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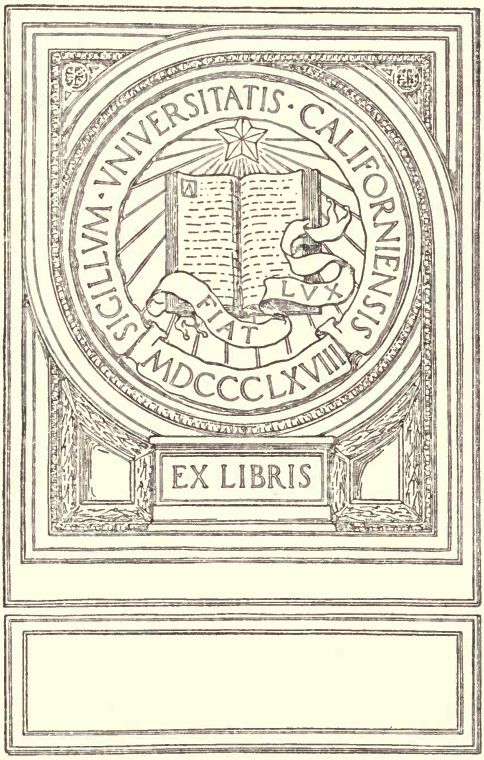

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HISTORY

—OF THE—

SEVENTH IOWA

Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

DURING THE

CIVIL WAR.

—BY—

H. I. SMITH.
FOUR YEARS A MEMBER.

ILLUSTRATED.

MASON CITY, IOWA.
E. HITCHCOCK, PRINTER, BINDER.
1903.

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H. I. Smith

Captain Company "B," Seventh Iowa.

HISTORIAN.

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PREFACE.

Of the fifty regiments of brave and loyal troops that went out from Iowa to battle for the right in the Civil War, none had a more brilliant career or shed a brighter light upon the State or Nation, than the Seventh Iowa Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

From the time of its first engagement, General Grant's first battle of the War of the Rebellion, Belmont, Mo., November the 7th, 1861, to the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war, its name and fame was ever prominently before the country. No regiment was more a pride among the lovers and defenders of the Union—none more emphatically a terror to its foes.

Yet, of the brave deeds of the gallant men of this regiment, of their varied experiences—joyful or painful, of their hardships and trials, of their toilsome marches and campaigns, of their martyred dead and their honored living, no connected published record has been made. Without which it must have soon passed into oblivion, or have lived in the uncertain recollections of the participants of those stirring scenes. To rescue its memory from obscurity has been my ambition. To me it has been a labor of love, without hope of reward pecuniarily. At the request of a large number of the regiment, in reunion assembled, I was persuaded to make this, my first literary attempt. I have endeavored in the general write-up to give a truthful review of the service of the regiment. It was my fortune to have been a member during its entire service and with it on the fighting line. The mortality on the battlefield was not exceeded by any regiment from the State and only equalled by one. It was one of the few veteran regiments from Iowa, in the sense of two enlistments. I have been assisted by many officers and men who have furnished me their personal diaries, memorandums and sketches, for which I am under many obligations. I make no claim to literary ability, but I trust I have compiled a book of record acceptable to the veterans whose deeds I have attempted to record. I have followed it from its first gathering at Burlington, Iowa, to and through its battles of Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Siege and capture of Corinth, Iuka, battle of Corinth, Resaca, Lays Ferry, Nick-a-Jack, Burnt Hickory, Dallas, Big Shanty, Kenesaw, Lost Mountain, Chatahoochie River, Atlanta, Ezra Church, Siege of Atlanta, Lovejoy Station, Jonesboro, Allatoona, Rome Cross Roads, March to the Sea, Ocmulgee River, Savannah, Sisters Ferry, Campaign through the Carolinas, Black River, Columbia. Bentonville, Goldsboro, Raleigh, March through Richmond to Washington, Grand Review at Washington, to discharge at Louisville, Ky.

Though well aware of the imperfections that must necessarily exist in a work of this kind, I trust they will be overlooked.

I acknowledge myself under many obligations to Major Samuel Mahon, E. W. Herman, J. W. and W. H. Akers, Capt. C. H. Trott, W. C. Davis, J. W. Bair, Lieut. Spalding, 52nd Ill., and others for kind assistance. If the members of the regiment find that many incidents are omitted, that should have been recorded, the author's excuse is he was not furnished with proper information. If, in writing this book, he has met the wishes and approval and expectations of his comrades, his labors have been amply rewarded.

THE AUTHOR.

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HISTORY OF THE SEVENTH IOWA VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION AT BURLINGTON, IOWA, 1861.

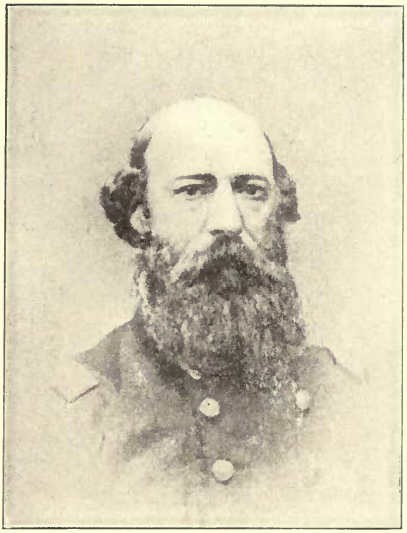
The Seventh Iowa Infantry was organized at Burlington, Iowa, in the month of June and July, 1861, and mustered into the United States service on the 24th day of July. The companies which composed the regiment came from different localities in the state, from the extreme northern, the extreme southeastern, and the central portions thereof. Co. "A", Capt. Reed, from Muscatine. Co. "B", Capt. Gardner, from Nashua. Co. "C", Capt. McMullin, from Oskaloosa. Co. "D", Capt. Harper, from Ft. Madison. Co. "E", Capt. Parrott, from Keokuk. Co. "F", Capt. Kitteridge, from Ottumwa. Co. "G", Capt. Hedges, from Marengo. Co. "H", Capt. Crabb, Washington. Co. "I", Capt. Irvin, from Eddyville. Co. "K", Capt. Black, from Knoxville.

The whole regiment were formed in line and sworn in; in a body. Several men dropped out, ran away and refused to be mustered into the United States service. After the parade was dismissed they were pursued, some captured and roughly handled, and they sneaked home.

Most of the members of the regiment were stalwart yeomanry, from the farms of the prairies of Iowa, robust and healthy, inured to the hardships of a frontier life, familiar with fire arms, and only needed discipline and drill to make the best of soldiers, which in their subsequent service they proved to be. The rendevous of the regiment, together with the 5th and 6th regiments was at Burlington on the county fair grounds a mile or two west of the city, and was designated as Camp Warren. The barracks were temporary wooden sheds with bunks and loose straw for sleeping apartments. Co. B's quarters were dubbed "Hotel Gardner" in honor of its captain. The tables of these "hotels" were put up in the open, and consisted of a plank about a foot wide, and sixteen feet long, with stakes driven in the ground for legs, the dining room was light, airy and large enough, but the sun shown down with such intense heat at meal time, it was almost unbearable, and if butter had been one of our rations it would not have stood up under Old Sols heated rays. There was one beauty about it, the victuals never got cold, if the bread did get dry. Our rations consisted of bread, meat,

coffee, brown sugar, beans and rice, which to those who had been used to better fare at home, seemed a hardship to eat, however those who went through the war experienced many a time, when they would have been thankful for such quarters and fare. I very well recollect my first meal at the Gardner. I was an entire stranger to the boarders of the hotel, except the five boys who went with me from Cerro Gordo Co. The Chef of the hotel used to set the table by putting the tin plates and cups in a row on the table, with a mess pan of fat pork, in which floated fried salt pork (larded), he would put a teaspoonful of brown sugar on each plate, and a camp kettle of coffee on each end of the table, where we could go and help ourselves; while the comrade on my right was gone to the end of the table for his coffee another opposite me (an entire stranger) reached over and sniped his sugar, and when he returned he accused me of it, which I denied and pointed out the culprit that did do it, who called me a liar. There was some things said there and then over the table that I don't think was grace, which resulted in blows, and I threw the mess pan of pork at his head There was about a quart of grease in the pan, and it ran all over him, and in the melee we knocked down the frail table, and clinched to settle it, when the officers came out and parted us, and saved me a good whipping, as the man proved afterwards to be the bully of the regiment. Tin cups of coffee, tin plates of beans, mess pans of sow bosom and bread—in fact all the luxuries with which the tables of the Gardner was loaded went to the ground, and we went supperless to bed.

In the haste to get the troops to the front the regiment left the state August 6th, with only one field officer, Col. J. G. Lauman, D. T. Bowler as Adjutant and S. E. Forsha as Quartermaster. We embarked on the steamer Jennie Whipple with a barge lashed to each side, and proceeded direct to St. Louis. The 5th and 6th regiments went down on other boats at the same time, but were disembarked at Keokuk to reinforce Colonel Moore in the border war with the rebel Genl. Green. It was on this trip that we had the first casuality in the regiment. One of company "A" rolled off the boat in his sleep, into the river, in the dark, and was drowned. It was on account of the pressing military necessity that the regiment went to the front before its complete organization, and before it was clothed, armed or equipped. We arrived at St. Louis on the morning of August the 8th, and went into bivouac in the grounds of the U. S. Arsenal there. Arms were distributed to us at St. Louis, the flank companies "A" and "B" getting the Springfield rifle with tape self primers, and the other eight companies received the improved "buck and ball" Springfield musket. Before the arms were distributed, we were hurriedly ordered to take train for Springfield to reinforce General Lyon who was fighting a battle at Wilson's Creek, but before we embarked the result of his death and defeat was received



COL. JACOB G. LAUMAN,
First Colonel of the Regiment.
Promoted to Brig. Gen. and Breveted a Major General.

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and we were ordered to Jefferson Barracks.

On the evening of August 16th we were loaded on flat cars and given an all nights ride to Ironton, Mo. On account of not being properly clothed we suffered with the cold, there we were placed under the command of General A. B. Prentiss, where we put in our time drilling.

Companies "B" and "H" under command of Captain Gideon Gardner were sent to Potosi to guard the outposts and do Provost duty. We marched across the country, drove out the guerillas and arrived at Potosi in the night; as we had no tents we were ordered to the court house for lodging, where we laid our tired limbs to rest on the floor of the court room, which was covered with what we supposed was saw dust; it had just been evacuated by the rebels when we got there. We had not laid there long before we were all stricken with a violent itching sensation, and there was no sleep or rest. With the earliest dawn we examined to find the cause of our scratch or midnight attack, and discovered that the saw dust on the floor was not a pure article, but was adulterated with fleas and gray backs in nearly equal parts; we made a big kick to our officers in the morning on our quarters, and they concluded we had better "flea from the wrath to come," and we were billeted in some empty houses around town while we stayed there.

It was there I stood guard for the first time; at night it was dark, dismal and rainy with occasional flashes of lightning, followed by rumbling thunder; the guard line ran through a grave yard with guard headquarters near the corner of the cemetery; as we had not drawn any overcoats, and rubber blankets and ponchos, were not yet known to the army, we utilized our grey woollen blankets for overcoats, and draped them over our shoulders to protect us from the rain. My post came on the opposite side of the cemetery, a dark, lonesome and foreboding place; I could see when the lightning flashed, in my already overwrought imagination, what I supposed to be ghosts moving about in the cemetery which nearly terrorized me, raised my hair, and the goose pimples stood out on my back like hay cocks; and even when I ascertained that they were guards on duty with their blankets over their heads standing up straight to keep the rain off, I found it anything but a pleasant duty to stand guard and I a thousand times wished myself home with my mother before the second relief came around and let me off. In that country it is the custom, instead of putting up the grave stones perpendicular at the head of the graves, to build a brick wall around each grave about two feet high, and cover the vault over with a large marble slab, on which they put the inscription. A devil may care member of company "H" who never feared for anything, and there was no shelter from the storm, when he came off duty, got some of the boys to help him, and they lifted up the slab from one of the graves, and let him crawl under out of the wet; when the next relief came in,

one of them, a somewhat timid youth,as the ground was watersoaked, wrapped his blanket around him and laid himself down on top, little thinking there was anything alive beneath; the fellow below always full of his tricks, in a sepulchural voice and stage whisper exclaimed, "get off my grave you yankee son of a gun." It scared the fellow on top so bad that he screamed and ran, knocking down three stacks of guns, and never stopped until he got to camp, and the company "H" man had to stand his guard the rest of the night. Here occurred the first death in company "B". Sergeant Sheldon Arnold succombed to disease and died and corporal H. I. Smith was promoted to his place.

While we were stationed at Potosi a young citizen of that county named J. S. Wilkinson enlisted in Co. "B", who gave us much information in reference to the residents there, pointing out rebel sympathizers and traitors. Capt. Gardner, Commander of the post, had his headquarters in the principal hotel on the corner near the court house, which was vacant. Just up the side street was another hotel open and occupied, where the rebel sympathizers from town and country congregated opposite which was a livery barn, with flag staff on the roof, where Wilkinson said the rebel flag was displayed before we captured the town. It was proposed by Sergeant Folsom of Co. "B" that we take our company flag that hung from the window of the court house and put it up on the rebel pole; Sergt. Folsom offered to take an armed squad and guard anyone while putting up our flag, which corporal H. I. Smith of Co. "B" volunteered to do, which was done; Captain Gardner saw the flag displayed there and ordered it taken down. Sergeant Folsom again formed his squad and went and took it down as ordered; while passing the porch of the hotel where about a dozen secession sympathizers were sitting, one of them volunteered the remark that, "it was well we did, or they would have done it for us." Sergeant Folsom immediately about faced his squad and corporal Smith again shinned up the lightning rod and bent the flag to the halyards, sent it to the mast head and the rebels were told that the first man that attempted to pull it down would be shot; he then marched his squad back to the court house, put a man on guard in the dome and instructed him to guard it within easy range and ordered him to shoot anyone who touched it; then reported to Captain Gardner what was said and done. The Captain still demanded that it should be taken down, saying that "we would provoke them to fight." Sergt. Folsom replied that he supposed "that was what we were there to do." The Captain still insisted that it should be taken down. After a hurried consultation, a majority of the company refused to comply with his order; when he ordered corporal Smith under arrest unless he would take the flag down, which he refused to do, and referred him to Major General John A. Dix's order which had just been issued: "Whoever attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot

him on the spot." This did not satisfy the Captain, so he tried to get Co. "B" to do it, which they refused to do; then he ordered Captain Crabb of Co. "H" with his company to do it. They grounded arms and refused to do it; Then Captain Gardner made himself ridiculous and ordered corporal Smith shot for disobedience of orders, which of course he could get no one to do. Sergt. A. J. Felt, who was acting Post Adjutant, was ordered to make out charges and specifications for court martial proceedings against corporal Smith and sent to Ironton to General Prentiss. Felt returned with an order to release Smith from arrest, and the result was that Captain Gardner succeeded in making himself very unpopular with the company and resigned before a year of his service had expired, and Lieutenant Reiniger was appointed Captain in his stead, and things were harmonious in the command after that.

August 28th eight companies of the regiment, with other commands, broke camp and marched to Cape Girardeau by the way of Fredricktown and Jackson, arriving Sept. 8th. From Cape Girardeau by the steamer Louisiana we proceeded down the Mississippi river to Cairo, thence to Fort Holt. The regiment had just got camp established, the brush cut away and quarters nicely policed, when we were sent to Camp Crittenden. Here was our first skirmish, we had one man wounded. Thence to Norfolk, Mo., and finally settled at Birds Point. Genl. Prentiss was superceeded by Genl. Grant on the march.

Companies "B" and "H" remained at Potosi until October doing provost, scout and guard duty. While there company "B" took possession of a rebel printing office, changed the name of the paper to "Lauman's Left Bower," The regiment was running a paper at Ironton called "Lauman's Own." Its politics was changed from a secession sheet to a hot Union paper. Sergeant A. J. Felt, who has since been Lieut. Governor of Kansas, was installed as editor. Z. A. Rutherford was foreman and Billy Palmer was typo; the rest of the company were devils.

About the middle of October these companies joined the regiment. While at Birds Point the regiment was uniformed for the first time. For some reason which I never understood our regiments first uniform was different from any other, and was not a regulation suit, it consisted of a dark blue jacket with light blue trimmings, light blue pants and fatigue cap, a sort of a zouave outfit, at Corinth we wore the Scotch Glengary same as the 12th Ills., which distinguished us from other commands; after this was worn out we drew the regulation uniform, which we continued to wear all through the rest of our service.

Birds Point, Mo.,opposite Cairo, was about the limit of river transportation, until Island No.10 was taken by our forces, as the rebels held Columbus, Ky., with its strong fortifications and heavy ordinance, commanding the river. It is a flat tableau of sandy land, on the banks of the Mississippi, where we were camped with other regiments of Gen-

eral Grant's command. It was a very unhealthy place, many died of dysentery and malarial fever, so that there were several funerals each day. Our regiment did not suffer as much in that respect as others, as sanitary discipline was more rigidly enforced by the officers and we were not there so long as some of the Illinois regiments. General Grant's headquarters were at Cairo, Ill. He used to come over with his staff on the ferry, visit and review us frequently. In the early days of the war as Brigadier General he wore quite a gay uniform, with gorgeous black plumes in his hat; as he acquired higher rank and fame, he was more simple in his dress.

At Birds Point we were for the first time organized with a full complemnt of offiecrs. Captain Wentz, a gallant officer of company "G" First Iowa Infantry, who had seen service in the German army, and was fresh from the battle of Wilsons Creek, and the campaigns of that famous regiment, was commissioned Lieut. Colonel. E. W. Rice, a Sergeant of company "C" was made the Major, and the regimental staff was made up as follows:

Chaplain, I. Harvey Clarke.
Adjutant, D. T. Bowler.
Surgeon, Amos Whitter.
Hospital Steward, J. B. Rich.
Commisary Sergeant, Stephen Merrill.
Quartermaster Sergeant, George Bennett.
Drum Major, W. E. Thayer.
Fife Major, William Johnson.
Wagon Master, George House.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

It will be remembered by those who were selected for that expedition that we were camped at Cairo, Birds Point and Ft. Holt, and that on the 6th day of Nov., 1861, an order was given by General Grant for all in the regiment selected who were able for duty to be ready to move at a moments notice, with two days rations and forty rounds of amunition, the sick to oe left in camp with a detail from each company as camp guard; that in afternoon the steamers Montgomery, Belle, Memphis, and Scott came over from Cairo and the troops, consisting of the 7th Iowa, Col. Lauman; 22nd Illinois, Col. Dougherty; 27th Illinois, Col. Buford; 30th Illinois, Col. Fouke; 31st Illinois, Col. John A. Logan; a section of Taylors Chicago Battery of two twelve pound howitzers; Capt. Delano's Co. of Ills. Cavalry 56 strong; and one company of independent cavalry, commanded by Capt. Dollins, 70 men. These troops were quietly embarked on these transports, nobody but the officers highest in commana knowing what we were going to do. After all were loaded we dropped down the Mississippi river, the wooden gun boats,the "Lexington," Capt. Stembel, and "Tyler," Capt. Walke commanding, acting as convoys. After going about ten miles we swung into the Kentucky shore, threw out a strong guard and tied up for the night, the troops all but the guards sleeping on the transports. Early in the morning of the 7th we dropped down to a point on the Missouri side about two miles above the village of Belmont, debarked, as we supposed out of range of the batteries at Columbus, but while we were landing we were shelled from the rebel forts at Columbus, Ky. Some of the heavy rifled projectiles going just over the transports, burying themselves in the bank near the gang plank, over which the troops were passing, and after detailing two companies of the 7th Iowa and three companies of the 22nd Illinois to guard boats under command of Capt. Detrick, the rest of the command proceeded to advance on the enemy.

From here the troops were marched with skirmishers in advance for about a mile down the river, and there formed in line of battle, the first brigade consisting of the 27th, 30th and 31st Illinois regiments, Capt. Dollins Co. of cavalry and Capt. Taylors battery under command of Brig. Gen. John A. McClernand taking the right of the line, and eight companies of the 7th Ia. and seven companies of the 22nd Ill. comprising the 2nd brigade under command of Col. H. Dougherty, taking the left. The command moved forward and the skirmishers became engaged at once. The firing was brisk but the enemy's pickets were steadily driven back to their main line and our skirmishers only halted

for our support to come up. Then the battle opened in real earnest and continued for seven hours, the enemy giving ground all the time. The very audacity of the attack seemed to impress our men with a sense of the necessity of the occasion that they seemed almost inspired to deeds of daring and valor, and they pressed forward with the most obstinate courage, irresistibly driving the enemy back in confusion, into their camps which were n an open field, and around which they had felled trees outwardly, making an abatis almost impossible to get through. Here we halted to breath and reform our lines. As soon as the enemy was driven into open grounds and it could be seen that from the forts at Columbus they could shell the woods without danger to their troops, a terrific fire of solid shot and shell was opened upon us from all the batteries on the opposite side of the river, literally mowing the tree tops where we were forming for another advance. As soon as all was ready, the order was given and our men dashed forward firing and hurrahing as they advanced, and when the obstructions were scaled a final charge was ordered and away we went over the open field, and after one volley from us they were completely routed. They abandoned their battery and disappeared under the river bank, and the victory was ours. We took possession and burned their camp, captured their artillery, garrison, flag and all eqiupage, turned their battery and our own on their transports which were ferrying over reinforcements.

Lest it might be supposed that their force was inferior to ours I will here state that according to their own official reports,before any reinforcements arrived tney had five regiments ofinfantry (6 guns) and a squadron of cavalry, as will be more fully seen hereafter. Thus we see that they had five more companies than we did in the outset. It was at this point that the writer was severely wounded, and taken a short distance to the rear and laid under a tree beside a wounded rebel where I witnessed the destruction of their camp. There I lay until the rebels being reinforced temporarily occupied the ground. While they were parleying as to what to do with us who were wounded, Col. Logan's regiment, with himself in command, came charging through and drove them back. We were then picked up and put into an army wagon drawn by four mules and filled with wounded men. The mules were then put on a run through corn fields and woods to the boats, avoiding the roads because tne rebels had been heavily reinforced and had formed a line between our troops and the river, covering the road to the boats. The wounded had only just been put on the transports when a terrific volley of musketry was poured upon us from the rebels on the bank of the river. The balls literally riddled the upper works of the boats where the wounded lay in winrows on the cabin floor. There being scarcely any one on board but the wounded, there was no resistance offered save by a few who were slightly disabled. The fire was so fierce that it was

impossible to even cut the lines and get under way. There we lay until the gun boats came to our rescue, and gave them a broadside which put them to flight. The lines were then loosened and we swung into the stream and proceeded on our way back to camp. Those who were not injured were left at Cairo and Birds Point, the wounded being taken to Mound City Hospital, where we arrived on the afternoon of the 8th. I was informed and find by official reports that our heaviest loss occurred on our way back to the transports where our exhausted troops had to cut their way back to the boats, through fresh troops which had been thrown across the river from Columbus between our forces and the transports, under cover of their forts. The rebels claimed the victory and most assuredly we did; why should we not? We accomplished all and more than we started to do, we captured and burned their camp, took their battery and brought three pieces back to camp with a large number of prisoners. We must, of course, admit a great sacrifice in killed and wounded; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we punished them as severely, if we did have to do it at such disadvantage. According to their own reports we fought them over two to one on their own ground, in the woods with which they were familiar, and behind defensive works which they had been preparing for months, in the face of a battery at Belmont and within easy range of the guns at Columbus. We were beyond the reach of reinforcements, supplies, and amunition, with no telegraphic communication, and our base at Cairo over twenty miles away. Neither did we have any knowledge of the numbers or position of the enemy. Our whole force after deducting the five companies left at the boats, consisted of four and a half regiments of infantry, one battery, and two companies of cavalry. With this force we attacked and successfully defeated the five regiments of infantry, one battery and one batallion of cavalry as officially shown by Maj. Gen. Polks report after the battle. From this we learn that the enemy consisted of the 13th Arkansas, 12th, 13th, 21st, and 22nd Tennessee,Beltzhoover's battery commanded by Capt. Watson, and a batallion of cavalry under Lieut. Col. Miller; all of these under command of Gen. Pillow. In addition to these forces there was a large force across the river and an adequate number of steamers at the landing to bring over reinforcements. The same report says: "Capt. Stewart's battery of the Louisiana artillery was advanced to a position on the Kentucky side of the river with which he could reach us and our gun boats with ease." And he goes on to say that from this point this battery and Capt. Hamilton's battery (a heavy seige battery) and several guns from the fort at Columbus opened on us. He says that the firing on the pickets was "heard at 10:20 a. m. and forty minutes afterward the engagement became general in all arms." Receiving a request from Gen. Pillow for additional ammunition and reinforcements the 2nd Tenn., Col. Walker,

and two batteries. Capt. Jackson's and Capt. Polk's were sent over. By this time it was obvious that further reinforcements became necessary, and I sent over the 15th Tenn., Col. Carrol, and the 11th Louisiana, Col. Marks." Again says Gen. Polk: "It was obvious from the yielding of our column to the heavy pressure of the masses of the enemy's infantry, and the firm assault of their heavy battery that still further reinforcements were needed. I ordered the first brigade of Gen. Cheatham's division under Col. Preston Smith. The General having arrived in advance of his brigade I directed him to take the nearest steamer, move promptly across the river, rally and take command of the portions of regiments in sight, and support the movement ordered through Col. Marks." He says: "At this juncture the enemy fired our tents and advancing his battery near the river opened a heavy fire on our steamers which were transporting our troops across the river, in some instances driving shot through two at a time, I then directed Capt. Smith's battery to move to the river bank opposite the field of battle and open on the enemy's position, and also directed Maj. Stewart in command of the heavy guns in the fort to open on the same position, it now being seen that these guns could be used without danger to our troops. This joint fire was so terrific as to dislodge the enemy, silence his guns and cause him to take up his line of march for his boats. On arrival of Gen. Cheatham's brigade I took charge of it together with Capt. White's Co. of cavalry and proceeded with them across the river, having first ordered two regiments of Gen. McCowan's division, the 4th Tenn., and 12th Louisiana to follow. On landing I met Gens. Pillow and Cheatham whom I directed to press the enemy to his boats. This order was executed with alacrity; the route over which we passed was strewn with the dead and wounded. On arriving at the point where his transports lay, I ordered headed the 15th senior Tenn. regiment, under a field thickly set with corn, to be deployed along the river bank within easy reach of the boats. This was accomplished and a heavy fire opened upon them simultaneously, riddling them with balls.,' Still further he goes on to say: "That in a conflict continued through so many hours and so hotly contested, the list of causalities must be expected to be large. Our loss killed was 105; wounded 419; missing 117; total 641." According to the official reports the Union loss was as follows: 22nd Ill., killed 23, wounded 74, missing 37. 7th Iowa, killed 51, wounded 127, missing 39. 27th Ill., killed 11, wounded 42, missing 42. 30th Ill., killed 9, wounded 27, missing 8. 31st Ill., killed 10, wounded 61, missing 4. Taylor's battery, wounded 5. Cavalry, wounded 5. Total killed 105; wounded 338; missing 130; total 573. Gen. Pillow in a letter to the Secretary of War complained that Gen. Polk did not send him reinforcements enough, his language being: "After four hours of hard fighting against a force three times my own, and after a loss of

quite one fourth of force engaged to save my command from destruction, I at last ordered my command to fall back upon the river bank." And again he says: "This bloody battle was within three-fourths of a mile of the main army, only the river interposing, and there was not less than 10,000 men well armed and disciplined looking on the conflict from the other side of the river, within a constructed line and commanding defensive works."

To have so fully accomplished the object of the expedition under such disadvantages and against a force so much superior in numbers, both officers and men did more than their duty. They must have in fact have all been heroes. Col. Dougherty, commanding the 2nd brigade was three times wounded in the leg, and was taken prisoner by the enemy. All the Illinois regiments lost heavily in officers and men. That every officer in the 7th Ia. did his duty no better evidence can be adduced than the fact that Col. Lauman was severely wounded Lieut. Col. Wentz was killed, Maj. Rice was wounded, and the Adjutant taken prisoner. Out of the seven Captains with their companies Capts. Parrott, Harper, Kittredge, and Gardner were wounded; Lieut. Dodge, Co. "B," and Lieut. Gardner, Co. "I," were killed Lieut. Ream, Co. "C," was wounded. That the men did their duty you may readily learn from the mortality list, Col. Lauman's report says: "Out of an aggregate somewhat over 400, 51 were killed, three died of wounds, 10 missing, 39 prisoners, 124 wounded; total 227." Among those I remember as conspicuous for bravery was Lieut. Col. Wentz. There were several of the officers wives of the Illinois regiments who did noble and efficient service in ministering to the wounded on the boat I was on all night.

The Confederate Congress passed a resolution of thanks to Maj. Gen. Polk, Brig. Gen. Pillow, Brig. Genl. Cheatham and officers and soldiers under their command for "gallant and distinguished services, and desperate courage they exhibited in sustaining for several hours and under most disadvantageous circumstances an attack by a force of the enemy superior to their own both in number and equipments, &c., at the Battle of Belmont."

General Polk says in his official report: "The battle was fought against great odds both in numbers and in position, and our triumph was due to the favoring Providence of Almighty God." And further he says: "In such a conflict of arms illustrating the superior mettle of the Southern soldier," &c., &c.

In the face of the foregoing self congratulations and silly bombast, it is amusing to compare the record and show the absurdity of such extravagent stuff. Here is the record: Four and a half regiments of infantry,one-half battery and two companies of cavalry, attacked and successfully routed, on their own ground, under the guns of their own

forts, burned their own camp, took their battery and a large number of prisoners, taking them off the field not less than, as previously shown at least ten regiments of confederate infantry, five companies of cavalry and three batteries. More than this, just across the river there were 10,000 of their troops in reserve, and plenty of boats to ferry them over.

The following is an extract from a letter from Lieut. J. F. Warner of Co. "K", who was one of the boat guards during the battle which was published in the Charles City Intelligencer Nov. 21st, 1861.

"Lieut. Col. August Wentz was killed by a bullet hitting him in the side he fell mortally wounded. At that time the enemy had received the reinforcements which compelled our forces to retire, and they had just fallen back from the camp. Col. Wentz, but a short time previous, was urging his men to deeds of valor by referring to the battle of Wilson's Creek, saying: "The Iowa first did well at Springfield, but the Seventh are equaling them." When he fell mortally wounded, the men sprung to bear him away, when he forbade them, saying: "Let me alone, boys, I want to die on the battle field." These were his last words.

The next day the wife of Col. Wentz obtained a pass from one of the staff officers, and went to Columbus on the steamer Memphis for the body of her husband. Every courtesy the occasion demanded was paid her by the rebel officers. A Lieut. Col. of one of the regiments accompanied her to the battle field, where she found the body, robbed of its clothing, and ordered it taken to the boat, on which it returned to Cairo."

For over an hour in the hottest of the engagement, the artillery of both forces became useless, because of the close mingling of friend and foe. After our forces had retreated to the boats, the gun boats took position and with the artillery on the transports poured a concentrated fire among the enemy, who had gathered in a dense mass along the shore. How many of them were killed by the terrific fire poured in among them we could not ascertain, but from attending circumstances it must have been immense; and this view of the case is strengthened from their course afterwards, in refusing our messengers the privilege of visiting the spot.

Our total loss was reported at 450. The enemy crossed the river under the protecion of the batteries at Columbus, in such position that the fire from the gun-boat was not able to prevent it.

The result of this battle is regarded as a victory for our side, although the federal forces were eventually compelled to "take water." Our troops completely whipped a force more than double their own, and well entrenched,—captured guns and prisoners and much of the enemies camp equipage, but were compelled to retreat before rebel

reinforcements from Columbus. "No troops whether "ir-regular," or "regulars" of this or any other country, ever showed more hand-to-hand and bayonet-to bayonet valor. We challenge an exhibition of better fighting—of more skill and daring on the part of officers, and stricter military obedience and persevering, tenacious, bull-dog fight on the part of the soldiers, than were exhibited in this battle by the Union troops. It was not their fault that a battle thus fought was not a total and unquestionable victory for them."

The killed and wounded in the Seventh Iowa were about as many as the balance of the whole command put together, and when you take into consideration that there were only eight companies engaged, it will readily be seen that the percentage of loss was fearful to contemplate.

Thus it will be seen that this battle which began about nine o'clock in the morning, our little army of 2,500 men in action was in a severe conflict for nearly four hours in the forenoon; then, after a respite following the capture of the enemies encampment, in another hot conflict with General Cheatham's reinforcements and routed them; then again, after embarking, for another hour repelling another attack at the landing, altogether making six hours of fighting. In addition, we marched fully ten miles, advancing and retiring through entangled thickets; killed, wounded and captured 641 of the enemy; captured his entire battery and carried off two of his guns and spiked the others; burned and destroyed his camp; defeated and utterly routed, first General Pillow's 3,500; second General Cheatham reinforced to about 6,000; and in the third conflict at the landing when General Polk had about 8,000 men on the Belmont side of the river, forced them again to fall back.

This was General Grant's first battle of the war, and for the number engaged, was one of the most desperate, brilliant and gallant.

Our regiment had a brass band up to the battle of Belmont, but they laid down their instruments and went into the fight, some were killed and others wounded, so the band was broken up and never reorganized after that.

It has always been a question to the troops engaged never satisfactorily explained, why our gun-boats lying near by in the river allowed the rebels to ferry over reinforcements under the very noses of the guns in their portholes.

The subordinate officers and men, at the time regarded the battle of Belmont as a blunder and poor generalship; in that the troops were not withdrawn to the transports before fresh rebel troops were brought over from Columbus and placed between us and our boats, as there was plenty of time to do it. We had before this defeated then taken their battery, over a thousand prisoners, which we had to abandon when we

were obliged to cut our way through new reinforcements back to our boats. General Grant was generally condemned for not doing so. A saying of Napoliaon was, "any one can lead an army in to battle but it takes a good General to get them out."

A NEWSPAPER WAR CORRESPONDENT'S ACCOUNT.

Iowa poured out her first terrible dole of loyal blood to garnish the sword of Grant. A skirmisher of Company H, of the Seventh Iowa, named John C. Temple, was the first man killed at Belmont, Grant's first battle for the Union. A band of 400 young and enthusiastic country boys from the extreme northern and the extreme southern and the central tier of counties, newly wedded into a regiment, marched behind the man of destiny to that field. A soldier's burial to 74 of them, wounds and pain to 127 and captivity or an unknown fate to 49 were the awards for heroism that opened a new page in martial history.

Belmont was a remarkable affair, not officially dignified as a battle—only an engagement. The Union troops engaged had not before been under fire. They lost in killed fully one-half as many as in wounded—an unusually large proportion. The general average during the war was one killed to three wounded. Five infantry regiments participated, and four of them became noted throughout the war as fighting regiments, and are included in the 300 whose losses in battle were excessive. The Seventh Iowa—to use a common and much abused army expression—was "literlly cut to pieces." The proportion of killed to wounded was over 1¼ to 2.

The Confederate post at Belmont was a point of observation for the more important position at Columbus, Ky., on the opposite side of the Mississippi. It consisted of a camp on the bluff surrounded by abatis of fallen trees, and when General Grant attacked it on Nov. 7, 1861, was manned by about 3,000 men, with six cannon. Grant had 3,000 men. The Seventh Iowa and the Twenty-second Illinois formed a provisional semi-brigade led by Colonel H. Dougherty of the Twenty-second. The Colonel of the Seventh—J. G. Lauman—was a novice in war. The lieuttenant colonel had served in a 3-months' regiment, and the major—Elliot W. Rice—had just been promoted from the ranks of Company C.

The little army sailed from Cairo on transports to a landing about three miles above Belmont and got ashore withont alarm to the enemy. After marching a mile through a wooded swamp the column reached a cornfield, and the companies of the Seventh deployed as skirmishers and dodged among the tall cornstalks to the farther end of the field. A company of Confederates were secreted in a wood beyond the field and fired a few shots at the Iowans, killing one man.

A line of battle was formed in the field, and the whole command moved on through the woods. The fighting was steady and continuous

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from that point forward. The way was obstructed by heavy underbrush and fallen trees, and the men had to climb over and crawl under the obstacles as best they could, the while keeping a lookout for the enemy. In places the ground was swampy, and between fighting, finding a road and waiting for the cannon to be dragged along with column, the march was far from easy.

The delay gave the enemy time to select positions and get in good shots. At the end of a mile the whole line was held up by a new obstacle—a sort of a secondary river bank that formed a good natural breast work for the Confederates. Grant's column had also got within range of the fieldpieces at Belmont and of the heavy guns at Columbus, and shot and shell tore through the forest, giving the farm boys a taste of real war. The Confederate riflemen were favored with picked shots, and officers and men began to fall rapidly. The mounted men were the chosen targets of the enemy, and several staff officers were unhorsed. Grant's horse was shot under him.

The plan of attack was to keep the left flank near the river to prevent reinforcements crossing over from Columbus to Belmont, and by spreading out the line partially surround the camp. A united effort in the nature of a charge, but prevented from being one by the roughness of the ground, drove the enemy from his embankment through the woods to an open space around the camp. When the excited soldiers saw the defiant flag waving over the guns and the Confederates running back across the fields, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The spreading of the line created a gap in the ranks opposite the enemy's battery. The Seventh Iowa rushed into the space, and in a few minutes drove the gunners from their pieces by a hot fire of bullets. A dashing charge by the whole line precipitated a stampede in the enemy's ranks, and Grant's men swarmed around the flagpole, cannon and tents like bees around an overturned hive. It was their first victory and their first seizure of spoils of war. Officers and soldiers alike jumped upon the gun carriages and platforms and delivered flowery speeches to their comrades who cheered themselves hoarse and the battle was soon turned into a Fourth of July orgy of bubbling eloquence.

The Confederates had not abandoned the Missouri bank, but had simply dropped down under the bluff out of range. No one demanded their surrender, for the victors seemed to think that the position, the armament of the camp were the sole objective of the campaign.

The guns at Columbus attempted to fire upon the mob of invaders at Belmont, but their shells passed over. The boys laughed at that, but changed their tune when their enimies under the bluff climbed the trees and commenced good target practice upon the camp.

Colonel Lauman was shot through the thigh, and about that

time Colonel Dougherty discovered some steamers loaded with troops making for the shore above Belmont. They were Confederates, maneuvering to get between Grant's column and the landing. The Iowans placed their wounded leader upon a gun carriage and started to retreat. The moment they entered the woods they were struck by an enfilading fire from the river bank. Lieutenant Colonel Wentz was killed, Major Rice severely wounded, and several company officers fell. From that time on until the transports were reached the march was one continuous brush fight.

The Confederates were at home on the ground and lined the edges of the field and openings pouring their fire into the column at every step. Grant's soldiers were nearly exhausted by the unusual excitement they had passed through and the labors of the march and attack, but they coolly and deliberately fought their way to the landing. The Iowans lost 227, over half their number. Some of the prisoners lost were wounded, and many of the missing lay dead in the swamp. Every field officer was down, and three lieutenants were killed and four captains wounded

The other troops at Belmont were Illinoisans—the Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth and Thirty-first infantry, Taylor's Chicago battery and Dollin's and Delano s Illinois cavalry. Grant, General McClernand, commanding the First brigade, and Colouel Dougherty, Second brigade, were from Illinois. Colonel Logan commanded one regiment.

The first case on record, I think, in the war of a soldier killed in battle retaining a lifelike position in death was at Shiloh. It was reported by Dr. Brinton, Grant's medical director, who saw and examined the body. It was that of a Union soldier shot through the forehead while kneeling to fire from behind a tree. His head fell forward against a tree, but his upright body rested on one foot and knee, and he held his musket in firm grasp and remained in position until removed.

The next fight of the Seventh was at Donaldson, where it charged the entrenchments, but got out with slight loss. On the field of Shiloh the regiment was in Colonel Tuttle's Iowa brigade, W. H. L. Wallace's reserve division. When the attack began at the outposts, the men were in line for Sunday morning inspection. They promptly marched forward to a piece of heavy timber on the edge of a field across which the enemy's line of battle was advancing. The position was held for nine hours, all the time under a galling fire of canister, grape and shell. The loss was not severe, but again the number killed was large in comparison with the wounded. It stood 10 to 17."

CHAPTER III.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

A correspondent, giving an account of the burial of the Union dead upon the field of battle of Belmont, by a party which returned, after the battle, with a flag of truce, relates the following incidents:

"Our dead were mostly lying upon their backs, and everything taken from their bodies that could be of value to the enemy. The countenances of the dead were mostly expressive of rage. One or two features were expressive of fear. One poor fellow, after he was wounded, bethought himself to smoke. He was found in a sitting position, against a tree, dead, with his pipe in his hand, his knife in the other, and his tobacco on his breast.

"A young lad about sixteen was found lying across a log, just as he fell, grasping his musket with both hands.

"A wounded man, with both legs nearly shot off, was found in the woods, singing the Star-spangled Banner; but for this circumstance the surgeons say they would not have discovered him.

"A Captain of one of the regiments was looking at the prisoners captured at Belmont, and recognized one as his own brother.

BELMONT AFTER THE FIGHT.

John Seaton, Captain of company "B," in the Twenty-second Illinois regiment, relates the following incidents:

"The day after the battle, Col. Hart was in command of the party that went down with a flag of truce to bury the dead, and take up the wounded that still lay on the battle-field. Of my company, there were Lieut. Morgan, Corporal B. B. Gould, privates T. C. Young, J. W. Young, and Phil. Sackett. They relate some very affecting scenes they witnessed upon the battle-field, one of which was the finding of the body of Lieut. Col. Wentz by his wife. There lay the corpse on that blood-stained field, ghastly in the embrace of death. She stands gazing at it fixidly, and motionless as though rooted to the spot; presently her eyes fill with tears, and she breaks out in a low, agonizing cry: 'Poor—poor—soul—is it gone?' and falls prostrate upon his body. Then it was that stout and hard-featured men wept. Every rebel officer took out his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the tears that came trickling down their cheeks. One of them remarked, 'I'd give ten thousand dollars to recall that man to life." And the boys' say they believe he meant it. They found many poor fellows badly wounded that had lain there since the battle. The rebels had been around during the night

and given them water, and other necessaries, and had taken a great many into the hospitals.

"I believe we did meet the flower of the Southern army, for they fought bravely, and their arms were all superior to ours. Every piece I saw was rifled, and had all the latest improvements; and there were a great many Sharp's six-shooting rifles. Their officers' uniforms were splendid and gorgeous, but the mens' clothes were nearly all of a brownish gray, coarse, home-spun jeans. In the early part of the fight two men of Company C brought a long, lean prisoner to me. He was about six feet two inches, and belonged to the Second Tennessee regiment. He was very much scared. I asked him how many men we were fighting; he raised his hands above his head, and spoke in that peculiar style so much in vague in the rural districts of Slave States, where they see so much of the 'nigger.' 'To God, stranger, I can't tell; this ground was jist kivered with men this mornin'; swar me in, stranger; I'll take the oath right now; I'll fight for you; only please don't kill me." I told him he should not be hurt, if he behaved himself, and tied him, commanding him to lie down and remain there till I came back, and then left him. I saw him no more that day, but some one else brought him along before night.

The following incident connected with this battle illustrates the chances and experiences of war: Immediately before the war, Philip Fouke was in Washington as a member of congress from Illinois, John V. Wright was a congressman from Tennessee. Fouke and Wright were both Democrats, and though fast friends both politically and socially, they differed with respests to the question of secession. When they parted at Washington Wright shook Fouke's hand remarking: "I expect the next time we meet, Phil, it will be on the battle-field." It happened so. Fouke commanded the 30th Ill. which confronted the 13th Tennessee commanded by Col. Wright at Belmont. Wright was mortally wounded and 60 of his regiment were captured by the 30th.

BELMONTER.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

"On the eveningof the 6th I left this place in steamers with McClernand's Brigade, consisting of Twenty-seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. N. B. Buford; Thirtieth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. Philip B. Fouke; Thirty-first Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. John A. Logan; Dollins' Company Independent Illinois Cavalry, Capt. J. J. Dollins; Delano's Company Adams County Illinois Cavalry, Lieut. J. K. Catlin; and Dougherty's Brigade, consisting of Twenty-second Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Lieut. Col. H. E. Hart; Seventh Regiment Iowa Volunteers, Col. J. G. Lauman, amounting to 3,114 men of all arms, to make the demonstration against Columbus. I proceeded

down the river to a point 9 miles below here, where we lay until next morning, on the Kentucky shore, which served to distract the enemy and led him to suppose that he was to be attacked in his strongly fortified position at Columbus.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 7th I received information from Col. W. H. L. Wallace at Charleston (sent by a messenger on steamer W. H. B.) that he had learned from a reliable Union man that the enemy had been crossing troops from Columbus to Belmont the day before, for the purpose of following after and cutting off the forces under Colonel Oglesby. Such a move on his part seemed to me more than probable, and gave at once a twofold importance to my demonstration against the enemy—namely,the prevention of reinforcements to General Price and the cutting off of the two small columns that I had sent, in pursuance of directions, from this place and Cape Girardeau, in pursuit of Jeff. Thompson. This information determined me to attack vigorously his forces at Belmont, knowing that should we be repulsed, we would re-embark without difficulty under the protection of the gunboats. The following order was given:

ON BOARD STEAMER BELLE MEMPHIS,

November 7, 1861—2 o'clock a. m.

The troops composing the present expedition from this place will move promptly at 6 o'clock this morning. The gunboats will take the advance, and be followed by the First Brigade, under command of Brig. Gen. John A. McClernand, composed of all the troops from Cairo and Fort Holt. The Second Brigade, comprising the remainder of the troops of the expedition, commanded by Col. Henry Dougherty, will follow. The entire force will debark at the lowest point on the Missouri shore where a landing can be effected in security from the rebel batteries. The point of debarkation will be designated by Captain Walke, commanding naval forces.

? JOHN A. RAWLINS.
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Promptly at the hour designated we proceeded down the river to a point just out of range of the rebel bateries at Columbus and debarked on the Missouri shore. From there the troops were marched, with skirmishers well in advance, by flank for about a mile towards Belmont, and there formed in line of battle. One battalion had been left as a reserve near the transports. Two companies from each reglment were thrown forward as skirmishers, to ascertain the position of the enemy, and about nine o'clock met and engaged him. The balance of my force, with the exception of the reserve, was promptly thrown forward, and drove the enemy foot by foot, and from tree to tree, back to his encampment to the river bank, a distance of over two miles. Here he had

strengthened his position by felling the timber for several hundred yards around his camp, making a sort of abatis. Our men charged through this, driving the enemy under cover of the bank, and many of them into their transports, in quick time, leaving us in possession of everything not exceedingly portable.

Belmont is situated on low ground, and every foot is commanded by the guns on the opposite shore and of course could not be held for a single hour after the enemy became aware of the withdrawal of his troops. Having no wagons with me, I could move but little of the captured property, consequently gave orders for the destruction of everything that could not be moved and an immediate return to our transports. Tents, blankete, &c., were set on fire ond destroyed, and our return march commenced, taking his artillery and a large number of captured horses and prisoners with us. Three pieces of artillery being drawn by hand, and one by an inefficient team, were spiked and left on the road; two were brought to this place.

We had but fairly got under way when the enemy, having received re-inforcements, rallied under cover of the river bank and the woods on the point of land in the river bend of the river above us, and made his appearance between us and our transports, evidently with a design of cutting off our return to them.

Our troops were not in the least discouraged, but charged the enemy and again defeated him. We then, with the exception of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, Col. N. B. Buford commanding, reached our transports and embarked without further molestation. While waiting for the arrival of this regiment, and to get some of our wounded from a field hospital near by, the enemy having crossed fresh troops from Columbus, again made his appearance on the river bank, and commenced firing on our transports. The fire was returned by our men from the decks of the steamers, and also by the gunboats with terrible effect, compelling him to retire in the direction of Belmont. In the mean time Colonel Buford, although he had received orders to return with the main force, took the Charleston road from Belmont, and came in on the road leading to Bird's Point, where he had formed a line of battle in the morning. At this point, to avoid the effect of the shells from the gunboats that were begining to fall among his men, he took a blind path direct to the river, and followed a wood road up its bank, and thereby avoided meeting the enemy, who were retiring by the main road. On his appearance on the river bank a steamer was dropped down, and took his command on board, without his having participated or lost a man in the enemy's attempt to cut us off from our transports.

Notwithstanding the crowded state of our transports,the only loss we sustained from the enemy's fire upon them was three men wounded, one of whom belonged to one of the boats.

COL. H. DOUGHERTY, 22D ILLS.,
who commanded the brigade at the battle of Belmont.
Wounded in three places, losing a leg.

Our loss in killed on the field was 85, 301 wounded (many of them, however, slightly), and 99 missing. Of the wounded, 125 fell into the hands of the enemy. Nearly all the missing were from the Seventh Iowa Regiment, which suffered more severely than any other. All the troops behaved with great gallantry, which was in a great degree attributable to the coolness and presence of mind of their officers, particularly the colonels commanding.

General McClernand was in the midst of danger throughout the engagement, and displayed both coolness and judgment. His horse was three times shot under him.

Colonel Dougherty, Twenty-second Illinois Vounteers, commanding the Second Brigade, by his coolness and bravery entitles himself to be named among the most competent of officers for command of troops in battle. In our second engagement he was three times wounded, and fell prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Among the killed was Lieut. Col. A. Wentz, Seventh Iowa Volunteers, and among the wounded were Col. J. G. Lauman and Maj. E. W. Rice, of the Seventh Iowa.

The reports of sub commanders will detail more fully particulars of the engagement, and the conduct of both officers and men.

To my staff, Capt. John A. Rawlins, assistant adjutant-general; Lieuts. C. B. Lagow and William S. Hillyer, aides-de-camp, and Capt. R. B. Hatch, assistant quartermaster, I am much indebted for the promptitude with which they discharged their several duties.

Surg. J. H. Brinton, U. S. volunteers, chief medical officer, was on the field during the entire engagement, and displayed great ability and efficiency in caring for the wounded, and in organizing the medical corps.

Maj. J. D. Webster, acting chief engineer, also accompanied me on the field, and displayed soldierly qualities of a high order.

My own horse was shot under me during the engagement.

The gunboats Tyler, Capt. Walke, and Lexington, Capt. Stembel, convoyed the expedition, and rendered most efficient service. Immediately upon our landing they engaged the enemy's batteries on the heights above Columbus, and protected our transports throughout. For a detailed acount of the part taken by them I refer with pleasure to the accompanying report of Capt. Walke, senior (No. 3).

In pursuance of my request, General Smith,commanding at Paducah, sent on the 7th instant a force to Mayfield, Ky., and another in the direction of Columbus, with orders not to approach nearer, however, than 12 or 15 miles of that place. I also sent a small force on the Kentucky side towards Columbus, under Col. John Cook, Seventh Illinois Volunteers, with orders not to go beyond Elliott's Mills, distant some 12 miles from Columbus. These forces having marched to the points desig-

nated in their orders, returned without having met serious resistance.

On the evening of the 7th information of the result of the engagement at Belmont was sent to Colonel Oglesby commanding expedition against Jeff. Thompson and orders to return to Bird's Point by way of Charlestown, Mo. Before these reached him, however, he had learned that Jeff. Thompson had left the place where he was reported to be when the expedition started (he having gone towards New Madrid or Arkansas) and had determined to return. The same information was sent to the commanding officer at Cape Girardeau with directions for the troops to be brought back that had gone out from that place.

From all the information I have been able to obtain since the engagement, the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was much greater than ours. We captured 175 prisoners, all his artillery and transportation, and destroyed his entire camp and garrison equipage. Independent of the injuries inflicted upon him and the prevention of his re-enforcing Price or sending a force to cut off the expeditions against Jeff. Thompson the confidence inspired in our troops in the engagement will be of incalculable benefit to us in the future.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General.

Brig. Gen. SETH WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C.

REPORT OF COMMANDER HENRY WALKE, U. S. NAVY.

U. S. GUNBOAT TYLER,
Mound City, November 9, 1861.

GENERAL: Agreeably to your instructions, I proceeded on the evening of the 6th, in company with the U. S. gunboat Lexington, under Commander Stembel, down the Mississippi, convoying a number of transport steamers as far as opposite Norfolk and near the Kentucky shore, where we all anchored for the night. At 3 o'clock the following morning the gunboats Tyler and Lexington proceeded down the river with the intention of engaging the enemy at Iron Banks but after running a short distance we were met by such a dense fog as to render any further progress hazardous and unfeasible. We therefore rounded to, and returned to the point from whence we started. I received your special order, and at 6 o'clock we all started, the gunboats taking the lead. We proceeded to the extreme end of Lucas Bend, where I supposed we were out of the range of their guns. After our troops were disembarked and under marching orders about 8:30 o'clock, the two gunboats proceeded to engage the batteries on Iron Banks. We each expended several rounds of shell with seemingly good effect, but their balls from the rifled cannon flew by and over us to a great extent, some of the shot going half a mile beyond the transports. Fortunately, how-

ever, they did us no damage, and we returned to the transports, where they kept firing at us for a considerable length of time. I finally requested the captains of the transports to move above and out of the range of their guns, which subsequently they did, we ourselves doing likewise.

At 10 o'clock, hearing the battle at Belmont, our two boats again proceeded down to engage their batteries, this time expending more shell and receiving no injury. After an engagement of about twenty minutes in the meantime the shots flying thickly about us we again returned to the transports, continuing our fire as long as our shells reached them.

At noon, hearing the continued firing at Belmont, the two gunboats made their third attack upon the enemy's batteries, this time going nearly a quarter of a mile nearer. We opened a brisk fire of shell, directing many of them to the enemy's camp at Belmont, their rifled balls still passing beyond and around us, but one of their 24 pounders struck us on the starboard bulwarks, continuing obliquely through the spar deck, and in its course taking off the head of one man injuring two others, one quite seriously.

After firing a few more rounds we returned, keeping up our fire from the stern guns till out of reach. It is truly miraculous that we have in all our engagements escaped with so little damage. After nearly all the troops had re-embarked and were about ready to start, a sudden attack was made upon the transport vessels by an apparently large re-enforcements of the rebels. Our boats being in good position, we opened fire with our grape, canister, and 5-second shells, and completely routed them—we learn with great slaughter. After silencing the enemy, we continued our fire with the broadside guns, throwing shell on the banks ahead with the bow gun to protect the transports, and throwing shell from the stern gun upon the enemy's ground so long as we were in reach.

After passing a few miles up the river we met the Chancellor, with Brigadier-General McClernand on board, who stated that some of their troops had been left behind, and by his direction both gunboats returned some distance, picking up between us all there to be seen, together with a large number of prisoners, some wounded and sick. Every attention was paid to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, Acting Surgeons Kearney and Goddard dresing their wounds, and the crew of the ships furnishing them with their own hammocks and bedding. We then returned to Island No. 1; met the Rob Roy, with instructions from you; turned over to her all our soldiers and prisoners, and remained there till an hour after Colonel Cook's return from a reconnaissance down the Kentucky side. We then weighed anchor and proceeded to Cairo. Commander Stembel, with the Lexington as con-

sort, supportd me in all the duties of the day with most commendable energy and in a most effective manner.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. WALKE,
Commander, U. S. Navy.

BRIG. GEN. U. S. GRANT,
Commanding District Southeast Missouri.

LIEUT. COL. WENTZ AT BELMONT.

My recollection of this officer covers but a short time. He was a German and universally beloved and admired. There was in camp at the time of the battle of Belmont a number of the wives of officers Col. Wentz' among them. They saw their husbands off the evening before as they embarked on the steamers and turned their heads down stream towards the enemy. The emotions of that hour who may tell? The trial was only one of many thousands repeated again and again all over the land in that awful four years horror.

The morning of the battle as we had moved close up to the skirmish line and heard the brisk fire of the skirmishes and saw now and then one of them being brought to the rear all covered with their blood it seemed a very trying moment. Col. Wentz came riding along slowly laughing and talking to the men and telling them how badly scared the enemy were thus breaking the force of that sickening sight. No doubt this helped many a poor fellow to stand up and do his duty creditably that day.

After going through the main battle and as the regiment was moving off the field and nearing the timber on the west, while I was momentarily back with Co. "B," Major, afterwards Gen. E. W. Rice, rode up and told us that Col. Wentz was wounded and had fallen from his horse then a little ways to rear and ordered four of us to go back and bring him off the field; we went and found him, picked him up and carried him a ways until he requested us to lay him down. He felt he could go no further. We laid him down in the shelter of a large high stump. We ministered to him there as best we could giving him water and in trying to loosen his clothing could not get his sword belt undone and had to cut it to get it off.

As he could not bear to be carried further and was fast sinking a hurried consultation was held. We were in extreme danger of being captured as our forces had gone. The spot was swept by the batteries from Columbus and they were using them,several shots striking close to us and no telling how soon the infantry would be upon us. It was said he is good as dead and we had better save ourselves from being captured.

So two of the four started to catch the regiment and in a short time the third man thought it right for him to go too. I gave the Col.'s

revolver to him and told him if possible to take that back to the Col.'s wife.

The end soon came as he sank rapidly. He had requested me to stay with him and now having done all I could I gathered up his sword and struck out after the command afoot and alone; caught up after awhile with the 27th Ills., and came off with them and back up the river on one of the gun boats to Cairo and over to our camp at Bird's Point about 2:00 o'clock at night. Next morning reported my experience to company headquarters and turned over the sword to Mrs. Wentz and received her thanks and some personal effects of the Col's for keepsakes. Here let me explain another matter. The question was asked why did you not also take his watch and other valuables? I was young and the experience was new and terribly exciting. The thought of taking those things back to his wife came to me, but the thought of going into the dead man's pocket was repugnant to me, and should I be wounded, killed or captured with those things found in my possession with the possibility of my motives in taking them being misconstrued was just terrible. So I took only his sword thinking his family would prize that more than anything else.

I think it only a just portrayal of the temper of those times to state that when in a day or two, under a flag of truce, some of our army went back to bury the dead they found Col. Wentz where we laid him down but his body had been stripped of his clothing down to his underwear and everything of value on his person taken. It may be well for the coming generations to know that the pure hellishness of our enemies at that time seemed but one remove in atrocity above a blackfoot Indian.

Respectfully submitted,
SERGT. J. C. PERCY,
Co. E, 7th Iowa Infty.

CONFEDERATE REPORT.

HD.QRS. FIRST DIV., WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
Columbus, Ky., November 10, 1861.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the army under my command in the battle of Belmont the 7th inst:

From information received from several sources I had reason to believe it was the intention of the enemy to attack my position at this place at an early day, provision to meet which was made accordingly. Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th a courier arrived at my headquarters, informing me of the movement of a strong force designed to attack General Thompson's position at Bloomfield and New Madrid. When, therefore, I was informed shortly after daybreak, through a member of my staff, that the enemy had made his appearance in the river with gunboats and transports, and was landing a con-

siderable force on the Missouri shore, 5 or 6 miles from Belmont, I became satisfied it was his intention to make the attack general. I dispatched immediately messengers to the general officers of division to inform them of my impressions and the position of affairs, with instructions to make such disposition of their commands as the emergency required.

The same information was conveyed to Colonel Tappen, who was in command of the force at Belmont. To General Pillow, whose division was nearest the point immediately threatened, I gave orders in person to move immediately to the relief of Colonel Tappen with four of his regiments. For this service he detailed Colonel Russell's, Colonel Wright's, Colonel Pickett's, and Colonel Freeman's regiments of Tennessee volenteers. These, with Colonel Tappan's Thirteenth Arkansas, Captain Beltzhoover's Watson Battery, and a squadron of Lieutenant-Colonel Miller,s battalion of cavalry, composing the force on the other side, were deemed sufficient to resist the column reported to have landed. Having an adequate number of steamers at the landing, this order was promptly executed. * * * *

Having examined and found the batteries in the fort in a proper condition, I proceeded up the river to examine the dispositions of General McCown,who was charged with the defences of the left flank. These I found to be satisfactory. He had already advanced a battery of long-range guns, under the comand of Capt. R. A. Stewart, of the Louisana Pointe Coupee Battery, to a position from whence he could reach with ease the enem y,s gunboats.

From this point and that occupied by the heavy siege battery, under command of Captain Hamilton, as also from several of the guns of the fort, he opened a heavy fire, which was duly responded to by the enemy. After half an hour's engagement the boats were driven up the river. At a subsequent period they again dropped down and renewed the conflict, throwing shot and shell into the works. This was continued for an hour, when they again were forced to retire.

Ascertaining that the remaining portion of General Pillow's division, as well as that of General Cheatham, was in proper position, I returned to the river bank opposite to Belmont. At 10:20 o'clock the firing of the enemy's advanced guard upon our pickets was heard, and in about forty minutes afterwards the engagement became general with all arms.

Taking my position on the river bank midway between the two points of expected attack, I dispatched one of my aides to the Missouri shore to inform General Pillow of my position and readiness to afford him such support as he might require. In reply he requested me to send him additional ammunition, a regiment of infantry, and a section of artillery, to be held as a reserve. The ammunition and Col. Knox Walk-

er's regiment were sent him immediately and instead of a section of artillery I dispatched him two field batteries those of Capts. W. H. Jackson and Polk. Such a force of field artillery had become necessary from the fact that Captain Beltzhoover's battery from want of ammunition had ceased firing, and the enemy had opened fire with a heavy battery, of the presence of which upon the field I had until then not been apprised. The steamer transporting these batteries, in her attempt to land them on the Missouri shore, by some means lost her stage planks' and the landing at that moment became impossible. She was forced to return to the Kentucky shore. Captain Polk's battery was landed at a later hour, but too late to render service in operations of the day.

By this time it was obvious that further re-inforcements had become necessary, and Colonel Caroll's Fifteenth Tennessee and Colonel Marks' Eleventh Louisiana Regiment, which had been ordered to the river bank and held as a reserve, were ordered forward. I directed Colonel Marks to land his regiment higher up the river, with a view to a flank movement which he was ordered to make. Shortly after his landing he was met by General Pillow, who directed him, with his regiment and that of Colonel Carroll, to move rapidly on the enemy's flank. General Pillow directed Colonel Russell, with his brigade, to support that movement, and himself accompanied this command during the execution of the movement under Colonel Marks. Captain Jackson, who had reported to General Pillow that he could not get his battery ashore, was attached to his staff, and directed to lead this column. In aiding Lieutenant Colonel Barrow, who was in immediate command of the Eleventh Louisiana, to bring a portion of the column into line, he fell severely wounded.

It was obvious, from the yielding of our columns to the heavy pressure of the masses of the enemy's infantry and the fierce assaults of their battery, that further re-inforcements were necessary. I ordered down General Cheatham, with the First Brigade of his divison, under command of Colonel Preston Smith. The General, having arrived in advance of his brigade, was directed by me to take the nearest steamer and to move promptly across the river to rally and take command of the portions of regiments within sight on the shore, and to support the flank movement ordered through Colonel Marks. This he did promptly and effectively.

At this juncture the enemy fired on our tents, and advancing his battery nearer the river bank opened a heavy fire on the steamers which were transporting our troops, in some instances driving shot through two of them at the same time. Their commanding pilots and other officers,nevertheless, stood firmly at their posts, and exhibited a fearlessness and energy deserving of the highest praise. These boats were the Prince, under Captain Butler, who particularly distinguished him-

self, the Charm, under Captain Trask, and the Hill, under Captain Newell, with the Kentucky, under Captain Lodwick.

I directed Capt. Smith's Mississippi battery to move to the river bank, opposite the field of conflict, and to open upon the enemy's positions. I also directed Maj. A. P. Stewart, in command of the heavy guns in the fort, to open upon the same position, it being now seen that these guns could be used without causing danger to our own troops.

This joint fire was so terrific as to dislodge the enemy, silence his battery, and cause him to take up his line of march for his boats. He had scarcely put himself in motion when he encountered Colonel Marks first and afterwards General Cheatham in his flank, with both of whom severe conflicts followed, and by whom he was driven in with great loss.

On the arrival of General Cheatham's brigade, I took charge of it, together with Captain White's company of Lieutenant Colonel Logwood's battalion of cavalry, and proceeded with them across the river, having first ordered two regiments of General McCown's division to follow.

On landing I was met by Generals Pillow and Cheatham, whom I directed, with the regiments of General Cheatham's command and portions of others, to press the enemy to the boats. This order was executed with alacrity and in double-quick time. The route over which we passed was strewn with the dead and wounded of the conflicts of Colonel Marks and General Cheatham, already alluded to, and with arms, knapsacks, overcoats, &c.

On arriving at the point where his transports lay, I ordered the column, headed by the One hundred and fifty-fourth senior regiment of Tennesssee Volunteers, under cover of a field thickly set with corn, to be deployed along the river bank within easy range of the boats. This being accomplished, a heavy fire was opened upon them simultaneously, riddling them with balls, and, as we have reason to believe, with heavy loss to the enemy. Under this galling fire he cut his lines and retreated from the shore, many of his soldiers being driven overboard by the rush of those behind them. Our fire was returned by the heaviest cannonading from his gunboats, which discharged upon our lines showers of grape, cannister, and shell as they retired with their convoy in the direction of Cairo. It being now sunset, and being left in possession of the field, I ordered the troops to retire.

My first acknowledgements of this signal triumph of our arms and the defeat of the machinations of our enemies are due to the favoring providence of Almighty God, by which his plans were unvailed and frustrated, and by which the hearts of our troops were made strong in the day of battle. Confiding in the justice of our cause, we have felt we could put our trust in His protection and defense, and He has given us the victory.

Our thanks are due to the brave officers and soldiers who, under God, were the instruments of this victory. To Brigadier-General Pillow, to whom the duty of receiving the enemy's atack was assigned, is due the credit of meeting that attack with firmness, and of sustaining the heat of the conflict in the early part of the engagement. This he did with persistent energy and gallantry, courageously supporting and encouraging his troops by cheering words and personal example.

The firmness with which Col. J. V. Wright and his gallant regiment sustained themselves on the left flank of the first line of battle, as elsewhere, merits strong commendation.

The Watson Battery was served with decided ability and unflinching courage by its commander, Captain Beltzhoover, who retired his guns from the field only after he had exhausted his ammunition. In this connection also, as belonging to the same command, it is due to Colonel Tappan and his regiment to say that the promptness with which they prepared for the enemy, and the determined courage with which they sustained their part of the general conflict are entitled to approbation.

To Capt. M. Smith, of the Mississippi battery, and to Maj. A. P. Stewart, who directed the artillery in the fort, I am particularly indebted for the skill and judgment manifested in the service of the guns under their command, to the joint fire from which I feel not a little indebted for turning the fortunes of the day.

But to recite in detail all the instances of skill and courage displayed by individual commanders and their several commands would be to run well through the list of those who were engaged, and to participate also the reports of the division and regimental commanders.

The battle was fought against great odds, both as to numbers and position. The Mississippi River dividing the field placed us at a disadvantage which it was necessary to overcome, and although we experienced an occasional reverse, these reverses were soon repaired, and the results of the day proved beyond all doubt the superiority of our troops in all the essential characterictics of the soldier.

To Acting Asistant Adjutant-General Blake, C. S. Army; Lieutenant Dixon, C. S. Army Engineers; Captain Champney, Ordinance; Lieutanent Snowden, C. S. Army Topographical Corps; Maj. H. W. Winslow, acting aide-de-camp, all members of my staff, I feel indebted for their promptness and activity in execution of my orders and for their support in directing the operations of the day.

In a conflict continued through so many hours and so hotly contested the list of casualties must be expected to be large. Our loss in killed was 105; wounded, 419; missing, 117. Total, 641.

The number of prisoners taken by the enemy, as shown by their list furnished us, was 106, all of whom have been returned by exchange.

Of the enemy's loss we have no means of accurate information, but from all sources open to us, the condition of the field, the list of prisoners taken by us, the report of those returned to us, and the reports of the enemy, I am satisfied it cannot fall short of 1,500; fourteen-fifteenths of that number must have been killed, wounded and drowned.

After making a liberal exchange of the captured with the enemy 100 of their prisoners remain still in my hands. I have also a stand of colors, a fraction over 1,000 stand of arms, with knapsacks, ammunition, and other military stores.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. POLK,
Major-General, Commanding.

After the battle of Belmont the regiment returned to their camp at Birds Point, the wounded being taken to Mound City, Ill., six miles above Cairo, on the Ohio river, where the general hospital was located. On the 14th of Nov., we were relieved by the Tenth Iowa; embarked on board the steamer Memphis for St. Louis to rest and recruit. We were honored by a salute from the batteries and accompanied by the bands to the boat. We arrived at St. Louis on the 16th. We marched through the city to Benton Barracks being reviewed enroute by Major General Curtis; at the barracks we were greeted with cheers and salutes by four new Iowa regiments in line at the entrance; after we were settled, details were made from officers and men to go to Iowa on recruiting service to fill up the depleted ranks caused by the heavy losses in the late strife and service. The regiment remained at the barracks until the 13th of January, when they embarked on the steamer Continental bound again south for the front, before we had time to get recruits or much recuperation. In the meantime Captain Parrott was appointed Lieut. Colonel, in the place of Lieut. Col. Wentz, killed at Belmont. The weather was bitter cold; as there was only room in the cabin for a small portion of the command, the men crawled under the boilers and anywhere to try and keep warm; during the night of the 14th the steamer froze fast in the ice in mid stream near Sulphur Springs. After an unsuccessful effort to free the boat, the regiment debarked, carrying the baggage, camp and garrison equipage ashore on their backs over the ice; we were then loaded on the cars and returned to St. Louis and billeted in the Chamber of Commerce building, where we thawed out and filled up with hot coffee, regular rations and next day we crossed the river and took train for Cairo, where we arrived on the 18th. During the trip one man in company "F" had both legs crushed under the cars and died from the effects. On the 19th the regiment was loaded on the steamer Memphis and taken to Fort Holt where we debarked,

went into camp and remained until the 24th the river rose and drove us out, so that we had to abandon our camp, go aboard the steamer Chancellor where we proceeded to Smithland, Ky., leaving our sick at the hospital at Mound City en-route. The weather having been cold, wet and disagreeable since leaving our sick at the hospital at Mound City and disagreeable since leaving St. Louis there was much sickness and suffering during that time. We arrived at Smithland, Ky., at the mouth of the Cumberland river, on the 25th and went into camp at Fort Smith, where we had opportunity to rest; other regiments arrived and General Lew Wallace took command. On the 5th we again embarked on steamers and proceeded to Paducah, Ky., arriving the same day, in the midst of a heavy down pour of rain; we tied up remaining on board all night and the next moning proceeded and debarked about 3 miles below and in sight of Ft.Henry,occupied by the enemy. As soon as the regiment could be got together,it was ordered to the interior,to get in rear of the fort to cut off the rebel retreat, in case the fleet, then in the river should succeed in shelling them out. The roads were almost impassible with mud and swollen streams caused by constant rains so that it took us until dark. We finally got within half a mile of the fort to find it evacuated, as they could not stand the fire from the fleet. On the morning of the 7th we marched into the fort, saw the dead confederates and the havoc made by the gun boats in the naval battle the day before. General Grant in his memoirs says that; "All the gunboats were hit many times. The damage, however, beyond what could be repaired by a small expenditure of money, was slight, except to the Essex. A shell penetrated the boiler of that vessel and exploded it, killing and wounding forty-eight men, nineteen of whom were soldiers who had been detailed to act with the navy. After the fall of Fort Henry Captain Walke, commanding the iron-clad Carondelet, at my request ascended the Tennessee river and thoroughly destroyed the bridge of the Memphis and Ohio railroad."

The weather at this time was cold, wet and disagreeable and we had very little to eat, so that the troops had to resort to foraging from the surrounding country, the most of which consisted of sheep, cattle and hogs, all of which were spring poor, making it very unpalatable, but it was a case of that or nothing, until we could get rations from our base of supplies. We occupied the rebels shebangs, as our camp equipage had not arrived. Heavy details were made while we were there to fix roads and build bridges, until the camp was threatened with inundation, when we were compelled to remove. On the 12th we broke camp and marched across country twelve miles to Ft. Donaldson, under direct command of General Grant.

We remained at Fort Henry until the 12th, furnishing heavy details to fix roads and build bridges on roads leading to Fort Donaldson;

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the river rose so rapidly that we were practically driven out of our camp. The regiment arrived at Fort Donaldson after a hard march of twelve miles through mud, wet, dirty and exhausted; the weather cleared up and was very cold and we were without any means of shelter, many of the men having thrown away their wet blankets and overcoats to keep from str a gling. Our brigade as now organized consisted of the 2nd, 7th, and 14th Iowa and the 25th Indiana, under command of our old Colonel, J. G. Lauman, in General Smith's Division.

* * * * *

BY W. R. AKERS.

On the day following our entrance into Fort Henry there occurred an amusing and rather bellicose incident, which many of our comrades will recall. From the hour that we decamped from our transports a few miles below the fort, until by a circuitous, and somewhat belated course, we arrived at the Fort, we were treated to frequent and copious showers of rain; and it was with great difficulty that we were at all able to make progress, on account of swollen bayous and "black water," or find a dry spot on which to rest or sleep for the brief intervals during which the command halted, to find a way out, or await the approach of morning.

When at length we reached the already fallen and abandoned Fort, it was in a bedraggled condition—everybody thoroughly soaked, and arms of all kinds in sore need of overhauling and a general cleaning and polishing up, in this work of love, for such the majority of our comrades regarded a few hours spent on their pet guns, small arms, and accruterments, almost the entire command was engaged. It will be remembered, that we had taken possssion of the rather comfortable huts of the enemy and were having a sort of free and easy, "happy go lucky" time of it, in the absence of the usual camp restrictions or restraints of any kind—save such as were self imposed.

The Tennessee River was swollen out of its banks, and countless objects, such as logs and stumps, etc., etc., were drifting down from the upper tributaries and overflowed valleys—presenting fine opportunities for the display of good and bad marksmanship, as the splash of the ball—overreaching or falling short—could be plainly seen and marked for a distance of fully a mile or more. It will no doubt forever remain a secret past finding out, who the comrade was who first oiled up his revolver and stepped out to take a shot at a far distant black object—a "floater" mayhap—in the midst of that rushing watery waste.

But in this case as in most others, example was contagious, and in shorter time than it takes to tell the story, the irregular margin of the river was lined for a half a mile with the boys, each anxious to establish his claim, for the best shooting iron in the company as well as his own unerring marksmanship.

The result was a regular fussilade, that resembled nothing so much as a spirited attack upon our pickets—and the warm reception our boys were in the habit of extending to our visiting friends (?) in grey. In the mean time Gen. Grant, just then upon the threshhold of his immortal career, was making a personal examination of the environments of Ft. Donaldson, and the several roads, leading thereto, over which he proposed, in a few days to lead his conquering army.

Returning to Ft. Henry, he was no doubt greatly surprised, and probably a little worried, on hearing what seemed to him, a veritable "Opening of the ball." Had the enemy, in some mysterious manner, eluded him and returning to the scene of their recent defeat, were now driving in his pickets, preparatory to an assault upon his devoted little army. Certain it is, that he was greatly disturbed by this inexplicable "breaking out," and no less annoyed and provoked when on the extreme left of the fray, far in advance of his staff, and bespattered with mud, he arrived upon the scene of the—shooting match.

Th 7th Iowa had the honor of guarding the extreme left of that invincible line, and also the greater honor of receiving the General as he rode, furious and pell mell, into their astonished ranks.

"Tush" Harrington, of Co. "G," had just borrowed my revolver, and had just fired the "last shot in the locker," as the General seized him by the nape of the neck or the top of the head (I was so interested and excited party just at that critical moment and did not pay special attention to particulars) and commanded him to fork over the aforesaid and still smoking revolver. "Tush" never did particularly object to forking over anything he could spare and especially free and good hearted was he in this regard, when the property belonged as in this case, to the other fellow—as was usually the case with most things that "Tush" was caught fooling with.

The now irate fifer proceeded to take a hand. Instinctively divining that some dire disaster was about to overtake his favorite "poper" and in blissful ignorance of who the gentleman in mud might be, he grabbed the barrel of the revolver, and not only arrested the transfer of the property, but badly frightened the General's horse—and General, horse, and irate fifer, all went into the revolver business. The resulting scene would have been capital material for a modern moving picture. Now the General rose in his stirups and lifting John out of his boots, so to speak, surged, and jerked and yanked, while his horse reared, and whirled, carrying the "fifer" in circles around him, his heels in the air, holding on like grim death to the revolver with one hand, and to some part of the enemies outfit with the other. A considerable crowd has quickly gathered in a circle about the "storm center," and were silent spectators. At length nature and hair brained pluck gave way to superior forces, and John went sprawling in the

mud. But tho breathless and exhausted—true to his well known failing, he proceeded to lavish upon the General some of his choicest bouquets of "sass."

The staff had long since arrived and viewed with undisguised surprise this encounter between the infantry and the cavalry. An "orderly" is quietly ordered to arrest the boy with the mouth—and here General Grant made one mistake, if he never made another—rising in his stirrups he threw the revolver into the river, and galloped away amid the shouts and jeers of the crowd, for few, if any of them knew that he was General Grant.

And now for the sequel.

John was escorted to the steamer "New Uncle Sam," which lay at the wharf and was being used as guard house and prison in the absence of any other. Within half an hour the sergeant returned and told him to go to his quarters.

The point into which the revolver was thrown happened to be overflow, and not more than waist deep, and in a few minutes the boys had "waded in" and recovered the revolver and had it high and dry when John got back. Thus ended probably the only hand to hand combat with which General Grant ever honored a private soldier.

* * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF FORT DONALSON.

Early in the morning of the 13th we were hastily formed in line, on the extreme left of our army to advance through the mud to take position, about three quarters of a mile of the Fort, where we laid all day under artillery fire. We could distinctly hear the gun boats enengaging the enemy on the river front all day. On the 14th, after spending a sleepless night in the cold snow and sleet without shelter, we were held in reserve for the day while the gunboats were bombarding the Fort. The fleet failed to dislodge them, so after doing considerable damage to the fleet and wounding Commodore Foote, they withdrew, without apparently accomplishing much. During the night of the 15th it snowed again and being without fires or shelter the troops suffered intensely. Fires were not allowed at night as it drew the fire of the enemy from the fort; as it was they sent shells over occasionally into our camp, creating a good deal of confusion at times. On the right we could hear very heavy firing, where the rebels made a desperate charge on McClernand's division, trying to escape, they did break through his lines at one time creating considerable confusion and demoralization, but General Thayer went to his support with a brigade, drove them back and re-established our lines. At about three o'clock p. m., our brigade was formed in column by regiments for the final charge, in the following order: 2nd Iowa in advance, to be followed by the 25th Indiana,7th Iowa,and the 14th Iowa;they laid low under the protection of the hill, awaiting the order, which soon came. For some unaccountable reason the 52nd Indiana did not respond, so the 7th jumped over their prostrate forms, followed by the 14th, and charged up the hill close up to the 2nd, going over the outer works about the same time with the gallant 2nd which stood the brunt of the charge and the heaviest loss. General Smith who commanded our division, displayed great gallantry and coolness, advancing mounted with the men, cheering and urging them on, distinguishing himself and commanding admiration in the minds of all who witnesesd his daring exposure, amid a murderous fire of shells, grape, canister and musketry.

It was impossible to keep much of an allignment in the charge, on acount of the obstruction, abitis and natural conformation of the land, so that the men went over the works in some disorder, but

the result was accomplished, the outer works taken and held, although the charging command found it necessary to crawl back on the outside of the works to get away from the fire of the enemy in the fort proper, at so close range, as it was night the troops without orders contented themselves with holding their ground, when morning displayed the white flag over the main fort and General Smith had received a note from the Confederate General Buckner, asking for an armitice to arrange terms of surrender, which was submitted to General Grant, and elicited his immortal reply. "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." to which General Buckner reluctantly but immediately acceeded to and the battle was over.

As usual they claimed an inferior force; but reports show that the troops engaged on each side were about equal. General Grant had all told 27,000 men of all arms. Our commissary general of prisoners reported having issued 14,623 rations to prisoners captured; Generals Floyd and Pillow got away on their transports, the night of the 15th with 3,000 men. Forrest sneaked up under the river bank with 1000 cavalry and forded the river at the shoals and escaped and others got away singly and in squads all night and General Pillow reported his loss at 2,000 in the battles in defence of the fort.

The loss in the Second Iowa in this charge was forty one killed and one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, while the losses in the Seventh were thirty-nine killed and wounded. The charging troops were allowed the privilege of occupying the rebel quarters, which in that inclement season of the year, made it more comfortable than sleeping in the snow without tents or shelter. The losses from sickness and exposure on this campaign were more severe than the casualities of battle as we were so long without shelter, proper rations and camp equipage.

General Grant's memoirs recites that, "There seems from subsequent accounts to have been much consternation, particularly among the officers of high rank, in Dover during the night of the 15th. General Floyd the commanding officer, who was a man of talent enough for a civil position, was no soldier and, possibly, did not possess the elements of one. He was further unfitted for the command, for the reason that his conscience must have troubled him and made him afraid. As Secretary of War he had taken a solemn oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States and to uphold the same against all its enemies. He had betrayed the trust. As Secretary of War he was reported through the northern press to have scattered the little army the country had so that the most of it could be picked up in detail when secession occurred. About a year before leaving the Cabinet he had removd arms from northern to southern

E. W. HERMAN, CO. "G."

arsenals. He continued in the Cabinet until abont the first of January 1861, while he was working vigilantly for the establishment of a Confederacy made out of United States territory. Well may he have been afraid to fall into the hands of National troops. He no doubt would have been tried for mis-appropriating public property, if not for treason, had he been captured. General Pillow, next in command, was conceited and prided himself on his services in the Mexican war. He telegraphed to General Johnston at Nashville, after our men were in the rifle pits, and almost on the eve of making his escape, that the Southern troops had had great success all day. Johnston forwarded the dispatch to Richmond, while the authorities at the capital were reading it Floyd and Pillow were fugitives.

A council of war was held by the enemy at which all agreed that it would be imposible to hold out longer. General Buckner who was third in rank in the garrison, but much the most capable soldier, seems to have regarded it a duty to hold the fort until the general commanding the department, A. S. Johnston, should get back to his headquarters at Nashville. Buckner's report however showed that he considered Donelson lost and that any attempt to hold the place longer would be at the sacrifice of the command. Being assured that Johnston was already at Nashville, Buskner to agreed that surrender was the proper thing. Floyd turned over the command to Pillow, who declined it. It then developed upon Buckner, who accepted the responsibility of the position. Floyd and Pillow took possession of all the transports at Dover and before morning were on their way to Nashville, with the brigade formerly commanded by Floyd and some other troops."

INCIDENTS OF FORT DONELSON.

By Major S. Mahon.

The army under Gen. Grant advanced on the 12th of February, 1862, across the narrow peninsula separating the two forts, Henry and Donelson, the one on the Tennessee and the other on the Cumberland river. There was little or no camp equipage or rations carried by the army in the hasty campaign involving the capture of the two forts. The 12th was a warm day and many of the men threw away their blankets in the march.

The army reached the vicinity of Fort Donelson during the afternoon of the 12th and passed the night in comparative comfort, as the weather was still warm. The next day was occupied in developing the enemy's lines and establishing a regular blockade of seige of the fort and its defences.

Co. A and F were detached on this day and sent to support a 20 pounder parrott which was placed in position to shell the enemy's lines. The detachment was under Capt. Reed of Co. A, Co. F being

commanded by Lieut. Mahon. The detachment was halted at "order arms" immediately behind the gun, fully exposed to the return fire of the enemy. The first shot from the 20 pounder brought an instant reply from a whole battery of the enemy about three hundred yards to our front. This discharge killed or wounded most of the gun corps, but fortunately went over the heads of the supporting infantry, they being slightly below the position of the gun.

The men, on their own account, lay down until the fusilade was over, when the detachment assisted in moving the gun from its perilous position, it having fired only one shot. The detachment was then ordered to rejoin the regiment.

The demonstration perhaps was useful in developing the position of the enemy.

The following night was one long to be remembered. The rain fell in torrents wetting every man in the command to the skin from private to general. Towards morning the rain changed to snow and it became bitter cold; this continued all day and the following night. No fires were allowed on the lines as that would indicate our position to the enemy, but small fires were permitted in the deep hollows behind. where men and officers were permitted to take turns in falling back to warm themselves.

On this mission the writer approached a struggling fire late in the night, at the same time with several soldiers, who were also hastening toward the grateful warmth: they unceremoniously elbowed those who were already enjoying the influence of the fire, until a mild protest arose from one of those already crouching close to the blaze. This proved to be none other than Gen. Charles F Smith, our division commander, who shared his little fire with the perishing soldiers, who approached to partake of its warmth. The incident only illustrates how necessity levels rank and station.

Another incident of this distinguished officer which will ever live in the writer's memory, was seeing him next day when our brigade stormed the enemy's entrenchments, ride up the hill mounted on a white horse, and crossing the enemy's works almost abreast of the head of the column. He was then sixty years old, with hair and mustache as white as snow but looked every inch the splendid soldier that he was.

