzinger	St. Louis, Mo.
Jacob Arnold	Borada, Neb.
Val. Fraker	Buffalo, Mo.
C. J. Pendergraft	March, Mo.
Christ. Hoestetter	Union, Mo.
Hy. Kœhring	Union, Mo.
Herman Peirick	Moselle, Mo.
Henry Schlage	Beaufort, Mo.
Charles Smith	Spring Bluff, Mo.
Charles Schætti	Union, Mo.
F. I. Weirich	Spring Bluff, Mo.
Fritz Wilmesherr	" " "
Aug. Wilmesherr	Jeffriesburg, Mo.

COMPANY D.

Capt. Frank Schœnen	Osage City, Mo.
Lieut. W. W. Woodmancy	Knob Noster, Mo.
Robert Humphrey	Mountain View, Mo.
Riley Rice	Jefferson City, Mo.

COMPANY E.

Capt. R. C. Crowell	1431 Locust st.,	Kansas City, Mo.
Capt. R. B. Denny		Hempker, Mo.
Willis Bledsoe		Sullivan, Mo.
Joseph Bishop		Lone Dell, Mo.
John Bradbury		Eminence, Mo.
Samuel Cartwright		Lone Dell, Mo.
J. W. Colo		Robertsville, Mo.
John Hearst		Eminence, Mo.

Ezek. Noland	Osage, Mo.
B. F. Pursley	Robertsville, Mo.
William Swink	Humansville, Mo.
J. R. Martin	Richwoods, Mo.

COMPANY F.

Capt. B. D. Dean (Promoted Colonel)	Lamar, Mo.
Capt. W. L. Wheeler	Kansas City Mo.
Lieut. Benj. E. Anderson	Stanton, Mo.
Lieut. J. W. Maupin	Austin, Texas.
Serg't Wilson M. Jones	Dry Branch, Mo.
Thomas Crow	Union, Mo.
Henry Alt	Rolla, Mo.
Ernst Adam	Kans.
Samuel Campbell	New Haven, Mo.
William J. Campbell	Moline, Kans.
T. B. Evans	Stanton, Mo.
Pat. Fay	Steleville, Mo.
John Fletcher	St. Louis, Mo.
John F. Graham	Sullivan, Mo.
Hy. Helbing	Port Hudson, Mo.
John H. C. Jones 5744 Berlin avenue	St. Louis, Mo.
Joel Jones	Greenfield, Mo.
William Meyersieck	Union, Mo.
C. McCallister	Dry Branch, Mo.
William McCallister	" " "
William McEuen	Hearst, Colo.
Charles Neison (Soldiers' Home)	Leavenworth, Kas.
Andy Robertson	Elmont, Mo.
J. M. Richardson	St. Clair, Mo.
Chris. Ruepel	De Soto, Mo.
J. L. Truesdell	Collinsville, Tex.
G. E. Vaughn	Jeffriesburg, Mo.
J. E. B. Vaughn	St. Louis, Mo.
W. E. Williams	Collinsville, Tex.
William Stewart	Neosho, Mo.

COMPANY G.

Serg't D. N. Simons	Chilhowee, Mo.
John Alexander	Mint Hill, Mo.
Jesse Barger	Centertown, Mo.
Anderson Collier	Elston, Mo.
William Clark	Tuscumbia, Mo.
John Casey	Bay, Mo.
Mike Cushen	Mint Hill, Mo.
Tim. Daily	Richmond, Kans.
J. W. Dennis	Mason City, Neb.
T. J. Ellis	Vienna, Mo.
W. B. Ferguson	Cheyenne, Tex.
E. Gouge	Toronto, Mo.
William Johns	Mint Hill, Mo.
Thomas Malone	California, Mo.
Jake Meyers	Tuscumbia, Mo.
H. F. Moore	Joplin, Mo.
John Rees	Asherville, Kans.
John Rooney	Cheltenham, Mo.
Simon Towell	Pay Down, Mo.
Thomas Walch	California, Mo.
Garret Walch	Centertown, Mo.