His death occurred a couple of months later at Pittsburg Landing, caused by exposure in the Donelson campaign. Had he lived, his name might now be inscribed on the scroll of honor with Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

While recuperating from an arduous campaign, the officers proceeded to a reorganization of the forces and the First Iowa brigade was formed, consisting of the 2d, 7th, 12th, and 14th Iowa regiments

and Colonel Lauman given the command.

On the sixth of March we placed our sick upon the transports and sent them north to the hospitals and left the fort with only 108 met fit for duty, marched six miles to Iron Furnace works and camped. 7th broke camp and marched to the Tennessee river, which was out of its banks, we had to lay here until the 12th awaiting boats to transport us, during which time rations are scare. This day we embarked on the steamer White Cloud and proceeded up the river. We arrived at Savannah, Tenn., on the 14th, where some of our convalescents joined us; continued on our journey up stream on the 14th. Transports are so crowded that men fell overboard and are drowned. Arrived at Pittsburg landing on the 16th, but did not go ashore until the 18th, when we debark and go into camp on the bank of a small creek about a mile north and west of the river where we lay drilling and doing guard duty. Large reinforcements of new troops with batteries arriving every day.

The reenforcements of General Grant's army here were for the most part, raw recruits, or inexperienced in warfare. Some of them had fought in Missouri and Donelson. Few of them had any experience, either officers or men, in actual service.

It is well known to the soldiers at the outposts that the rebels were in force, close to our front, days before the attack, if the officers in high command did not know it, it was their own fault. Where were the cavalry? that should have been scouting around all this time. There were plenty of them there, who should have been on the look out to appraise us. As a matter of fact the rebels were in force within three miles of our lines, under their most experienced officers; Johnson and Beauregard two days before the battle of Shiloh. Nevertheless our outposts were unprotected and the pickets were the thinnest; of reconnissances there was none, whilst our camps were utterly unprotected by works of any sort whatever As a matter of fact, as shown by the enemy's official reports we were to be attacked Saturday morning instead of Sunday if it had not been for a heavy rainstorm; all this time they were in our immediate front, in force much stronger than our own, ready to hurl their heavy columns on our unprotected camps, with our Generals in blissful ignorance of their proximity. According to the rebel reports, their line and columns were in motion at half past five in the morning. According to our Colonels report our regiment was on their Sunday morning inspection, with no thought of being attacked. Hardee's corps was on the right, Bragg's in the center, Polk's on the left, with Breckenridge in reserve. Advancing rapidly, they swept our pickets out of the way, or followed their heels, nearly into our camps, first striking Prentiss, and, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the left front of Sherman's main body. In an incredibly short time whole

regiments of raw troops being surprised, ran pell mell through the reserve lines to the rear perfectly demoralized with confusion, and before the troops in rear could get into position. There were gaps between Sherman, through which the enemy came through without encountering any opposition, succeeding in getting to our rear, creating the utmost confusion and demoralization, even before General Grant got upon the field to direct the troops; he did not start from his headquarters, at Savannah twelve miles below, until after the battle was on in all its fury. Parts of the line were held with more tenacity than others, and the battle raged from east to west, regiments and brigades here giving way, there holding back the enemy's advance, so the line crumbled away, or fell back in confusion. Commands were seperated from one another, which ought to have fought side by side and there was an utter want of unity in the management. We gave the rebels heavy blows here and there stunning or retarding their lines, but as a whole they had advanced from six o'clock in the morning driving us from position, until night we were driven back to the river, where we could go no farther and like a tiger at bay we stood to our guns and like Wellington the night before the battle of Waterloo,who wished for night and Blucher,we wished for night and Buell, which we got and saved the battle of Shiloh for the Union, as the next morning Nelson's Brigade with others went to the fight ing line followed by the re-organized troops from the remnants of the forces of the first days battle and snatched victory from defeat.

After the first day of Shiloh,the rain fell in torrents,which added to the discomforts of the harassed condition of the troops. The rest which was broken by discharge at measured intervals of heavy shells from the gunboats in the river. Again and again our troops were brought forward to the charge. But hour by hour,thus opposed to the enemy, constantly reinforced, invariably drive back the foe. No serious pursuit was attempted. It also rained all night the night of the 7th and the roads became impassible.

It is said by a staff officer who was trying to stop the stampede to the rear that he asked one man who was making a lively sprint for the river,"What are you running for?" He answered, "Because I can't fly." To another he said, "What are you crying like a baby for?" His answer was, "I wish I was a baby, on mother's lap, and a girl baby at that"

CHAPTER V.

SHILOH.

Confederate Colonel William Preston, Aid-de-camp to General Johnston, among other things in his official report of the battle of Shiloh; dated April 20th, 1862, says:

"On the morning of the 5th of April the rains were excessive, so that the movement was retarded, but on the afternoon of the same day our advance was within three miles of the enemy, who evidently did not suspect that we were in force in the neighborhood."

Colonel Jacob Thompson, Aid-de-camp to General Beauregard, in his official report says: "The order of battle was drawn up and ready for delivery, early on Thursday morning, April 3rd. On Friday, the 4th, at 11:15 a. m., General Beauregard and Staff were in the saddle, at two were at Monterey, six miles from Shiloh." The attack should have been made Friday morning, but was deferred on account ot heavy rains. Thirteen of our prisoners were taken that day. At 9:30 Friday morning fireing was heard on the left of General Hardee's line. At 11:40 "eight volleys of musketry was heard in quick succession." The whole army did not take their respective positions until 3:00 p. m. The Confederate troops slept on their arms, so it was determined to defer the attack until Sunday morning."

Colonel Preston, in his report says: "The surprise was complete. The Union camps were captured between 7:00 and 8:00 o'clock, and its colors, arms and ammunition were abandoned. The breakfasts of the men were on the table, the officers baggage and apparel left in the tents, and every evidence remained of unexpected conflict and sudden rout."

On the night after the second days contest the regiment returned to its camp and drew long needed rations and rest. The tents however were filled with the wounded of both armies, so the men had to content themselves with lying on the wet ground. On the 8th we went reconnoitering to the front returning in the evening, in the meantime the sick and wounded had been sent to the hospital, so we occupied the tents again.

Colonel Tuttle commanded our brigade during the battle, as Colonel Lauman had been promoted to Brigadier General for gallantry at Ft. Donaldson and had been assigned to another Division. As General W. F. L. Wallace, our Division Commander, was killed during

the battle, Colonel Tuttle commanded the Division after his, General Wallace's, death.

General Tuttle in his official report of the battle of Shiloh, among other things says. "The Second Iowa on second day of battle, was sent to General Nelson's Division and was ordered by him to charge bayonets across a field on the enemy, who were in the woods beyond, which they did in the most gallant manner." The Seventh Iowa, under orders from General Crittenden, charged and captured one of the enemy's batteries." Among the officers especially mentioned for gallantry on that occasion, were Lieut. Col. Parrott and Major Rice, of the Seventh Iowa. The losses as officially given in the regiment in the two days battle were: commissioned officers killed, one; enlisted men ,nine; wounded, seventeen, and seven men taken prisoners; total thirty-four.

The 2nd and 7th Iowa on the first day made such stubborn defense, holding their ground after the rest of the Division were taken prisoners, that that spot was designated by the rebels as the "Hornet's Nest," which gave authority for the name of the society of the "Hornets Nest Brigade." A sunken road and ravine prevented more severe loss and enabled them to hold their ground longer than the other regiments that were taken prisoners under General Prentiss.

Fletcher Johnson in giving a description of Sherman's doings at the battle of Shiloh, says: "Let us turn to the fate of Hurlburt's companion Division—that of Brigadier General W. H. L. Wallace, which included the Second and Seventh Iowa, Ninth and Twenty-eighth Illinois, and several other regiments of Maj. General Smith's old Division; with three excellent batteries. * * * The fight began about ten o'clock, as already described. From that time until four in the afternoon they manfully bore up. The musketry was absolutely continuous; there was scarcely a moment that some part of the line was not pouring in its rattling volleys, and artillery was admirably served with but little intermission through the entire time.

Once or twice the infantry advanced, attempting to drive the continually increasing enemy, but though they could hold what they had, their numbers were not equal to the task of conquering any more. Four separate times the rebels attempted to turn to charge them. Each time the infantry poured in its quickest volleys, the artillery redoubled its exertions, and the rebels retreated with heavy slaughter. The division was eager to remain, even when Hurlbut fell back, and the fine fellows with guns were particularly indignant at not being permitted to pound away; but their supports were gone on either side; to have remained in isolated advance would have been madness. Just as the necessity of retreat was becoming apparent, General Wallace, whose cool, collected bravery, had commanded the admiration of all, was mortally wounded and borne away from the field. At last

the Division fell back. Its soldiers claim—justly, I believe—the proud distinction of being the last to yield, in the general break of our lines, that gloomy Sunday afternoon, which at half past four o'clock had left most of our army within half a mile of the landing, with the rebels up to a thousand yards of their position." * * *

After the battle Major Rice was promoted to Colonel and Captain McMillen, of Co. "C," was appointed Major. Lieut. Col. Parrott was assigned to command the remnants of the 8th, 12th and 14th Iowa, and the 58th Ills., being the convalescents and those who escaped being taken prisoners of those regiments with General Prentiss; all together they did not constitute as many as the ordinary regiment. They were designated as the "Union Brigade." They fought against the consolidation and were forced to submission by order of General Davies, who threatened to shoot them if they did not submit. They were an unruly mob and much trouble, until their prisoners were liberated and the regiments were re-organized.

General Grant was severely censured for his generalship and handling the army under his command at the battle and the disposition of the troops. The concensus af opinion at the time was that he was surprised and unprepared; in fact he was relieved of his command and General Halleck took full charge.

In the battle of Shiloh we were in the Second Division, commanded by Brig. General W. H. L. Wallace, who was mortally wounded the first day of the battle, when Colonel J. M. Tuttle of the Second Iowa, assumed command.

General Grant's official report of the battle of Shiloh gives a total as follows: killed 1,754, wounded 8,408, captured or missing 2,885, total 13,047.

General Halleck arrived at Pittsburg landing on the 11th of April and immediately assumed command in the field. On the 21st General Pope arrived with his army, 30,000 strong, and went into camp at Hamburg landing five miles above Pittsburg. Halleck had now three armies: the army of the Ohio, Buell commanding; the army of the Tennessee, and the army of the Mississippi, Pope commanding. General Thomas was given command of the army of Tennessee, composing the right wing; Buell the center and Pope the left wing, with McClernand the reserve with the remnants of his old Division and Lew Wallace's.

General Grant was again under a cloud, relieved from command and says himself in his memoirs: "For myself I was little more than an observer. Orders were sent direct to the right wing or reserve, ignoring me. My position was so embarressing in fact that I made several applications during the siege to be relieved." * * * "I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory of my jurisdiction; and although I was in command of all en-

gaged at Shiloh I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department long after the event."

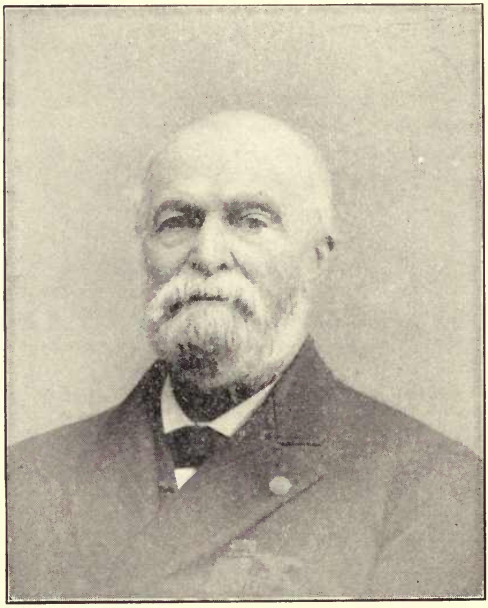
After the physical and mental strain incident to the excitement and strenuous exertions of the battle, together with the inclement weather and discomforts of exposure and lack of proper food and protection from the elements there was a reaction, which the dreary weather enhanced, so that there was much sickness and suffering, with no proper places to care for the wounded or sick, so they were loaded on transports and sent north to hospitals and places where there were buildings to house them. Pittsburg landing was nothing but a hamlet, with landing without docks, with steep, slippery banks, up which all supplies for the army, including forage for stock, had to be carried on the backs of the men, causing heavy details of all the well men, most of the time for such drudgery and fatiguing duty. These privations and duty produced a serious effect on the health of the troops, and dysentery and malaria of a threatening type prevailed among the officers and men. This was enhanced by the unwholesome water and the impure atmosphere from the gases arising from the decomposition of the killed men and animals, which were buried among the camps with such shallow covering that limbs protruded from many pits. These causes had the effect of depleting the army to an alarming extent, so they laid in wait in camp for rest, recuperation and for the accumulation of supplies, for a forward movement until the 27th. In the meantime the roads leading to Corinth, were bridged corduroyed by the engineer corps mith heavy details from the ranks of the regiments.

COLONEL PARROTT'S REPORT.

Head Quarters 7th Regiment Iowa Infantry,
Pittsburg, Tenn., April 10th, 1862.

Sir: In compliance with your order, dated April 8th, 1862, I have the honor herewith to make a report of the part taken by the Seventh Regiment Iowa Infantry in the battle of Pittsburg, Tenn., on April 6th, 7th and 8th.

On the morning of the 6th at 8:00 o'clock, I received your order to hold the regiment in readiness for a forward movement, the rebels having attacked our outposts. The regiment was formed immediately, and at about 9:00 a. m. it was ordered to move forward and it took position on the left of the Second Iowa Infantry. It then moved forward by the flank until within a short distance of the advancing rebels, where it was thrown into line of battle, being in heavy timber, when it advanced to the edge of a field, from which position we got a view of a portion of the rebel forces. I ordered my men to lie down and hold themselves in readiness to resist any attack, which



COL. J. C. PARROTT,
Seventh Iowa Infantry.

they did, and remained in that position until ordered to fall back at about 5:00 p. m.; holding the rebels in check and retaining every inch of ground it had gained in the morning, being all the time under a galling fire of cannister, grape and shell, which did considerable execution in our ranks, killing several of my men and wounding others. The regiment when ordered back fell back in good order and passed through a galling fire from the enemy. When it gained cover of the timber it rallied in good style and helped to hold the enemy in check for some time, when it was again ordered to fall back upon the main river road, and there bivouacked for the night, exposed to a heavy rain of several hours duration.

On Monday morning, the 7th, I was so completely stiffened by fatigue and exposure that it was impossible for me to advance with the regiment, but I knew it was placed in good hands when I turned the command over to Major Rice, who led them that day to the enemy's stronghold, and from him I was proud to learn that it did its duty unflinchingly not only against the rebels, but in keeping many of our troops from falling back and leaving the field in disorder. At night the regiment returned to camp and for the first time in two days had warm food and good nights rest.

On Tuesday morning I again moved the regiment forward about two miles and remained in line all day, not getting in sight or hearing of the enemy. At night it returned to camp in good order.

In conclusion I am proud to say, that the officers and men of the Seventh Iowa Volunteers, with a few exceptions, did their duty nobly and sustained the proud position won for it on former occasions of which our State may feel proud. The delinquents, although few, will be strictly dealt with according to the Articles of War.

Our casualities are as follows: One Lieutenant and ten privates killed; 17 wounded and six privates missing; making a total of 34 killed, wounded and missing.

J. C. PARROTT.
Lieut. Col. Commanding 7th Iowa Infty.

To Colonel J. M. Tuttle,
Commanding First Brigade 2nd Division.

General Grant had been relieved from command most of the time during the month of March on some trumped up charges made by General Halleck who could not sustain them at Washington so he was restored to his command again on the 13th of March

REPORT OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Corinth, Miss., April 9, 1862.

Sir: In consequence of information brought from General Cheatham on Wednesday, April 3, that the enemy was marching in force

along the Purdy road from Pittsburg, it was decided by yourself, General Johnson, and General Bragg to take up the line of march for the enemy's camp situated 2½ miles west of the Tennessee river, about equidistant between Owl and Lick creeks, on the Pittsburg road.

The order of battle was drawn up and ready for delivery early on Thursday morning, and the corps of Major-General Hardee was on the Ridge road from Corinth to Pittsburg by 12 o'clock. It was soon followed by the corps of General Bragg.

On Friday, the 4th, at 11:15 a. m., General Beauregard and staff were in the saddle and moved forward by the Monterey road, and arrived at Monterey at 2:30 o'clock, where a large number of the troops were overtaken, and also Generals Johnston and Bragg.

Thirteen prisoners were brought in during the evening.

The whole army was under orders to move forward at 3 a. m. next day and form a line of battle in advance of the divergence of the Bark and Pittsburg roads.

General Johnston and yourself slept Friday night at Monterey.

During the night there was a heavy fall of rain. Soon after light the clouds began to break, and before sunrise General Johnston and yourself, with your respective staffs, moved forward along the road leading by the Mickey house. As we approached this latter place it was evident, from the large number of troops found drawn up on each side of the road, that it would be impossible to form all the different divisions in battle array at an early hour. As we pased General Bragg beyond the Mickey house the order was given for a forward movement, and you and General Johnston proceeded to a point on the Pittsburg road, beyond the fork of the Pittsburg and Bark, or Hamburg roads. On reaching them it was ascertained that Major-General Hardee's corps was drawn up in line of battle on the right and left of the Pittsburg road, about half a mile beyond the place you halted. Knowing that you were not far from the camp of the enemy, there was a momentary expectation of conflict.

At 9:30 o'clock firing was heard on the left of General Hardee's line; but it lasted only a moment, and was therefore supposed to be from our own troops.

At 11:00 a. m. there had been fired eight volleys of musketry in quick succession on the right of General Hardee's line, which induced a general expectation that the combat was about to begin.

About this time General Hardee came forward and pressed you to ride along his line, that the men might be satisfied that you were actually in the field. You accepted his invitation, and after reviewing his whole line you returned with your staff to your temporary headquarters and awaited the coming up of the Reserve Corps, commanded by General Polk.

The whole army did not reach their respective positions till past 3 o'clock, when, upon consultation, it was determined to postpone a further forward movement until morning. The troops slept on their arms, and the front lines were allowed no fires, although the night was quite chilly.

Next morning (Sunday, the 6th) the sky was without a cloud and the sun arose in cheering brilliancy.

About 5 a. m. the first firing was heard in the center, down the Pittsburg road. In less than three minutes firing was heard on the left. Intermittent firing in the center and on the right until 6:05 o'clock.

At 6:30 o'clock I brought an order from you to General Breckenridge, who commanded the reserve, that he must hurry up his troops, inasmuch as General Polk was moving forward, which was promptly delivered and promptly obeyed.

Soon after this General Johnson called on you and expressed himself satisfied with the manner in which the battle had been opened. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed both with officers and men. When you established your headquarters on the high point between the Pittsburg and Hamburg roads heavy firing was heard on our right. The first cannon was discharged on our left at 7 o'clock, which was followed by a rapid discharge of musketry.

About 7:30 o'clock I rode forward with Colonel Jordan to the front, to ascertain how the battle was going. There I learned from General Johnston that General Hardee's line was within half a mile of the enemy's camps, and bore from General Johnston a message that he advised the sending forward strong reinforcements to our left, as he had just then been advised that the enemy was there in great force.

Under this advice two of General Breckenridge's brigades were started to the support of the left; but before he had proceeded far I bore a message to General Breckenridge to send but one brigade, and to order forward two brigades towards Lick Creek, on the right. This change was made in consequence of information brought by a carrier that the enemy was not strong on our left and had fallen back.

From 8 to 8:30 o'clock the cannonading was very heavy along the whole line, but especially in the center, which was in the line of their camps.

Soon after General Breckenridge moved down the Bark road to the right a courier arrived, bringing the information that the Bolling and Turner Fords, on Lick Creek, were unmolested.

About 10 o'clock you moved forward with your staff and halted within about half a mile of their camps, at which time our troops were reported to be in full possession of the enemy's camps. Here we met large numbers of wounded and stragglers from the ranks. Immediately

your whole staff was ordered to rally the stragglers and send them forward to their regiments. I was charged with the duty of hurrying forward the ammunition wagons to a safe point immediately in the rear of our lines engaged in the conflict. I succeeded in carrying forward several loads of ammunition beyond the first encampment of the enemy to a point of safety just outside the firing. After passing over the second ridge, where the conflict was maintained with the greatest intensity, I observed the enemy was gradually giving back before the galling fire of an impetuous infantry. I returned to your quarters, and found you had moved up to the old house on the ridge where we first entered the encampment of the enemy. On my return I observed a regiment drawn up in line of battle in the hollow west of the second ridge. I rode up to the regiment and inquired why they remained there idle while our brave companions were hotly contesting every inch of ground so near them and needed assistance. An officer stepped forward whom I took to be a captain and said, with great emotion, that they had no officers, and that he did not know what to do. I requested him to remain in his position a few minutes, keeping his men in line, and I would inform General Beauregard of his condition, who I had no doubt would send him an officer.

Upon informing you of the situation of this regiment you immediately assigned the command of this regiment to Colonel Augustin, a member of your staff, and I was directed to return with him and introduce him to the regiment. When we arrived at the place where I had left them I found they had gone and saw nothing more of them.

About 2 o'clock you moved forward along the Pittsburg road to the third encampment, where the road takes a direct eastern direction. Here we came within range of the enemy's fire, and remained there some half an hour. One regiment (Colonel Smith's) passed you in the finest spirits, cheering their general as they went. The cheering attracted the notice of the enemy, and he directed a heavy fire directly to the point whre you stood. Under your orders I advanced in the direction of the firing, rallying the stragglers, which were marched in double-file, and, after overtaking Colonel Smith's regiment, ordered them to fall in and go on with him.

After remaining at this point some time I came back with you to the hospital, and spent the remainder of the evening in aiding to collect stragglers, for the purpose of sending them forward, visiting the different tents and appointing guards for the more valuable of them. In the evening, toward sundown, a large number of prisoners was brought in and the day was declared to be ours.

April 7, at 8.07 o'clock, heavy firing was heard on our right, and news was brought to General Beauregard that the enemy was in great force. Previous to which, however, he had learned that the enemy was

in force on our left, and he had sent in that direction a large supporting force. The battle raged furiously for four hours, and the enemy was completely silenced on the right and in the center.

About 11:30 o'clock it was apparent that the enemy's main attack was on our left, and our forces began to yield to the vigor of his attack. Stragglers in great numbers came in, and although great and unremitting efforts were made to rally them yet the complaint of exhaustion was such that it was impossible to rally them only to a limited extent. The fire and animation had left our troops.

While I was engaged in rallying our disorganized troops to the left and rear of the church, you seized the banners of two different regiments and led them forward to the assault in face of the fire of the enemy; but from the feebleness of the response I became convinced that our troops were too much exhausted to make a vigorous resistance. I rode up to you and advised that you should expose yourself no further, but should dispose your troops so as to retire from Shiloh Church in good order.

In front of the church our troops gradually gave ground, and, upon observing a regiment in the bottom, near the church, you fell back, and placed them in position to receive the advancing columns of the enemy.

After placing this regiment in position, you, with a portion of your staff, retired to a ridge on this side of the camp, planted several pieces of cannon, and drew up a brigade in that commanding position. The forces being here disposed of, you fell back to the Wood house and planted, in front of the house in the open ground, another battery. We then came to the high ground which overlooks the Pittsburg and Hamburg roads, where General Breckenridge was found in force; after which we returned to Monterey, and thence, on Monday evening, to Corinth.

During the day of Monday I bore several orders to different commanders, but in the excitement I failed to note the hour of their delivery, and therefore omit any notice of them.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON, Aide-de-Camp.

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD.

REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

Corinth, Miss., April 20, 1862.

General: This morning you requested me to give you such information as I possess in relation to the events which occurred at the battle of Shiloh before the death of the commander, General Johnston.

The general having determined to attack the enemy, near Pittsburg, on the Tennessee River, moved the forces under his command

through Monterey and by a farm house called Mickey's, in the direction of a little country chapel called Shiloh, in the vicinity of which they were encamped. On the morning of the 5th of April the rains were excessive, so that the movement was greatly retarded, but on the afternoon of the same day our advance was within three miles of the enemy, who evidently did not suspect that we were in force in the neighborhood.

Strong reasons demanded an immediate attack, as delay increased the danger of discovery, but the exhaustion of the men and the hour of arrival required it to be deferred till the following morning. Men and officers bivouacked for the night

The morning of the 6th of April was remarkably bright and beautiful. The country toward Shiloh was wooded with small fields interspersed and with bold undulations from the hills bounding the river. The troops moved in two parallel lines with the brigades under General Breckenridge arranged on either side of the wood as a reserve.

Between dawn and sunrise sharp skirmishing was heard rather more than half a mile in advance in the forest. General Johnston rode forward when we found the action commenced by General Hindman's brigade which was suffering under a heavy fire. There were many dead and wounded and some stragglers breaking ranks whom General Johnston rallied in person. I rode forward and found General Hindman rallying and animating his men who were advancing towards the camp. General Johnston then, through me, ordered General Bragg, who was half a mile in the rear, to advance, but it had been anticipated, and the order, having been given by Captain Wickliffe ten minutes before, was being executed. Our forces then entered the enemy's camp under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery.

Passing to the left, General Johnston reconnoitered, from two cabins at the edge of a field of about 150 acres, the position of the enemy in front. This field extended toward the river and beyond was fringed with a woodland, and 200 or 300 yards beyond was the enemy's camp. Through this field General Cleburne's brigade moved in fine order, with loud and inspiring cheers to attack the camp. The surprise was complete. It was carried between 7 and 8 o'clock, and its colors, arms, stores, and ammunition were abandoned. The breakfasts of the men were on the table, the officers' baggage and apparel left in the tents and every evidence remained of unexpected conflict and sudden rout. It was ocupied as I learned from the wounded and dying and from the colors taken by some troops from Wisconsin.

During this time heavy continued musketry and artillery fire, with receding sounds, attested the steady advance of Gens. Bragg and Hardee on the center and left. General Hardee reported in person to

General Johnston about 9 o'clock at the Wisconsin camp and they reconnoitered a second line of camps 600 or 800 yards farther on in the direction of the river. The enemy then, apparently attracted by the staff, commenced shelling the camp where we stood, and some heavy gunboat shells burst over us. At the same time the enemy deployed their forces in the wood near the advanced camp. Captain Lockett, about half past 9 or 10, sent a report that the enemy were strongly posted on the left. General Johnston then determined to order forward the reserve, under General Breckenridge, to the right, so as to force and turn the enemy's left. Captain Wickliffe and I were ordered to indicate the positions to General Breckenridge. General Johnston joined Bowen's brigade. The movement was masked by the forest and the troops moved so as to occupy a position oblique to the general line, and extending eastward to the river, in en echelon of brigades, with Chalmers', and Statham's 800 yards in rear of Bowen's. Statham's brigade was then moved forward, and at about 12 o'clock or 12:30 it occupied the point of the hill so as to attack the advanced camp. Meeting you, we found it halted, and, after consulting a moment with me as to the importance of immediate advance, you put it in motion against the camp, and Rutlidge's battery was put in position at the same time on an adjacent hill.

Riding back toward the advanced camp, I found Breckenridge's men entering it and engaging with the enemy. Turning down the ravine, I reported the condition of affairs to General Johnston. This was between 1 and 2 o'clock. He was with Bowen's brigade, and ordered me to direct General Bowen to ground on which he could deploy and support Breckenridge, who I understood was with Statham's brigade in the enemy's camp. This was done, and General Johnston advanced with Bowen's brigade in person. He directed me then to bring over Rutlidge's battery, which I did, to the opposite field .

In the meantime Breckenridge was hotly engaged and Bowen's brigade vigorously supporting him. Riding forward in the direction of the enemy's fire, I halted at the flank of the Washington Battery, I believe, of New Orleans, then actively served and engaged with the enemy. Two small cabins were near, and from a ravine about 100 yards to the north of the cabins, where I was, Colonel O'Hara rode, informing me that General Johnston was wounded and lying in a ravine. He conducted me to the spot, and went for a surgeon, whom he could not obtain until too late.

Descending the ravine I found the general lying on the ground and near his head Governor Harris, of Tennessee, and only one or two other persons. He had neither escort or surgeon near him. His horse was wounded and bleeding. He breathed for a few minutes after my arrival, but did not recognize me. I searched but found no wound up-

on his body. I attempted to revive him, but he expired without pain a few minutes after, and about fifteen minutes after he received his death wound.

Immediate information of the fact was transmitted by me through his volunteer aide-de-camp, Governor Harris, to General Beauregard. His remains were taken to his camp and left in charge of a friend, Mr. Throckmorton, and Captain Wickham. The other gentlemen of the staff reported to General Beauregard for service and remained until the close of the day when his body was taken by them to New Orleans.

General Johnston died at half past 2 o'clock the artery of his right leg having been severed by a ball. He was also struck by two other balls, and his horse was wounded twice.

During the day General Johnston was actively and efficiently assisted by Colonel Gilmer, his chief engineer; Captain Brewster, assistant adjutant-general; Capt. N. Wickliffe, assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenants Jack and Baylor, aides-de-camp; Captain O'Hara, assistant inspector-general, Maj. Albert J. Smith, quartermaster, Captain Wickham, assistant quartermaster, and by Surg. D. W. Yandell, who was with him in the morning.

Governor Harris, of Tennessee, and Messrs. E. W. Munford, D. M. Hayden, Calhoun Benham, and myself served as volunteer aides-de-camp during the day.

I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,

W. PRESTON.

I think the men with the musket at the front observed things as they were and to each other can talk plainly without fear of suffering among themselve for their frankness; there has been too much of a disposition to forgive and condone acts and things done that amounted to criminal negligence and cowardice; sometimes officers in high command refused to give aid when they could and it was sorely needed for jealousy; sacrifice thousands of lives rather than render assistance for fear others would get credit for the victory. Fitz John Porter was a frightful example of this kind, after being found guilty of cowardice or treason by a court martial he was restored to rank and back pay of a Major General, a generation after the crime was committed and all were dead that knew anything of the circumstances. Those who fought the first day at the battle of Shiloh thought then that Wallace might have rendered valuable assistance, had he chose to do so. Official investigations and reports made at the time proved this beyond dispute; yet he has by his persistence been able to officially make himself right on the record, but not with the man behind the gun. Could the readers of this book see the modifications and oblit-

erations in the personal diaries that I have made before going into the printers hands and read official reports made at the time, when all facts were before them, as I have done they would be convinced of these facts as I have been.

If Buell was criticised for not being on hand sooner; how much more so should Wallace be, as the former had the flooded Tennessee to cross and was twelve miles away when the battle opened; while Wallace was only six.

Grant heard the battle open when at Savannah 12 miles away, while eating his breakfast. He left it, boarded his dispatch boat and hurried to the fray, stopping on the way to tell Wallace to be ready to move at a moments notice. Wallace said he had his trains parked at Crumps landing and was ready to move then. As soon as Grant arrived at Pittsburg he at once sent Capt. Baxter of his staff to hurry Wallace forward. He notified him at 8:30. Wallace stood on a technicality, claiming a written order before he would move. Again Grant sent Col. McPherson, who was then an aid on his staff, found him lost in the woods, got him started right, when he insisted on stopping for an hours nooning and getting his dinner, allowing his command to do the same; the result was he never got there until the battle of the first day was over.

He claims different things. But he has made his reputation as a writer of fiction, probably from his experience in his attempts to explain his absence from the battle of Shiloh when so sorely needed; at least his men were.

General Grant gives as a reason for not fortifying, that he regarded the campaign as an offensive one and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong intrenchments at Corinth to take the initiative when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained.

General Grant in his official reports, denounced General Lew Wallace for his dilatory movements and lack of support on the first day of Shiloh and thought there was no excuse for not coming as ordered to his assistance.

Following are extracts from official reports made at the time. General Grant says: "Sent two more of my staff, Col. McPherson and Capt. Rowley, for Wallace at 1:00 p. m. The road that Wallace might have taken from Crump's landing was direct and near the river. Between Crump's landing and Pittsburg landing a bridge had been built over across Snake Creek by our troops, at which Wallace's command had assisted, expressly to enable the troops at the two places to support each other in case of need; so there was no excuse for Wallace getting lost in going a distance of five miles.

Headquarters Department of the Tennessee,
Before Vicksburg April 13, 1863.

COL. J. C. KELTON,
Assistant Adjudant-General, Washington, D. C.:

Colonel: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a communication of Maj. Gen. Lewis Wallace to Major-General Halleck, of date of March 14, 1863, relative to his failure to participate in the first day's fight at Pittsburg Landing, and submitted to me for my remarks.

Instead of making a detailed report myself in answer to said communication I called upon Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson, Lieut. Col. John A. Rawlins, and Maj. W. R. Rowley, all of whom were members of my staff at that time and were cognizant of the facts for their statements in reference to the same, and these I herewith respectfully transmit.

All these reports are substantially as I remember the facts. I vouch for their almost entire accuracy; and from these several statements, separate and independent of each other, too, a more correct judgment can be derived than from a single report.

Had General Wallace been relieved from duty in the morning, and the same orders communicated to Brig. Gen. Morgan L. Smith (who would have been his successor), I do not doubt but the division would have been on the field of battle and in the engagement befor 10 o'clock of that eventful 6th of April. There is no estimating the difference this might have made in our casualities.

I am, Colonel, very respecfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General, Volunteers.
Galena, April 4, 1863.

COL. JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

Colonel: Yours, requesting a statement as to my knowledge of the part taken by General Lewis Wallace in the first day's fight at the battle of Shiloh, on the 6th of April, 1862, is just received.

In reply, I would state that at that time I was an aide-de-camp on the staff of General U. S. Grant, with the rank of captain, and on the morning of the 6th of April I accompanied the general, together with the other members of the staff, from Savannah to Pittsburg landing. When the steamer upon which we embarked arrived near to Crump's Landing General Grant directed that it should be run close in to the shore, as he wished to communicate with General Wallace, who was standing upon the commisary boat lying at that place. General Grant called to General Wallace, saying, "General, you will get your troops under arms immediately, and have them ready to move at a moment's notice." General Wallace replied that it should be done,

adding (I think) that the necessary orders had already been given. This was between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock a. m. We passed on up the river, meeting the steamer Warner, which had been sent by General W. H. L. Wallace (as I understood) with a messenger to inform General Grant that a battle had been commenced. The Warner rounded to and followed us back to Pittsburg Landing.

Upon reaching the Landing General Grant immediately mounted his horse and rode upon the bank, and after conversing a moment with some officers turned to Captain Baxter, assistant quartermaster, and ordered him to proceed immediately to Crump's Landing, and direct General Wallace to march with his division up the river and into the field on the right of our line as rapidly as possible.

This order was given to Captain Baxter about the hour of 8 o'clock. I think not later than that. We immediately rode to the front. At about 11 o'clock General Grant expressed considerable solicitude at the non-appearance of General Wallace, and sent an orderly to the extreme right to see if he could see anything of him, remarking that it could not possibly be many minutes before he would arrive.

Shortly after the hour of 12 o'clock m., as we were riding towards the right line, a cavalry officer rode up and reported to General Grant, stating that General Wallace had positively refused to come up unless he should receive written orders. After hearing the report General Grant turned to me, saying, "Captain, you will proceed to Crump's Landing and say to General Wallace that it is my orders that he bring his division up at once, coming up by the River road, crossing Snake Creek on the bridge (which General Sherman would protect), and from his division on the extreme right, when he would receive further orders; and say to him that it is important that he should maks haste." Adding, "It has just been reported to me that he has refused to come up unless he receives a written order. If he should require a written order of you you will give him one," at the same time asking me if I had writing materials in my haversack. I started at once, when the general called to me again, saying, "You will take with you the captain (referring to the cavalry officer before mentioned, who was still sitting there on his horse—his name I do not reccollect), and two orderlies, and see that you do not spare horse flesh." This was at the hour of 12:30 o'clock m., as near as I can reccollect.

I proceeded at once to General Wallace's camp, back of Crump's Landing, and being well mounted. it took me but a short time to reach it. Upon arriving there I found no signs of a camp, except a baggage wagon that was just leaving. I enquired of the driver as to where General Wallace and his troops were; he replied that they had gone up to the fight. I enquired what road they took; to which he replied by pointing to a road, which I understand to be the Purdy road.

While sitting there upon my horse I could hear the firing upon the battle-field quite distinctly. I then took the road pointed out by the teamster and rode a distance of between 5 and 6 miles, as I judged, when I came up with the rear of General Wallace's division; they were at a rest, sitting on each side of the road, some with their arms stacked in the middle of the road. I passed the entire division (except the cavalry), all being at a halt. When I reached the head of the column I found General Wallace sitting upon his horse, surrounded by his staff, some of whom were dismounted and holding their horses by the bridles.

I rode up to General Wallace and communicated to him General Grant's orders as I had received them, and then told him that it had been reported to him (i. e., General Grant) that he had refused to march without writen orders; at which he seemed quite indignant, saying that it was a "damned lie!" that he had never refused to go without a written order, in proof of which he said, "Here you find me on the road." To which I replied that I had certainly found him on a road, but I hardly thought it the road to Pittsburg Landing. It certainly was not the road that I had come down from there on, and that I had traveled farther since I had left his camp than I had in coming from the battle-field to the camp, and, judging from the sound of the firing, we were still a long distance from the battle-field. To which the general replied that this was the road his cavalry had brought him, and the only road he knew anything about. He then ordered one of his aides to ride ahead and bring the cavalry back. I then asked him where his road came into Pitsburg Landing; to which he replied that it crossed the creek at a mill (I think he called it Veal's Mill) and intersected the Corinth and Pittsburg Landing road in front of where General McClernand's camp was. I then told him that I thought it would be impossible for him to get in upon that road, as the enemy now had possession of these camps, and that our line of battle was to the rear of them. At this moment his cavalry came back and General Wallace rode forward to communicate with them. When he came back he remarked that it was true that the enemy was between us and our army; that the cavalry had been close enough to hear the musketry. The order was then given to counter-march;upon which I remarked to General Wallace that I would ride on and inform General Grant that he was coming; to which he replied. "No, Captain; I shall be obliged to keep you with me to act as guide, as none of us know the River road you speak of." I accordingly remained.

The march toward the old camp was continued to a point about one-half mile north of it, where the troops filed to the right and came into the River road. At the point of filing off we were met by Lieutenant Colonel (now Major-General) McPherson and Major Rawlins, mem-

bers of General Grant's staff, who had also come to look after General Wallace. The march was continued up the River road until the battle-field was reached, which was just as it was getting dark and after the fighting for the day was over.

Of the character of the march after I overtook General Wallace I can only say that to me it appeared intolerably slow, resembling more a reconnaisance in the face of the enemy than a forced march to relieve a hard-pressd army. So strongly did this impression take hold of my mind, that I took the liberty of repeating to General Wallace that part of General Grant's order enjoining haste. The same idea seemed to have taken possession of the minds of Colonel McPherson and Major Rawlins, as on the march from the camp to the battle-field Major Rawlins on several occasions rode back for the purpose of trying to hurry up the troops and to ascertain what was the cause of the delay. I have no means of judging as to what distance General Wallace was from the battle-field when I found him, except that I could hear the firing much more distinctly at the camp he had left than I could at the point where I found him.

I remain, colonel, your obedient servant,

W. R. ROWLEY,
Major and Aide-de-camp.

Headquarters Seventeenth Army Corps,
Departmen of the Tennessee,
Lake Providence, La., March 26, 1863.

Lieut. Col. JOHN A. RAWLINS,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

Colonel: I have the honor to submit the following in relation to the position of the troops and the battle of Shiloh:

When the troops first disembarked at Pittsburg Landing the Tennessee River was very high, the water backing up in all the streams, covering the bottoms in the vicinity of the river from 2 to 6 feet, rendering Lick and Snake Creeks impassible.

Four divisions of the army were enecamped on the field of Shiloh in the relative positions indicated in the sketch, and one division (Maj. Gen. Lewis Wallace's) at Crump's Landing, about 6 miles below.

My attention was frequently called to the crossing at Snake Creek, on the direct road from Pittsburg Landing to Crump's, as it was considered very important that a line of land communication between the two portions of the army should be kept open.

As soon as the water subsided sufficiently the bridge across the creek was reconstructed, and a company of cavalry sent through to

communicate to General Wallace's command. This was on Thursday, previous to the battle.

Sunday morning, the first day of the battle, I was with Brig. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, who, in consequence of the severe illness of General C. F. Smith, commanded the division. It was well known the enemy was approaching our lines, and there had been more or less skirmishing for three days preceding the battle.

The consequence was our breakfasts were ordered at an early hour and our horses saddled, to be ready in case of attack. Sunday morning, shortly before 7 o'clock, word came to the Landing that the battle had commenced. I immediately started, in company with General W. H. L. Wallace and staff; found his division in line ready to move out. At this time, not later than 7:30 a. m., General McClernand had moved a portion of his division up to support General Sherman's left. General Hurlbut had moved to the support of General Prentiss, and General W. H. L. Wallace's division was moved up to support the center and right. I was actively engaged on the field, and did not see General Grant until some time after his arrival, when I met him on the field, with Brig. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. He informed me that when he came up from Savannah, at 7:30, he had notified Maj. Gen. Lewis Wallace, at Crump's Landing, to hold his command in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and that immediately on his arrival at Pittsburg Landing, finding that the attack was in earnest and not a feint, he had sent Captain Baxter, assistant quartermaster, with orders to him to move up immediately by the River road and take a position on our right. Shortly after this Captain Baxter returned, certainly not later than 10:30, and said that he had delivered the order.

At about 12 m., General Wallace not having arrived, General Grant became very anxious, as the tide of the battle was setting against us, and shortly after dispatched Captain Rowley, one of his aides, to hasten up General Wallace. The battle still continued without cessation, our troops being forced back gradually at all points, though fighting most heroically. Two hours rolled around and no news from General Wallace, when at 2:30 p. m. General Grant directed me to go in search of him, report to him how matters stood, and hasten him forward, if possible. I asked Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Rawlins to accompany me, and taking two orderlies, we started at a rapid pace on the River road, expecting to meet the command at every step; pushed on to the junction of the Purdy and Crump's Landing road; saw some soldiers, who could give us no information where General Wallace was; galloped down toward the Landing a short distance and met a surgeon, who said he had started some time before with his command for Pittsburg Landing on a road branching off between Adamsville and the River road; pushed on in this direction, and at the point D

met his Second Brigade returning, the rear of the First Brigade having just filed off on the road DA. We pushed on to the head of the column and found General Wallace, when I delivered my instructions, and told him for "God's sake to move forward rapidly."

I understood him to say that his guide had led him wrong, and I was most decidedly of the impression that he had mistaken the road, for his command had already marched a great deal farther than was necessary to reach the battle-field.

I told him, however, to hurry on and we might yet be there in time. I thought we could get there; sun three-quarters of an hour high. We did not, however, reach the ground until after dark.

After I reached the head of the column I must say it seemed to me that the march was not as rapid as the urgency of the case required. Perhaps this arose in a great measure from my impatience and anxiety to get this force to the field before dark as I knew very well unless we arrived before sunset we could be of no use in that day's battle and would not be able to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

Very respectfully,

JAS. B. McPHERSON,
Major-General.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVANCE, SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF CORINTH.

April 29th the army broke camp and commenced the forward movement on Corinth, 20 miles distant. The roads were bad and progress was slow; we did not go far before encountering the outposts of the enemy who gave ground at the advance of our skirmishers and sharpshooters, but at some expense of loss of killed and wounded each day, which in the aggregate was quite considerable. On the first of May our Brigade was reinforced by the 52nd Illinois and Colonel Sweeney of that regiment was placed in command of our Brigade. He had been a Captain in the regular army, had seen service and lost an arm in the Mexican war. He was a brave, gallant Irishman, but austere, arrogant, abusive, officer; he enforced strict regular discipline on the command, which did not set well upon the intelligent volunteers, causing much complaint and friction; but as General Davies, our Division commander, was also a regular army officer, we had to stand it. With the exception of an occasional false alarm. some cannonading and skirmishing, which kept us in line most of the time we had no serious opposition.

On the 8th our Division had grand review; it was a swell affair. General Davies wore a chapeau, epaulets and gorgeous uniform in full regulation style, making the volunteer officers in their fatigue, service suits look cheap; but that was the first and last time we saw such finery during the rest of the service until we struck the Army of the Potomac at the Grand Review, at Washington, after peace was declared.

After getting within ten miles of Corinth, we began to meet with more determined opposition from the enemy; lines of battle were formed, the batteries were brought to the front and the woods in front were thoroughly shelled and the lines advanced, breastworks were thrown up, only to be abandoned without use the next day, when we proceeded in a similar manner, building about four lines of temporary works during our advance and seige of Corinth, before it was evacuated. Pope on the left and Sherman on the right encountered quite serious opposition, but not enough to stop the onward movement of the army. On the advance we were annoyed by the sharpshooters in trees, and lookouts to

CAPT. R. G. REINIGER, CO. "G."

find from whence shots came from, that killed and wounded some of our men each day. Our sharpshooters, the 66th Ills., crawled up and discovered their sharpshooters with long range target rifles in ambush among the foliage of the tree tops, who had been doing the mischief. A puff of smoke from the dense foliage of a leafy tree top, brought a response from our riflemen causing havoc and consternation among that kind of Indian warfare that soon broke up their game, so that we were not annoyed that way any more during the campaign; it was claimed that it was the Creek Indians in the service of the enemy that adopted that style of warfare, but as soon as our buck tailed regiment got after them they quickly abandoned it.

In order to bring out a phase of army life not generally touched upon, I herewith re-produce an article I wrote about fifteen years ago, and which was published in the quarterly "Annals of Iowa." This occurred at this time on the advance and seige of Corinth.

THE SAD WAR EXPERIENCES OF TWO IOWA BROTHERS.

Thre were only two of us, Peter and I. Notwithstanding that we were the only sons of a widowed mother, with two younger sisters, living on a farm in Cerro Gordo, then a frontier county in the state, we had both enlisted early in the war, and were among the first who started for the front. I had gone first, early in 1861, with mother's consent and blessing, with the understanding that my brother should remain at home and work the farm. He staid, apparently contented, until the following winter, when I returned on a furlough from Mound City hospital, where I had been for treatment for a gun-shot wound in the right shoulder, received at the battle of Belmont, Mo., November 7, 1861.

They laid me on mother's bed when I was brought home. My brother was away at the time and did not return until evening. When he came home, mother told him to go into her bedroom and see who was there. The first intimation he had that I had returned was when he saw me there. I never shall forget his looks at that time. I was very much emaciated from the effects of my wound and the exposure and neglect following, having been left on the battle-field in the hands of the Rebels and receiving no medical attendance until over twenty-four hours after the battle. He was very much affected at seeing me in that condition. He was then about nineteen years of age, with a form and physique the perfection of manhood and health; well rounded out by a life of toil and privation on the frontier of Iowa. His face at first flushed; then every drop of blood seemed to leave it and it was blanched and grew hard, and the bloodless lips set in straight, cruel lines. It was some time before he could control his feelings so he dared attempt to speak. He finally calmed down and talked to me about the war,

asked where my regiment was, and a few particulars about my route home, when he said: "I shall have revenge for this. I have been chafeing to get away to the front ever since you went to the war, and I can stand it no longer." He said: "Say nothing to mother and sisters about it at present," and he was gone.

He went straight to the front, joined my regiment, the 7th Iowa Infantry, in time to take an active part in the dangerous and arduous campalgn with General Grant, in the siege and capture of Forts Henry and Donelson being assigned to Lauman's Brigade which led the charge in the capture of Fort Donelson. He endured all the privations of the rain, mud and snow, away from tents and supplies, in the most inclement season of the year, incident to that campaign; from there he went to Shiloh, where he was wounded in the shoulder by a fragment of a shell, the first day of the battle, being in that portion of the field dsignated by the rebels as the "Hornet's Nest," on account of the stubborn resistance encountered at that part of our line—they having been unable to break through at that point. Notwithstanding he was wounded and nearly disabled, he refused to go to the rear, but staid with his company and fought all through both days of the battle.

By this time I had sufficiently recovered from my wound so as to be able for light duty, and had returned to my regiment. During the night, between two days' fight, our regiment was ordered not to move from their tracks and not a man left the ranks. At dark the battle gradually subsided from a continuous roar of artillery and musketry to desultory firing here and there along the line, and the men were allowed to lie down on their arms and take a much-needed rest. My brother's place in the ranks came in the road, which had been used through the day by the troops, artillery, ammunition wagons and ambulances, passing back and forth, and, being wet, had been churned into a perfect pudding of mud, on which he spread his blanket and laid down. The night set in dark and rainy, and no fires were allowed in the front. Its stillness was broken by occasional musket shots and the regular firing of nine-inch shells every fifteen minutes from the gunboats, Lexington and Tyler, in the river, which went screeching overhead and bursting among the enemy in the woods beyond, and the moaning of the wounded as they were carried through the lines to the hospital tents in the rear. All night long the tramp of the ambulance corps with the stretchers and suffering loads of humanity could be heard, and the pitiless rain poured down incessantly, making both wounded and well uncomfortable. In the morning my brother got up out of his mud wallow, soaking wet, and so stiff and sore he could scarcely move, leaving his blanket where it laid, but could not be induced to go to the hospital or to the rear. He staid with the company and participated in the battle until the Rebels were routed and driven

from the field. Sunday morning when the battle began our regiment was away from our camp on inspection, and was ordered from there to the left of the army without going back to quarters. On our return to our tents after the battle, we found they had been occupied by the enemy. They had gone so suddenly that they left many of their wounded in our camp. From my tent they had taken everything they could carry, including my violin, and left one of their wounded, a mere youth, whom we tenderly nursed and cared for several days, until he was taken to the field hospital.

My brother had a perfect horror of going to the hospital, and insisted in staying in camp when it was apparent that he was failing every day. He staid with the company until the army was ready to move on the campaign to Corinth, and insisted that he was able to march with the regiment. He fell in with the company with his knapsack, gun and accoutrements, and started on the march, only to fall behind the first mile. I dropped back with him and encouraged him by first carrying his gun; he went on a little farther and gave out again. After resting awile I took his haversack and accroutrement and he went a little farther and gave out again. We sat down beside the road until darkness began to overtake us, when an orderly came along, piloting our regimental teams, and told us that the regiment had gone into camp about two miles beyond, pointing the direction they were. The teamster took my brother's gun and knapsack, but refused to let him ride, as he had such a load, and had strict orders not to let any one ride. We started through the woods to camp in the direction indicated by the orderly, leaving the traveled road. We were not yet off the battlefield, when darkness overtook us; it began to rain and we got lost, stumbled and wandered around until finally we could see the camp fires, toward which we started. My brother fell into a shallow trench or grave where some of those killed in battle had been buried. The bodies had been entombed just long enough to become decomposed and there being scarcely any earth over them, he got nearly up to his knees in putrified humanity. I pulled him out amid such a horrible stench that I could scarcely stand it, and we made our way to camp where we arrived about twelve o'clock at night. He smelled so badly that the boys could not stay in the tent with him in that condition, so we stripped him of all his clothing, rolled him up in a blanket and laid him in the tent, as he did not have a change of clothing, and I took his clothes to a creek and washed them out and hung them by the camp fire to dry. He had a burning fever all through the night and was not able to sit up the next morning, so the regimental surgeon sent him back to the hospital in an ambulance.

Until after the battle of Shiloh, the discipline in camp and field had been somewhat lax, and the experience of carelessness and sur-

prise at that time had led the officers to see the necessity of being more strict and watchful for a wary foe, until they had gone almost to the other extreme of strictness and dicipline, as they saw the stern fact of a long and pitiless war upon us.

We continued our march and approach to Corinth, skirmishing, fighting, entrenching and advancing every day, and I heard nothing from my brother until about the 10th of May, when word came to me from the rear that he was on the hospital steamer City of Memphis at Pittsburg Landing, dying, and wanted to see me. I went to my Colonel E. W. Rice, and asked him for a two days' leave of absence to go to him He said he would be willing to grant my request, only that he was afraid I might get captured by the Rebel Cavalry, or guerrillas if I went alone, and suggested that I might get detailed as one of the guards to the wagon trains that were hauling supplies from our base on the Tennessee River. I told him I would undertake to do so if he would give me permission and a pass; he did so, and had it approved by General Davies, our division commander. I looked around among the wagon-masters of the different divisions to find one going to the landing, but could not find any going that day, so I made up my mind to go alone and take the night for it. I made my way to the rear of the army and waited for darkness. As soon as it became dusk I started, skirting the roads so as to avoid meeting or being overtaken by guerrillas or bushwhackers. I heard squads of horsemen several times during the night, when I would skulk in the brush or slide behind trees and wait until they passed. It was too dark for me to discern whether they were friends or foes.

I arrived at the outposts at the landing at daylight having marched over twenty miles by the road, the latter part of the journey being over the battle ground of Shiloh, where I had to pick my way through fallen trees, skeletons of horses, unknown graves and the general debris of the late strife. I encountered a few pickets near the landing, who allowed me to pass.

The gunboats Lexington and Tyler I could dimly see in the dusky fog anchored in mid-stream, with their black hulls and big guns looking angrily out of the port holes, guarding the supplies on the bluffs, and the hospital steamer whose bow was stuck in the mud of the bank, with her stern swung out in the stream. It was just getting daylight and there was no stir on board as yet. I stepped upon the gang-plank to go on board, when I was confronted by two guards with fixed bayonets, and cold unfeeling looks, who refused to let me pass. I explained my mission and begged them to allow me to go on board, which they refused to do, saying they had positive orders not to pass any one. I asked to see the surgeon or officer in charge, but they said he had not yet got up, so I sat down on the bank and waited. The first

officer I saw was a young doctor who came out of the cabin, and began fishing over the stern of the steamer. I hailed him and explained to him my errand and asked him to be allowed to go aboard and see my brother. He said he could not allow me to do so, giving as a reason that men had got on the boats upon one pretext or another, and had gone north on French furlough or deserted—that the orders were not to allow any soldiers on board but the guards, nurses and wounded. I told him I would pledge my word as a soldier and gentleman that if he would grant me an interview with my brother, I would go ashore and return to my regiment at the front at once. I held my pass in my hand and asked him to come and read it for himself, stating that it was given by Colonel Rice and approved by General Davies, but he was inexorable and relentless, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to change or modify his decision; so I sat down sorrowfully on the bank to devise some way to circumvent the orders, or, Micawber-like, "wait for something to turn up."

I realized that whatever was done must be done soon, as my leave of absence would expire on the morrow, and my regiment was over twenty miles away, and advancing. I was tired, hungry and foot-sore from my all night's march. As I sat there eating hard-tack and raw bacon, and watching the doctor fishing, he would occasionally look at me, and I fancied he was uneasy and that his heart was softening. He finally hailed me and asked me if I could find him some angle-worms for bait. I told him pleasantly I would do my best to do so. I thought if I could find them he would allow me to go on board and see my brother. I dug around the bank with my bayonet, but was unsuccessful, so I went back about half a mile to a field and was fortunate in finding some, and returned and called to him that I had them. He told me to come on board and bring them to him, which I very gladly hastened to do. I went again to the gang-plank, and was again stopped by the same guards. I again went and called the doctor, and he ordered them to let me pass. I passed to the stern, handed the bait to the doctor and hurried up the after gang-way to the cabin. It was a very large steamer, the state-rooms were full of sick and wounded, and there was a long row of cots full, on each side of the cabin. I searched for some time among the mass of suffering humanity before I found my brother, and when I did I scarcely knew him, he was so emaciated, weak and low, as to be hardly able to speak. He was entirely overcome when he saw me; we clasped hands, and I waited for him to grow calm and get strength enough to talk, which seemed a long time. I was so overcome with grief that I dared not trust myself to speak, and we did nothing for some time but look tearfully into each other's eyes. I could see plainly that I should see him no more after this interview, for the mark of death was plainly upon his brow.

We finally got calm and talked a little; with tearful eyes, and a weak and nervous convulsive motion of his lips, he told me he was aware he had not long to live and was so glad I had come to see him. He was about delivering a message for me to send to mother and the folks at home, when an officer and a detail of soldiers came down the aisle and with a braggart's important air, which broke so harshly on our feelings of grief and affection, absolutely drove me from the boat at the point of their bayonets, in the face of my dying brother's pleading and imploring helplessness and my begging to allow him to finish his last message and to bid me good-bye; but it was of no avail; I was mercilessly thrust ashore and I never saw him again.

I saw over four years of service in the war, two and a half in the ranks and the remainder of the time as a commissioned officer, always in the very front, but this was the hardest thing I ever have had to bear, either in war or peace.

I realize that after the surprise, the confusion and demoralization during the battle of Shiloh, it was necessary to have strict orders and thorough discipline, but in the face of all this, conceding everything, as time has softened many things and explained others, I still think, and always expect to, that for a cowardly, cold-hearted piece of meanness, that capped the climax; and I shall always think that nobody but cowardly officers and soldiers who skulked and sought duty in the rear, would ever be guilty of such acts. They certainly might have discriminated in their orders enough to allow my dying brother to finish his message to our widowed mother.

He died on the 12th of May, 1862, among strangers, without a friend to comfort him, on the hospital steamer City of Memphis, on his way to Keokuk hospital, and was buried on the banks of the Mississippi River, below Quincy.

Could he have only survived to reach home, and laid his suffering and weary head on the mother's bosom that had nourished him to strength and manhood, to go forth to do battle for his country, he would have died satisfied; and what a comfort it would have been to her through all these long years, to have had the privilege of ministering unto him in his last moments!

To this day I have never had the courage to tell our mother the circumstances of his death, and I hope she may never know them.

The recollections of that time, and the circumstances, come back fresh to me over the lapse of a third of a century, with a vividness as though it were but yesterday—and they were my saddest experiences of the war.

H. I. SMITH.

General Hallock advanced very cautiously, by slow marches, intrenching every day. Step by step, tree by tree, position to position; clinging to stumps and hillocks, closely followed by the pioneer corps and details of men with entrenching tools; contest was raging along the lines each day. Beauregard concentrated his army at Corinth and strongly fortified his position; he summoned to his aid, all the available troops of the southwest, including the armies of Price and Van-Dorn, from Missouri and Arkansas, as well as the militia of the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and prepared for a determined defense. Beauregard was inciting his troops and fighting for his fading prestige of invincibility with obstinacy and desperation. "Soldiers of Shiloh and Elkhorn," he said to his troops, "we are about to meet once more in the shock of battle the invaders of our soil, the despoilers of our homes, the disturbers of our family ties, face to face, hand to hand. * * * With your mingled banners, for the first time during this war, we meet the foe in strength that should give us victory. Soldiers can the result be doubtful? Shall we not drive back into Tennessee the presumptous merceanaries collected for our subjugation? One more manly effort, and, trusting to God and the justice of our cause, we shall recover more than we have lately lost."

Bragg, too, addressed his men in the same strain, telling them: "You will encounter him in your chosen position, strong by nature and improved by art, away from his main support and reliance—gunboats and heavy batteries—and for the first time in this war, with nearly equal numbers."

We continued advancing and fighting, canonading and entrenching, until the 30th, when we heard heavy explosions, rumbling of railroad trains and terrific rumbling sounds, which we afterwards learned was caused by the destruction of amunition and stores before the evacuation of Corinth by the enemy. Soon curriers returned stating that our skirmishers were in the city which had been evacuated during the night, when the most of the army were put in hasty pursuit. On the ridges around Corinth could be seen the remains of the abandoned camps of the enemy, everything indicating a speedy and hasty retreat. In the town itself many houses were still burning and the ruins of warehouses and buildings containing commissary stores were still smouldering; but there still remained piles of cannon balls, shells and shot,sugar,molases,beans,rice and other property, which the enemy had failed to carry off or destroy. We captured many of the enemy's pickets who were sacrificed to make a show of resistance, until the last of the army could get away.

The pursuit was pushed as far south as Boonville, but bridges were destroyed and roads obstructed as they retreated, making it necessary for us to clear them to allow our artillery and ammunition

trains to follow, so that they succeeded in getting most of their army away, by abandoning and destroying most of their stores and supplies and leaving their heavy artillery. Thus ended the seige and capture of Corinth.

According to General Beauregard's official report made on the 22nd of April, 1862, he had four corps for the defence of Corinth, Polk's Bragg's, Hardee's and Breckenridge's, besides cavalry, &c. Total of 80.804 men of all arms. In his official report made May 26th, just before the evacuation, he had 112,017. Our force aggregated about 150,000 of all arms. It must be remembered, however, that they were strongly fortified, on ground of their own choosing, they were in their own country, among friends holding the inside of the circle which took much less force to show the same frontage strength than we, who were encircling them in the open. They boldly challenged us to meet them at Corinth. We accepted, came slowly, without concealment to the ground of their own choosing and they fled, after making all preparations and strong fortifications.

General Grant says in his own memoirs that,"The most anxious period of the war, to me, was during the time the army of the Tennessee was guarding the territory acquired by the fall of Corinth and Memphis and before I was sufficiently reinforced to take the offensive." The enemy also had cavalry operating in our rear, making it necessary to guard every point of the railway back to Columbus on the security of which we were dependent for all our supplies."

We returned after the pursuit to Corinth on the 13th of June established permanent camp about two miles south of the city, designating it Camp Montgomery, why the name? I never knew. It was a nice, shady place, which we proceeded to brush, trim up and police; our tents, camp and garrison equipage were brought up and we laid out camp in regular camp order and proceeded to drill and perfect ourselves in warfare and take a much needed rest. We established post hospitals in the buildings where we could give our sick and wounded proper care. Rations of flour were issued to us for the first time since we left Pittsburg; we made dutch bake ovens out of clay and our cooks prepared us soft bread; we were also provided with fresh meat all of which was relished after long use of hardtack and salt meat. We also dug wells and secured wholesome and palatable water, which had the effect of improving the health of the troops. Many of our officers resigned here, which made quite a change in the line officers of the regiment. The war department issued orders about this time that regiments and companies not having a minimum number of men would not be allowed a full complement of commissioned officers and as our regiment had been so depleted from the casualities of war, few of the companies had enough for a full quota, so we were not allowed but two commissioned

officers to a company. But we got rid of a lot of useless officers by their resignations, that were subject to cold feet.

Some of the regiments and companies were sent to surrounding towns on outpost duty and guarding the railroad to Memphis; while others made short expeditions in the surrounding country trying to head off or capture Forrest's or Roddy's cavalry that were harassing our outposts or destroying our communications. A daily train went to Memphis to bring forward army supplies to be accumulated for future campaigns and furnish the army. A company of infantry were detailed each day to guard the train from attack by guerrillas, a block house was built on a flat car, on which was placed a piece of artillery to be fired through port holes which was pushed ahead of the locomotive to protect the engineer and trainmen; the scheme had the effect of keeping raiding parties of rebels from tearing up the road, burning bridges, &c. The trains and railroads were mostly operated by details from men, who had been in the business before they enlisted in the army. The cabs of the engines were armored to keep guerrillas from picking off the engineer, fireman and armed guards riding with them.

Soon after the capture of Corinth General Grant was restored to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. General Buell was sent with his army to Huntsville, Stevenson and Chattanooga, and General Sherman's Division was distributed along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, between Memphis and Grand Junction. He rebuilt the bridges, put the road and equipments in running order, which furnished transportation facilities to carry forward supplies to the front at Corinth. General Sherman in the meantime was promoted to a full Major General, and things generally evened up.

We remained quietly in quarters in Camp Montgomery until the 15th of September, when we accompanied the expedition under Rosecrans in the march which resulted in the recapture of Iuka, and while we did not directly participate in the battle, we were in position as ordered. Gen. Hamilton with a portion of the command who were in the advance, met a force of the enemy and was beaten back before we could get to him to assist, losing a battery and a large number killed and wounded, the 5th Iowa being nearly annihilatel. During the night Price evacuated and retreated, when we marched into town the next morning without opposition and participated in the pursuit, in which they escaped.

We returned to camp Montgomery. where we laid and rested until the memorable two days battle of Corinth, which occurred on the 3rd and 4th of October, 1862.

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

We left Camp Montgomery on the morning of the 3rd with two days rations and 100 rounds of cartridges each in light marching order, leaving those unfit for duty in camp, with teamsters and convalescents to guard the camp and trains; marching through and two and one-half miles northwest of the town of Corinth, taking position in the old rebel rifle pits in support of a section of Company I battery of the First Missouri Light Artillery. The defensive works had been built while the enemy occupied the city; they had cleared the timber and brush several hundred yards in front, so that we had good view and range. We had no sooner got in position than we saw them forming in the woods in our front, from which they soon emerged in three columns, close column by division. We were ordered to hold our fire for close work, except the battery, so it gave us a good opportunity to see the charge. They charged the brigade, General Ogelsby's, immediately to our left. It was the grandest sight I think I ever witnessed. Their columns were simply invincible; they came on without hesitating or wavering in the least, breaking our line with the very force and impact of their solid massed divisions with a valor and determination worthy of a better cause. The brigade to our left gave way which obliged us to fall back, not until we had given them an enfilading fire from our battery, which, while it did fearful havoc, it never stopped them for a moment. The line and circle we occupied was built for an army of 100,000 men which they had before the evacuation, hence with our small numbers we could not expect to maintain, as they had force enough to overlap us on both flanks. We fell back to a ridge near the White house, filed to the left, taking position perpendicular to the road and waited for them again. The timber and brush here was so thick we could not see far in advance, as soon as their skirmish line discovered our new position, they cautiously withdrew and proceeded to give us a vigorous shelling with their batteries for half an hour or so which was responded to by Lieut. Bruner with a section of Battery "H" First Missouri Light Artillery; and failing to dislodge us in this way, they again came on with their solid masses of infantry, with such force and determination that we were again obliged to yield to their superior strength, after a severe loss of men and nearly all our battery horses. It was with difficulty that we got our guns off the field; in fact we lost two cassions and some guns of a 30 pound Parrott battery in the brigade to the right; these guns are too large and unwieldly to handle at close range, especially in the timber without roads, so we lost two; but they were recaptured in their defeat the next day, together with a portion of the Dubuque battery which had been previously lost by our troops in the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark. Our brigade

BATTERY "H," FIRST MISSOURI,
at battle of Corinth, where they lost most of their horses

commander, General Hackelman, was mortally wounded while gallantly leading us, and sad havoc was made in the field officers and men of the brigade. Col. Parrott, Major McMullen and Sergt. Major Cameron were wounded. Capt. B. K. Smith was killed, Capt. Conn wounded, and Lieuts. Irvin, Bennett, Gale, Hope, Morrison and Smith; with a total casuality in the two days batle of 127. The Second Iowa which fought by our side had a loss more severe, losing their Colonel, James Baker, and Lieut. Colonel Mills mortally wounded, together with a large list of officers, rank and file.

After they had driven us into the town, which was after nightfall, General Vandorn sent an officer under a flag of truce, with a demand for surrender, stating that they had us completly surrounded, the demand was accompanied by a threat to shell us out with their artillery if it wasn't complied with. Rosecrans, our commander, refused to surrender. At 3:30 o'clock in the morning they opened up on us with all their artillery, about fifty pieces. It was yet dark. As a noisy pyrotechnical display it was magnificent and terrible; the heavens were lit up with flying missles, with burning fuses, with long lines of sheet flame and screeching shells, presenting a scene grand and sublime; but they shot too high and did little damage, only to the skulkers in the rear and field hospitals.

I was orderly sergeant of Co. "B" and present with the company; in the battle on the first day the color guards were all killed or wounded, making it necessary to make new details for the next day; the Adjutant called for a sergeant from company "B." It was my duty as the orderly sergeant to make the selection; I had no sergeant for duty and as it was corporal Channers next turn for duty, I detailed him. He seemed to have a premonition that if he went he would be killed and so stated, saying if it was his turn for detail he would go if I said so. I convinced him it was his turn and he reluctantly went, saying he knew he would be killed. He was killed before noon bravely defending the flag. He was a noble specimen of a robust, intelligent, volunteer soldier and I have always felt condemned for doing my duty in sending him in the face of his conviction.

After Channer fell and Alex. Fields the color bearer was wounded, George Craig, a drummer of company "B," sprang for the colors and held them up. He was a little wiry, nervy fellow, not overly strong; the exertion and excitement of the battle completely unnerved him; he kept up bravely until after the fight, then taking the colors to Colonel Rice he handed them to him saying, "Colonel, I've got the sand, but not the bottom," fainted and sank to the ground. The boys gathered around him, fanned him with their hats, gave him water and he revived, but he was completely exhausted.

Company "K" being on outpost duty escaped the trying ordeal of the battle.

THE GUN "LADY RICHARDSON."

A rebel account of the capture of the 30 pound Parrott gun Lady Richardson at the battle of Corinth. Only the heavy guns had individual names.

(The News is requested to reprint this piece of war reminiscence. It is from the Confederate Veteran and explains itself.)

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Station Camp, Tenn.:

"This magnificent and somewhat celebrated cannon belonged to a Yankee battery at Corinth, which was stormed and captured by the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Ninth Arkansas regiments, October 3, 1862. General Rust, then commanding our brigade, was in the immediate rear of the Thirty-fifth Alabama, to which I belonged when he ordered the charge, and he thought this regiment alone did the work, as the regiment between us and the Ninth Arkansas did not advance. After the fight he brought Gen. Lovell, then commanding that army, around to our regiment and presented us to him as the troops that drove the massed forces of Yankee infantry from their entrenchments and captured their battery. General Lovell remarked: "Well, boys, you did that handsomely." I have thought that Gen. Rust did not observe, in the rush of the battle, that the Ninth Arkansas and Thirty-fifth Alabama touched each other before we reached the battery. The Yankees gave up the "Lady Richardson" very reluctantly, and W. G. Whitfield, a private in Company D, Thirty-fifth Alabama, gave chase to the last one that left it, nearly catching him at the start, but the Yankee was too fleet for him. This incident was the occasion of Whitfield being made the first sergeant of the company at my suggestion. He is now a prosperous tobacco leaf merchant at Paducah, Ky.

I have written this mainly to correct a mistake of an honored comrade in the June Confederate Veteran in regard to the capture of the "Lady Richardson" at the Corinth fight. I was acting as lieutenant of Company D of my regiment at the time, but it was before my commission had reached me.

"W. G. Whitefield, First Sergeant, Company D, Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, Paducah, Ky.:

"I have seen several articles about the thirty-pound Parrott gun, "Lady Richardson," but have never seen any account of who captured it. The Thirty-fifth Alabama and Ninth Arkansas captured it October 3, 1862, at Corinth, Miss. One of her shots struck a large tree, just a few feet from my head and tore it to pieces. One of my company,

who was deaf, W. C. Collins, turned his head to one side and looked up as though he had heard it. "Lady Richardson" was named for the wife of Senator Richardson, of Illinois, and I understood that it was manned by a Chicago company. I can testify that they stood to their work bravely, for many of them never left their posts. I was the first man, or with the first, to pass by within a few feet of this gun. The Ninth Arkansas and Thirty-fifth Alabama were the two regiments who charged her from the west, passing on and reforming some two hundred yards beyond, when some other troops came, apparently from the north side, wounded one of my regiment and placed their flag on the guns. Our first impression was that the Yanks were flanking us. I suppose we opened fire on the "lady" at about two hundred yards range and never ceased until we halted some two or three hundred yards beyond. Mr. Henry Hand, Gen. Rust's adjutant, is living here, and says my statement is correct. Rev. A. T. Goodloe, of Station Camp, Tenn., will, I expect, be heard from, as he had me promoted for trying to catch the last Yank who left the "Lady."

I am of the opinion that the Twenty-second Mississippi really believed she captured the "Lady." I did not do a great deal in the four years in infantry but I do want my own and no more.

THE REBEL FLAG CAPTURE.

Account of capture of rebel colors by George Rollet of company "H." 7th Iowa.

Chicago, Ill., July 28th, 1894.

Mr. George Rollett, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Friend and Comrade: Your's of recent date asking for my recollections of the capture of the rebel flag at Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4th, 1862, is at hand. I remember the circumstances well. The rebels had charged close up to our lines when the reception we gave them was so warm they were forced to seek shelter behind the many stumps and logs near them. Immediately in front of our company, from behind a stump, a rebel color-bearer was waving his flag. I tried my marksmanship on the confederate gentleman, but the flag still waved. When our line was forced to give way. five or six of Company D remained long enough to take one more shots at our southern cousins. I finished loading first and was priming when I saw the bearer raise and advance with the colors. I called the attention of our squad to him. We all fired at him about the same time, except yourself. At the crack of your gun the bearer and flag went to earth. Later on when the field was once more ours, you was first to reach the spot where lay the dead color-bearer, holding with a death-grip the staff of the flag he had so bravely carried. You secured the flag and passed it up to Col.

E. W. Rice, who carried it until the close of the battle. I have read the statement of W. E. Davis claiming that Wm. Barry, of the Second Iowa, captured a flag at Corinth. That may be so, but if he did and it was taken from him, some one else (not Gen. Rice) took it, for those who knew him would never accuse Gen. Rice of stooping so low as to take a trophy from its captor and giving it to another. He carried but one flag through that fight, and that was the one you captured, Comrade Rollett.

I cannot believe that any member of the brave old Second Iowa would intentionally deprive one of the Seventh, who to the Second were as brothers during the four bloody years of the war, of any honor that was rightfully his—simply a mistake on the part of Mr. Davis.

Make any use of this statement you wish.

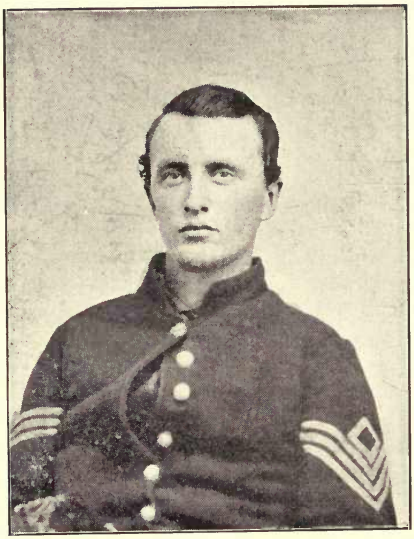
Yours in F. C. and L.,

J. D. HAMILTON,
Late Co. D, Seventh I. V. V. I.

General Grant says in his memoirs that, "The battle of Corinth was bloody, our loss being 315 killed, 1,812 wounded, and 223 missing. The enemy lost many more. Rosecrans reported 1,423 dead, and 2,225 prisoners. Among the killed on our side was General Hackleman. General Oglesby was badly wounded, it was for some time supposed mortally wounded. I received a congratulatory letter from the President, which expressed also his sorrow for the losses." In describing that battle I can not do better than quote from Kilmer's description of that fight.

At Corinth, Miss., Oct. 3 and 4, 1862, General Earl VanDorn attemped to wrest the great prize of the valley from the grasp of Grant. The fall of Corinth into the hands of the Confederates would mean that Grant's victories at Fort Henry, Donelson and Shiloh early in the year had been in vain. Corinth at the time was the advance post of the Federals in the southwest. Grant was at Jackson, Tenn., and maintained a force of 12,000 at Bolivar, with another at Memphis under Sherman numbering 7,000. The garrison at Corinth mustered 23,000 and was commanded by Rosecrans. VanDorn, having united his own army with that of Sterling Price, Villepigue, Lovel and Rust, after the repulse of Price at Iuka Sept. 20, had over 40,000 troops in the field, and he boldly considered striking Memphis, Bolivar or Corinth.

Grant was in doubt where VanDorn would appear. A large Confederate army was across the border in Kentucky, and every Federal soldier that could be spared from the defense of the Memphis and Corinth region was needed to defend the line on the Ohio. Grant and his generals must therefore fight it out with VanDorn alone.



HENRY I. SMITH,
First Sergeant Company "B," 1862.

VanDorn and Price were vehement, not to say rash, leaders in battle. They planned to surprise Rosecrans at Corinth with one column and, engaging him in his works, bring up a fresh column and clinch the victory. But Rosecrans was bold as well. When he heard that the enemy was after Corinth he marched his troops out to give battle in front of the works.

Rosecrans' center division under General Davies was first attacked by three Confederate divisions. VanDorn's line was so long that it overlapped Davies, and his troops fought heroically, but had to give ground step by step. Every one of his brigade commanders fell early in the fight. General Hackleman was mortally wounded while rallying the troops. General Oglesby of Illinois was shot down at the same time. Some soldiers stooped to carry Oglesby from the field, but he cried out: "Never mind me! Look yonder!" The Confederates had broken the line and were rushing on to Corinth. Colonel Baldwin, leader of the Third brigade, also fell.

Countless deeds of heroism were enacted on Davies' line, for it was in a forlorn hope to keep the head of the Confederate column at arm's length until Rosecrans could draw his line back to the works. Lieut. Maxwell of Hackleman's brigade rushed forward into the enemy's ranks and recaptured a regimental standard that had just been lost. In falling back from an old redan which had been used at the beginning of the fight the Fifty-second Illinois left Private Murray alone behind the rampart. "It is orders to hold the fort to the last," he exclaimed. A Confederate captain demanded Murray's surrender and when it was refused shot him with a revolver. Murray shot the captain dead and also a private who attacked him.

Both army leaders sighed for 'one hour more of daylight' when night put an end to the battle on Oct. 3. In spite of the heroic fighting in the center of Rosecrans' line, VanDorn had carried his army to within 600 yards of Corinth. But in fighting his way up VanDorn had merely driven a wedge between the Federal right and left. Rosecrans' right division under General Hamilton was ready when the sun went down to fall upon the Confederate rear. After dark Rosecrans drew all his troops back inside the line of fortifications and stood ready for the battle which VanDorn sprung at daylight Oct. 4. After a short duel of artillery the Confederates ceased fighting. The division which had the most important part in heading the charge did not move, but about 8 o'clock the charging line marched out from the cover of the woods in splendid style. Rosecrans' troops, lying down in front of the batteries, could see the southern flags and the glint of the sun upon the advancing bayonets. The first Federal line attacked was unfortunately placed, and the troops gave way. Rushing pellmell, the Confederates were caught by the fire of Rosecrans' batteries. The force of the

charge was broken by the shells, but some of the boldest Confederates dashed on into the Federal reserve artillery.

The bloodiest fighting of the day was at Battery Robinett, a little work holding three guns, with a ditch in front five feet deep. This battery was assaulted again and again until the dead Confederates lay piled in ranks before it. When the head of the column at last reached the ditch, Colonel Rogers, leading the Second Texas, dismounted and, taking his flag from the hands of a dead color-bearer, the fifth to fall in the desperate charge, planted it upon the bank and stood by rallying his men until he was pierced by eleven bullets.

Colonel Rogers fell in front of the Eleventh Missouri infantry. That regiment lay, or knelt, rather, out of sight of the enemy in rear of the battery. The moment the force of the southern charge was broken the Missourians arose with wild cheers and charged bayonets. But the dead in front of Battery Robinett were not all Confederates. At the beginning of the fight the Sixty-third Ohio lay about forty rods in advance of the Missouri regiment. A cloud of sharpshooters preceeded the Confederate column and took the Ohioans for their principal target. So deadly was their fire that when the charging column headed by Colonel Rogers reached the little fort the Ohio regiment had entirely disappeared. When the Ohioans arose to meet the Confederate onslaught, there were 13 officers and 275 men in the line. More than half of the men and nine officers were killed or wounded, but the remnant, with the Eleventh Missouri, rushed after the Confederates with their bayonets at the end of the last desperate charge.

One of the Ohio boys made the most desperate flag capture of the day. In the last charge a gallant Texan marched in front of the column straight for the fort. He was shot, and Private Orin B. Gould of Company G sprang forward to seize the flag. A Confederate captain called out to his followers, "Save your colors." Gould was hit in the breast with a revolver shot, but brought off the trophy in triumph.

The fight at the works of Corinth did not last over an hour. The Federal Battery Powell was captured by a brigade of Price's Missourians, but before help could come up to hold it the assailants had been routed. By noon the Confederates were in full retreat. VanDorn drew his army south into Mississippi, and it took no further part in the campaign around Corinth or the game General Bragg was playing in the invasion of Kentucky.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Gen. Grant said: "The battle was recognized by me as being a decided victory." * * *

Since the war it is known that the result, as it was, was a crushing blow to the enemy, and felt by him much more than it was appreciated

C. H. TROTT,
Regimental Quartermaster.
Afterwards Captain and A. A. Gen., U. S. V.

by the north. The battle relieved me from any further anxiety for the safety of the territory within my jurisdiction, and soon after receiving reinforcements I suggested to the General-in-chief a forward movement against Vicksburg."

The following heroic incident is contributed by C. H. Troot, at that time Quartermasters Sergeant of the 7th Iowa, who formerly belonged to Co. "B." As a piece of unrecorded history it is certainly worthy of record. These warehouses contained millions of rations, ammunition and army stores that had been gathered and accumulated for the army for months, and now that Price had destroyed all the supplies at Iuka, only a short time before, it will readily be seen what an immense damage to the army it would have been had they been destroyed. It would have necessitated the withdrawal of the army to its base for food, if nothing more. So that two enlisted men of the 7th Iowa can be truthfully credited with saving the retreat of the army and abandonment of territory captured at such an expense of life, suffering and treasure.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The following incident was known only to two others of our regiment besides myself, and it has probably never received any publicity. All who were at Corinth, Miss., during the months preceeding the battle of Corinth on Oct. 3rd and 4th, 1862, were aware of the large ware houses erected by the government along the line of the Memphis railroad. That which contained the commissary stores was an immense frame building, and at the time of the battle was filled to the very roof with millions of rations which had been shipped in for the purpose of provisioning the entire army. It was reported at the time, that the Confederates had brought large wagon trains to take away the supplies they so sorely needed and expected to capture.

On the second day of the battle (Oct. 4), the regiment was lying in line of battle with Welker's battery "H," 1st Missouri Light Artillery—on its right. It was a quiet, but hot afternoon, and for awhile there was nothing heard but the firing of our skirmishers and the discharge at regular intervals of shells from the battery. Taking advantage of the convenient opportunity to procure the rations which would be required to supply the regiment that evening, I proceeded with one wagon to the commissary warehouse. The wagon went to the open door at the extreme end of the building, where the supplies were being delivered by Ben. Barbour—afterwards Capt. of Co. I, 7th Iowa, and who at that time had charge. Probably more than twenty-five wagons were congregated about this door from other regiments. Hitching my horse I entered at the rear end of the long building. Before I had reached less than one-third its entire length, I heard a terrific

cannonading, and hurrying back to the entrance to ascertain the meaning, I realized that the fight was on. Shells struck the building and passed through it and our boys were driven into the very streets of the town. From the outside looking toward where the wagons had halted, I saw nothing but a cloud of dust in the wake of the teams that were flying out of harms way. Every store on the main street was hastily deserted and stragglers and camp followers helped themselves to what they wanted. The mule and horse corrals adjoining were emptied of stock, and citizen clerks were riding in hot haste to the rear, in the direction of the Tennessee river.

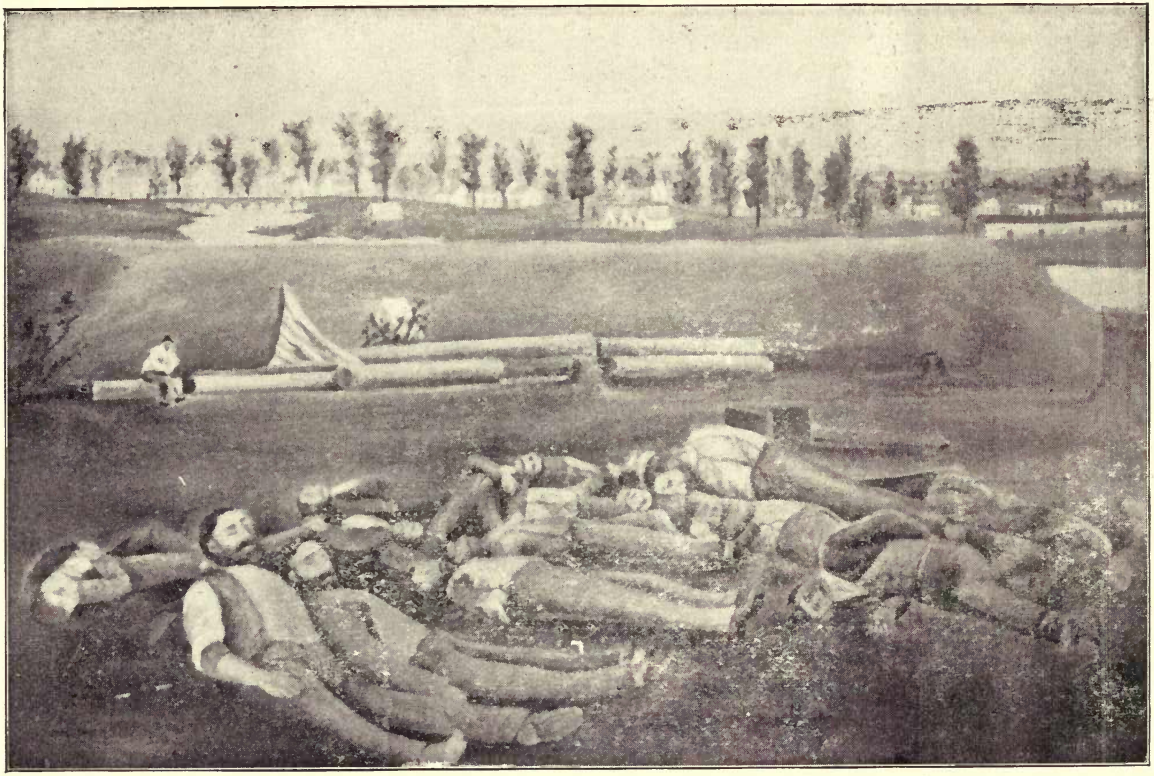
Ben. Barbour came up the length of the building to where I was —all his assistants, except one roustabout, having fled— and we debated what was best to be done. At this point the office clerk who represented the Chief Commissary in his absence from town, came riding to the warehouse, armed with sword and pistols and with a handful of matches, and orders that a barrel of whiskey be dumped from the pile, broken open, and the building fired immediately, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The situation certainly looked critical, but neither Ben. Barbour nor myself shared in the excitement of our friend, though we thought the place was doomed. However, through much argument, we finally persuaded him that the matches be left with us, and at the "last moment" we would fire the building and take our chance of escape on foot. The firing along the lines was continuous, and from a rear door we distinctly saw the charges on Fort Robinett. After perhaps a half hour of suspense the enemy was driven back and from that moment the Confederates continued their retreat and the battle was won.

What the effect on our boys and on the enemy would have been, had the stores been destroyed is a matter for conjecture, but it was a narrow escape for them.

Junction City, Kansas. C. H. TROTT.

Captain Trott is too modest to say that he was soon afterward promoted to Quartermaster of the Regiment with the rank of First Lieutenant, and that probably his heroic conduct and judgment in the foregoing affair had much to do with his promotion. He was also in 1864, promoted to Captian and Asst. Adjutant General, in which position he served to the close of the war.

Rosecrans entire force, including reinforcements received the second day of the battle, in round numbers consisted of 20,000 men of all arms, while the combined forces of VanDorn and Price consisted of 40,000 men.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS KILLED NORTH SIDE OF BATTERY ROBINETT, AT BATTLE OF CORINTH.
Colonel Rogers, of the Second Texas, at the left. (From a photograph.)

In General Van Dorn's address at his court martial in defense of his misconduct and mismanagement of his army at the battle of Corinth, he says." * * * "From all the sources accessible to a commander I was satisfied that the Union force at Corinth and its outposts did not much exceed 20,000 men. Some of their outposts were at a distance from Corinth of 15 or 20 miles. By a sudden and rapid attack on the place I expected to throw upon it a force superior to that of the enemy, and I hoped to carry the place before the re-enforcements of the outposts could be drawn in. To this end I masked my attack on Corinth by threatening Bolivar. My advance on Bolivar had drawn the division off from Corinth to that point. I marched suddenly from Ripley to Pocahontas, equidistant between Bolivar and Corinth. My cavalry was thrown forward to both points. I turned quickly toward Corinth, masking my infantry with cavalry up to Indian creek, within a short distance of the exterior works of Corinth, making it uncertain which place was the object of my attack. I cut the railroad between Bolivar and Corinth and no re-enforcements came from Bolivar to Corinth. Further to cover my design I worked on a bridge at Pocahontas and left it unfinished. By the proof of the case it is manifest that I fell upon Corinth defending by less than 15,000 men."

A WIFE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The following extract from a letter, dated at Corinth, on the 6th of October, 1862, vividly portrays the fearful emotions and anxious thoughts which torture the mind of an observer during the progress of battle, and narrates but one of the many harrowing scenes of war:

"O, my friend! how can I tell you of the tortures that have nearly crazed me, for the last three days? Pen is powerless to trace, words weak to convey one tithe of the misery I have endured. I thought myself strong before. I have seen so much of suffering that I thought my nerves had grown steady, and I could bear anything; but today I am weak and trembling, like a frightened child.

"But do not wonder at it. My dear husband lies beside me, wounded unto death, perhaps. I have lost all hope of saving him, though I thank God for the privilege of being this moment beside him. And, besides this, all around me the sufferers lie moaning in agony. There has been little time to tend them, poor fellows. True, the surgeons are busy all the time, but all the wounded have not yet been brought in, and it seems as if the time will never come when our brave men shall have been made comfortable as circumstances may permit. It is awful to look around me. I can see every imaginable form of suffering, and yet am helpless to aid them any of consequence.

"Since night before last I have not left my husband's side for a

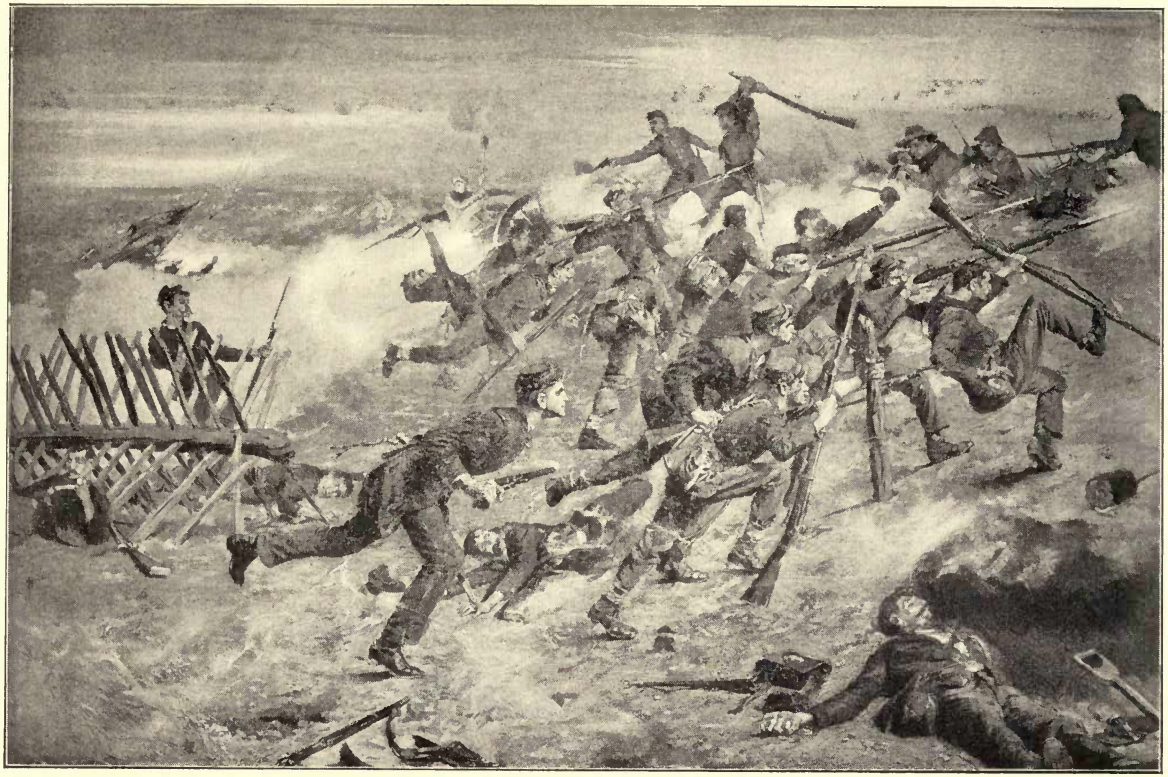
moment, except to get such things as I required, or to hand some poor fellow a cup of water. Even as I write, my heart throbs achingly to hear the deep groans and sharp cries about me. F—— is sleeping, but I dare not close my eyes, lest he should die while I sleep. And it is to keep awake, and in a manner relieve my overburdened heart, that I am now writing you under such sad circumstances.

"On the morning of the third instant the fight began. The attack was made on Gen. McArthur's division, and we could plainly hear the roar of the artillery here, as it is about two miles and a half distant from this place. O, the fearful agony of that awful, awful day! I had only seen F— a moment early in the morning, but it was only a moment, when he bade me goodby,saying, hurriedly, as he tore himself away:: 'Pray for me, my wife, and if I fall, God protect you!' There was something in his look and tone which struck a chill to my heart, and every moment after I knew the fight had begun, I felt as if he had indeed fallen. I cannot tell how long it was before I heard that Oglesby's brigade was engaged, but it seemed an age to me. After that my agony was nearly intolerable. I never had a thought of fear for myself; I was thinking only of F——. Then I got the word that he had been hotly pursued by the rebels, and had fallen back.

"Late in the afternoon I succeded in gaining a little intelligible information. Poor Gen. Hackleman was shot through the neck, while giving a command, and fell mortally wounded. He died between ten and eleven o'clock the same night, I have since learned. Up to the time of receiving the wound he had acted with the greatest bravery and enthusiasm, tempered by coolness that made every action effective. When dusk at last put an end to the first day's conflict, I learned that Gen. Oglesby had been dangerously wounded, but could gain no intelligence of my husband. I could not bear the suspense. Dark as it was, and hopeless as it seemed to search for him then, I started out to the battle-field.

"O, how shall I describe the search of that night? It looked like madness. But all night long I staggered amongst bleeding corpses, over dead horses, trampled limbs, shattered artillery—everything that goes to make up the horrors of a battle-field when the conflict is over. They were removing the wounded all night. O, think how awful to stumble over the dead, and hear the cries of the wounded and dying, alone, and in the night-time. I had to start off alone, else they would not have let me go.

"As you may suppose, I could not find him, either among the living or the dead. But the next morning, just after sunrise, I came to a little clump of timbers, where a horse had fallen—his head shot off, and his body half covering a man whom I supposed dead. His face was to the ground; but, as I stooped to look closer, I perceived a slight



CONFEDERATE CHARGE ON FORT ROBINETT, AT BATTLE OF CORINTH, OCT. 4, 1862.

movement of the body, then heard a faint moan. I stooped and turned the face upward. The head and face were covered with blood, but when I turned it to the light, I knew it in spite of its disfiguration. O God! the agony of that moment sickened me almost to suffocation. With a strength I thought impossible in me, I drew him, crushed and bleeding, from beneath the carcass of our poor old horse, whom we had both so loved and petted, and dipping my handkerchief in a little pool of water among the bushes, bathed his face, and pressed some moisture between his parched, swollen lips. He was utterly senseless, and there was a dreadful wound in his head. Both limbs were crushed hopelessly beneath his horse. He was utterly beyond the reach of human skill to save, but as soon as possible I had him conveyed to the hospital. I have nursed him ever since—hopelessly, and with a heart breaking with grief. O, how many wives, how many mothers, are to-day mourning the dead and dying as I mourn my dying! He has not opened his eyes to look at me, or spoken to me, since he fell. O, could he but speak to me once before he dies, I should give him up with more resignation. But to die thus—without a look or word! O, my heart is breaking!"

We bivouaced on the battle-field on the night of Saturday the fifth, and on Sunday morning joined in the pursuit; the position of our division being in the rear and being ordered to gather the property abandoned in their retreat, we only advanced a few miles. The next morning we returned to Corinth and buried our dead who had become bloated and decomposed. The enemy's cavalry had attacked our camp during our absence, but the teamsters and convalescents left there on guard had made such a vigorous defense that they did not succeed in doing much damage. The report of the wagonmaster of the Union Brigade in charge was that with a force of 18 men he repulsed a hundred of the enemy, killing four and wounding three, with a loss of only one man wounded. General Davies, who commanded the division reported the Seventh Iowa captured six prisoners and one stand of colors. The Second, 31 prisoners and a stand of colors. Lieut. Davidson, of the 52nd Ills., on General Sweeny's staff, also captured a stand of rebel colors. He also says, "I also wish to particularly mention Colonel E. W. Rice of the 7th Iowa, for gallantry and meritorious conduct on the field."

REPORT OF COL. ELLIOTT W. RICE, SEVENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

Hdqrs. Seventh Regt. Iowa Infantry Vols.
Rienzi, Miss., October 10, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Seventh Regiment Iowa Infantry in the battle of Corinth on October 3 and 4:

On the morning of the 3rd I received the order of Brigadier-General Hackleman, commanding the First Brigade, Second Division, Army of the Tennessee, to march my command from Camp Montgomery via Corinth in the direction of Chewalla. I left camp with 327 men and 26 officers, my largest company (K) being on detached service, guarding the railroad, 5 miles east of Corinth. Line of battle was formed 1 mile west of Corinth, with my regiment on the left of the brigade. This line was changed to one three-quarters of a mile in front (west). After this line was formed I was ordered to proceed with my regiment and one section of the First Missouri Light Artillery and reconnoiter the front as far as the old line of breastworks. I moved my command cautiously and gained the position designated without discovering the enemy, placed the battery in favorable position, with my regiment to support it, and dispatched my adjutant to report the result of the reconnaissance. The whole division then advanced, and my command was again on the left of the brigade.

About 1 p. m. a successful charge was made by the enemy on the fortifications defended by the brigade on my left. Our position was flanked, and I was ordered to move my command about one-half mile to the rear, where line of battle was again formed. This line was soon changed to one still farther to the rear, and I was ordered to support the battery. I placed my command in favorable position immediately on the right of the battery and ordered my men to lie down. The enemy's battery was placed directly in front of my command, and a most terrific cannonading ensued. My men held this position firmly and unflinchingly for an hour and a quarter exposed to a murderous fire of shell and canister. Our battery, having exhausted its ammunition, retired, and the rebel infantry advanced in strong force. My men were kept concealed until the enemy advanced to within short range, when I opened fire upon them from my whole line and for a time held them in check. They soon rallied, and I was ordered to take position farther to the rear. The enemy moved on, our whole brigade made a sudden charge, and the enemy were again checked, thrown into some confusion, and repulsed. This gave an opportunity to take a more favorable position, and another line was formed between the white house and Battery Robinett at a point where the two howitzers were posted. This position was held until most of the wounded had passed to the rear

and my ammunition was entirely exhausted, when, by order of General Davis, my command was placed to support a battery on the left of Battery Robinett. Gaining this position, I immediately supplied my men with 40 rounds of ammunition. Night coming on, the battle of the 3rd was ended and I had lost many noble men.

At 10 p.m. I received Colonel Sweeny's order to proceed with my command to a position east of Corinth, and at 1 o'clock the following morning my regiment was moved to a line north of Corinth, when a line of battle was formed fronting west, my position in the brigade being still on the left. At 3:30 o'clock the enemy's artillery commenced shelling the town, and at about 10 o'clock I was ordered to proceed with my command to the front and deploy it as skirmishers. This deployment was made and the two center companies held as a reserve. After advancing a short distance I ascertained that the enemy were crossing the railroad in force to a position on the right. I immediately dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott to General Davies with this information, who at once ordered me to return to my former position. I had but gained it for a short time when the enemy appeared and charged on the battery defended by the brigade on the right of the first. The brigade on my left was attacked at the same time. I opened a vigorous oblique fire on the enemy charging the battery and continued it until General Rosecrans ordered me to cease firing. Soon the brigade on my left fell back. The enemy gaining position on my left flank, I was ordered to retire a short distance. I halted my command about 50 yards in the rear. An advance was soon ordered, and I immediately gained the position just abandoned and the enemy was driven into the woods. They made another attempt, directly in front of my regiment, to charge the battery. My men held their position firmly, checking the enemy, who took refuge from the storm of bullets which was rained upon them in the abatis. The Seventeenth Iowa coming up on my left flank, I advanced rapidly upon the rebel position, when they broke and ran in great confusion. My command had fired the whole of the 40 rounds of cartridges with which it had been supplied in the morning, but was immediately supplied, without leaving the field, by my excellent quartermaster, Lieutenant Forsha, who, regardless of personal safety, was ever ready to supply my command with ammunition even in the heat of battle. I remained in position during the balance of the day and at night bivouaced on the battle-field.

The following morning I received orders to move on the road toward Chewalla in pursuit of the enemy. When about 3½ miles from Corinth I was ordered to report with my command to General Rosecrans. By his order I bivouaced for the night at the college. The day following I was ordered 2 miles south of Corinth, and on the 7th of this month was ordered to this post.

Those in the battle, with few exceptions, stood nobly with their colors, dealing death and destruction to the enemy and only leaving their place when severely wounded or ordered to change position.

I must make special mention of Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott, who with great bravery and coolness cheered and encouraged the men to renewed vigor. Nothing but the most undaunted courage and bitter determination could have been successful for a moment in holding in check the overwhelming numbers that pressed down upon us on the 3rd. Yet with our little band the enemy were twice checked and repulsed.

Before we were ordered to the last line on Friday my ammunition was entirely exhausted.

It is with pleasure I make favorable mention of almost all my officers who were engaged in the two days' battle. Major McMullen did efficient service until he was wounded and disabled on the evening of the 3rd. Capt. Conn, although wounded, remained with his command through both days' battle. Captains Hedges and Mahon, left in camp sick, left their beds and came on the battle-field on Saturday, and did efficient service. Their companies were well commanded Friday by Lieutenants Dillin and Sergent. Lieutenant Gale displayed great gallantry, and was very severely wounded in the battle of the 4th, after which the company was bravely led by Lieutenant Morrison. Captains Irvin and Reineger also performed their duties nobly. I must also mention Lieutenants Hope, Loughridge, Irwin, McCormick, Bennett, and Bess. Captain Smith, who was killed in the last hour of the battle of the 4th, was one of the most promising young officers of the service. He was brave, cool, and deliberate in battle, and very efficient in all his duties. Color Sergt. Aleck Field was wounded in the battle of the 3rd. Afterwards the colors were borne by William Akers, of Company G, who was also wounded. They were then carried by George Craig, of Company B, all the color guard, with the exception of one, being either killed or wounded. Sergeant-Major Cameron, severely wounded, must not escape favorable mention for his bravery and valuable duties upon the field.

While it is a pleasure to record the noble and heroic conduct of so many of the officers and men we mourn the loss of our gallant dead, sympathizing deeply with the unfortunate wounded. More than one-third of those taken into action are wounded or lie dead beneath the battle-field. With this sad record we can send to Iowa the gratifying word that her unfortunate sons fell with their faces to the enemy, battling gloriously for their country's holy cause.

Surgeon Lake (to whom I am indebted for the remarkagle healthy condition of my command) and his assistant labored day and night to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded.

We captured a number of prisoners and one stand of rebel colors.

The death of Brigadier-General Hackleman cast a gloom over all who were under his command. His coolness, bravery, and eminent ability secured for him the entire confidence and esteem of all under his command, and I beg leave to expess for my command the entire confidence they repose in yourself and Brigadier-General Davies.

With sentiments of high regard, colonel, I am, very truly, your obedient servant,

ELLIOTT W. RICE,
Colonel Seventh Iowa Infantry.

Col T. W. SWEENY,
Commanding First Brigade, Second Division.

IN THE RIFLE PIT.

REPORT OF COL. THOMAS W. SWEENY.

Headquarters First Brigade, Second Division,
October 15, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this brigade in the battle of Corinth, on the 3rd and 4th instant, and the subsequent pursuit of the enemy.

In compliance with orders from division headquarters we left Camp Montgomery at daybreak on the 3rd with three days' rations in haversacks, and marched through Corinth to the rebel breastworks, about 2½ miles northwest of the town, where we formed line of battle. General Sullivan's brigade took position on a hill about three-fourths of a mile on our right, and General Oglesby's brigade immediately on our left. I detailed two companies of the Ffty-second Illinois and posted them about 400 yards to the right of the brigade to watch the movements of the enemy in that direction. We formed line of battle when first we went out about 1 mile in rear of the above position. From this point we were ordered by General Davies to send forward one regiment of infantry to support a section of artillery and to feel the enemy. The Seventh Iowa was sent forward as far as the breastworks, which the brigade occupied shortly afterward. This regiment penetrated the swamps on the left of our position and reported no enemy there. About 10 a.m. our skirmishers, who had been thrown out in front of the breastworks, met those of the enemy, and sharp firing continued for a few minutes, when our skirmishers fell back behind the breastworks. The artillery now opened a brisk fire, and in a few minutes the Second Brigade, commanded by General Oglesby, was hotly engaged with the enemy, the latter charging in heavy columns on the breastworks in the face of a well directed fire of artillery and infantry. After a sharp struggle the Second Brigade gave way before overpowering numbers of the enemy, leaving our left flank entirely exposed. The artillery continued pouring grape and cannister into the ranks of the enemy, apparently without effect, though they must have suffered severely. Word was now sent to General Davies of the condition of things in front, who ordered the line to fall back. The Second division fell back about half a mile, the First Brigade retiring in perfect order, when we again formed line of battle in an open field; but the enemy appearing on our left flank, our lines fell back still farther and took up a position in front of the white house, this brigade occupying the extreme right.

The regiments composing the brigade were posted as follows: The Fifty-second Illinois on the right, the Second Iowa on the left of the Fifty-second, and the Seventh Iowa on the left of the Second. The Union Brigade came up at this point from Danville and was posted on

the left of the battery, which was in position on the left of the Seventh Iowa.

About 2 p. m. a sharp artillery duel commenced between our battery and that of the enemy, which was posted about 600 yards in front of our line near the white house, which was subsequently converted into a temporary hospital. While this was going on I suggested to General Hackleman the necessity of taking some measures to protect our right flank, there being none of our troops in that direction as far as I could see, and the enemy's columns could be plainly seen moving that way. With his permission I placed the Fifty-second Illinois in position across the railroad about 200 yards on our right. The enemy's skirmishers were seen in the woods at this point, but after exchanging a few shots with us they hastily withdrew. After a careful reconnaisance I was convinced that the rebels gave up the idea of attacking us at this point, and moved the regiment back to its original position on the right of the brigade. It had hardly been placed in line when the enemy burst from the woods in front in magnificent style in columns by divisions, and moved swiftly across the open field until within point-blank range, when they deployed into line and opened a tremendous fire, moving steadily to the front all the time. Our men, who had been ordered to lie down, now rose and poured in their fire with such deadly effect that the foe, after a short but sanguinary struggle, reeled, broke, and fled in dismay. Again they advanced, but were forced back at the point of the bayonet with great slaughter, our men driving them across the open field and into the woods.

It was in this charge that brave Col. Baker fell mortally wounded. His last words. "I die content; I have seen my regiment victoriously charging the enemy," were worthy of him. The enemy now receiving heavy re-enforcements, the fighting between him and the Fifty-second Illinois and Second and Seventh Iowa became desperately fierce, the right of the Union Brigade having given way at the very beginning of the engagement. Just at this juncture part of Mower's brigade moved up to our support, but before they could be deployed into line they become panic-stricken and broke in confusion.

It was while endeavoring to rally these men that Generals Hackleman and Oglesby were wounded. The former received his death-wound while thus rallying troops to sustain his own gallant brigade. His last words were, "I am dying, but I die for my country. If we are victorious, send my remains home; if not, bury me on the field." No nobler sentiment was ever uttered by soldier or patriot. After he fell the command of the brigade devolved upon me, and the fight continued with unabated fury until our ammunition was almost expended; but by this time the enemy had almost disappeared from our front, although it was evident he was massing his troops on our left, for the purpose of

turning our flank. About this time a regiment of Colonel Mower's brigade relieved the Fifty-second Illinois, which was out of ammunition, and an order being received from General Davies a few minutes after to fall back, we retired in good order and took positions on the right of Fort Robinett. It was now 5 p. m., and a fresh supply of ammunition was here distributed to the troops.

Our loss in this fight was heavy, but that of the enemy must have been terrible. The fire was so hot and well sustained by the men that several officers of the Fifty-second Illinois told me that the gun-barrels were so heated the men could scarcely hold them, and the charges actually exploded while being loaded, and wanted to know what they would do. I told them to continue the fire, if necessary, until the guns burst. About 10 p. m. I received an order to move my brigade to the rear of General Ord's old headquarters and form line of battle facing to the north. From this place I was ordered about 2:30 o'clock on the morning of the 4th to take position on the Purdy road, in the suburbs of the town, to the north, the right of my brigade resting on the redan occupied by Lieutenant Green, of the First Missouri Artillery, with four guns. Two more were placed in the interval between the Fifty-second Illinois and Second Iowa. Here the brigade stacked arms in line of battle and bivouaced till daybreak.

From early dawn until 8 a. m. a brisk fire was kept up between our batteries and those of the enemy until the latter were silenced or captured. About this time I received orders to send out a regiment from my brigade to the support of Colonel Burke's sharpshooters, who were then sharply engaged with the enemy in the woods to the right and front of my position. The Seventh Iowa was detached for this purpose, but had scarcely been deployed when it was recalled. I also ordered in two companies, sent out the night before to guard the Purdy road on our right. An ominous silence took place for a few moments, when a sharp rattling of musketry was heard, accompanied by heavy volleys, and the enemy's columns burst through the woods in front and to the right, driving the sharpshooters before them and following close upon their heels. Colonel Burke's regiment fought like heroes and disputed every inch of ground as they fell back on my position. I cautioned my men, who were lying on the ground, to reserve their fire until the enemy got within point-blank range, and then fire low and keep perfectly cool. It was a terribly beautiful sight to see the enemy's columns advance, in despite of a perfect storm of grape and cannister, shell and rifle ball; still on they marched and fired, though their ranks were perceptibly thinned at every step. The brigade stood firm as a rock, and the men loaded and fired with the coolness and precision of veterans, when all of a sudden the troops on the right of the redan (a brigade of Hamilton's division) gave way and broke. The Fist Missouri

Artillery, in the redan, and the two pieces on the left of the Fifty-second, limbered up and galloped off in wild confusion through our reserves, killing several of our men and scattering the rest. My line remained still unbroken, pouring deadly volleys into the enemy's ranks, who, taking advantage of the panic on the right, moved their columns obliquely in that direction and charged up the redan. Unfortunately the officer in command of the Fifty-second Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcox, instead of meeting the enemy boldly, ordered the regiment to fall back without authority, and before I could halt it the regiment broke. The Union Brigade gave way simultaneously with the Fifty-second, but portions of the Second and Seventh Iowa still held their ground and kept the enemy in check until the rest of my brigade was rallied, when I ordered the colors of the Second and Seventh Iowa to fall back and form their regiments on the side hill, out of range of the enemy's fire, which they did almost immediately. I now ordered the line to charge on the enemy, who had by this time gained the crest of the hill in our front. With a shout that was heard through our whole lines the men of the First Brigade rushed upon the enemy. Those who had given way a short time before, being evidently ashamed of the momentary panic that had seized them, seemed determined to wipe out the stain upon their courage by their reckless daring. The foe, reluctant to abandon the advantage he had gained, fought stubbornly for a while, but was finally compelled to give way, retreating in great confusion through the swamps and abatis to the woods, hotly pursued by our men. Here I stopped the pursuit until the batteries on the hill to our left and rear should cease firing, as they shelled the ground directly in front of us. I sent an order to that effect to the officer in command of the battery, and the firing ceased in a short time. I detailed some men of my brigade to work one of the recaptured guns, there being no artillerymen present, and "General Lyon" (the name of gun) did good execution on the flying enemy.

In this charge we retook the redan and the guns that were abandoned by the artillery, 126 prisoners, and 4 stands of colors. Among the prisoners were 3 colonels, 4 captains, and 3 lieutenants. Thus ended the battle of the 4th.

On Friday morning the brigade left Camp Montgomery with 77 commissioned officers and 1,021 enlisted men. The Union Brigade joined it that afternoon with 15 commissioned officers and 326 men, making a total of 92 commissioned officers and 1,347 men.

On Saturday night we bivouaced on the field, so warmly contested that day, with a loss of 31 commissioned officers and 386 enlisted men, thus showing a loss of one-third of the brigade during the two days' conflict of the 3rd and 4th.

On Sunday morning we commenced the pursuit of the enemy, and proceeded by the Chewalla road as far as Ruckersville, from which place we were ordered back, and arrived at Camp Montgomery on the 12th, much fatigued, but in good spirits.

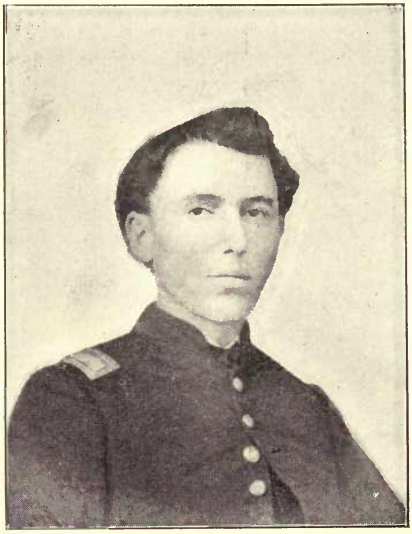
On the 5th instant the Second and Seventh Iowa were detached from my brigade and ordered back to Corinth to report to General Rosecrans.

On the 6th I was detached, with a regiment of infantry (the Fifty-second Illinois) and a section of artillery, to guard the passage of the river at Young's Bridge, on the Tuscumbia. While making the necessary preparations for that purpose I received information from skirmishers which I had thrown across the river that mounted pickets were seen in the woods about half a mile in front. I gave orders to advance cautiously and find out who they were. In a short time a prisoner was brought in, who informed me that he belonged to a Kansas regiment of cavalry, two companies of which were thrown out as scouts to watch the ford I was guarding, and that they belonged to Colonel Lee's command, which was at Bone Yard, 9 miles distant. I sent across the river for the officers of this detachment and they confirmed the statement of the prisoner. A little before this I received a note from General Davies, informing me that the enemy were completely routed and dispersed in the woods and to join my command immediately. This news I communicated to Captain Houston, of the Kansas Scouts, and requested him to inform Colonel Lee of it, that he might take the necessary steps to intercept and cut off the flying enemy.

Before closing this report I gladly bear witness to the heroic conduct of officers and men of this brigade, who so nobly fought, bled, and died to sustain the honor of that glorious flag under whose folds they had so often marched to victory. Particularly do I regret the loss of the heroic General Hackleman, the gallant Colonel Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel Mills (Second Iowa), and the chivalric Lieutenant Brainard, Fifty-second Illinois. I also acknowledge the valuable services rendered me by Captains Randall and Lovell, assistant adjutant-generals, and Lieutenant Everts, aide-de-camp, on Saturday, the 4th.

Dr. E. Winchester, surgeon of the Fifty-second Illinois, deserves great credit for his indefatigable exertions during the battle in alleviating the suffering of the wounded. While in charge of the principal hospital at the Corinth House, during the shelling of the town by the enemy, on the morning of the 4th, he removed nearly 100 patients from there to a place of safety with no other assistance than that rendered him by Dr. Rohr, of the Fifty-second Illinois, and some of the proprietors of the Corinth House.

My orderlies also did me good service on the 4th, particularly John Colley and Michael F. Mee, of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, the latter being



J. B. MORRISON, LIEUT. CO. "D," 7TH IOWA.
Aide-de-camp 1st Brig., 2d Div., 16th A. C.

severely wounded in the head and the former having two balls pass through his clothes—one through his hat and the other through the leg of his pants—while in the performance of their duty.

Lieutenant Maxwell, of the Union Brigade, seeing the colors of his regiment in the hands of a rebel, gallantly rushed into the ranks of the enemy, rescued the colors, and brought them back in triumph to his regiment.

Private Murray, of Company E, Fifty-second Illinois, when the regiment fell back from the redan, refused to retire, saying "it was Colonel Sweeny's orders to hold the fort to the last." He was ordered by a rebel captain to surrender, and upon his refusing to do so was fired at and wounded in the hand by the captain's revolver; whereupon Murray shot him dead. He was then attacked by a private, whom he also dispatched. He brought off the captain's revolver as a trophy of his bravery. By this time our troops rallied, came to his rescue, and drove the rebels out of the redan.

Captain Wilcox, of the Fifty-second Illinois, was taken sick on the morning of the 3rd, and in consequence did not participate in the engagements of either the 3rd or 4th. As for myself, the only injury I sustained was having my horse shot under me. A spent ball struck me on the right leg, but did no harm.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. SWEENY.

Comdg. First Brig., Second Div., Army of West Tennessee.

On the 7th of October we went to Rienza where we did outpost duty for a short time, thence to Boneyard, Miss., 10 miles from Corinth, where we established camp continuing outpost and vidette duty. The weather was cold and disagreeable, being wet, with snow, something unusual in Mississippi. The duty here was arduous; men being required to do picket duty every other night, with many sick and exhausted from the late strenuous battle and marching. While here our rations were short, necessitating more or less foraging from the country to appease hunger. Nicholas Hoit and four men of Co. "C," were surprised and taken prisoners by rebel cavalry while out on an expedition after food. They were taken to Holly Springs, thence to Jackson, and with twelve others taken to Vicksburg, Miss.; it was ordered that four of the party should be retained as hostages and were required to draw lots to see who should be the unfortunate four; Hoit was one of the number and they were put in close confinement in the jail, until a few days before the surrender of Vicksburg, when they were relieved as hostages and allowed the privilege of the jail yard

as ordinary prisoners of war. Just before the surrender all prisoners there were paroled and sent to St. Louis.

On the 30th of October, 1862, Brigadier General G. M. Dodge succeeded General Davies in the command of the Division; subsequently he was promoted to Major General and given command of the left wing of the 16th Army Corps, which he retained until the 18th of August, 1864, when he was serverely wounded in a rifle pit before and at the siege of Atlanta, when he resigned on account of his severe wound. During all this time we were under his immediate command.

It was not until the winter of 1862 that the army in the west was organized into army corps, when the 13th Corps was made up of troops under Grant's army and he was put in command of the same, with General Sherman commanding the right wing of that corps. Our Division was in that Corps under General Grant.

We remained at Boneyard, Miss., doing outpost duty during the winter of 1862 and '63. It was a desolate, uninteresting hamlet with a post office and one store, our supplies had to be hauled through the woods and swamps by team, and our mail by mounted couriers who had to run the gauntlet of guerillas who infested the country. Heavy details also had to be sent with the teams to guard them when hauling the supplies from Corinth twelve miles distant.

In the spring we broke camp and marched to Bethel, Tenn., on the Mobile and Ohio R. R. Headquarters of the regiment were established at Bethel, with some of the companies scattered along the railroad to guard bridges and patrol the road. Captain Reiniger of company "B,"was appointed Provost Marshal, and Co."B"was sent to Farr's Mills. We relieved an Illinois regiment who had been there through the winter. They had built log huts at each post, with stockades for protection in case of attack by superior forces. As we had left our tents at Corinth it was very convenient for us to move into the comfortable quarters vacated by these regiments. As we had nothing to do but patrol the road once a day and guard the bridges, to keep the rebel cavalry or disloyal citizens from burning bridges and destroying our communication, we had the most comfortable and easiest time of our whole service.

We found some of the citizens of the country very loyal and congenial. During our stay there a regiment of cavalry was raised at Purdy, the county seat, which was only six miles distant. As we felt that we were in a country with some loyal friends, and the regiment was so scattered that dress parade, drill and inspection were not required and duty light, for diversion all hands threw aside restraint and set out to have a good time after the rigorous service we had passed through.

Company "B" built a log building 20x40 for a ball room, took up part of the floor of Farr's mill and relaid it in our company hall to dance on. The roof was covered with shakes rove by hand out of the adjoining timber, where all material except floor was obtained; all being constructed by the work and ingenuity of the men. When completed it was quite a creditable building, if it was somewhat crude. The hall was opened by a grand ball given by company "B," to which all the regimental officers and some others were invited. As it was to be a swell affair, great preparations were made for the banquet and opening. Billy Mason was chosen floor manager, Lieut. Folsom fiddler, with the orderly sergeant as first asssistant. Dave Andrews was put in charge of the cuisine and menu, with nigger George as cook. Dave secured some dried apples somewhere and real butter from the country;so that with coffee and our army rations we had a great feast. We had slumgullion, desicated potatoes, boiled ham, fried bacon, soft bread, hard tack, coffee with brown sugar and condensed milk, pie and apple pie, butter on two plates, and apple sauce all over the table; with commisary cigars for the men and snuff for the ladies to chew, and gum for those who did not dip.

The banquet and ball were held in the afternoon, as the mama's objected to have the girls go to camp after dark. There were no spring vehicles in the country—everybody in that country goes horseback. As we had nothing but heavy wagons, we borrowed the army mules of the wagon master to convey the ladies in from the country. The writer succeeded in getting two mules to convey two girls he had engaged; one rode behind him, the other riding the off mule by his side with an army blanket for a saddle.

After the feast the tables were carried out and the floor cleared for the dance. Billy Mason, the manager, had got hold of a paper collar somewhere, put bacon grease on his hair, blacked his shoes, so that with his important position, suave manners and general good looks, he rather put the rest of the company in the shade and was the favored of the ladies and the envy of the rest of the boys. Col. Parrott with Katy —,the belle of the balliwick,led the grand march,with Adjutant Bowler and other officers in dress suits. Lieut. Folsom agitated the feline intestines on the fiddle that brought out the patriotic goose pimples all over us, and with feelings of pride, the festivities went off with eclat and ES-Spirit-DE CORPS, or something of that kind—at any rate it went off. The program consisted mostly of Virginia Reel, Money Musk, cotillions and other flat dances as the people in that country did not know much about the round dances. After a while Billy Mason, the floor manager, thought he would like to change to a round dance. The leader of the orchestra was asked to play a waltz and Billy started to show them how to do

it. I was sitting next to Bily's girl, she was an ancient dame of gothic style of architecture, with stained amber teeth, made so by snuff dipping which many of the ladies of the south were addicted to, when he came up to her in his most gallant and persuasive manner and asked her to waltz with him. She declined, giving as a reason that "It made her puke." That settled it, the round dances were given up. I told some of the boys of her answer, and ever afterwards the by-word to Billy was, "Oh, go off, you make me puke." He threatened to murder me for it, but never did.

Dan. Shannon, of company "B," married a girl residing near there, built a cabin in the camp, lived with her while we staid and after the war brought her to Iowa and lived with her until he died.

On the 7th of June, 1863, companies of the regiment were got together for the first time since early spring, broke camp and marched to Corinth, where we arrived on the next day and re-united with the brigade; which now consisted of the 2nd and 7th Iowa, the 52nd Ills., and 66th Indiana.

We established camp inside the heavy fortifications of the town; as all indications pointed to wintering there, we proceeded to erect permanent quarters, when not engaged in drilling, picket duty, or target practice. Most of the men being handy with tools and with-al ingenious, some being mechanics, frame buildings were erected instead of tents, material being had from the adjoining woods and abandoned houses in the town. The regimental teams were sent to the timber, with details of men with axes, under guard, where timbers were cut and hewed for frames and logs got out, of which shingles and siding were rove by hand with crude tools made by the regimental blacksmiths. The regimental streets were laid out systematically and the houses built somewhat uniformly, giving them a neat and comfortable appearance. They were nicely cleaned and policed each day, making them healthy and homelike; but we had no sooner got nicely settled in them when we were ordered away and they had to be abandoned. While in charge of the details getting material for the buildings outside the picket line, Levi Bean, wagon master of our regiment, was ambushed and killed by the guerillas who hovered in the woods in that vicinity. They also captured prisoners and wounded others of the different commands encamped at Corinth and the outposts. Aside from losses in this manner, the troops enjoyed the best health during their service, as generally the rations were good, we got a lot of fruit and vegetables from the country, and we had time and were required to attend to the sanitary conditions of our camps.

During our stay here we shot for desertion two members of the First Alabama cavalry (Union). The regiment was raised in that vicinity. The victims were tried by court martial and found guilty; they

DRUM CORPS WHEN MUSTERED OUT.

were aggrevated cases in that they had deserted the second time and gave information to the enemy. They were captured, taken in Confederate uniform fighting our cavalry; the evidence showing that they evidently enlisted for the purpose of acting as spies and giving information to our enemies. They were taken out on the common, seated on rough coffins, blind-folded and tied; the troops being paraded in three sides of a hollow square, when a double file of soldiers were told off, who were given muskets loaded by others. Two guns in the detail were loaded with blank cartridges, so that no one of the firing squad knew for a certain who shot them. They fired in a volley at short range. They fell over backwards off their coffins with scarcely a struggle, when the troops were marched by to show them a frightful example of the penalty of desertion.

A SKIT FROM THE DRUM CORPS.

The following hazardous trip by Dunham and Akers of the drum corps, was made surreptitiousaly and without leave by the adventurous youths, and is not for the reading of the girls they left behind in Iowa. John forgot to mention that the missive that was sent them, that decided them to make he trip, wound up with the following original, fetching pome.

"Tis hard for youens to sleep in camp;
Tis hard for youens to fight;
Tis hard for youens through snow to tramp;
In snow to sleep at night;
But harder for weans from youens to part,
Since youens have stolen weans heart."

H. I. SMITH,

Dear Comrade: I have no particular pride in having been a party to the escapade which, at your request, I will try to relate, but inasmuch as we are all disposed in these years of the "sear and yellow leaf," to draw the veil of charity over the faults and failings of our comrades; and inasmuch as every one concerned at the time—including dear old Col. Parrott, Captain Hedges, and Mr. Nelson himself, so generously condoned, an offense which under other circumstances and in other hands, might have been severely punished, I will make a clean breast of the whole matter and throw myself and my comrade upon the mercy of the court.

During our long and pleasant stay at Bethel, Tenn., several of our comrades, including Jas. Dunham, whom I am sure all will remember as one of our leading drummers, and myself, made the acquaintance of some very nice and attractive young ladies living midway

between Bethel and Purdy, Tenn. Most of us were members of a string band, and on numerous occasions, after evening had thrown her sable mantle over the camp and the lights were out, we made our way through the devious and uncertain windings of that path through the swamp, to spend a few hours in making mirth and rather poor music.

On taking our departure for Corinth, Miss., it was with many protestations of undying affection and fidelity, and with solemn promise to return, should fortune favor our deep laid plans—and kind providence spare us life and limb.

On the night of July 3rd, 1863—can it be that that was forty years ago—Dunham and myself decided to make the perilous ride. The distance from Corinth to Purdy was about thirty miles, and the intervening country, having been given over to the enemy, was lousy with loose "Johnny Rebs," and marauding bands of all descriptions.

Dunham had previously made the journey alone, and being an adept at this particular line—the "preparation for de arrangements," as the sable lass at Pulaski said to Jim McIntire, was left entirely to him. He was to get the countersign and a pair of horses, and to be at a designated and secluded spot where I was to, and did, meet him. I was surprised to find that he had Mr. Nelson's, the sutler, mules. But it was too late, and the pulse of love's young dream," was beating too high to draw back then, and so the rabbits were headed toward Purdy and "turned loose." Halted by the pickets "Jim" dismounted and gave the countersign and we were off, as I well remember, with a strange admixture of feelings, between those wide extremes of "Who's afraid," and "I wish I hadn't."

The weird forms and shadowy phantoms that peopled those woods, and the awful silence, broken only by the bay of hounds or the hoot of the owls, will never be forgotten. We had passed the last line of breast works and were fully ten miles from Corinth when a trifling accident occurred to break the monotony of that silent ride.

At the foot of a sharp and rocky decline, down which we had walked the mules, we came upon a carriage or top buggy standing in the middle of the road. The owner had no doubt heard us coming and hurriedly unhitching his horse, had concealed himself in the bushes. His little dog had remained under the buggy, and as I rode round the vehicle he too sought the cover and safety of the bushes and was stepped on by the mule. Of all the unearthly ki-yi-ing that he set up no mortal ever heard. We had pressing business on ahead and so did not stop to play the "Good Samaritan" or to ask or make explanations. I should say that we were unarmed, and realized the folly of lingering to make a fine target for those whom we could not see.

Nothing further occurred, worthy of mention, until we were within ten miles of Purdy—at which point we came upon three horses

tied to the fence just beside the road. Their backs were still wet from the saddle blanket, and we quickly divined that their owners were asleep just over the fence. There was one very large roan horse, a small bay and a black horse. We met these horses again as the sequel will show. Fearing that we might be followed we left the road for a time and waited for developments. Being satisfied at length that the party were as 'fraid of us as we were of them, we returned to the road and pushed on toward Purdy.

Jim led the way to a thick grove of young hickories, in the center of which we dismounted and slept until daylight. Resuming our journey we soon arrived at the home of some young lady acquaintances who were cousins to the girls we were going to see. The household was already stirring and we sat on our mules in the chip yard and chatted and joked a few minutes, and then galloped away to cover the half mile that still separated us from our friends. This family never seemed to be really friendly, but we always attributed that to the fact that we preferred the society of their cousins. We were received with boundless welcome and a bountiful breakfast.

The old gentleman seemed restless and uneasy. Finally he took our mules out of the stable and put them into the stone basement of the barn—which was quite dark—and locked them in. Then he said to us, "Now I want you folks to go into the parlor (?) and draw the blinds, and remain there." You may imagine how such a cruel and heartless edict as that, was received—by Dunham. Well, there we staid until dinner, after which we bantered the girls to go to the woods for blackberries. This looked braver and suited us much better than the stuffy little room.

Returning for tea we lingered fondly—reluctant to say what we knew would probably be the last good-bye. But our leave-taking over we were at length on the homeward journey with many little incidents to chat about. Halting for a few minutes at the "cousins" we laughed and joked with them and with their parting injunction to "Look out for 'gorrillas,' " we gave them a sample of the speed of the rabbits, and were soon out of sight. Midway between this house and Purdy we were making good time over a nice level stretch of road, with low hazel brush on our left, when a man sprang up some thirty or forty feet to the front and left of us and commanded, "halt." But being under fair headway already the mules responded to the spurs, and slipped away like greased lightning, while "bang"—"bang"—saluted our ears from the double-barreled shot gun in the hands of the daddy of the "Cousins." At least this is the way we figured it out. We did not see him in the evening and the entire family behaved peculiarly. He wanted the mules, but was too much of a coward to

stand in the road, and take them, as he might have done, after disposing of us.

To pass through the streets of Purdy in the early evening was a rather ticklish piece of business; but there was no way of avoiding it. We entered the main street and rode leisurly through two lines of men in their shirt sleeves sitting on porches in front of the stores, shops and dwellings that lined the street on either side. When we had reached the suburbs, we quickened our pace and were soon two or three miles out of town, when "Jim" made an important discovery. We were on the wrong road, and there was nothing to do but to return to an inter-section of streets in the very center of the town. This we did as quietly as possible, and making sure that we were right this time, we showed Purdy a lot of clean heels, until we were beyond danger from that source.

The night wore away without incident, until we were within about ten miles of Corinth. Our comrades will remember that rocky hill, with precepitous sides, covered ith logs, rock, and brush, I think it was called the "hog back."

We were passing along this narrow road, at a lively pace, our mules making a good deal of clatter over the stones, when I remarked to Dunham that I saw something ahead. "So do I" said "Jim", what is that? "I don't know" I replied; "but come on, we must go through it whatever it is." I really thought it was horses or cattle bunched in the road. We put the mules down to their level best, and I am sure we created the impression that a cavalry regiment was coming in full charge. We were within forty yards of the obstruction, when suddenly tongues of fire leaped from a half dozen muskets and lit up the whole situation, dissolving the mystery in short order and filling the astounded woods with what seemed nothing less than billows of thunder. "The obstruction" was a party of men, half a dozen I should say, who were picking up negroes, for some purpose, probably to work on southern fortifications.

We were surprised to meet again the same three horses, which we had seen tied to the fence near Purdy the night before, and on each of these horses they had securely tied two strapping negroes, who were so frightened that they looked pale by moonlight. On hearing us approach, they had arranged their horses, "quartering" across the road and had concealed themselves as best they could behind their fore quarters and legs, and stooping so as to get their guns under the necks of the horses, they let drive at us, and, of course, overshot us. They evidently thought that Napoleon's "Old Guard" was in full charge, for seeing that their fire had not arrested our speed,they scattered like partridges into the brush, while our mules dashed into and slipped through their barricade of horses and negroes. They must have felt cheap, to

find that we were but two "yanks," for we gave them the "horse laugh" and plenty of "sass" as far as we could make them hear. This too lengthy story is about ended. We had settled down to the serious question of getting through the lines, disposing of our mules, and slipping into our quarters. As we turned into the inclosure formed by the short apron in front of and protecting the opening in the works, four men simultaneously rose up out of the earth, as it seemed to us, and we received the order to halt. We were trapped and so we halted. J. R. Nelson, for he was one of the four men approached me, and asked "Is that you Akers"? I replied "Yes, its all that's left of me." "Well" he continued, "I did not expect to find you here"—I retorted quickly, "I did not expect you would either." After an awkward moment of silence, he directed the others to bring Dunham, and said "Akers you come with me." As we rode silently for a few minutes, I said, "Well Mr. Nelson, I suppose you intend to make me all the trouble you can for this business." "When I found my mules were gone" he remarked, "of course I was very angry, and I said I'd give the boys who had taken them, the full benefit of the law, if I ever got hold of them" A moment more of silence—"But now that I know you did it without any real malicious or criminal intent, and seeing that you have returned the mules, I feel differently and so far as I am concerned the matter shall be dropped. "Of course," he continued, "I promptly reported the matter to Colonel Parrott and he will no doubt feel compelled to take some notice of it; but I shall use my influence to have your punishment made as light as possible."

I remember how in my embarrassment and gratitude, I tried to thank him for such kind and generous treatment. He talked to me like a father to his returning "prodigal" and simply said at last, "Give me the mule and go to your quarters."

In the moring Col. Parrott sent for me, and I got another good, kind, scolding—without one word that hurt. I remained two weeks in my quarters under arrest, at the end of which the Colonel sent for me again. I found my captain—Capt. Christian Hedges—with the Colonel, and after giving me a seat Col. Parrott said, "Captain, what do you think we ought to do with John for that foolhardy trip to Purdy?" The Captain replied, "I think I should take a months pay from him." And that was the upshot and the end of it.

J. W. AKERS.

On the eighteenth of August we embarked on box cars with camp and garrison equipage, horses and artillery loaded inside and troops on top, headed for Memphis. When near La Grange, our train was stopped by the explosion of bombs and torpedoes under the track; placed there

by guerillas The regiment hastily unloaded, a skirmish line formed on each side of the train, and an examination made to see the cause of the trouble. Then it was discovered that 32 pound percussion shells had been buried between the ties under the rails, in which had been fixed gun tubes with percussion caps that just reached up to the under side of the rails, so that when the train passed over it settled the track enough to explode the caps, which ignited the loaded bombs, exploding them. They did but little damage but cause delay. We expected to be attacked during the delay but were not. We debarked at Moscow, Tenn., and camped, where we did some scouting and raiding over the country, trying to run down Forrest's cavalry, but never got a shot at them. On the 17th of September we debarked again on cars for La Grange, where we remained several weeks guarding the railroad and doing some scouting and making expeditions into the interior on wild goose chases after rebel cavalry, which did no good only to keep up our muscle.

While in camp at La Grange, General Sherman came through on the train, with an escort of a battalion of his own regiment, the 13th regulars. When near Moscow, a post guarded by the 66th Indiana of our brigade, his train was attacked by a large force of the enemy's cavalry and driven into the defences at Moscow, where they had a spirited skirmish and nearly succeeded in capturing him and his little command there. Word was sent to us for assistance, when we hastily went twelve miles distant, but the enemy had decamped before we got there without accomplishing their object.

During our service at La Grange, we made expeditions into the interior, scouting and trying to run down and capture Forrest's and Wheeler's cavalry, but they always eluded us. While absent on a forced march of this kind, out in the vicinity of Holly Springs, the regiment held an election for state officers, as the Iowa troops were allowed to do. The writer was clerk of election for the regiment. We were on a forced march, and could only vote as we marched, or stopped to rest beside the road. A ballot box was improvised out of a wooden candle box with a slit in the top, and carried under the arm of the clerk and judges by turn, and votes gathered and registered on the march or by the roadside. I have forgotten how the vote stood, but at the Presidental election in 1864, where the issue was between Lincoln and McClellan, our regiment only gave the democratic ticket three votes, giving the Republican ticket 338. The vote of the Second Iowa, in the same brigade, was 71 for McClellan and 296 for Lincoln. The third and Eighteenth regiments did not cast a democratic vote. The 40th cast 194 democratic votes, and the 6th cavalry cast 176, nearly half of their entire vote.

On the fifth of November we struck camp, turned over our tents and surplus baggage to the post quartermaster, and started on the

march overland to Pulaski, Tenn. The troops going on the expedition consisting of the 2nd and 4th Divisions of the 16th army corps,comprising the left wing of the 16th army corps, under command of Maj.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, of Iowa. We spent a hard night on the 7th inst., crossing the Tennessee river at Eastport and starting before daylight on the march. On the eighth we broke camp again before day and put in a hard days march as rear guard, the rivers and creeks being swollen and difficult to cross and did not get into camp until midnight. On the 9th we marched hard all day, crossing Shoal river, arriving at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 13th of Nov., 1863, where we established camp near the city. General Dodge's headquarters being established at Athens. Colonel James B. Weaver, of the 2nd Iowa, was put in command of the post at Pulaski.

During the time we were at Pulaski most of the regiments reenlisted for a second term. We staid there until after the holidays, and in the meantime spent our time in expeditions and raids over the country and guarding supply trains back and forth over the Granny White Pike from our base, the terminus at Columbia, forty miles away, to Chattanooga, the front. In our raids and expeditions we captured many of the rebels in that vicinity, some of whom were home on furlough or without leave. Among those captured were several spies, some of whom escaped, others tried by court martial and punished; among whom was one Sam Davis, whom we hung. Papers, maps, &c., were found on his person, pegged in his shoes and upholstered in his saddle bags, outlining our defences at Nashville and other places, together with number and disposition of our troops, which made the evidence conclusive as to his guilt. In 1896 a monument was erected to his memory, a clipping from the Confederate Magazine gives an interesting detailed sketch of him and his career.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

I see some of the papers are devoting considerable space relating to heroic deeds done on both sides in the late war. But here's one by a twenty-year old boy that I do not think has its equal in the annals of any war—at least I have never been able to find anything similar to it. There are thousands of examples of men who have died fearlessly in battle, under the excitement of the contest, and numerous examples of soldiers who have been executed rather than betray their country or its cause, as was the case of the martyr, Nathan Hale, in our war with Great Britain. But I cannot find where anyone died

rather than break his word to the enemy, as did Sam Davis, the hero of this short sketch.

In November, 1863, when General Bragg was at Missionary Ridge, he wished to secure correct information concerning the movements of the Federal army in Middle Tennessee, and to find out if it was moving from Nashville to Corinth to re-inforce Chattanooga. The duty was a most hazardous one and four or five scouts were selected for the purpose; but before going were told that the chances were small for any of them getting back alive. The men selected were Joshua Brown, now a physician in New York City, W. J. Moore, now a successful farmer and horseman, Columbia, Tenn., and Capt. E. Coleman, commanding Coleman's scouts. Each went a different route, but Coleman alone got through, Brown, Moore and Davis being captured, the latter hanged and Moore escaping from the guards before being condemned to death. Of these Davis had obtained the most important information. He had counted every regiment and all the artillery in the Sixteenth Corps, found out they were moving on Chattanooga, and had in his saddle seat full and complete maps of the fortifications at Nashville and other points and an exact report of the Federal army in Tennessee. Mounted on a superb horse he was recklessly brave, and exposed himself unnecessarily several times. He remained over three days after he left, to see his sweet-heart, and when chased from near her home by Federal cavalry the night before he was captured, he ran away from them in the dark. Then turning, he ran back on them again, and, to demonstrate the superiority of his mount, he slapped their horses in the face with his cap as he ran by. He was captured in a thicket while resting the next day, by the Seventh Kansas Cavalry.

Gen. G. M. Dodge, the general in command at Pulaski, near which Davis was captured, found the papers in the saddle seat to have been taken from his own table, and correctly surmised that some one very close to him had proved traitorous. A court-martial consisting of Col. Madison Miller 18th Missouri infantry, Col. Thos. W. Gaines, 50th Missouri infantry, and Major Lathrop, 39th Iowa infantry, condemned Davis to be hanged, but Gen. Dodge, who pitied his youth and admired his manliness, and who was very anxious to find out the traitor in his own camp, offered Davis his freedom if he would tell the name of the party who gave him the papers. This Davis with great firmness and dignity, refused to do. Gen. Dodge says: "I took him in my private office and told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy, and from what I found upon his person, he had accurate information in regard to my army and I must know how he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he said nothing, but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner:

"Gen. Dodge, I know the danger of my situation and I am willing to take the consequences."

"I asked him then to give me the name of the person who gave him the information, that I knew it must be some one near headquarters, or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and I repeated that I must know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me, but he firmly declined to do so. I told him I would have to call a court martial and have him tried for his life, and from the proofs we had they would be compelled to convict him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. He replied: "I know I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got my information and there is no power on earth can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die I do so feeling I am doing my duty to God and my country." I pleaded with him and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered he was a most admirable young fellow, of the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: "It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to tell it. I would rather die than break my word. You can court martial me or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust imposed on me." He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court martial to try him."

The day before he was executed Davis wrote the folowing letter to his mother:

Pulaski, Giles Co., Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.

Dear Mother: Oh, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die tomorrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-bye forever. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all. Your son,

SAMUEL DAVIS.

Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me; it will do no good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel-keeper, for you. S. D.

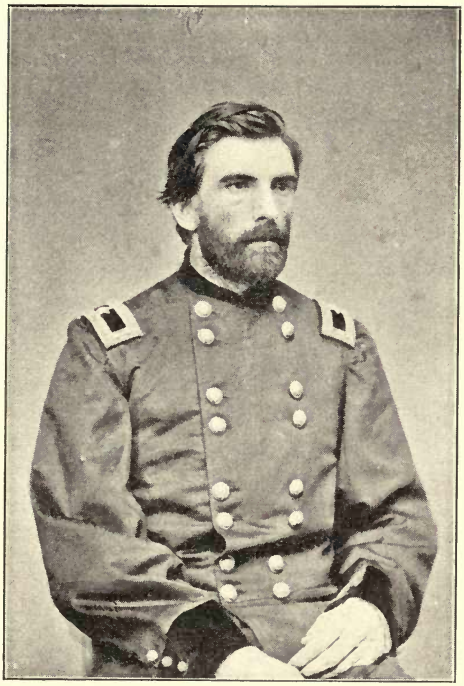
Gen. Dodge became more anxious to save him and sent a lady in Pulaski, an old friend of his mother, to the prisoner to beg him to give the information and save his life. She says that Davis wept and told her he would rather die than break his word, even to an enemy.

She made two other attempts to persuade him, but without avail.

On Friday, November 27, Davis was handcuffed, placed in his coffin and driven in a wagon out to the suburbs of Pulaski, where a rope had been arranged for the execution. Gen. Dodge, who was a most kind-hearted gentleman, hoped he would weaken at the last moment, and tell him the name of the traitor in his camp, and after the rope was adjusted he begged Davis to tell him the name of the person who gave him the papers and promised then to liberate him, give him his horse, his side arms and a safe escort back to the Confederate lines. Davis thanked him and said: "If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer." He then gave the provost marshal some keepsakes for his mother and turned and said: "I am ready. Do your duty, men."

No wonder the people of the south are erecting a monument to Sam Davis. Nearly two thousand dollars has been subscribed, some of it from Gen. Dodge, his staff and officers. Capt. H. I. Smith, of Mason City, Ia., in sending his contribution recently, wrote:

"It was a heart-rending, sickening sight to me, and every heart went out to him in sympathy and sorrow, to see him sacrificed for an act of duty, that he was ordered to perform as a soldier, and which was not a crime. The stern necessities of grim war seemed to demand that an example should be made of some one and fate decreed that it should be Samuel Davis. I don't know of a more noble specimen of manhood that could have been chosen as a martyr for the sacrifice. I had nothing to do with his capture or trial, being then only a non-commissioned officer of one of the regiments in Gen. Sweeney's division in camp at Pulaski. I was close enough to see his features and countenance when he was executed. He was young and seemed to be possessed of superior intelligence and manliness, and when it was understood that he was offered life and liberty if he would divulge the name of the party who furnished the information in his possession when captured, and would not betray the sacred trust, none of us could help but admire his trustworthiness and nobleness of character. It was a fearful test to be put to; a young man with life and a bright future before him, but he proved equal to it. I think he is worthy of a monument to forever perpetuate his memory, as a noble specimen of valor as an American soldier. I saw many of our hardened and bronze-visaged veterans, who had seen much of carnage and suffering, draw the back of their rough hands across their eyes as they secretly wiped away tears. I think it was Gen. Sherman who said: 'War is hell,' and so it seemed to me on that occasion. Everybody was deeply affected. There were few dry eyes among those who were the sorrowful witnesses and when the drop fell there was such a pall of sadness and silence that the air seemed oppressive. He was captured, I think,



BRIG. GEN. G. M. DODGE.

by Lieut. E. B. Spalding, of the Fifty-second Illinois infantry, who now resides at Sioux City, Ia. I have heard him speak in sorrow and praise of him and that war and fate should decree his untimely and ignominous death. I served four years in the war, was twice wounded, and lost my only brother at the battle of Shiloh, and believed then and do now that our cause was right. I have no animosity against my former foes and want to see all sectional bitterness wiped out. I want no north, no south, east or west, but one common, united country, in which brotherly love, and loyalty to a common flag will prevail, and I rejoice in the fact that both 'Yank' and 'Jonny' share equally in the benefit of our victory."

This is a manly letter and Capt. Smith has struck the right chord —no south, no north, no east, no west, and every example of loyalty to duty, every example of bravery, courage, devotion and glory, wherever found between the seas, to go, as this one, to the credit of the American soldier. Such sentiments, thank God, have almost wiped out the animosities of the war, and the time will come when the heroic deeds of both sides will be common property of the whole American people.

At the Columbia opera house last Thursday evening the people of the city assembled to honor the memory of Samuel Davis. The building was crowded and a substantial sum realized for the monument. The following poem was written, by request, for the occasion:

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun;
It loves a life that's just begun!
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death.
And O, how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills, as if to say,
"O, save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You are safe within the rebel lines—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue—
(The bayonets were tipped with dew)
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up—'twas this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die—
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As he who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life, a lie!"
He turned—for not a soldier stirred—
"Your duty, men—I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his hair awhile,
The birds broke out in glad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again—
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O, stars, that now his brothers are,
O, sun, his sire in truth, and light,
Go, tell the list'ning worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right!
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who dies to save an enemy!

TROTWOOD.

We also hung a member of the 9th Ills. who brutally murdered his captain, after due trial by drum head court martial.

On our return from our veteran furlough of thirty days, we moved our camp to Prospect, Tenn., fifteen miles below Pulaski, on the Elk river, where the enginer corps built a stockade. We also established a nigger corral to confine the negroes in who infested our camps. Some of the males enlisted, companies were organized, to be left in the stockades along the lines of communication, and guard the rear.

Daniel McTaggert and O. O. Poppleton, of Co. "B," organized a company, the former being made captain, and the latter a Lieut. They were sent to Huntsville, Alabama, to guard there when we went on the Atlanta campaign and when Hood made his raid in the rear of Sherman's army, when he started for the sea, McTaggart and his company were captured, as most of the others were on Hood's campaign to Nashville, which resulted so disastrously to him and his army.

On the first of May the army was organized for the historic Atlanta campaign. Colonel Rice was given command of the 1st Brigade, in the 2nd Div. (Sweeney's) of the 16th Army Corps, in the Army of the Tennessee, composed of the 15th corps under General Logan, 16th under General Dodge, and 17th under General Blair. The Army of the Tenn. being under command of Maj. General McPherson.

During our visit to Iowa on our furlough we filled up our depleted ranks with young recruits who were anxious to join the regiment that had made its name famous. It did not take them long to learn drill and duty, sandwiched as they were among the old veterans; they were soon able to do their full share so that it was not long before the veteran or the recruit could not be distinguished one from the other. The following article is contributed by one who enlisted early in 1864.

"WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE."

THE YOUNG RECRUITS RESPONSE.

A little before daylight on April 12th, 1861, a flash was seen about the bay, and city of Charlston. A sudden flash, from a land battery, followed by a dull, heavy roar. The light of a bomb, describing a semicircle in the heavens, was seen to fall upon a fort, barely outlined in the darkness.

It was the "first shot" in the war of the Rebellion. Its dull rumbling roar was "heard around the world." It was the signal for the commencement of the greatest event in American history.

Two days of heroic defense of the flag on Sumter, the loyal little band surrendered.

The war to destroy the government had begun. A war that was to cost a million human lives, billions of treasures, and agony immeasurable. In twenty-four hours, news of the event had penetrated to every accessible corner of the American Republic.

In the south it was lightly hailed as the harbinger of dissolution of the government and the establishment of a new empire, whose foundation stone should be "Human Bondage." In the north it was receiv-

ed with mingled sadness and anger; followed by a quick determination to resent the outrage and save the government of the people.

A call by the President for volunters to defend the flag, and preserve the union, was readily filled, and thousands of other loyal men were ready to enlist. Soon another call for troops was issued, and as readily the call was filled, and others in like manner.

By this time it was seen that the Rebellion was a formidable power, and the cost to overthrow it would be terrible; but whatever the cost, it must be met boldly. Already many bloody encounters with the enemy had been fought. Thousands of loyal sons had given their lives for the union, many mothers hearts made sad, and our armies being defeated at some points, and beaten back.

Many thousands of younger sons, whose loyal hearts beat with the same patriotic blood that filled the hearts of their brothers who had fallen, were anxiously waiting for the time when they could fill their places in the "ranks of the old regiments."

The "Old 7th" whose ranks had been reduced to a mere "squad" received quite a re-enforcement of "recruits" on their return from veteran furlough in February, 1864. No braver men than these ever enlisted on fought in any army. They knew well at this stage of the war there would be something to do to subdue so formidable an enemy behind entrenchments so nearly impregnable. These were "trying days" on the nerves and souls of men. For all this it had to be met and these young "recruits," many of them mere lads, with hearts true and loyal to the flag, did much to save the "young republic" from dissolution.

Had they refused to respond to the call for aid the enemy would easily have won. But with the old regiments all filled, every company mustering 100 men, strong and brave, meant an army that was invincible. With God on our side, and prayers of their loyal mothers and sisters at home, they moved on through the enemy's land, "Conquering unto conquer."

It took more than merely the stirring up by patriotic speeches, and the beating of the war drum, as many seemed to think, to get these brave boys to enlist. They knew well the danger and hardships they must meet, and of a sullen, cowardly enemy they were to leave in the rear. They felt however that their first duty to God and country must be obeyed; thereby save that for which their brothers and fathers life blood had been shed, that it be not shed in vain.

The anxious pleading with father and mother to let them go was often refused; but when they arrived at the age of 18 years they felt they must go. Many at an earlier age than this, enlisted and fought valiantly on the field of battle.

At Lays Ferry, Ga., the first opportunity these recruits had for trying their skill, gave evidence of their bravery and their worth as soldiers. Within the space of only two short months since they enlisted, they were now face to face with the enemy, doing effective service for the cause. Though this little fight lasted but 15 minutes, the 7th Iowa lost 7 men killed and 45 wounded. The enemy was driven from their works, thereby letting enough of our troops across the river at this place to turn the left flank of Johnson's army, and they were compelled to evacuate their stronghold at Resaca.

So, all through the remainder of the war the "raw recruit" played an important part. In all the bloody battles he was found on the front line and none fell nearer the enemy's works than he. On the hard march, if any stood the heat and fatigue of the day and reached camp, the gun of the recruit was in the "stack." No better foragers were ever detailed than these young boys. The greatest trouble was the lack of wagons to haul in what they confiscated.

In front of Atlanta, To the Sea, Through the Carolinas, and On to Richmond, none did better service than the "recruits" whose loyal hearts were filled with patriotism and love for the flag. Always at their post, ready for any duty assigned them.

The real effect was when the veterans returned from their homes, bringing with them their young sons and brothers to fill their broken ranks, the enemy began to inquire along the picket line how long we could keep that up. The reply to them was, as long as you want it. The north is full of such boys who will soon be old enough.

After the boys' "skill and grit" had been tested, the enemy soon found it useless to attempt to stand their "withering fire."

We broke camp May 1st, and started on the march overland to Chattanooga to join the army under General Sherman to take part in the Atlanta campaign. The weather was wet, raining most of the time the first two days of the march; we had to wade streams which kept us wet and uncomfortable, and progress was slow on account of the condition of the roads. We arrived at Huntsville, Ala., Saturday night and spent Sunday the 3rd camped near a beautiful spring that supplied the city with water; where we had an opportunity to dry our clothes and doctor our sore feet. The weather had cleared up and the country was beautiful. Some of the boys spent the day in viewing the sights in the city; we passed many going to and from the churches. The citizens did not appear to welcome us very heartily; they usually gave us the sidewalk as we passed and with cold looks and haughty disdain did not speak as we passed by. It is a beautiful city among the hills and mountains, with fertile valleys with fine farmsteads ensconsed among the hills, through which we marched the next day. After march-

ing about fifty miles since we started from Prospect, we embarked on the cars, passed through Stevenson, crossing the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, debarking on the bank of the river at the foot of Lookout Mountain, where we bivouaced for the night. The only water we had to use was from the river which was contaminated from dead mules which Genl. Rosecrans had killed and thrown into the river to save his rations when besieged by Bragg a short time before. It was necessary to strain the water before using to get out the maggots and skippers. The next day we marched out over the battlefield of Missionary Ridge going into camp on the Chickamauga battlefield.

In order to better understand the situation at this time and comprehend the future campaign and movements of Sherman's army in the great campaign it should be understood that General Grant had just been promoted to Lieutenant General and given the entire command of the combined armies of the United States; had been called to the east to operate against Lee on the Rapidan before Richmond and had turned over the command of the armies of the west to General Sherman, outlining in a general way his plan of operations. Grant and Sherman met at Nashville by appointment on the 14th of March and talked the matters over when the plans were gone over for a general mode of proceedure, which was to be the beginning of the end.

SKETCH OF OUR GREAT COMMANDER GENERAL SHERMAN.

Most of our great commanders on both sides were West Pointers. Education tells everywhere, but nowhere more than in "War Days." Bravery—mere brute courage—is not an uncommon quality among men; but military brains—a natural aptitude for arms and the best culture West Point can give him—that is what an army commander needs, and Sherman was well dowered in that way. He was a native of Ohio. Like all (or nearly all) who rose to prominence during the civil war on both sides, he served in the Mexican War. Afterward he resigned from the army, and failed as a banker in San Francisco and as a lawyer at Leavenworth—evidently having few gifts that way. When Sumpter was fired upon (April, 1861) he was principal or superintendent of a State Military Academy down in Louisiana, on a comfortable salary, but promptly resigned, with the frank and manly declaration: "On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States."

Aided by his brother, Hon. John Sherman, then and ever since United States Senator from Ohio, he was early appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth United States Infantry (he had been previously offered the "chief clerkship" of the War Department!), and served with credit at our first Bull Run, July 21, 1861, commanding a brigade there. Soon

afterward he was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, and ordered to Kentucky, Aug. 24, 1861, and here took such large views of the rebellion, and of the force required to subdue it in the West, that the then Secretary of War (Cameron) thought him "insane," and relieved him of his command. His estimate was that we needed two hundred thousand men to conquer and hold the Southwest; but subsequently, in 1864, he himself commanded over three hundred and fifty thousand there.

However, events soon convinced the government of his thorough sanity, and April 6, 1862, found him at Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, under Grant, in command of our advance division there. Here he suffered severly, but fought gallantly and skillfully, and did much to retrieve our hard fortunes there. Next he campaigned with Grant down the Mississippi and around Vicksburg (1862-63), and though not always successful, yet he won and deserved the full trust and confidence of that incomparable soldier. When after the disastrous field of Chickamauga, Grant was summoned to Chattanooga—to take chief command there and smash Bragg, if possible—Sherman was at Memphis, but on orders from Grant gathered up all his Army of the Tennessee that could be spared and hastened overland to Chattanooga by way of Eastport and Huntsville. He took the railroad, so far as it went, absorbing all its cars and locomotives, and then proceeded by forced marches eastward, at times mounting part of his men on horses and mules—did everything to speed his column to Chattanooga— arriving there in advance of the time anticipated, much to the delight of General Grant. It was such loyalty and devotion as this, without an atom of envy or jealousy, that endeared Sherman to the heart of his great chief, and it was no wonder that henceforth Grant trusted him absolutely and affectionately. He well knew the value of time, and never wasted it—an item of prime importance in military affiars.

In the great operations that soon followed at Chattanooga (Nov. 25, 1863) Sherman commanded the left wing, and crossing the Tennessee on pontoon bridges in the night, attacked Bragg's right next day with vigor and fire. He attacked gallantly and skillfully, achieving important results and managed his part of affairs at Chattanooga with signal ability and credit. Immediately,straight from the battlefield, hot from the pursuit of Bragg, without waiting to return to Chattanooga for their blankets and overcoats even, though cold and inclement weather had set in—his column set out for the relief of Knoxville, and by forced marches reached there just in time to save Burnside from Longstreet.

When Grant was ordered east to assume command of all our armies (March 3, 1864), doubtless he found it difficult to choose his successor in the west, as he well knew the great merits of both Sherman and Thomas. But as he knew Sherman better—had "summered and

wintered" with him at Vicksburg and elsewhere, had seen his very heart and soul, indeed, and felt he could trust him all through, whatever happened—naturally he selected Sherman. It is certain Thomas did not like this—was much aggrieved thereby, as he then outranked Sherman, and commanded the Army of the Cumberland, a larger and more important command than Sherman's Army of the Tennessee—but he loyally "obeyed orders," nevertheless, and continued on in the service.

Now came the great and memorable spring of 1864, with Grant commanding in the East and Sherman in the West—both resolved on victory, and believing they could achieve it. They had agreed to time their operations so as to give the Confederates no chance to reinforce anywhere. Sherman said the day he left there for Chattanooga (about April 28): "I am going to move on Joe Johnson the day General Grant telegraphs me he is going to hit Bobby Lee; and if you don't have my army supplied, and keep it supplied, we'll eat your mules up, sir—eat your mules up." Fortunately, he was not reduced to such rations; but it well shows his loyalty and spirit. Such was General Sherman at the beginning of the Atlanta campaign.

Grant proposed to move against Lee on May the 5th, it was arranged that Sherman should at the same time against Johnston. For this work Sherman now put forward his preparations with all possible zeal and thoroughness. On April 27th he ordered all his troops to Chattanooga, and the next day placed his own headquarters there. On May 6th his mighty host was marshalled for the advance. Three armies were under his command. The Army of the Tennessee was on the bank of Chickamauga creek, near Gordon's mill. It comprised the Fifteenth and parts of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, under Gens. Logan, Dodge and Blair, with the gallant McPherson in general command. The Army of the Cumberland was at Ringgold. It included the 4th, 14th and 20th Corps, under Howard, Palmer and Hooker, with Thomas in general command. The Army of the Ohio was near Red Clay, north of Dalton, Georgia. It consisted of the 9th and 23rd Corps, and was commanded by General Schofield. The strength of these armies was as follows: Tennessee—Infantry 22,437, Artillery 1,404, Cavalry 624, total 24,465; guns 96. Cumberland—Infantry 54,568, Artillery 2,377, Cavalry 3,828, total 60,773; guns 130. Ohio—Infantry 11,193, Artillery 679, Cavalry 1,679, total 13,559; guns 28. Sherman had planned an army of 100,000 men and 250 gun. He actually had 98,797 men and 254 guns.

The opposing Rebel army was now commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, who had succeeded Bragg, and comprised three corps, under Hardee, Hood and Polk. According to Johnston's official statement, its total strength in April, 1864, was 51,992, and in the middle

of May, when the battle of Resaca was fought, 71,235. The number of guns on both sides was about equal.

To those not versed in the science of war it might seem on account of the difference in numbers, that we had the advantage, but it should be borne in mind that they were acting on the defensive, behind fortifications, on ground of their own choosing on which they were familiar, had the inside of the circle, and that they reaped the advantage that troops enjoy while acting in a country where the people are friendly. We had to have the country guarded back to our base of supplies, which necessitated our leaving heavy details along the roads to guard our communication as we advanced; more men were required the farther we penetrated the enemy's country.

On the sixth of May, we are ready for the fray, both armies being in position. On the seventh we march slowly and cautiously, as we close up to the enemy in force at Dalton, Buzzards Roost and Rocky Face; while McPherson with the army of the Tennessee, was ready to force his way through Snake Creek Gap on the right flank, while Hooker was keeping the enemy busy on the left.

On the seventh we moved forward until about the middle of the afternoon, threw out pickets and videttes, and bivouaced for the night, without encountering the enemy. The 8th we again advanced to Snake Creek Gap and camped; the cavalry scouring our front. On the 9th we attempted to advance, found the enemy in force, which the skirmishers engaged vigorously; heavy cannonading could be heard on the left, from which we awaited news before pressing them too forcibly. We advanced slowly all day under fire until late at night, then are ordered to the rear to protect the train. On the 10th there was a terrific rain and thunder storm extending well into the night; when in much excitement we are called into line, so dark that it causes great confusion in keeping track of the moving column. We finally form a line on the crest of the hills and hurriedly throw up breastworks, working all night at it. All the next day we were kept in line strengthening the works and expecting attack. The 12th we laid still all day under arms.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

May 13th, 1864, under command of Major General G. M. Dodge, the left wing of the 16th Corps, two divisions, moved out at early morning at 8:00 o'clock a. m., marched about six miles and formed on the hills surrounding Resaca, took position on the right of the 15th A. C., the 4th, General Veach's, on the right of General Osterhaus division. Sweeney's 2nd division of the 16th corps (ours) forming on the right of General Veach. First brigade on the right of 2nd division; the 52nd Illinois being on the right of the brigade and the right of the whole army. The day was bright and pleasant, the lines advancing in columns by regiments, with battery "H" in the center between the lines. The men moved with spirit and enthusiasm with movements well executed and with the colors waving, it was beautiful to behold. At 2:00 o'clock the battle opened—Smith's Osterhaus' and Veach's divisions on the left being heavily engaged; our lines steadily advancing, with the enemy giving ground and falling back inside their intrenchments, until darkness put an end to the conflict. Most of the fighting in our front was done by our battery from hill to hill, so that the loss to our regiment was very slight.

On the 14th our brigade is withdrawn with the rest of our division, to lay pontoons and effect a crossing of the Oostanaula river four miles below; the left wing of the regiment was ordered to support battery "H" First Missouri, which was advanced to the bank of the river in an open field. On the opposite side of the river was General Walker's rebel division with a battery and earth works, and the bank of the river lined with sharpshooters. Why we were ordered in such an exposed position on the bank of a navigable river not over 150 feet wide, which the enemy could not cross without boats, when the battery could have done just as efficient service without us, I never have been able to understand. We simply laid flat on the ground close to the battery; while the two batteries had a terrific duel until our artillery made it so hot for them that they abandoned their guns and took shelter behind a brick house near their works. There was a rail fence just in our rear, which was knocked all to pieces in the melee, showing us how uncomfortably close the cannon balls came to us, but we hugged the earth and held our ground.

Every old soldier knows that the hardest thing in connection with a battle is supporting artillery and not being allowed to return the

A. D. CAMERON, ADJUTANT 7TH IOWA.
Afterwards Captain of Company "H."

fire or the waiting under fire for orders to move. To push forward in the fight is exciting work, so exciting as to call out all the energies of a man, and to keep his mind full of thoughts of that which he has to do for the moment. He has no time to think of danger, or to speculate upon chances. But when he has to stand or lie, in line, with the bullets whistling about him, or with the sound of the battle in his ears, and with nothing to do in the nature of action or of effect, he is sure to be thinking of danger, and fearing the results of delay, and to be suffering from the strain upon his nerves, which is all the intenser because there is nothing for his muscles to do.

A part of the regiment was detailed to assist the Pioneer corps and help in laying the pontoons. They were canvas pontoons, put together in the timber in the rear, and when all ready a dozen men would take each one on their shoulders and run down the road, throw them in the stream, where they were immediately filled with skirmishers and propelled across the river, under fire of their sharpshooters, when they would scramble under cover of the banks awaiting sufficient force to make the advance. Many were wounded and the frail canvas boats were perforated before a crossing could be effected. A cannon ball tore through the men that were carrying one pontoon down, killing 3 and wounding 4 of Co. "C," and it fell on top of them. During the fray, a private in our brigade, Ashel M. Pyburn, of the 66th Indiana, discovering their battle flag floating from their works, stripped, swam the river and captured it under fire without getting a scratch. After triumphantly returning he proudly marched the length of our front in the costume of the statue of Apollo Belvidere, exhibiting it to the command amid the fire of the rebel skirmishers on the opposite bank. It was the nerviest thing to do I ever witnessed, but did not display much judgment. We succeeded in getting a few men of Yates sharpshooters across but they could not accomplish anything and we withdrew them after dark, during which time a detail from our regiment of about a hundred men secured some of the pontoons which had got adrift and floated down the stream during the engagement. About midnight the brigade withdrew about four miles back to Snake Creek Gap in order to get a chance to get out of range of the enemy and where there was water and opportunity to get our meals. We left as an outpost and command of observation, two companies of the 52nd Illinois, under command of Lieut. E. B. Spalding, who held the position until the next morning. He reported that he could hear what purported to be the cries of the wounded across the river, but fearing it was a ruse to lure some of his command across and capture them, did not respond.

BATTLE OF LAY'S FERRY, OR CALHOUN.

May 15th. After a night's rest we again returned to effect the crossing at Lay's Ferry (by the rebels called Calhoun). This time we were successful. Battery "H" First Mo., Capt. Welker, was placed in position as before which gave the woods on the opposite side a vigorous shelling, the pontoons were launched, 2 Cos. of the 66th Ills. sharpshooters were sent over, followed by the 2nd Iowa in support, then the 52nd Ills., then the 66th Indiana, when the 7th Iowa, under command of Maj. McMullen (Col. Parrott being sick) crossed over and took position in advance. Companies "B" and "F" were deployed as skirmishers, under command of Captain Mahon, and were soon engaged. The battle was short and decisive; it did not last over fifteen minutes; the 7th Iowa had the enemy on the run almost before the support could come up to take a hand. The principal loss was in the 7th Iowa which had fifty-three killed and wounded. For a detailed description of the battle, I add the following written by Major Mahon, who was in the front and thickest of the fray with the skirmishers and conspicuous for his gallantry, to which I can personally testify, being with him with company "B" on the skirmish line.

HOW THE FIRST BRIGADE EFFECTED THE CROSSING OF OOSTENAULA RIVER, WHICH FORCED JOHNSTON'S ARMY IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN TO EVACUATE THE STRONG POSITION AT RESACA.

By Major Mahon.

The memorable campaign resulting in the capture of Atlanta was inaugurated by the movement of the Army of the Tennessee through Snake Creek Gap, some thirty miles south of Chattanooga. On May 9th, the leading division, which was the 2nd division of the 16th army corps, debouched into Sugar Valley and by rapid march of about ten miles, reached the vicinity of Resaca, in the afternoon. The town, though well fortified, was practically undefended and could have been easily taken on the spot. Either through untimely timidity, or misunderstanding of orders, a retreat was ordered when the prize was almost within our grasp, which would have placed this portion of Sherman's army squarely across Johnston's communications.

CAPT. SAMUEL MAHON, CO. "F."
Afterwards Major and Commander of Regiment.

For the time occupied in this action, it was one of the severest for the regiment of the whole Atlanta campaign, as the regiment lost 53 men inside of five minutes, being 15 per cent of the command. The result of the movement was of great importance, as its success virtually decided the fate of the position of Resaca and compelled the retreat of Johnston's army. The regiment however, never had any voluble correspondent nor chroniclers, hence the event was passed as a mere incident of the campaign. The event illustrated to the narrator the almost invincible force of a determined body of men in close quarters.

General Johnston in his official report gave as a reason of his evacuation of Resaca and the abandonment of his heavy fortifications there, that it was on account of our forced crossing of the Oostanaula river, which flanked his position and threatened his rear. We were opposed at the crossing by Walkers Confederate division, composed mostly of Mississippians. Our regiment captured 23 prisoners in the engagement.