COMPANY H.

Capt. William H. Mengel	California, Mo.
Lieut. S. W. Reed	Westphalia, Kans.
J. Brenner	Osage City, Mo.
Hy. Hofman	" " "
Beh. Kutman	" " "
Lorenz Schermer	" " "
J. B. Dodd	Chamois, Mo.
Charles Dallas	" "
Hy. Huebler	" "
William Jones	" "
John Basiton	Jefferson City, Mo.
Jacob Schermer	" " "

William L. Edwards	Osage I. Works, Mo
William Kemmer	Linn, Mo.
Henry Nelges	Loose Creek, Mo.
James Woolf	Drip'ng Spr'gs, Tex
John H. Allen	Luystown, Mo.
Charles Knorr	Jefferson City, Mo.

COMPANY I.

Capt. John T. Crowe - - - - -	Jeffriesburgh, Mo.
Lieut. A. J. Gilcrease - - - - -	Stanton, Mo.
T. B. Armstead - - - - -	Stanton, Mo.
G. W. Armstead - - - - -	" "
John Custer - - - - -	" "
Louis Laubinger - - - - -	" "
Joseph Claspill - - - - -	Sullivan, Mo.
Levi Garrett - - - - -	" "
Samuel Garrett - - - - -	" "
James I. Isom - - - - -	" "
D. M. Miller - - - - -	" "
Joseph Connor - - - - -	St. Louis, Mo.
James Cain - - - - -	" "
Jeptha Bird - - - - -	Owensville, Mo.
Henry Bass - - - - -	Japan, Mo.
Frank Burbon - - - - -	Lone Dell, Mo.
Frank Courtois - - - - -	Richwoods, Mo.
David Isom - - - - -	Texas.
W. C. Renick - - - - -	New Haven, Mo.
Reuben Harden - - - - -	Terrey, Mo.
Josiah H. Jameson - - - - -	Grape Vine, Tex.

COMPANY K.

Willis Hayden - - - - -	Halfway, Mo.
Barney Messer - - - - -	" "

*Survivors Whose Companies are Unknown.

J. R. Evans	Bogard, Mo.
Joe Giser	California, Mo.
Isaac Gough	Windsor, Mo.
J. M. Holbrook	Sorento, Ills.
C. B. Hampton	Coffeen, Ills.
Herman Hilton	Koeltztown, Mo.
Charles Lemker	St. Clair, Mo.
James Pock	Dixon, Mo.
John S. Price	Kansas.
William B. Robb	Denver, Colo.
William Strickland	Versailles, Mo.
John Selheim	Gray's Summit, Mo
D. K. Wallace	Portersville, Cal.
A. J. Williams	Cleavesville, Mo.
David Wehr	
Hy. Burnette	
C. A. Meyers	Greenville, Ills.
Joab Barton	Jefferson City, Mo.
Charles Canoir	" " "
Thomas Galer	St. Louis, Mo.
Joseph F. Luecke	" " "
James Plasmeyer	Westphalia, Mo.
Hy. Schuelte	" "
George Castrop	" "
Anton Eusterholz	" "
Jos. Wiegiers	" "
H. S. Banks	Linn, Mo.
Joe Fry	"
Thomas Laughlin	"
Wilson Scherley	"
J. S. Blankenship	Latham, Mo.
Esra T. Bostic	Eaudevie, Mo.
J. H. Bridges	Sipe Springs, Tex.
John Brando	Joplin, Mo.
A. S. Bates	Antimony, Ark.
Joel Clark	Springfield, Mo.
Fritz Detmer	New Haven, Mo.
Frank Drinkard	Marshal, Mo.

*The names of the above veterans were taken from the records in the possession of Capt. Jno. T. Crowe, Secretary of the 26th Missouri Infantry Association, and the discrepancies that may appear are owing to imperfect registration on the part of the survivors of the regiment.

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