On the 16th we advanced our line two miles when we ran into a heavy line of their skirmishers again, which we engaged briskly and formed a line of battle, placed our artillery in position, opening on them at short range, they responded with a battery, but stubbornly gave ground on the approach of our battle line until they came to Rome cross-roads, where we bivouaced for the night. Our loss in this affair was 25 or 30 killed and wounded mostly among Birge's sharpshooters (66th Ills.) and the battery. All the general officers from General McPherson down were close observers throughout the day, but did not seem to deem it prudent to press matters more vigorously I suppose on account of the fact that the left of the army was not sufficiently advanced. We could hear Old Joe Hooker, as he is familiarly termed, pounding away all day on the left, evidently meeting with stubborn resistance on that part of the line there also. We had left our knapsacks in rear a week before, in order to be in light fighting trim; they were brought up in the evening by the regimental teams. On the 17th the 15th Corps took the advance, which gave us respite from the fighting line, we bringing up the rear as support. It rained frequently during the day, some attributed it to the heavy connonading. May 18th we moved out, getting a late start on account of the roads being occupied by batteries and teams, going to the front. A heavy force of the enemy could be seen across the railroad retreating in the direction of Adairsville. As the 15th Corps had the advance and right of way we had to wait for their movements, which is al-

BATTLE OF DALLAS, GA.

ways tiresome to do. We marched all night, passing through Adairsville arriving at Kingston the next day. The railroad was repaired, the trains came up with rations and Quartermasters stores, when rations were issued, and clothing which was very much needed was distributed. Heavy cannonading was heard through the day, denoting that General Logan with the 15th Corps was doing business at the front as usual. On the 20th we remained in camp all day bathing and getting a much needed rest. Some of the boys drained a mill pond, from which they got a nice lot of fresh fish. The sanitary commission came forward with some sauer kraut and potatoes and distributed them among the command, which had the effect of counteracting our scurvy condition brought about by our long subsistance on salt meat and hard bread. The 22nd we remained in camp all day. On the 23rd broke camp in the afternoon, hot and dusty crossed the Etowah river, passing what was said to be Alexander H. Stevens' plantation; the march was exceedingly tiresome, being dusty with frequent delays; did not arrive in camp until after nine o'clock p. m. On the 24th we marched in rear guarding Battery "H," we having to march in the brush beside the road in order to give the road to the battery and ammunition train. Showery through the day and heavy rain at night before we go in to bivouac. We had a hard march making slow progress through mud and swollen streams. 25th we broke camp early in the morning. Made slow progress on account of the condition of the roads; artillery and wagon trains were mired in the mud and the men were required to help extricate them and build corduroy roads around places that had become impassible; had to camp on low, wet ground where it was impossible to find a dry place to lay down. We passed over Lime Mountain among abandoned gold mines, which seemingly had not been worked for many years.

On the 26th we broke camp at three o'clock in the morning, before we had time to get breakfast, marched until noon when we were given time to eat; we had no sooner sat down on the ground to do so when a volley of bullets was shot into us from a log house in an open field, which was occupied by rebel sharpshooters, a bullet passed through private Delaps tin plate he was eating off and one man in company "D" was wounded; a section of a battery was run up to the front and opened up on the Johnnies, when they hurriedly vacated the premises and we finished our meal in peace. We crossed Pumpkin Vine creek and formed in line of battle in front of Dallas, three hundred yards in rear of front line where the advance threw up a line of works for defense. On the 27th we advance our line in face of heavy skirmishing to a ridge and threw up a line of defensive works through the night. 28th, heavy skirmishing all day, when the enemy under

Clebourne attempt to drive back our line, but were repulsed and severely punished; our loss was small as we fought behind our defenses. We are continually required to lay on our arms and ordered not to remove our accoutrements. 29th, heavy skirmishing day and night, nothing apparently accomplished on either side. On the 30th the rebels charged us again in the night, firing terrific, and darkness lit up with flash of firearms in the attack and defense, making it sublime, grand, appalling and terrific. The 2nd Brigade went over the works and attempted to drive the enemy but were repulsed and had to retire behind our defenses. We are compelled to leave our wounded until dark to remove them from the front where they fell among the enemy's dead. 31st there was an attempt to withdraw the line for the purpose of moving the army to the left, but the enemy watched us so closely and followed us so that it had to be abandoned. We are within talking distance and have considerable amusement jollying them; whenever anything displeasing is said, the retort is given back with a volley of musketry, which sometimes makes a cutting and stinging reply.

June 1st, 1864. There was heavy firing along the line all night, which is getting to be a common occurrence; about 8 o'clock our line was withdrawn to the left and rear, about three miles where we occupied a line of works evidently prepared by the Pioneer corps for us. The right of the army was undoubled to left and rear, falling back in good order and without haste by brigades, covered by a heavy skirmish line. We held this position until the Army of the Tennessee had retired through our lines when we took up the march as a rear guard. The enemy's cavalry followed closely in sight,which had the effect of keeping stragglers from falling behind. Lieut. Spalding, of the 52nd Ills., in our brigade, in his dairy relates that: "Our brigade line runs by quite a large hewed log house. Battery "H" was located so as to command the road over which we came; no sooner was the troops in position than the people living in the house were moved out with all their goods, as carefully as time permitted, and off came the roof and down came the logs and inside of an hour, with logs and earth, a good fort covered our battery. Felt sorry for the people as they stood looking at the transformation of their home into breastworks, but self protection has first claim on one. * * * The enemy's cavalry followed us in our movements, taking good care to keep within safe distance without molesting us. At the picket line, some of the boys thought it would be a fine thing to play a trick on the enemy, so one of them went back on the road a ways and sat down, as though he was a straggler resting, while the rest concealed themselves—it being the arrangement that this man should sit there until the enemy's cavalry

should come in sight and then to run and have them chase him and by that means get them close to our concealed line, so that the boys at close range could knock them off their horses. The man sat on the log and saw the enemy coming; but in his desire to draw them on in good shape, he waited too long, and when he started to run, he came with all his might, with them close after him, but they were getting so close upon him the boys were compelled to open fire at long range. They saved him and did not have the fun they expected. It came near being a serious thing for the fellow; the cavalry pulled up as soon as they discovered what was ahead of them and the man came in out of breath." This movement was another ruse, or flank movement to the left to gain posession of the railroad and Allatoona Pass and get within supporting distance of Hooker and Thomas who had been unsuccessful in the attack at New Hope church. Allatoona was taken, railroad communication was established and Sherman's real object was gained. On the 2nd we worked at building breastworks well into the night; heavy skirmishing to our left in front of 15th Corps. It rained during the night. 3rd, quiet all day in our front, could see the enemy's cavalry and trains maneuvering on the hills in our front and Lost Mountain in the distance. 3rd, held our position all day; no fighting in our immediate front, but heavy skirmishing all day to our left. 4th, rained in forenoon and nasty work building breastworks;heavy skirmishing still going on to our left. 5th, moved out about noon, afer drawing three days rations; weather damp and sultry; marched six miles to left of army and went into camp; our rations have been very short for past two weeks. 6th, broke camp at 6:00 o'clock p. m. and marched until midnight being delayed by wagon trains and artillery occupying roads. 7th, rest all day waiting for trains and cavalry to pass. 8th and 9th, waiting for some cause unknown to the ordinary soldier. 10th, moved out at six o'clock in the morning, halted in the valley of Lookout Mountain; rained very hard, heavy firing by our forces in our front; several sallies were made forcing the enemy back to the foot of the mountain. General Blair with two divisions of the 17th Corps and a brigade of cavalry joined the army; these reinforcements nearly making up our losses made since the beginning of the campaign. 10th, marched in a pouring rain six miles and bivouaced near station of Big Shanty. Flat and wet, troops crowded together with no dry place to lie down. Kenesaw mountain in front with a range of wooded hills trending off to northwest, terminating in a peak called Brush Mountain. To the right was a smaller hill called Pine Mountain, and beyond it in the distance, Lost Mountain. All these, though links in a continuous chain, present a sharp, conical appearance, prominent in the vast landscape that presents itself from

any of the foothills that abound in that region. Pine Mountain forms the apex, and Kenesaw and Lost Mountain the base of the triangle, perfectly covering the town of Marietta and the railway back to the Chattahoochee river. On each of these peaks the enemy had his signal stations, in plain view of the naked eye. The enemy's line was fully five miles long. The Army of the Tennessee was ordered to move towards Marietta, his left on the railroad. General Thomas on Kenesaw and Pine Mountain, and General Scofield off towards Lost Mountain, with General McCook loking to the rear and communications; our lines were now close up and dispositions were made to break the enemy's lines between Kenesaw and Pine Mountains. Our signal corps got hold of the cipher, for a few days, of the enemy's signals and read that during our cannonade of the 14th Major General Leonidas K. Polk, of the Confederate Army was killed, and Major General Lovell succeeded to the command.

The enemy have heavy fortifications in our front with heavy batteries on the summit of the hills and mountains comanding our positions awaiting our approach. It seems as though the 16th corps was like a whip cracker, and is suddenly snapped from one flank of the army to the other; marching in the rain by night and in the day in the heat, and with the Army of the Tennessee, performing most of the remarkable flanking movements of the campaign. On the 15th, the brigade broke camp and moved up and occupied the advance, close up to the enemy's lines and base of Kenesaw Mountain, we occupied temporary works erected by the troops we relieve, and are close up to the enemy who are heavily fortified on the hills and mountains above us. Heavy skirmishing with some cannonading most of the time; the right wing of the army seems to be making some progress, forcing the lines of the enemy back. Our wounded men on the skirmish line are being brought back frequently, together with prisoners they capture. We are obliged to keep low in the wet ditches exposed to the burning sun by day, as if we expose ourselves, it causes a volley from the enemy, in their works above us in close range. The foot hills seem to be alive with Johnnies who keep up a fussilade of shooting to intimidate us. The enemy charged our skirmishers, but they held their ground knowing that their supports were near. Two entire companies with their officers were taken prisoners in our front and brought back by the men on the outposts. They belonged to the 31st and 40th Alabama. On the 16th we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness for action at a moments notice, special examination was made of our cartridge boxes to see that they were supplied with ammunition, and that the arms were in serviceable condition. 17th, we laid still all day under arms awaiting orders; heavy skirmishing and can-

TRAILING BATTERY UP FOOTHILLS AT KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

nonading going on all the time obliging us to keep close to the ditches and ground all the time; men have no opportunity to get exercise and keep clean and get restless; some are overcome with the heat lying in the sun and are taken to the rear. Much useless shooting going on all the time as the timber and undergrowth in our front is so dense. While we were pressing the left center, the army to the right turned Johnston's flank, capturing Lost Mountain and all the hills except Kenesaw. For weeks thereafter the Union army vainly sought to dislodge Johnston from the heights of Kenesaw. It seemed an impossible task. The whole mountain was a fortress. There were miles of strong entrenchments. Nearly all the time the rain fell in torrents, the low lands being flooded. The roads were almost impassible. Shermans soldiers worked knee deep in mud. But they kept on working.

On the 30th of June, our regiment was sent to the skirmish line; while marching up a straight road up the mountain, the rebel sharp shooters fired at us at long range. One shot struck B. C. Burdick of Co. "B" in the breast, went through him, crashed through the vertebra in his back entering his knapsack, puncturing twenty-three thicknesses of his folded blanket. He was marching just ahead of and fell against me. I asked him if he was hurt; he replied "not much", and immediately expired. I left him with fifer Thayer and went on with the company. We marched nearly a half a mile up the mountain before we left the road and deployed; so the shot must have been at range of nearly a mile. The bullet that killed him was about as large as the little finger and as long; it was sent to his mother. We captured some prisoners after that with those weapons and they said they were a British arm and cost four bales of cotton each. We had four men wounded near there.

The army was not content with besieging Kenesaw, but kept trying to work its way around the mountain. Disquited by these events, the enemy sought to check them on the 22 by a sharp attack on Hooker at Kulps farm, which was repulsed with heavy losses. Five days later, the 27th of June, Sherman ordered an attack to be made just south of the mountain, by Thomas, and a supporting movement by McPherson northward. They were both repulsed with heavy losses, and Sherman decided to waste no more lives in direct attack, but to turn the enemy's position, as he had done several times before. So on July 1st, McPherson marched toward Turners Ferry, there to cross the Chattahoochee. The movement was effective. Johnston immediately abandoned Kenesaw,and retreated 5 miles,to Smyrna Camp Ground. Our heaviest losses were not in the assults and engagements of the campaign, but in the daily skirmishing. This was kept up continually for seventy days,

during which time the two armies never lost their grapple. It became customary, in taking up a new position, to entrench the skirmish line until it was only less strong than the main one. These lines were well manned, and the roar of musketry on it was sometimes scarcely distinguishable from the sound of a general engagement. Confederate General Johnston in his narrative says, "The Federal troops approached Walker's line on the south were driven back by a fire of artillery directed against their left flank by General French; but the main body, unchecked by Cockrell's skirmishers, pressed forward steadily under fire of the brigade, until within twenty or thirty paces of its line. Here it was checked and ultimately repulsed, by the steady courage of the Missourians. The action had continued over an hour, with spirit, during most of which time fifty field pieces were playing upon our troops.

But the most determined and powerful attack fell upon Cheatham's division and the left of Cleburne's. The lines of the two armies were much nearer to each other there; therefore the action was begun at much shorter range. The Federal troops were in greater force and deeper order, too, and pressed forward with a resolution always displayed by the American soldier when properly led. An attempt to turn the left was promptly met and defeated by Cheatham's reserve—Vaughn's brigade. After maintaining the contest for three-quarters of an hour, until more of their soldiers lay dead and wounded than the number of British Veterans that fell in General Jackson's celebrated battle of New Orleans, the foremost dead lying against our breast works, they retired unsuccessful—because they had encountered intrenched infantry unsurpassed by that of Napoleon's Old Guard, or that which followed Wellington into France, out of Spain. The Confederate loss in this affair was reported at 908. They estimated our loss 7,500, which was very exaggerated, as our losses all told according to General Sherman's official report was only 7,530 from June 1st to July 3rd.

On the 29th of June a truce was agreed upon to permit the burial of the dead between the lines.

Having given a daily detail of the movements of Sherman's army since the beginning of the Atlanta campaign, since the first of May, it will be interesting reading to give a daily diary of the itinerency and doings of the army opposing us, so I herewith give a diary from the official records of the "War of the Rebellion," being a journal kept at headquarters, Confederate Army of the Tennessee, by Lieut. T. B. Mackall, on General J. E. Johnston's staff, who was detailed for that purpose.

JOURNAL OF OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Saturday, May 14.—Several attacks made on our line, beginning on our left and extending toward the right as far as Stevenson's left; only vigorous in front of Hindman. Our loss during the day generally slight, except in officers and artillery horses. At 6 p. m. Stewart and Stevenson, supported by Walker (two or three brigades), swing round, driving the enemy easily. Stevenson's movement particularly "prompt and vigorous;" Stewart not engaged; no enemy in his front.

P. S.—About 4:20 p.m. I was sent to General Hardee to tell him to feel if any enemy was in his front, as enemy was attacking Hindman vigorously, so that, if possible, General Hardee might aid General Hood. Found the former behind Bate's line, where fighting was brisk. Just then a staff officer came from Cleburne and said that though not at that time engaged he could see two lines of battle and he "could hold his position." General Hardee then sent word to General Mackall that so far from being able to aid Hood he could not "weaken Cleburne to aid Bate. He thought two of Walker's brigades had better be brought from south of the river; one to be placed on right of Hood and one on the left—on Bate's right, where he joined Hood, the weakest point. If Walker could not be brought up Loring's second line could be spared very well." (Walker had already been ordered up, two brigades being in reserve in woods on south bank; Stevens' (brigade) guarding crossing on the Calhoun road.)

On returning to headquarters General Walker's troops were just coming up the road; delivered message. General Johnston rode off to put Mercer in position behind Stewart; was soon followed by General Mackall. After remaining behind a short time to forward dispatches, etc., join the general on high hill to the left of point where Dalton dirt road and railroad meet. About 6 p. m., Hood driving enemy rapidly. I am sent to tell him that Mr. Wigfall had just taken two brigades of General Walker's division in behind Stewart; that a third brigade of Walker's would soon be up (part of Loring's division; Featherstone's brigade also brought up). I was directed to say also that preparations must be made to continue the movement (swinging around our right) at daylight next morning. "Let the troops understand it." Rode up Dalton and Resaca dirt road in search of General Hood; inquired but could learn nothing of him; turned back to near hill where I started from and went up the railroad. There, in a cut where Stewart's line was in the morning, were Generals Johnston, Hood, Walker, and Mackall. I

reported to latter that I had taken wrong road, etc. Presently two prisoners were brought in and questioned by the generals; not communicative. A third brought up said their line of battle ran northeast and southwest; he belonged to Whitaker's brigade, Stanley's division, Fourth Army Corps. They expected to be victorious, had massed their forces near our bridge. About dark Wheeler came up to the cut, and after consulting brought up his cavalry which went out the railroad. All then rode in to the little house behind Selden's battery where headquarters are at night.

The enemy did not offer much resistance to Hood's right; batteries limbered up and fell back at the approach of our skirmish line. All in good spirits at gaining ground and the railroad, and at the prospect of renewing the attack at daylight and cutting the enemy off from Snake Creek Gap. On the way to headquarters for the night it was found that a severe engagement had taken place on Polk's line. As we attacked on the right, Sherman, supposing our left weakened, promptly assaulted our lines and the battle raged hotly according to all accounts for an hour and a half. The firing, strange to say, was not heard where we were. Major Clare says he reported that the enemy had effected a lodgment on the hill opposite to the house where headquarters were established the night of General Johnston's arrival from Dalton.

When we reached the house heavy firing of musketry was going on. Accounts confused. Some said hill was to be retaken; two regiments were ordered to retake it by one of the generals on the line. Hardee at headquarters on General Johnston's arrival; General Hood had accompanied the general. About same time news received from General Martin that enemy had crossed Oostenaula (two divisions). Featherstone, of Loring's command, who had been sent to report to Hood, was ordered to move promptly and occupy trenches south of Sheldon's battery. Walker and staff sent for. Only six of our guns of thirty on Polk's front are said to have opened to keep back the enemy. Officers of one staff in Polk's corps said the enemy holds the hill gained in evening; others said it had been retaken; others that it was to be. Impossible to learn the truth.

N. B.—In the afternoon, when General Johnston ordered me to tell General Hood to make preparations to "continue the movement" the next day at daylight, following up the success, he directed me to impress upon General Hood his wish that in executing the plan he should keep his face toward the mouth of Snake Creek Gap, the mouth of the gap the object to be reached.

T. B. MACKALL,
Aide-de-Camp,

RESACA.

May 15, 1864.—Sheldon's battery, 5:30 a. m., sharp skirmishing on our left. Enemy appears to be preparing for a general attack in the fog. Last night General Walker crosses to south of Oostenaula. 6:45 a. m., very sharp skirmishing and an occassional cannon on Hardee's line during last hour. Our skirmishers last night occupied original position on extreme left; enemy not holding the hill commanding railroad and wagon bridge (see below).

(Two divisions of enemy reported on south side of river; wagon train has been started; pontoon bridge laid yesterday above exposed bridges; no chance of Cockrell, advance of French, getting up to Rome to-day.)

7 a. m., General Johnston has been on the hill where Selden's battery is posted since firing began; is just going to ride to the right, leaving General Mackall here. Skirmishing and artillery still going (on). 10 a. m., General Johnston returned to Sheldon's battery an hour ago. Answer sent to cipher of the President received yesterday:

Sherman cannot re-enforce Grant without my (General J.'s) knowledge, and will not as skirmishing along our entire line. We (are) in presence of whole force of enemy assembled from North Alabama and Tennessee.

Ferguson's brigade of cavalry, also Brigadier-General Jackson have reached Rome. Wheeler has just gone to upper pontoon bridge, which will not be ready for crossing for fifteen minutes. It is in long range of the 6-gun battery put up last night on the hill which they captured. 11 a. m., very heavy musketry and artillery firing going on, apparently on Hindman's line. Just before it became so rapid General Johnston rode up the Dalton road, apparently on account of some news brought by Hampton from Hardee. 12 m., about 11:15 battery on our extreme right opened. Firing slackened on Hindman's front. Battery on hill on our left enfilades our trenches; riflemen annoying to our gunners. 12 m., General Johnston has come back to Sheldon's battery. The firing on extreme right three-quarters of an hour ago caused by enemy's cavalry crossing Connesauga in rear of Hood, capturing Hood's hospital. A brigade of our cavalry after them, supported by a brigade of Stewart's. Captain Porter, who went with General Johnston, came back. Says last reports represent our troops driving enemy's cavalry. 1:30 p. m., heavy musketry and artillery on Hindman's front; began about fifteen minutes ago. Lieutenant Wigfall has just come up to say enemy are making a very determined attack on Hindman. General Johnston preparing to mount to ride to Hood's. Firing continuous.

3:30 p. m., few minutes after writing above rode off to General Hood's with General Mackall, who accompanied General Johnston. Found Hood where Dalton dirt road and railroad are near each other and where we now are. Hindman, a few minutes after we arrived, repulsed the enemy, who came up in some places to his breast-works. Our reserves not used. Orders given for Stewart to take enemy in flank; for wagons which were sent back to be brought up to Resaca. Stevenson and Hindman to take up movement of Stewart. Featherstone brought from Polk's line, also Maney and ———— from Cheatham. These supports came up in very short time. Stevenson, however, sent word that enemy in three lines were preparing to attack Stewart's center. 3:40 p. m., (in rear of Stewart's line near railroad), Stewart directed to receive attack and pursue. But slight skirmishing now; enemy not making attack. 9:30 p. m., at house behind Sheldon's battery (headquarters at night). Orders given to withdraw from this place; arrangements made and trains moving. This afternoon, about 4:30 p. m., Stewart, in obedience to orders to attack if his position was not assaulted, advanced; soon his line was broken by a terrible fire of Hooker's corps, who were ready to attack. I had been sent to accompany Major Ratchford to General Featherstone (held in reserve), to order him in the general's name to take position in support of Stewart, near Green's house.

Monday, May16.—On Calhoun and Adairsville road, two miles south of Calhoun. While in field in rear of Stewart's line and near railroad last night, about dark, corps and division commanders assembled, and instructions given to effect withdrawal of army to south bank of Oostenaula. Enemy had crossed force to south bank of river, at Dobbin's Ferry; reported two divisions. Walker was facing them, immediately in our front. He was intrenched, his line extending from Oostenaula River to Tilton, on Connesauga. Stewart had been repulsed in attempting to flank him. What was to prevent him from detaching 40,000 and striking our communications, holding on at same time to their works with a force equal to ours? We could not send a force sufficient to beat the force in our rear and at same time hold present position. In two hours after Stewart's repulse Cheatham, Hindman, Cleburne, etc., were assembled around the camp-fires. Hardee had been there all evening. Routes and times fixed; cars to be sent for wounded; wagons and ambulances and most of artillery to cross pontoons above; troops and artillery on Polk's line on railroad and small trestle bridge; an hour occupied in giving orders, etc., and all dispersed, going to their headquarters. We rode in; wagons not brought over. After writing dispatches

to dictation of General Mackall to Polk, Hood, and Hardee, telling latter to notify P.; after troops and skirmishers driven in, lay down (sleeping on porch of house in rear of Sheldon's battery); waked by noise—firing, confusion, etc.; saddle and mount. General Loring comes up; all ride to roadside at foot of Sheldon's battery, passing through Hindman's column going to railroad bridge; Cheatham's pass from his line over small trestle bridge below. Night cloudy. Firing of musketry and small-arms on Hood's line, which was rapid and continuous on first waking; decreased. These troops (Cheatham's and Hood's) did not seem at all alarmed, rather noisy and in very good humor. Enemy's line on river remarkably quiet. Matters had been alarming on Hood's front. Enemy learning probably through (sic). Near Calhoun, 5:30 p. m., order given to send wagons back one mile and a half south of Adairsville; 6:30 p. m., our wagons parking; saddling.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.—We reached Adairsville just before day, a little ahead of troops. Cultivated, rolling country from Resaca to Adairsville. * * * * * * * * * * * *

9:45 p. m., this morning and forenoon guns heard at intervals at distance; Wheeler skirmishing; 2:30 p. m., dispatch received from Wheeler (2:10), saying enemy pressing rapidly two and a half miles from town, and he would have to fall back. General had ridden out to Hood's line; original sent to him and copies of to H. and H. (Hood and Hardee). (Hardee) did not receive his until after his infantry informed him. At this time cavalry were coming in. General soon came in. By 5 p. m. Cheatham, who was one mile in advance, was skirmishing. Pack up and saddle. Troops who had not been in line, but massed in bivouac, quickly formed, while firing going on. Sent to Hardee to ask what dispositions he had made; found him on his left; Cheatham in advance of all infantry; Walker on his right, Cleburne next, part crossing Oothkaloga Creek; Bate in reserve. Returned soon, all the lieutenant-generals and Wheeler. Enemy reported on west of Oothkaloga Creek. Bate sent over; 6,000 cavalry reported six miles of Cartersville. Pontoons at Cassville. Jackson's division cavalry ordered back. One brigade had no corn for three days. (Pontoons ordered to Etowah.) Firing heard at Rome, while all this going on. Telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel Steever, Rome, saying enemy in force, shelling town. I sent after General P. about 6 p. m. All in council. Can the army be withdrawn when so many roads into Calhoun? Carry a dispatch in room; General W. W. (Mackall) and J——— looking at map. Latter traces road from here to Cassville; asks how long will it take all to go down one road? (Hood) says can't be done. (Hardee) said we will have

to fight. (Hood) has been anxious to get from this place south of Etowah. 9:10 p. m., Roy and Cunningham have just been called for. In waiting. On 16th May received cipher from General S. D. Lee, Demopolis; not transcribable. Repetition received on 17th, at night. Forrest will start on 20th from Corinth to cross Tennessee at Florence with 3,500 picked men and 2 batteries. Colonel Hill reported on authority of scout that enemy were moving down toward Rome, on Calhoun and Rome road, Palmer's corps in advance, wagon trains along, and one brigade cavalry. Did not learn whether any other force was behind.

CASSVILLE.

Wednesday, May 18.—Reached creek near Cassville about 7:30 a. m.; got into camp 9:30 a. m.; no firing so far (just after breakfast). Left headquarters just beyond Adairsville and Kingston road, H Hardee's corps moved on Adairsville and Kingston road, Hood's and Polk's on Adairsville and Cassville. Sear's brigade, French's division, reached Adairsville yesterday. French with Cockrell's this a. m. at Kingston; cars gone for Ector's. French had one brigade about starting from Rome to join this army when town was attacked. Cockrell's detained to aid in defense and protect the other brigade. 4 p. m., cipher from S. D. Lee, of 17th, Meridian, received. Forrest's move for 20th suspended on account of demonstrations from Memphis. Colonel Hannon just reports enemy's cavalry in force advancing on Fairmont road rapidly, and four miles from here. Armstrong ordered to support of Hannon.

(Following written Thursday, 19th): Hood and Hardee and Polk at headquarters discussing over map plans for morning. Prisoner of Hooker's corps brought in; I questioned him. His command was behind Howard's; latter skirmished with Cheatham afternoon of 17th and all army was assembled close by. Next morning (on 18th) whole command in motion. Howard moved to Adairsville, halted, and cooked dinner. Prisoner got lost among Howard's men and was told Hooker had moved toward our right, and endeavoring to join his regiment was captured by our cavalry; was told that an additional corps was following behind Hooker; knew nothing of other commands. All appear in good spirits. Telegram received in afternoon from Thrasher reporting enemy acknowledge loss of 45,000 and 31 generals in Virginia. General J (ohnston) said Confederacy was as fixed an institution as England or France. Troops very much worried by night marches; in good spirits and confident; press confident. Anxiety, however, to fight, particularly among

officers, certain of whom thought good effect of Virginia and Louisiana news in raising gold in New York to 210 would be impaired by this retreat. Many thought Sherman would not fight—merely wanted to drive us across Etowah and to occupy territory acquired and send reinforcements to Grant.

Thursday, May 19.—Moved out to attack enemy, but column reported advancing on Cartersville road; line changed; brisk skirmishing. General Ross reports enemy throwing pontoons across Etowah at Wooley's Bridge, and crossed a force—main force.

(Following written May 21 near Alltoona): Line changed under fire. Brisk skirmishing in afternoon and toward evening to effect the change. New line principally along a ridge running nearly north and south, covering Cassville and Cass Station road and facing westwardly. The signal corps and General Hardee reported in forenoon that enemy in front of Cassville were moving toward Kingston, all advantageous to the designed attack on his left flank. An order was written about 7 or 8 a. m. thanking troops for patience, and telling them they would be led against enemy. General J (ohnston) rode over to General Hood's and then passing by general headquarters rode out Spring Place road, north of creek, with Hood and Polk and Hardee to show former where he was to form his line for attack. General M (ackall) rode from headquarters east of town to join him; found Generals J (ohnston, P (olk), and Hardee returning (Sears' Mississippi brigade formed across road). Riding back, all passed Cockrell's Missouri brigade resting on road, and in town met Hindman's column, advance of Hood's corps, moving to take position on Polk's right. After a few moments in town rode rapidly back out Spring Place road; General saw Hood and returned to camp-ground and dismounted; Hood's corps passing, Polk's troops shifting. About this time, 10:20 a. m., a few discharges of artillery on Adairsville and Cassville road, and in ten minutes report of artillery in easterly direction. General M (ackall), who had ridden out to Hood with directions "to make quick work," sent word back by courrier, who reported to me that "enemy in heavy force close to Hood on Canton road." I tell general, who says it can't be. (Armstrong on that road reported none.) Called for map; said if that's so General Hood will have to fall back at once. Presently General M(ackall) rode up at a rapid rate, spoke with General, who sent him back in haste, riding one of his horses. Mason went off on another; still firing had ceased: confusion in passing backward and forward of Hood's and Polk's troops. At this time could be heard officers all around reading orders to regiments and cheers of troops. Some regiments in field where headquarters were. Polk

detains two of Hood's brigades, as Hardee on his left had not closed up a gap. Headquarters wagons sent beyond Cassville. Corps commanders and Wheeler arrive.

Instructions to change line. Generals J(ohnston) and M(ackall and Polk ride on high hill overlooking town and back from original line. New line marked out, and troops rapidly formed on it and along a ridge. Late in afternoon considerable skirmishing and artillery. Enemy's skirmishers occupied town. At one time confusion; wagons, artillery, and cavalry hasten back; noise, dust, and heat. Disorder checked; wagons made to halt. Consternation of citizens; many flee, leaving all; some take away few effects, some remain between hostile fires.

General M(ackall) and I remain several hours on roadside (Cassville and Cartersville road). Governor Harris brings lunch. General J(ohnston), about 5 p. m. in afternoon, rides down to Hardee's, leaving General M(ackall); I remain. About 6 p. m. General M(ackall) sets out to find our camp; meets the General, and both go back to a field near road in rear of Polk, as skirmishing brisk. General J(ohnston) tells Governor Harris he will be ready for and happy to receive enemy next day. Wheeler comes up; cavalry falls back behind infantry. Dark ride to camp. By a muddy brook near General P(olk's) find supper ready and tents pitched. After supper, General J(ohnston) walks over to General P(olk). General M(ackall) and rest turn in. Soon General J(ohnston) sends word by courier to send him two of inspector-general mounted; then one of Polk's staff officers brings word that all the staff must report mounted; I was directed to remain.

General Mackall returned to camping-place, where most all staff waited until about 2 a. m., when they rode to Cartersville, passing trains and artillery parked in field; all hurried off without regard to order. Reach Cartersville before day, troops come in after day. General Johnston comes up—all hurried over bridges; great confusion, caused by mixing trains and by trains which crossed first parking at river's edge and others winding around wrong roads; about 2,000 wagons crowded on bank.

Friday, May 20 (written May 22).—General Mackall and staff reach Cartersville about 4 a. m., General J(ohnston) later; confusion, hurrying wagons and artillery across Etowah bridge. Supply train parked on plain on south side; two pontoon bridges, one wagon trestle bridge, one railroad bridge, wagons and artillery blocked up on road; trains mixed. Dust and heat, country rough and hilly, little water near railroad, army in line on north side. Wagons move toward Allatoona on two roads. After great delay trains removed out of range.

In afternoon headquarters established near Moore's house (Hardee's headquarters), near a crossing of railroad and lower Allatoona road, one mile and a half from Allatoona. Etowah Iron Works—most valuable machinery, teams, wagons, and negroes removed by G. W. Smith. Bridges burned this p. m., including railroad bridge by mistake. Troops jaded, artillery and cavalry horses particularly; Georgia troops dropped off; all in pretty good spirits up to falling back from Cassville. Change of line not understood but thought all right, but night retreat after issuing general order impaired confidence; great alarm in country around. Troops think no stand to be made north of Chattahoochee, where supply train is sent. Dispatch of President of May 18 received; he had read dispatch of —— with disappointment. Governor Brown has ordered all militia to assemble at Atlanta.

Saturday, May 21.—Headquarters still near Moore's house on Etowah and Allatoona road. Every measure taken to prevent straggling and bring back absentees. Went to Acworth to see General D. Saw Colonel Beard, inspector-general, who said he could find but few stragglers; many broken-down men with sick tickets going to rear. Marietta reported full of stragglers. Over ——— thousand barefoot men. Some dissatisfaction, but all will be rectified by rest of few days. Campaign unusually severe, according to officers who have been through those in Virginia. President's dispatch of 18th answered and misstatement of dates in General J(ohnston's) previous dispatch corrected. (Mistake owing to my giving date of leaving Dalton instead of Resaca, which I understood was asked.) About dusk enemy's cavalry appear near Etowah; our cavalry drive them away. In night Brigadier-General Jackson (Walker's division) reports considerable skirmishing near railroad crossing—enemy occupying works on north side.

(Later): Armstrong, commanding Jackson's cavalry, all west of railroad. Jackson (disabled) reports enemy's cavalry crossed at Gillem's Bridge (south of Kingston) and infantry and artillery on north side. Colonel Ewell telegraphs to know if service of conscripts will be received; thousands can be had. Newspapers of to-day say nothing of retreat south of Etowah. Expect battle at Cassville. Supply trains south of Chattahoochee River. Other wagon trains moved south of Allatoona to a more open country. Return called for.

NEAR MOORE'S HOUSE.

Sunday, May 22, 1864.—Memorandum: On the 20th asked General M(ackall) who reported force of enemy on Canton road on 19th when we were at Cassville. He said General Hood, who said they

had a line of battle close to him. General M(ackall) could see nothing and didn't believe it.) 9:30 a. m., dispatch this morning, written last night by Allen, of cavalry, gives report of a scout. Enemy fortifying on both sides of river at Gillem's bridge; their cavalry had gone out several miles to Stilesborough; inquired minutely about roads; said that to-day an army of 150,000 (?) strong would march out on Cedartown road to Atlanta; expected but little opposition, thinking this army utterly demoralized. Enemy on short rations. (Memorandum: Left Cleveland and Ringgold with twenty days'.) This report sent back to Wheeler, with note advising him not to carry out his expedition without being fully informed of position of enemy. Immediately afterward he was sent for to come to headquarters, where Hood and Hardee are. Copy of said report sent to Armstrong. Wheeler not yet arrived. Jackson's division cavalry picketing river below as far as Rome; Wheeler's above as far as Canton. Wheeler is to cross the river. Wheeler started in afternoon after considerable delay, crossing near Etowah bridge. At 3:30 p. m. lieutenant-generals and chief of artillery notified to have everything in readiness to move at moment's notice. Major Moore notified that troops are to carry three days' rations in haversacks. Guides obtained for country south of Etowah and west of railroad. Two bridges being built over Pumpkin Vine Creek, and road made, cutting off considerable distance in moving down river. Country hilly and rocky. Heat oppressive and road dusty. Many disloyal people in this section.

Monday, May 23, 1864.—(After sunset, near Moore's house, one mile and a half from Allatoona.) After breakfast, headquarters wagons packed and horses saddled, ready for a move; awaiting information from cavalry. During day, Wheeler, who had crossed with escort night before, and was followed by his command in morning, sent back several dispatches giving reports of scouts sent to Cartersville, Cassville, Cass Station, etc. Enemy's infantry (force not known) at Cartersville. Hooker's corps and headquarters at Cassville. (Following written 24th:) (Memorandum: Learned about failure at Cassville from ——; mistake about name of road, "Canton.") Wheeler sent word in evening that more than one division at Cartersville. Hooker's headquarters and corps at Cassville. Thomas between Cassville and Kingston. Wheeler ordered off on expedition to cut communications. Burning of Etowah Iron Works and of town of Cartersville afternoon of 22nd, and small force then observed at Cartersville and few cavalry east. Had produced impression on some that entire force of enemy either moved considerably to our left or were falling back. Many rumors of latter kind.

Wheeler, after crossing Etowah, said citizens said enemy reported they were falling back. One report that they were going to Knoxville. Jackson's cavalry, under Armstrong, sent unsatisfactory reports, but in afternoon and night reported 5,000 cavalry crossed at Milam's Bridge, apparently to cover passage of infantry. Heavy columns of dust and of infantry and wagons seen moving on north bank of Etowah toward our left, and Ferguson thought main army on north bank. Ferguson reported infantry having crossed. During day Hardee moved ten miles southwest, and Polk moved on road from Allatoona to Dallas. Hood still watching crossings near railroad. At night orders reiterated for Hardee to move to Dallas and Atlanta road, and Polk to do same and communicate. General Hardee made mistake; sent word back (date 10 p. m.; received 11:50 p. m.) that unless received further orders would cross Chattahoochee at Nelson's ferry; would start his command 2 a. m. Major M(ason) sent to correct mistake, and note sent by courier telling him he was to take position near intersection of road on which he was, with Atlanta and Dallas road, and protect it, supported by General P(olk). Armstrong's cavalry, in moving farther to left, strangely had fallen back to Burnt Hickory, leaving enemy's cavalry unobserved. Armstrong told of utmost importance to have strong force at position held by Ross and observe enemy closely. Immediate information necessary. Jackson's commanders think main Yankee army west of our position, from Milam's Bridge to Rome. Telegram from General B. received. Quarles ordered from M(ississippi) on 21st. After terrible crisis, sacrificing communications, all well in Virginia. Expect great results here, from tone of army reported. S. D. L(ee) ordered part of Roddey to Talladega; Chalmers' division from Tupelo to ———. Blair passed Paducah on 10th, to join Sherman; thirty-seven transports and gun-boats. Headquarters wagons unpacked. 3 p. m., go into camp. Wheeler told to observe particularly what force could march directly from Cartersville on Allatoona.

Tuesday, May 24.—(Near Moore's house, one mile and a half to Allatoona.) All ready to move to Polk's command.

(May 25, yesterday all rode from headquarters near Bartow Furnace (near Moore's) to Powder Mill and Dallas road, and camped at night on the road four miles from Dallas. Hood moved his troops by afternoon nearer Dallas from Etowah bridge, and headquarters where Hardee's had been night before, at Doctor Smith's. Hardee at night camped in supporting distance of Dallas. Polk camped on Marietta and Dallas road. In afternoon four of enemy's cavalry run into lines of a brigade at Dallas and carry off some of our men;

not a gun loaded. Jackson's opinion that main army of enemy approaching Dallas and one corps and 2,500 cavalry going by Villa Rica. This information sent to Hood, who is told to move early in morning, that his advance may reach New Hope Church (on Allatoona and Dallas road), about four miles and a half from Robinson's, in order to guard against separation. Polk is to move up on Marietta and Dallas road to Robinson's. Join hands to be ready to fight. Witherspoon, of Quarles' staff, reports brigade coming 2,800.)

Wednesday, May 25, 1864.—(5:30 p. m., at Robertson's house, four miles south of Dallas, near intersection of road from Marietta, Atlanta, and Allatoona to Dallas.) Half hour ago few discharges of artillery near New Hope Church, where Hood is three miles distant. Prisoner says Hooker's corps is in front of him. General J(ohnston) rode there an hour ago. We have been waiting here nearly all day. Few developments of enemy. Reports of their having crossed Pumpkin Vine Creek; citizens think moving around our left. All quiet in front of Dallas. This morning all of Hardee's division in line. Polk got in wrong place. Wheeler reports captured and brought off from near Cassville 30 wagons loaded, and destroyed 170 and took 150 prisoners. Stewart's division repulsed Hooker's corps.

Saturday, May 28, 1864.—(11 a. m., Cleburne's intrenched line, where enemy were repulsed last afternoon, Rogers' house.) Few minutes ago started with General M(ackall) to Wheeler's to see General Hood; met him after going few yards and returned. Brisk cannonading apparently in front of Loring, and slight skirmishing along line. Blanton, of Hood's staff, came from the right about 9 a. m., after our arrival here (Cleburne's headquarters), with a message from General H(ood), who was at Wheeler's headquarters. Captain McFarland, of Cleburn's staff, who came with him, says Hood found enemy's right on Allatoona road intrenched, could not attack; dissapointed in not being able to get in his rear, as he expected last night and this morning. Wrote at sunrise his corps had not crossed; feared he would have some difficulty in crossing Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, where our right last evening rested; when he crossed he would be in enemy's rear. At 11 a. m. fight on French's line; 11:30 generals ride away; follow in fifteen to twenty minutes; when I leave, Cleburne says his skirmishers pressed in. However, no attack on him. All rode to house where headquarters are established at night. While on Cleburne's line walk over field; about 700 dead left by Howard. Prisoners from Palmer and Scofield, who were supporting but not engaged, captured. Enemy advanced in five to six lines.

Monday, May 30.—(8 a. m., Widow Wigley's deserted house on Dallas and Allatoona road, three-quarters of a mile from New Hope Church.) All very quiet along line except occasional cannon opposite French; hardly a musket fired. Last evening early, on account of reported movement of enemy toward our left, extending from Pumpkin Vine Creek, from which point forces said to be moving to Dallas, arrangements made to move to Lost Mountain, six miles east. At same time enemy's pickets on their left were contracted, and reports of troops moving to re-enforce Dallas. At 9 o'clock at night some cannonading on French's and Cantey's line; 10 p. m., wagons (at) headquarters packed to move; some tremendous firing, artillery and musketry, on French's line kept up more than half hour and renewed two or three times later. About 11 p. m., cannonading heavy on Bate's line for two hours, fortunately Cleburne supporting; various conjectures at the time and since about origin Cantey's line very weak and seventy-five yards from enemy's intrenchments; second line was being made 200 yards in rear. Was enemy attempting to prevent working? Making genuine attack? False alarm? Latter general impression, confirmed toward morning by officers who reported no enemy seen either in front of Cantey or Bate. Cantey said it was a stampede on part of his men. There we did most of firing. On left it was principally enemy's artillery; great waste of ammunition; reminded some of occurrences at Yorktown; both sides aroused by false alarm. On the heavy firing, movement of the night suspended; all unsaddle; intrenching tools sent to lines. Toward morning scouts reported enemy moving to our left. For several days he has been approaching railroad gradually, intrenching at every point. Yesterday Hood on right, Polk in center, holding Hood's former position. while Hardee on left, his line extending several miles, and for long intervals only skirmishers, principally on the Ellsberry Hills. Bate in front of Dallas, supported by Cleburne, moved up yesterday. In enemy's line a similar gap opposite Cheatham; enemy a mile distant. Stewart on Hood's extreme right across Little Pumpkin Vine Creek; enemy also across creek. Information received now by Hill's, Granbury's, and Jackson's and Wheeler's scouts more regular and reliable. One of Longstreet's scouts reports heavy baggage sent back from Chattanooga. and all forage and substance sent forward, twenty days', of which ten had been exhausted. Small garrison at Chattanooga. Other day man reported small garrisons at Tullahoma and Huntsville; 1,500 at Bridgeport. Many rumors of Forrest having crossed Tennessee River, but nothing from Mississippi to show suspension of order revoked. Forrest would be of more service between Sherman

and Chattanooga. Mississippi threatened by raid from Memphis, and other day information that A. J. Smith had landed troops from Red River at Vicksburg. Southwest drained of troops to strengthen this army. Fleet and transports with 2,800 infantry off Mobile. No infantry except enough to man batteries. Tennessee over the bar and down the bay; admiral hesitates to attack. 9:30 a. m., Major Preston says firing on right originated by enemy's heavy line of skirmishers advancing on Cantey's line where new fortifications being built. Firing there only few minutes—taken up by other troops; now new line on ridge farther back. Sharpshooters troublesome; artillery lose heavily in men and horses—40 men and 40 horses in one battalion; ammunition wasted; only forty rounds allowed to each man.

Tuesday, May 31, 1864.—(Three-quarters of a mile from New Hope Church at Widow Wigley's; headquarters same for several days.) Prisoner of Fifteenth (Logan's corps), captured night before last in front of Bate, and brought to headquarters yesterday afternoon, says Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps near Dallas, on enemy's right; doesn't think any corps immediately on left; said Seventeenth came up two days before. In night, without drawing in pickets, firing was suddenly commenced by his people; he lay down, and when all was quiet, in endeavoring to escape, got among our skirmishers—so the enemy raised false alarm on Bate's line as Cantey did. Bate reported enemy made several attacks. In the previous affair when B(ate) advanced, became hotly engaged, effected lodgment temporarily in enemy's breast-works, and was forced to retire with loss; he says ardor of men could not be restrained, went too far before could be recalled. Lewis, who lost most, and other brigadiers say orders positive to take works.

Jackson's scouts report enemy's cavalry between Dallas and Draketown moved back during attack of Sunday night; don't know which road they have gone; told (by) citizens, horses starving, forced to go back. (Prisoners say army on half rations for several days, and various confirmations of short supplies; stock suffering.) Captain Johnson, of a Georgia regiment, under Wheeler, just from a scout north of Etowah River, says no enemy at Etowah, Cartersville, or Cassville; 1,000 to 2,000 infantry and one regiment cavalry at Cass Station and Kingston; 5,000 infantry at Resaca; citizens and soldiers say two supply trains cut off. Forrest captured Chattanooga (no official information received here of his having started). On 29th S. D. Lee telegraphed that Roddey had been driven back to Jonesborough by 10,000 infantry, artillery, and cavalry from Decatur; yesterday said they had returned, probably a diversion to cover

movement of troops to Kingston (probably those landed at Clinton). War Department day or two ago gave notice that nineteen transports with troops had passed Grand Gulf and stopped at Vicksburg, supposed to be Smith's troops from Red River (on way to Sherman doubtless). Yesterday afternoon late, brisk skirmishing and rapid artillery firing on Stewart's line. With this exception, day and night remarkably quiet. Enemy's sharpshooters in trees very annoying. Yesterday colonel and captain of First Missouri killed in trenches. Some supposed 150 guns in position would open. Sick and wounded had been moved back and many thought army would change position. Troops in good spirits. Press in southwest support the General. A victory will confirm all. In one or two weeks enemy will have considerable reinforcements. Logan's corps go out service in three months. Lincoln calls for 400,000 more.

Gap in enemy's line. General believes force (McPherson) in front of Bate is there only to cover roads. Hooker in center, then Howard, Palmer, and Scofield. Wheeler's scouts learn from citizens that from questions (of) enemy's engineers, who examine country and roads to Allatoona, a movement to Allatoona is contemplated.

Thursday, June 2.—(Sunset.) Headquarters moved yesterday evening from Widow Wigley's to camp in woods three miles farther to our right in rear of Hood on settlement road leading into Marietta road. Yesterday telegram sent to General Bragg (last was on 28th); another to Governor Brown. The quiet of the enemy on Tuesday on the left, sharpshooting only, no reply being made to our batteries, and the small force observed from Ellsberry Mountain, opposite Walker, induced the belief that the force at Dallas was small. Yesterday morning at daylight enemy commenced moving his forces from Dallas to his left. From left of Mercer's brigade on Ellsberry Mountain heavy columns of infantry well closed up became visible at 7 o'clock, and continued in sight until 9 or 10 a. m. Major Lee and others observed them from the mountain, and reported frequently. About midday the General rides to mountain. In front of Walker the enemy kept their skirmishers close to ours, but no troops at the time to support them in the entrenchments, two lines of which had been erected several days before. We could see a few wagons passing in their front on the Burnt Hickory road, but in the distance the roads to Burnt Hickory and that from Burnt Hickory to New Hope Church could be seen miles off, and wagons three miles off passing continually. The dust marked the progress when the road could not be seen. Wagons were moving to New Hope Church, and the dust also showed traveling beyond the cross-roads to Burnt

Hickory, in direction of river. Officers observing the movements early in the day, said a column moved from left and occupied breastworks in front of Mercer and Cheatham to cover passage of others along road. Afterward line of battle was formed at right angles to fortifications. I saw line of battle when rode first to mountain to see Major L(ee) and observe with map. Jackson's scouts reported same movement, and about 1 o'clock Armstrong entered Dallas. He reported one-half enemy had taken the Burnt Hickory or Cartersville road leading toward Douthardt's bridge (so General Walker was told by residents) and the other corps had taken the Acworth road leading from Dallas to New Hope Church. No cavalry at Dallas since Sunday. Cleburne was moved from supporting distance of Walker farther to right. Last evening heavy column of cavalry, with artillery, moved from Cartersville, and encamped at Allatoona; another cavalry column, reported 5,000, moved last evening up Dallas and Allatoona road to Allatoona. It seems all their cavalry is on our right. Yesterday confidential circular directing withdrawal at night to Lost Mountain recalled 4 p. m. Last night all quiet; also to-day, except some cannonading on Hood's line. About noon Hood reported enemy double-quicking to his right and attack expected. Bate, Cleburne, and Walker sent on right; attack expected in morning, though all quiet now (dusk); all quiet in front of Wheeler. Yesterday information about movements of enemy from Decatur toward Sherman received from S. D. Lee; from Jackson's and Wheeler's scouts, 7,000 or 8,000 moved from Decatur on Somerville road on 2nd.

Saturday, June 4 ,1864.—(Midday.) No attack yesterday by enemy, as Generals Hood and Hardee expected. Headquarters unchanged. Telegram yesterday from General Bragg. Lee in line near Mechanicsville, confronting Grant. Butler gone to join G(rant). Beauregard at Richmond. Two more ciphers from Lee yesterday (S. D.); the last said the Sixteenth Army Corps, with eighteen pieces of artillery, was moving toward Okolona rapidly, and that Forrest had been recalled from Russellville, and he would have to withdraw most of his cavalry from Middle Alabama. So, the great results anticipated from a raid of the Mississippi cavalry in Sherman's rear are not to be fulfilled at an early day. This column from Memphis may eventually endeavor to join Sherman. Before receipt of these dispatches General J(ohnston) had telegraphed Lee that a raid between S(herman's) army and Chattanooga would do much harm. Telegraphed also to General B. for information to movements of Mississippi cavalry, to which reference was made in B.'s dispatch. Accounts of progress of the column moving toward

Rome; from many sources expected at Gadsden on 1st of June, four days' march from Rome; according to one account 1,000 sent from Huntsville by rail. Chalmers was to move from Montevallo to Blue Mountain a day or two ago. Rumor already places him at Rome. Blair (or Griffin) said to be moving rapidly—fourteen miles per day; made forced marches from Clinton and Pulaski. He hasn't over 6,000 to 10,000; is mounting infantry as fast as (he) can seize horses, desolating the country. One account represented this force from Louisiana, that from Memphis no doubt is. Large detachments were made from Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, and sent, under A. J. Smith, to Red River. Besides these reinforcements prisoners and scouts report 100-day men coming down to guard communications. One of Thomas' couriers recently captured says nineteen regiments expected soon. Scouts say 3,000 of 100-days cavalry at Columbia, Middle Tenn. Many officers of this army, as well as the people and army in the East, think there is very little disparity in the size of this army and Sherman's, and urge an immediate attack. S(herman) has at least 60,000 effective infantry now, supposing him to have lost 12,000 to 15,000 since leaving Chattanooga. Our effective total infantry about 44,000. Rousseau expected with a division from the rear. Since leaving Dalton our entire loss not over 6,000. Many new troops sent to rear foot-sore will come up. Army better fed (one-half pound bacon with meal or hard bread) than ever, whisky or coffee occasionally issued. Troops in fine spirits. Implicit confidence. All baggage wagons south of Chattahoochee. One wagon for cooking utensils of a brigade detached from general train. This campaign of a month shows that the army can get along with no baggage, and can be supplied twenty miles from railroad. General Jackson says captured letters of General Hazen show enemy to be in straits about rations—not paid for three months. (Thomas' orders say men and horses well fed.) Enemy yesterday reported commencing to rebuild Etowah railroad bridge; his line moving gradually to right, followed by ours; will not attack, but will fortify on Allatoona Heights and wait for supplies and reinforcements. No fight for two weeks. Cheatham on extreme left, next Polk, then Hood and Hardee (and their divisions) on right. Colonel Cole, transportation quartermaster, here. Feeling in army: One lieutenant-general talks about attack and not giving ground, publicly, and quietly urges retreat."

July 1st, 1864. On the skirmish line occupying light skirmish pits with head logs, erected by troops we relieved, lots of skirmishing and random firing all day. A new Wisconsin regiment join us on the left

in which there are many Indians, who seem to prefer to practice their mode of skirmishing to that laid down in the tactics; as it is a free and easy fight with every man for himself, their officers allow them to adopt their bushwhacking tactics. On the second we were relieved from the skirmish line taking position in support of our batteries on the foot hills in plain view of the heavy fortifications on the crest of Kenesaw. Early in the evening about fifty of our pieces opened up on them; they replied vigorously from their fort for a short time; we could plainly see the dirt flying around the embrasures of their works, which made them desist and seek shelter. As soon as it was dark we muffled the wheels of our artillery, quietly withdrew to the right, swinging around Kenesaw and by daylight we were well in rear of the mountain headed for the Chatahoochee river causing Johnston to abandon Kenesaw and Marietta and fall back to Smyrna Camp Ground, where he was not allowed to linger long as we were making good time for the river and his rear. 3rd, we made a hurried march, in the hot sun, many fell out of the ranks prostrated with the heat, marched until late in the night when we were ordered to build breastworks; men worked with creditable energy and cheerfulness, notwithstanding the tedious march of the day; camped about four miles from the Chatahoochee river within sight of Kenesaw. 4th. We needed no blank cartridges to celebrate our National holiday, as a battle was raging all around us with plenty of noise from shotted guns and plenty of fire-works in the evening, from the burning fuses of screeching shells, like rockets and roman candles in the heavens above that lit up with a lurid light a scene of horror. Early in the morning the 4th division moved out on the Ruff's Station road, and, encountering the enemy, pressed him back for a distance of two miles and until he was developed in a strong line of entrenchments in heavy force. Prisoners taken from Hoods entire Corps were in our front; the 2nd division was brought up and placed in position on the right of the 4th division, and the command proceeded to intrench and develop fully the enemy's position. At 4 p. m. a charging column of our division, consisting of the 39th and 27th Ohio, the 64th Illinois of the 4th division, under command of Col. E. F. Noyes; and the 81st Ohio and 66th Ills., and 2nd Iowa Infantry of our division, was formed, and gallantly charged and carried the enemy's works, capturing over 100 prisoners. In this charge our loss was about 140 killed and wounded. Among the latter was Colonel Noyes who lost a leg. During this charge our regiment was laying supporting battery "H" 1st Missouri and were subjected to a heavy cannonading by the enemy's batteries opposing us. The enemy soon abandoned his entire line and retreated to the Chatahoochee. Many prisoners were taken who seemed to be discouraged at the prospects for their cause. Marched 5 miles.

BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

Men make a private truce with the Johnnies, freely converse with them and trade coffee to them for tobacco. 6th, remained in camp all day, weather hot and dry. 7th, still in camp; can hear cannonading in the distance on the river. 8th, in camp remaining in uncertainty. Occasionally a cannon can be heard to our left and front, with some musketry. Wild blackberries, large and luscious, grow in profusion, from which we feasted. 9th, broke camp at 11 a. m., marched until 10 p. m., passing through Marietta, camping two miles beyond. Heavy cannonading all day in the front. Heat excessive and roads dusty, causing much straggling. Yesterday we were on the extreme right of the army; now we seem to be moving to the extreme left. This makes the third time on this campaign that our corps has been transferred from one flank of the army to the other; these movements require forced marches, and in the hot weather are extremely hard on men. Marched 14 miles. 10th, moved out at 3 o'clock a. m., passing through Rosswell, arrive at the Chatahoochee river, which is rapid and about a half mile wide and from one to four feet deep, which we proceed to cross immediately by wading; as we emerge from the river we get a thorough drenching from a heavy downpour of rain, but as we are wet through anyway from fording, it makes no difference; in fact it is refreshing after marching in the dusty roads. The storm extended well into the night, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning. We are without tents or other protection except our rubber ponchos. It hardly seems possible that men can endure such privations and hardships and live. We worked building breastworks during the night. 11th, remained in position all day strengthening our works and making abatis in front; battery 'H" brought up and placed in position in the works between our regiment and the 66th Indiana. The pioneer corps built a foot bridge across the river and built a wagon bridge on the abutments and piers of the bridge burned by the rebels. General Dodge also constructed the railroad bridge to replace the one destroyed by the enemy. It is a high trestle and required skilled engineering ability to plan it, which luckily Gen. Dodge possessed, he having been a civil engineer and engaged in the construction of railroads before the war. 12th, still in camp; details for fatigue duty are exceedingly heavy in carrying on the works of building the bridge and roads in the rear of our line so the wagon trains could pass. All quiet on the Chatahoochee. Men not on detail engaged in picking wild blackberries, with which the country abounds. 13th, all quiet in camp, still engaged in building bridge and fatigue duty. 14th, still retain our position; have inspection. In the evening there was a terrific electric storm; it was reported that in a Michigan regiment camped near us there were five killed and fourteen wounded by lightning while lying under their stacks of arms, also

some battery horses. Having no tents we got a good soaking. 15th, remained quiet in camp all day; visited by General McPherson and staff. 17th, still remain in our position with orders to be ready to move at a moments notice, with forty rounds of cartridges in boxes and twenty extra rounds in haversacks, which indicates there is business in front in prospect for us. Moved out of our works at noon, advancing towards Decatur, delayed by waiting for the 15th corps to pass, as there was only one road; our advance came across the enemy in force about four miles out at Cross Keys and were checked for a short time; went into bivouac in line of battle ready for action.

18th, marched at 6 a. m., our brigade and battery in advance; movements made very cautiously, with flanks well up and protected, as though we expected to meet the enemy in force. Rebel cavalry watching us closely and suddenly falling back, with little opposition. Camped about noon, distance marched seven miles; we are now seven miles from Decatur and 13 miles from Atlanta. The interval of waiting was employed in collecting stores at Allatoona, Marietta and Vining's Station, strengthening the railway guards and garrisons, and improving the bridges and roads leading across the river. 17th, the whole army advanced from their camps and formed a general line along Peach Tree Creek and road. The same day Jefferson Davis relieved General Johnston from the command of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee, and designated Lieut. General Hood as his successor; the reason given for it that Johnston had failed to arrest the advance of the Union army to the vicinity of Atlanta and had expressed no confidence that he could defeat it. Johnston with an army larger than he had at the beginning of the campaign, behind secure fortifications, was preparing to attack the Union army, largely reduced by losses, by detachments, and by expiration of enlistments, in a position south of all the barriers it had passed, where defeat would be so decisive for us, as to cost us all the fruits already gained and months of delay, but undecisive for the confederates, who could retire behind their works, too strong for assault and too extensive for investment. At this crisis of the campaign, Johnston prudent, wary and exhaustive in his plans, brave and skillful in their execution, was displaced by his successor, brave but rash, The Confederate tactics were changed, and the battle that Johnston, at the very moment when he was relieved, was about to deliver upon the decisive point with thorough preparation, was delivered by Hood upon the first point that presented itself, with impetuosity. This was an opportunity that we long had sought, when our oponents would come out in the open and give us a fair open fight.

19th. Marched slowly and cautiously all day passing through Decatur where were stored a lot of rebel supplies, among which is a

lot of cavalry lances about ten feet long, with a small flag on each; should think they would not be of as much practical use in battle as a ball club. The whole army is forming battle line, connecting with each other from right to left. 20th, advance with skirmishers hotly engaged, until the enemy's front is fully developed, when intrenching tools are distributed and heavy details are set to work throwing up defenses. During the afternoon the enemy sallied from his works in force against Newton's division of Howard's corps, and Johnson s division of Palmer's corps. The blow was sudden and unexpected, but General Newton had hastily covered his front by a line of rail piles, which enabled him to meet and repulse the attack on him. General Hooker's corps, although uncovered, and compelled to fight on comparatively open ground, after a severe battle, drove the enemy back to his intrenchments. The action in front of Jackson's division was comparatively light as the position was well intrenched. Sherman's entire loss was about fifteen hundred killed, wounded and missing—chiefly in Hooker's corps, by reason of its exposed position.

Johnston in his narrative explains his plan of operations when relieved, as follows:

"In transferring the command to General Hood I explained my plans to him. First, I expected an opportunity to engage the enemy on terms of advantage while they were divided in crossing Peach-Tree Creek, trusting to General Wheeler's vigilance for the necessary information. If successful, the great divergance of the Federal line of retreat from the direct route available to us would enable us to secure decisive results; if unsuccessful, we had a safe place of refuge in our entrenched lines close at hand. Holding it, we could certainly keep back the enemy, as at New Hope Church and in front of Marietta, until the State troops promised by Governor Brown were assembled. Then, I intended to man the works of Atlanta on the side toward Peach-Tree Creek with those troops, and leisurely fall back with the Confederate troops into the town, and, when the Federal army approached, march out with the three corps against one of its flanks. If we were successful, the enemy would be driven against the Chattahoochee where there are no fords, or to the east, away from their communications, as the attack might fall on the right or left. If unsuccessful, the Confederate army had a near and secure place of refuge in Atlanta, which it could hold forever, and so win the campaign, of which that place was the object. The passage of Peach-Tree Creek may not have given an opportunity to attack; but there is no reason to think that the second and far more promising plan might not have been executed."

Following are the plans of movements arranged by General Sherman as shown in his memoirs:

"On the 17th we began the general movement against Atlanta, Thomas crossing the Chattahoochee at Power's and Paice's, by pontoon bridges; Scofield moving out toward Cross Keys, and McPherson toward Stone Mountain. We encountered but little opposition except by cavalry. On the 18th all the armies moved on a general right wheel, Thomas to Buckhead, forming line of battle facing Peach-Tree Creek; Scofield was on his left, and McPherson well over toward the railroad between Stone Mountain and Decatur, which we reached at 2 p. m. of that day, about four miles from Stone Mountain, and seven miles east of Decatur, and there he turned toward Atlanta, breaking up the railroad as he progressed, his advance-guard reaching Decatur about night, where he came into communication with Schofield's troops, which had also reached Decatur. About 10 a. m. of that day (July 18th), when the armies were all in motion, one of General Thomas' staff-officers brought me a citizen, one of our spies, who had just come out of Atlanta, and had brought a newspaper of the same day, or of the day before, containing Johnston's order relinquishing the command of the Confederate forces in Atlanta, and Hood's order assuming the command. I immediately inquired of General Scofield, who was my classmate at West Point, about Hood, as to his general character, etc., and learned that he was bold even to rashness, and courageous in the extreme; I inferred that the change of commanders meant "fight." Notice of this important change was at once sent to all parts of the army, and every division commander was cautioned to be always prepared for battle in any shape. This was just what we wanted, viz., to fight in open ground, on any thing like equal terms, instead of being forced to run up against prepared intrenchments; but, at the same time, the enemy having Atlanta behind him, could choose the time and place of attack, and could at pleasure mass a superior force on our weakest points. Therefore, we had to be constantly ready for sallies.

"On the 19th the three armies were converging toward Atlanta, meeting such feeble resistance that I really thought the enemy intended to evacuate the place. McPherson was moving astride of the railroad, near Decatur; Scofield along a road leading toward Atlanta, by Colonel Howard's house and the distillery; and Thomas was crossing "Peach-Tree" in line of battle, building bridges for nearly every division as deployed. There was quite a gap between Thomas and Scofield, which I endeavored to close by drawing two of Howard's divisions nearer Scofield. On the 20th I was with General Scofield near the center, and soon after noon heard heavy firing in front of Thomas's right, which lasted an hour or so, and then ceased. I soon learned that the

enemy had made a furious sally, the blow falling on Hooker's corps (the Twentieth), and partially on Johnson's division of the Fourteenth, and Newton's of the Fourth. The troops had crossed Peach-Tree Creek, were deployed, but at the time were resting for noon, when, without notice, the enemy came pouring out of their trenches down upon them, they became commingled, and fought in many places hand to hand. General Thomas happened to be near the rear of Newton's division, and got some field-batteries in a good position, on the north side of Peach-Tree Creek, from which he directed a furious fire on a mass of the enemy, which was passing around Newton's left and exposed flank. After a couple of hours of hard and close conflict, the enemy retired slowly within his trenches, leaving his dead and many wounded on the field. Johnson's and Newton's losses were light, for they had partially covered their fronts with light parapet; but Hooker's whole corps fought in open ground, and lost about fifteen hundred men. He reported four hundred rebel dead left on the ground, and that the rebel wounded would number four thousand; but this was conjectural, for most of them got back within their own lines. We had, however, met successfully a bold sally, had repelled it handsomely, and were also put on our guard; and the event illustrated the future tactics of our enemy. This sally came from the Peach-Tree line, which General Johnston had carefully prepared in advance, from which to fight us outside of Atlanta. We then advanced our lines in compact order, close up to these finished intrenchments, overlapping them on our left. From various parts of our lines the houses inside of Atlanta were plainly visible, though between us were the strong parapets, with ditch, fraise, chevaux-de-frise, and abatis, prepared long in advance by Colonel Jeremy F. Gilmer, formerly of the United States Engineers. McPherson had the Fifteenth Corps astride the Augusta Railroad, and the Seventeenth deployed on its left. Scofield was next on his right, then came Howard's, Hooker's, and Palmer's corps, on the extreme right. Each corps was deployed with strong reserves, and their trains were parked to their rear. McPherson's trains were in Decatur, guarded by a brigade commanded by Colonel Sprague of the Sixty-third Ohio. The Sixteenth Corps (Dodge's) was crowded out of position on the right of McPherson's line, by the contraction of the circle of investment; and, during the previous afternoon, the Seventeenth Corps (Blair's) had pushed its operations on the farther side of the Augusta Railroad, so as to secure possession of a hill, known as Leggett's Hill, because General Leggett's division had carried it by assault. Giles A. Smith's division was on Leggett's left, deployed with a weak left flank "in air," in military phraseology. It was in carrying this hill that General Gresham, a great favorite, was badly wounded; and there also Colonel

Tom Reynolds, now of Madison, Wisconsin, was shot through the leg. When the surgeons were debating the propriety of amputating it in his hearing, he begged them to spare the leg, as it was very valuable, being an "imported leg." He was of Irish birth, and this well-timed piece of wit saved his leg, for the surgeons thought, if he could perpetrate a joke at such a time, they would trust to his vitality to save his limb.

"During the night, I had full reports from all parts of our line most of which was partially intrenched as against a sally, and finding that McPherson was stretching out too much on his left flank, I wrote him a note early in the morning not to extend so much by his left; for we had not troops enough to completely invest the place, and I intended to destroy utterly all parts of the Augusta railroad to the east of Atlanta, then to withdraw from the left flank and add to the right. In that letter I ordered McPherson not to extend any farther to the left, but to employ General Dodge's corps (Sixteenth), then forced out of position, to destroy every rail and tie of the railroad, from Decatur up to his skirmish-line, and I wanted him (McPherson) to be ready, as soon as General Garrard returned from Covington (whither I had sent him), to move to the extreme right of Thomas, so as to reach if possible the railroad below Atlanta, viz., the Macon road. In the morning we found the strong line of parapet, "Peach-Tree line," to the front of Scofield and Thomas,abandoned,and our lines were advanced rapidly close up to Atlanta. For some minutes I supposed the enemy intended to evacuate, and in person was on horseback at the head of Scofield's troops, who had advanced in front of the Howard House to some open ground, from which we could plainly see the whole rebel line of parapets, and I saw their men dragging up from the intervening valley, by the distillery, trees and saplings for abatis. Our skirmishers found the enemy down this valley, and we could see the rebel main line strongly manned, with guns in position at intervals. Scofield was dressing forward his lines, and I could hear Thomas farther to the right engaged, when General McPherson and his staff rode up. We went back to the Howard House, a double frame-building with a porch, and sat on the steps, discussing the chances of battle, and of Hood's general character. McPherson had also been of the same class at West Point with Hood, Scofield, and Sheridan. We agreed that we ought to be unusually cautious and prepared at all times for sallies and for hard fighting, because Hood, though not deemed much of a scholar, or of great mental capacity, was undoubtedly a brave, determined, and rash man; and the change of commanders at that particular crisis argued the displeasure of the Confederate Government with the cautious but prudent conduct of General Jos. Johnston.

"McPherson was in excellent spirits, well pleased at the progress of events so far, and had come over purposely to see me about the order

I had given him to use Dodge's corps to break up the railroad, saying that the night before he had gained a position on Leggett's Hill from which he could look over the rebel parapet, and see the high smoke-stack of a large foundry in Atlanta; that before receiving my order he had diverted Dodge's two divisions (then in motion) from the main road, along a diagonal one that led to his extreme left flank, then held by Giles A. Smith's division (Seventeenth Corps), for the purpose of strengthening that flank; and that he had sent some intrenching-tools there, to erect some batteries from which he intended to knock down that foundry, and otherwise to damage the buildings inside of Atlanta. He said he could put all his pioneers to work, and do with them in the time indicated all I had proposed to do with General Dodge's two divisions. Of course I assented at once, and we walked down the road a short distance, sat down by the foot of a tree where I had my map, and on it pointed out to him Thomas's position and his own. I then explained minutely that, after we had sufficiently broken up the Augusta road, I wanted to shift his whole army around by the rear to Thomas's extreme right, and hoped thus to reach the other railroad at East Point. While we sat there we could hear lively skirmishing going on near us (down about the distillery), and occasionally round-shot from twelve or twenty-four pound guns came through the trees in reply to those of Scofield, and we could hear similar sounds all along down the lines of Thomas to our right, and his own to the left; but presently the firing appeared a little more brisk (especially over about Giles A. Smith's division), and then we heard an occasional gun back toward Decatur. I asked him what it meant. We took my pocket-compass (which I always carried), and by noting the direction of the sound, we became satisfied that the firing was too far to our left rear to be explained by known facts, and he hastily called for his horse, his staff, and his orderlies."

Such was the condition of matters on the eve of the battle of Atlanta.

On the evening of the 21st, we advanced our lines cautiously up to the skirmishers and hurriedly threw up works; we got close up to their skirmish line under cover of timber and brush and dug holes like badgers to protect ourselves before being discovered. It is astonishing how quick men will entrench and get temporary cover, under persuasion of sharpshooters of an enemy. They need no urging to keep them busy as beavers until they get protection from bullets. There was heavy fighting on Bald Hill to our left throughout the day, and old Joe Hooker was pounding them back in his front towards Atlanta.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

July 22, 1864, an ever memorable date to those who participated in the terrible battle of Atlanta. Our regiment being on the advance line, at the right of the army, commenced at daylight to press the enemy's skirmishers in to the main works around Atlanta, advancing slowly but steadily; about 8 o'clock a. m. we heard heavy firing to our left, when we were hastily withdrawn to the left and rear, and are ordered to double quick across the railroad and about three miles to the extreme left of the army, where from the sound a battle was raging in all its fury. We pass many teams going to the rear in much confusion and keep on in the hot sun on the run; staff officers urging our pace to the limit, some men falling out exhausted by the roadside; we are halted in a by-road in the brush, waiting for orders to be placed; we can not see any enemy but the bullets come whistling up the road, infalading our line as we wait; those who have knapsacks or blankets lay them down and get behind them to protect themselves from the bullets that begin to come thick and fast, some being wounded before they got sight of the enemy. We had not laid in this position but a few minutes when we were hastily ordered forward and formed in an open field on a side hill, where we can see the enemy in the woods at the foot of the hill, massing in our front; skirmishers were at once sent out, who immediately engaged the enemy who were forming in the timber, while the regiment hastily gathered rails from fences near by and piled them up in a row on the ground for protection; our batteries were formed on an eminence above us to our right and rear, in close range of the enemy, they had their guns double shotted with grape and cannister, when they emerged in double column, and their officers goading them on, with an apparent determination to drive us back and overwhelm us; but our batteries tore great gaps through their ranks and we held our ground. Our batteries being in rear and above us they could fire over our heads without danger of doing us much damage, but with terrible effect on our foes, which we could plainly see. They would waver, fall back, form and come again, only to be hurled back again with greater slaughter, until broken demoralized and disheartened they sullenly and reluctantly withdrew The 17th corps to our right, refused their left, we continued the same formation, so that the left of the army formed shape like a fish-hook On the first formation of our lines our brigade occupied the extreme left of the army, with only the 2nd Iowa to the left of our regiment; the 16th corps forming the bow and point; as the 17th corps were fronted and fighting west, and most of the 16th corps fighting east, we were exposed to fire both front and rear.

SIXTEENTH A. C., BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22, 1864.
Showing Gen. Dodge and Staff mounted in the foreground,
and Gens. Sweeney and Rice and Staff at left of center.

About half past ten o'clock Lieut. Col. Wm. T. Clark, McPherson's Asst. Adjt. General, rode up and communicated to General Sherman the appalling intelligence that General McPherson was killed. That he had ridden to General Dodge's column, which was being placed in position, and had sent off nearly all his staff and orderlies on various errands, and himself had passed out through a gap that led to the left and rear of General Giles A. Smith's division, which was the extreme left of the 17th corps; that a few minutes after he had entered the woods a sharp volley was heard in that direction, and his horse had come back riderless and wounded in two places. There was no time to yield to grief caused by this terrible calamity. Not an instant was to be lost. Sherman instantly dispatched a staff-officer to General Logan to tell him what had happened and that he must take immediate command of the Army of the Tennessee, and hold stubbornly the ground chosen.

The troops of the 17th corps gained the outer works of the enemy, and fought back and forth over them, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. They were so close together at times that General Belknap reached over the works and dragged rebels over by hand, sending them to the rear as prisoners. The enemy broke through our lines in General Fuller's front, when General Dodge sent him reinforcements from our division, who drove them back and re-established our lines.

The battle was determined and desperate for over four hours. Taught by sad experience of defeat, thy held their own, only giving way inch by inch, clinging with desperate tenacity, even when all hope of ultimate success was gone, to the colors now little more than shreds, by which they stood, with a courage and gallantry which won our admiration.

Finally they were checked and driven back behind their works, leaving more than three thousand dead upon the field, together with thousands of wounded, and one thousand prisoners. Their total loss must have been at least eight thousand, while our loss in killed and wounded and prisoners was 3,722.

Fearing a depressing effect upon the troops, the knowledge of General McPherson's death was kept from the troops until after the battle. He was a true soldier; tall, straight, and of commanding appearance. He appreciated the fighting man and mourned the loss of brave men in battle. When necessary he willingly suffered the same privations as the enlisted man; he combined all that appeals to an ideal soldier—integrity, courage and kindliness, and was beloved and his death mourned by the whole army.

Night closed the slaughter and carnage, and the victory was ours, but at a fearful cost of life and suffering. After the battle the stillness was almost appalling; those who in the morning were eager for the fight and who now are dead, lie there in the darkness as they fell, forming yet another tableau of cruel war. As if by common consent the fighting flags on both sides sink down exhausted—

"The weary to sleep,
And the wounded to die."

And the living and wakeful to appreciate and contemplate the grim reality. This was the shadow of coming events; it was the forecast of the end.

This was a battle between the Army of the Tennessee and Hood's whole army, as the Armies of the Cumberland and the Ohio were not brought into action,the battle being fought on the left wing, with the intention as Hood said of crushing our left then in turn sweeping down our line and attacking the other wing after defeating us; but he found all the fighting he wanted on the left; we punished him so severely that he gave up the job before he got through with us. After the battle we changed front a little, facing towards Decatur and proceeded to build breastworks, working through the night. It will be remembered that just before this that General Stoneman and McCook had been sent with a large cavalry force to the rear of Atlanta to cut their communications and if successful to proceed to Macon and Andersonville and liberate our prisoners confined there; they succeeded in destroying the railroad, but farther than that were unsuccessful; The Confederate Generals Wheeler and Iverson with the combined forces of the enemy's cavalry defeated General Stoneman, taking him prisoner with the larger portion of his command. McCook got away with a portion of his command with the loss of most of his artillery, but badly defeated and demoralized. The remnants of the cavalry left were organized into divisions under Kilpatrick and Garrard.

REPORT OF GENERAL G. M. DODGE.

Hdqrs. Left Wing, Sixteenth Army Corps,
Near Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1864.

Colonel: I have the honor to herewith report the part taken by this command in the battle in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864:

On the morning of the 22nd my troops were disposed as follows: One division (Second) was in position on the right of the Army of

MAJ. GEN. G. M. DODGE.

the Tennessee, with one brigade in reserve. The First Brigade, of the Fourth Division, was in reserve near the left of the army, and in rear of the center of the Seventeenth Army Corps, being held as a reserve to the left flank of the army. The Second Brigade, of the Fourth Division, Col. J. W. Sprague commanding, was posted at Decatur, to hold that place and cover our trains during the absence of the cavalry. At daylight the pickets in front of Second Division discovered the enemy had evacuated works in our front. They pushed on, finding the enemy in his works surrounding Atlanta. About 8 a. m. I received a verbal order from Major-General McPherson to move the Second Division from the right to the extreme left of the army, and mass it in rear of the new position to be selected for the Seventeenth Army Corps, and to place one brigade of the Fourth Division in position on the left of this new position. The Second Division moved promptly, and halted about half a mile south of the railroad, in a position marked A on the map on the road running parallel to and three-quarters of a mile in rear of the position of the Seventeenth Army Corps. The brigade of the Fourth Division had not yet moved. I went in person to select a position for this brigade, and also to select good ground to mass the Second Division. I had just accomplished this when, ascertaining that the Seventeenth Army Corps would not move into its new position until night, I sent orders for the Second Division to bivouac where it then was and await orders. I also ordered Brig. Gen. J. W. Fuller, commanding Fourth Division, to send out working parties to intrench the position he was to occupy. About 12:00 m., while at General Fuller's headquarters, straggling shots were heard in the rear of the left of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and reports came in that the enemy were in force in our rear. Brig. Gen. T. W. Sweeney, commanding Second Division, sent out skirmishers in that direction, who immediately developed the fact that the enemy in considerable force was in the timber in rear of the Seventeenth Army Corps. Hearing the shots, I immediately sent orders to the Second Division to go into line on the ground it then occupied, facing east and south. At the same time I ordered General Fuller to post one regiment to cover the right flank of the Second Division. The Second Divison had hardly gone into position when it was discovered that the enemy were in heavy force in our front. General Fuller perceiving this, ordered out his entire brigade instead of one regiment, and went into position on the right of the Second Division. Two batteries, H, First Missouri, and Fourteenth Ohio Battery, were posted in the center of the Second Division. Scarcely was the line formed when the enemy in three columns emerged from the timber on our left,

front, and right. My whole line immediately became hotly engaged, and the fact of the enemy occupying the timber between me and the Seventeenth Army Corps was clearly demonstrated. I saw that I could not prolong my line to connect with the Seventeenth Army Corps, a long belt of timber lying between my right and its line of battle that faced west. I sent an aide to General Giles A. Smith, notifying him of the position of the enemy, and requesting that he would refuse his left in order to form a connection with my right. Seeing that the enemy was pressing in column still beyond my right and far down the line of the Seventeenth Corps and in its rear, I sent another staff officer to General Smith, who found him hotly engaged and then unable to connect. The enemy pressed forward in my front and left, exposing the flank of his center column. Detecting this, I at once pushed forward the Twelfth Illinois and Eighty-first Ohio, which caught the enemy partly in flank. Our fire in his front and flank was so destructive that he soon gave way. A charge was ordered, and his two columns in my front and left were broken and driven back to the timber. General Fuller at the same time ordered a charge on his front, which was gallantly made, and the enemy driven from it. The enemy pressing past my right in the timber had not ere this been fully developed. General Fuller's advance soon drew a heavy fire on his right flank. He promptly drew back the regiments that had charged, changed front to the rear under galling fire, and moved on the enemy in the timber, clearing that point. The fighting on my right, or rather in rear of my right, continued heavy, and I immediately made preparations to connect as near as possible with the Seventeenth Corps, so as to bring the enemy entirely in our front. Ascertaining where the left of the Seventeenth Corps rested, it having refused its line in order to check the column passing in its rear, my right was swung around, using the left as a pivot, until my command occupied a line facing a little west of south, and a short distance to the rear of my first line. Temporary intrenchments were immediately thrown up.

Major-General McPherson fell on the right of my line about one hour after the commencement of the battle, but it was not known to me for some time after. As soon as I ascertained that fact I sent a staff officer to Major-General Logan to report the exposed condition of my left, and request that troops be sent there; also reporting the gap between me and the Seventeenth Corps. A brigade, Colonel Martin's, of the Fifteenth Corps, was immediately sent to the left, arriving just as the enemy again made his appearance on my extreme left, but his demonstration was weak and soon repulsed. Soon after, I should judge about 4 p. m., Major-General Logan called in

person for aid to drive the enemy back on the main Decatur and Atlanta road, where he had gained a temporary advantage. The Second Brigade, Second Division, Col. August Mersy, commanding, was immediately sent, Major-General Logan accompanying it. The brigade immediately went into line, and participated in the charge that retook the works and batteries, and gained and re-established our lines. As the brigade operated under the immediate direction of the general commanding the department, and detached from my command, I cannot give a full account of its operations, but respectfully refer to the reports of brigade and regimental commanders forwarded herewith. General Logan instructed me, if I needed aid on my left, after weakening it by detaching this brigade, that I should call on General Cox, commanding division of Twenty-third Corps, who was near me. At 5 p. m. the enemy making a demonstration on my extreme left caused. me to request General Cox to send me a brigade, which he promptly did. The enemy, however, only opened with artillery. At 12 o'clock that night General Logan ordered two regiments of Colonel Mersy's brigade to occupy the hill so hotly contested for in front of the Seventeenth Corps, and relieve a portion of the troops then fighting. They promptly obeyed the order, and soon securely intrenched themselves. Colonel Sprague, who had with him three small regiments and six guns, the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, belonging to General Garrard's division of cavalry, which had reported to him, and one section of C Battery, First Michigan Artillery, was attacked by overwhelming numbers. Two divisions of Wheeler's cavalry, dismounted, poured down upon him from three directions. Colonel Sprague immediately concentrated his command, and, by determined, unyielding fighting, held the enemy in check and gained a position north of the town, which he was able to hold. By so doing he saved the trains of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Army Corps, then on the road from Roswell to the commands.

Great credit is due Colonel (now General) Sprague and his brigade for their conduct on this occasion. We were, no doubt, saved a serious disaster by his cool judgment and excellent dispositions. The Ninth Illinois Infantry (mounted) and Forty-third Ohio Infantry joined him during the engagement and promptly went into action.

Light Battery F, Second U. S. Artillery, belonging to the Fourth Division, had reported the day before to the Seventeenth Army Corps, and was placed in posion on the front line. Soon after the commencement of the fight it was ordered to return and take a position on the right of my line, covering as well as possible the space between the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps. The battery

was on its way to comply with the order, when the enemy, in pressing through the gap, struck it and captured the guns, most of the men escaping. The battery had no opportunity to save itself, being on a road in the timber, in the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, and in a place, which, under most circumstances, would be considered perfectly safe. Its position when captured is marked. I cannot consider any one at fault or to blame for its loss.

I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of both officers and men during the engagement. It was a critical moment for our army, and any failure on our part to have checked the advance of the enemy in our rear would have proved fatal. With three brigades disposed in a single line, numbering some 4,500 men, over one-half of Hardee's corps, viz., Walker's, Bate's, and a portion of Cleburne's divisions, was met, and driven back with great slaughter, leaving their dead and severely wounded on the field.

During the engagement on my front, prisoners were taken from 49 different regiments, 8 brigades, and 3 divisions; 351 prisoners were captured, not including those taken by Colonel Mersy's brigade on the line of the Ffteenth Corps, 8 battle-flags, and some 1,300 muskets were captured and turned over; 422 of the enemy's dead were buried in my front.

Where all did so well it is impossible to particularize. General Fuller had a critical position, and handled his command with great skill and good judgment. The brigade commanders, Colonels Rice, Mersy, Morrill, and Sprague, were ever where duty demanded, and by their personal presence and exertion gave their officers and men that advice and encouragement that enabled them to so well and bravely hold their lines.

Battery H, First Missouri Artillery, and the Fourteenth Ohio Battery, massed in the center of the Second Division, by holding fast and working their guns; even when the enemy were 150 feet distant, and pouring upon them a terrible fire, aided effectively in driving back his advancing columns, more especially Bate's division, upon which they had a direct and point-blank range.

To Lieut. Col. J. J. Phillips, Ninth Illinois, who was temporarily serving on my staff, I am greatly indebted; his clear and quick conception of the situation enabled him to render me invaluable service, and I commend him to the attention of the commanding general.

I also desire to call attention to the efficient service of Lieut. Col. William T. Clark, assistant adjutant-general of the department. I noticed him, particularly after the fall of Major-General McPherson, giving that aid and direction the situation required.

My staff were prompt, energetic, and active in rendering me that valuable and cheerful aid that enables a commander to successfully carry through an engagement.

In our victory, all that gladness and joy that would otherwise have been experienced, was lost to us in the fall of our brave and efficient commander. This corps has served under him throughout the entire campaign, and that he was greatly beloved and respected by all was evident by the sorrow and gloom cast over us by the knowledge of his death. No one knew him but to love and respect him. His name and memory in this army is imperishable.

I take great pleasure in calling the attention of the general to the accompanying reports of division, brigade, regimental, and battery commanders, and to the special mention made therein of officers and men. I trust full justice may be done them.

I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. M. DODGE,
Major-General, Commanding.

July 23rd. Worked on breastworks, two companies sent out on picket, Co. "B" and another company, in charge of Lieut. Folsom. Advanced the line occupying the ground held by the rebels the night before; found some of the rebel wounded in the woods whom they had not yet removed, among which was a major who was mortally wounded; he evidently was out of his mind, as he cursed us when we helped him to the rear where he could get assistance from the surgeons; the doctors said there was no hope for him, gave him something to alleviate his distress and he died that day.

24th. Pickets were formed into skirmishers and ordered to advance the lines up the hill and through the timber; soon found the enemy's skirmishers who gave ground on our approach. T. E. Rollins of company "B" found a Johnnie behind a log he was stepping over, he jumped up and both fired at the same time; the rebel shot Rollins through the foot and Rollins missed him entirely but he took him prisoner; while questioning and parleying with him we heard some one calling, "Valentine! Valentine!" We asked him who it was and he said it was his comrade who had gone back to the reserve to get something to eat for them; we made him answer the call and tell him to come on, when two of their pickets came up out of a ravine and we took them prisoners. Rollins in the meantime was sitting down crying because he had missed the Johnnie and cursing him because he had shot him through the foot.

General O. O. Howard assumed command of the Army of the Ten-

nessee and General Logan went back to command of the 15th Corps. General Hooker took umbrage because he was not given the position and asked to be relieved from command of the 20th Corps, which was granted and he went home or to the east.

25th. Ordered not to leave the ranks; expecting attack. General Dodge, Fuller and Sweeney had trouble and dispute; Sweeney and Fuller coming to blows in rear of our regiment. General Sherman ordered Sweeney under arrest, sent him to the rear and deprived him of his command, placing Colonel Rice temporarily in command of the division. Sweeney was not reinstated again during the war. Next day Brigadier General John M. Corse was assigned to command the 2nd division and Colonel Rice to the command of the Brigade.

26th. Aroused at daylight; ordered to remain in works; expecting attack; rockets as signals fired during the night, for some purpose not understood by men and subordinate officers.

27th. At midnight last night withdrew from our works to the right and rear, passing in rear of 4th corps where we halted to get something to eat; at 5 o'clock p. m. went to the front through the works of the 14th corps; threw out skirmishers forming brigade in two columns and proceeded to advance the lines; during these movements a heavy shower came up, raining hard for a time. All things in readiness for the advance, the bugle sounded, when the command moved forward in fine order, good alignment with banners flying, making a magnificent sight to behold; skirmishers soon became engaged, but the enemy gave away before the supports came up; we continued to advance until we reached the position desired to be entrenched; we came upon a crest overlooking the city of Atlanta where we placed battery "H" 1st Missouri Light Artillery. Marched and advanced through the day 15 miles

28th. The 15th and 17th A. C. extended their line to the right, during which time the enemy made a fierce and determined attack on the 15th corps, making four distinct and desperate charges on General Logan's front; called for reinforcements and more ammunition, when General Dodge sent him four regiments from our division and two wagon loads of cartridges, the latter under guard of Lieut. H. I. Smith in command of company "I" of the 7th Iowa, which was promptly delivered. General Logan succeeded in repelling the attack and holding and fortifying his position, but at a large sacrifice of killed and wounded. This is known as the battle of Ezra Church. General Logan's loss in this affair was reported to be 562 killed , wounded and missing. He reported burying 600 dead of the enemy in his front the next day, and that he captured five battle flags, 2,000 stand of arms, and 106 prisoners. During the night he built strong defensive works. Our division was

subjected to heavy artillery fire during this engagement, in order as we supposed to divert our attention and keep us from going to the assistance of the right of the army, where they were making such fierce and determined assault. If they had succeeded in crushing Logan they would have probably taken us in flank and turn; but they found their match in the 15th corps under General Logan.

After the battle of Atlanta, Lieut. Lazenbee, the only commissioned officer present of Co. "I" was taken sick; as Co. "B" had two officers present for duty. 1st Lieut. H. I. Smith was transferred to Co. "I" to command. Soon afterwards Co. "D" lost their only commissioned officer, when Lieut. Smith was given that Co. also, both of which companies he commanded a portion of the time during the balance of the Atlanta campaign; taking company "I" through the march to the sea, when he was detailed as Aid-de-camp on the staff of General E. W. Rice, with whom he staid until the war was over and was mustered out of the service.

29th. Skirmishing all day returning to the reserve in the evening. No casualities in our regiment. 30th. The enemy open upon us with their big guns from their forts. We hug the bottom of the ditches behind our works, hold our ground with little loss. 31st. It rained hard during the day; the rebels kept up their fire upon us from the fort, keeping us in the trenches which were partly filled with water from the rain; we were wet, cold and uncomfortable all day. One large 84 pound shell went over us, to the rear striking General Dodge's headquarter tent, smashing his cook tent and outfit, cutting short their repast, and killing some horses tied to trees near the General's headquarters. Heavy details made to strengthen the works.

August 1st. The non-veterans whose time expired on the 24th ultimo were allowed to go home; great credit should be given them for staying, fighting and doing duty for a week after their time was out, when they could not have been compelled to do so.

The rebels continued to shell us at intervals from the forts all through the day, doing little damage only to make us hug the bottom of the wet ditches while they do so. It seemed to annoy them to see us strengthening our works and putting up obstructions; whenever the working parties appeared they would open up with their heavy artillery from the forts. The boys call their bomb shells camp kettles, as they are about as large. In the evening when our company nigger cook was bringing our coffee from the reserve line to the skirmish pits in front where we were, the rebels opened up on us, one of the big shells struck near him, making a hole in the earth like a cellar, it scared him so that he spilled our coffee, when he got in the hole and laid there. Some of the boys thinking he was killed went back to see

what had become of him. He was lying in the bottom of the hole and said that lightning never struck twice in the same place and he thought the same rule applied to cannon balls, so laid there as being the safest place.

Aug. 2nd. Weather cloudy and cool; heavy cannonading on both sides today, especially to the left of us; army seems to be extending our lines to our right and withdrawing from the left; 23rd Corps passing to right and rear all day. Rations short and poor. Have slept in our clothes since the first of June, with very little time or opportunity to wash and keep ourselves or clothes clean; it was a long arduous campaign with fighting without cessation all summer. 3rd. Weather changeable and showery; fighting and cannonading all along the line, still extending our lines to the right, apparently to get possession of the Macon railroad and cut off their supplies. 4th. Quiet in the forenoon. Ordered into line under arms at 2:30 p. m. Drove the enemy back into their works, while our batteries were shelling them. They rallied, came back at us in force and we retire behind our works, quit and call it a draw; heavy cannonading from the enemy's forts all afternoon. Wild shooting, lots of noise, but not much loss, apparently barren of results. Men ordered to keep their accoutrements on with guns by their side and not to leave the ranks, evidently expecting an attack, or an advance to be ordered. 5th. In line of battle behind our works. After dark our skirmishers crawled quietly up nearer the enemy's lines, dug skirmish pits, surprising the Johnnies in the morning. They opened up a fusilade of musketry on our men in the skirmish pits and bombarded them from their forts but could not drive them out. 6th. Kept up all night by continuous firing from the enemy's lines and working strengthening our advance lines gained yesterday. Rebels made a desperate attack on the 20th Corps to our left, also on the 4th Corps; they gained our works, but were repulsed and driven back with heavy loss. They seem determined to hold their ground and Atlanta; they have strengthened their works and put out formidable obstructions in our front. In the declivity intervening there is Chev-aux-de-friz, tru-de-loupes and pit falls, with wires stretched in the grass to trip charging troops, all of which would have to be removed before the works could be taken by assault. 7th. Rather quiet all day, men busy strengthening breastworks. Some fighting going on to our right. 8th. Whole regiment ordered into the skirmish pits, which duty comes on every two or three days, as nearly half the force occupy the advance line of works. Men are getting almost deformed humping to keep their heads down to keep from exposing themselves from the enemy's sharpshooters. Rained again making the pits wet, muddy and disagreeable; no opportunity to lie down

BREVT. MAJ. GEN. ELLIOTT W. RICE.

day or night. 9th. Strengthening our works; when dark crawl noislessly and cautiously close up under the enemy's works with entrenching tools and dig rifle pits which surprises and annoys the rebels to find us in such close proximity to them when daylight appears; they open on us with a fusilade, but our boys hug the bottom of the ditches, holding their ground waiting for them to come out, or show themselves when they return the fire, and so it goes from day to day, keeping up a constant strain of mind, muscle and anxiety to keep out of the way of murderous missles with which the air is constantly full. We lose men from day to day, which in the aggregate amounts to a considerable loss. It seems to be the policy to take Atlanta by regular siege and approaches. 32-pound Rodman rifle siege guns placed in position to the left of our regiment in redans built for that purpose; after getting them in position they are fired at regular intervals into the city in plain view. We can see the destruction made by them around the railroad shops and depots, a mile or so distant. Rain, rain, rain. 10th. Lieut. Spaulding's dairy reads: "Before daylight the line behind us was under arms waiting for whatever turned up. Weather cloudy and misty. Could see our men in front throwing dirt. Private Walling wounded this morning while sleeping. Men have to seek cover continuously, away from the protection of the works no one is safe any moment. At 11 a. m. the regiment, except the skirmishers, was moved to the left to occupy the works of the 2nd Iowa; 12th Ills. sent to occupy the works vacated by us; as the works taken possession by us were not in good condition, the men set to work again to strengthen them. The men didn't like this much and were disposed to complain as being not fair treatment; still they went to work again, with spirit and energy, although they were nearly played out, on account of loss of sleep and exposure and hard work. They were stimulated by the enemy who threw into the works a few shells; the boys felt it but to render their cover more secure. About 2 o'clock, having occasion to go to the rear, left the skirmish line; Capt. Hurd being in command of the company. On my return, on the way, the shelling by the enemy began and was promptly replied to by battery "H." The shells went screaming overhead—no danger to me at first; but as I got near the front line the problem was, how to get into the works without getting hurt; as I got within about 200 yards of our line, the enemy seemed to let up somewhat and I concluded to keep on and take the chances. A darky cook was a rod or so ahead of me with a camp kettle in each hand and one balanced on his head, all full of water. He having been to the spring. We kept on, he keeping the same distance in front of me until he was just opposite the end of the ditch in front of the opening through the breastworks, when a big shell came screeching along, and the darkey without stopping to

let down his kettles, dove into the ditch head first, landing on his back. My hair raised a little, for the shell was close, but there was little use diving into the ditch, as the shell was past before we started. He got out looking sort of foolish to see what had come of the shell. The boys saw his performance and began yelling at him and giving him advice as only soldiers can do. Got in and returned to the skirmish line safely, but lucky enough not to get hit by any of the bullets flying so continuously. About 4 o'clock we were moved again into the works to the right of the fort; the 81st Ohio taking possession of the works vacated by us. Just before we on the skirmish line were relieved, private Wm. Dorman of Co. "C" was badly wounded. Relieved about 6 o'clock p. m. and went to the rear, without further loss. Back in this line we have a prospect for a good night's rest and sleep." This is a fair sample of the daily routine of duty for weeks during the siege of Atlanta.

August 11th. 7th Iowa occupied front line of rifle pits. 66th Ills. Sharpshooters ordered out to drive back the rebel skirmishers, 66th Indiana in support. Enemy offered feeble resistance; the advance resulted in wresting from the enemy the ridge in front of the 16th corps. The reserves quickly threw up temporary works, under rapid firing from the artillery of the enemy; several killed by shells in 66th Ind. and a number wounded in 2nd and 7th Iowa, and two wounded in 52nd Ills. Regiment relieved by 52nd Ills. in the evening. Works strengthened during the night and obstructions in the way of abattis, etc., built in front. The enemy kept up brisk cannonading all night with their heavy guns, but did not succeed in shelling us out, we holding the ground gained during the day. Ordered under arms, expecting attack. Hugh Young Co. "I" wounded.

August 12th. 7th Iowa occupy front line of works, with companies "I" and "D" in the skirmish pits in front, under command of Lieut. H. I. Smith of Co. "B." Sharp skirmishing and artillery duel by both the enemy's and our own batteries all day. When our battery fires we have to lay low to allow our guns to fire over our heads, as they have to depress their pieces just so that their balls will clear our works and they do not always do that. Battery "H" is immediately in our rear about thirty rods, ground about level behind us. In the evening while sitting in the bottom of the ditch, with faces towards our own battery while they were in action, Sergeant Thomas of Co. "D" and the writer were sitting side by side, both drinking our coffee out of the same cup; when a ten pound Parrott shell blew Sergt. Thomas' head completely off, scattering his brains all over my shoulder, leaving his upper lip and mustasche in the bank behind me; the cup we were drinking from was filled with his brains and blood, doing no damage

to me but destroying my supper and filling me with sorrow for my comrade; but such things were of such frequent occurrence that we became hardened and accustomed to them.

As there is an interim, or missing link in the diary kept of the movements of our regiment, I herewith substitute a part of diary kept by Lieut. E. B. Spaulding of the 52nd Illinois, that regiment being in our brigade and relieving and alternating duty with us almost every day until the close of the war; so that the daily doings of that regiment is almost a duplicate of the routine of our own. Lieut. Spalding's diary enters into details minutely and I am sure will be read with interest.

August 12th, 1864. In compliance with orders the regiment was up at daylight and under arms in line and it stood for an hour, ready for the enemy, if they should wish to make a morning call. Weather foggy, but little shooting on our skirmish line. Anticipate a stormy day when the fog clears away, as it is understood that our artillery has orders to open fire. In such event it will bring our company between two fires. Battery "H" will fire directly on our heads and the enemy's return fire at the Battery will also be on us, or rather at us. Private Henry Sprague of Co. B was shot dead early this morning. He was standing just outside of the trench a short distance to the rear when a bullet struck him in the head, and with a groan the poor boy fell dead. Soon after this a man of the 66th Ind., as he was getting over our breastwork to return to the skirmish line was seriously wounded in the arm. About 9 o'clock a. m. it was announced that Battery "H" was going to open fire with its six 12 lb. Brass Napoleans. Lieut. Blodgett of the 39th Iowa infantry, who is in command of the battery, when all was ready went four or five rods to the right of the battery and getting up on the breastwork took a position behind a tree that was there and leveling his field glass to watch the aim of his gunners, called for No. 1 to fire, and bang roared the gun. Blodgett watched for shell to strike and directed the gunner how to correct his aim; then Blodgett called for number 2 and watching its shot corrected its gunner, and he did so with each gun and had each gun fire twice in that way, and then he jumped down and called to his men to fire and to us fellows in the ditch in front of the battery it seemed that "hell had broken loose." The guns being so they would just clear the ground, when they now first fired they just swept the surface of everything movable—dirt in dust and chunks, leaves and sticks came whirling in upon us along with bits of broken tin, from the tin straps on the ammunition—many of us got cut from time to time by this tin. At the second discharge a stick about the size of a walking cane came whirling into our ditch and striking the bank just

above my head as I sat leaning forward, bounded back and hit me a smart blow across the back—thought first a musket had fallen upon me. Blodgett's first gun waked up the enemy and they opened on him with siege guns from their forts, one directly in front that he fired at and one on either side. Blodgett gave no heed to either of the side forts. They were all pounding away at him and us by the time he had got his range, and when the six guns of Battery "H" all began talking the uproar was simply terrific for us fellows in the ditch. It seemed as if the concussion every time the guns fired was more than we could stand. I put my fingers in my ears and got under the protection of the bank as much as possible. At first it seemed to be an unequal contest, but after thirty minutes the guns in the fort opposite were silenced. Blodgett could fire a dozen shells to their one—slow work handling heavy siege guns. He just poured the shell into them; with the aid of glasses we could see the fort in a damaged condition and one gun dismounted, the others drawn back. Then Blodgett got up behind his tree and began some tactics on the right fort and he silenced it, and getting up again he went for the fort to the left and silenced it. At a range of a mile, as these were heavy guns and no match for well served field guns, although the enemy did their best no doubt, and their big shells flew and struck in front of us and around us and behind us and exploding, neither we in the trench nor the battery had a man hurt by them. However, Private Eli Clemens of Co. "C," next to Co. "E," was seriously wounded in the ankle by a gravel stone thrown from embrasure in our fort by one of Battery "H" guns. Our position is a bad one—the ground is clear or open and of such foundation that there is safety for no one outside of the trenches. The enemy's strong rifle pits—a breastwork—is only about one hundred and fifty yards from our skirmish line, which is behind a strong breastwork, and the firing is continual day and night. To-day Lieut. Col. Bowen was struck in the shoulder by a spent bullet, hit him a glancing blow so he escaped injury.

August 13th, 1864. To-day I went back to the line the 52nd first occupied to make up muster and pay rolls for June 30th. This was the first opportunity for making them since that date. Began making them several days since, but only just completed them and turned them over to Lieut. Col. Bowen. About 9 o'clock a. m. the "Johnnies" sent a big shell whizzing over our heads. It is now our shell as they are done with it. This was only the first. Our guns opened immediately. For thirty minutes the duel continued and for us between the two fires and in front of our guns the uproar was terrific. The enemy ceased first. Their aim is not as accurate as yes-

terday. They are becoming demoralized. Our artillery is too much for them. One solid shot or shell that didn't explode struck our breastwork, but did no damage. However, we in the trench couldn't tell what moment one would hit so as to lift things, ourselves included. Put cotton in my ears to relieve them as much as possible from concussion. Great danger of being made permanently deaf. During the day Private A. M. Barnard Co. "I" wounded in the head by musket ball—not serious. Co's. "G," "I" and "K" sent out to the skirmish line about six p. m. and relieved 7th Iowa. About 7 p. m. I was ordered to report at brigade headquarters for duty. Reported and was put in command of a detail of one hundred and fifty men to work all night in building a fort just to the left of the 52nd on a rise of ground overlooking the enemy's lines and the city. The fort is to be for a 32 lb. Rodman. Men could only work on the fort under cover of darkness because the ground is in easy and in clear range of the enemy's musket fire; cautioned the men against any laughing,talking,or making any noise. Marched the detail after dark to the ground and began throwing dirt, and the bank of dirt began to grow until 10:00 o'clock. While standing up on top of the bank showing the men where to throw the dirt, a bullet clipped my hat. The enemy had become suspicious of something as going on and opened fire in our direction, but I chanced their bullets until one hit my hat—this I took as a hint to get down, and at once did so. In digging the men struck rock down about a foot from the surface, and it was the noise of shovels hitting stones that the enemy heard.

August 14th, 1864. Worked my men by reliefs all night—no relief for me, however. When we began we expected to have the fort done—all completed before daylight this morning, but the rock we struck, boulders and large stones, seriously interfered. Hadn't got the fort done when daylight came, but the work was far enough advanced to use. The 32 lb. Rodman was brought up and placed in position during the day. I with my men was relieved at daylight. A few shots were fired from the Rodman when the trail broke—couldn't fire any more until trail is repaired. Continuous fire on skirmish line. Blodgett occasionally pays his complements to the "Johnnies" by tossing them a 12 lb. shell, to which they make no reply. Guess they are willing to let their artillery remain idle, if ours will only keep quiet, for every shell they send us they get ten in return, and our artillery fire, as can be seen, is much more effective than theirs, although the enemy's works are in plain view, but very few of the "Johnnies" can be seen. The great number of our musket balls flying over their way and to them the uncertain destination of our shells compel the "Johnnies" to lie low for safety and protection. Musket balls cause

us more more concern than shells. These missles of death are continually whizzing over and past us—grazing the top of our breastwork, striking the ground. When a man gets out of the trench and goes to the rear he takes his life in his hands. There is no safety out of the ditch. Men been working to-day to complete the fort. A ditch is also being dug from near the center of the line of the 52nd out to the skirmish, so that it will not be so dangerous to pass out and back.

August 15th, 1864. Still in the front line. Picket firing continues steadily with an occasional cannon shot. Bullets whizzing past us continually. Reliable news from our own army out of the question. How tiresome it is to be confined so closely night and day to our work. A new trail having been made for our 32 pounder at 5 p. m. it was again in position and I began tossing shells into the doomed city of Atlanta. Lieut. Smith 2nd U. S. A. has ordered that a shell be thrown into Atlanta every 15 minutes during the night. Orders received placed the troops on three-quarter rations, because of the operations of the rebel cavalry in our rear. Reported that the enemy is in possession of our railroad near Dalton and still holding it. Gen. Sherman so far has indeed been fortunate in keeping open his communications. From this time on the railroad will no doubt require strong guards. Battery "H" to-day fired a few shells to stir up the enemy. Being located directly in front of the battery, I am not able to endure the concussion when they fire, although I have cotton in my ears and I also cover them with my hands; when a gun is fired the pain is intense, so much so that fearing permanent deafness I moved toward the left of the 52nd after the battery began firing to-day.

August 16th, 1864. All night long last night our large gun was throwing shell into the city. Far to our left another large gun was also thus speaking to the inmates of the doomed city. Surely this must be annoying to the people of Atlanta—to the non-combatants. Continual explosion of shells along the silent hours of night cannot possibly promote quiet and peaceful sleep, so much to be desired by the inhabitants. Fires are frequent occurrences of late in the city. Two conflagrations occurred last night—supposed to be caused by our exploding shells.

To-day Battery "H" is constructing a furnace in which to heat solid shot so that it may throw red hot shot into the city. It is reported that Gen. Hood has been lately reinforced by troops from Lee's army. No doubt he is continually receiving reinforcements, but I think Lee has sent none—Lee has none to spare so long as he has our old Commander Grant to face.

Soon after daylight the trail of our pet gun broke again. During the day it will be repaired, and I hope by night it will again be

performing its duty of shelling the city. The first thing I saw this morning when I opened my eyes, was a bullet sticking in the dirt about eight inches above my head where it had struck sometime during the night. Reports say that Gen. Kilpatrick has returned from a raid on the Macon Railroad—that he tore up several miles of the track and destroyed a large amount of rebel stores. More quiet to-day, but little firing on our skirmish line. Orders now received from Gen. Howard, commanding Army of the Tennessee, instructing all officers to curtail as much as possible the skirmish firing—the trouble with our communications is the probable cause of the order. Prudence would counsel us to save our ammunition until the way is open for fresh supply. Once more—6 p. m.—our 32 pounder is throwing shell into the city. May they prove destructive.

August 17th, 1864. Very quiet during the night save the regular discharge of our pet gun, the 32 pounder. The 52nd and the 2nd Iowa furnished detail for the skirmish line during last night. Rebels opened some artillery to our right during the afternoon, but none in our front. They appear to entertain a wholesome regard for Battery "H." Although our artillery is used more than at any other one point, the rebels are careful how they "talk back." Since decreasing our skirmish fire, the enemy has increased theirs. At 3 p. m. Private Hartwick, of Co. "F," came in from the skirmish line wounded by musket ball in right arm just below the elbow. Gen. C. being sick this evening Gen. Rice is in command temporarily of the Division, and Lieut. Col. Bowen notified by Gen Rice to take command of our brigade in event of any trouble. During the night about 11 o'clock heavy picket firing to our right which lasted but a few minutes when all became as quiet as it had been.

August 18th, 1864. The enemy began shelling our line at daylight as if they suspected that we intended the execution of some sly movement. Our batteries including Battery "H" immediately replied giving them ten shells for one. The uproar was great for a time. As usual I walked towards the left of the 52nd far enough to get away from being directly under the guns of Battery "H" to save my hearing. At 10 o'clock a. m. the men of the 52nd out on the skirmish line just in front ordered to make a demonstration by opening a heavy fire and continuing it until each man had fired 15 rounds. At the same time our artillery kept up a continuous fire. To this demonstration the enemy made but a feeble reply. The sound of battle was complete and I suppose the demonstration answered its purpose. The enemy speedily reinforced their skirmish line in our front with two regiments. This demonstration was quite general all along the line of the army of the Tenn. Supposed object was to hold the enemy in our front

while an expedition sent out this morning under Genl. Kilpatrick cut the R. R. south of Atlanta. Reported that Kilpatrick is under orders to destroy the railroad or sacrifice his command. When the enemy opened on us this morning our batteries replied so vigorously that the enemy seemed glad to quit our batteries. So far have been too much for those of the enemy. On several occasions they have tried to silence our guns, and as often have failed. No battery in our army is handled better than Battery "H" under command of Lieut. Blodgett of the 39th Iowa Infty. Wishing this morning to wash my face and hands I got out of the ditch up on the bank with Sergt. Watson to pour water out of a canteen on my hands. Soon Watson and I heard a minnie "singing." Charlie and I looked at each other and stood still —no time to jump—bullet went between us and the washing was quickly finished. All cooking is done to the rear by the company cooks. Each company has two darkey cooks regularly mustered into the service as such with regular pay and clothing. These cooks have indeed a great time in getting to us three times a day with hot coffee. They come to us on the run afraid of their lives, as indeed they have a right to be, and with their dodging and running sometimes they manage to spill a good share of the coffee, which makes the boys swear. This morning our cook, Pete, came to us with coffee—he jumped down into the ditch laughing as though in a fit. I asked him "What's the matter, Pete?" and he said, "Why, I was just comin' along ober dar, whar you see them trees, and de bullets dey got a hummin' pooty thick, an' so I just got behind a big tree, and jus den a white man he come along and he say, you darky, dar, what for you get behind a tree? an' right dar befo' I could say anything one of dem big shells come right along dar, a screechin' an' a rippin' and dat white man he jus' jump for my tree too." And when Pete finished telling his story he went off in a fit of laughter.

August 19th, 1864. Very quiet in our front during the forenoon aside from the regular discharges of our big gun and the usual crack of muskets along the skirmish line. It is said that Gen. Sherman claims good execution is being done by our big gun. About 150 shells are thrown by it daily. Battery "H" has been throwing hot shot into the city. The Battery boys heat the shot to red heat in the furnace they built and the guns are loaded all but the hot cannon ball—wet wadding that will be next to hot ball—then they bring the red hot ball from the furnace in a sort of iron frame carried by two men—get it into the gun and away it goes. If it lodges in wood its sure to kindle fire. About noon to-day saw Gen. Dodge, who commands our corps, go through our regiment, getting over our breastwork and going out to the skirmish. Men all watched him—heard one of my men say "The

damned old fool, he'll get a bullet sure." I thought the same thing, for Gen. Dodge is an engineer and certain to want to see the ground and enemy in front with his own eyes. Our line is so close to the enemy, only about 15 rods between, that both sides have to shoot from cover. Our men have holes through the top of breastwork with brush on outside to conceal its exact locality. The instant a head or person on either side is exposed, a dozen bullets are let loose. I watched Gen. Dodge, therefore, anxiously, knowing the danger, saw him reach the line and saw him getting up to a place where he could take a look and then he reeled and fell in a heap. Sure enough just as we had feared, he had got a bullet. Some of the 52nd men picked up our "stretcher" and ran over to where he was and brought him back to our line. He had been hit on top of the head cutting the scalp—half an inch lower and the bullet would have ended him. As it was it knocked him senseless, but he soon recovered consciousness. It was a close call for him. At 3:00 p. m. another demonstration apparently was made on our right. Rapid firing of cannon and continuous musketry distinctly heard. About 4 o'clock p. m. Private Elias Floyd, of Co. "B," was seriously wounded by musket ball. He was carried off to the rear on the "stretcher" to go to the hospital. When hit he was standing near the fort. Many a man on this campaign has been hurt or lost his life by being exposed. About 6 o'clock p. m. the 7th Iowa relieved the 52nd and we marched back to the rear a short distance and camped behind a hill for protection. The 52nd has been nine days confined to their ditch—it was hard on the men and it began to affect them—so the regiment was relieved and sent to the rear to get a rest. The hillside where we camped is rather steep for a place to sleep and is covered with much stone. However, it is a comparatively safe place, and that's worth something.

August 20th, 1864. Expected to have a good sleep last night, but it didn't turn out so, though I fared better than most did. I got a long plank—14 to 16 feet long and about 15 inches wide—to sleep upon. Would like to have cut it in the middle it was so long, but I had no way to do it. Built up a pile of stone to elevate the down hill end of the plank so I wouldn't slide off of it,and I built a "shebang" with small poles and my rubber blankets over the plank. Laid down to sleep early; bright moonlight. Soon asleep, but about 9:00 o'clock was awakened by a gust of wind. I raised up just in time to catch my blankets, as the string broke with more wind—saw that a thunder storm was right upon us. At once I tucked one rubber over my feet and legs and other rubber over the rest of my body and my head as I laid there at full length on the plank, as I did it the storm broke out and how it did pour, and how the men did howl and swear. Their

"shebangs" had gone to pieces like mine and they were out in the rain. My blankets protected me and as I laid there flat on my back, I congratulated myself on my condition, but suddenly I felt a stream of cold water running down my backbone. The end of my long plank stuck 7 or 8 feet above my head and all the water it caught ran right down my back. However, I laid still—would rather be wet in one place than all over. Storm ended as suddenly as it began, but the men were soaked through and they stood around fires most of the night in the effort to get dried out. I turned my plank over and went to sleep again. It was a hard night for the men—the rain was cold and catching them unprepared, the men got thoroughly soaked—it makes them feel stiff this morning. Clear this morning—later clouded up—had frequent showers during the day. Co's. "B" and "C" are on the skirmish line. About 2:00 o'clock p. m. Private Sidney Hallwick, of Co. "C" was brought in from the skirmish line, dead. He received a center shot in forehead, killing him instantly. No other casualities during the day. We have more rest in this position though we are still in the range of bullets.

August 21st, 1864. As quiet all day as usual, as quiet as it can be with two armies facing each other as we are, close up. No news today either to discourage or cheer. Surely our men would like it if something would take place to relieve us of constant anxiety and suspense. The army needs rest. It's only the toughest kind of men that can stand this kind of life. The 52nd has sent away over 150 sick, probably not half of them will ever come back. Two of my men, Private Chas. Murray and Austin Hoben, have died—good, sound young men. And besides this continual crack of muskets and this whizzing of bullets has indeed become a bore. How pleasant it would be if one could only get away from such living as this for awhile, where one could lie down to sleep without the danger of being pierced with a bullet. I haven't slept a single night with my clothing off since the latter part of June, and all I have to cover me, wet or dry, is two rubber blankets which I carry.

August 22nd, 1864. Matters remained through the day the same as yesterday—the same cracking of muskets and the same whizzing of bullets. About 6 o'clock p. m. my Co. ("E") and companies "G", "I" and "K," all under command of Capt. Barto of Co. "K" went out on the skirmish line. My Co. relieved Co. "I" of the 7th Iowa. Lieut. H. I. Smith, in command of the company, told me he was on duty when Gen. Dodge came out to take a look. That Dodge asked him where was a good place to look and he said to Dodge, "Here is a good place to look;" and he said to Dodge, "Here, General, is a good place where I've just been shooting," and the lieutenant showed me the

little hole he had made to shoot through. And then he added, "Lieutenant, you can't imagine how I felt as when I was helping the General up to look, the bullet came and he fell back into my arms, as I thought a dead man." The 7th boys marched off and taking their places our men were soon at it—bang, bang, of muskets on our side and whiz, whiz, spat, spat, of bullets the rebels sent back at us. No sleep or quiet for us this night.

August 23rd, 1864. Under instructions received the men kept up a strong firing all last night and to-day until relieved about 6 o'clock p. m. Men complain of feeling the effect of so much shooting—shoulders lame. Had no men hurt on the skirmish line. The troops including that part of the 52nd not on the skirmish were under arms before daylight in readiness for anything that might happen. Last night 1st Sergt. H. C. Williamson of Co. "H" while sleeping was seriously wounded in the leg by a musket ball. Reported to-day that General Kilpatrick has returned from his raid, and he destroyed in places ten miles of railroad track, that he lost ninety men captured, and that he captured a brigade of rebels, but couldn't bring them along— paroled them. Brought away one piece of artillery and spiked four more and destroyed eight caissions. Brought in his own wounded. My cousin, Frank Spaulding, in the 92nd Illinois Mounted Infantry, is in his command. Frank Hope is safe and sound.

August 24th, 1864. Very quiet and monotonous in our camp during the forenoon. During the afternoon the enemy sent frequent shells to stir us up as if to make inquiries as to our whereabouts and probable intentions. They seem to act as if they thought we were about to make some change of base in our operations, and in this they may be right. The indications for several days past have pointed to an early move by our forces, but just what the generals only know.

August 25th, 1864. During yesterday afternoon and last night trains and troops reported as passing in our rear and to our right. The siege guns to our front were taken to the rear last night. The anticipations are that the left of our army will pass to the extreme right. This morning orders were received for the 52nd to be in readiness to march at 7 o'clock a. m., but the order was soon countermanded—this suggests that quite likely we will make a silent move during the night. Our wagons sent to the rear with the trains. About 4 o'clock p. m. the 52nd in obedience to orders reported to Capt. Barber 7th Iowa, Chief of Out Posts, 2nd Division, 16th A. C. Marched one and one-half miles to the rear—five companies of the 52nd were deployed as skirmishers in front of works to be occupied temporarily by our Division —the other five companies, including mine, held in reserve. During the night the 16th A. C. passed through our line and went into po-

sition in new works three-fourths of a mile in our rear. The entire army to our left is in motion to our right. Report says that the 20th A. C. is to retire to Vinings Station on the Chattahoochee River and guard the crossing while the balance of the army will move to the right for the purpose of flanking Hood at East Point. Night so cool that I got quite stiff with the cold while sitting in the darkness waiting for troops to pass through. Distance marched one-half mile.

August 26th, 1864. Owing to the tardiness of the 4th A. C. in moving our skirmish, of 16th A. C., line was not ordered back from the front line until 3 o'clock a. m. Soon after sunrise Gen. Corse. commanding our Div., directed Col. Bowen to send a company back to the front to patrol the road and to establish a vidette post at Walker's fort—I was directed to report at once all movements of the enemy I saw and when pressed by the enemy to slowly retire skirmishing. On reaching the fort about a mile from where the 52nd was, I took twelve men up into the fort for vidette post, leaving balance of the company at the bottom of the hill. Could see from the fort all along the front—to the front and right all our old breastworks had been vacated—the left and in the first breastwork in advance of the one I was in, could see two companies of the 7th Iowa commanded by Lieut. H. I. Smith, skirmishing with the enemy. The enemy kept gathering in force until at last they made a rush at one side. I could see them getting ready—knew the symptoms and knew what was coming. When the enemy made their rush our men made to the rear and got into the same line that I was in, but to the left a distance. Again I saw the enemy getting ready to make another rush at our men, and they gathered to the number of one hundred or more directly in my front expecting to flank our fellows—had kept my men quiet and rebs hadn't noticed us. Directed my men to be ready and when the enemy jumped over the breastwork to make their rush and not until then, to give them a volley and surprise them. Soon they jumped over with a yell when my men gave them a volley, as I expected, it was a surprise and they scrambled back. We now received attention and bullets came our way pretty thick, and we could see they were preparing and gathering to make a rush upon us. Leaving Sergeants Smith and Buchanan to fire at them to keep up appearances, I took the rest of the men to the Co. and deployed the Co. as skirmishers in the timber at the rear of the fort, and then I went back to the fort to watch events. Three times I thought they were on the point of starting to investigate, and as many times I started to leave, but went back. At last saw they were coming sure. I left with the Sergeants—reached my men and gave them caution—then they took position in front where I could see the top of hill and the fort. Presently saw the enemy coming over into the

fort and yelling and swinging their hats. As I turned to go to my line about fifty yards back, I saw two regiments (of the 4th A. C. so it proved) coming up the road silently, but on the double quick. A turn in the road prevented the rebels from seeing them 'till quite close just as our boys were charging up the hill at them, and suddenly the rebel yelling ended, and I could see them go tumbling over the fort like sheep over a fence—it was indeed comical. The rebels ran back, the regiment marched off, and I re-established my vidette port, and the shooting was renewed. They seemed afraid to come over again, though had they known I had only about forty men against their two hundred about, we wouldn't have been permitted to stay long. Notified Col. Bowen from time to time of events. With about a dozen men, I kept a bold front in the old fort and returned the evenings fire. The 4th A. C. was passing along a road about half a mile in rear of us going to the right. About 3 o'clock p. m. could hear the skirmishing going on between the rear guard of 4th A. C. and the enemy that the enemy that was following along the road. Waited for orders to rejoin the regiment—for the firing was getting closer and closer, until at last the enemy held the road over which I had marched. I determined to stay no longer and I assembled the men and just started to return to the regiment when an orderly reached me with orders from Col. Bowen to rejoin the regiment at once—to make no delay else we might be cut off. I kept the course on which I had started to make a circuit around the enemy's skirmishers—could keep track of their whereabouts by the firing, and we marched on until at last we came out of the timber to open ground, across which was our skirmish line—came out of the timber at the same time that enemy's skirmishers came out of the timber a short distance to my right. Col. Bowen was glad to see us appear—he seemed to feel relieved. We marched through thick timber without road or path—only the sound of firing to guide us. Rebels didn't know that a company of "yanks" was in the timber along side of them marching a little faster than they were going along the road. After exchanging a few shots with our skirmishers the enemy withdrew and everything became quiet in our front. The 20th A. C. is said to be falling back to Vinings Station on the Chattahoochee River. Can hear some firing far to our right. Frequent showers. It was expected that we would march during the day, but night found us still in position—it's certain now that we will have a night march of it—we are ordered to be ready to move on a moment's notice. Had no men hurt today, but some of my boys had pretty close calls—did some good dodging in the old fort. There were some two hundred rebs keeping up a fire upon us for about three hours.

August 27th, 1864. At 12:30 last night the 52nd was ordered to draw in its skirmish and march to rejoin the brigade—the troops by that time having all got by and out of our way. The 2nd Division (ours) was acting as rear guard of the army of the Tenn. The 15th, 17th and 16th A. C. were ordered to move out to the right and rear at 8 o'clock p. m. and the entire skirmish line was to be retired under the direction of Col. Strong, Inspector of Army of the Tenn. Owing to the distance between the position of the 52nd on the extreme left and the rest of the command (Army of the Tenn.) to the right it was directed that the 52nd should withdraw in advance of other parts of skirmish line to our right. The 15th A. C. retired on one road and the 17th A. C. followed by our 16th A. C. retired on another. Being behind the 17th A. C. our moving was delayed until midnight and until after the skirmish lines to our right had been withdrawn, and this left us necessarily very much exposed. We reached the rest of the brigade about 2:30 a. m., to find Col. Rice very uneasy, fearing that we had been cut off. The enemy kept following after us,firing shells,some of which went over us,and they kept up a constant fire on this skirmish line after we retired, which we could hear after we marched as long as the sound could reach us in the distance. Soon after the 52nd joined the brigade the 9th Ills. Infty. and the 25th Ind. Infty. (both mounted) came, then we began our march. We were guided to keep on our proper road during this night march by fires kindled along the road at intervals. We continued our march without a halt until 6 o'clock a. m. This morning when our brigade reached the rest of the command breakfasting. After a rest of about 2 hours the march was resumed. The day grew to be hot—our road about noon was along a ridge and through pine barrens—little or no water—the troops were pushed along without any halting or resting, making a forced march to gain position apparently in the execution of a grand flank movement on the enemy, when time was everything. Men gave out rapidly from exhaustion. I saw mules drop dead in the road, right in the harness, given out and overcome by the heat, but there was no stopping—mules might die in the harness and men be left by the roadside, still on and on we pushed. Not many men that can march farther or that can endure more than I, but about 2 p. m. it did seem that it was more than I could stand. I had only five men left of my company, and there were not to exceed fifty all told of the regiment still with the colors. It was simply terrific. I looked ahead and seeing some trees that would afford good shade, I determined to stop there anyway, if the command was not halted, but before we reached the place I had fixed upon, the order came to halt and rest. We made the position arrived at. The stragglers came on gradually joining us. After resting for a couple of

hours we moved on a short distance further and about 5 o'clock p. m. went into camp near Campbelltown, Ga. The entire movement was successfully made without interference on the part of the enemy, if indeed they knew what we are up to. Distance marched twenty miles.

August 28th, 1864. Remained in our camp until noon when our (16th) Corps marched following the 17th A. C. moving on the Campbelltown road towards the Montgomery and Atlanta R. R. During the afternoon the 17th A. C. took position on the railroad and fortified. The 16th A. C. went into position about a mile in the rear of the 17th A. C. The 4th Division on the right and ours (2nd) Div. on the left—1st Brig. on the left of Div. and the 52nd on the left of Brig. and thereby on the extreme left of the 16th A. C. The 52nd camped in a fine grove—good water—such a nice camp. There is an abundance of green corn—men foraged it freely and feasted. It was quite an addition to our regular grub of bacon, hardtack, coffee, sugar three times a day on which we have been living now so long. Almost any time one could see men sitting by camp fires with an ear of corn stuck on a stick roasting the corn and eating about as fast as the corn was roasted. As we advanced this morning there was some rebel cavalry in front, but the enemy made but little resistance, falling back as fast as our men advanced. Our men are all in high spirits. They feel that something is going to happen. Gen. Sherman is in charge of this excursion and a change in the management of the Montgomery road is likely to take place with a new time table for trains. Distance marched to-day, six miles.

August 29th, 1864. The 16th A. C. marched early this morning, the 4th Division in advance. Our (1st) Brigade, 2nd Division in the rear. The entire command moved with sixty rounds of ammunition. The men were well supplied with axes and picks. Marched through the 17th A. C. thence to the right to Fairburn on the Montgomery R. R. Beginning at a point about two miles south of Fairburn the entire corps was engaged during the day tearing up the railroad track.

"On the morning of the 29th it assisted in destroying the Atlanta & West Point Railroad, near Fairburn Station. On the morning of the 30th with the Second Iowa Infty. we were ordered to support the cavalry under the command of General Kilpatrick, in the flank movement in rear of Atlanta, taking the main road leading to Jonesboro, the command moved out, on the double quick in a burning sun, carrying besides arms, ammunition, rations, a number of intrenching tools. A fence of the enemy's cavalry with one piece of artillery at Stithville P. O., six miles northwest of Jonesboro, posted on a hill, across the road, in an open field, with defense of rails and logs, the cavalry fell back and the two small remnants of the 7th and 2nd Iowa,

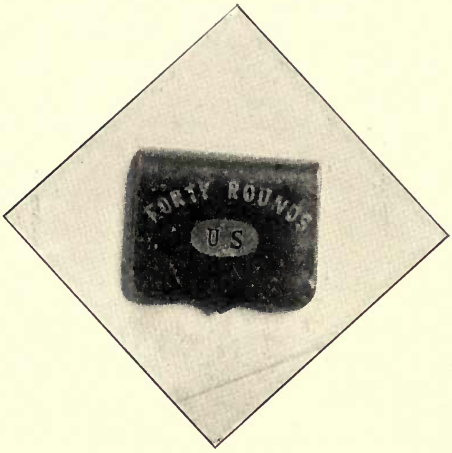
under command of Major Hamhill of the 2nd. Kilpatrick's whole division of cavalry armed with Spencer repeating carbines gave us the road and we marched between them, jeering and guying them for their timidity in calling upon us with inferior arms to do a little job like that. The command moved out cautiously until it arrived at the edge of a field, when it deployed in column and the charge was ordered, the 2nd leading, supported in close touch. With a shout the command moved in good order, carrying the crest and defenses in fine style. Major Hamhill and a number of men were wounded and the advance was continued under command of Captain Mahon of the 7th, which regiment then took the advance; they made one or two feeble stands, one near Liberty Hill, but hardly delayed our onward march to Flint river. Arrived at Flint river late on the same day. Took position on the right center of the Brigade, and on the morning of the 31st fortified. Crossed the river at noon, and the enemy making an attack about the same time, was ordered to support the 2nd Brigade. Formed in rear of the 81st Ohio Infantry, moving up at double-quick and in fine style. From this was moved to the right, forming in the front line on the right of the 52nd Illinois Infantry, filling a gap between that regiment and the river. One company—G—under command of Lieut. DeMuth, was thrown out to the front and right to support the skirmish line, and the front rank men, those in the rear rank holding the arms, with rails from a fence near at hand, had soon constructed a barricade, from which the regiment could easily have repulsed three times its own number.

August 31st, 1864. Last night about 1 o'clock there was a sudden outburst of musketry that started us up. This morning we learn that it was caused by the 92nd Illinois Infantry (mounted) in General Kilpatrick's command having run up against the enemy as the 92nd was advancing on foot in the darkness, and quite a fight occurred, but the 92nd held its own. At 10 o'clock a. m. the 52nd was ordered to change front by refusing the left and advancing the right; were then ordered to construct temporary rail works sufficient to protect the men in the event that we should receive attack. Matters indicate a lively day—12:30 p. m. The 52nd was ordered to march left in front with the rest of the brigade to follow. Crossing Flint river we proceeded a short distance on the Jonesboro road and turning to the right were placed in the rear of our 2nd brigade. The 52nd has the left front of the 1st brigade. The 2nd brigade is in the front line of battle behind breastwork and joins the of the 15th A. C. The 1st brigade is held in reserve to the 2nd brigade or any part of the line near that may need assistance. 3 p. m. The enemy are now shelling our line quite vigorously—muskets rattle and bullets are flying freely. Our position is in

a grove on ground higher than the battle line—a little grove about large enough to hold us, so that we catch bullets from the front—it's clip, clip through the trees all the time. When the firing was quite brisk in front of us, a negro wench came running towards us from a house near the front—she was badly scared—the men began calling to her "Dinah, whar you going?" etc., when she stopped running and began to talk back, but just then a snell from the enemy came crushing along and completely demoralized her. The men yelled and called to her, but nothing could then stop her flight to the rear. From the indications no doubt the enemy are preparing to charge our lines. Our position is a bad one—without any protection whatever,and with nothing to do we are waiting for what may happen. Private Griffin of Co."D" was just now wounded in the calf of the leg by a musket ball—3:30 p. m. The noise of battle increases and Battery "H" to our front is pounding away. The 66th Indiana, which is on the right of the 52nd has just been ordered out to the front to go into position on the right of the 2nd brigade. The 2nd Iowa quickly followed on double-quick. The 7th Iowa followed tne 2nd, and thus the 52nd followed the 7th Iowa, going on the double-quick. The order to move came in good time and was a great relief to us to move to the front, for twenty minutes previous to the order the shells of the enemy had annoyed us very much, as they seemed to have our range. The 52nd went about twenty-five or thirty rods on the run to get to the front, going left in front and swing into line by the side of Battery "H" which at that time was pounding away with its six guns at a brigade of the enemy that had started to capture it. As our men went into line on the run they sent up a cheer. The line of the 52nd faced a dense pine thicket, but as we afterwards learned it was but a short distance through it (about ten rods) and the end of the thicket came up towards the battery (H). The enemy were on the other side of the thicket advancing on battery "H," but as they heard our cheer they halted. Lieut. Col. Bowen directed me to take my company and deploy them as skirmishers to advance through the thicket, but he at once countermanded the order, and sent Capt. Compton with Co. "C" to the front as my company was the last one out on company duty. Soon the 2nd Iowa took position to our right and Capt. Compton who was covering our right flank was recalled. As the enemy did not appear immediately every other man was ordered to step out of the ranks, to work building a rail breastwork—his comrade in the ranks to hold his gun for him in his place and in twenty minutes the breastwork was completed. The men used rails from a fence near by—things just flew—how men can work under such excitement. While this is going on a man from Battery "H" came running along the line shouting for a blacksmith.

I spoke to one of my men who was a blacksmith to go with him, and so the forge of the battery was in full blast just behind the battery making iron bands to put around and hold together the trail of a gun, which had been cracked or split by the recoil of the gun in its firing. We expected the enemy upon us every minute—didn't expect them to give us any time in which to prepare for them. Again they began to advance and firing, but the 2nd brigade sent up a cheer along the whole line that told them that we were in position and in force too much for them, and the enemy halted. Col. Bowen had by this time ordered Lieut. Doty with Co."K" to go to the front as skirmisher and about at this time Co. "K" had passed through the thicket to the other side and opened fire on the enemy, who then began to retire. A few of the rebels (four or five) didn't run, but surrendered. Just as the 52nd came into line Private Geo.C.Chapman of Co."B" was wounded by musket ball in the shoulder, but not seriously. No part of the 52nd, except Co. "K" was engaged, we were waiting for them to get them at close range when shooting would tell. Although bullets flew thickly and the 52nd was a good deal exposed while moving to the front, and while in position during the continuance of the battle, yet it had only two men wounded. From prisoners captured it appears that Cheatham's division of Hardee's corps made the attack on the 16th A. C. and Bates' division of same corps assaulted the 15th A. C. The enemy made a vigorous assault on our lines, but the attack on the 15th A. C. seemed to be more determined than in front of 16th A. C. The loss of the enemy according to statement of prisoners captured must have been five to our one. We had much the advantage by the protection offered by our breastworks. When the enemy began to retire we began to use our entrenching tools to strengthen our works,thinking they might come back upon us. On this movement every four men by turns had to carry either an axe or spade or shovel, so we had our tools at hand to use. It was hard work to carry them in addition to the rest of the soldier's load, but handy to have when wanted. Information said to be reliable has been received that Gen. Sherman during the afternoon attacked the enemy at Rough and Ready between our position and Atlanta, and gained possession of the railroad at that point and had succeeded in cutting off a corps of Hood's army, which was attempting to reinforce Hardee here at Jonesboro. It is ascertained that the loss of the army of the Tenn. in to-day's battle has been extremely light—will not exceed two hundred killed and wounded. Men ordered to sleep on their arms to-night and to be in line under arms at 3 o'clock in the morning. Distance marched to-day, one and one-half miles.

September 1st, 1864. The order to be under arms at 3 o'clock



BADGE, 15TH ARMY CORPS.

The badge of the 15th Army Corps was suggested by a witty Irishman's joke:

At the beginning of the Atlanta campaign all the corps in Sherman's army had distinctive badges, which were required to be worn on the hats. It was customary when marching the command on a hot day to occasionally halt the troops to give them a chance to rest, when they would sit down, each side of the road, and those who had given out or straggled would take that time to catch up with their respective commands. As these stragglers were marching along in the middle of the road, between the resting troops, they were generally subjected to the jokes and jeers of the men who had halted. At such a time, an Irishman, a straggler, was working his way to the front, when someone asked him to what corps he belonged. He replied, "The 15th, General Logan's." He was then asked, "What's your badge?" His reply was, slapping his cartridge box which hung at his hip on his belt behind him, "This and forty rounds,"—forty rounds being the number of cartridges held by the box. This reply pleased General Logan so much that a minature cartridge box with the inscription, "Forty Rounds," was adopted as the corps badge, and enough little brass badges were ordered made by Tiffany & Co., New York, to supply each man of the corps, and they were required to wear them by general orders.

The badge was placed on a square diagonally; the square was colored to denote the division the wearer belonged to: Red denoting first, White second, Blue third, and Yellow fourth division—the latter color being worn by the 7th Iowa.

The above cut is a fac similie both as to the shape and size worn.

countermanded as the enemy are supposed to be retreating. At daylight the skirmishers of our brigade advanced without much resistance about one mile when the enemy were found in position building works. In obedience to orders Col. Bowen carried a detail of a Sergeant and fifteen men to be made to bury the enemy's dead in front of the 52nd. The Sergeant and his men buried three commissioned officers and fourteen men. About 9 o'clock a. m. Co. "I" on the skirmish line sent in to Col. Bowen ten prisoners which they had captured. At 10 o'clock a. m. Co. K" was sent out to relieve Co. "I" as skirmishers. Rather quiet during the afternoon. Artillery fire on our part continued more or less. Many think the enemy is getting away as fast as possible, but it is probable there will be more fighting first. Noon—A congratulatory order from Gen. Howard upon the splendid victory achieved by the army of the Tenn. yesterday has just been received and published to the men. During the afternoon the 15th A. C. was ordered to keep up a heavy demonstration in its front. No doubt it was for the purpose of aiding our other forces operating further to the left and in rear of Hardee. Late in the afternoon heavy musketry could be heard far to our left—supposed to be the 14th A. C. Fighting continued until dark. Rumor has it that our forces succeeded in turning the rebel right and doubled it up badly, capturing one brigade of rebel infantry and fourteen pieces of artillery. Apparently all artillery of the army of the Tenn. was placed on the front lines and every piece was brought into action shelling Jonesboro. Just before dark the rain of shot and shell into the devoted town of Jonesboro was just terrific. Late in the afternoon or evening the 17th A. C. moved into position on the right of the 16th A. C. Gen. Hardee must get his army out of its present position to-night or to-morrow it will be crushed. This appears to be the situation and is understood by the soldiers. Men are in high spirits.

September 2nd, 1864. The enemy commenced leaving our front last night soon after dark. Long before daylight this morning our skirmish line under command of Capt. D. C. Newton of the 52nd advanced and found the enemy gone from their works. During the advance a man of Co. "K" captured a rebel officer (Lieut.) and brought him in to Col. Bowen. Another Co. "K" man captured two rebel soldiers and brought them in to Col. Bowen. Co. "K" secured fifteen stands of arms, but not being able to send them in readily, broke them up. Newton with his skirmishers was the first into and through the town, Soon after daylight columns of troops were in motion in pursuit of the enemy. The 15th A. C. marched through the town on the main road running parallel into the R. R. in the direction of Lovejoy's Station. The 14th A. C. is said to be advancing on the left of the 15th A.C. The 16th A.C.is advancing to the right of the 15th A.C.and through

fields making its own road as it goes. The 17th A. C. advanced on a road running along to the right of the 16th A. C. The morning is bright and clear and the men feel elated—and its a grand sight to see the masses and lines of troops leading out seeking the enemy. The enemy made but little resistance to our advance until near Lovejoy's Station, we came in sight of the enemy in position and hard at work building breastworks. The country here is quite open giving one a chance to see more than has been usual. The 14th, 17th and a part of the 15th A. C. advanced cautiously upon the enemy's works late in the afternoon, and more for the purpose of getting into position than to press the enemy, though quite a brisk skirmish took place causing the enemy to give ground. Night coming on all operations ceased. Between the hours of 2 o'clock a. m. last night and daylight this morning heavy sounds could be heard in the direction of Atlanta, resembling heavy and continuous cannonading. We conjecture that it is caused by the enemy blowing up and destroying magazines and ordnance stores while evacuating Atlanta—stores that the enemy is unable to take away. Thus far Gen. Sherman's plans have been successfully executed. Sherman divided his army and with this part of it has thoroughly defeated a large part of Hood's army under Hardee and what is left of Hardee's force is being pursued. Here we are firmly planted on Hood's communications—his only remaining railroad. The air is full of rumors to-day—among other things it is rumored that Gen. Slocum with the 20th A. C. took possession of Atlanta to-day, the enemy having previously evacuated the city. The army of the Tenn. lost but few killed and wounded comparatively in the engagements of August 31st and September 1st, while the loss of the enemy was exceedingly heavy. Distance marched to-day, six miles.

September 3rd, 1864. This morning Gen. Sherman issued a circular order to his army stating that he had official information that Gen. Slocum took possession of Atlanta at 11 o'clock a. m. on yesterday—the enemy had evacuated the city destroying magazines and stores in large quantities. Sherman says our work has been well done —that all destruction of railroads will cease at once. The publication of this circular to the various regiments called forth loud and prolonged cheering. The soldiers of our own army can appreciate better than any others the fall of the stronghold of rebeldom. How jubilant are the men. All is quiet when suddenly without a word some one man sends up a cheer and it is taken up by others who join in and the cheer goes spreading and speeding and swelling up to high Heaven along the lines away off in the distance as far as the ear can hear. And this cheering is kept up all day as the men feel too good to keep quiet. And no wonder the boys are jubilant over the fall of

Atlanta, after having toiled and suffered and skirmished and fought as they have for the last four months to secure it as a prize. The enemy is still in our front in force apparently entrenching to stubbornly resist our further advance. Hardee desires evidently to maintain his present position until Hood can join him with the rest of his army. It is said that Gen. Sherman stated to-day that he would confront the enemy for a few days to let the boys have a chance to eat corn and sweet potatoes, and that he would move back to Atlanta and give us a rest. About 2 o'clock p. m. our (2nd) division marched to the front and right going into position on the right of the 17th A. C. and on the extreme right of our army. The 4th division 16th A. C. moved out to our rear and right to protect our flank. 1st brigade on the right of the 2nd division— the 52nd on the left of 1st brigade. The 52nd by way of protection, constructed light rail and earthwork during the afternoon to cover its front. No enemy in our front. To our left and in front of 17th A. C. they appear to be in force and skirmishing continues briskly. Showers during the day. Marched two miles.

September 4th, 1864. Quiet in our front, weather cloudy and cool. Men in high spirits. All entrenching tools returned to brigade headquarters, but about 9 o'clock a. m. Gen. Corse, commanding our division, directed that we construct an abattis in front of our works, The 52nd obtained axes and the work began immediately and soon completed—it is done by way of precaution. Green corn and sweet potatoes in abundance. The sanitary condition of our men has improved so much since leaving the entrenchments around Atlanta and the morale of our army never was better than it is now. Our victory is complete and the men seem to fully comprehend it. We have received no mail since we started from Atlanta on this excursion.

September 5th, 1864. This morning as the commanding officer of my company, and having been in command of it during the campaign, I was notified by general orders to prepare and forward to army headquarters a written report of the operations of my company from May 3rd last to the present time. All commanding officers of regiment, companies and batteries are requested to make such report. I began at once and finished my report about 2:00 o'clock p. m., having written several pages of foolscap, and I delivered same to Lieut. Col. Bowen to forward through the regular channels. In the afternoon all our teams moved off to the rear to get out of our way, apparently. This means that we will move soon, probably to-night. It is reported that orders have been issued for the Army of the Tennessee to garrison East Point. The Army of the Ohio to garrison Decatur, and the Army of the Cum-

berland to garrison Atlanta and guard the railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga. A few weeks' rest will indeed be welcome. About 5 o'clock p. m. we had a heavy shower—rain fell in torrents. All the men get wet—wind strong, upsetting nearly all the "shebangs."

At 8 o'clock p. m. we marched out of our works following the 2nd Iowa—marched two miles towards Jonesboro and halted to rest. Rainy, dark and roads muddy. March continued towards Jonesboro for some distance, then we marched to the right about a half a mile and occupied some old works until daylight to cover the backward movement of the 17th A C. It was hard marching in the darkness and rain through the mud,but the men took it all good naturedly and didn't complain. Distance marched, five miles.

September 6th, 1864. Marched at daylight from the works occupied by us during the latter part of the night—passed through Jonesboro to the works built by the 52nd in front of Jonesboro on the Shoal Creek the 31st of August. Here the regiment remained during the day. Took matters easy to-day lying in the shade and resting. Everybody feeling good. Distance marched to-day, four miles.

September 7th, 1864. At 6 o'clock a. m. the command took up the line of march for East Point. We retired for a short distance on the road on which our corps advanced upon Jonesboro, and then the march was continued to the vicinity of Morrows Mills where we went into camp about one o'clock p. m. Marched most of the way over good roads. Weather cloudy and cool. Distance marched, eight miles.

September 8th, 1864. Marched early in the morning for East Point. Soon came to the Montgomery and Atlanta Railroad. Crossed the railroad and followed the rebels' works around to the west of East Point. Our (2nd) division went into camp about one mile northwest of town. The 4th division occupied a position to our left fronting south. The 15th A. C. holds the center—the 16th A. C. the right and the 17th A. C. the left of the line of the army of the Tennessee. We are glad to get into a quiet and permanent camp once more. We anticipate at least to have thirty days rest from the fatigue of our long and arduous campaign, and for a time at least not to smell burning powder and to be rid of hearing whizzing of bullets. As soon as we were assigned our position the men began building "shebangs" to protect themselves from the weather. Our wagons came to us and we again had our blankets and "good clothes." I built a bunk for myself with poles supported on short crotches, put up poles and rubber blankets overhead to protect me from the sun and from rains. Long before night I was quite well fixed. When we first stacked arms and broke ranks, I wanted to take a smoke, but I hadn't a match left with which

to light my pipe. We were all out of matches and I watched the lines waiting for a fire to be kindled somewhere, and I waited and watched a long time, and no one seemed to be able to light a camp fire. At last a fire was kindled in the 7th Iowa—I saw the smoke going up, but I was not the only one that saw it, for as I started for it that I might light my pipe, I saw men coming from all directions. The two men that built tne fire to cook their dinner were not able for half an hour to make any use of it, because of the number that crowded around to get "a little fire." It was spread, however, and one could see smoke going up all along the line and all was well. Distance marched, four miles.

September 9th, 1864. I expected to have a good and peaceable sleep last night, but I didn't. I had a good bunk fixed up and had all my blankets from the baggage wagon and a decent sort of a bed for a soldier, and I undressed and went to bed soon after "taps." Last night was the first time that I have laid down at night to sleep without being fully dressed and ready for anything since the 27th of June—for more than two months I have not slept (neither have the men) a single night with my clothes off, and so last night as soon as I was asleep I was the victim of dreams and troubled thoughts—in my sleep I seemed to be aware that I was in bed undressed and that it was not proper so to be, I felt—and the thoughts would trouble me until they woke me up. I would remember where we were and that it was all right and getting composed in mind would go to sleep again, only to have the same dreams to wake me up again. I went through the whole night just in that way, and this morning I feel anything but refreshed. Have had many a better nights sleep when cannon boomed and muskets cracked through the night. Last night as soon as I was asleep I got nervous, apparently.

Yesterday may be said to end the Atlanta campaign since April 29th. The 52nd Illinois has been constantly in the "field" and has shared its full complement of the hardships and dangers attending so long and so hazardous a campaign.

Success may be said to have attended Gen. Sherman in the execution of all of his plans against the enemy from Dalton to Jonesboro. He not only captured Atlanta, but he demonstrated the fact that Northern men can campaign during the summer months, and endure the heat as well, if not better, than the men of the south. To-day Gen. Sherman issued an order publishing to the troops the congratulations of the President of the United States and of Gen. Grant. The dispatches read were as follows:

Washington, D. C., September 3rd, 1864. The Nation's thanks are rendered by the President to Major General W. T. Sherman and

the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta, for the distinguished ability and perserverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under Divine favor, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges, and other military operations, that have signalized the campaign, must render it famous in the annals of war, and have entitled those who have participated therein to the applause and thanks of the nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States.

City Point, Virginia, September 4th, 1864.

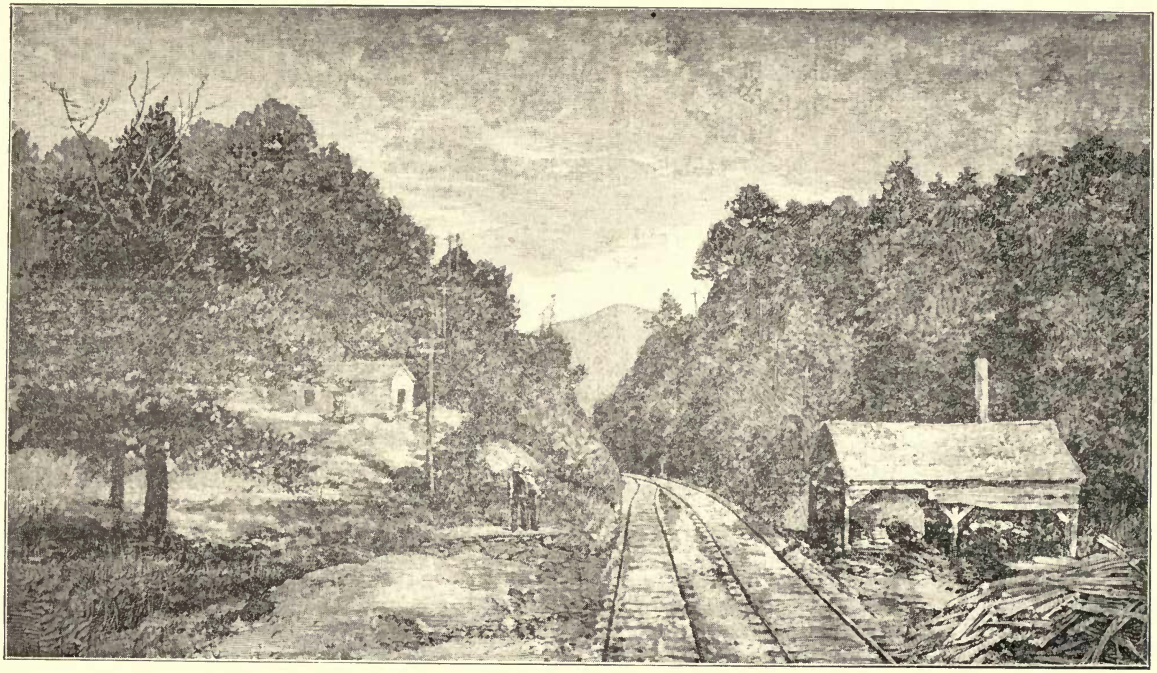
Major General Sherman:

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amid great rejoicing.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

The reading of these dispatches to the men at dress parade called forth the most hearty cheers from the men of the various regiments, who of all others should have the nation's gratitude for this endurance and prolonged and faithful efforts resulting in the great victory.

September 10th. Remained quietly in camp; men took advantage of the opportunity to clean up their clothes and wash themselves up and build shebangs to make themselves as comfortable as possible with material to be had. 11th. Laid in camp all day and rested; in the evening had dress parade, first for a long time. 12th. Remained in camp all day taking it easy; light details for camp guard; had company inspection in the afternoon. 13th. All quiet in camp; heavy mail from the north, first we have had for nearly a month. 14th. Still resting in camp. Had general inspection in the afternoon. Men getting rested, cleaned up and look more like soldiers; dress parade in the evening. 15th. All quiet on the Chattahoochee, doing regular camp duty, dress parade each evening. 16th. Remained in statu quo, doing regular routine duty, resting and making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. 17th. In camp resting, washing and preparing for regular Sunday inspection. Sunday, the 18th. Inspection, heavy rain afterwards. Promised pay long past due. 19th. In camp, supplies coming forward from Chattanooga, small amount of clothing distributed, more promised soon which is very much needed. 20th. Broke camp and marched to Atlanta. 21st. Camped in the city of Atlanta; regiment detailed to put up tents and



ALATOONA PASS, GA.

police ground for field hospital for the Army of the Tennessee. At the field hospital one of the men died in the night. The Chaplain took the nurse to task for not calling him to administer spiritual consolation before he died. The nurse's excuse was, that he thought he could do it himself and not disturb the Chaplain's rest. The Chaplain asked him what he said to console him. "Oh," he said, "I told him the Lord in His wisdom had planned but for two places to go to, Heaven and Hell; and as he had not lived such a life as would entitle him to go to the former, he would have to go to hell; and he ought to be thankful that the Lord had prepared a place for him at all." Continued on detail working at field hospital until Monday the 26th, when we broke camp at noon and embarked on cars and went to Ackworth and following day took train again for Rome, arriving on the 27th, went into camp near the city. 28th. Laid around all day awaiting the arrival of our camp and garrison equipage. Rained, no tents for protection against the weather. 29th. Rained all day. 30th. Remained in camp all quiet; a lot of men in the guard house for going to town without leave. October 1st, 1864. Moved camp to hill overlooking city; policed ground ready for tents. 2nd. Drew few tents and fixed up quarters; weather continues wet and disagreeable. 3rd. All quiet fixing up tents and quarters and doing routine duty and guard. 4th. Ordered into line of march, went to depot, stacked arms waiting for train. Wednesday, 5th. Second brigade loaded on cars hurriedly and started for Allatoona, followed by our brigade under command of Colonel Martin of the 66th Indiana, General Rice being sick. Bridge damaged by train ahead with 2nd Brigade and we had to debark near Kingston and march the balance of the way, so did not arrive to take active part in the battle of Allatoona, our threatened approach in the rear of the attacking force, together with reinforcements coming from the south probably caused Hood to hurriedly abandon the field, giving us a bloody victory. We did not arrive on the battlefield until after dark, where we bivouaced in a pittiless rain all night without shelter among the dead, killed in the battle. Jerome Hunt of our regiment, according to official report, was killed; otherwise the regiment met with no casualities. We were accorded the right to inscribe on our flag "Allatoona" as we were there as ordered, but not in time to participate, on account of the accident on the railroad. There has been a good deal of foolishness and gush written about that battle in reference to messages wig-wagged and signaled by General Corse and General Sherman that never occured. I got the name of being an iconaclast because I took the trouble to look the matter up, verify the truth, and publish the same some years ago. In the interest of

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history and fact, I insert an article by myself, published in the Des Moines Capital December 19th, 1895:

"HOLD THE FORT."

FURTHER DISCUSSION AS TO WHO WAVED THE SIGNAL AT KENESAW.

Editor Daily Capital: As the question of who and how the historic dispatches were sent from Kenesaw to Allatoona is up for discussion in the Capital, and Captain Adams the signal officer at one end of the line has been heard from, I wish to submit Captain Cole's letter, the signal officer in charge at the other end of the line, both of whom were there and ought to know what they are subscribing to, and I think they do.

It is almost too bad to smash the idols and spoil a good story, but as a matter of fact no such message as "Hold the Fort, I am Coming," was ever sent by Sherman to General Corse at that or any other time, but it was a poetical effusion which originated in the fertile brain of a gospel hymn singer.

In the official records of the war of the Rebellion, public documents published and tabulated under the direction of the secretary of war, and furnished free to all the libraries in the United States, are printed all the official reports, orders, communications and dispatches, whether sent by telegraph, signal, courier or otherwise, of all the campaigns and battles of the war (both union and confederate). In series 1, volume 39, part 3, pages 88, 96, 97 and 113 are copies of all dispatches sent to and from Kenesaw Mountain and Allatoona during or about that battle, which are as follows:

Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864.

FIRST.

Signal Officer Kenesaw—General Corse is here. Where is General Sherman?

(Signed:) ADAMS, Signal Officer.

SECOND.

General Sherman—Corse is here.

(Signed:) TOURTELLETTE, Lieut. Col. Commanding.

THIRD.

8 a. m.—We hold out. General Corse here.

(Signed:) ADAMS, Signal Officer.

SERGEANT McKENZIE WIG-WAGGING THE SIGNALS,
at Battle of Allatoona.

FOURTH.

4 p. m.—We still hold out. General Corse is wounded.

(Signed:) ADAMS, Signal Officer.

FIFTH.

We are all right, so far. General Corse is wounded. Where is General Sherman?

(Signed:) ADAMS, Signal Officer.

SIXTH.

Kenesaw Mountain, Oct. 5, 1864.

Commanding Officer Allatoona—Near You.

(No Signature.)

SEVENTH.

Kenesaw Mountain, Oct. 5, 1864.

Tell Allatoona hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you.

(No Signature.)

EIGHTH.

Kenesaw Mountain, Oct. 6, 1864.

Allatoona: How is Corse? What news?

DAYTON, Aid-de-camp.

NINTH.

Rec'd 3:15 p. m.

Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 6, 1864, 2 p. m.

Captain L. M. Dayton, Aid-de-camp: I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but am able to whip all hell yet. My losses are heavy. A force moving from Stilesboro on Kingston gives me some anxiety. Tell me where Sherman is.

JOHN M. CORSE, Brigadier General.

In part 1 of same volume on page 397 is Lieutenant Adams' report of the part taken by his detachment of the signal corps during the battle, to Lieutenant Sherry, signal corps, United States army, commanding detachment 15th A.C., from which I extract the following:

Allatoona, Ga., Oct. 5, 1864.—* * * At 9 a. m. the enemy had us surrounded on every approachable side, and the engagement became general. As soon as I could see Kenesaw I called and sent them a message, stating the arrival of our reinforcements, etc. This was about 10 a. m. and after I had moved over to the fort with my flag. This message was flagged under a sharp fire, and I wish to make special mention of

the coolness and bravery of J. W. McKenzie, acting sergeant, and Frank A. West of the signal corps. West was on his way to join his party at the front, and happened to be detained here on account of the railroad being cut. I was not aware of his presence until I saw him voluntarily get up on top of the works and relieve McKenzie at the flag. The message was flagged with remarkable coolness and accuracy by these two men. * * *

I sent a message to General Sherman that we were all right, and General Corse was wounded. * * * R. O. McGinty and A. F. Fuller flagged this message from the top of the fort. I have not a word of censure for any man of the detachment. When I moved to the fort I took three men with me to flag; the balance (nine men) I instructed to see to their revolvers and get into the rifle pits; also if they saw a man wounded not to let his musket lay idle. After the fight was over I came back to my old place. I found that each of the men had muskets, and had fired each from thirty to ninety rounds of cartridges. ***

(Signed) J. Q. ADAMS.

Second Lieutenant Signal Corps, U. S. Army Commanding Detachment.

Above is a portion of the official record made on the spot, and just after the battle by officers in command, which is indisputable and cannot be controverted, which shows Judge McKenzie to have been a brave and intelligent young soldier, who did his whole duty, but the trouble is Judge McKenzie's over-zealous friends are claiming too much for him, and in the John H. King letter resurrected by J. F. Lewis the balance of the detachment are done an injustice and made out to be a squad of shirks and cowards and a discredit to the service. The article has more the appearance of making King the champion than McKenzie the hero, and is a ridiculous and absurd article written by one who never was in the service or knew anything about it is shown on the face of it.

At the services of the dedication of the Chickamauga battlefield at Chattanooga last September one Sergeant Frankenberg was brought upon the platform, and introduced as being the party who sent these important and celebrated messages from Kenesaw Mountain to Allatoona, and he exhibited the identical flag he used at the time; when up jumps the Hampton Recorder, published at the home of the late Judge McKenzie, and claims Sergeant Frankenberg a fraud, and that Judge McKenzie was the one who did it,when as a matter of fact he only claimed to be the other end of the line at Allatoona, twenty miles away at the time, and Hood's rebel army between him and Kenesaw.

I belonged to General Corse's division, was at Allatoona and talked with Judge McKenzie the next day after the battle, was person-

BRIG. GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.
Hero of Allatoona.

ally acquainted with him up to the time of his death, and he never made such statements or claims to me and I believe him to have been too brave, honorable and modest a soldier and conscientious a citizen to have made them to anyone else. I was at Allatoona Gap last September in company with a squad of the Seventh Illinois and Thirty-ninth Iowa who participated in the bloody battle. We went over the ground and discussed the fight and Judge McKenzie's bravery, pointing out the identical spot on the ramparts where he and West stood. There was nothing said or known about the lack of courage or refusal of the others to do their duty.

H. I. SMITH.

Captain Cole and Lieut. Adams, signal officers in charge when all the messages were sent, the former at Kenesaw Mountain, and the latter at Allatoona, both substantiate the truth of the foregoing.

If there is any doubt that the Gospel hymn was not inspired by the incident and messages sent at the battle of Allatoona, attention is called to the book of Gospel hymn's and to the hymn "Hold the Fort, I am Coming" itself, at the head of which is the quotation from 2nd chapter of Corinthians, 25th verse, reading, "That which ye have already hold fast till I come," suggesting the fact that the hymn was inspired by the sentiment in that passage. There is certainly nothing in General Corse's sulphuric reply, when he sent the answer to General French when a demand for his surrender was received, that he would "whip hell out of him yet," that would make good material for Gospel hymns or Sunday school literature.

On the 6th camped on battlefield and assisted in burying the dead. 7th Illinois and 39th Iowa's loss was most severe. Lieut. Blodgett of the 39th, who had commanded our battery so creditably all through the campaign and had been promoted to Major a few days before and returned to his regiment, was killed, together with Lieut. Col. Redfield of that regiment, and the 7th Ills. boys literally laid in rows where they were killed in the rifle pits which curtained the redan into which our men were driven by the impact of the determined and desperate charge of the enemy. On the 7th we were hurriedly started on our return to Rome, as the whole rebel army seemed to be headed in that direction, arriving at Cartersville that evening. On the 8th marched from Cartersville to Kingston, arriving at Rome on the 9th, where we resumed our old camp. 11th. Could see the enemy by the columns of dust passing in force to the west, with straggling cavalry skirting the hills in sight, our force was too small to intercept them; the balance of our corps together with other troops were in their rear hurriedly prodding them along. 11th. Remained in camp in statu quo. Same on the 12th. Lieut. H. I. Smith detailed

as acting Adujutant of the regiment on account of the sickness of Adjutant Cameron. 13th. Regiment ordered out in the direction of the enemy, reconnoitering; went as far as Cave Springs without encountering the enemy, excepting a few straggling cavalry, who quickly retreated on our appearance. Returned to camp at night. 14th. Remained in camp all day, other regiments of the brigade took their turn reconnoitering with about the same results. 15th. Marched out in a northwest direction scouting, returning to camp at night. 16th remained in camp all day; had regimental inspection. 17th. Had company drill and dress parade. Received orders to march with one day's rations. 18th. Moved out at 5 o'clock in the direction of Cedar Bluffs, returning in the evening. 19th. Reported the enemy is advancing upon us. 20th. All quiet in camp. 21st. Same. 22nd and 23rd remained in camp in statu quo. 24th. Moved out early in the morning; camped at Cedar Gap. 25th. Marched back to Rome. 26th. Remained in camp doing routine duty until Nov. 5th, when we were paid off. No change until the 8th, when we had election; the regiment casting 344 votes, Lincoln receiving 342 votes and McClellan getting two. Remained in camp 9th and 10th.

MARCH FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

Sherman's plans for his future campaign were entirely original and his own, being altogether different from the science of war as laid down in the text books taught in the schools and were regarded with misgivings by General Grant and others in authority and only reluctantly consented to after repeated urging by Sherman. It was regarded as an experiment and a novel procedure to cut loose, abandon a base, burn bridges behind you and proceed through the enemy's country without a definite objective point. But, as Sherman said, "I can make the march and make Georgia howl." And again: "Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive I would be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is fully twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee. I prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things to the sea." He now proposed to General Grant to modify his plans, so as to give the choice of either of the three alternatives just named.

"I must have alternatives," he said; "else being confined to one route the enemy might so oppose that delay and want would trouble me; but having alternatives, I can take so eccentric a course that no

general can guess at my objective. Therefore, when you hear I am off, have lookouts at Morris Island, S. C.; Ossaba Sound, Ga.; Pensacola and Mobile bays. I will turn up somewhere, and believe me I can take Macon, Milledgeville, Augusta and Savannah, and wind up with closing the neck back of Charleston, so that they will starve out. This movement is not purely military or strategic, but it will illustrate the vulnerability of the South."

General Grant promptly authorized the proposed movement, indicating, however, his preference for Savannah as the objective, and fixing Dalton as the northern limit for the destruction of the railway. Preparations were instantly undertaken and pressed forward for the consummation of these plans.

On the 26th of October, Sherman detached the Fourth Corps under Maj. General Stanley, and ordered him to proceed to Chattanooga and report to General Thomas at Nashville. On the 30th of October, he also detached the Twenty-third corps, Major General Schofield, with the same destination, and delegated to Maj. Gen. Thomas full power over the troops, except the four corps with which he himself designed to move into Georgia; together with a division of cavalry under General Kilpatrick.

The ranks of the veteran regiments were very much depleted about this time by the mustering out of those who did not re-enlist, and the army reduced in strength by the mustering out of regiments whose term of service had expired.

The army organized for the march to the sea, were practically men who volunteered for the hazardous campaign; having full faith in their commander, that he would lead them to victory and success; any one offering the least excuse, feigning sickness or fear, were allowed to go back for garrison or post duty; they were men made of heroic stuff, robust and stalwart, willing to undergo with fearless abandon, hardship or danger and follow their leader. They were to go in light marching order, stripped to the buff, as it were, and were a host unto themselves:

> Men of iron, of lusty brain and brawn,
> And never did they worry 'gainst the coming of the dawn,
> But buckled on their harness as befitted those of might
> That cared but for the out-tide and a field of bitter fight.

They were the survival of the fittest, that long and arduous marches, military training and privations had made them seasoned warriors; animated by indomitable debonnair spirit, glad and free, with every faculty alive, with intelligence, clear heads, willing to do and dare. Not reckless vagabonds without faith, courage or loyalty; not swashbuckling, freebooting adventurers, organized for plunder

and cruelty; but intelligent, gentlemanly soldiers, most of them fit to adorn any society.

The following order issued by General Sherman just before embarking on the campaign will best give his idea of the expedition:

General Thomas was now at Nashville, and Scofield enroute near Pulaski, Tennessee, ready to deal with Hood on his northwestern march. In Sherman's army there were few non-combatants and sick men. There was a goodly supply of ammunition, but provisions were scanty. It was the intention of the army to live off the enemy's country as they marched through it. Sherman's orders for the campaign were as follows:

"I. For the purpose of military operations, this army is divided into two wings, viz., the right wing, Major General O. O. Howard commanding, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps; the left wing, Major General H. W. Slocum commanding, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps.

"II. The habitual order to march will be, whenever practicable, by four roads, as nearly parallel as possible, and converging at points hereafter to be indicated in orders. The cavalry, Brigadier-General Kilpatrick commanding, will receive special orders from the commander-in-chief.

"III. There will be no general trains of supplies, but each corps will have its ammunition and provision trains distributed habitually as follows: Behind each regiment should follow one wagon and one ambulance; behind each brigade should follow a due proportion of ammunition wagons, provision wagons and ambulances. In case of danger, each army corps commander should follow a due proportion of march by having his advance and rear brigade unencumbered by wheels. The separate columns will start habitually at 7 a. m., and make about 15 miles per day, unless otherwise fixed in orders.

"IV. The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end, each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under the command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather near the route travelled corn or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn-meal, or whatever is needed by the command, aiming at all times to keep in the wagon trains at least ten days' provisions for the command, and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any tresspass; but during the halt, or at camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, and drive in stock which is in sight of their camp. To regular foraging parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the road travelled.

"V. To army commanders alone is intrusted the power to de-

stroy mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc., and for them this general principle is laid down: In districts and neighborhoods where the army is unmolested, no destruction of such property should be permitted; but should guerrillas or bushwhackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads, or otherwise manifest local hostility, then army corps commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of such hostility.

"VI. As for horses, mules, wagons, etc., belonging to the inhabitants, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit, discriminating, however, between the rich, who are usually hostile, and the poor and industrious, who are usually neutral or friendly. Foraging parties may also take mules or horses to replace the jaded animals of their trains, or to serve as pack mules for the regiments or brigades. In all foraging, of whatever kind, the parties engaged will refrain from abusive or threatening language, and may, when the officer in command thinks proper, give written certificates of the facts, but no receipts, and they will endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance.

"VII. Negroes who are able-bodied, and can be of service to the several columns, may be taken along, but each army commander will bear in mind that the question of supplies is a very important one, and that his first duty is to see to those who bear arms.

"VIII. The organization at once of a good pioneer battalion for each corps, composed, if possible, of negroes, should be attended to. This battalion should follow the advance guard, should repair roads, and double them if possible, so that the columns may not be delayed on reaching bad places. Also, army commanders should study the habit of giving the artillery and wagons the road, and marching the troops on one side, and also instruct their troops to assist wogons at steep hills or bad crossings of streams.

"IX. Captain O. M. Poe, chief engineer, will assign to each wing of the army a pontoon train, fully equipped and organized, and the commanders thereof will see to its being properly protected at all times."

On November 12th, at Cartersville, Sherman sat on the edge of a porch to rest. The telegraph wire had been torn down, but the operator connected the end of it with a small pocket instrument which he held in his hand as he stood at Sherman's side. A dispatch was received from Thomas at Nashville. Sherman answered it, "All right." The wire was detached from the instrument, and then a burning bridge fell in ruins, dragging down more of the line, and Sherman was absolutely isolated from the North.

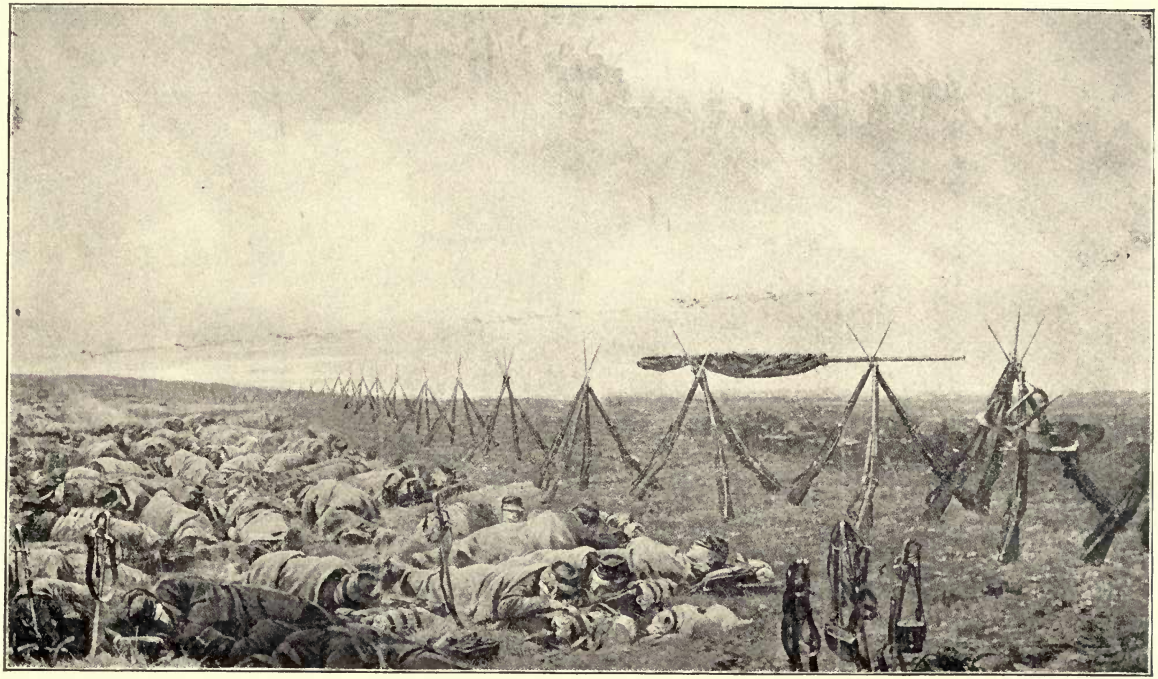
As they marched away from Atlanta, Slocum's men passed the

very spot where McPherson fell, and at the moment, doubtless with a grim satisfaction, looked back at the pall of smoke that hung above Atlanta, as above a fitting funeral pyre for their dead comrade and leader. Then some one in the ranks, or one of the bands, struck up "John Brown's Body," and a minute later the Army of Georgia was singing that famous battle hymn, and marching forward with quickened pace to its inspiring strains.

Nov. 4th, General Sherman ordered General Corse as follows: "* * * On receiving notice to evacuate Rome by telegraph, of which he will give you as much notice as possible, that you destroy in the most effective manner, by fire or otherwise, all bridges, founderies, shops of all kinds and description, barracks, warehouses and buildings especially adapted to armed use, lumber or timber, as also cars off the track, or material that cannot be removed, and to move your command by Kingston and Allatoona to Marietta and report to General Howard, commanding Army of Tennessee.

We stayed in Rome doing camp and routine duty until November the 5th, when we were paid off. On the 8th we had regimental election.

November 11th we broke camp and started on the memorable march "From Atlanta to the Sea." Being at Rome our division had fifty miles more to march than the balance of the army. General Sherman fearing the wagons might be incumbered with extra baggage, ordered that all tents, camp and garrison equipage that had not been sent to the rear at that time be burned. The wagons were only loaded with ammunition, hospital supplies and small amount of rations in case of need for the sick. The army was ordered to forage and subsist upon the country. Even General Sherman himself did not take a tent; his headquarters simply had a tent fly for his Adjutant General's office. All the protection the men had for the winter march was what they carried on their backs. The writer was officer of the picket guard the night before we started and when I returned to camp in the morning the regiment was in line ready to march, everything in the shape of tents, camp and garrison equipage had been burned, and in the shakeup my woolen blanket was missing; so I visited some of the vacant houses to see if I could not find a bed quilt for a substitute, but was unsucceessful, but found a feather bed, which I split open and emptied out the feathers, twisted it up and carried it on my shoulder for a blanket all through the march to the sea; the down came off, stuck to my clothes, making me look more like a young robin than an army officer; but I loved my country all the same. We marched through and three miles beyond Kingston the first day. On the 12th



IN BIVOUAC ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

we marched to Allatoona and bivouaced. The 13th we marched to Marietta and camped at the foot of Kenesaw Mountain. On the 14th marched to Chattahoochee river and camped. On the 15th marched to Atlanta, drew our last rations and clothing, marched out three miles beyond, where we joined the main army. 16th marched and camped near Lovejoy Station. 17th marched fifteen miles, camping near Griffin. 18th laid in camp all day, foragers detailed and sent out in the country for forage and rations; they brought in a lot of potatoes and meat which we cooked and eat, moving out of camp at dark and marched until midnight and camped; two men were taken prisoners that day. 19th. Marched at daylight, crossed the Ocmulgee river after dark and camped. Sunday, 20th. Marched to Monticello, camped half mile from town. 21st. Marched to Hillsboro, rained throughout the day. 22nd. Marched along the Macon railroad, roads very bad, trains and artillery mired in the mud and men detailed to help extricate them. 23rd. Worked getting teams and artillery out of the mire until noon then moved out and marched until midnight. 24th. Marched to Gordon where we went into camp at noon. General Sherman took possession of the State Capital at Milledgeville, which they captured without firing a gun. The legislature fled at their approach without waiting for the formality of adjournment, and the panic spread among the citizens to such an extent as to depopulate the place, excepting a few old men and negroes; the latter welcoming our approach with ecstatic exclamations of joy. During this time our army was making a feint on Macon. The 17th corps had a fight and captured Gordon, destroying a lot of the Georgia Central R. R. Kilpatrick and General Woods division had quite a severe engagement also at Griswoldville, defeating them after a determined fight with part of General Hardee's old corps, reinforced with state militia and troops which came up from Savannah. The enemy's loss was 300 killed and wounded and two thousand prisoners. This was a severe lesson to them and had a discouraging effect. By this time our ambulances became pretty well loaded up with wounded as we could not leave them or the sick. 25th. Marched through Irvington, camping five miles east of the town. 26th. Moved out at seven in the morning, crossed the Oconee river at Moorings ferry. Sunday the 27th. Out at 5 o'clock a. m., marched to the Georgia Central R. R., tore up about five miles of the track. 28th. Marched at daylight. 29th. Country barren and swampy; weather warm, rations short. 30th. Marched at daylight; country swampy and roads bad.

As it has been charged by the people of the south that General Sherman and his officers encouraged pillaging and looting of property on the march, extracts are here given from his official orders published before the march to refute the charge.

"The general commanding calls the attention of all officers to the necessity of enforcing the most rigid discipline, in order to prevent straggling, pillaging, marauding, and the evils attendant upon the evacuating of an important town.

"The provost marshal and officers of the rear guard will exercise the severest and most summary means to prevent disorder and will not hesitate to shoot any one caught firing private houses or pillaging inoffensive or helpless families."

There were many things done by a few on the expedition that were disgraceful, and were deplored on the campaigns, where the army was obliged to subsist upon the country, especially where they were required to discriminate between public and private property that was to be destroyed which would be of use to the enemy; but every effort was made by those in authority to suppress lawlessness and stop it; details of mounted men were sent under humane officers to arrest such characters and in many instances when caught they were found to consist of the worst element of both armies joined together for lawless purposes, and some of them were found to be convicts who were liberated from the prisons of the south on promise that they would join the Confederate army.

Thursday, December 1st, 1864. Marched at daylight parallel with the Ogechee river; swamps and low country, roads bad; very difficult getting trains and artillery along.

Friday, December 2nd, 1864. Marched at daylight; crossed the Ogechee river in the afternoon and worked at destruction of railroad all day, and the 3rd crossing back and bivouacing on the other side at night.

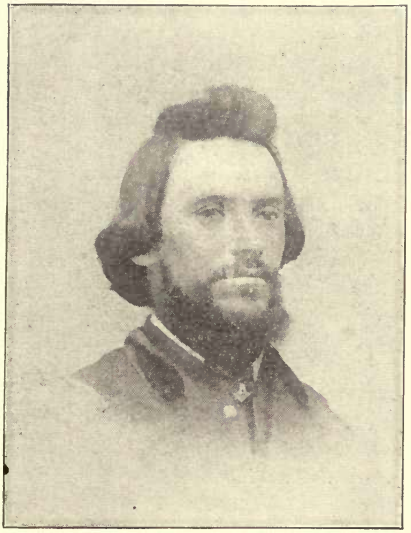
Sunday, December 4th, 1864. Marched in southeasterly direction; heavy firing to our left and rear, as though the enemy were getting in our rear.

Monday, December 5th, 1864. Moved out at daylight; forced march of twenty-two miles over sandy roads.

Tuesday, December 6th, 1864. Laid still all day.

Wednesday, December 7th, 1864. Our brigade crossed over the river, met the enemy's skirmishers, drove them in, and in a very handsome manner routed a battalion of rebels behind rail piles, capturing seventeen prisoners, and killing and wounding several more. The brigade lost two killed and three wounded. It then formed a junction with a brigade of Wood's division at Edan Station.

Thursday, December 8th, 1864. As the enemy was reported in some force near the 12 mile post, having a line of works in his front, General Howard resolved to turn his position by sending two divisions of our corps down the west bank of the Ogechee to force a crossing of the Cannouchee, and throw forward sufficient detachments to break



SURGEON E. EVERINGHAM, 7TH IOWA INFTY.

the Gulf railway, and if possible secure King's bridge over the Ogechee. We found the road obstructed with felled trees, which were quickly removed. On reaching the Savannah canal, the bridge over it was found to be burned; a new one was quickly made, when we crossed over. We passed through some well constructed and abandoned earthworks on the way. The Ogechee river at Dillon's ferry was found practicable for a pontoon bridge. General Corse sent forward a reconnoissance, which discovered the enemy in force at the junction of this road—King's bridge and Savannah road.

The next day, December 9th, the Seventeenth Corps came upon the enemy in rifle-pits, three and a half miles from Station No. 2. General Blair drove the rebels from them, but soon came upon an intrenched line with guns in position. At this place the road led through a swamp densely covered with the wood and undergrowth peculiar to this region, and apparently impassable; but General Blair moved three lines of battle, preceded by a skirmish line, along on the right and left of the road for some two or three miles, occasionally in water knee-deep, drove the enemy from every position where he made a stand, and encamped for the night near Pooler, or Station No. 1. The detached brigades of the Fifteenth Corps succeeded in reaching the Savannah and Gulf railway at different points, and destroying it. The third division, General John E. Smith, closed up on ours at the canal. As soon as he was within supporting distance, General Corse moved forward towards Savannah. We encountered about six hundred rebel infantry with two pieces of artillery near the cross-roads. Our advance brigade quickly dislodged them, capturing one piece of artillery and several prisoners. We followed them up across the Little Ogeechee, and by General Howard's direction took up a strong position about twelve miles from Savannah, and thence sent out a detachment to break the Gulf railway. Our advance crossed Little Ogeechee, and halted about eight miles from the city. King's bridge had been burned by the rebels. All the enemy's force was withdrawn from our corps front in the morning, except the independent garrison at Fort McAllister, situated on the right bank and near the mouth of the Ogeechee. During the day that section of the pontoon bridge which had been with General Blair's column, was sent to Dillon's Ferry, near Fort Argyle, and laid across the Ogeechee, thus substantially uniting the two right columns of Howard's army.

As the coast neared, the surface of the country became flat and swampy. Large ponds or pools were met every mile or so, and the creeks spread out into miry branches. The roads between the creeks and ponds, though apparently of sand, and of substantial character, proved to be upon a thin crust, which was soon cut through by the long trains into the deep quicksand, thus requiring miles of corduroy.

At several of the swamps, the enemy had attempted to obstruct the march by felling timber.

Baird's division, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, was ordered to move in the direction of Waynesboro', and after crossing Buckhead Creek, to move down the east bank of that stream and take position near Reynolds, not far from Buckhead bridge.

On the 5th, after a hard day's march over country roads, which required much repairing, the whole corps, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, encamped in the vicinity of Jacksonboro, the advance being Buck Creek Post-office, on the Savannah road.

During the night the bridge across Beaver-dam Creek, at Jacksonboro, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt by Colonel Buell, of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, and his pontoniers; and early on the morning of the 6th, the whole column marched on the river road, and went into camp at and in advance of Hudson's Ferry, on the Savannah river, making an average march of about twenty miles.

On the 7th, the column moved in the same order of march, Baird and Kilpatrick, with Colonel Atkins' brigade, unencumbered by the trains, covering the rear. Morgan's division, with the pontoon train, reached Ebenezer Creek late in the evening, and began cutting away the fallen timber which obstructed the roadway through the immense swamp which skirts the creeks on both sides at this point. Notwithstanding an exceedingly hard day's march, the pontoniers, under Colonel Buell, set to work at once to reconstruct the bridge, and by noon the next day the column commenced crossing this formidable defile; but in spite of the immense amount of labor expended upon the road and bridge to make them passable, much was still required to maintain them in condition, and it was not until daylight on the 9th that the rear of the column had completed the crossing.

During the 8th, the enemy's cavalry made several attempts to drive in the rear pickets of the Fourteenth Corps, but did not succeed. The loss in the corps during these attacks was but slight, although at times the skirmishing was quite animated.

On the morning of the 9th, the crossing of Ebenezer Creek being now completed, as already stated, the corps marched from its camp at Ebenezer Church to Cuyler's plantation, where General Morgan, who was in the advance, found the enemy occupying a strongly-erected field-work, and disposed to dispute the advance. Morgan immediately placed two field-pieces in position and opened fire upon the work. His infantry was soon deployed for an attack, but the near approach of night, and the impossibility of assaulting the position, through the impassable swamp in the front, caused General Davis to defer the attack until morning, when it was discovered the enemy had abandoned his position.

On the 10th, Morgan's and Carlin's divisions, with trains, moved to the Ten-mile House, and went into camp, giving the road to the Twentieth Corps, advancing from Montieth and intersecting the Augusta road. Baird's division was left to cover the rear, and tear up the railway track in the vicinity of the crossing of the Savannah river, and if possible to destroy the bridge at that point.

To preserve the historical sequence, it is necessary to glance separately at the movements of the cavalry division under Kilpatrick, already briefly touched upon so far as they were directly connected with the operations of the several corps.

On the 2nd of December, as has been seen, Kilpatrick moved from the vicinity of Louisville, on the Waynesboro road, supported by Baird's division of the Fifteenth Corps, to cover the movement of several columns on Millen. A small force of the enemy was encounterde and dispersed by the Eighth Indiana, Colonel Jones, and the Fifth Kentucky, Colonel Baldwin, nine miles from Waynesboro, not without a severe skirmish. On reaching Rocky Creek, the enemy was found in considerable force on the opposite bank. Baird's division came up, and a force of both cavalry and infantry crossed the creek and simultaneously charged the enemy, who rapidly retreated towards Waynesboro and Augusta, closely pursued for some distance by the cavalry.

On the 3rd, Kilpatrick marched to Thomas' Station and encamped for the night, having made such disposition of his forces as to protect Baird's division, then deployed along the railway and engaged in its destruction. Wheeler, who had been encamped between Waynesboro and Briar Creek, moved in the early part of the evening to Waynesboro, and, with a portion of his command, made a vigorous attack upon one of Colonel Atkins' regiments, stationed upon the railway, three miles south of town.

The enemy was found occupying a second line of barricades, with artillery, as before, and his flanks so far extended that it was useless to attempt to turn them. Kilpatrick therefore determined to break his center. Colonel Murray, having the advance, was directed to make a disposition accordingly. The Eighth Indiana, Colonel Jones, was dismounted and pushed forward as skirmishers; the Ninth Pennsylvania, Colonel Jordan, in columns of fours, by battalions, had the left; the Third Kentucky, Lieut. Colonel King, the center; the Fifth Kentucky, Colonel Baldwin, and Second Kentucky, Captain Foreman, the right. The advance was sounded, and in less than twenty minutes the enemy was driven from his position, the town gained, and Wheeler's entire force completely routed. The Fifth Ohio, Fifth Kentucky, and a portion of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, followed in close pursuit to Briar Creek, a distance of eight miles

from the point from where the first attack was made. After burning the bridges above and below the railway bridge, as well as the latter, the cavalry marched to Alexander, on the Waynesboro and Jacksonboro road, and encamped for the night.

On the 5th, Kilpatrick marched from Alexander to Jacksonboro', covering the rear of the Fourteenth Army Corps.

Thus, on the 10th of December, 1864, the enemy's forces under Hardee were driven within the immediate defenses of Savannah, and Sherman's entire army having leisurely marched over three hundred miles in twenty-four days with trifling opposition through the vitals of the enemy's country, subsisting upon his stock-yards and granaries, was massed in front of the city, entirely across the peninsula lying between the Ogeechee and Savannah rivers, and occupying all lines of railway communication and supply.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The defensive works constructed by the enemy to cover the rear of Savannah, and now garrisoned by the Confederate forces under Lieutenant-General Hardee, followed substantially a swampy creek which empties into the Savannah River about three miles above the city, across to the head of a corresponding stream flowing into the Little Ogeechee. These streams proved singularly favorable to the enemy as a cover, being very marshy and bordered by rice fields, which were flooded either by the tide-water or by inland ponds, the gates to which were controlled and covered by his heavy artillery. The only approaches to the city were by five narrow causeways, namely, the two railways, and the Augusta, the Louisville, and the Ogeechee roads, all of which were commanded by the enemy's heavy ordnance.

To assault an enemy of unknown strength at such a disadantage appeared to Sherman unwise, especially as he had brought his army, almost unscathed, so great a distance, and could surely attain the same result by the operation of time. He therefore instructed his army commanders closely to invest the city from the north and west, and to reconnoitre well the ground in their respective fronts, while he gave his personal attention to opening communications with the fleet, which was known to be waiting in Tybee, Wassaw, and Ossabow sounds, in accordance with the preconcerted plan. Williams' twentieth corps held the left of the Union line, resting on the Savannah river, near Williamson's plantation; Jefferson C. Davis fourteenth corps was on its right, extending from the Augusta railway, near its junction with the Charlestown railway, to Lawton's plantation, beyond the canal; Blair's seventeenth corps next, and Osterhaus' fifteenth corps on the extreme right, with its flank resting on the Gulf railway,

at Station No. 1. General Kilpatrick was instructed to cross the Ogeechee by a pontoon bridge, to recannoitre Fort McAllister, and to proceed to St. Catherine's Sound, in the direction of Sunbury or Kilkenny Bluff, and open communication with the fleet. General Howard had previously sent Captain Duncan, one of his best scouts, down the Ogeechee in a canoe for a like purpose; but it was also necessary to have the ships and their contents, and the Ogeechee river, close to the rear of the camps, as the proper avenue of supply.

The enemy had burned King's bridge over the Ogeechee, just below the mouth of the Cannouchee; but although a thousand feet long, it was reconstructed in an incredibly short time, and in the most substantial manner; and on the 13th of December, Hazen's division of our corps crossed the bridge, gained the west bank of the Ogeechee, and marched down the river with orders to carry by assault Fort McAllister, a strong inclosed redoubt, manned by two companies of artillery and three of infantry, numbering in all about two hundred men, and mounting twenty-three barbette guns and one mortar.

On the morning of the 13th of December, General Sherman and General Howard went to Dr. Cheves' rice-mill, whence Fort McAllister was in full view. At the rice-mill a section of DeGrass' battery was firing occasionally at the fort opposite, three miles and a half distant, as a diversion, having for its principal object, however, to attract the attention of the fleet. During the day the two commanders watched the fort and the bay, endeavoring to catch glimpes of the division moving upon the work, and of the vessels belonging to the fleet. About noon, the rebel artillery at McAllister opened inland, firing occasionally from three or four different guns. By their glasses the generals could observe Hazen's skirmishers firing on the fort; and about the same time a movable smoke, like that from a steamer, attracted their attention near the mouth of the Ogeechee.

Signal communication was established with General Hazen, who gave notice that he had invested the fort, and also that he observed the steamer. General Sherman signalled him from the top of the mill that it was important to carry the fort by assault that day.

The steamer had approached near enough to draw the fire of the fort when her signal-flag was descried. Captain McClintock, of the Signal Corps, aided by Lieutenant Sampson, speedily communicated with the vessel, and ascertained that she was a tug, sent by General Foster and Admiral Dahlgren for the purpose of communicating with the army. The signal-officer of the steamer inquired, "Is McAllister ours?"

Just at that moment a brisk firing was observed at the fort. Hazen had sounded the charge, and instantly his brave division had rushed through the torpedoes and abattis which obstructed the ap-

proach to the fort, and gaining the parapet, after a hand-to-hand struggle of a few moments' duration, the garrison had surrendered.

From their position at the rice-mill, Sherman and Howard could see the men discharge their pieces in the air, and hear their shout of triumph as they took possession of the fort and raised the old flag over their conquest.

Hazen's loss in killed and wounded was about ninety men, while the garrison lost between forty and fifty, killed and wounded; and the remainder, about one hundred and fifty in number, were captured, together with twenty-two pieces of artillery and a large quantity of ammunition.

The substantial fruit of this victory, however, was to be found in the fact that communication with the sea was established, and the prompt receipt of supplies secured.

As soon as he saw the Union colors planted upon the walls of the fort, Sherman ordered a boat, and, accompanied by General Howard, went down to the fort, and there met General Hazen, who had not yet communicated with the steamer, nor indeed seen her, as the view was interrupted by some trees. Determined to communicate that night with the fleet, Sherman got into another boat, and caused himself to be rowed down the Ogeechee, until he met the navy tug-boat Dandelion, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Williamson, who informed him that Captain Duncan, who, it will be remembered, was sent down the river a few days previously by General Howard, had safely reached Major-General Foster and Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, commanding the land and naval forces on the South Atlantic coast, and that these officers were hourly expected to arrive in Ossabaw Sound, where the Dandelion was then lying.

At midnight, Sherman wrote brief notes to General Foster and the admiral, and a dispatch to the secretary of war, recounting the main facts of the campaign, and the present situation.

"The weather has been fine," he said to Mr. Stanton, "and supplies are abundant. Our march was most agreeable, and we were not at all molested by guerrillas. . . . . We have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and our trains are in far better condition than when we started. My first duty will be to clear the army of surplus negroes, mules, and horses. . . . . The quick work made with McAllister, and the opening of communication with our fleet, and the consequent independence for supplies, dissipates all their boasted threats to head me off and starve the army. I regard Savannah as already gained."

He then returned to Fort McAllister, and before daylight was overtaken by Major Strong, of General Foster's staff, with intelligence

that General Foster had arrived in the Ogeechee, near Fort McAllister, and was very anxious to meet General Sherman on board his boat. Sherman accordingly returned with the major, and met General Foster on board the steamer Nemaha; and, after consultation, determined to proceed with him down the sound, in hopes of meeting Admiral Dahlgren, which, however, they did not do until about noon, in Wassaw Sound. General Sherman there went on board the admiral's flagship, the Harvest Moon, after having arranged with General Foster to send from Hilton Head some siege ordnance and boats suitable for navigating the Ogeechee river. Admiral Dahlgren furnished all the data concerning his fleet and the numerous forts that guarded the inland channels between the sea and Savannah; and Sherman explained to him how completely Savannah was invested at all points, save only the plank-road on the South Carolina shore, known as the "Union Causeway," which he thought he could reach from his left flank across the Savannah river. The general also informed the admiral that if he would simply engage the attention of the forts along Wilmington Channel, at Beaulieu and Rosedew, the army could carry the defenses of Savannah by assault as soon as the heavy ordnance arrived from Hilton Head.

On the 15th, Sherman returned to the lines in the rear of Savannah.

Having received and carefully considered all the reports of division commanders, he determined to assault the lines of the enemy as soon as the heavy ordnance should arrive from Port Royal, first making a formal demand for surrender. On the 17th, a number of thirty-pounder Parrott guns having reached King's Bridge, Sherman proceeded in person to the headquarters of Major-General Slocum, on the Augusta road, and dispatched thence into Savannah, by flag of truce, a formal demand for the surrender of the place, accompanied by a copy of Hood's threat, at Dalton, to take no prisoners, and on the following day received an answer from General Hardee conveying his refusal to accede thereto. In his reply, General Hardee pointed out that the investment was still incomplete.

In the meantime, further reconnoissances from the left flank had demonstrated that it was impracticable and unwise to push any considerable force across the Savannah river, since the enemy held the river opposite the city with iron-clad gunboats, and could destroy any pontoons laid down between Hutchinson's Island and the South Carolina shore, and thereby isolate any force sent over from that flank. Sherman, therefore, ordered General Slocum to get into position the siege-guns, and make all the preparations necessary to assault, and to report the earliest moment when he could be ready.

General Foster had already established a division of troops on

the peninsula or neck between the Coosawhatchie and Tullifinney rivers, at the head of Broad river, whence he could reach the railway with his artillery. Sherman himself went to Port Royal, and made arrangements to reinforce that command by one or more divisions, so as to enable it to assault and carry the railway, and thence turn towards Savannah until it should occupy the causeway. He made the voyage on board Admiral Dahlgren's flag-ship, the Harvest Moon, which put out to sea the night of the 20th; but the wind was high, and increased during the night, so that the pilot considered Ossabaw Bar impassable, and ran into Tybee, whence the steamer proceeded through the inland channels into Wassaw Sound, and thence through Romney Marsh. But the ebb-tide having caught the Harvest Moon, so that she was unable to make the passage, Admiral Dahlgren took the general in his barge, and pulling in the direction of Vernon river, the army-tug Red Legs was there met, bearing a message from Captain Dayton, assistant-adjutant-general, dated that morning, the 21st, to the effect that the troops were already in possession of the enemy's lines, and were advancing without opposition into Savannah. Admiral Dahlgren proceeded up the Vernon river in his barge, while General Sherman went on board the tug, in which he proceeded to Fort McAllister, and thence to the rice-mill, whence he viewed the assault, and on the morning of the 22nd rode into the city of Savannah.

After firing heavily from his iron-clads and the batteries along the lines, all the afternoon, and late into the evening of the 20th, Hardee had evacuated the city during the night, on a pontoon bridge, and marched towards Charleston on the causeway road. The night being very dark and a strong westerly wind blowing, although the sounds of movement were heard in Geary's front, it was impossible to make out its direction or object, and when the pickets of that division advanced early on the morning of the 21st the evacuation had been completed, and nothing remained but to occupy the city.

Immediately on his arrival, Sherman dispatched the following brief note to President Lincoln, announcing this happy termination of the campaign:

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

The number of pieces of artillery captured, as subsequently ascertained by actual inspection and count, was one hundred and sixty-seven.

Thus, as the result of this great campaign, was gained the possession of what had from the outset been its chief object.

Its present value was mainly as a base for future operations.

The army marched over three hundred miles in twenty-four days,

directly through the heart of Georgia, and reached the sea with its subsistence trains almost unbroken. In the entire command, five officers and fifty-eight men were killed, thirteen officers and two hundred and thirty-two men wounded, and one officer and two hundred and fifty-eight men missing; making a total list of causualties of but nineteen commissioned officers and five hundred and forty-eight enlisted men, or five hundred and sixty-seven of all ranks. Seventy-seven officers, and twelve hundred and sixty-one men of the Confederate army, or thirteen hundred and thirty-eight in all, were made prisoners. Ten thousand negroes left the plantations of their former masters and accompanied the column when it reached Savannah, without taking note of thousands more who joined the army but from various causes had to leave it at different points. Over twenty thousand bales of cotton were burned, besides the twenty-five thousand captured at Savannah. Thirteen thousand head of beef-cattle, nine million five hundred thousand pounds of corn, and ten million five hundred thousand pounds of fodder were taken from the country and issued to the troops and animals. The men lived mainly on the sheep, hogs, turkeys, geese, chickens, sweet potatoes, and rice, gathered by the foragers from the plantations along the route of each day's march. Sixty thousand men, taking merely of the surplus which fell in their way as they marched rapidly on the main roads, subsisted for three weeks in the very country where the Union prisoners at Andersonville were starved to death or idiocy. Five thousand horses and four thousand mules were impressed for the cavalry and trains. Three hundred and twenty miles of railway were destroyed, and the last remaining links of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and the West effectually severed, by burning every tie, twisting every rail while heated red hot over flaming piles of ties, and laying in ruin every depot, engine house, repair shop, water tank, and turn-table.

From the time that the army left Atlanta, until its arrival before Savannah, not one word of intelligence was received by the Government or people, except through the Confederate newspapers, of its whereabouts, movements, or fate; and it was not until Sherman had emerged from the region lying between Augusta and Macon, and reached Millen, that the authorities and the press of the Confederacy were able to make up their minds as to the direction of his march.

Marching in four columns, on a front of thirty miles, each column masked in all directions by clouds of skirmishers, Sherman was enabled to continue till the last to menace so many points, each in such force that it was impossible for the enemy to decide whether Augusta, Macon, or Savannah were his immediate objective; the Gulf

or the Atlantic his destination; the Flint, the Oconee, the Ogeechee, or the Savannah his route; or what his ulterior design.

Immediately upon receipt of Sherman's laconic message, President Lincoln replied:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1864.

"My Dear General Sherman:

"Many, many thanks for your Christmas gift,—the capture of Savannah.

"When you were about to leave Atlanta for the Atlantic coast, I was anxious, if not fearful; but feeling you were the better judge, and remembering that 'nothing risked is nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now, the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours, for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce. And taking the work of General Thomas into count, as it should be taken, it is indeed a great success.

"Not only does it afford the obvious and immediate military advantages, but in showing to the world that your army could be divided, putting the stronger part to an important new service, and yet leaving enough to vanquish the old opposing forces of the whole—Hood's army —it brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light.

"But what next? I suppose it will be safe if I leave General Grant and yourself to decide.

"Please make my grateful acknowledgements to your whole army, officers and men.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN."

In concluding his official report, Sherman thus speaks of the services rendered by his subordinate commanders, and of the character of his army:

"Generals Howard and Slocum are gentlemen of singular capacity and intelligence, thorough soldiers and patriots, working day and night, not for themselves, but for their country and their men. General Kilpatrick, who commanded the cavalry of this army, has handled it with spirit and dash to my entire satisfaction, and kept a superior force of the enemy's cavalry from even approaching our infantry columns or wagon trains. All the division and brigade commanders merit my personal and official thanks, and I shall spare no efforts to secure them commissions equal to the rank they have exercised so well.

"As to the rank and file, they seem so full of confidence in themselves, that I doubt if they want a compliment from me; but I must do them the justice to say that, whether called on to fight, to march, to wade streams, to make roads, clear out obstructions, build bridges,

make 'corduroy' or tear up railroads, they have done it with alacrity and a degree of cheerfulness unsurpassed. A little loose in foraging, they 'did some things they ought not to have done,' yet on the whole they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected, and as little loss as I calculated. Some of these foraging parties had encounters with the enemy which would, in ordinary times, rank as respectable battles.

"The behavior of our troops in Savannah has been so manly, so quiet, so perfect, that I take it as the best evidence of discipline and true courage. Never was a hostile city, filled with women and children, occupied by a large army with less disorder, or more system, order and good government. The same general and generous spirit of confidence and good feeling pervades the army which it has ever afforded me especial pleasure to report on former occasions."

While in Savannah, General Sherman received a visit from the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, and had the satisfaction of obtaining the promotions he had recommended on his subordinate commanders.

General Sherman placed General Gearry in temporary command of the city of Savannah, and directing him to restore and preserve order and quiet, adopted at the same time a policy of conciliation and justice which soon bore its fruit in the altered tone of the former adherents of the Confederate cause. The mayor, R. D. Arnold, who but a short time before had called upon the inhabitants to arm and go to the trenches to defend their city against the invaders, now invoked the citizens to recognize the existing condition of affairs and to yield a ready obedience to the actual authorities. The mayor was continued in the exercise of his functions, so far as they were exclusively connected with persons not in the military or naval service.

A large public meeting of citizens was held, at which Mayor Arnold's views were substantially adopted and Governor Brown requested to take measures for restoring the state to the union. A national bank was established, and active measures taken to resume trade with the North and foreign nations so soon as the military restrictions should be removed. Divine service was resumed in the churches, and soon Savannah was more tranquil than it had been at any time since its capture was first threatened in 1862.

On the 14th of January, General Sherman issued the following orders, in regard to internal trade, the conduct of the citizens, and the outrages of the Confederate guerrillas:

"It being represented that the Confederate army and armed bands of robbers, acting professedly under the authority of the Confederate government, are harrassing the people of Georgia, and endeavoring to intimidate them in the efforts thy are making to secure to themselves provisions, clothing, security to life and property, and

the restoration of law and good government in the state, it is hereby ordered and made public:—

"I. That the farmers of Georgia may bring into Savannah, Fernandina, or Jacksonville, Florida, marketing such as beef, pork, mutton, vegetables of any kind, fish, etc., as well as cotton in small quantities, and sell the same in open market, except the cotton, which must be sold by or through the treasury agents, and may invest the proceeds in family stores, such as bacon and flour, in any reasonable quantity, groceries, shoes, and clothing, and articles not contraband of war, and carry the same back to their families. No trade-stores will be attempted in the interior, or stocks of goods sold for them, but families may club together for mutual assistance and protection in coming and going.

"II. The people are encouraged to meet together in peaceful assemblages to discuss measures looking to their safety and good government, and restoration of state and national authorities, and will be protected by the National army when so doing; and all peaceable inhabitants who satisfy the commanding officers that they are earnestly laboring to that end, must not only be left undisturbed in property and person, but must be protected as far as possible consistent with the military operations. If any farmer or peaceful inhabitant is molested by the enemy, viz., the Confederate army of guerrilas, because of his friendship to the National government, the perpetrator, if caught, will be summarily punished, or his family made to suffer for the outrage; but if the crime cannot be traced to the actual party, then retaliation will be made on the adherents to the cause of the rebellion. Should a Union man be murdered, then a rebel selected by lot will be shot; or if a Union family be persecuted on account of the cause, a rebel family will be banished to a foreign land. In aggravated cases, retaliation will extend as high as five for one. All commanding officers will act promptly in such cases, and report their action after the retaliation is done.

A few days before the evacuation of Savannah by the enemy, the writer was detailed as Aide-de-camp on the staff of General E. W. Rice, who commanded our brigade, and the division a portion of the time, and remained with him until the end of the war. As I was at all times with the division, I was always able to keep in close touch with all movements and doings of the regiment.

The following was the personnel of the commander and staff at that time:

Brig. General E. W. Rice, Commanding.
C. H. Trott, Captain and Asst. Adjt. General U. S. V.
T. S. Moffat, Capt Asst. Inspector General.

H. I. Smith, First Lieut. 7th Iowa Infty., Act. Aid-de-Camp.
E. E. Swearingin, First Lieut. 17th Iowa Infty., Act. Aid-de-Camp.
Dewitt C. Smith, Capt. and Act. Ordnance Officer.
— — Martin, First Lieut. 66th Ind. Infty., A. A. Q. M. General.

The brigade consisted of the 2nd and 7th Iowa, 52nd Ills., 66th Ind., and Battery "H" 1st Missouri Light Artillery.

General Logan rejoined us at Savannah, relieving General Austerhaus, who had commanded our Corps so ably and creditably on the campaign to the sea.

December 22nd, 1864. We established camp at Fort Brown near the banks of the Savannah river, outside of the city limits.

Dec. 24th. Had Grand Review of the whole army on south Broad street; reviewed by General Sherman. Remained at Savannah resting and recuperating from the arduous campaign, where we drew rations and clothing, until the 19th of January, 1865; in the meantime, on the 7th inst., we were again reviewed in the city by General Howard, and visited by Governor Stone, of Iowa.

THE CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

January 19th. Crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina when we were deluged with a violent downpour of rain all day, inundating the whole flat country, obliging us to return to camp that night, where we remained until the 28th inst., when we moved out on the Louisville Pike up the Savannah river 18 miles. Weather very cold and uncomfortable.

Jan. 29th. Started out at sunrise, marching all day through a very swampy country; worked hard corduroying and fixing roads in order to get artillery and trains along; went into camp at dark near Springfield, Ga. Weather very cold, freezing hard and no shelter. Distance marched 15 miles.

Jan. 30th. Moved out of camp before daylight, marched 14 miles, going into camp in open field near Sisters Ferry, where we laid until the 4th of Feb. waiting for pontoon bridge to be laid to cross the Savannah river. A gunboat, some transports, and sutlers boat came up while there.

Feb. 4th. Crossed the river again into South Carolina; while marching over corduroy road on bottom on the opposite side had three men wounded by explosion of torpedoes placed under road by the enemy; column was halted and prisoners captured in that vicinity were compelled to dig up and remove those not exploded in order that we might continue our advance without such barbarous mode of warfare. The rebels selected to remove the explosives seemed to

know the exact location of the bombs, so that they removed them very carefully without much danger. Officers and men realized as they set foot upon South Carolina soil that it was the first and foremost in the cause of secession, had fired the first gun against the flag, and had done more than all others to bring upon the country the horrors of civil war. This was an unfortunate introduction to the state. Planting torpedoes for the defense of a position is legitimate warfare, but our soldiers regarded the act of placing them in a highway where no contest was anticipated, as something akin to poisoning a stream of water, and is not recognized as legitimate warfare, so that the men were not in the best of humor and could not help feeling bitter against such a mode of cowardly defense. If South Carolina suffered more severely than any other it was due in part to the barbarous blundering of those who were more cruel than wise. During our rest awaiting crossing we had drill, dress parade and review, and were visited and addressed by Rev. King, of Cornell College, Iowa, in behalf of free schools for disabled soldiers and soldiers' orphans. Contributions were raised to be paid the next pay day.

Feb. 5th. Did not move out of camp until sundown, being delayed by troops and trains, marching over corduroyed causeway across swamp three miles wide. Marched three miles. Camped on Capt. Robert's plantation at 10:00 p. m.

Feb. 6th. Marched at 7:00 a. m.; march 12 miles; camp at dark on Mix plantion. Country bad, rained all day. Foragers brought in some sweet potatoes, sugar and fresh pork, which was issued to the troops.

Feb. 7th. Broke camp before daylight and hurried off before breakfast. Our regiment, together with the 12th Ills. were detailed to build bridges and corduroy roads across swamp; rained hard throughout the day; roads a perfect quagmire. Bivouaced at Hickory Hill.

Feb. 8th. Resumed our march at 8:00 p. m.; rear guard; progress slow; weather clear, cold and windy. Marched 10 miles, camping at Whippy Swamp.

Feb. 9th. Moved out of camp at 6:00 a. m. Rebels made a stand on opposite side of swamp at River's Bridge. General Mower effected a crossing by fighting, wading in water with cartridge boxes fastened to the necks of the men to keep the powder dry, while the rest of the force got the trains and artillery over by corduroying, pontooning and bridging. It seemed a grand day's work to have accomplished, as we sank down in our miry bivouac. The gallant General Swayne lost his leg in the Salkehatchie encounter, with many others killed and wounded. Luckily for the wounded, we were not too far from our base to send back with strong escort, to Pocotaligo.

We destroyed about forty miles of Charleston and Augusta rail-

road, and, by threateneing the route beyond which we intended to take, we deluded the enemy into concentrating at Augusta and other places, while we marched rapidly away, leaving him well behind, and nothing but Wade Hampton's cavalry, and the more formidable obstacle of the Saluda river and its swamps, between us and Columbia, our next objective point.

Feb. 10th. Moved out before daylight in advance; roads better; marched 21 miles. Major Mahon, in command of foragers, brought in over 200 hogs and 150 head of cattle captured in the country, giving us plenty of fresh meat which we greatly needed, as rations were getting scarce. Crossed Little Salkehatchie at Catman's bridge.

Feb. 11th. Marched at sunrise; marched 15 miles, crossing the South Edisto river at Bimpkin's bridge at 2:00 p. m., going into camp on Cooper's plantation. Captured a lot of molasses on General Jenning's plantation.

It was somewhat sad to see the destruction of property; as South Carolina was regarded as the hot-bed and cradle of secession, there was not so much restraint enforced among bummers and foragers as in other states, the country being left to take care of itself, and become a howling waste. There was marauding, pillaging, and outrages committed outside of the column that was unauthorized, unsanctioned and to be deplored. Some of the culprits fell victims to the mercies of Wheeler's cavalry and were never heard of again, earning a fate richly deserved.

Feb. 12th. Moved at 6:00 a. m.; marched eight miles, going into camp at noon near North Edisto river. Our brigade skirmished with the enemy while the 17th Corps flanked them and effected a crossing.

Feb. 13th. Started before daylight, without breakfast; 7th Iowa in advance; marched 20 miles without opposition, going into camp at Beaver Creek.

Feb. 14th. Started out at 8:00 o'clock; marched in rear of train; marched eight miles; went into camp at Sandy Run. A large amount of meat, molasses, and clothing found buried and hidden along the route; that which was of use was appropriated; among the hidden effects was a piano.

Feb. 15th. Moved out at 10:00 a. m. in rear of division; went into camp on Congaree Creek in camp occupied by the enemy in the morning. Cannonading and skirmishing during the day.

Feb. 16th. Moved at 9:00 a. m., crossing Congaree Creek; went into temporary bivouac at 3:00 p. m. on Congaree Creek. Skirmishing with enemy all day, the batteries shelling the woods on opposite side of the river. Marched again at 5:00 p. m.; crossed Saluda river at Saluda Factory on pontoons; Columbia, the capital of South Caro-

lina, occupied by the enemy in plain view; went into camp in open field; company "B" detailed as skirmishers; deployed and advanced to bank of river and laid down, skirmishing with the enemy on the opposite side.

Feb. 17th. Crossed Broad river and marched into Columbia, which had been evacuated by the enemy in much haste, they not having time to take along many of our prisoners, which they abandoned, almost naked and starved. Although our clothes were scant we divided with them, together with our rations. After filling them up we laid down beside the fire and listened to their life and suffering in rebel prison.

Our command was about the first organized troops to march into the city; I rode with the General at the head of the column, hence had a good opportunity to see. Some of the 13th Iowa had crossed over the river in a boat below the city in advance and were raising their flag on the State House when we entered. In order that the large supply of cotton stored at Columbia should not fall into our hands, the Confederates had piled it up several bales high in the middle of the streets, and before evacuating they had set it on fire. It had just got nicely under way when we marched in. As soon as the rope binders on the outside were burned off the cotton in blazing sheets was taken up by the fierce wind that was blowing and swept all over the city, alighting on the roofs, setting the buildings on fire, so that soon the whole city was enveloped in flames. The citizens, in order to gain the good will of the soldiers, had rolled out barrels of whiskey on the sidewalks, broken in the heads, furnishing cups to drink it as the troops marched through; in some instances passing it to the soldiers marching by. General Slocum said, "I believe the immediate cause of the disaster was the free use of whiskey which was supplied to the soldiers by citizens with great liberality." Our corps went into camp about a mile south of the city; a division of the 17th Corps was left to guard the city. After the brigade was settled in camp, I, together with two of the orderlies, rode back to the city to witness the conflagration.

Devastation and pandemonium raged supreme, and war with its ironic fate had been brought to the capital city of the first state to incite the people of the South to rebel nearly four years before, bringing about a long array of attendant horrors and suffering. Where peace had hitherto held sway, grim war was now holding forth with all its fury. Whole families were fleeing panic stricken from their burning homes with such of their personal effects as they could carry on their backs. Women with their childern and nuns were sitting in the parks and public places to escape the heat and flames, watching their

babes and personal effects, saved from their homes laid bare by fire, shot, and shell.

To those who have never seen a burning town or city in war time it is not given to know, though they may imagine, the effects on its surroundings. Thus it is not easy to conceive how, in the fitful light—especially in a gale of wind—the faces of those striving for dear life, at one moment lit up like ghosts, while the next they are lost in utter darkness. There was an attempt by the troops in the city on guard to suppress the fire with the crude fire apparatus at hand, but some miscreants cut the hose between the reservoir and the hand engine, rendering them useless; so the efforts were directed to save the women and children from the burning flames, with such of their personal belongings as could be hurriedly gathered together and carried away. Cavalry were clattering through the paved streets trying to bring order out of chaos, but it was no use, "hell was out for recess." Water ran short, so that when, in the general confusion, any attempt was made to save property, it almost invariably failed.

The incidents which came under one's notice were innumerable, some as pathetic as others were amusing. I remember that as we were riding by a large building, we heard shrieks of distress by some female; the building was surrounded by a high stone wall which we attempted to scale with timbers to go to her rescue. When we had after much trouble got about over a man came along and asked us "what we were trying to do," we told him we were trying to rescue the woman who was screaming; when he said, you blamed fools, that is an insane asylum, and she is a lunatic and has been yelling that way for ten years. We came down from the wall looking cheap. As we were riding through the streets a lady ran out to ask us to drive out some men who were looting her premises; we went in and drove out some Missouri batterymen, when she brought up a basket of choice bottled wine, some of which we drank, putting the rest in our saddlebags, which we used on our return to camp to assuage the anger of the General for our absence from camp all night without leave.

Oh, what a motly mob; what a crowd of all sorts there was there! It was a strange sight. Negro looters, city criminals, rushing here and there, evading the guards with their ill-gotten gains; women with loose negligee apparel, some with brazenly looser morals, soliciting and brushing against nuns and sisters of charity on errands of mercy. It was a curious picture, that capital city possessed by the mob and soldiery.

Efforts of every possible kind were made by the officers and guards, and some of the people, to save the city. It was not however until it was about burned out and daylight that the excitement was allayed and quiet restored.

Some sacrilegious robbers broke into the cathedral and stole the golden images from the sacred altars. The priests reported the theft to General Sherman, and the next day, while on the march, an inspection and search of all personal effects was suddenly ordered without notice, thinking perhaps the culprit with the loot might be caught unawares; but it was not found among the troops. It was probably taken by jail birds who were let loose on the evacuation of the city.

General Slocum wrote in reference to the campaign as follows:

"From Columbia the army moved toward Fayetteville—the left wing crossing the Catawba river at Rocky Mount. While the rear of the Corps was crossing, our pontoon-bridge was swept away by floodwood brought down the river, leaving the Fourteenth Corps on the south side. This caused a delay of three days.

On the 3rd of March we arrived at Cheraw, where we found a large supply of stores sent from Charleston for safe-keeping. . . . . The march through South Carolina had been greatly delayed by the almost incessant rains and the swampy nature of the country. More than half the way we were compelled to corduroy the roads before our trains could be moved. To accomplish tnis work we had been supplied with axes, and the country was covered with saplings well suited to the purpose.

Three or four days prior to our arrival at Fayetteville General Sherman had received information that Wilmington was in possession of General Terry, and had sent two messengers with letters informing Terry when he would probably be at Fayetteville. Both messengenrs arrived safely at Wilmington, and on Sunday, the day after our arrival at Fayetteville, the shrill whistle of a steamboat floating the Stars and Stripes announced that we were once more in communication with our own friends. As she came up, the banks of the river were lined by our soldiers, who made the welkin ring with their cheers. The opening of communication with Wilmington not only brought us our mails and a supply of clothing, but enabled us to send to a place of safety thousands of refugees and contrabands who were following the army and seriously embarrassing it. We were dependent upon the country for our supplies of food and forage, and every one not connected with the army was a source of weakness to us. On several occasions on the march from Atlanta we had been compelled to drive thousands of colored people back, not from lack of sympathy with them, but simply as a matter of safety to the army. The refugee-train following in the rear of the army was one of the most singular features of the march. Long before the war, the slaves of the South had a system of communication by which important information was transmitted from one section of the country to another. The advance of Sherman's army through a section never before visited by a Union soldier

was known far and wide many miles in advance of us. It was natural that these poor creatures, seeking a place of safety, should flee to the army, and endeavor to keep in sight of it. Every day as we marched on we could see, on each side of our line of march, crowds of these people coming to us through roads and across the fields, bringing with them all their earthly goods, and many goods which were not theirs. Horses, mules, cows, dogs, old family carriages, carts, and whatever they thought might be of use to them was seized upon and brought to us. They were allowed to follow in rear of our column, and at times they were almost equal in numbers to the army they were following. As singular, comical, and pitiable a spectacle was never before presented. One day a large family of slaves came through the fields to join us. The head of the family, a venerable negro, was mounted on a mule, and safely stowed away behind him in pockets or bags attached to the blanket which covered the mule were two little pickaninnies, one on each side. This gave rise to a most important invention, i. e., "the best way of transporting pickaninnies." On the next day a mule appeared in column, covered by a blanket with two pockets on each side, each containing a little negro. Very soon old tent-flies or strong canvas was used instead of the blanket, and often ten or fifteen pockets were attached to each side, so that nothing of the mule was visible except the head, tail, and feet, all else being covered by the black woolly heads and bright shining eyes of the little darkies. Occassionally a cow was made to take the place of the mule; this was a decided improvement, as the cow furnished rations as well as transportation for the babies. Old stages, family carriages, carts and lumber wagons filled with bedding, cooking utensils and "traps" of all kinds, with men, women, and children loaded with bundles, made up the balance of the refugee-train which followed in our rear. As all the bridges were burned in front of us, our pontoon-trains were in constant use, and the bridges could be left but a short time for the use of the refugees. A scramble for precedence in crossing the bridge always occurred. The firing of a musket or pistol in rear would bring to the refugees visions of guerillas, and then came a panic. As our bridges were not supplied with guard-rails, occasionally a mule would be crowded off, and with its precious load would float down the river.

Having thoroughly destroyed the arsenal buildings, machine-shops, and foundries at Fayetteville, we crossed the Cape Fear river on the 13th and 14th and resumed our march. We were now entering upon the last stage of the great march which was to unite the Army of the West with that of the East in front of Richmond. If this march could be successfully accomplished the Confederacy was doomed. General Sherman did not hope or expect to accomplish it without a struggle. He anticipated an attack and made provisions for it."

On the 18th we moved out on the South Carolina Ry. and destroyed two miles of track. Camped five miles from Columbia.

19th. Moved at daylight; destroyed the 13th mile of track. Roads good; plenty of forage, sweet potatoes, meat and molasses. Camped on Confederate General Hopkin's plantation.

20th. At 7:00 a. m., marched 16 miles, joined the Corps and went into camp at Muddy Springs; country sandy, barren, with very little water.

21st. Moved out at sunrise, march forced and uncommon hard; made over 20 miles; roads heavy and hilly; can see from the eminences in all directions, smoke from the burning cotton and other stuff that comes in the wake of the army.

22nd. Marched at 10:00 a. m.; marched seven miles and camped near Peay's Ferry. Enemy in force across the river in our front. Nothing but corn meal issued for rations. All other rations of the command exhausted. Said to be ordered to prohibit foraging after we leave South Carolina.

23rd. Left camp about nine o'clock, crossed the Wateree river, passed through Liberty Hill, pretty little place with splendid gardens! had a tiresome march, not getting into camp until nine o'clock; weather wet, rained all night, no shelter.

24th. Marched at 9:00 o'clock; roads muddy and still raining; marched until long after dark. Marched over 20 miles over the worst roads yet; one of the hardest days march ever experienced, over roads almost impassible; camped near Camden on battlefield of Revolutionary war.

25th. Resumed our march; weather still gloomy, cloudy and chilly; marched eight miles and camped on Scape Creek; men built shanties of rails and blankets, built fires and made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit; rained, thundered and lightened all night.

Sunday, 26th. Moved at 6:00 a. m., marched six miles to Lynche's Creek, wnich was so high as to be out of its banks; men had to wade in cold water three feet deep to bridge; cross the stream and again wade to bank; marched one mile, met the enemy in force, drove them back and went into camp where we had to wait two days for water to subside so that trains could cross. Mustered for pay while waiting. Rations scarce, only five ounces of meal issued with a little coffee and sugar for each man per day.

ADAPTED FROM THE DIARIES OF C. B. SENIOR AND C. H. TROTT, OF COMPANY "B."

March 1st. Co. "B" on picket out in front where the skirmish was on the 26th. Everything quiet at present. We marched eleven miles and camped. It was about eleven p. m. when we got into camp. We did not get any supper as it was dark and about a mile to water. We laid and slept till reveille in the morning, when we arose and made our mealy, mushy breakfast.

2nd. Regiment camped till afternoon, when we fell in and marched over Beaver Dam creek and towards Cheraw. We marched about five miles and got into camp about ten p. m. We are getting exceedingly short on rations, our three days ration of meal being used up. There is a good prospect of going hungry for a day or two.

3rd. We started out early this morning and marched about fifteen miles towards Cheraw. We got within about ten miles of town and camped at Thompson's Creek, near some rebel works that the 14th Corps had taken from them last night. We heard that the 14th Corps had taken Cheraw and the rebels had retreated across the Pedee river. The weather is cloudy and gloomy with a prospect of rain.

4th. Marched about ten a. m. Marched through Cheraw. The streets were broad and regular with avenues of trees. We expected to cross the Pedee river to-day, but did not. Some of our regiment were mustered out, having served their three years term. The weather was cloudy with some wind and rain, but it cleared off in the evening.

5th. Laid still all day about two miles west of Cheraw; suppose that we were waiting for the troops to cross the river. Fighting with cannonading over the river.

6th. Moved out about nine a. m. and marched back through town and crossed the Pedee river. As we were approaching town, a terrible explosion was heard that shook the ground even where we were. When we reached town, the windows were shattered all to pieces, hardly a pane of glass was left and some doors and windows were blown sash and all across the street. It was caused by the carelessness of some of our men who were destroying rebel ammunition stored in the town. Several of our men were killed and many wounded in the explosion.

BY F. B. STAATS, CO. "K."

"In S. C. in March, 1865, when the rebel lines were fast receding before Sherman's army; when their railroads were destroyed, their cities in some instances burned, their country laid waste, when deserted homes were heaps of smoking ruins, when the carefully hoarded provisions of that not very fruitful country were appropriated to supply

an army, when the hopes so long and fondly cherished of a government of aristocracy for its edifice and slavery for the foundation, were fast waning, a portion of the army encamped a day or two at Cheraw, a little aristocratic town on the right bank of the Great Pedee river. While here, a soldier visiting the tomb of one of the patriots of the Revolution, wrote the following inscription upon the tombstone. The lines were copied by H. C. Steel, Hospital Steward of the 7th Iowa, from whom I received a copy:

Ye shades of patriots slumbering neath the sod,
Know ye the woes of your unhappy state,
Know ye the turf has drank your childrens blood,
And your loved homes are spoiled and desolate?

Know ye the fane on which your fathers toiled,
And which ye guarded as a sacred trust,
Your wayward sons have entered and despoiled,
And cast its glorious idol in the dust?

Know ye that treason o'er its sunny clime,
Has blown its breath of perjury and strife,
Know ye your sons espoused the higeous crime,
And struck with madness at the Nation's life?

Know ye that the haughty and the proud like ones
Are fleeing to the wood, the cane, the swamp,
Know ye your mountains, plains, and fair young groves,
Are trailing neath an angry army's tramp?

How can ye rest, how can your ashes sleep,
While war's dread chariot rolls above your head;
Do not your bones with holy horror creep,
As falls the blood your perjured sons have shed?

Rouse, slumbering patriot, view the ruins made,
And bid the traitor crew in shame disperse;
Bid them restore the Union they destroyed,
And doubly damn them with a father's curse.

The above verses are supposed to be the production of Comrade Frank Herrington, of Co. "G," the 7th Iowa poet, and have been in my possession since the war time days of '61 to '65.

We marched across the river and camped about five miles from it. 7th. Marched out at 7 a. m. in a southeast direction till we reached the main line. Our course northeast. We marched about eight miles toward Bennettsville, where we camped. We were unusually early in camp to-day, it being noon. The camp was in a pretty grove of hard pine and close to brigade headquarters.

8th. Started this morning at 8:00 a. m., moved on Lawrenceburg road. It was misting slightly with a prospect of rain, which soon proved to be a very wet day. Our progress was slow; we did not make more than seven miles. The roads were bad and had to be corduroved nearly all the way in order to get the trains along. We crossed the line of South Carolina to-day into North Carolina. The country is rich, being nearly all settled and abounding in forage which had been taken by the advance troops.

9th. Moved out at 6:00 a. m. and marched right along for several hours, on Laurel hill road, when our progress became slow on account of bad roads and swampy ground. Towards night we came to a creek swollen with the heavy rains. The bridge gave way, precipitating the mules and the trains into the river. Then the next thing was to fix the bridge, which was not done till midnight, the rain pouring down in torrents. We got no rest, many men never crossed the creek, but straggled off, built fires and slept.

10th. Moved early this morning. The rain had ceased; the sky was hung with heavy, fleeting clouds; the air was cold, with a prospect of clearing up. We marched about seven miles and went into camp as we supposed about 4:00 p. m., but after dark the orders came to be ready to move immediately. The drum beat to fall in. We had to shoulder our knapsacks and start. We fooled along with the swamps and corduroy roads till 3:00 a. m., when we camped again. The night was very cool with white frost in the morning. Two nights without any sleep whatever.

11th. We moved shortly after sunrise to Bethel church. The roads were worse than for some days previous. Marched about eighteen miles and camped within twelve miles of Fayetteville on Rockfish river. No knowledge as yet whether the rebels hold town or not. Report says that our men are in possession of it. The army is getting nearly barefoot, men are picking up old mules and riding them. There is an enormous refugee train with us, negroes of all sizes, ages, sexes, and many white people going along with us.

12th. Started out about 8:00 a. m.; marched rapidly, as the roads were good, till we were in about two miles of Fayetteville, when we camped. Country barren and sandy, covered with pitch pine trees, which had been scarified to get the sap for turpentine, resin and pitch. (The principal production of that vicinity.—Ed.) Out of rations, nothing to eat but meat; nothing expected until boats come up the river with supplies.

13th. Laid still all day; wrote a letter home; we put in a requisition for clothing, but no idea when we shall get it. Received no mail or news. Do not expect any until we get to Goldsboro. Heard the rebels were at Kingston in force.

14th. Moved this morning toward the river; stacked arms at the bank and waited for the 17th Corps to cross on pontoons. We then crossed over, marched across swamp to dry ground and camped. Could see gunboats and transports in the river from Wilmington. (First communication since we left Savannah.—Ed.)

15th. Moved out this morning, our regiment as advance guard. Marched about thirteen miles and came to Black river. Our regiment was selected to effect a crossing while the division made a feint on the main road. Lieut. Folsom, with four volunteers in a small boat, reconnoitered and selected route. Before pontoons were laid he drove back rebel pickets, who were cooking their supper, which they captured and brought back after effecting a landing. The rebels were on the other side fronting the road with two pieces of artillery. While laying the pontoons they threw some shells and shot at us,but did nothing more than scare some of the boys. I was chopping some kindling from a stump. I heard rebel cannon, cast my eye that way and see a ball coming, flying, tumbling, like a foot ball. It was nearly spent and came so close that I had a chance to dodge. It stopped within eight feet of the stump that I was chopping. I went and picked it up, as I knew it was a solid shot. It was quite warm. If it had been a shell, my business was to get behind the nearest tree as quick as possible. We went up the stream about a mile and put in pontoons across the main channel, which was ten feet deep. On the other side was a swamp about 400 yards wide, and some places over four feet deep, which we had to wade after it was getting quite dark. The Johnnies evacuated. We came to their fires where they were cooking supper. We should judge there were a good many of them by the fires. We expected a warm reception, but they retreated without making defense. We came to drive them out and we advanced to the top of the hill without much opposition—one man in company "B" wounded. We went into camp and sent skirmishers out to the front. We could hear the skirmishers pop, pop, bang, balls whistling, shells shrieking amongst us as we advanced, while we were wading the swamp. We advanced to their works and camped.

THE CROSSING OF BLACK RIVER IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Major Saml. Mahoon.

It will be remembered that the campaign of Sherman's army through the Carolinas was made in February and March, the period of heavy rains in that latitude, in consequence of which the numerous rivers to be crossed were running full and overflowing their banks, covering the adjacent bottoms.

On Wednesday, March 15, 1865, our division and brigade had the advance, and reached Black River about 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, only to find the bridge destroyed, with the enemy's cavalry in force on the other side, and with the river at flood stage covering the low bottoms.

Two companies of the 7th regiment were at once detailed, in command of the Major, to reconnoitre for a crossing. About two miles above the road and burnt bridge, an old mill was found on high ground, and fortunately also a small rowboat. In front the river was a roaring torrent, and beyond its natural bed could be discovered from the higher bank the low heavily timbered ground, flooded as far as sight could reach through the timber. The boat was at once launched with two trusty rowers and an officer on board, and started on its perilous reconnoissance across the river, and finally disappeared in the flooded bottoms beyond, to ascertain, firstly, how far the flooded bottom extended, and secondly, if the bottom after crossing the main channel was fordable for infantry.

The first attempt was unsuccessful, but a second attempt under Lieut. Folsom, of Co. B, proved more successful. They discovered high ground a quarter of a mile or more across the bottom, and reported that frequent soundings of the route developed the feasibility of infantry wading through it. No sooner was the report made to headquarters than the whole regiment was hurried to the scene, pontoons were rapidly placed across the main channel, the men directed to tie their cartridge boxes and haversacks round their necks, and with the reconnoitering party as guides, the adventurous advance began across an expanse of flooded bottom, with the chance of the enemy opening fire at any moment, while the command were struggling in the water. By this time it had become pitch dark, but the regiment reached the high ground on the opposite side of the river soaked to the skin and shivering in the chill of a March night. At intervals across the submerged ground could be heard the cries of comrades who, siezed with cramps, could not proceed, and were hanging to the trees and shrubbery awaiting help to rescue them from their perilous position.

The regiment, however, formed immediately and moved down the river toward the bridge, driving the enemy from that side. The 66th Illinois later made an attempt to cross at the same place to reinforce the 7th regiment, but in the pitch darkness the guide lost his bearings, and striking deep water the regiment had to double back on itself and return to the hither side.

After crossing the river and gaining the bridge head on the enemy's side, the regiment was compelled to weather out the night

without rations or blankets, but succeeded in drying their wet clothing by building fires.

The pioneer corps worked all night on the bridge from which the enemy had been driven, and at daylight next morning the Army of the Tennessee began crossing.

16th. We did not move till 10:00 a. m., when all the rest of the division had crossed the river and passed. Considering the hard night we had had, General Howard told Col. Parrott not to hurry our regiment to-day, nor march them until they had rested and had been fed. We marched about twelve miles and camped. Terrible rain in the night with heavy wind.

17th. Resumed our march about sunrise. Quite a contrast between last night and this morning. Marched about seven miles and camped about noon near Little Cahara Creek, when we were ordered to throw up works, which we did, the first time we had fortified on this campaign.

18th. Moved out at 9:00 a. m., went back on the main road. Marched about twelve miles and camped about sundown. Just about when we were camping, passed a sign board that said, "48 miles from Raleigh, and 28 miles from Goldsboro." The country was settled with very many large plantations. Weather clear and pleasant.

March 19th. Marched very slowly this morning with occasional stoppings until about dusk, when we began to travel; crossed Fallen Creek. Heavy cannonading in the afternoon to our left. Reported that the 14th and 20th Corps had been repulsed. Knew that there was some business going on from the heavy cannonading. Did not get into camp at all this night.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

20th. Morning found us still marching, trying to turn right flank of the enemy. By 2:00 p. m. from sunrise this morning we had made fifteen miles. Run on to the rebels. Very hard skirmishing in our front. Saw General Sherman, Logan and Blair. Sherman walked around as unconcerned as if nothing was going on. He came and stood by our regiment for some time, looking over our temporary works. Went out in front. It seemed dangerous for him to do so, as, if he should get hurt, we would lose a host in one man.

21st. Hard skirmishing and fighting all day. Rebels seemed quite stubborn. The fife major of our regiment was wounded.

22nd. Laid still all day in our works. The rebels left this morning—retreated. Went out in our front where the fight was yesterday, saw a lot of dead rebels; some that had been wounded and not able to get away were burned in the timber fire and leaves which had been

set by the battle. It was a horrible sight; the flesh was literally roasted and charred. A pile of arms and legs where the rebels had a field amputation table.

23rd. Marched towards Goldsboro.

24th. Resumed the march towards Goldsboro, crossed the Neuse river and entered Goldsboro in the afternoon. As we passed through we were reviewed by General Sherman. We were rejoined by the 23rd Army Corps, which we left at Atlanta.

25th. Remained in camp all day; mail went out to-day. Camp on the Newburn & Goldsboro R. R. Not received rations yet—promised them to-morrow. Company "B" detailed for picket duty down near the R. R. No mail yet.

26th. Company relieved from picket; drew full rations of hard bread, sugar, and coffee, but no meat; laid out a permanent camp, expecting to remain here until another general movement. Commenced cutting logs and making shanties.

27th. Remained in camp all day; received mail for the first time since we came here; weather good.

28th. Yet in camp; not many supply trains running on R. R. Said to be busy at Newburn. Weather good.

29th. Weather cloudy, threatening rain. Received some potatoes, pickles and kraut from friends in Iowa for troops. They were distributed by special agents from home to see that they were given to the soldiers. Drew clothing and put in requisition for more.

31st. Weather fine; had dress parade in the evening.

April 1st. In camp still; no mail or news.

2nd. Cloudy, looks like rain. Dress parade.

3rd. Clear and pleasant. No mail. Drill and dress parade in the after noon.

4th. Weather warm and beautiful; no mail.

5th. In camp all day. No mail; no news.

6th. In camp. Heard that Richmond had fallen.

7th. In camp. Fall of Richmond confirmed. Dress parade.

8th and 9th. Remained in camp statu-quo.

10th. Broke camp; left Goldsboro on Pikeville road; marched 14 miles in rain in the direction of Raleigh; did not camp until midnight. Weather gloomy.

11th. Resumed our march at 10:00 a. m.; went through a very swampy country. Marched all night and rested at Buffalo swamp; halted in the morning only long enough to get our breakfast. Marched twelve miles.

12th. Moved out and marched 18 miles; got in camp at 10:00 p. m.; men extremely fatigued and the roads lined with stragglers.

Men fell out of the ranks exhausted, falling asleep by the roadside. Heard of the surrender of Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant. 13th. While halted at noon official order read of General Lee's surrender, near Lowell. (The troops were ordered formed in close column by division and General Corse read the order to us from the top of a stump, and troops went wild with enthusiasm and excitement.—Ed.) Only four miles from Raleigh. Rained in the morning but cleared up in afternoon. Country beautiful and fertile, best we have seen since leaving Tennessee or Alabama. People said to be nearly all Quakers, and I believe a great many of them are for the Union.

14th. Marched out from our camp at 7:00 a. m., through Raleigh. Reviewed by General Sherman from the Capitol steps. Raleigh is a beautiful place, but small. The country is not surpassed by anything I have seen in the south; the trees are in new leaf; fruit trees all in blossom; everything has a bright, fresh and beautiful appearance. Camped one mile west of the city.

15th. Marched in a northwest direction this morning, six miles on Hillsboro road towards Morrisville, moved rapidly making 21 miles, but at night was only 12 miles from Raleigh. In the morning it rained in torrents, roads streaming with water, every hollow was a creek, the brooks were swollen to the size of rivers, and we had to wade frequently in water two and three feet deep. Camped on the R. R. 12 miles from Raleigh.

16th. Laid still all day. Various reports as to surrender of Johnston with his army current, but nothing known, had a very wet place for our camp. We occupied camp vacated by Kilpatrick's cavalry; weather clear and pleasant.

17th. Laid in camp all day. Rumored that Abraham Lincoln was assasinated; believed it; some did not; the effect was apparent, a gloom fell over the army, fearing it might be true. Many believe that negotiations are going on between Sherman and Johnson in regard to capitulation.

18th. The confirmation of the assasination of President Lincoln officially announced by General Sherman. It is a terrible blow to the country and army. At the same time the joyful news was proclaimed of the surrender of General Johnson with his army from the Rio Grande to the Potomac.

19th. Remained in camp. The war really seems to be over, but we can hardly realize it. Various reports as to when we are going home, nothing known. Our camp is in an extremely nasty wet place, and very unhealthy. We expected to move back to Raleigh to take up camp there. Remained in camp at Morrisville. The only topic of conversation is when will we go home? Many of General Lee's paroled men around. Weather warm and beautiful.

21st. Moved back and took up our camp near Raleigh, expecting to remain here until we start home. Many reports as to how we are to go. Some say we will be transported; others that we will have to march through to the James river. The weather is warm and beautiful, crops looking well, corn just peeping out of the ground, wheat up three inches high. This appears to be about the best wheat country we have visited.

22nd. Clearing up camp, cutting and burning brush; will have a beautiful camp when we get it cleared up. Drew three days rations. Weather fine.

23rd. Remained in camp all day. No drill or dress parade since we came here.

25th. Grant inspects the division and army.

29th. Moved in advance of division, and in rear of balance of Corps, 10 miles to Neuse river; crossed and went into camp at dark; roads dusty. In camp till—

May 1. Moved at 9:30 in rear Div. train 18 miles to near Louisburg on Tan river; passed through Rollsville; went into camp at dark.

2nd. Moved at 5:00 a. m. through Louisburg to near Rich Lick Creek, three miles from Warrenton; passed through shady grove; went into camp at 5:00 p. m.

3rd. Moved at 5:00 a. m. through Warrenton, N. C. Went into camp at noon on bank of Roanoke river; distance 15 miles.

4th. Moved across river at noon; crossed state line into Virginia one mile out; went into camp at near Moore's plantation, 10 miles from Maherrin river at dark; distance 15 miles.

5th. Moved at 6:00 a. m.; crossed Maherrin river and Reedy Creek to Nottaway river at Double Bridge; went into camp at dark; distance 30 miles.

6th. Moved at 6:00 a. m., crossing Nottaway river, and into camp on Stony Creek at 1:30 p. m.; distance 16 miles. The country traveled over almost entirely destroyed.

7th. Moved at 6:00 a. m., 15 miles to near Petersburg; passed Forts Duchene and Wadsworth, Gen. Grant's and the enemy's main works and rifle-pits; went into camp at 2:00 p. m. within the old rebel works

9th. Moved at 8:30 a. m.; passed through Petersburg in review; moved out on road to Richmond; went into camp at 3:00 p. m. 11 miles from Petersburg, between Proctor's and Kingsley's Creek and in sight of James River; distance 13 miles.

10th. Marched at 7:00 a. m. towards Manchester and went into camp at noon near James River, one mile from Manchester and in view of Richmond.

11th. Visited Richmond, Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, etc.

13th. Marched at 6:00 a. m.; crossed James River at Manchester on pontoons; passed through the principal streets of Richmond; moved out on Brook Ave. towards Hanover Court House, crossing Chickahominy Creek; went into camp at dark on Mallory's plantation, 15 miles from city and 17 miles from camp; weather hot; wagons did not join command owing to bad roads.

14th. Moved at 6:00 a. m. six miles to Hanover C. H.; overtook 17th Corps; went into camp at depot.

15th. Moved at 9:00 a. m.; crossed Pamunky River on pontoons; overtook the train; 1st Div. halted about three hours; moved about noon to White Chimney, near Reedy Creek; went into camp at 6:00 p. m. nine miles from Hanover C. H.

16th. Moved at 5:30 a. m.; crossed Reedy Creek and Mottapony River; passed through Bowling Green at noon and went into camp on Mill Creek at 5:00 p. m.; distance 18 miles.

17th. Moved at 5:00 a. m. on Fredericksburg road; passed through that place at noon; visited tomb of Martha Washington; went into camp at 5:30 p. m. on Potomac Creek; weather hot; distance 24 miles.

18th. Moved at 5;00 a. m. in advance Div.; passed Stafford C. H.; crossed Agina Creek at Agina; crossed Copawawsee Creek and rested three hours on bank of Guantico Creek at Dumfries; went into camp at 6:00 p. m. near Powell's Creek; distance 20 miles; heavy rain in evening.

19th. Moved at 10:00 a. m.; crossed Occaguan Creek at noon; went into camp at dark; distance 15 miles.

20th. Moved at 5:30 a. m.; passed through Alexandria; went into camp at 1:00 p. m., two miles from town up the river; distance nine miles.

21st and 22nd. In camp.

23rd. Moved at 10:00 a. m. to near Long Bridge; went and camped on the Potomac, opposite Washington, near Long Bridge. Preparing to take part in the Grand Review tomorrow. Army of the Potomac being reviewed today, together with the cavalry of the Eastern Army. Sherman's Army are getting to look well in their new uniforms, and will make a good appearance to-morrow. Drew some sanitary goods Saturday, such as pickles, can fruit, tomatoes, and pocket handkerchiefs. Weather beautiful.

24th. Moved out this morning, crossed Long Bridge, passed in review in the City of Washington. Reviewed by Generals Grant, Sherman and others, also President, Secretary of War, members of the Cabinet with their ladies and others. It was a splendid military show. We were welcomed by the people of Washington and the na-

tion. The city was beautifully decorated with festoons of drapery, flags and banners with mottoes of "Welcome," "All Hail Western Heroes," "Vicksburg," "Shiloh," "Atlanta," "Savannah," "Raleigh," "Mission Ridge," "Welcome 15th and 17th Army Corps," and other tokens. I think this was the proudest day of my life. We had heard so much about the superiority and appearance of the Eastern army that we were a little fearful they might outdo us in show and drill, especially after our long, arduous campaigns and marches just finished, and before we had opportunity to drill and brush up; but we hired their bands and with a determination to do our best, started in. I witnessed the review of the Eastern troops the day before, and while I did not think them so stalwart and robust as the boys of the West, I had to acknowledge they made a fine appearance. I was then an aid-de-camp on the staff of Brevt. Maj. General Rice, and rode with him, heading the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps. We came around the Capitol building and headed up Pensylvania Ave. marching in column; it seemed to me the alignment was perfect, and the majestic cadence of that triumphant army that had never been defeated was simply grand and magnificent. As the head of the column wheeled to the right at the Treasury building, I turned in my saddle and looked back the length of the avenue, and, as I saw that triumphant army, keeping exact step to the inspiring music of the bands, amid the mad enthusiasm of the spectators, I could not restrain the tears of joy and pride. Then when Sherman's Bummers, with their mules loaded with camp kettles and mess pans, crested with crowing roosters and negroes, there was such a vociferous yell of delight by the multitude that witnessed it that it fairly rent the heavens. We marched out H street to where now is the Soldiers' Home and went into camp.

25th. Remained in camp cleaning up, policing, and putting up tents; will have a beautiful camp when we get cleaned up. We are allowed to cut small timber to make bunks with, but not allowed to use or burn any rails. We are about three miles north of Washington, (out H street) but not in view of the city. Weather gloomy with prospect of rain. A visitor was here to-day from Charles City, Iowa, Frank Wright, who was well acquainted with some of the boys.

26th. Visited Washington to-day. Went through the Capitol, Patent Office and Smithsonian Institute. Was in the President's room, Halls of Congress, etc. It is not possible to describe the grandeur of the building. It is sufficient on first entering to fill the spectator with awe.

27th. Remained in camp to-day; many went visiting Washington. Should have gone myself, but did not like to stay away from camp so much without permission. No drill or dress parade as we

generally have had before. Some visitors in camp, people from the North, visiting the boys in the army.

28th. Everything still to-day; weather beautiful; no inspection or dress parade. It appears as though discipline is not going to be strictly enforced as previously. Heard of Gen. Kirby Smith's surrender. All men not having one year to serve are being mustered out. Expect to be paid this week. Read "Napoleon and His Marshals."

29th. Everything quiet; weather beautiful. We are longing for the time to come when we shall start homeward. Papers say Army of Georgia ordered to Virginia side of Potomac, and the Army of the Tennessee to Louisville, Ky., there to be disbanded and sent to their own states and mustered out. It was not an order but I hope it may be true.

30th. In camp all day; had orders to have everything prepared to start on our journey home, with four days cooked rations. Go by rail to Parkersburg, from there by boat down the Ohio river to Louisville, Ky. Had dress parade.

31st. Laid still all day; dress parade in the evening. 1st Div. and part of the 2nd started for Louisville. Expect to leave to-morrow. Regiment required to wear their Corps badges.

June 1st. Laid still all day. Expect to leave to-morrow for Louisville. Weather beautiful.

2nd. Marched out to depot about 10:00 a. m.; drew two days rations and embarked on the cars; at 2:00 p. m. at Annapolis Junction, took the left hand road via Harpers Ferry, where we arrived at daylight in the morning.

3rd. Still on our railroad journey; slow progress, only made 150 miles.

4th. Reached Grafton Junction at daylight. Go from here to Parkersburg; crossed the Alleghanies; had to put on two locomotives to climb them.

5th. Found ourselves at Parkersburg this morning; had a chance to make coffee for the first time; marched down to the Ohio river; found a fleet of boats waiting for us; boarded a stern wheeler called the Camelia; run down the river about fifty miles; changed boats for a larger one called the Telegraph, a side wheeler, splendid boat.

6th. Still on our journey down the Ohio.

7th. Arrived at Cincinnatti at 2:00 p. m., reached Louisville at 6:00 p. m.; debarked and marched about six miles and went into camp. It was exceedingly warm and the men fell out exhausted; straggling equal to anything ever witnessed. Men feel bitter that they should be forced to such extremes now that the war is over.

8th. Moved our camp this morning to place selected. Have a beautiful place, with beech and mulberry trees for shade; water handy. Drizzling rain.

9th. Remained in camp. Went to Woodlawn races in the afternoon. Rained some.

10th. Went to the races in the afternoon; saw Asteroid run a three mile heat and win the race against Red Oak and Loadstone. Loadstone bolted and Red Oak distanced. Half the regiment in the guard house for running the guards and going to the races. All released soon after dark. (The race track was less than half a mile from camp.—Ed.)

11th. Remained in camp. Was told by the officers several days ago that we should have lumber to build bunks to keep us off the damp ground, which promise is not yet fulfilled. No wood to cook with and strict orders not to burn fences. Men restless, threatening to do something desperate if something is not done for us soon. Heat unbearable.

12th. Remained in camp, nothing of importance going on. Men are getting very uneasy with an intense desire to go home. Went to meeting in the evening to a church near the Woodlawn race course. Weather showery; heat desperate.

13th. Laid in camp all day. Nothing done about lumber, are compelled to lay on the ground. We are told that we were going home, but that appears to be about the same as the fuel and lumber question. I know of nothing more outrageous than this treatment, whether from the government or others in power. Had dress parade.

14th. Remained in camp. Regiment went on guard along the road. A sutler opened up, claiming the right to sell to our regiment. Weather beautiful.

15th. Remained in camp; regiment on grand guard. Weather beautiful.

16th. Remained in camp. Had inspection. 52nd Ills. being paid off. Weather very warm.

17th. Paid off to-day, getting once more some of Uncle Sam's greenbacks.

18th. Nothing transpiring to-day; heavy rain storm in the evening.

19th. Laid in camp; everything quiet; had inspection of arms.

July 3. Prize drill on Woodlawn course.

4th. General Sherman takes farewell of the Division.

5th. 52nd Ills. mustered out.

9th. 12th Ills. mustered out.

11th. 7th Iowa mustered out. 2nd Iowa mustered out.

12th. 50th Ills. mustered out.

The regiment was mustered out at Ridgeway station, near Louisville, K., July 14th, 1865, and sent to Davenport, Iowa, and there provided with transportation to our different homes.

WHAT I REMEMBER OF COMPANY "B."

By Andy Felt.

Soon after the fall of Fort Sumpter there commenced the organization of an independant volunteer company in Chickasaw county designated "The Lincoln Guards." In May, if memory serves me right, the company was organized by the election of Gideon Gardner Captain, Robt. G. Reniger 1st Lieutenant, George Dodge 2nd Lieutenant, Fred Bosworth Orderly. This company became Co. "B," of the famous Seventh Iowa Infantry. It was a bitter disappointment to all of us that many weeks elapsed before we were sworn into the U. S. service at Camp Warren, Burlington. I shall never forget the trip from Nashua to Dubuque. There were "copperheads" in those days. Soon after our arrival attention was called to the fact that Dennis A. Mahoney had failed to display the flag at his newspaper office as "The Lincoln Guards" marched by it. Lieut. Reniger, Mr. Tisdale and myself were appointed a committee to call on Mr. Mahoney and ask him to hoist the flag over his office. Being the only democrat on the committee, the writer was named to "speak" to Mr. Mahoney. The flag was put up at once and all was serene.

You and I will never forget our reception at St. Louis. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis" was frequently heard and, looking back at the incident, after all that has passed, the wonder is that there was not a riot before we reached Benton Barracks.

Lieut. Dodge and the writer had leave to visit the city one day and went to the hospital near Fourth and Olive to visit some of our boys sick with measles. There were hundreds of cases in the hospital. I noticed few men in attendance, but scores of "Sisters of Mercy," caring for our sick comrades. This is mentioned because it illustrates how one little incident may knock a car load of prejudice out of a human heart. From that day to this, devoted Protestant as I am, I have never met any member of the Catholic woman's benevolent societies that I have not lifted my hat and bowed my head, in memory of that St. Louis hospital in 1861. It taught me more clearly the lessons of charity and fraternity than all previous experience and observation.

Companies "B" and "H" were sent on detached duty to Potosi to watch the lead interests. Our captain was post commandant, and the writer was post adjutant. Perhaps the boys will remember the little paper we published—"Lauman's Left Bower." Wish I had a copy of it. The unique name was my suggestion. Za Rutnerford and the writer slept in the office while the little paper was being born, for fear the Johnnies would steal it. Now don't you laugh! You re-

member "The Flag Order?" Wasn't it absurd? Some of the boys had hoisted the stars and stripes over a red barn. Some fellow sadly in need of a baptism of patriotic common sense went to the commandent and roared because of that flag raising. The commandant told the adjutant to write an order forbidding such flag raisings. The adjutant handed him this: "If any man haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot.—John A. Dix." That ended the flag incident so far as the adjutant was concerned.

Another amusing thing comes to my mind. A Connecticut Yankee owned a farm and many fat sheep near Potosi. The boys had peaches, cream and mutton! That Yankee was one of the meanest rebels in that neck of the woods. He would neither fight or run away. He complained to the commandant that our boys were eating his sheep. The captain thought that impossible, but the taste of lamb was in his mouth so he referred the fellow to the adjutant. The latter replied that sheep had often invaded the camp and had been killed in self defense. The old chap's comments would not read well in print.

You remember we found Mose Conger, of Floyd, residing at Potosi. Charlie Trott, as brave and true a man as lives, was taken ill of fever. My request secured for him good care and quarters at the Conger residence. After the raid on Webster, where we captured several tons of bacon, I ordered the driver to leave several hundred pounds of that bacon at Congers. You see my idea was that Charlie Trott would be cured by the bacon, and that the Congers needed it in their business. I reported all the Webster capture to headquarters at St. Louis, but did not mention the bacon left at Congers. That is the only act of the writer that can be construed as defrauding Uncle Sam.

One day news came that Jeff Thompson was burning bridges and that we were cut off from St. Louis. Telegraph wires were cut. There was a Union force at Ironton south of us. I volunteered with G. J. Tisdale to go to Ironton for supplies of cartridges and other things. We went on a locomotive from Mineral Point. It was an exciting ride. The engineer was a staunch Union man. He said to us, "All you fellows have to do is to hang on!" That locomotive danced all sorts of jigs on that crooked track, and it seemed to me that we would certainly be "spilled" out, but we arrived at Ironton all right. If it was to do over again, the writer would let the other fellow take the ride. The order for supplies was safely hidden in my shirt pocket. Adjt. Gen. Dutch told me I had better wash my face before seeing the commandant. A glance at the mirror told me that the coal dust and smoke had made me black as a negro. Dutch was the son of Alfred Dutch, formerly of a Chicago daily paper, and treated us royally. He said his mother was a Felt. "There is something in a name." We

secured the supplies and returned to Potosi, and companies "B" and "H" were sure they could "put down the rebellion" in short order.

A few years ago Hon. Wm. Tucker wrote me from Washington, enclosing a letter I had written him from Potosi. He said it contained a prophecy worth preserving. In that letter I had written him that the rebellion would never be conquered until the slaves were treated as contraband of war the same as mules and other property. That was the sentiment of every man in Co. "B" so far as could be learned at that time. Years afterward the entire North applauded Gen. Butler for uttering the same sentiment entertained by Co. "B" in September, 1861. But events make history and the dictum of a major-general far outweighs the expression of private soldiers.

STORY OF THE MAN IN THE BLOUSE.

Soon after the detachment joined the regiment at Ironton, Col. Lauman ordered a detail of twenty-seven from Co. "B" for headquarter guard duty. The writer was made officer of the guard.

This incident showed how little our officers then knew of military usage.

The brigade at Ironton was commanded by U. S. Grant. None of us had ever heard of him. We were all in love with Col. Lauman. The officer of the day was from Hecker's regiment. When we went on duty as guards at the court house the officer instructed me, "Do not allow any person to approach that commissary building." After the guards had been stationed, unearthly noises in the basement of the court house began to annoy me. Toward sundown my investigation showed that a score of Hecker's men were confined there and had been there since the night before, sent up for drunks and disorderly conduct. Not a word of instruction had been given me regarding the men in the guard house, so, after dark, when the noisy complaints of the prisoners became unbearable, I unlocked the door and told the men to "go and sin no more." Why I was not locked up for the trick I cannot understand. If there was a more verdant man in the army than the writer, he has not been discovered.

About 10:00 p. m. I heard the sentinel at the commissary building cry, "Halt!" and at once went to learn the cause. He (it was Frank Hurley, I think) told me that two men had tried to pass him toward the building, and he told them "Halt, damn you, or I'll shoot." The men vanished.

I praised him for his courage and returned to the court house and was making an entry on the guard book when a man in uniform and sword entered and said, "Where is the officer of the guard?" He was promptly told that the writer was the officer of the guard. He seemed to doubt my word. My uniform was a pair of citizen's pants,

shoes, a grey wool shirt and an old slouched hat. He eyed me keenly and finally said, "You will report at General Grant's headquarters at once." It was my turn to look at him pretty sharp. I replied, "Tell the General I will come down pretty soon." If the look of surprised disdain on that officers face could be placed on canvas it would sell for a fortune. A few minutes later I went down to the cottage in the orchard where Grant had his headquarters. The sentinel told me there was a screw loose. The door was open and I walked in without removing my hat. "Young man you should remove your hat when you enter here." This was said by a handsome man in a new uniform whom I promptly saluted, thinking to myself that Grant was a good looker and fine dresser. There was a cheap table in the room, behind which sat a smallish man with a sandy beard. He wore an old blouse and I supposed he was the cook or hostler. He addressed me. "Are you the officer of the guard? What order did you give the sentry at the commissary building?"

The surprise at being thus addressed by "the man in the blouse," almost dazed me. But direct answers were made to his inquiries. Then came this. "Did you order him to shoot without asking the countersign?" It was explained to him that no countersign had been given to us and orders given to shoot. Then "How are the members of my staff who sleep in that building to go in there tonight?" "Your staff nor any one else can enter that building. My orders are to allow no person to pass the guard line."

If you could have seen the look on the face of the sandy bearded "man in the blouse" at that moment you would never have forgotten the scene. His lips were set like a steel trap. His eyes gave a steady light, causing it to dawn on my dull mind that "the man in the blouse" was General Grant!

It seemed to me he would never stop looking into my eyes. But it was only for a few seconds. Then a smile seemed to be struggling for a place on his lips and he said in a pleasant tone:

"Young man, you can go to your post again."

The young man went. Little did I then dream that in later life in two national conventions my vote would be cast for that sandy bearded "man in the blouse" for President of the United States.

No member of Grant's staff slept in that commissary building that night. The interview in the orchard cottage gave me a nightmare for the remaining hours on duty, and when the writer related the affair to Col. Lauman the next day, that grand, brave commander of the 7th Iowa, said: "Don't worry, young man; you obeyed orders to the letter, and I will stand by you." That was the last of it so far as the writer knows, but this Grant incident is properly enough

related in these confessions of a chump who knew but precious little of military affairs, but did the best he knew.

One of the worst scares I had in the service was at Charleston bridge where Co. "B" had been sent from Bird's Point. We had gone into camp at dusk. The Johnnies had fired the bridge and fled. It was October. Lights out; no fires. Our position was to be kept secret. The night was dark. Suddenly a gun shot on the picket line. "Everybody fall in!" Then came the loud spuealing of a pig. Everybody was hungry in a minute. No enemy but the pig. He was a Johnny crossing the picket line and was shot. Order for secrecy reversed. A fire was kindled. The pig was roasted and eaten. Then fate was grim again. A picket came in and said hundreds of Johnnies were at the bridge. The fire cast a dim light over the river bottom and there seemed to be hundreds of men standing west of the bridge. Not much sleep. All ready for trouble at daybreak. The dawn solved the mystery. Not a Johnny within five miles. Clumps of cypress knees outlined in the firelight had caused the fright. "One may as well be killed as frightened to death."

Nov. 9th the regiment embarked at Bird's Point with the Grant Brigade to drive the enemy from Belmont. Lieut. Dodge and the writer had tented together. His manner that morning impressed me deeply. He insisted that we should leave our watches and valuables in the tent. He seemed sure that he would be killed that day. No reasoning of mine could remove the shadow from his heart. There was a Damon and Pythias affection between us. His mood saddened me. He was of faultless deportment, brave, generous and true. In the midst of the battle, when the air was sulphurous with bursting shell, and the leaves under the trees were on fire; when all was confusion; after Col. Lauman and Capt. Gardner had been shot and left the field; when dead and dying men in blue and gray were tinting the earth with their life blood, Geo. Dodge was seeking to rally the scattered men. Panic was in the air. An Illinois soldier was dying at my feet; he begged for water. I lifted his head, gave him water from my canteen, and tried to make him more easy. Dodge ran up to me saying: "Hurry Andy! We are being surrounded."

I intended to follow him at once but the dying man implored me to loosen his belt, which I did just as his life went out. Troops were hurrying past and at that moment a field officer rode up and commanded the remnant of boys to pull a cannon up a little mound. His order was obeyed. There were not over forty of us of different regiments. Col. Wentz rode up and pointed to a steamer laden with Johnnies coming across from Columbus. The gun was aimed at the boat and the ball went through the smoke stack, we were told later. A volley from the woods west of us wounded some of our men. It seemed

to me that the Illinois regiment in cadet uniform was firing upon us by mistake. Moving a few paces toward them as they had ceased firing, I yelled to them "Don't fire, this is the Seventh Iowa." Then they gave the "yell" and started towards us on the double quick.

Then one of those fool things happened. So soon as it was seen that we were in a cul de sac our boys fired at them. We had then about thirty men unhurt. The regiment of Johnnies returned the fire and in a moment were upon us. Tannahill was standing by my side when the hail storm of bullets broke loose. Placing his hand to his chin I noticed that his chin whiskers had been plowed through, drawing blood from a skin wound on his throat. Col. Wentz was killed. Morton shot through the abdomen. Howard and Za Rutherford badly wounded in the arm. Calab Green shot in the breast. Every man there had a close call. A dozen men of other companies were badly wounded. Something occurred to me then. A dozen Johnnies seemed determined to have a ring from my finger. Then my tongue broke loose. It never did have any sense. An officer dressed in a red shirt and slouched hat pushed the men aside and said:

"I will take charge of this man."

My thought was, "Grevious words stir up anger" and my doom is at hand. The officer pointed to my breast and uttered words I understood. Then I noticed that the belt passing over my shoulder had been ripped by a bullet revealing a mystic pin fastened to the breast of my coat. He had noticed the pin.

At the moment a mounted Johnny came riding up carrying the blood stained and bullet torn flag of one of our regiments. Then in spite of my efforts to be calm, my lips quivered and the unbidden tears rolled down my cheeks. Seeking for my handkerchief, and not finding it, it came to my mind that it had been used to bind up the wounded hand of comrade Cotton several hours before. The officer said, "I will take you to the boat and go with you to Columbus." He was informed that Za Rutherford and Caleb Greene must be taken with me, and that they must be cared for. He promptly assented. So the solemn march began. The boys were dying of thirst. A Johnny said he would fill my canteen for me. The canteen never came back.

The trip over the river was short but it seemed an age to me. Co. "B" had been cut to pieces. I recalled that H. I. Smith had been terribly wounded while almost at my elbow. The picture of all the boys from Floyd and Chickasaw passed before my eyes like a vivid dream.

At Columbus the sidewalks were literally covered with the bodies of dead and dying men; many of them Seventh Iowa boys, but mostly of Illinois regiments, and many boys in gray. We were taken to a dirty barge lying at the wharf and surprised to find it nearly

full of prisoners taken over the river ahead of us. Am sorry have lost name of the Tennessee captain in the red flannel. He took my brother-in-law, Za Rutherford, to the rebel hospital and took me along to assist him. From this the rebels mistook me for a surgeon. I helped dress Rutherford's very serious wounds, but soon convinced the Johnnies that I knew no more of surgery than a cat does of Kansas politics. The rebel hospital was over the post office, and the discovery soon made that the rebel dead and wounded far outnumbered ours. It was an awful place.

On Sunday the postmaster came in and said to me, "Gen. Jeff Thompson is down stairs and wants to see you." That was not the kind of news to make me happy, but down stairs we went. Gen. Jeff said, "When mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., I went off to Chicago on a big drunk with several Iowa mayors, perhaps you know them and can tell me about them." It happened that two of them were friends of mine. (One was Gen. Hodgdon, of Dubuque.) So the visit with Jeff was a short respite. When he left he said,"Come,Iowa,give us a toast." I promptly replied, "Well, General, here is to the American Union!"

Quick as a flash he poured water into the glass of brandy, and said, "All right, Iowa, half and half," and shaking my hand hastily, off he went. He was witty of speech and a dangerous bushwhacker.

The wounded were taken up the river and exchanged. That left 105 who were taken down the river. Seven of these, I think, were of Co. "B." The balance mostly Illinois men. There were several captains and staff officers. Morton died on the barge. The fact that Geo. Dodge had been killed was not known to me for more than a year. Dan McTaggart escaped, was captured and escaped again. He was murdered in cold blood in southern Kansas a few years ago. We were boated to Memphis. We had a reception. The roofs and streets were covered with people anxious for a sight of the hated "Yanks." They hurled missles at us and rained anathemas upon our defenseless heads, but no one was hurt. First they quartered us in a cotton shed, then moved us to Bird Hill's slave markets. When we marched in there, Capt. Twiss, Col. John A. Logan's wagon master, literally exploded. Twiss said:

"Don't this beat hell! The last time I was here it was to bring in a lot of runaway niggers, when I was U. S. marshal under President Buchanan! Now these d———d southerners are trying to break up the Union!"

Then Capt. Twiss said something really profane. The boys organized a mock U. S. senate with all the states represented. The writer was the presiding officer.

The rebels were not in love with these senate discussions, and soon stopped the proceedings and we were moved to the Botanical

Medical College out on Corinth road. Before the removal three of us were selected by lot to go to Columbus, they said to be exchanged. Three more happy mortals never lived. Alex. Sutton, of Logan's regiment, was one of them. He now lives in Illinois. Regret cannot recall name of third man. At Columbus we were kept under close guard three days and the Rebs told us we had been brougnt up to be shot in retaliation for some Yank's meanness. We each weighed a ton on our arrival at Columbus, but that bit of news reduced us to normal weight. We did not believe the story but there was something about the statement not a bit consoling.

You may regard this statement as confidential. Had we known the brutal treatment to come in the following summer, a sentence of death then and there would not have been as hard to bear. We were surprised when we were again on a steamer headed for Memphis. Why we were taken to Columbus is yet a mystery. At New Madrid several Rebs came aboard. Among them Dr. McDowell, of St. Louis, one of the most blatant secessionists of that period. Col. Brandenburg, of Arkansas, soon opened up a talk with me and was taken aback when told that three Democratic Congressmen from Illinois were leading regiments in Grant's brigade. He knew Logan and Foulke. Said he was a Douglass elector in Arkansas the year before and had told his people that they could never cut the Mississippi river in two, and that secession was a mistake. The talk wound up by his insisting that we go into the cabin and take dinner with him. We went. A handsomely dressed rebel Major from Charleston, South Carolina, sat directly opposite me, and he was very angry at seeing the blue uniforms at the cabin table and talked abusively of "The d———d Yankee abolitionists of the North who were invading the South." He looked insultingly at me. I felt that anger was mastering my discretion, and finally in a voice of wrath said to him:

"I am a prisoner of war, but if allowed to speak here, would like to reply to your misstatements."

There was a commotion in that cabin. Every knife and fork was dropped. Col. Brandenburg, who sat next to me, brought his big fist down on that table with such force that the glass and china danced a jig. Col. B. said:

"These gentlemen are my guests, and an insult to them is an insult to me. Young man, you can talk all you please."

Then the rebel Major heard some "hot stuff." He was told among other things that the writer was named after Andrew Jackson who, three decades before had notified a distinguished South Carolinian that nullification was treason, and that the man who fired upon the American flag was a traitor and ought to be hung.

The rebel Major was white with rage and left the table, and

we saw no more of him. But the incident drew Col. B. closer to us, and upon our arrival at Memphis the next day, when the armed guards ordered us to fall into line and march up to the prison. Col. B. said, "No! These gentlemen will first go with me to the Gayosa hotel for dinner." And we did. It was a square meal and the last one we had for nearly a year. Col. B. wanted to buy me a suit of clothes and to accept some money. His generous offer was firmly declined, "as we should not be prisoners long." He bade us a sad good-bye. Col. Brandenberg was a brave,true,generous man. Wish we could meet him again.

In December a serious attack of fever found me lying on the floor in the college. Wisner, Nye and Tannahill were greatly worried. One day Tannahill said the rebel in charge had told him we could all get out if we would not take up arms again. "What do you think of that, Andy?" "Tannahill, you have children and must decide for yourself. As for Andy, he will die first." Tannahill took my hand, rubbed my aching head, and said "Andy, I will stay with you to the end." Brave fellow! He was a living skeleton when we reached Annapolis late in October, 1862, and died the following day. Tannahill was a hero. His widow lives in Kansas now. The elder Morton, of Co. "B," died in Kansas.

Soon after that I was taken to the Overton Hospital and was kindly and skillfully treated by Dr. Curry, of Nashville, I remember him with gratitude. Yellow jaundice and rheumatism attacked me. For several months could not raise my left hand to my lips. The doctor would not allow me to talk, but told me the North would be whipped; that the slaves would raise crops and the Southern whites do the fighting. The writer suggested that the slaves would aid the North when posted. Dr. Curry said, "My body servant will watch with you to-night. If he knew you was a Northern soldier he would run from the hospital." Along in the night I was awakened and saw at the foot of the cot a fat yellow boy neatly dressed. His intent look made me nervous. He said, "Massa, ain't you one of dem Linkum soldiers? Massa Curry told me you was one of dem Arkansaw fellers, but the more Massa Curry tell me dat the more dis chile no belebe him."

It seems the doctor had brought him in while sleep came to my rescue. Finding me so sleepy the slave said: "Well, massa, I know you is, and you have lots of friends down in the kitchen." He tried to hide oranges under my pillow. Here was a revelation. This was in December, 1861. Even then the slaves in the towns had a mysterious knowledge boding no good to their masters. But the treachery of Dr. Curry's slave disgusted me. Dr. Curry never heard of it.

One day three women walked into the little room and took a

long look at me, as a live "Yank" in a hospital with hundreds of wounded Johnnies was a curiosity. Noting my wakefulness, one woman gave me a lecture on the horrid conduct of the "Yankees." She boasted of her South Carolina birth and consigned me and the entire "Yankee" race to the "bottomless pit." Her talk served as a tonic; it amused and strengthened me and I managed to tell her I was not a "Yankee," but a native of New York. Like a spitfire she replied: "The meanest Yankees I know are New Yorkers." That squelched me entirely. The other two women tried to talk viciously but did not succeed very well. They left me feeling amused and really better for their visit.

A very singular thing happened the following day after surgeons call, when one of the three ladies aforenamed entered and placed on the chair near my head something covered with a white cloth. She said, "We talked roughly to you yesterday. Hope you are no worse. I have brought you a bowl of soup."

I looked at the bowl she lifted from the chair, then looked squarely into her eyes, but did not speak. She said, "I know you think this has poison in it." There was a moisture in her eyes; a sadness in her face that made me hate myself for thinking evil of her—for she had read my thoughts correctly.

She continued, "You have many friends in Memphis. Three of my brothers are in the Union army from Ohio. I was teaching here when hostilities began and could not get away. So I have to be a pretty good rebel while here." Am so ashamed that her name was not taken at that time. Weeks after,when my strength was returning,she brought me a book to read,"The Last Days of Pompeii," and it gave me solid comfort. God bless that dear woman wherever she may be. In March early, all prisoners were taken to Mobile, via Corinth by rail, thence by steamer to Tuscaloosa. Dr. Curry said the trip might kill me, but it didn't. Was so ill when taken to the steamer at Mobile that I remember nothing of it.

Dr. David Whitnell, John A. Logan's surgeon, was one of the prisoners and looked after me. He told me later that the boat captain gave him a bottle of Georgia peach brandy, and he dosed me with it. Probably made me full as a tick, but it didn't make me feel like a peach. When senses returned was in a room in hospital of prison at Tuscaloosa. Dr. Thomas Fishburn Lee was surgeon in charge at Tuscaloosa, and he treated me more like a brother than a foe. That was the third time that the little mystic pin on my now ragged blue coat had, without my knowledge, brought me aid in the sorest need. The rations at Tuscaloosa were horrid. The corn bread was in flat cakes three feet square, three inches thich, and so hard that the boys used iron pokers to break it.

One April day after the wounded from Shiloh were brought there, that infamous wretch, Wertz, came into the room where not a man was able to walk. He had a revolver in each hand and threatened to shoot the entire party of prisoners. His language was too vile to print. He was hung in Washington at the close of the war for his inhuman treatment. He is the only person at whose death the writer really rejoiced.

One day, crawling to an open window, my head was out to catch the fresh air. The click of a gun lock caused my eyes to glance downward. There was a Johnny aiming at me with his old musket. I was angry enough to bite a file. He said, "You Yanks must keep your heads in or we-uns will shoot. Them's orders." His inimitable drawl as he lowered his gun, would have drawn a smile from a tombstone. The next morning the affair was reported to Dr. Lee, who said the order was infamous but that it was posted on the prison doors, properly signed by Gen. Winder. He told me that an Iowa boy had been shot for standing in an open doorway. It was a fiendish murder. Gen. Winder's infamous, brutal order was a disgrace to American civilization.

Later, last of May, perhaps, the prisoners were moved to Montgomery. Several men died of small pox in Tuscaloosa hospital. I was too ill to be moved with my comrades to Montgomery,but was sent there later. Met Col. Knight, of Floyd, there and he gave me a breakfast that astonished my stomach. In due season the prisoners were moved to Camp Oglethorpe,Macon,Ga. That camp was another name for Hell with a big capital H. It was"a place of torment." Major Rylander had charge. He was not a soldier. He was a bushwhacking, cowardly "home guard." He was not "a man." Simply a "thing" in boots and spurs. He had no heart and only an apology for a gizzard. Rylander was a small edition of Wertz. He is probably still living. The Devil wouldn't accept him. No bullet could find him and no alligator would eat him. When thinking of Camp Oglethorpe I try to exercise a Christian spirit, but its memories make me feel like the Devil!

Hundreds of our brave fellows were literally starved to death. Many were shot on the dead line. The water was filthy. The food would upset the stomach of a Hottentot. The sand, the blankets, the clothing, the air, literally alive with vermin. Several thousand prisoners were there that year, 1862, coming and going. If the unknown graves could only speak what a horrid story they would tell. There were days and nights of horror in that camp no pen can describe, no tongue can tell. Why it was permitted, God only knows. How any of us survived its horrors is an unsolved mystery.

Amid all its horrors I never heard a company "B" man utter a

word that denoted failing courage. Hope inspired each of them. July Fourth, 1862, will never be forgotten by those living who were in Camp Oglethorpe that day. The boys grouped together and sang The Star Spangled Banner and America. They entered into the spirit of the glorious day. They were in bondage but the spirit of freemen burned within them. The Rebel guards came close to the dead line and sang The Bonnie Blue Flag and Dixie. The writer sat by Hank Wisner on the sand and thought over the story of Bunker Hill and of Marion and his men.

Our rations were rice, meal, densely populated side meat and "coffee" made of parched grain and bugs, principally bugs. Our bed was rough boards with a ragged blanket. Charlie Webster came to my bed one day saying, "We shall all die here. We are being starved to death." Wisner and Nye tried to argue him out of that idea. That night Webster lay down upon the sand and died. A broken heart! He was from Fort Madison. August was a terrible month. A sand dune in front of our quarters was "the dead pile." Every morning those who had died at night were thrown on that sand heap. Nye and Wisner lay upon my right and left. My limbs were useless. My blood seemed frozen in spite of the heat. No men were ever more loyal to a brother than Nye and Wisner to me. Will some one send me Wisner's address? One day Nye said, "Andy, I am going to leave you. I know it. I dreamed last night that the ground was white. I saw a cutter drive up to the old home in York state, and my mother came to the door, received a letter and said, 'My boy is dead.' It means me, Andy, I cannot shake it off." His mind was shaken.

Nye and the writer were lovers. It was said in prison that we looked alike. His words were so solemn that it nearly killed me, but Wisner and I tried to talk him out of it. Within two days Nye was dead. A more genuine comrade never lived. After his body was carried to the dead pile, one of the boys came to my side, looked at me intently, and said, "Why, Andy, you are alive? I just saw you on the dead pile." How is it that human beings become used to the ways of savages?

Once when I was unable to open my eyes or move a muscle, Wisner begged the rebel surgeon to give me some medicine. The surgeon brutally replied, "That fellow is as good as dead; no use wasting time on him." That's one time my horrid temper saved my life. His heartless tone, as if speaking to a dog, aroused me to life again. Speech and sight were denied me, but inside my heart of hearts was an indignation meeting that Wisner and the surgeon knew not of. Something said to me, "You will live—you have a work yet to do." The next day Wisner was dumbfounded when told that I heard it all. That jar was a tonic! In all the year in prison the cowardly home

guards were to be dreaded. The real soldiers in grey were gentlemen. One day a party of Georgians from Camp Douglass called upon us. One said to me. "It is a shame the way you are treated here."

We were taken to Richmond in September, packed in box cars like sheep. At Columbia, S. C., we were lifted from the cars and laid in the sun to dry. A driving rain wet us through. It was my first real washing for months. My feet were bare, my trousers worn out nearly to the knees, and my coat a mass of rags. While lying there racked with pain and in abject misery, a car inspector was tapping the wheels. He looked at me and said, "Don't give up, you boys have lots of friends down here." The south was honeycombed with Union sentiment. If a hundred hot headed politicians had been called to Heaven in 1861 the rebellion would have been in hell early in 1862.

Have no recollection of arrival at Libby prison hospital. Recall that one morning a dead man was at my right, another at my left. Late in October we were taken to a flag of truce boat on the James river. The boys said that when the stars and stripes went up it would get such a cheer as was never heard before. The flag went up when in sight of Fortress Monroe. I saw men weep. Heard them sob. Their joy was too great for cheers. The flag never seemed so bright to my poor eyes. It covered all the earth and sea. It brightened all the sky. From that hour to this I never see the flag floating above me that my heart does not swell and my eyes moisten in memory of that scene on the James River.

Was insensible soon after and when consciousness returned was in a strange place. It seemed like Heaven. By degrees I noted that my rags had disappeared and a robe of white covered me. By slow degrees my mind reached the conclusion that a great change had come over me. The attendant told me it was ward 17, naval hospital, Annapolis, Maryland. I asked for Co. "B" boys. But was left alone with the attendant. I begged for a mirror. Had not seen my face for nearly a year. Was not sure it was Andy Felt. It seemed so like a dream. My requests were not granted. "Where is the doctor?" "He examined you and will be here again soon." It was days before fully conscious of my condition. The iron cot was pushed to the window. The flag was floating over a steamer. The stars and stripes. The tears came. Could not keep them back. My heart said, "God bless Old Glory!" The scene was a transformation from torment to rest. Finally the "B" boys called. They said Gov. Kirkwood was in Washington. "Can you write to him?" Propped up on the cot, my hand wrote him that Co. "B" boys just from Richmond, wanted to join the dear old Seventh again. The Governor replied: "Am called to Iowa at once, but the Secretary of War will grant request." On Christmas we were all taken into a big dining room and filled with

roast turkey and oyster stuffing. I never did have much sense. Turkey has never tasted good to me since Christmas, 1862. My attendant was a 20th New Yorker, wounded at Antietam. The doctor was constantly importuned to let me go outside. I could walk a little, proud of my new uniform. One day he gave me a pass good for an hour outside the grounds. Looked in a mirror. Almost fainted. It was not the writer. It was a skeleton with sunken eyes and grey beard. Was I bewitched? Went to the scales. Tipped the beam at eight-five pounds. Scales not right. Should weigh one hundred and thirty. Tried other scales. Same result. Told doctor wanted something to make me fat. He said, "If you live to get home eat foods to make blood. You have been starved to death!" I promised to do it. Have been eating ever since. Am now as fat as a match.

Early in January came an order for me to take the boys to St. Louis. We reported to Gen. Woods at Benton Barracks. After a rest we started for Corinth and saw Co. "B" once more.

We all went out (mostly in ambulances) to Hamburg, and thence up the river. Gen. Rice was in command. Never knew what we went after. Gen. Rice and Capt. Reniger came to the tent and handed me my appointment as a sergeant. Gen. Rice said, "Mr. Felt." Couldn't understand it. He then handed me my discharge dated back in December. "By special order of Sec. of War, on report of Surgeon General." If General Rice had struck me he could not have surprised me more. Rice said, "You go home, recruit a few men, and you will get a Lieutenant's Commission." I went, but disease soon laid me up and I have been a physicial wreck ever since. I loved every man in the original Co. "B." No. better 106 men went out in 1861. It has been my chief regret that their "march to the sea" was without me. God bless all the surviving comrades. Trott is at Junction City, Kansas, loved by all who know him. Za Rutherford publishes a paper at Savannah, Mo., and doing well. Now, my dear Captain, here is love to you. And with "tears for the dead, and cheers for the living" here is to the remnant of old Co. "B."

ANDY FELT.
Seneca, Kansas, March, 1903.

To Capt. H. I. Smith, Historian Seventh Iowa Infantry.

APPENDICES.

It is refreshing to turn from the gruesome records of war, to the beneficent results of peace. The North and South fought in courageous rivalry. There was honest differences between the two in reference to state sovereignty and slavery; this being fanned by ambitious partisans, there had grown up a spirit of antagonism, which, seemingly, could not be settled or reconciled without test of arms and strength. The Civil war was the result; it was an inevitable and irrepressible conflict to settle the grave questions involved. Victors and vanquished bravely played their part; to say otherwise we belittle each other. I have charity enough to believe that most of them were honest in their convictions, that they were fighting for a principle; that they thought their homes and territory were being assailed and that their institutions and land were being invaded without just cause. The Civil war settled these questions. Might was in the right and right prevailed. It is settled in such a way that both sides share equally in the results of the victory. It should not be reopened. It should be settled so permanently that no blasts of the future can shake it; sectionalism and bitterness should find no place in this Great Nation. Obedience and submission to law should be our first duty.

As victors we can afford to be magnanimous, we should scorn to glory in our triumph; our former foes should fear no humiliation from us in their defeat. Let us as Americans worthy of the name, see that nothing be done to revive the animosities of the past. Let us be charitable; it is our duty as patriotic citizens to encourage a spirit of friendship and brotherly love, generosity and loyalty. I think such sentiments should prevail and be taught. I am not in favor of apologizing or doing anything humiliating. It is not sufficient that a man fought to save his country, but the true patriot should strive to perpetuate it, and it should be the constant duty of every good citizen to work for the perpetuation of this glorious republic; and none can do it better than the Union and Confederate soldier. I believe it is the duty for the Union soldier to take the initiatory. Whenever the Southern soldier or citizen is willing to accept the results of war and bear their allegiance to the flag, I am willing to bury all differences and forget that we were enemies. A

mother chastizes an erring child when he goes astray or does wrong, but should she love him any less or thrust him away when he asks to be forgiven and wishes to return? There is a nobleness of character in a man who will soundly thrash an antagonist, and when he cries enough will raise him up and call it square. The Confederates had not much left after the war, than the recollections of their valor, sufferings and sacrifices,and I am not one to begrudge them that; I cherish no revenge.

Schiller said, "A merely fallen foe may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished." Emerson said, "There can be no deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in the decalogue each stands for the whole Nation." Grant said, "Let us have peace." And Milton, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Shriveled sectionalism and party prejudice should find no place or lodgement in our country.

The example of reconciliation is set by the veterans more than all others, they have most to forgive and forget. "When brave men sheathe their swords the quarrel is done."

Senator Dolliver said, referring to General Joseph Wheeler, when he was about to go to Cuba, I warned him he was too old and that he would never return. "My boy," he said, as if to atone for the part he had taken in the rebellion, "I prayed for ten years for an opportunity to die in the uniform of the United States." I like to quote such utterances from our former foes. Let the spirit of sectional hate perish under the memories of heroes and their deeds.

The Spanish war has done much to wipe out the differences that have existed between the North and South; the unanimity with which they have joined, to be a unity for the Nation, and the spirit that prevailed between the young men of both sections to fraternize and join together in the defense of the flag, has been most cheering and commendable. Henry Watterson uttered a grand truth in speaking of the Spanish war when he said:

"In these warlike spectacles, everywhere manifest, it has already united us as nothing else could have united us—emancipating both sections of the Union from the mistaken impression that we ever were, or ever could be, anything else than one people. In the brilliant achievement of that typical Green Mountain boy on the other side of the globe it has already exploited us as a naval power, and, as you yourselves shall show, it will presently demonstrate us no less a military power, before whose legions the enemies of liberty and humanity will do well to look before they leap. Surely these were consummations devoutly to be wished. They are worth all the war has cost us, or will cost us. I know what war means.

"Obedience, submission, is the first and perhaps the hardest

of the soldiers first duties. If officers seem capricious or tyrannical, do your duty. It will come round all right. If the powers that be seem partisan or unfair, do your duty. The end will justify you. Be sure that, in the long run, the man who does his duty passes beyond the reach of wrong; for, as there is a God who saith 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' so is there a people whose voice is the voice of God, who will visit upon those that would convert the places of trust which they chance to hold into places of private or political advantage, a punishment as complete as it is certain, as blighting as it is overwhelming.

"In the nature of the case but few of you can hope to attain to great commands or to acquire exceptional distinction. In the end most of you must lay aside your uniforms and resume the habiliments of civil life. But there is no one of you who cannot do his duty and doing it, can be happy and contented. A neighbor of mine came to me the other day to ask me to exert my supposed influence in getting his son a commission. I assured him that I had no influence.

"But,' said I: 'I have two sons carrying muskets in the ranks —sons whom I dearly love—but for whose advancement I shall not put forth the slightest effort. It is enough for me to know that they are serving their country, and if it please God to bring them back to their mother and me safe and sound,I shall bless His name as long as I live.'

"In that prayer let me include each and every one of you; though I would rather see my boys, and each and every one of you, lying by the side of that brave and loyal sailor lad whom North Carolina has just given up as heaven's first sacrifice upon the altars of the nation and mankind, than that one feather should be plucked from the eagle's wing, or a syllable of reproach justly cast upon the name and fame of our dear Kentucky."

"Let us have peace."

THE SEVENTH IOWA COLORS HONORED.

The first colors of the regiment, having been carried in General Grant's first battle of the Civil war, have the distinguished honor of being deposited beside the remains of General Grant in the mausoleum at Riverside Drive, New York, having been sent by Major Mahon, in accordance with the instructions in the following correspondence:

Ottumwa, Iowa, Feb. 17, 1903.

Gen. Grenville Dodge, New York City,

Dear General: Some time last fall when in the city, I visited the Grant monument. I found the niche on Gen. Grant's side of the

FIRST FLAG OF THE REGIMENT.

Carried during Grant's first battle, Belmont, Mo., Nov. 7, 1861.
Now deposited in Gen. Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive, New York.

tomb, devoted to the flags of the Army of the Tennessee, quite well filled. In the other niche on the side of Mrs. Grant's resting place, there were no flags, and the custodian informed me they were unable to procure them from the different states, as they held them at their own capitals.

I have in my possession the flag carried by the 7th at Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, the advance on Corinth, and the engagements at Corinth Oct. 3rd and 4th, and Iuka a few weeks earlier. Meantime the colors had faded out of the flag to such an extent that it was unrecognizable, and we drew a new stand of colors. Gen. Elliott W. Rice secured the old flag and carried it in his trunk up to the time of his promotion to be Brigadier-General in August '64. At that time, I being in command of the regiment, he gave the flag to me; it followed my fortunes with my limited belongings to the close of the war.

I still have it and prize it highly, but recognizing that it has a significance outside of personal sentiment, I desire to know if you would care to have it to place in the Grant mausoleum. If you should consider the offer, I would like to have the engagements of the regiment inscribed on the flag, or rather on a strip fastened to it, as the present material is too frail, I fear, to take any printing. I would also ask the great privilege of having my name attached as the donor.

With kind regards, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
SAM'L MAHON.

GRANT MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.
Office of Vice President.
No. 1 Broadway.

New York, Feb. 20, 1903.

Major Samuel Mahon, Ottumwa, Iowa.

My Dear Comrade: I am in receipt of yours of February 17th. We would be very glad to have you send us the flag, and have inscribed on a card in typewriting or large letters,first—by whom it was donated, second—its history, and attach this to the flag. By its history, I mean the name of the regiment and the battles it was engaged in, If there is a staff to it will have to be boxed and sent to Colonel Middleton, Custodian of the Grant Tomb, Riverside Drive, New York City.

Thanking you for your thoughtfulness in the matter and assuring you that the Grant Monument Association appreciate your offer, I am,

Very truly yours,
G. M. DODGE, Vice President.

The drum corps of the regiment was organized by W. E. Thayer, a drummer of company "B," who was appointed Drum Major August 27th, 1861. The corps was made up from details from the regiment, and the original members were as follows:

Drummers:	Fifers:
George Craig,	Wm. Johnson,
George Kesler,	E. M. Thayer,
James Dunham,	Charles Goodno,
John Conaha,	Isaac Friedney,
David Bales.	John Akers.

Major Thayer, who is now living (1903) at Ruthven, Iowa, contributes the following sketch:

The boys were rather raw at first, but by drilling soon became a good band, always ready for duty and obey orders.

At the first battle, Belmont, Mo., I ordered one each to take places in rear of each company and to assist wounded to the rear, and assist the surgeons. (There was no Red Cross Society in the Civil war). They stood the test of the battle very well. In the course of the fight our regiment was ordered to fall back a few paces; there were two boys that fell so far back that I did not see them again until we got back to the fleet. I do not think it best to say who they were. The Rebels got possession of our instruments which we had stacked during the battle. The regiment soon afterwards made a charge, recovering our ground and our instruments, except one fife and one drum head busted. After the battle the boys and myself assisted in caring for the wounded on the return to Cairo.

In the hurried return to the boats, as there was not room for all the wounded in the wagons used to convey the wounded from the field to the boats, I assisted Henry Benson, of Co. "B," who was severely wounded in the ankle, by holding on to the end board of the wagon and letting him lay across my arms, carrying him in that way about two miles to the fleet. It was a four mule team and was hurriedly driven through the woods, over stumps and sticks, without roads, making me exceedingly lame and sore before I got him to the boats. What made it more difficult for me was that Captain Parrott, on the return, became so weak from his wounds that he had to hang to my coat tail to keep up.

Dear Comrade: As I wrote you, I was wounded in the fierce encounter we had with the rebel force sent over from Columbus to intercept us when returning to the boats after the encampment was destroyed and our purpose for invading Belmont, achieved.

While lying where I fell a rebel soldier attempted to bayonet

W. E. THAYER,
Drum Major 7th Iowa Infantry.

me and only the interference of his commanding officer saved my life. I was conveyed to the river bank and there laid with my cap over my eyes. How long I had laid there I don't know, but suddenly my cap—which was the only article of a soldier's equipment I had been able to secure—was lifted by a rebel Lieut. who exclaimed: "Why, Caleb, where did you come from?" He was an old friend I knew in St. Louis, and was leading his company in pursuit of the Yanks. Seeing I had not the strength to talk—my wounds were still bleeding—he hurriedly left me but not before promising to see me in Columbus, where he said I would be taken.

The next thing I was conscious of was being dumped into a wagon and seated between the outstretched legs of a comrade behind me—the method adopted in packing all of us. This done we were trundled to the hospital over a plank road of which every other plank was off on furlough or "mustered out." To my poor comrades the jolting of that springless wagon was torture most exquisite.

On reaching our destination it was discovered that we had collapsed and run over like a tallow dip. But we quickly revived; for when taken out of the wagon we again were telescoped regardless of fractured bones.

If "Freedom" did not "shriek" as "when Kosciusko fell," is must have been because she could not shriek and swear at the same time.

When taken into the hospital I was set up on a stair of a flight and thoughtfully bid to hang on to the banister, but the banister, being more merciful than my masters, reversed the order and hung on to me—when I fell over against it, thus preventing my rolling to the bottom as a doctor assured me, some time after, I would have done had he not reached me when I was slipping from my perch. When I returned to consciousness I was lying on a pallet surrounded by a mixed, kindly disposed and staring multitude, evidently attracted by my civic attire. But let me hasten to say that on entering this hospital I did not "leave hope behind" but to the contrary, felt its inspiring presence for the first time. I had fallen among gentlemen whom to describe as humane, would but inadequately convey even a faint idea of their kindness, tenderness and affectionate warmth. The surgeons, their untutored male nurses, and even those who idly wandered into the building, were conspicuously kind and sympathetic and desirious to be useful to me. I know not to what to ascribe such friendliness nor at this late day can I account for it.

'Tis true, that at this early stage of the war nothing had transpired to embitter them and arouse a personal hostility. Defeats, blasted hopes and disappointed ambition later wrought a great change in their feelings and treatment of prisoners.

It was one surgeon in particular whose devotion was conspic-

uous for its warmth and steadfastness. It really bordered on the romantic. He never left my bedside but for professional reasons and before going would place me in charge of Patrick, his faithful servitor, who, though as rough in appearance as a clod of his native peat, was tender, loyal and true.

The doctors liked to converse, and I think the danger I was in at Mound City and even when at Columbus, was due in no slight degree to the excitement and exertion of talking, though I spoke only when obliged to and in a tone scarcely audible. And the doctors discussed such exciting topics—generally war questions! They were invariably polite and respectful both in manner and expression, and while no honey dropped from my lips, they spoke not in bitterness and yet, when I "saw a head, I hit it."

One day my surgeon conducted some ladies into the hospital and introduced me to them as his "pet rebel." They were pleasant and kindly and one of them was very curious to know why I was in citizens attire? Up to this date I had evaded the question, intending when I could better bear the strain, to use the incident to "point a moral" in the interests of our cause and in imitation of Columbus who made capital on one of his voyages by frightening some hostile savages into submission by an ingenious application of an eclipse of the moon. Convinced that the time had come to preach my little sermon, I responded to my fair inquirer in this wise: Though the incident you would have me explain is in itself of slight importance, it is nevertheless not devoid of a certain significance, for when a man shows such extraordinary eagerness to serve his country as to go from his fireside to the battlefield without stopping even to exchange his citizen's dress for a soldier's uniform, he necessarily appreciates and in an overwhelming degree, the fact that there is a stupendous wrong to be redressed and no less heinous than that of rebellion, and the earnestness and determination of an humble son of the republic is but a faint suggestion of the tremendous awakening in the army now engaged in a struggle for the preservation, protection and perpetuity of the Union. And, Madam, I would that you could see in this awakening a handwriting on the wall of your Confederacy, and a handwriting that no Daniel need be called to interpret, as "he who runs may read." To this my fair auditor simply said, and more in grief than in anger, "You are cruel." I replied then in the words Hamlet addressed to his mother: "I must be cruel only to be kind."

On another occasion I was asked by one of the doctors if we were not waging war for the purpose of giving freedom to the slaves? I assured him that such a thing had not entered into the plans of the government and that the institution never would be disturbed unless

as a war measure, unless it became an obstruction in our path to Richmond, in which case we should not climb over it or make a detour to avoid it, but would summarily remove it, thereby making it necessary for the Confederate government to draw against their fighting force for men to raise crops wherewith to support the people and the depleted army. And by way of illustration I cited the classic story of Venus, who not being able to destroy Jupiter, whose thunders annoyed her, slew those who forged his bolts.

The devil was not more successful in disturbing the harmonies of Eden than in marring the serenity and sacredness of our sick room —the chamber of suffering and death! But to patricularize. One morning there suddenly appeared in the doorway a genteel looking woman who, after a minute's survey of the spacious area alloted to the wounded of both armies, stepped in and from the basket on her arm proceeded to distribute dainties, and with rigid discrimination in favor of the Confederates. In no instance was a Union soldier made the recipient of her bounty, notwithstanding the Blue and the Gray were lying side by side. Though it was a revolting spectacle, I made no comment, but when she stood at the side of a dying man—a Lieut. who died at night-fall—and made him the victim of her venomous tongue and heart, telling him that she had no sympathy for him, was glad he so soon was reaping his reward and hoped he would not live to do any more injury to her kindred and friends, I say, not till then did I appeal to the doctor to protect the helpless men in his charge, and notwithstanding he was shocked at the exhibtion he had witnessed, he replied: "She is a woman and I can do nothing." "No, doctor," I said, "she is not a woman in the sense that she is entitled to mercy. She has unsexed herself and so far, too, as to baffle all attempts to classify her and to determine to what order of demon she belongs."

At last arrangements for an exchange of prisoners were completed and I was removed, but not as I was brought to the hospital. My surgeon friend had me lifted on my mattress onto a cot which by his order was borne by four soldiers to the Confederate steamer and put down where there would be the least motion. Then he directed that a blanket and pillow be brought from a certain stateroom which he designated—I still have the blanket—and these he adjusted with judicious care. Of course I supposed that when the time for starting for the point on the river where our boat was in waiting that he would take his leave of me, but instead of doing so he seated himself at the head of my cot and there remained. Near by and lying on a pallet of straw, was a wee drummer boy severely wounded and evidently had not long to live. At brief intervals he would cry: "O,

Mamma! Do come! Do come and see your poor boy!" Then after a few minutes of silence, during which the thought must have occurred to him that were his mother present her heart would break to see him die, he suddenly exclaimed most piteously, "No mamma, don't come! don't come! it would kill you to see your poor boy." Where can a parallel to such heroism in a child be found? Where an instance of so sublime an example of filial devotion and self sacrifice and in a child of not more than fourteen years of age? Rather than his mother's heart should break at the sight of his wee torn body going down to death, he would die alone, would forego the manifold and endearing ministries a child in trouble yearns for at the hands of his mother. And what would his mother not have sacrificed to be kneeling at his lowly bedside that she might soften the shadows of death and signal the spirit as it broke away? Gen. Sherman spoke truly if inelegantly when he said, "War is hell."

On the meeting of the boats, my surgeon friend with unabated loyalty and regard for my comfort, directed my transfer to the Union steamer, not neglecting to see that my cot was located with reference to my ease; then spying Miss Safford—more of her anon—he asked her to prepare a cup of tea for me which commisson she executed with such promptness as to suggest that her angel wings had slipped down to her feet, where with characteristic modesty and humility she preferred to wear them. While the Confederate officers who had been engaged in the exchange of prisoners were dining below as the guests of the Union, my friend who declined an invitation to dinner sat by me and related the following story: "When the war broke out I was the editor of a paper in Memphis, Tenn., and being a physician I at once joined the Confederate service and proceeded to Columbus, Ky. I am a widower with one child, a girl, who now is with Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas in Washington, who, having been an intimate friend of my wife, offered to take charge of her. Now I am going to ask you to call on Mrs. Douglas should you ever be in Washington, and tell her how thankful I am that my child is in her hands, and that my heart is filled with gratitude to her. He then wrote his name and address on the margin of a newspaper and tucked the slip under my pillow. 'Tis not strange that it was lost.

I may as well say here that on my own return to New York I wrote to Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas all the circumstances of the case and in due time received a very courteous reply to the effect that some other Mrs. Douglas must have been referred to as the facts I had stated were unknown to her.

Miss Safford, the soldier's devoted friend, was the maiden sister of the brothers Safford, bankers in Cario, as late as 1864 for I called on her in that year to learn something of their noble sister and if possi-

ble, to pay my respects to her. To my grief I was told that she was in Paris undergoing treatment for a disease that was produced by exposure and excessive labor in military camps and hospitals. In 65 I learned that she had died in Paris. One of her brothers conducted me from his office in Cairo at the time I called on him in '64, to his home and showed me with pride many huge packages of letters written to his sisters by soldiers of high and low degree and these he said—and he held up a large bundle of them—are the labored productions of untutored men and more highly prized by my sister than those addressed to her by gifted officers in exalted positions. He referred to some letters of the former class that gave evidence of a chirographical and a mental struggle on the part of the writers that was most touching.

I can fancy this humane, tenderhearted and loving woman bending over one of these and when, after much patient study, its sweet message of esteem and gratitude breaks upon her like the sun from a rift in a cloud, it drops from her trembling hand and she surrenders herself to tears of joy otherwise unspeakable.

The hospital in Mound City was in charge of Dr. Franklyn of St. Louis, who lived with his family in Mound City. An able and zealous staff of younger doctors resided in the hospital building as did the nurses who belonged to a Catholic Order in Indianapolis called "The Sisters of the Holy Cross" and an exceeptionally worthy band they were in every way. They were presided over by an elderly matron known as Mother Angela for whom I had the highest respect and esteem, a sentiment I entertained for all sisters—but Mother and Sister Angela were my particular friends. Before entering the order Sister Angela lived in Philadelphia. She was an American and had not long been a member of the Romish church for which she forsook the Espiscopal. She was a very superior women intellectually and possessed many accomplishments which, together with a comely face and many personal graces, made her a very interesting and attractive person. Many a chat we had and no subject of mutual interest was neglected or forgotten.

I must relate an experience of her's that illustrates her amiability and kindness and also how prone the uncharitable and bigoted are to inflict pain.

A poor fellow whose life was fast ebbing away, asked her as she was passing his bed, to please hold his hand as his wife would do were she present—that he felt lonely and desolate. Of course she acceded to his request. Not a word was spoken by either and ten minutes before he died the ward master happened along and angrily charged her with proselyting and rudely ordered her away, notwithstanding she explained how she came to be thus situated. Gently placing the wasted hand upon the breast where it so soon was to repose in death, she came to me

weeping, and acting upon my suggestion, she complained to Dr. Franklyn who at once returned her persecutor to his regiment.

From the beginning my nourishment came from the doctor's table, by whose authority and whose instrumentality I never knew nor do I remember that I inquired, and also from the day I entered the hospital Mrs. Dr. Franklyn sent me very frequently from her home in Mound City, the most sumptuous dishes, and the major portion of what I received each day from both sources, I gave to those in the ward who most needed nourishing food and in this way each one in his turn was served. The stewardess—a good friend of mine—and who came up daily to see me—never failed to congratulate me on my robust appetite, and would say with a chuckle of glee, that my dishes were returned to the kitchen with not a suggestion of food on them. The good soul didn't know that others beside myself partook of her abundance.

One morning and at an hour so early that the outlines of objects could be but dimly discerned, I was aroused by a cold hand laid upon my face. On opening my eyes I beheld an apparition—a veritable ghost or has the poor fellow—I asked myself—who was borne yesterday to the "dead room" been resurrected, and while speculating on the origin of the figure clad in white and so attenuated as to seem only fit to hang on the wall as a text in anatomy, the mystery was explained by a skull bending over me and in a voice tremulous with weakness whispering:—"When your breakfast comes in, won't you give me some of your fried potatoes?" When sufficiently composed to speak—for I was deeply moved by his plaintive appeal—I assured him he should have all he wanted. I recognized in him the poor consumptive who occupied the bed nearest the door through which Mrs. Franklyn's servant entered with my breakfast from which was exhaled the delicious aroma of the dish he craved.

You can perhaps realize the overpowering strength of his desire when I tell you at what cost he secured its gratification. For a week and more he had been daily expected to die so rapid had been the progress of his disease and when the doctors learned of what he had done, they were amazed. His feebleness was so extreme that he could not stand steadily and he fairly tottered as he traversed the long ward and would certainly have fallen had he not found support in the row of bedsteads along the wall. After he had eaten his fried potatoes, at my request, I was carried in my chair to his bedside to enquire if he had enjoyed them. He actually laughed when he told how nice they were and the scene was altogether so pathetic as to bring tears to the eyes of the stalwart fellows—my comrades—who were kind enough to carry me to him. I recalled the following stanza of The Last Leaf:—

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

When about to leave the hospital I was examined, as I desired to remain in the service, and the decision was that I would not again be fit for military duty. I must now bring these war recollections to a close notwithstanding my stock of them is by no means exhausted. In reading the foregoing I find I have omitted to say that my St. Louis friend who discovered me lying on the river bank and who promised to see me in Columbus, was granted permission by Gen'l Polk to take me to his home in Jackson where his wife, also my friend, had a warm corner and a warmer heart awaiting me. The surgeons said they would not answer for my life were I moved, and consequently I remained where I was.

CALEB GREEN.

I enlisted in the army, June 15th, 1861, at Oskaloosa, Iowa, Co. C. 7th Iowa Inft. Regiment rendezvous at Burlington, Iowa; went from there to St. Louis, Jefferson Barracks, and was ordered from there to Wilson's Creek, Md., but had no arms; after a few hours' delay, we received arms and ammunition, and started, but were stopped on the way, the battle being over. We turned back, and were soon ordered to Kentucky. After scouting around through the country for a while, we finally crossed the river, and took up camp at Birdspoint, Mo. Soon our men on picket post were being shot from ambush. Gen. McClernard sent out scouting parties, to find the enemy which they soon located at Belmont, with Jeff. Thomson in command. He resolved to break up his camp forthwith. So on the 6th of November we were ordered on transport, five regiments, amounting to about 3000 men, and two or three pieces of artillery. Gen. Grant in command, on a trip proceeded down the river, accompanied by two gun-boats, within a few miles of Columbus, Ky. On the morning of the 7th we landed on the Missouri side, in a dense woods leaving the gun-boats to guard the river and transport. We marched towards Belmont, two or three miles, when we were called to a halt. While resting the Confederates on the height at Columbus saluted us with a 64-pound shot from the cannon they called the Lady Pope; it passed over us about the tree tops, striking the ground just in our rear and disappearing in the ground. This was the first signal of war we had heard. It caused great excitment among the boys, We were soon on the march again, and formed a line of battle within

a half a mile of the enemy's camp, and for the first time loaded our guns for action. By this time we could see the enemy forming in line, both armies advancing until we met within close range and the fighting became general. We had orders to charge the enemy; they gave way and retreated over the river bank, a great many surrendering. In the meantime there had been a detachment of men sent below to keep the enemy from escaping down the river. They got lost in a swamp and had trouble to find their way back; this detained us for about one hour. A stray shot from the river bank gave me a slight wound in the leg. Seeing there were several miles between our army and the boats, the enemy crossed over the river several thousand men and stationed them between us and the boats; seemingly the gun-boats knew nothing about this; we were ordered to retreat, and in five minutes one of the terrible slaughters took place, as they were formed in line on both sides of us they shot their own men as well as ours.

In running the gauntlet, Lieut. Col. Wentz, of the 7th Iowa, (who was Capt. of the 1st Iowa at the battle of Wilson's Creek,) lost his life. After running the gauntlet, I was sent back after him, and without being molested, found the lieutenant colonel in a dying condition. He begged to be left alone. I started for the Union boats, but before I got there the fight became general again. I arrived in time to see our boats pulling away leaving myself and others on the bank with the enemy. I was called on to surrender, which I did, and was soon hustled to the rear. On going back to the river, we met many Confederates who were drunk and very abusive at different times. The officer had to interfere to keep them from carrying out their threats. I was finally put on board a steamer, close to the first battle ground, and was taken across the river to Columbus, with many others, and was lodged in an old wharf-boat. The next day we received many Confederate visitors, some who called to see their first Yankee. After a short stay on the boat, we were removed to a transport. The first exchange of prisoners now took place. Grant and Cheatham negotating the exchange. Cheatham gave up the wounded for what was captured of his men.

When the Confederate prisoners came down the river, Gen. Cheatham ordered a salute fired from the Lady Pope, (the large cannon used in the fight.) But on the day of the fight, they got a ball fast in it and could not get it out. When the prisoners arrived, Gen Cheatham listened for the salute, and failing to hear it, rode up to the cannoneers and asked, "Why in h--l they didn't fire that salute," and, jumping from his horse, called for the match and line and fired the cannon himself. It bursted and killed fifteen men and wounded him badly. (I state the above as I heard it.) We were taken from here to Memphis and lodged in an old slave pen. The pen was floored with rock, and on frosty mornings was very slippery. While I was hobbling around on my wounded

leg I slipped on the rock and very near dislocated my knee. By this time we were getting very hungry as we had, had nothing to eat since we left Columbus and the question arose as how we were to be fed. The good ladies of Memphis proposed to feed us, which they were granted the privilege of doing, and about four o'clock that evening we were treated to baker's bread, roasted beef, and sweet potatoes; all we wanted. We fared sumptuously for some time. But Capt. May who had charge of the city found out that we were better fed than his soldiers, and had a heavy stockade, twelve feet high, built around the medical college, and changed our quarters to that place, entirely cutting off our supplies and putting us on one-fourth rations, giving the guards very strict orders concerning our liberties. We stayed here several months, sometimes going two or three days without anything to eat; at one time so long that the men got desperate and declared at four o'clock if they did not get rations, they would sell their lives as dearly as possible. Some one carried this word to the guards and the authorities of the town were notified. All the troops of artillery were ordered to the scene.

We had just formed in line when an officer rode up and plead with us to wait a few minutes, that provisions were coming, which arrived about twenty minutes after four, and settled all the trouble. We had cards and tobacco furnished us by the guards, especially after the Creoles guarded us, for they seemed loyal to the northern cause. So the time passed on without anything of great importance until the last day of February, when we got orders that we would be moved on the first day of March to the Commercial Exchange building and be placed with Ft. Pillow prisoners. Now I imagined that if I could conceal myself I could make my escape, so I immediately began to look for a place to hide. The house was large with several rooms and three stories high. After searching some time for a place, I decided there was but one, and that was under the stair-way leading up to the attic. I looked for someone to go with me and found two stout robust boys, Danial McTagart and Sylvanus Haughey of Co.B,able to stand the hardships with myself. In the morning of March 1st, after eating breakfast we resolved to secrete ourselves. We secured a heavy bar of iron to raise the steps out of their grooves, which we did with the aid of Wm. Moore of Oskaloosa, Iowa and J. Foster of Alton, Ill. We three crawled in, just filling the hole full, taking the bar of iron with us to assist us in getting out. Then Moore and Foster placed the steps back in place and sprinkled and swept the steps, hiding all traces. Now we were cooped up with two canteens of water, a wash pan and a blanket apiece, without anything to eat, expecting to come out that evening. About ten o'clock the prisoners were ordered to fall in line, forming in the house. The officer of the guard went to the door and called the roll, and as each man's name was called he passed out. When our names were called he inquired

where we were. Some said they had not seen us for a week or ten days, while others, ignorant of our whereabouts, said they had seen us there that morning. They passed on with the balance of the names and then said they would find the Yankees. They, believing that we were somewhere in the house scarched every nook and corner, with tneir revolvers in their hands, swearing they would kill us if they found us. They searched some time for us and at one time in coming down the steps paused for a moment about the steps we had removed. Thinking they had seen the marks on the steps caused our hearts to beat so loud we were afraid they could hear us, but they passed on and seemed to be as much or more excited than we were.

By this time they had established headquarters for recruiting their army with officers and about one hundred men. They occupied all the rooms except the one where we were concealed under the steps, as luck would have it,making their kitchen directly under us. They had for their cook an old negro woman. The weather being very cool we had to sneeze and cough, and at one time the old lady became uneasy and declared to the master that the house was haunted. He said that you could not expect anything else, that hundreds of bodies had been dissected in this room, "Before God no wonder the Spirits are here," and this ended the ghost story. We remained here in this position until the 6th of March, and decided that we had better get out of there while we could. At twelve o'clock, while the officers and men were at dinner, we heard an officer tell the men not to leave as they were going down town to be sworn in. Thinking this would be our chance we prepared ourselves for getting out but when the time came we found ourselves too weak to raise the steps. These steps had been built across the window, leaving part above and part below, just enough below to let us pass out. The question now arose whether we had strength enough to hold our weight with our hands. We decided we could not, but we agreed to help each other, so we hoisted the window and I started out first and with the aid of the other two made the circuit around the steps;landed safe on the inside and called for the next. All three of us were soon in the room; but sitting in one position for six days and without anything to eat, our legs became unmanageable. We rolled and tumbled around the room and kept exercising until we could walk. There was a guard left at the gate of the stockade and we were forced to pass down below the house, finding a box about four feet high in front of the house, where there were two or three women standing looking at us, and they hallooed, "Hurrah for the boys, get away if you can!" We strated north and were soon on the business street of the city, ragged and dirty, and so weak we could hardly walk. We started east, whistling Dixie, and were soon out of danger. We got about six miles from the city and stopped and asked for something to eat. The lady said they did not have much to

eat, but if we would wait until they could cook it we were welcome to it. Of course we waited, and on short notice we were invited into the house and served with a cup of rye coffee and a small piece of corn bread. The folks all leaving the room, we had no more than tasted our coffee when a young lady with a Confederate officer's hat on entered the room and said her brother was a recruiting officer for the Confederate army, and he was at the barn putting his horse away. Fearing trouble we took our little piece of corn bread and started for the woods; by this time it was raining and sleeting. We skulked around until dark and took shelter in a corn shock; in the morning we were awakened by dogs which followed us for three days and nights.

It was our intention to strike the Tennessee River above Ft. Henry, and in order to do this we wanted to pass through Fayette county, Tenn., and travel northeast, but being crowded close with dogs and men, we circled around and travelled almost due west, and crossed the railroad sixteen miles north of Memphis, and went into the Mississippi swamps and stayed there two days and nights trying to find our way out. We had to travel all the time to keep out of reach of the dogs. After finding our way out we travelled north on the railroad till we came in sight of what we understood to be Bear Creek, where we saw soldiers guarding the bridge. Seeing the dogs behind us and the men in front, we turned toward the east and inquired of a lady for a place to cross the river. She cited us to a foot-log two miles above. We found the log just about dark, which was about twenty feet above the water, and being about run down, we either had to kill the dogs or surrender, for they were close at our heels. We soon devised a plan to kill the dogs. We got a good club apiece and the boys lifted me into a tree, and then they passed over the foot-log and hid behind a tree right on the bank; up came the dogs and passed directly under me and mounted the log to cross. Immediately we sprang to each end of the log. One blow across the back felled one to the water below, the other met the same fate at the other end and we were once more free. Through the excitement and exertion of killing the dogs I was unable to cross without the aid of the other boys, but finally got across and went up the river. We came to a log hut where we got something to eat and stayed all night. After supper the lady wanted to know where we were going, and of course we were going to join a Confederate regiment. She asked our opinion concerning the war, and how it would terminate. Of course we gave favorable answers to all the questions, which were many.

She said she hoped the war never would be in her part of the country, but if it was, she had enough strychnine in the house to kill a dozen Yanks, and she would use it too. Of course I was no Yankee for I believed that woman was in earnest. We retired for the night and had a splendid nights rest. After eating a hearty breakfast we set out on

our journey in a very good spirit. We did not travel more than a day and a half until we ran into a part of Forrest's army. The country seemed to be full of soldiers, and for our own saftey we had to hide in daytime and travel at night, which was slow work and deprived us of anything to eat. We kept this up until forced to call for something to eat. So on the night of the 17h of March, we went to a house where a man lived by the name of Taylor, and asked for something to eat and lodging. We were accommodated and ate the first ham and eggs for several months. After supper we decided that we were in a bad place. At this time my right knee was giving me a great deal of trouble, and I advised the boys to go on, but they said no. We sat by the fire until bed time. Being worn out and chilled we thought we would take the chances and stay all night, and retired. There were men coming and going all night, which convinced us there was trouble ahead. We had plenty of chances to go to the woods, but we knew it would be of no use for we were near worn out and had to rest. We got so weak we were hardly able to climb a rail fence. So in the morning about sunrise, eight or ten men arrived at the house and said they had orders to arrest any one, white or black, that was going north or south, east or west, that did not have papers to show who they were or where they were going. So we were made prisoners once more, taken to Jackson, Tenn., and turned over to the Provost Marshal and put in jail. This was the 18th day of March.

The jailor, an old man, as he was accused of leaning toward the Union side, begged us not to get away from him, as the people there would mob him. We told him that we would not get away if he would feed us. The jail was made of wood and lined with heavy timbers set endways and driven full of nails, so that a mouse could not have escaped. We fared well and had many visitors. All seemed to be sociable enough except one schoolma'am from the northern states. She thought we ought to be hung, possibly to keep herself from hanging. We were confined in jail until the 6th of April. Then the authorities of the town becoming uneasy as the result of the battle, now in full blast at Shiloh, and distinctly heard by us, put us aboard the cars and started south with us to Corinth, Miss., where we landed about dark and were placed in a small house with a sign over the door "Secession Saloon," with twelve guards to guard us. They had orders to shoot us if we tried to get away, and things looked like we were there to stay, the building being two stories high. They abused us some, and told us to try and get away, for they wanted a chance to shoot a Yankee. The guards off duty had laid down and were asleep; all was quiet except the patter of the rain. Just at this time Gen. Prentice and 700 men who had been captured at Shiloh, were marched in front of the building. The guards, anxious to see the Yanks, rushed to the door. I took my departure through the

back door, up the steps, and in a moment was followed by one of the other boys. Thinking it might be the guard I fixed to jump from the window, and then watched to see who it was. Seeing that it was one of my comrades, I stepped back to an old bedstead, picked up one of the rails, handed it to him, and told him to put it from the window onto the roof of another house. I picked up a piece of carpet and threw it across the bed rail, and in less than a half of a minute we were both plodding our way through the rain and mud, leaving the third man for them to guard. As I passed out behind the building I picked up a club, seeming to be a wagon spoke, and carried it in my hands. We were soon halted by a guard and advanced to give the countersign; seized the end of his gun and hit him over the head, then ran out of the way, passing in front of Gen. Johnson's headquarters, and we saw a large crowd of men gathered around the door. We stopped and looked, and while standing there a man rode up to us in a great hurry and asked us if Gen. Johnson was dead. We told him we did not know. From here we started east, travelled all night in the rain. Thinking we were far from Corinth, made inquiry of a colored man how far it was to Corinth, and found to our astonishment we were outside of the breastworks which were not over three miles from the town. We concealed ourselves as well as we could, and remained hid all day in hearing distance of Monday's fight at Shiloh. Getting the direction and feeling more determined than ever, at dark started on our way, passing around guards at different places. We kept our course better than the night before. Getting very tired we sat down on a log to rest. We heard cavalry coming toward us, and laid ourselves down close to the log, our heads together, to let them pass us. They rode over the log, directly over our heads, covering our heads completely with mud. One man remarked: "Lieutenant, them Yankees fight like h--l, don't they " He answered: "They do." After awhile another says, "Jim, how many men did we lose in this fight?" "Lots of them; we would have whipped had Gen. Johnson not been killed." This was the first we knew of the victory. There seemed to be a space of about fifty yards in the cavalry when I spoke to my partner and asked him if one of the horses stepped on his head would he hallow. "No," he answered, "not since I heard what Jim said." The rest of the cavalry followed the same path without speaking but few words.

After they passed it left us free to resume our journey. Then we met some artillery but did not hide ourselves as the whole woods were full of soldiers. We kept out of the light of the torches. We were going one way and they the other until daylight. They were so scattered that it was impossible to find a hiding place. We kept moving around them all day,far enough away from them not to be recognized. Late in the evening we found we had passed the main army of the Confederates. Just at dusk we came to a house, and there being no one at home, we

went in and searched for something to eat, but found nothing but molasses and parched coffee. We partook of the small quantity of both, and being somewhat tired, we went to the woods and laid down between two logs to rest and talked the matter over. We decided we were out of danger if we did not lose our way. We lay here all night, and had a very good nights rest. In the morning we started out very cautiously, for it was still cloudy, determined to not lose our way. We watched the house for some time, and seeing no one but a woman moving about we ventured up to inquire. I asked the nearest road to the Confederate camp. She stepped to the end of the porch, pointed down the road and said it was a half mile to where they were guarding a bridge. Just at this time we heard drums beating to our left. On inquiring where they were she said: "My goodness, men, don't go over there, or the Yankees will get you." To our surprise a man stepped to the door and said the doctor wanted to see one of us. I stepped to the door and saw eight or ten men sitting by the bedside. A man lay on the bed. The doctor wrote on a piece of paper and handed to me with, "Please give this to the Lieutenant at the bridge." It read as follows: "Lieutenant wounded so bad we dare not move him. Send orders at once." Taking this paper we started toward the bridge.

When we got out of sight of the house, we stuck the note in a bush by the road side, and started for the Yankee drums. We soon came to Owl Creek, and followed down slowly, watching both right and left. Seeing some men we found out they were guards, but could not tell who they were. Taking no chance we turned to the left, going to the top of the hill, we struck the main road. Seeing there had been no travel on the road since the rain we felt tolerably safe, and started east; we came to a swamp, and seating ourselves on a log, and wondering where we were and where the Tennessee River was, and what was best to do, we saw a man forty or fifty yards away. We hid behind a log. He circled around to within a rod of where we were on the opposite side of the log. We rose up and told him to halt, which he did. We asked him what army he belonged to. In a kind of a positive way he said: "The Union army, of course." I asked him what regiment he belonged to. He said: "The 57th Illinois." I asked him his Colonel's name and his division commander, which names were familiar to me. Satisfying ourselves that he was a Union man, we told him we wanted to go to his camp, which he allowed we were joking, but seemed willing to go, leading off, and we following, within three minutes we were inside of the line. We inquired for our regiment but could hear nothing of it. We went to a hospital and told the doctor that we were very near starved. He gave us a drink of wine, examined our pulse, and pronounced us in a critical condition. He ordered us some potato soup and hardtack, and watched to keep us from eating

too much, he requested us to stay all night, which we did. Next morning we ate breakfast and started out to inquire for our regiment. In a short time we found it, where we were met with a "Hurrah." After a short stay with the company of the colonel took me to Grant's headquarters, where I stayed some time, and then returned to my regiment, but was not able for duty for several weeks.

JOHN W. PIERSON.

Tebbetts, Callaway Co, Mo.

Charles City, Iowa, Jan. 12, 1903.

Mr. H. I. Smith, Mason City, Iowa.

Dear Sir: Your "last call" has come too late to get response from my brother, W. H. Mason, to whom it was addressed. He died three years ago at his home in Ottawa, Kan., where his widow and son now reside. I will forward to Mrs. Mason one of the two circulars you sent here.

I will enclose with this a clipping from the Bolckow (Mo.) Herald, edited by Za Rutherford, formerly of Co. B. 7th Iowa Regt., relating to a meeting between him and my brother some fifteen years ago. It shows the strong bond of attachment formed by the boys who shared the dangers and endured the hardships of war together—another proof that "Dangers shared is friendship proved."

I was a girl of sixteen when the war broke out, full of patriotism, and gave much of my time to what I believed to be a patriotic duty of answering each and every letter from the twenty-two soldier friends—many of them schoolmates whom I had more or less influenced to enlist. Oh, those days of recruiting officers, war meetings, martial music, floating flags, marching soldiers! Can the picture ever fade? To this day the fife and drum strikes a chill to my heart that is indescribable. The shrill notes of the fife and the marching beat of the drum recall the enthusiasm of those war times, of the "Golden Circle" meetings, the picking of lint, sewing bandages, tying comforters, packing boxes, watching the papers for news from the last battle, the long lists of killed and wounded—read with bated breath lest we come to names of our own boys. Truly, Mr. Smith, those were days of anxiety unknown only to those who were urging dear ones to face death upon Southern battlefields, weeping and praying for them after they were gone. They cannot even now be described though sensibly felt them. Then there were those furloughs, that took every other thought away from us, when every boy who wore the blue was made a hero, but some did not return. Fortunate indeed the home that was not darkened, and happy the heart that did not meet its bitterest grief in all the carnage of those four dreadful years,

I am keenly alive to all that pertains to war reminiscences, and especially so to that of Co. B of the valiant old 7th Iowa regiment in which my brother served all through the war and which numbered in its ranks the battle-scarred heroes of more than a score of battles, beginning with Grant at Belmont and ending with Sherman in that march to the sea, then on to Washington to that Grand Review and from Washington triumphantly back to the outstretched arms of a grateful people. Glory enough to brighten the last days of the old veterans until they are called to respond to that last summon, "Lights Out!"

You may add my name to the subscription list for a copy, cloth bound, of your forthcoming book. Wishing you success, I am very sincerely,

Your comrade's sister,

MRS. B. F. WRIGHT.

WE MEET A COMRADE.

(From Bolckow, Mo., Herald.)

One morning lately as we stepped in to the office at the Valley House, we met there all unexpected a 'mess mate' of twenty-seven years ago, Billy Mason, who of late years has been travelling for a Chicago wholesale house. Tears dimmed our eyes. For moments neither could speak. The surprise was mutual. But who is Billy Mason, say you? Billy Mason was the chum and confidential friend of our soldier life. When the throes of civil war waged hot we went together and at the same time enlisted in defense of our country's flag. The greater the danger the stronger the attachment. On the 7th day of November, 1861, we parted. Parted on the field of battle, amid the roar of cannon and din of musketry. Both wounded and both prisoners. Neither knew the fate of the other. In that long twenty-seven years from the fatal day on the battlefield of November, '61, till the happy meeting in Bolckow, each mourned the other. Neither had a spark of hope that he would ever again on this earth look upon the face of his lost comrade. We thought we were strong but our eyes grew moist, and our throat filled with emotion, as we once more stood face to face with our friend and comrade. We never before fully realized what ecstatic bliss that thrills the hearts of old soldiers to meet each other. Old soldiers? As our mind flits back to the day we put on our uniform, it looks like we were robbed of our boyhood sports. Gave up the pleasures of youth for dreary marching and heavy muskets. Poets and painters have attempted in vain to picture the sundering of sacred ties and the greetings of long lost friends. But the wings of the muse nor the brush of the artist can paint the feelings true. To part as we parted and meet again as we met is living life over again. In the few moments we

DIFFERENT FLAGS CARRIED BY THE REGIMENT DURING SERVICE.
Deposited in the State Capitol at Des Moines.

stood face to face there flashed across our minds the whole panorama of the past twenty-seven years. The parting on the battlefield. The wound of the bullet healed, but the pain of that parting to the prison pen never ceased. The recollection of our comrade never left our mind. The varying vicissitudes of life never wilted the affection that budded and bloomed in our youthful breasts. That meeting was joy unstinted. Weakness it may appear to be, but it is a weakness we shall ever sacredly cherish. Would that a Morris, a Fisher, a Birdsall, a Felt, a McTaggart, a Smith, and others of old Co. B could have united in our reunion a week ago. Will it ever come?

COMPANY "B" FALL IN.

New York City, April 12, 1889.

Ed. Bolckow Herald:

Dear Comrade: Your hearty welcome to Billy Mason and exceeding gladness in hearing from H. I. Smith, induces the belief that a "sign" from another member of Co. B will contribute still further to your pleasure.

If I have entered more into personal details in the following sketch than may seem modest, please bear in mind that I have written for the eyes of comrades whose fellow feeling will render of interest—I feel assured—the most trivial incident of my narrative.

It was in the attempt to cut through the force sent over the river from Columbus, Kentucky, to intercept us when returning victorious to the boats waiting to take us back to Birds Point, that a minnie ball or two of them pierced my arm and body and spun me like a top onto a pile of dead brush which, by the way, I have since encountered in some western mattresses. I had no sooner fallen than I was surrounded by infuriated "Johnnies," by one of whom summarily dispatched had not his commanding officer humanely interposed. Lifted to my feet and supported by two Johnnies I was marched to the river bank, notwithstanding I was faint from pain and hemorrhage. On reaching the shore I was laid on my back and then left alone. Some time after—how long, I can't determine, I was suddenly aroused by the exclamation, "Why, Green, where did you come from?" On opening my eyes I was surprised and delighted to behold an old St. Louis friend who was in the uniform of a Confederate officer. After briefly explaining to him my situation, he told me he was in pursuit of "you fellows," and would have to go, but would visit me in the hospital in Columbus, where I would be taken.

Later on, I was borne on board a steamer and conveyed to Col-

umbus then in command of Bishop Polk who believed, no doubt, that in shooting down the Yanks he was spreading the gospel. On reaching the Kentucky shore I was dumped with other helpless men into a wagon and trundled to the hospital over a road as much out of repair as the politics of Kentuckey at that time. The exquisite torture to which the torn and bleeding occupants of that jolting wagon were subjected, language is impotent to convey an idea. I was moved to the profoundest pity for my suffering companions, many of whom were worse wounded than myself. The hospital reached—it was a tavern before the war—I was dragged out of the wagon and carried in and seated on a flight of stairs, down which I would have rolled had I not been supported by the banisters against which, in my weakness, I had fallen. Near me sat another company B, waiting with heroic patience to have his shattered arm examined. Years after I met this young hero in Cincinnatti, where he was serving the government in a clerical capacity—writing with his left and only hand. From the stairs I was moved to the room below and laid on a pallet on the floor which was strewn with wounded and dying. Shall I ever forget the relief afforded by that humble bed! Let me quickly say that just here ended all rough and harsh treatment, and at the hands of one surgeon in particular, a man about forty years old, of grave demeanor and personal grandeur, I was the recipient of care so tender and devoted as to approach quite on the verge of affection. It was as if a mother's love had been instantly let loose upon me. His devotion is still a mystery. A number of surgeons soon came and looked at me curiously and interrogatively, then two knelt beside me and in the kindest tones inquired if I was badly hurt and how I came to be in the army in such a garb. I have neglected to mention that the battle occurred so soon after my enlistment that there had not been time to provide me with a uniform and consequently I had gone into the field caporisoned like a city man of fashion, and it was my apparel that paralyzed the doctors. During the examination one of the surgeons turned to me and with a smile remarked: "What a pity to have spoiled such nice clothes." I asked him good naturedly to please interest himself in the bones they covered. "Oh," he quickly observed, "you want to live to fight another day." "Yes," I said, "unless in the meantime you repent and return to your father's house." "What, Abraham's bosom?" "Of course," I replied, "which you wickedly forsook for Beelzebub's." After my wounds were dressed the surgeon lingered at my side. His heart, inspired by his unaccountable attachment, suggested many delicate devices for my comfort which his gentle hands nimbly executed.

The other surgeons frequently visited me and one of them introduced me to some lady visitors as "our pet rebel." They sometimes indulged in good humored banter concerning the war, which exposed

them to some wholesome if not eloquent oratory. But one day an order came for an exchange of prisoners to be executed somewhere on the Mississippi river. A couple of soldiers in grey brought a stretcher to my bedside one morning and were about to lift me by legs and shoulders. When my surgical and steadfast friend sternly rebuked them for their lack of feeling and judgment, and directed them to transfer the bed to the stretcher with me upon it. This done, I was borne direct to the steamer, my surgeon walking by my side. The boat reached, the doctor had me put on a cot amidships where there would be the least motion, then covering me with two blankets which he took from a state room, he seated himself at my head.

Let me digress to describe a scene that exhibited more vividly than any other of my brief military experience, the dreadful realities of war. Near my cot lay a dying drummer boy. At short intervals he cried in tones so child-like and pitiful: "Mamma, come! Come mamma!" Then his filial love rising to the sublime height of self-sacrifice, he exclaimed: "No, mamma, don't come! don't come! It would kill you to see me; it would kill you." That night he died and was at rest. But his poor mother—what rest for her when she saw his name among the dead, and perchance, read of his having reached out his hands for her to clasp and his last breath lovingly spoke her name. Go not to the battlefield to witness the horrors of war, but rather to the myriad homes where hearts are bleeding and breaking.

On reaching the Union steamer my friend superintended my transfer, and while he was sitting by he received an invitation to dine with the Union officers but declined it, preferring to remain with me, and with me he stayed till the last minute of the truce. Our steamer proceeded at once to Mound City where I had not a few unusual experiences in the great hospital presided over by Dr. Franklin, of St. Louis. On leaving it, the surgeons discouraged my continuing in the army and consequently I was mustered out.

CALEB GREEN.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Mason City, Iowa, March 3, 1889.

Za Rutherford:—

Dear Old Comrade: Your article in the Herald touched a sympathetic chord in my nature, and I write to thank you for the marked copy you sent me. I should probably never have known where you were or what you were doing had it not been for your meeting of one our old comrades, which you so pathetically describe, who probably divulged my whereabouts to you. I believe I separated from you under about the same circumstances that you so grapically picture—wounded, and

a prisoner—only that I was left on the field to die, while you being able to walk, was marched off to a worse fate, a prisoner of war. Soon after you were taken away, Gen. Logan, who was the Colonel of the 31st Ills., made a gallant charge with his regiment through the rebel lines and took me along with thirteen others in an army wagon and we escaped, although there were three dead in the wagon when we arrived at the boats. From there I was taken to Mound City hospital, got better, returned to the regiment, was again wounded, at battle of Corinth; again recovered, and served until the war closed, making me a little over four years service. How few there are left of that old regiment and how they are scattered; you can scarcely find two in the same county from where they were enlisted.

I met one of the old company this winter and it broke me all up. He was a pauper, and came to see me about getting a pension. He served through the war and went to California, secured employment and had to give up his position on account of deafness, caused by a shell bursting near his head at the siege of Atlanta. I took him home with me and kept him over night. In the evening we talked over our service together, he was so deaf I had to use a lamp chimney for an ear trumphet, as he had lost his on his way here. I furnished him a proper certificate as to the cause of his disablity, secured him transportation and sent him back to his family happy. In the morning when we came to part I was completely unmanned. We both broke down in spite of all we could do, notwithstanding there were neighbors and strangers looking on. So you can see you are not the only one who was moved to tears on such occasions. Don't be ashamed, I think it is Bayard who says:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

There is something indescribable about these meetings of old comrades; a sort of painful pleasure, too sacred and tender to be appreciated or understood by any but those who went through the fiery ordeal, in those dark portentious days, sharing dangers, privations and death, together, shoulder to shoulder. I think there is no man who has more cause for thankfulness than I in my social and friendly relations, especially in my immediate family, with a loving wife and five interesting children, blessed with health and happiness, and I think there is none who enjoy and appreciate home more than I do. Yet there are times when even sitting at my own hearthstone with all these happy surroundings, when the shades of evening gather round, and that sacred hour of twilight when the sun has sunk to rest, a time which conspires to bring out our best nature, and engender beautiful thoughts, that it seems almost sacrilegious for even my own family to disturb my reveries which hang like a pall of sadness over me at such times,

and I weave in my imagination a cypress vine around the shrine of those who gave up their young lives in the cause, and who we buried in unknown graves on the field or by the roadside on our onward march to victory gained at such a terrible cost.

I never shall forget that day you speak of, as you were taken prisoner. You probably did not see Lieut. Gardner. He was shot down and then clubbed over the face and head with the butt of a musket, and left for dead, but he was carried off and taken to the hospital and lived several days. His face was so disfigured you would not have known him. He was unable to speak or see. I laid the next cot to him and could not rest for his moans from pain and suffering, and the memory of it to this day clings to me like a horrid nightmare. I could fill page after page of such trials and sufferings if I had time, space and descriptive powers to do so, but I cannot do it.

I wish I could meet you. I looked up your location on the map only to find that I had passed through your town about two years ago and on the same trip went within a short distance of where Dave Andrews lived in Nebraska, and did not know it at the time or would have stopped over and seen you both.

Did you ever look up the record in the Adjt. General's office of our old regiment? It shows 484 killed and wounded. This does not include those who died from disease or in prison. There were 130 killed and mortally wounded. The latter figures were not surpassed by any regiment from Iowa, and only equalled by one, the 6th infantry. I know that some make greater claims for their regiments, but they are not borne out by the record. The total causalities of the regiment during the war was 880.

The years glide swiftly by, and the gray hairs come creeping in. It is nealry 28 years since we donned the blue together, and marched out of that little church at Charles City, that beautiful Sabbath morning. The probabilities are that we shall never meet again this side of eternity, but let us hope and pray that around the throne of the Eternal God we shall all be there to answer to roll call when the last bugle sounds the assembly.

God bless and prosper you and yours is the prayer of your old comrade in arms.

Co. B, 7th Iowa, Vet. Infantry. H. I. SMITH.

ECHOES FROM COMPANY "G."

In company "G" there was an odd genius whose name was Cornelius Devore (by the way as good a soldier as ever shouldered a musket), and who was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Always when the names of great men were under discussion, Devore would wind up by saying, "Abe Lincoln is the greatest and best man in the world."

His admiration for Lincoln was so great that he was finally nicknamed Lincoln, and by that name he went through the remaining three years of service, and many who knew him well, knew him by no other name.

On one occasion some one suggested to him that his great admiration for Lincoln was all for nothing, that Abe Lincoln wouldn't speak to him if he should meet him in the road. Devore got excited at this statement, and declared that he would write a letter, or have one written, to Abe Lincoln, that Lincoln would answer in person himself. The wager was accepted, and all entered into the matter with a great deal of interest, and Devore dictated the letter. He asked the President in the first place to secure his discharge from the army, and gave as his reason that he was the son of an aged widowed mother, who was not only getting very old but very feeble; that he had a little brother who was a cripple for life, and that both these people were in a large measure dependent on him for support; that his mother was a good, true, loyal woman, and that out of love for her country she had consented for him to go into the service in its defense; that he had been out now over two years, had done his whole duty, been a brave and true soldier, and that now it looked to him as though the war might last much longer, and that he believed there were others much more able and who had not the same duties to perform as he had, and who were willing and able to do the fighting for the country, and that he thought it was now his duty to go home and look after his old mother and his crippled brother. About two weeks later Devore received a letter enclosed in the well known white envelope of the Executive Mansion at Washington.

Of course this news flew from one to another with the rapidity of lightning that Devore had received a letter from the President of the United States, and in less time than it takes to write it, company "G" was assembled to hear it read. The great and good man acknowledged the receipt of a letter and opened his sympathetic heart and told Devore how sorry he was for his good old patriotic mother and his little brother and stated how glad he would be to assist him; also acknowledged that it was within his power to have him discharged from the army, but stated that it would be a very bad precedent, and that if he should allow himself to be moved by the sympathetic and honest appeals which were coming to him from all parts of the country, and discharge all who were similarly situated, that it would actually cripple the service. The boys had lots of fun over the letter, but the great and good Lincoln never knew that the letter written to him by Devore was the result of a wager, and that Devore had no thought and no desire to be discharged from the army. Notwithstanding, every word in the letter that he wrote to the President was the truth.

A RARE RELIC OF THE WAR.

COVERED WITH GORE, AND AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE SAME, BY ONE OF OUR CITIZENS, WHO WAS AN EYE WITNESS.

(From Cerro Gordo County Republican.)

N. P. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, passed through here last week and left with Capt. Smith, his brother's, Maj. Gen. G. M. Dodge, commission which the General had in his pocket when he was wounded before Atlanta during the war. It is a rare relic of the war, is printed on parchment, bears the genuine signature of President Abraham Lincoln, and Edwin M. Stanton, Sec. of War, and over one-half of its surface is covered with the blood that flowed from his wound. Capt. Smith was in the rifle pit with him when he was wounded, and Mr. Dodge has asked him to write out the particular circumstances of his being wounded, which with the commission is to be deposited in the State Library. Capt. Smith will take pleasure in showing it to any one who will call at the First National Bank.

N. P. Dodge, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, I write to say that I am only too glad to give you my recollections of the circumstances under which your brother, Maj. Gen. G. M. Dodge, was wounded Aug. 18, 1864, before Atlanta. On the Atlanta campaign the General had command of the left wing of the 16th Army Corps in the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Maj. Gen. McPherson; who was killed at the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

After the battle of the 22nd we swung 'round to the right of Atlanta; had a severe fight on the 28th, in which Logan's 15th corps was principally engaged and suffered the heaviest loss. Our corps took advantage of the comparative light resistance in our front, and pushed our line, the 16th corps, close up to the main rebel works around Atlanta; and held the line until we could throw up temporary works of our own, which we strengthened from day to day, or I should say from night to night, (as it was not very healthy to be exposed building breastworks there in daylight) until we had a pretty strong line of works. The rebels' main works, in our front, were only about 40 rods beyond. They had two 64 pound seige guns, with so many obstructions in their front, such as chev aux de friz trou de loups, and wires stretched about four inches high to trip charging troops, and posts or palisades in the hollow, too close to get between and too high to climb, over which they could fire from their works on the hill beyond. After we had this line of works completed, the General ordered up a 32 lb. Rodman gun, drawn by sixteen yoke of oxen, placed it at the left of

our regiment, the 7th Iowa, and ordered it fired every five minutes, night and day, at the rebel works, or at the troops arriving on trains, or about the depot, which was in plain sight about a mile distant. On the right of our brigade he placed Co. H, 1st Mo. Light Artillery, which had two 10 pound Parrots, and four 12 pound brass Napolean guns. We built a furnace out of clay, cut wood from the surrounding timber, and fired red-hot shot from the smooth-bore guns, and solid conical shot from the rifled Parrots, and laid regular siege to the city. Gen. Dodge's profession as civil engineer, came in good play about this time; he planned and ordered built advance works or rifle pits in front of our main line, with ditches extending to them from our main works, through which those on duty could pass back and forth without much exposure to the enemy's sharpshooters, and it was in this skirmish or rifle pit that the general was wounded. The pits were made narrow and long enough to hold a company of men, but the ranks had become so depleted from the causal ies of war, that the companies were not half full, and in our regiment there was not an average of one commissioned officer to a company, so that usually there would be the remnant of two companies and one commissioned officer in the pits at one time, bringing the details in the pits on duty every 3rd or 4th day.I was then a first lieutenant and belonged to Co. "B," but that day I had command of Co. "I" and another company of my regiment, Co. "D," which had no commissioned officer, and was on duty in the skirmish pits, and the general crawled through the ditch followed by one member of his staff to us. I told him to be careful about exposing his head above the works, as it would call forth a volley from the rebel sharpshooters, and to prove my assertions I put my cap on a bayonet, stuck it above the works, and at once there was at least a dozen shots came whizzing at it. The General talked with the men and myself about the probabilities of getting over the rebel works and obstructions in front in case of a charge. We told him it would be utterly impossible to charge the works in our front, and to more thoroughly convince him, I invited him to the left of the pit, where we had a peep hole through the bank to look and shoot through. He followed me to it; private Cahill, Co."I,"a little Irishman, was shooting through the hole. I told him to step to one side and let Gen. Dodge look through,and he did so. I looked first to see if all was clear, and stepped back and the general stepped in my front, and just as he was looking through, a minnie ball came through the loop-hole and struck the general in the forehead, peeled a ribbon off his scalp laying his skull bare; glanced off the top of his head and went through the top of his black slouch hat he wore. He fell across my feet pinning me fast in the ditch; he quivered and bled, and I supposed he was killed. I sent two men to the rear for a stretcher, and the men released me and we watched him with no expectation that

he would ever revive.After the general was taken off I picked up a piece of his scalp with the hair on it, and after the war brought it home and kept it a number of years. The look-out hole in the works was made by splitting a piece off the corner of an empty pine cartridge case, V shaped, laying it on top of the works and covering it with dirt. The bullet struck the pine board and glanced to the general's head, which saved his life, as the force of the ball was partially spent when it struck him.

I have a very vivid recollection of all the circumstances, and others also that occurred in that same pit. A day or two afterwards in the same place we were sitting in the pit, eating our supper, when a cannon ball took the head off a sergeant, Ben. Thomas,, Co. "D," who sat beside me; my coat was covered with his blood and the tin cup of coffee from which we were both drinking was filled with his brains. Another time a shell came through the works with the fuse still burning, struck a soldier, Nick Swenson, bruising his knee, and with the utmost coolness and presence of mind he picked it up, threw it back over the works, when immediately it burst on the outside doing no damage. Again we were waiting and watching our colored company cook coming out with a camp-kettle of coffee on his head, when the Rebel batteries suddenly opened on us, and a 64 pounder struck near the cook and he disappeared from sight. After the firing had ceased I sent a detail to look him up and found him curled up in the hole in the ground the cannon ball had made. The coffee was spilled, and he said he had acted on the principle that lightning never struck twice in the same place, and had gone in the hole for safety. At another time a soldier was sitting writing a letter home, and a minnie ball was shot through the letter and the board he was writing on. He finished his epistle with the utmost coolness, explaining the circumstances and sent it home. I recollect Gen. Dodge's headquarters were in the edge of the woods in rear of the main line, supposed to be so far away as to be out of range of the artillery, and the rebels opened up about supper time with their big guns and the shells burst so near that it upset the supper table and cut short their repast. After a heavy rain the pits would be nearly half full of water,in which we would have to stand or sit until dried up; and in the fair days it would be so hot we were nearly cooked. They were so close to the Rebel works that we had no trouble in talking with the occupants, and frequently did so. if we said anything that displeased them they usually replied with a shot or volley.

The general was beloved by the officers and soldiers of his command. We had full confidence in him as a commander, and he always manifested an interest in our welfare. We felt as though we had lost our best friend and we were orphans after he left. Shortly after he

left us, one division was transferred to the 15th Army Corps, and the other to the 17th and Gen. Dodge's command lost their identity as one of the grand divisions of Sherman's victorious army.

Very truly yours,
H. I. SMITH,
Ex- Captain 7th Iowa Veteran Infantry.

YULETIDE IN THE ARMY FORTY YEARS AGO.

(From Mason City Globe-Gazette.)

After a service of two and a half years on the fighting line in the Civil War the Seventh Iowa Infantry with General Dodge's command were sent to Pulaski, Tenn., to rest and recruit It was there that the regiment, with others, veteranized; those who volunteered again for another three years were given a thirty days furlough home. During the interim we were given enough duty scouting, raiding and guarding supply and ammunition trains, etc., to work out our muscle and keep us out of mischief. The terminus of the railroad was at Columbia, forty miles over the Granny White Pike, thence to Chattanooga, the front. Those who did not re-enlist were left to keep open the cracker line and get ready for the Atlanta campaign. It was not until after the holidays that we were mustered and ready to go home.

Christmas tide brings memories of home and feasts. In the spirit of good cheer, our mess thought we would celebrate the event; as we had not had an opportunity before since we first enlisted,the"corporal" being a good forager and provident provider, was chosen Chancellor of the mess with full power to purchase supplies, secure an extra chef, fix up the menu and run the whole push. Being a native of the Isle's, he thought an English plum pudding with necessary frills would be about the proper thing, so proceeded to get flour, suet, raisins, currants, flavors and soft bread. For chef Sugar Bill, a saffron son of Senegambia was chosen (he cooked for the Colonels horses). He claimed to be a shurnuff cook. We chopped up the stuff, tied it up in a cloth with a string and put it in the camp kettle to boil. Somehow it did not work like the Loyal baking powder, pictured in advertisements; it did not lift the pot lid, or strain the pudding bag like mother's used to; but seemed sad, dejected, and the flavors that arose were disappointing. It had a pungent horse medicine smell. Members of the mess dropped around during the preparation of the feast, volunteering cynical remarks more or less exasperating. Tim Spence said the shortening should have been renovated. Dave Andrews thought if salt-rising emptings had been put in, it would have been light. Sam Folsom said put in concentrated lye to kill the oder and seidlitz powders to make

"SUGAR BILL,"
Chancellor of Horse to General Rice.

it light. Jim Wilson yelled to the boys to come and listen to it stink. This of course was somewhat exasperating, but I stood pat and bided my time. We boiled it three hours, but like hard tack, the longer it boiled the smaller and tougher it got. We had been on half rations, had ravenous appetites; it was a ground hog case—that or nothing, so we swallowed it down with wrath and commissary sauce flavored with peppermint, which was all we could get. At retreat the feast was served. No grace was said, but the Corporal quoted from Spokeshave, "He that hath no fight for this feast let him depart."

In those days we were young, tough and hungry, with stomachs that would digest a grindstone. We smoked, chewed and drank to take the taste out of our mouth, and tried to work it off with a stag dance, but it was no use. It would not down. Taps sounded, which meant to turn in and keep quiet. We rolled up in our blankets and laid down and tried to. There was "no sleep till morn," joy was the reverse of unconfined. Ordinarily if we could get enough to eat we could sleep like babes, or with the calm consciousness of a Christian (with four aces.)

The muffled conversation in the dog tents, within sound was about as follows: Lieut. Folsom said he could taste soap and kerosene. Abe Talbot said his distillery was working sour mash. Curt. Ford thought he could taste seven brands of apple jack. Dave Andrews said he was going to get up and get some deoderizer to neutralize his duodeum and counter effect the acid juice in his gastritus. Bill Akers said Andrews needed a counter irritant, hit him and put him out of the game. A classical cuss in Co. "B" recited: "Our stomach roars, it's contents seek for flight and I will fling it up in the clouds. I feel as though I was in the flame and it in me. All my life and all the veins of it, and all the days of it, and all old things in it, far away things," right here he was fatally hurt and died in poignant agony, before the regimental soul mender could be got. It served him right. His assassin was acquitted, and so it went. The sergeant of the guard came around, ordered quiet, saying this is not a "hollerday" season, but should be a time of peace and good will. Someone crooned, "Home Sweet Home," a shoe shied at his head reminded him that anything softening was not according to camp etiquette. One at a time we sneaked out to the timber line, choking and gasping, until there was a quartette with heads hanging over one log turning ourselves inside out and giving everything back. The captain of Co. "G," a most devout swearer, was officer of the day that night; he came around to warn us to keep quiet and asked me if I was sick. I asked him if he thought I was pukeing for fun. He said something that sounded like "Helen's babies," don't you know that it is after taps and lights are out? I said,"Yes,and I am on tap,my lights and liver are both out and I am retching for the other functions." Then

with coldness he said: "Consider yourself under arrest and report at headquarters in the morning." I told him I would be glad to have him arrest this business now. He referred me to the doctor.

After running through the whole gamut of agony, daylight and the end came and I crawled back to my pup tent to try and rest.

A few days before we had publicly hung one of the Ninth Illinois who had brutally murdered his captain, together with a rebel spy, Sam Davis, on the campus of the school grounds. (See page 105.)

The Ninth Illinois man deserved his fate, but I have always thought that Davis ought not to have been hung, although there was no doubt of his guilt. To somewhat ease my conscience and atone for my small part in the affair, about ten years ago I contributed towards building his monument at Nashville. For some reason my letter of transmittal was published in the proceedings at the dedication of the monument. Extracts from the letter follow, together with poem of Trotwood, the latter a touching tribute:

Davis had minute information, facts and figures of number of troops and where stationed upholstered in his saddle and pegged in his boots, that he could not have got anywhere except from General Dodge's staff. The general offered him his life, liberty and escort to the enemy's lines if he would tell who gave the information. He refused to do so, saying, "if he had a thousand lives to sacrifice, he would not do it." He died game with his secret. We could endure to fight if men braved to stand up, shoot, give and take, but such ghastly business as tying men's hands behind them and doing hangman's duty is not to the taste of the soldier. The gruesome thoughts hung like a black shadow over us, invoking hideous specters enough to give us the bucking nightmare, so that we did not need indigestion to keep us awake. Night wore apace and the gastronomic contortions continued until morning, when four of us lined up for sick call. The doctor diagnosed our cases as follows: Ford had St. Vitus dance, Wilson water brash, and Talbot appendicitis, and Doc said he could not tell whether I was love sick or had a jaundiced liver, but he gave us all tickets to the hospital steward. He gave us each a calomel pill, about as big as a tumble bug ball and one-fourth pound of Epsom salts for a finisher, and ordered us to report again in the morning. We lived in spite of the doctor.

The report of the committee who examined the cook shows that he claimed he put in two cups of condition powder, as he was not furnished baking powder, and he thought it would give it tone and color, but that he unintentionally put in too much. They simply kicked him more and vigorously than usual and let it go at that. After the festivities were over, as soon as I was able, I went around to see the

doctor and asked him why having guessed me different from the rest, that he prescribed the same for me. He said I was a pathological puzzle. "Yes," I said, "but what makes me so hoarse all the time?" "Oh," he said, "that's easy—you are such a vociferous liar." So I cashed in my chips, quit the game and have not prevaricated since.

WOMEN OF THE WAR.

I cannot close this book without rendering to the women of the war that meed of praise due them, for their patience, endurance and loyalty to the cause of the country and loved ones at the front during the long struggle for the life of the Nation. Because of their modesty, their share of the work has not been credited, and their experiences and suffering have not been heralded as they should; it is due them that their deeds be recorded, so that future generations may know of their loyal sacrifices, their silent endurance and lofty patience.

There is no doubt that it was easier for the men to endure the hardships, wounds, death and service at the front in the hotly contested struggle, especially where victory resulted and the paens of joy drowned the cries of the wounded.

The resigned and tranquil suffering of the women during the war; their bereavements and anxious waiting and working during the absence of their kin and loved ones at the front where their loving hands could not minister to their suffering; their deeds of nobleness in the country's extremity.

Their work in the Sanitary Commision, with its numerous Aid Societies, needed by the emergencies of the time. The letters of inspiration and encouragement from home; the heroism and unselfishness of the noble army of women at home and nurses in field and hospital who worked untiringly while the war lasted, "exerted a greater moral force on the nation than the army that carried muskets."

Who has not been the recipient of care from Mother Bickerdyke or some of her organized corps of nurses in the hospitals, or herself on the battlefield? "With lantern in hand groping in the dark among the dead. Stooping down and turning their cold faces toward her, she scrutinized them searchingly, uneasy lest some might be left to die uncared for. She could not rest while she thought any were overlooked who were yet living."

"At the battle of Corinth, on the second day of the fight, Mother Bickerdyke and her hospital came within range of the enemy's artillery, and the fearful missles of death fell with fatal precision among the helpless men. There was no alternative but to remove them again. Worn out with the heat and her unparalleled labors, while

shot and shell and grape and canister were dealing death around her, she bent her energies to this unaccustomed work. They were removed to a beautiful grove within the range of the hostile guns, where shot and shell passed harmlessly over them. After the battle they were carried back to their hospitals."

The zeal and devotion of the women never flagged.

Men, fired with enthusiasm and inspired by drums, march to the cannon's mouth. But for women to send forth their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers to the fearful chances of battlefield, knowing the risks they run, involves agony and suffering calling forth heroic fortitude not required in prowess or fearlessness. This the women did throughout the country, forcing their white lips to utter a cheerful goodbye when their hearts were nigh breaking.

They were willing to forego pleasure, endure hardships, take the place of men in field, counting room, or shop. They retrenched their expenditures and heeded not the mandates of fashion; their patriotism arose to the loftiest height of devotion and they were ready to bear, or to suffer, for their beloved country, even in the country's defeat and in the face of the news of the death of their loved ones, they continued to give the government their faith, and patiently prayed, worked and waited in anguish.

Protestant and Catholic vied with each other in their errands of mercy and work for the comfort and encouragement of the men in the army. Sisters of Charity and the Red Cross Society dropped all questions of caste or conventionalism, and scraped lint and rolled bandages and made garments for the hospitals and nursed the suffering wherever needed and arose to the height of every emergency.

Many died from exertion and overtaxed strength in the work they performed in hospital and field. A noble example of one of these was one Miss M. H. Fales, a highly cultured lady of middle age who died in a St. Louis hospital, exhausted by over work as a nurse, after giving over two years of her life in the service. A beautiful letter to the writer, who never met her, follows, showing her sweet nature and fervor for her country. Who shall say she was not as much a martyr to the cause as though she gave her life on the battlefield. Then there was Doratha Dix, Mary A. Livermore, Jane C. Hoge, Cordelia Harvey, and Mary J. Safford, and a host of others who sacrifieced health and comforts for the cause. Let us reward them all due credit and praise.

BREVET WIDOWS OF WAR.

I can remember it as distinctly as if it all happened yesterday, though I was only a child of eight at the time; indeed, if I should live to be eighty, I think the departure of the soldiers for the front in the

summer of 1861 must ever remain among my most vivid recollections. Such scenes became very familiar as the years of carnage went on, but this particular occasion impressed me, because it was the last time I ever saw my father. I recall him as a tall man of 35, looking particularly handsome in his blue and gold lieutenants uniform. There were tears in his voice as he kissed me good bye, and when he held my young mother and my baby sister in his arms, with his bearded face between their's, the scene swam before my brimming eyes, and my lips were hot and my throat so lumpy and dry that I could not cry out as much as I wanted to.

And there was Jennie Somers, my mother's pretty young cousin—I think her pretty still, though the sweet face has pain lines in it, and the wavy brown hair has changed to gray—Cousin Jennie was engaged to Frank Edwards, a sergeant in father's company, and I remember seeing the two with their hands interlocked while cheering troops were pouring into the cars that were waiting to hurry them to the red fields of death in the South.

My father fell before Fort Donaldson, and his is one of the unknown and unmarked graves. Frank Edwards succeeded to the command, and he, too, died with the cheers of his men ringing in his ears from the captured crests of Atlanta.

From the hour when the bullet that slew my father flew over rivers and hills till it reached our home in Montgomery county and found its final resting place in my mother's heart, she wore black till a year ago, when she changed the widow's weeds for the white robes of immortality. And Jennie Somers, she is single still; people do not speak of her as "the widow of a gallant soldier," as they did of my mother, yet she is as much one as if she had been Frank Edward's wife. Only a few weeks ago I passed her window. I saw her looking at the picture of a handsome young soldier, and I raised my hat without her seeing me, for I knew as well as herself the change that would have come to her life had the original of that picture lived.

Years and years ago the case of Jennie Somers, no uncommon one in the north and south, set me a thinking, and in my travels I was surprised at the number of unmarried women of her age that I met. These are the women who would have married, had not the war killed off on both sides about five hundred thousand single men.

Look over the last census report and you will be surprised to see that the number of unmarried women between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five, corresponds very nearly to the number of unmarried men who fell in the war. These women were either engaged to the men who never came back, or in the usual course of events they would have been engaged, and so I have come to call them—and I think the name a good one—"Brevet War Widows."

Far be it from me to underestimate the valor and the heoric suffering of the American soldier in that long and bloody contest, but I think that in contemplating what was done and endured on battle-field and in prison pen by the men, we are apt to overlook the heroic patience and the ceaseless heart torture of the mothers, the wives, and the sweethearts whose dear ones had gone to the war, and of the long subsequent suffering of the widows—real and brevet.

When the great battle was over, the roll call accounted for the present and the absent, but there were no morning and evening roll calls for the women of the land. They heard of fierce battles and the dread that was never absent deepened into a feeling of horror. They did not dare to read the list of the killed and wounded, fearing that the loved name would meet the gaze. They feared to meet the neighbors who had read the papers, lest an expression of sympathy might reveal the dreaded truth. Oh, the horror of the days of waiting when every mail was watched and relief came only with the sight of the familiar writing of the dear hand.

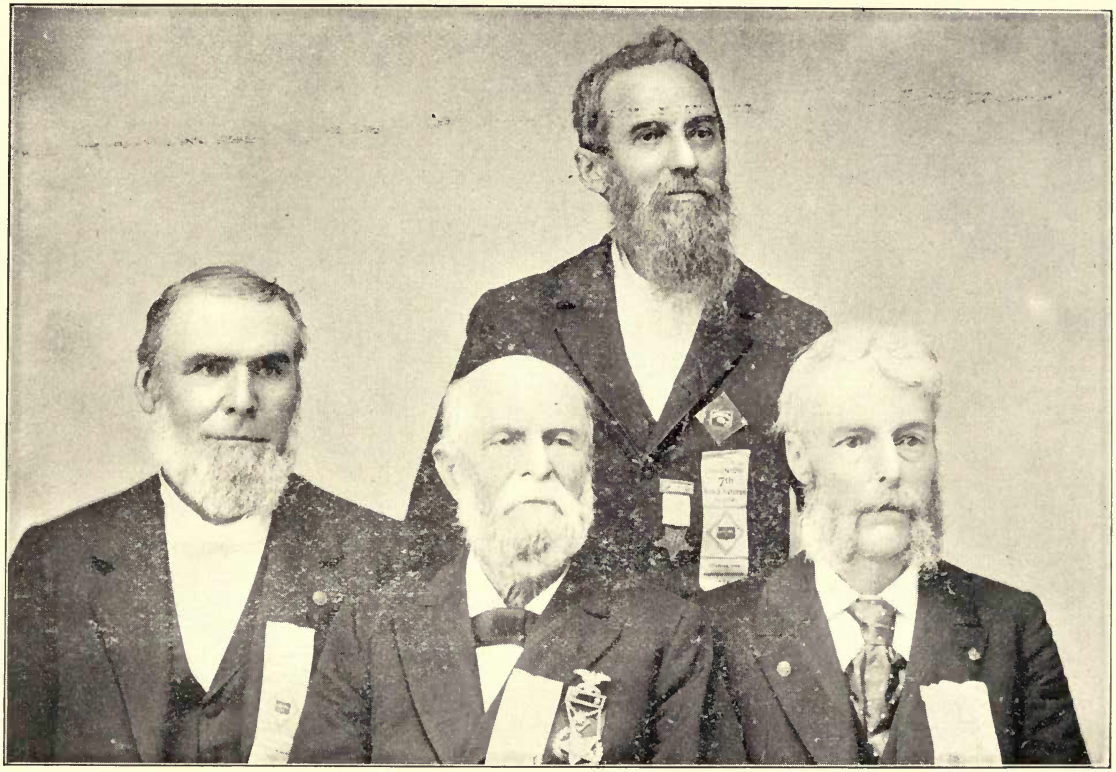
And then, worse than the direct news of among the many uncoffined and unknown, or what was equally horrible, he might be a prisoner, wounded perhaps, and suffering in those hells of agony, a roofless, foodless prison pen.

No, the men never suffered as did the women, for a wound must cease sometime to torture; but the awful anxiety of the mothers, wives and sweethearts had no cessation, but continued till the worst was learned, or relief came with the firing of the last gun.

And so I honor in my heart the old maids, brevet war widows of the land. Each one suggests to me a gallant soldier dead, each one brings vividly to mind a noble sacrifice made without ostentation, and a loveless life endured without complaint.

HOWARD S. FENTON.

The correspondence, of which the following letter formed a part, was brought about by the following peculiar coincidence: In the winter of 1862, one of Cerro Gordo's boys in the war was returning to the front after being home on a wounded furlough, having been severely wounded at the battle of Belmont, Nov. 7, 1861, and while on the train in Illinois, a sister of the lady who wrote the letter bought an orange of the peanut boy and told him to give it to the soldier in the front end of the car, and to tell him she was the mother of a wounded soldier. The party turned around in his seat, bowed thanks to the giver, and nothing was said until the train arrived at the junction, where the lady was to get off, and as she did so she passed by the soldier, extended her hand and said she always wanted to shake hands with every soldier she saw. She



MAJOR McMULLEN. SURGEON EVERINGHAM.

COL. PARROTT. MAJOR MAHON.

inquired his name and to what command he belonged, and the answer developed the fact that her son belonged to the same company, was wounded in the same battle, and both were in the hospital together; and in the hurried talk she could do nothing but chide herself and express her sorrow at having ridden in the same car nearly all day with a comrade of her son whom she had not seen since he enlisted, and not finding it out until the time came to part. She went to Quincy, where her sister, the writer of the letter, lived, and related the circumstances. Afterward at the battle of Shiloh, a brother of the party to whom the letter was written was wounded and put on board a hospital steamer and died on his way to Keokuk hospital—was put off and buried at Quincy, Ill., and as they supposed it was the same soldier they met on the cars, they took so much interest in him that they fixed up the grave, planted flowers over it and put up a head board, and wrote to a friend in the company the particulars, and he gave the letter to the party to whom the letter is addressed, who answered it, and the letter printed is in response. She was a maiden lady and died before the war closed, and hence they never had the pleasure of meeting.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Nearly seven years have elapsed since the war. Thrilling telegrams from the South no longer come to startle the heart with dread fears; to cast thousands of homes into deep mourning for the loved ones who have gone down; to electrify with the glad news of victory, or to cast down with the tidings of defeat. We are at peace, and only the memory of those days is left with us. But in how many homes are treasured as the last souvenir of some gallant one who has gone down in the shock of battle, or given up his life in the dreary hospital, a sword, a musket, a faded coat, or some other little memento of the soldier hero. These are constantly reminding us of those silent sleepers in the National Cemeteries or in the un-marked graves where they have fallen; and the thoughts of the soldiers who were permitted to return, are often led back to the time when they wore the blue. A thousand things to them serve to keep fresh in mind the incidents, the scenes, of soldier days. One meets his comrades on the street, and they stop to talk over old times; he may open some long forgotten drawer, he will find a package of letters received while in the army, and carefully treasured. What a romance may be written and folded in the yellow and time worn coverings! what words of cheer from friends at home, and from loyal hearts who felt that a soldier, though a stranger, was near and dear to them. They have not lost their power to bless, to make the heart better and stronger, even now, though the writing is faded, and the paper yellow and musty with age.

Many a gallant soldier knows how his heart grew stronger and

his arm was nerved to the contest by the reception of such letters as we have spoken of. It made him feel that there were those who cared for him in the north; that all loyal hearts were looking to him—their prayers were for him and their benedictions upon him.

While in our office the other day Capt. H. I. Smith, a gallant soldier who fought his way up from the ranks in the 7th Iowa, related to us the incident we are about to narrate, which we give in his own words as we can remember.

On his return from a wounded furlough to his regiment in the winter of 1861-2 in the cars of the Illinois Central R. R., he was presented with an orange by the train boy who told him that the orange had been paid for by a lady in the forward end of the car, who told him (the boy) to tell the captain that she was the mother of a wounded soldier. The captain bowed his thanks, and nothing more was said until the cars reached the Junction where the lady was to change cars. As she passed out she extended her hand to him, remarking that she felt a deep interest in all soldiers, especially wounded ones; and in the course of the conversation it was discovered that her son was a member of the captain's company—Smith did not wear the bars of a captain, it must be remarked. A little of the captain's history was given, at the request of the lady, and they parted. In the summer of 1862 the captain's brother, who was with him in the same company, was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and was placed on a Hospital boat bound for one of the northern hospitals. He died on this boat, and was buried at Quincy, Illinois.

A sister of the lady, whom the Capt. had met on the cars, happened to be in the hospital, at that point, taking care of her nephew who was sick in the hospital, and one day while wandering thro' the National Cemetery she discovered the Capt. brother's grave. Supposing it to be the grave of the Captain, she had the grave fixed up, and planted snow drops, and flowers upon it. She then wrote to one of the boys of the Captain's company informing him of what she had done. The young man who received the letter showed it to the captain, who replied to it, giving her, as she had manifested such a deep interest in him, his family as well as his military history. To this he received the following reply:

Quincy, August 12, 1863.

My Dear Friend.—I thank you for your deeply interesting letter which I received the first of this week. I appreciate the kind feeling and confidence which led you to give me the family details, which it is so gratifying for me to know. I trust that you will still further oblige me by informing me of your mother's residence, and by writing to me from time to time, that I may know of your welfare, until I shall have the privilege to greet you face to face. My sister and myself have felt

anxious to know if you had escaped the hazards of war. It will give us heartfelt pleasure to give you the welcome of a son or nephew, when you are able to return hither. I am anxious that you should not feel like a stranger. At first we grieved over the little mound in our cemetery as being your resting place, for we did not know you ever had a brother in Co. "B." In visiting the hospitals we always inquired if there were any of the Iowa 7th there. My sister's heart was particularly drawn towards any of her son's comrades who were suffering. When you met her on the cars she was on her way to visit me, having just become a widow.

Very soon after your brother's burial, I found his grave, and wrote to my nephew, who had left the hospital in Mound City in February. I will copy part of his reply: "I do not know whether there is any young man in Co. "B" or not by the name of Peter Smith. I recollect a clever young fellow by the name of Smith—probably the one mother met on the cars when on her way to Quincy. I can't recall the surname of this youth. He was a young man singularly amiable, correct in his general deportment, and one who, I thought, possessed unusual, though none the less becoming, simplicity. He was fragile and sickly when he went to Belmont, where he was not much improved by the wounds he received. I can't imagine why he should be taken to Quincy, unless it was thought he would there be best cared for. Poor fellow! murdered! and in the foulest sense of the word. Traitors, the Recording Angel has put that down on the debit side of your account. You'll see it too at the proper time. You may well be drawn to that little mound. I should think the very grave-stones would weep o'er the spots they mark. Grave-yards grow fat, while the hearts of households grow lean and starve! I once expected to rest in some humble grave myself. I could not see any way to escape, but' one was taken and the other left.' I was left. The cot on my left I saw vacated, time and time again. In the sunlight and at midnight, the tread of men would cease, and the creak of the busy stretcher would suddenly pause at the foot of my neighbor's cot. The gleam of the 'lantern, dimly burning,' would reveal but for a moment the face of the dead; again the creak of the stretcher was heard, momentary shuffling of feet followed and then the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp, as all that was mortal of that tender-hearted, meek-eyed patriotic boy was removed to the dead room. Traitors, there are not angels enough in heaven to record your infamous deeds. That's right, let Charley hear from you; he will know about this young Smith. Can't a board, if nothing more, be placed at the head of his grave? I forgot; I recollect there is a slab. I did not know, even by name, many of "the boys" of Co. "B." I was with them but a week. One of these times I shall have a word or two to say concerning some

of the boys of Co. "B"—those that were of more than ordinary interest in regard to talents and in other respects."

After receiving this letter from my nephew, I heard from Mr. Trot (Charley) that it was your brother who was left in our keeping, and that you were with your regiment, although you had not been well. We knew before that your brother was left in Quincy, because he died on the "City of Memphis," when on his way to Keokuk. He was buried on the 18th of May, 1862, my cousin, Rev. S. Hopkins Emery, officiating as the clergyman. Four others were buried at the same time—two of them from the same boat, Iowa "boys," who died on the way to their own state. In my next letter I will give you the names of these men, for it may be interesting for your mother to know them. Yesterday I rode out to the cemetery with Mr. Emery, following the remains of another soldier—a Tennessee refugee—who died in one of our hospitals, where my cousin acts as chaplain. Mr. Emery prayed at the grave most feelingly for the bereaved friends of all the soldiers who lay there.

I read your letter to Mr. Emery in the morning, and he mentioned your brother's name during the services at the hospital, and had your mother and her family particularly in his mind when praying. Mr. Emery is the pastor of one of our Congregational churches in Quincy, but is so earnestly interested for the soldiers that he has been appointed assistant chaplain to the hospitals in Quincy. You will find him a most cordial friend. His son, Frank Emery, was formerly in "Curtis' Horse," but that body of cavalry is now incorporated in the 5th Iowa Cavalry. He is with Rosecrans, but if you ever have an opportunity I hope you will make yourself known to him as my friend. Frank is about your age, and is a warm hearted boy, whom I know you will like. I trust he is a Christian, which is an inexpressible comfort, now that he is exposed to so much danger.

When you come to Quincy you must enquire for me without delay. I have rooms at the Quincy House (hotel) and the proprietor, Mr. Miller, will give you the necessary information to find me. You must not feel that you come hither to search for your brother's grave—his precious dust is left in our keeping, and we will watch over it tenderly always. My mother rests very near him. She died a little more than two years before this unhappy war begun, but her heart would have yearned over the brave defenders of the country she loved with the intense devotion of "revolutionary days"—she was born in 1780. Her only son died last September in the service of his country, and her grandsons and nephews represent her zeal in the army, from the Potomac to New Mexico. Give our earnest sympathy and regards to your mother and sister. I cannot express to you our gratification that we can be of any comfort to her in her sorrow. If it will be any satis-

faction to you, or will strengthen you when about to encounter peril in the presence of the enemy,I want you to know that your name is daily remembered and presented to the God of battles, that he would "cover your head" in the midst of dangers, and bring you safely to comfort your widowed mother's last days, if it be His will, and if not, that you may "rest in Jesus," redeemed by His precious blood, whether you are gathered to your last sleep on the field of battle, or in any unknown grave. I earnestly hope to see you, thus having the opportunity to know you personally.

I hope you will see Mr. Carnaby whenever it is convenient, and he can give me tidings of you. But I hope you will write yourself, and keep me informed of your movements. Do not forget to give me your mother's address when you write. My sister wishes to be most kindly remembered. Direct your letter as you did before, to Quincy, Ill.

Truly your friend,

M. H. FALES.

Just such letters, and just such interest as this did more to make strong the hearts of the men who fought our battles, to inspire them to great deeds and heroic endurance, than can ever be told. The letter, as we have said of others above, has not lost its interest even though the war has long been over, and the grave of the gallant soldier the writer cared for, and those of thousands of others, have sunk like the waves of the sea from the sight of men. To the Captain the letter is all the more precious, now that the writer of it is dead—is resting from her labors in the long sleep of death.—Cerro Gordo Republican.

A WAR STORY.

The generations which have come up since the rebellion will never realize what the vicissitudes of the civil war brought about in the division of not only a people which it caused, but which also extended to families and even to the separation of brothers, and in some cases to a final farewell forever of husbands and wives; nor will history ever record all the sacrifices some made for loyalty; actual occurences read like romances. Colonel Brutton and Captain Smith, both members of the Loyal Legion, met in town a short time ago, and the Colonel related some of his personal experience.

He stated he was born and raised in Lexington, Kentucky, and when the war broke out he was the happy possessor of a loving wife and two interesting children and was a lieutenant of the Lexington Rifles, a local crack company of which the famous General Morgan was the captain.

Early in 1861, the citizens arranged to present the company with

a flag, a large gathering of the people of the town and country,with distinguished citizens from abroad were in attendance. Lieut. Brutton was selected to receive the colors in behalf of the company and respond in a speech of thanks. The first flag presented was the state oclors with the Kentucky coat of arms as the emblem, which was properly and appropriately received by Lieutenant Brutton with thanks. The next offered, instead of being the stars and stripes was the stars and bars, or the rebel flag. Lieutenant Brutton was much amazed at being offered it and very properly refused to accept it in behalf of the company. He was hissed by the crowd and asked to resign from the company, which he promptly did and his resignation was as promptly accepted there and then. It is needless to say that a young man who dared to express his loyal convictions before a vast crowd whose sentiments were the opposite, had the stuff in him for a brave soldier, and as it was not safe for anyone holding his views to stay there, he, as soon as possible came north to Cincinnatti and tendered his services on the side of the Union, was accepted, and assigned to the Sixth Ohio Infantry. And he went to the front to wage war against his kinsmen, neighbors and friends, winning honors and promotion for bravery and duty until he was the comander of his regiment.

Years rolled on, and his wife's people were all Confederates and her sympaties were with the south; feeling ran so high that she renounced her husband, applied for and was granted a divorce on the grounds of desertion. At the battle of Chickamauga he was severely wounded and sent to Cincinnatti hospital. While there convalescent, General Morgan made his daring and reckless raid north into Ohio and Indiana, and Colonel Brutton being sufficiently recovered to ride, was invited to join the command in pursuit of Morgan and his band of fearless riders, which he did. He assisted in Morgan's capture and had the satisfaction (being among those to whom General Morgan surrendered) of capturing the identical flag from his old company that he refused to accept in 1861; and when he exhibited it in triumph to General Morgan, then a prisoner of war, the general remarked that he seemed more anxious to take the flag than he did when offered it at Lexington before the war.

Colonel Brutton is now a resident of Minnesota, and still has the flag which he prizes as a trophy and rare relic of the war. He never returned to Kentucky or his first love, but married again and has a happy, interesting family and is a prosperous and respected citizen of our adjoining state.

After the war he was commissioned an officer in the regular army and with others sent to Europe where he was for three years in the government service and upon his return to the United States he resigned and engaged in civil pursuits. He is an entertaining, intelli-

gent, hospitable southern gentleman of the old school, but loyal to the core; and is reaping the reward of his loyalty by a generous pension awarded him by a grateful government for his crippled condition caused by honorable wounds while in defence of his country, as well as having the satisfaction of knowing that time has vindicated that he chose right.—Globe-Gazette.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

By a Member of Company "D."

On Easter Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, the sun rose brightly over the forests of Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., and the call for Sunday morning inspection brought the ten companies of the 7th Iowa Infantry into line in company quarters, where they stood waiting the call for forming the regiment in line. At this time ominous distant cannonading was heard, and soon orders came to be ready to march at a moment's notice with forty rounds of ammunition, this being almost instantly followed to make it eighty rounds, and before these orders were executed the order to march followed.

The march was out toward the front, and before going one mile fleeing soldiers were met flying toward the Tennessee River, saying the woods were full of Rebels and everything was lost. The farther we proceeded toward the front the larger was the number of panic-stricken soldiers.

To go back to the beginning. The troops from Ft. Donnelson and Cairo, which latter included the new regiments from Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin, were all ordered up to Pittsburg Landing on steamboats, there being for this purpose some fifty or sixty steamboats provided, which were loaded with troops. The 7th Iowa was going there from Ft. Donnelson. They landed and chose a camp at the right of the road near the top of the hill leading up from the landing. Other troops went farther out, some choosing shady ground,others sloping ground and some a clearing, but all apparently having orders to land and select a camp ground to suit themselves, and it so happened that the new regiments selected positions well to the front and were, therefore, the first to receive the Rebel attack on Easter Sunday morning. These troops being raw and never before under fire, and being attacked so early in the morning, became confused and panic stricken.

I met a Rebel officer a few years ago who was on the staff of one of the generals of Johnson's army, and he said he was ordered to go to the front before daylight on that Easter Sunday morning and see what he could find. He went out and expected to find a picket line,

and as he advanced from tree to tree without striking any pickets he was astonished, but kept advancing and soon discovered the camps of the Union army. And standing behind a tree he saw the quiet camp in this early morning hour, and as he watched a few soldiers here and there came out of the tents—some of them to wash themselves and others to get a fire started for breakfast, but all apparently unconscious of the fact that a hostile army was within two miles of their camp. This officer told me he watched the scene for some time and then hurriedly left to report to his general.

The result was an attack on our unprepared troops, followed by the flying to the rear of the men we met as we advanced to the front from our camp near the river bank.

Notwithstanding the loud and repeated assertions that certain death awaited us if we went out to the front, we marched steadily forward and soon found the fighting line and were assigned to a position along with the Iowa brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Tuttle, the 7th occupying an old sunken road facing a small field. We could see the Rebel column marching to our left along a road on the opposite side of the field, and it must have been at least two hours in passing. We could see the officers riding at the heads of the various regiments and the guns and bayonets glistening in the morning sun.

The attack was soon begun and was stubbornly resisted. The roar of the musketry would go rolling along the line and the sound could be followed for miles, and this was augmented by the rapid firing of batteries on both sides, and the roar of war was awful to hear and still more so to be in the midst of. Repeated attacks were made during the day on the line held by the Iowa brigade, but our position was so good and the troops so cool and experienced that no impression was made on our line, although the Rebel dead was fairly piled up in our front.

This position was afterwards known as the "Hornet's Nest," being so named in the Rebel reports of the battle.

We were unconscious of what was going on to our right or left, except the conclusions we reached by listening to the constant roar of battle, and that the roar of musketry was receding toward our rear on both our left and right.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, General Albert Sidney Johnston, the Rebel Commander in Chief, came to our front and ordered a charge on our line, telling his troops that the lines were broken on both sides and this position must be carried without further delay, and when told of the repeated failures to dislodge our line he said, "Form your columns for a charge and I will lead you to death or victory." This was received with cheers and as the col-

umns were being formed, an officer who was mounted near General Johnston noticed he was very pale, and glancing down at his high top boots noticed blood running over the top and down. He asked, "General, are you hurt? Let me assist you to dismount." Just then he reeled and fell heavily to the ground and in a moment was dead. A shot from our line had struck an artery in his thigh and he bled to death.

All was instantly confusion in the Rebel lines. Orders were sent hurriedly to General Beauregard in a distant part of the line, and in the interval between the death of Johnston and the assuming of command by Beauregard, a precious hour was lost.

Our line fell back and cut its way through the curving Rebel line, which had almost completed the circle behind us, and we reached a position near our camp ground just at dusk. A Rebel cavalry column appeared in our front, evidently preparing to charge our thin line, and General Grant came along and himself directed the formation of our line four deep with the front line kneeling, and we were ready with fixed bayonets to receive the charge. It was now growing dark and the Rebels evidently concluded to wait for morning, and the Rebel cavalry wheeled to the rear and was soon lost in the gathering darkness.

All night long the heavy artillery and howitzers near the river kept up a fire of shells into the Rebel camp, and at midnight Buell's Army reached the north bank of the Tennessee River and began crossing. The second day's battle with Buell's fresh troops to take the lead was begun with the break of day, and by nine o'clock the Rebel army was in full retreat and the Union arms were again victorious.

In this dreadful battle fully 20,000 men were killed and disabled on both sides out of a total of 125,000 engaged—about 60,000 in Johnston's army, 40,000 in Grant's and 25,000 in Buell's. These figures may not be exact, but the official records will no doubt show that the proportion of each is approximately correct.

In this great battle General Grant learned a lesson he never forgot. He had put raw troops in camp without protecting them with earth works. These works could have been erected by the idle soldiers who were there for weeks with nothing to do. Grant never after that moved his army a mile and went into camp over night in the west without throwing up earth works.

Buell's army had marched from Bowling Green, Ky., to join Grant at Pittsburg Landing for the purpose of a forward movement. Johnston was aware of this and he determined to prevent the junction of the two armies, and by whipping them in detail leave the road to Cincinnati, Ohio, open for his army. What prevented this disaster to our arms from being carried out? Nothing but a bullet from the

rifle of an Iowa boy. The hour so much needed by the Rebel army, was lost in the change of commanders incident to Johnston's death (whose plans had died with him), meant the lives of thousands of men and millions of money and pillage which would have been lost if Johnston's army had invaded the North, and who can say that such an invasion into the heart of the central west would not have prolonged the war for years and possibly have resulted in a final victory for the South and the establishing of the Southern Confederacy? The tide was turned. The critical moment arrived and stopped the career of the skillful general who was carrying out his plans to wipe out Grant and then with his victorious hosts, cross the Tennessee River and wipe out Buell.

Who this Iowa boy was will never be known, but who can doubt he was an humble instrument in the hands of God to remove the foul blot of human slavery from this land of Promise?

COMPANY "D," SEVENTH IOWA.

This company was organized at Fort Madison, Iowa, in April, 1861, and the first officers were Captain J. P. Harper, First Lieutenant J. B. Sample, Second Lieutenant D. T. Bowler.

When the company joined the Seventh Iowa Infantry at Burlington Bowler was chosen adjutant of the regiment, and Ben B. Gale made 2nd Lieutenant of Co. "D." The ranks were not quite filled, so Capt. Harper enlisted seven or eight "river rats" at Burlington to complete the quota of the company, so we could be mustered in. These toughs were ever after a source of trouble but were finally disposed of in vorious ways, two being "drummed out." The most of the company who enlisted at Ft. Madison were mere boys, and Capt. Harper had personally vouched for their proper looking after to their fond mothers, who with streaming eyes saw their boys march away. We went from Burlington to St. Louis on the steamer Jennie Whipple. These good mothers and sweethearts had prepared a great feast at Ft. Madison, expecting the boat to stop, and when she sailed rapidly by without stopping the weeping mothers and gushing sweethearts gathered up the untouched feast of good things and made a donation to the poor and needy. It has ever since been a source of regret to the surviving members of Co. "D" that they and their comrades never got to digest that dinner.

In due time arrived in St. Louis and went into camp at the Arsenal. This was where Joe Morrison got his old pistol repaired by the U. S. government. The march down through Missouri to Ironton and the various points in the deep woods to Cape Girardeau was livened by many incidents and funny experiences. The natives were of the

"poor white trash" style, and the honey in the bee trees tasted as sweet as such things usually do when worked hard for.

At Birds Point we had a tough time, and the daily and sometimes hourly funerals cast a gloom over the camp, and the result was that when a soldier got into the hospital the chances were that in a few days there would be a funeral, and the strains of the funeral march, "Poor Old Soldier, Poor Old Soldier, Rattle his bones, over the stone, Poor Old Soldier," would be heard. The boys lived on batter cakes fried in grease, and added to this the low malarial location, easily accounted for the mortality. Cairo was across the river, and was a good place to go to get your leg pulled in some den of iniquity.

The battle of Belmont was fougnt with Co. "D" in the thick of it, and five of our best boys were killed and about twenty more wounded and missing. Here Lieut. J. B. Sample captured the rebel flag, and Li·ut. Gale was cut over the head with a Rebel sabre, and left for dead on the field. In fact Ben thought he actually was dead, and when he came to he didn't know which world he was in. His first discovery was the dead body of the officer who struck him, lying close by, whom Sergt. Sapp, of Co. "E," had killed. Sergt. Morrison had also shot another Rebel, who jumped about three feet off the ground and fell dead. These were isolated cases; the rebel line in our front got the medicine good and straight, as their piles of dead and wounded easily testified. Jule Coriel was wounded amongst many others, and Sergt. Morrison stayed with him on the boat until it reached Mound City and saw him safely in the Hospital under the care of the good Sisters. During that terrible night trip on the boat many of the wounded died.

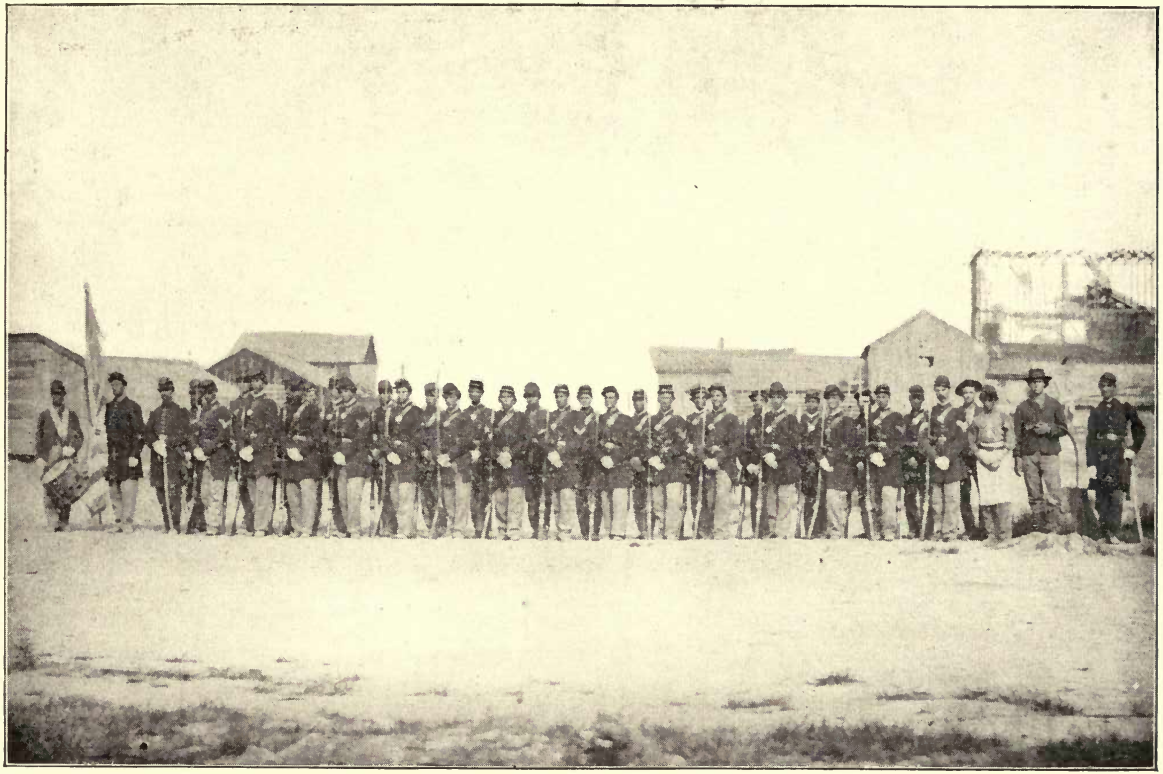
The return to St. Louis to recuperate—the embarkation from St. Louis with every man (who would take it) provided with a bottle by some would-be generous citizen of St. Louis, will be remembered by all the boys. The freezing up in the river and return to St. Louis in a half frozen condition on open cars—the crossing of the river to East St. Louis, and long hours of hard work with the camp equipage was a chapter in the soldier's life that no one liked or would ever care to have repeated. Co. "D" was among the first into Fort Henry on the Tennessee River when it was captured, and at Fort Donnelson Co. "D" started up the hill with the rest of the regiment in support of the Second Iowa Infantry, and were all day under fire, and at night when the Rebel line at the crest of the hill was captured, there were only seven or eight men left on duty under charge of Sergt. Morrison, all of the officers and most of the men being killed, wounded or missing. After the Rebels surrendered and we marched in, we found another army more numerous than the one we had captured, which soon captured us, the "gray backs." They were literally everywhere

we went and soon covered the men. Body lice were a common thing amongst the Rebel soldiers, but our boys couldn't get reconciled to such companions, and you could see them around the outskirts of camp with their clothes off, sitting patiently picking the varmints out of the seams of their pants and blouses and putting them to death.

After Donnelson came Pittsburg Landing, where Charley Oatman won so much money with his elegant cards, and where the "johnnies" came in to visit us daily disguised as farmers, peddling sole leather pies made of dried apples. Co. "D" was with the regiment in the "Hornet's Nest" line and every man did his duty. While at Shiloh, Henry Rogers and Foster Walker joined the company again. They had been captured at Belmont, and after great suffering finally dug a tunnel out of the prison pen at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and with others escaped. Hank Rogers was a man of great ingenuity and determination, and was one of the prime movers in this enterprise and took his friend Walker along. Rogers now lives at Kansas City, Kans.

By the way, Walker was appointed to write up this history and accepted the task, but for some unknown reason he refused to carry out the deal. He was supposed to have a large fund of information which was very necessary,but has not furnished it. This imperfect sketch is written by another at the last moment, and being from memory must necessarily be very imperfect, and does not do justice to the gallant boys of Co. "D."

After Shiloh came Corinth, and at that desperate battle Addison Leavett fired his gun so close to Bill Berry's ear that the ear drum was split, and to this day you have got to get on the "other side" of Bill and yell to make him hear if you are asking him for money, but when Maj. Mahon entertained the boys at his elegant home in Ottumwa last summer I noticed when the young lady asked Bill in a low voice if he wanted another dish of ice cream, he answered yes before the words were hardly out of her mouth. By the way, Bill is now 62 and looks and acts like a boy. He got a pension all right for the ear drum, and I helped him get it too. This reminds me about Frank Redding—commonly known as "Flop Eye." Frank was one of the best soldiers in Co. "D" or any other company for that matter. He was always ready for duty whether it was his turn or not, and didn't know fear. After the war Frank got married, and in the course of time he developed a family of nine children, which with his faithful wife were his principal assets. I tried to get Frank to apply for a pension, but he said, "No, I got all the government ever agreed to give me and even more, for I started in at $11.00 a month and they raised me to $13.00." Frank had been shot in the liver and the ball lodged, making a wound almost exactly like President Garfield's, but Frank was young and he lived many years and wouldn't



COMPANY "D," AT CORINTH, MISS., IN 1862.

have a pension, although I offered to help him. One day in a coughing fit the ball which had become incisted in his liver, broke loose, and coming up in his throat (with a part of his liver) choked him to death. I then took up the matter with Senator Gear, and it wasn't long until the government "coughed up" a pension with back pay amounting to $1800.00, and as worthily bestowed as any pension ever was.

The battle at Corinth on Oct. 3rd and 4th, 1862, was desperately fought by the half starved and half drunk Rebels, but the Northern boys were bound to hang on to what they had. Geo.. Rollett here killed a Rebel color bearer and captured his flag. George was true blue; he didn't say much but was generally found "sawing wood." He still lives in Fort Madison, highly respected by the community.

In the thickest of the fight, when the Rebels were charging our line, some Rebel shot off his gun and the bullet found the shin bone of Lieut. Morrison. The lieutenant thought his entire foot and leg was gone, and immediately began dancing a horn pipe, but discovered the leg and foot still there and that only the thin skin was taken from over the shin bone, but the sock and pants were badly wounded. After this the lieutenant was madder than ever at the Rebels and assisted in reforming our line; the Rebel advance had spent itself and we turned the tide and drove them back again.

At this time Lieut. Morrison saw a wounded Rebel who could barely raised his hand, and stooping low to see what he wanted he whispered "water," which was given, and the poor man with a look of thankfulness in his eye fell over and died. The lieutenant saw a loaded rifle lying on the ground and picked it up, and was just then met by Genl. Rosencrans who told him not to bother with the gun but help rush up the men; but when he explained that it was only picked up to fire its contents at the fleeing foe the general said all right.

After Corinth came Iuka, where Co. "D" was detailed to search every house in the town, hoping to catch a spy which had escaped during the night from Genl. Sweeney's headquarters.

At Pulaski, Tenn., we had a comfortable rest and got acquainted with all the girls.

At Pulaski Co. "D," along with the Seventh regiment, veteranized —that is, agreed to re-enlist, and here gallant Lieut. Dave Hamilton led the boys in re-enlisting as he had in battle.

When the company reached Fort Madison the citizens received them with open arms (I mean the girls did) and as happy a thirty days as ever happened was enjoyed with round after round of entertainment.

Among the recruits were Geo. Smith and Dennis A. Morrison, now honored citizens of Ft. Madison. Morrison had the misfortune

to have his thumb in line with a bullet and he has done without a thumb on his right hand ever since. This incapacitated him for service in the comapny and he was made quarter master sergeant and afterwards acting quarter master of the Seventh Iowa until the end of the war.

Of the march to Atlanta and numerous battles of that summer of 1864 a volume could be written. Co. "D" was always there. In the meantime Ben. Gale had become Captain. J. B. Morrison First Lieutenant, and Dave Hamilton Second Lieutenant. Jim Sample had been promoted to staff duty on General Mower's staff, and was promoted to the rank of major. Capt. Gale was wounded again and ordered home. He resigned and Lieut. Morrison was commissioned captain, but declined to be mustered in, and Dave Hamilton was then promoted and served as captain and Serg. Maynard was made 2d Lieut. Capt. Harper had left the company after Belmont and was on detached duty. Lieut. Morrison had been assigned to staff duty with Gen. E. W. Rice and preferred such duty to again joinng the company and didn't wish to deprive the company of a captain. He remained with Genl. Rice until after Atlanta was captured and then resigned and returned home. He was offered the position of Asst. Adjutant General with Genl. Rice and also a commission as Lieut. Colonel of a colored regiment but declined, and was afterwards by act of Congress commissioned Lieut. Colonel of Volunteers. During the Atlanta campaign many opportunities were offered for personal bravery and the constant duty almost day and night was very trying on the soldiers.

Before Atlanta a double bullet was picked up by Lieut. Morrison, showing that a Rebel and Union bullet had met in the air and melted together. After Atlanta fell the march to the sea. Then the victorious march up Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington and the boys returned home to lay aside the weapons of war and take up the pursuits of peace.

Tom Cunningham, who was nicknamed "nail keg," has developed into sort of a doctor. About twenty years ago he fell in with a traveling quack in Texas who gave Tom some lessons, so he is now known as "Dr. Cunningham." I think he travels mostly in the south. They had a sort of tube which could be put against the naked side of a person, and inside the tube was the fac-simile of an old dried-up diseased lung, and by an arrangement of the light this would appear to be the regular lung inside the person. This discovery of the terrible condition of the lung would alarm the family so $3 could easily be gotten for a bottle of "colored water." Tom told me the people loved to be humbugged and he might as well do it as somebody else.

Luman VanHoosen is a prosperous farmer in Nebraska. Calvin Cowles is there too. Trank Vail and Billy Griffith live in Kansas.

The latter has a fine family and lives in good shape on his broad acres, and is spending the evening of his days in peace and plenty. Hiram Ingersoll lives near Nauvoo, Ill., on a fine farm of his own. Isaac Brown and Andy Summerville live at Oskaloosa, Ia. Geo. Martin at Libertyville, Ia., and Jack and Henry Pickard live at Cottonwood, Lee county, Ia. Jno. Schiller lives in Kansas City, Mo. Lieut. Maynard lives on his beautiful farm in Hancock Co., Ill., and takes the world easy as he deserves to. Wm. Berry lives in Burlington, Ia., where he has a host of friends and wants all the boys to be sure and come and see him and stay a week. Charley Oatman lives in Denver, and keeps a cigar store. Capt. Dave Hamilton lives in Chicago, where he has prospered and loves to talk over the old campaigns and meet the Co. "D" boys to fight over again the old battles. Jim Stevens lives in California, or did at last accounts. Bill Blair and Bill Young also live there. The two Bills are preachers now. Never heard either one preach, but suppose they are doing their level best. Wm. H. Powell is an engineer on the C., B. & Q. road between St. Louis and Keokuk and is doing well.

There are others of Co. "D" still alive I think, but I don't know where they live. Several I have mentioned I don't know much about. We show a picture of Co. "D" as they appeared at the prize drill in Corinth, Miss., and where they captured the first prize. It is a long time to remember accurately and the boys must overlook mistakes and errors. There is one thing sure, Co. "D" was always on hand for a skirmish, a night march, a sweet potato patch, a barn yard, or a battle. The company had four sets of officers during the four years of service, and of the total number enrolled (about 108) she lost in killed, wounded and missing over 90 men, and participated in about 29 battles.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. E. W. RICE.

Elliott W. Rice enlisted in Company "C," Seventh Iowa, and was made sergeant of the company. He was a young lawyer of good family and fine prospects in his profession, but quit all to enter the service of his country. His home influence secured him the appointment of major of the regiment after he entered the service, and after the promotion of Colonel Lauman to brigadier general, Rice was promoted to colonel. He made a fine officer—constantly on the alert for the comfort of his men and on the field of battle he was a host in himself and a man of fine physique. He was constantly on duty and in the many battles the regiment was engaged in was the bravest of the brave.

When he entered the service he was an admirer of Miss Mollie

Harlan, the daughter of U. S. Senator Harlan of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Mr. Harlan entered the cabinet of President Lincoln and naturally watched the career of young Rice and hearing so much in his favor he told Mr. Lincoln of it and requested a commission for him as brigadier general. Mr. Lincoln entertained the request favorably and one day when Harlan again mentioned it, he picked up a piece of paper and wrote a note to Secretary Stanton to "appoint Colonel Rice of Iowa, brigadier general." Stanton received the note and a few days later took the matter up and asked a clerk to look at the Iowa roster and get the initials of Colonel Rice. The clerk found the name of Colonel Samuel A. Rice, who was colonel of the Thirty-third Iowa, and a brother of E. W. Rice.

Very much to the surprise of Colonel E. W. Rice, the commission promised didn't come, and after a month or so he received a letter from Samuel A. Rice saying that very much to his surprise he had received a commission as Brigadier General, and upon investigation the mistake was discovered. Whereupon, E. W. Rice refused to have it changed and S. A. Rice was mustered on the commission. It was finally decided, as both were deserving, that both should be promoted, and our colonel received his commission as brigadier general about a year afterwards.

Colonel Rice at one time was in command at Bethel, Tenn., this being an outpost from Corinth, Miss., on the railroad. A good amount of cotton was hid in the vicinity and some of the citizens proposed to Colonel Rice that if he would assist them in getting it shipped into Memphis they would divide the proceeds equally with him. As there was a large amount of the cotton, Rice's share would have amounted to many thousands of dollars. He told them, "No, sir; I am in the service of my country and not here to speculate. Where is your cotton?" They told him to save arrest, and the entire lot of several carloads was brought in and confiscated for the government.

Prior to his commission as brigadier general and afterwards also, he was in command of the First Brigade, Second Division, 16th Army Corps. This brigade consisted of the 2nd and 7th Iowa, 52nd Illinois and 66th Indiana Inf. and Welker's Battery.

When Sherman's Army reached the Oostanaula River on the Atlanta campaign, it was found impossible to dislodge the Rebel army, and as the river was guarded for many miles up and down stream and fortified by earthworks on the south bank, General Sherman was put to his wits end to find a way to dislodge them. Many attempts failed until General Rice volunteered to force a crossing. His offer was accepted by General Sherman and he proceeded through the woods by a circuitous route to a point on the river known as Lays Ferry, which

he reached with his brigade after dark. At this point a rising field extended back from the river, forming a sort of ridge, over which the road from the ferry passed, and on the summit of the hill the ferryman's house was located. Welker's battery was masked behind these buildings before daylight the next morning. During the night the pontoon boats, made of duck, were stretched over the frames, and volunteers of men to carry the boats on their shoulders and others to go along with arms were called for, and three or four times the number wanted volunteered to go, so those who got the job were finally selected by lot from the volunteers.

The rebels were in strong force on the south side of the river, which was about one hundred and fifty yards wide, with deep earth works along the south bank.

At daylight the 66th Indiana was posted north of the crest of the ridge in the field. Welker's Battery was loaded with shells and at the signal of the discharge of the guns of the battery the 66th Indiana was to charge over the ridge and down through the field to the river, yelling like demons. The men with pontoons and their guards were to run to the river at ferry landing and form the bridge across the river, just ferrying a few men over to engage the enemy. At the given signal pandemonium shook the old hills with the booming of the cannon and the yells of the soldiers, and the scene became at once from the silence of the woods, the active scene of a battle. General Rice turned to the writer and said, "Morrison, go down and cross in the first boat." The General's staff winked and said, "Good bye, Morrison." By this time the noise and excitement was at fever heat. The men with the pontoons reached the river, crossed over and the Rebel line gave way in confusion, and the south side was gained and held first by the left wing of the 7th Iowa—later the right wing, and finally the whole brigade. By this time the Rebels came to their senses and realized what they had lost and a charge was made by a Rebel division, but our men could not be dislodged. The victory was complete and that night the Rebel army fell back again, and the next day Sherman's army crossed the Oostanaula River.

The writer was a member of his staff, intimately acquainted with General Rice, and knew him in all phases of his character.

After Atlanta was captured he urged me to stay with him and offered every opportunity in his power to insure my advancement. We took a walk in the woods one day and, sitting on a log, he told me how much he was attached to me and that if I would stay with him he would see to it that I was advanced, but being young and never away from home before, I told him it was no use as home was my destination.

After the war was over and General Rice returned home, he wrote me one day from Oskaloosa that he had decided to leave Iowa

and go to Washington to live. I wrote him at once, urging him to stay in Iowa and be a candidate for governor, but he said, "No, he had no political ambition." He went to Washington and dropped out of Iowa history, much to the regret of his many friends. He finally came back to the state, broken in health and a confirmed invalid and died a few months later at Sioux City.

J. B. MORRISON.

THE FORAGER IN SHERMAN'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Major Samuel Mahon.

In discussing the military situation in the southwest after the fall of Atlanta, General Sherman in his memoirs uses the following language: "I knew that an army which had penetrated Georgia as far as Atlanta could not turn back; must go ahead; but when, how, and where, depended on many circumstances."

The enormous difficulty of supplying the army on the Atlanta campaign over a single line of communication nearly 400 miles from its base, demonstrated the impossibility of attemptng to supply an army that should move any distance south of the captured city, and it was then that the idea took form of planning a campaign on which the army should cut entirely loose from its base of supplies and depend mainly on the country for its support; it was a new departure in the miltary operations of the war.

In looking back on the march to the sea after the fact, and at the apparent ease with which it was executed makes it easy to under-rate the difficulties and uncertainties under which it was accomplished. The first conception belongs undoubtedly to General Sherman, and it was sometime after he had become convinced of its importance, before he could persuade the higher military authorities of its feasibility, and only at the last moment did he obtain certain though reluctant consent to proceed on the campaign; it was as late as November 2nd that he received General Grant's unqualified assent to go on as he proposed. Special Field Orders Nos. 119 and 120, dated November 8th and 9th give the cue to the general plan of the proposed campaign. It is with Sections 3 and 4 and part of Section 6 of Order 120 which this paper has more particularly to deal with, which I quote as follows:

"3. There will be no general train of supplies, but each corps will have its ammunition train, distributed habitually as follows: Behind each regiment should follow one wagon and one ambulance; behind each brigade should follow a due proportion of ammunition wagons, provision wagons and ambulances. In case of danger, each corps com-

mander should change this order of march, by having his advance and rear brigades unencumbered by wheels. The separate columns will start habitually at 7 a. m., and make about fifteen miles per day, unless otherwise fixed in orders."

"4. The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end, each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather, near the route traveled, corn or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn-meal, or whatever is needed by the command, aiming at all times to keep in the wagons at least ten days' provisons for his command, and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass; but, during a halt or camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, and to drive in stock in sight of their camp. To regular foraging parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisons and forage at any distance from the road traveled.

"6. Forage parties may also take mules or horses to replace the jaded animals of their train or to serve as pack-mules for the regiments or brigades. In all foraging of whatever kind, the parties will refrain from abusive or threatening language, and may, where the officer in command thinks proper, give written certificates of the fact, but no receipts; and they will endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance."

The other sections of Field Order No. 120 directs the general formation and movements of the army. Field Order No. 119 is in the nature of a communication to the army destined for this important expedition, outlining the great work before it and asking their highest efforts in discipline, patience and courage to overcome the grave obstacles to be encountered, which the general commanding fully comprehended; and an appeal to share the enormous responsibilities which he had taken upon himself in the prosecution of the campaign. It seems to have been undetermined at the outset of the campaign what objective point on the Atlantic or Gulf coast would be made for the army, it being left to future circumstances and events as to whether it would be Mobile on the Gulf, or Savannah or some point further north on the Atlantic coast. Two things were absolutely necessary in the movement of the army; first, to avoid any serious engagements, and second, that it should be constantly on the move, as forty-eight hours' halt in any particular section practically exhausted the supplies to be obtained in the vicinity.

Forage parties were organized at the outset of the campaign in accordance with the general orders, usually consisting of about seventy-five men for each division, properly officered and under the general direction of an officer appointed to command the division detail.

The detachment for each brigade numbering, say, twenty-five men, under command of an officer, foraged separately and were directed each day to take different directions, by the commander of the division foragers; this prevented the different parties from interfering with each other or foraging over the same section.

Central Georgia was, at this time, the granary of the South and teemed with supplies of every description both for man and beast. Abundant supplies for use of the army were obtained within the line of march, and, owing to the strategic movements of the different columns of the expedition, the movements of the enemy were paralyzed and but little opposition was encountered by either the forage parties or the columns in march.

How serious the problem of keeping the army supplied by the forage parties (as it approached Savannah and its progress became necessarily slower) was demonstrated by the sudden shortening of the supplies as it traversed the country in the immediate vicinity of that city, which was mainly devoted to the cultivation of rice, the army being compelled to subsist for several days on rice alone; and those whe were present will remember with me, that rice in the sheaf was issued to the regiments, which the men patiently thrashed out on their rubber blankets, requiring almost the constant work of the men to provide sufficient in this way to sustain life, until the capture of Fort McAllister and the opening of the Ogechee River put us in communication once more with our cracker line.

The campaign of the march to the sea having been successfully terminated by the capture of the city of Savannah, the further movements of the army under Sherman was a question of grave discussion between the commander and the authorities at Washington. One scheme proposed by General Grant was to move the army bodily, by transports, to some point on the coast in supporting distance of the armies besieging Richmond and Petersburg, but General Sherman again urged the feasibility of a campaign through the Carolinas and the greater results in destroying the enemy, to be obtained therefrom. The obstacles to be encountered and overcome were much more serious than on the march to the sea. The season of the year was less propitious, the topography of the country more difficult, and possible supplies of forage much less on account of the poorer character of the country; but again the commander was allowed his own way. The developments and success of the march to the sea made the march through the Carolinas possible, and accordingly, after a little over a month's stay in and about Savannah, about February 1st, Sherman's army, organized substantially as it was in the march to the sea, began its adventurous career and memorable campaign through the Carolinas; its objective point being Goldsboro in the state of North Carolina, with contingencies de-

pending on circumstances of striking the coast at some point farther south, if so compelled.

The same general orders were in force on the coming campaign as were observed in the previous one, and a few days later than the date above mentioned, Sherman's army was once more severed from all communication with its friends in the North, except what was gleaned through Rebel sources. Forage companies were promptly organized as in the previous campaign, but they soon found themselves facing obstacles and difficulties hitherto unknown. The scattered forces of the enemy in the South had been concentrated to oppose the advance, and the enemy taking their cue from the success of the forage parties in supplying the army on the march to the sea, broke a portion of their cavalry into detached parties to harass, and, if possible. drive in the foragers on the main column and prevent them obtaining supplies.

The numerous rivers and creeks, at that season of the year swollen out of their banks, greatly impeded a free movement of the forage parties, and, together with the comparative poverty of the country, rendered their task a serious and adventurous one. The men of the different parties were compelled to keep closely together, and ready at all times to encounter or evade the enemy's detachments; the duty was quickly reduced to a system, and entailed a responsibility unknown in the previous campaign.

The forage parties were compelled, to begin with, to furnish their own mounts from animals foraged in the country, and were also compelled to furnish transportation necessary to bring supplies to the column from the same sources. Foraging on foot was impracticable where a divergence of five to fifteen miles from the flank of the column became a necessity. And the first necessity was to obtain mounts. This was very soon accomplished, with every description of animal in the zoological line, from the humble donkey to the thoroughbred pet of the plantation, and perhaps a zebra or two occasionally. The equipment of bridles and saddles was as various and indescribable as the mounts; from the rope halter and corn sack saddle to the pretentious gilt-mounted bridle with blinder attachment of the family carriage team and a side saddle. The long Springfield muskets habitually slung at the back were about as useless for the mounted forager, offensive or defensive, as a corn stalk or tent pole; hence, on the first intimation of danger, the squad would be compelled to dismount as a requisite for fighting purposes. It was not a pleasant reflection for a forage party, perhaps fifteen miles from its column, encumbered with a half dozen loads of promiscuous forage, loaded on unreliable vehicles, drawn by unreliable animals, in unreliable harness, with unreliable drivers—usually negroes—to be notified by the shots of the advance

guard that they had encountered in their front a party of the enemy on, perhaps, the only known road by which they could successfully reach the column; and it often required a degree of courage, judgment and prudence on the part of the commander of the party to extricate his command and their convoy, which would have earned him reputation in a larger command.

The life of the forager on the Carolina campaign was a dangerous and exciting one. Woodcraft was a first necessity, as roads had frequently to be abandoned for a course through the woods or across the country, and with every sense constantly on a strain to discover or elude a possible enemy, which, together with the long hours in the saddle, usually from sixteen to eighteen in the twenty-four, physical endurance was often taxed to exhaustion. The different parties of the division made it a rule, if possible, to join the column every night, where general directions for the ensuing day, with the routes to be pursued in seeking forage, were discussed and decided. The usual plan was to start from the column about daylight, or about an hour before the column moved, take roads leading from either flank, generally endeavoring to travel at a diverging angle from the line of march of the column that day, ride until sufficient forage was obtained—twelve to fifteen miles being generally the limit of distance; having loaded the forage, supposing them to have ben unmolested, they then took roads converging toward the column where they were expected to camp the same night.

When the party was fortunate, it would strike the head of the column, but sometimes they would reach the road over which the column passed some hours before; then followed a long, tiresome march over roads already cut to pieces, and it was sometimes midnight or after before the jaded detachment was able to turn over its forage to its quartermaster; and more than once the brigade waited for its supper until the welcome advent of the forage party. In this way supplies of all description were gathered. Cattle were the easiest managed and could be driven quite a long distance. Swine had to be abandoned unless comparatively close to the column. Flour, bacon, potatoes, corn meal, sorghum, poultry, rice, etc., had to be loaded into vehicles, carts, plantation wagons, and even carriages being impressed. Of mules there was plenty, but the harness of such unreliable description that frequent halts were required to patch and mend. Often the concealed supplies of the plantation had to be discovered before being taken, but the negroes were our allies here, as well as on every other occasion, and the supplies were soon found and exhumed from the pits where they had been consigned and carefully covered up from sight. Corn meal and flour was always a welcome ration for the men, and every country mill encountered was utilized in grinding corn as long

as the column remained in safe distance. It was only necessary to call for a miller to have one step to the front, and he had the willing assistance of the squad in furnishing grist and sacking and loading the product.

I had in my mind a small water mill, taken possession of by a squad of foragers a full day's march in advance of the army, which ran constantly three days and nights, until the rear guard was nearly a day's march beyond, turning out corn meal, the corn being hauled in from the neighborhood when the mill stock was exhausted.

On another occasion, forage being scarce, two parties being combined, making about fifty men in the command, made a bold ride twenty miles on the flank to a plantation reported to have plenty of supulies. The start was made about three o'clock in the morning and the plantation reached between ten and eleven. Abundant supplies were found and some six or eight wagons loaded, and without delay headed towards the road on which the column was moving. With about thirty miles to ride, all went well until darkness set in when the party became uncertain as to its road, and it was discovered that the negro guides were only reliable for a distance of eight or ten miles from their own neighborhood. A new guide, however, was soon found and the command moved on until stopped by an alarm (from the advance guard) of a burning bridge. The command was quickly dismounted, formed and moved to the front, the fire put out, skirmishers crossed, but the enemy probably discovering the strength of the party, concluded not to molest them. The command at last reached the column after being in the saddle twenty-two hours.

The numerous rivers encountered in the march made foraging difficult. Forage parties were compelled to cross in advance and scout the country beyond, realizing that they had a river in their rear and no supports to fall back on. One such instance occurs to me, at the crossing of Lynch Creek in South Carolina. The creek was out of its banks for probably one-fourth of a mile on each side of the bridge and it was only large animals that could cross the overflowed bottom without swimming. Two parties of foragers met at the bridge, which was guarded by some companies of cavalry, who warned them of the presence of the enemy on the other side. Supplies, however, were imperative, and the two parties crossed and at once divided at the cross-roads beyond. One party found forage of all descriptions at a large plantation about three miles from the river, and at once began loading into wagons and preparing to move the forage back to the cross-roads, there to await the advance of the column across the river. Suddenly an orderly dashed out of the timber hatless and excited, with the information that the enemy's cavalry had occupied the cross-roads and that the detachment must find its way back as best it could. He proved

to be an orderly of General Elliott W. Rice, commanding the First Brigade of the Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, who, riding down to the creek in advance of his command and learning that a large party of foragers had crossed, crossed with his staff and had just reached the cross-roads when they were ridden into by a party of the enemy. Himself and staff dispersed in the woods, eluding the enemy's party, the orderly being directed to ride out and find the forage party and bring them in; returning nastily to the cross-roads, ready to dismount and engage at a moment's notice, the foragers found no sign of the enemy, but a very angry general instead, who had been compelled, much against his inclination, to bushwhack in the brush to avoid capture.

The foragers were at once ordered to proceed on the other road and find the enemy, and if possible draw them toward the crossing, where they were promised a warm reception by the infantry, who had by this time begun to arrive, having undressed and waded the overflowing bottom and were hurrying up in the same straggling manner in every form of dishabille, their teeth chattering from the cold bath they had taken in the river. The foraging party moved promptly out avoiding the road for about a mile, the commander aware of the fact that the second forage party was still out on that road. As the command approached the road where it descended into a hollow, a lively fusilade broke out a short distance in front. Instantly the men were on their feet, abandoning their mounts, and ready for action. The advance of the column was plainly in sight, filling the road in front, dressed in blue uniforms, which were instantly divined to be our second party being driven in, and the command was quickly given to wait until our men had passed before opening fire. The uniforms however, were deceptive, and covered, not friends, but enimies, and they rode into the squad commanding them to surrender. The bewilderment of the deception however, lasted but a moment and with each man at a tree, the enemy soon found that they had stirred up a hornet's nest, and were not slow in getting out of that immediate vicinity. The commander of that detachment found himself, on this occasion, in a very ludicrous predicament; unfortunately he had remained mounted, the better to observe the movement in the timber, and found himself unexpectedly surrounded by a half dozen excited Confederates calling on him to surrender, and who were so much in each other's way that their weapons were useless. With a quick touch of the spurs, the little gray broke through the circle, and the inglorious spectacle was presented of the commander taking French leave of his men, meantime deploring the luck that had induced him to remain mounted in a bush-whacking skirmish. To make the situation more embarrassing the infantry skirmishers were met a few yards to the rear and the

joke on the commander soon spread through the brigade. The forage squad had meantime disposed of the enemy and left nothing for the skirmishers to do. The second party, strange to say, soon came back with a good supply of provisions and forage, having encountered no enemy whatever, and were only hastened back by hearing the firing. Events proved that the whole of Butler's Confederate Division of Cavalry was in the immediate vicinity and detained the advance of the army after crossing for over a day.

In this campaign of surprises in military annals, the fact was demonstrated that the forage parties were not only efficient in procuring supplies for the army, but that they served another and important purpose.

The whole forage force of the army, say fourteen divisions, amounted to 1,000 to 1,200 men; these were distributed in about fifty separate parties. They foraged probably a day's march in advance of the army and from ten to nfteen miles on either flank, forming a curtain or skirmish line which effectually concealed the movements of the different columns. They were composed of picked men, and were brave, intelligent and prudent. They were scouts as well as foragers and often conveyed important information. Habitually in the advance, they always first encountered resistance where it was offered, and obtained the crossing of the various rivers, except where the streams were too large to ford or swim, or the bridges burned.

General Sherman tells a good story on General Howard, who, at the beginning of this campaign, had deployed the leading division of the Seventeenth Corps and was moving with great caution towards Midway, a station on the South Caroline road, which was very important should be occupied. The leading division was moving across country in line of battle well supported, General Howard sitting by the roadside watching the movement, when a forager came riding rapidly down the road from the direction of Midway, on a white horse with a rope bridle, and a blanket for a saddle, who, as he came near, shouted, "Hurry up, General, we have got the railroad!" "So," says General Sherman, "while we, the Generals, were proceeding deliberately to prepare for a srious battle, a parcel of our foragers had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the Rebel government."

The forager was usually denominated a bummer, an epithet which does not imply very high military characteristics; it was applied, I think, largely for the reason that many of the irregularities and unauthorized plundering, inevitable to a military campaign, were attributed to him. I want to vindicate the regular forage parties from any such imputation; the robberies and plunderings were done by stragglers, traveling singly or in pairs, skulking through the country

for the sole purpose of plunder; such wretches could easily avoid the enemy by dodging in the woods and concealing themselves. They only appeared when there was none but women and children to oppose them and camped at night away from the column and concealed in the woods.

The forage parties were compelled to keep together for safety and sucess, under the command of an officer, and habitually rejoined the column at night; they had but little opportunity for plunder and no means of caring for it if obtained. The qualities displayed in the execution of their duties were of the highest order, and it is greatly to be regretted that the implied slur remains on their good name even to this day.

An honest endeavor was made by the regular foragers to carry out the letter of the general order. I never knew of an instance where people were left destitute of food, no matter how pressing were the needs of the army; enough was left to keep the people from hunger, and I verily believe that the system, harsh at best, was carried out in as humane a manner as ever has been done in civilized warfare.

From Sunday, the 5th of February, 1865, the day on which the forage parties of the Fourth Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, were organized, until Friday, March 24th, when the army crossed the Noose River and went into camp near Goldsboro, was a period of nearly seven weeks; and for each week, the man who served contiuously on forage duty, lived, I believe, one year of his life. The strain of physical fatigue and mental anxiety has no parallel in the severest active service, and it was a welcome day when the order came dismissing the forage detail.

March 10, 1896.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.

A writer in Philadelphia relates the following: "In one of our beautiful cemeteries was employed a venerable man. For a number of years past he had prepared the last resting place for those called from among us. Though poor, he raised four gallant boys, giving to each of them a moderate education and a good trade. The two older went to New Orleans before the war, where prosperity attended their industry.

The two younger brothers remained with their father. George and Frederick were their names. The latter was but seventeen years of age. When the war broke out, both enlisted. The elder brothers had constantly written home, and frequent presents accompanied their letters. At the battle of Fredricksburg, in the very front of the line, at the church upon the rifle pits back of the town, were the two boys, Frederick and George. A sortie was made by the rebel riflemen

upon the retreating Federals, and among those who dropped were the two youngest sons of the grave digger. A minnie ball had pierced the bodies of each.

The Rebel soldiers who had done the deed, were clad in rags of linsey. They ran with alacrity to secure the clothing and canteens of the men they had laid low. The foremost one reached the body of his dead enemy, turned it over—for the face was downward—and to his horror beheld the corpse of his younger brother, his woolen shirt stained with a stream of blood that oozed from a bullet hole above the heart. Our informant, a chaplain of the army, could tell us nothing of the other Rebel brother. But this one made his way into the Union lines, went to the hospital and became a hopeless maniac. We learn that in their childhood this youngling of the flock had been the especial charge of the elder brother. When he left for New Orleans it was with the expectation of entering business to which he could bring up the boy. That boy he lived to shoot down with his own hands. The father died of a broken heart. This is a simple statement of fact. It is doubtless one of many never to be written."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was after the din of the battle
Had ceased, in the silent and gloom,
When hushed was the musketry's rattle,
And quiet the cannon's deep boom.
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
And drifted away from the sun,
While with soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight,
Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle
Rang out on the clear autumn air,
And the echoes caught back from the mountains
Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.
The arrows of sunlight that slanted
Through the trees touched a brow white as snow,
On the bloody sod lying, 'mid the dead and the dying,
And it flushed in the last parting glow.

The dark crimson tide slowly ebbing
'Stained red the light jacket of gray;
But another in blue sadly knelt by his side
And watched the life passing away.
Said the jacket in gray, "I've a brother—
Joe Turner—he lives up in Maine.
Give him these—and say my last message
Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain
Checked his voice. Then—"You'll do me this favor,
For you shot me"—and his whispers sank low.
Said the jacket in blue, "Brother Charlie,
There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm Joe."

—V. Stuart Mosby,

IOWA'S KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following table, compiled from the adjutant general's report of 1867, shows the number of killed and wounded in the different Iowa regiments in the war for the suppression of the rebellion.

Number of Regiments as They Rank	Comm'd Officers killed in action	Comm'd Officers died of wounds	Comm'd Officers wounded	Enlisted men killed in action	Enlisted men died of wounds	Enlisted men wounded	Total
INFANTRY REGIMENTS.							
Fifteenth	6	2	22	52	52	388	522
Ninth	6	7	24	76	56	351	490
Seventh	4	3	22	95	25	325	484
Sixth	7	1	18	100	30	324	480
Third	4	4	34	68	29	319	458
Fourth	3	3	16	57	51	316	446
Sixteenth	5	3	21	57	31	288	405
Thirteenth	2	4	19	66	32	280	403
Second	8	4	25	63	19	282	401
Fifth	4	5	17	59	29	277	391
Twenty-four	7	2	17	58	53	240	377
Twenty-two	4	2	21	53	51	242	373
Tenth	6		16	56	33	253	364
Twenty-eight	4	2	15	52	24	230	338
Seventeen	2	3	19	43	18	225	310
Eleven	3	2	8	54	24	216	307
Eight	3	1	13	49	43	188	297
Thirty	4	5	17	39	23	200	288
Nineteen	5	1	7	53	33	180	279
Twelve	3	1	11	30	32	197	274
Eighteen		2	5	26	7	225	265
Thirty-three		4	8	25	37	166	240
Twenty five		2	19	39	22	154	236
Thirty-two	3	3	9	57	33	131	236
Twenty-six	2	4	22	42	28	137	235
Fourteen	3	2	6	27	22	160	220
Twenty-one	1	3	11	37	29	135	216
Thirty-six		1	4	35	24	142	206
Twenty-three	2	3	9	39	30	122	205
Thirty-nine	7	2	5	32	21	103	170
Twerty-seven			7	7	14	132	160
First	1		4	12	5	137	159
Twenty-nine		1	8	20	17	97	143
Thirty-five	3	1	2	23	19	91	139
Thirty-one	2		8	11	16	75	112
Twenty	1		6	8	5	41	61
Forty			2	5	10	41	58
Thirty-four		1	3	3	2	12	21
Thirty-eight				1		2	3
Thirty-seven				2			2
CAVALRY REGIMENTS.							
Third	3	2	12	58	20	150	245
Second	1		12	37	22	152	224
Fourth	3		7	37	11	108	166
First	1	1	4	34	20	81	141
Eight	3		10	24	9	75	121
Five	5	2	6	36	7	47	103
Seuen	1			28	1	4	34
Sixth		1	1	16	5	15	38
Nine				5	10	13	28
ARTILLERY BATTERIES.							
First				7	3	27	37
Third				2	1	14	17
Second				1	1	14	16
Fourth							

It will be seen by the above table that the Sixth and Seventh regiments lost the heaviest in killed and mortally wounded—130 each.

SOME CIVIL WAR FIGURES.

When the southern states seceded from the Union over one-eighth of the population of the country consisted of slaves. Of these, 175,000 entered the United States service before the close of the war and fought nobly for their own freedom.

The first troops were volunteers, and there was no drafting or conscripting until 1863. In the army and navy forces there were nearly 3,000,000 of men engaged in the defense of the flag. Of this number something like 67,000 were regulars or belonged to the standing army of the United States.

Of the trooops in the Union army, two-thirds were American born, and of the one-third foreign born most of them were naturalized citizens. They enlisted at first for "three months," and were called "ninety-day" men; then the enlistments were made for a year, and toward the end for "three years or the war."

The Northern army was divided into twenty-five army corps, consecutively numbered, and one cavalry corps.

It is estimated that of every 1,000 men in the Union army seventy-three men on the sick-list and 234 absent for various reasons was the general average, leaving 693 reporting for duty.

The number of men who deserted reached 199,045; those dismissed from the service, 2,423; those dishonorably discharged, 2,693; cashiered, 274; executed by sentence, seven, making a total of 204,442 who disgraced the army blue.

The number of men killed in battle and died on the field was 61-362. There were 34,773 died of wounds, 183,287 died of disease, 306 were accidently killed, 6,749 were missing in action and never accounted for, 174,577 were honorably discharged, 224,306 were discharged for disability, and 22,281 resigned.

Summing up all the losses from disease, battle, and casuality, it is estimated that half a million men lost their lives in the war of the rebellion. They found death on 2,400 fields worthy a name in history, averaging two battles a day for each day of the war. In 150 of these battles the loss in each was over 500 men.

The North raised money on loans from abroad, increasing the United States debt from $85,000,000 in 1861 to $2,617,000,0000 in 1865. The whole cost of the war is estimated to have been $3,400,000,000, or about $2,500,000 a day.

There are buried in the national cemeteries 318,870 men who died in battle and in prison, or from the effects of one or both.

At the close of the war there were 1,000,000 men in the service; of this number 650,000 were available for active duty.—St. Paul Globe.

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