

THE
COLONEL'S
DIARY







COLONEL OSCAR L. JACKSON

Aged 57. Taken September 1897 in the same military coat he wore as
Field Officer in command of the 63rd Ohio with Sherman
in the Carolinas



THE COLONEL'S DIARY

*Journals kept before and
during the Civil War by
the late Colonel Oscar L.
Jackson of New Castle,
Pennsylvania, sometime
Commander of the 63rd
Regiment O. V. I.*

5/20/1922

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Foreword

In his will, Colonel Jackson directed his Executors to edit and publish the Journals he had kept before and during the Civil War, and in compliance with his instructions, I have prepared them for publication. The sketch of his life after the Civil War was prepared by the Hon. Edwin W. Jackson of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

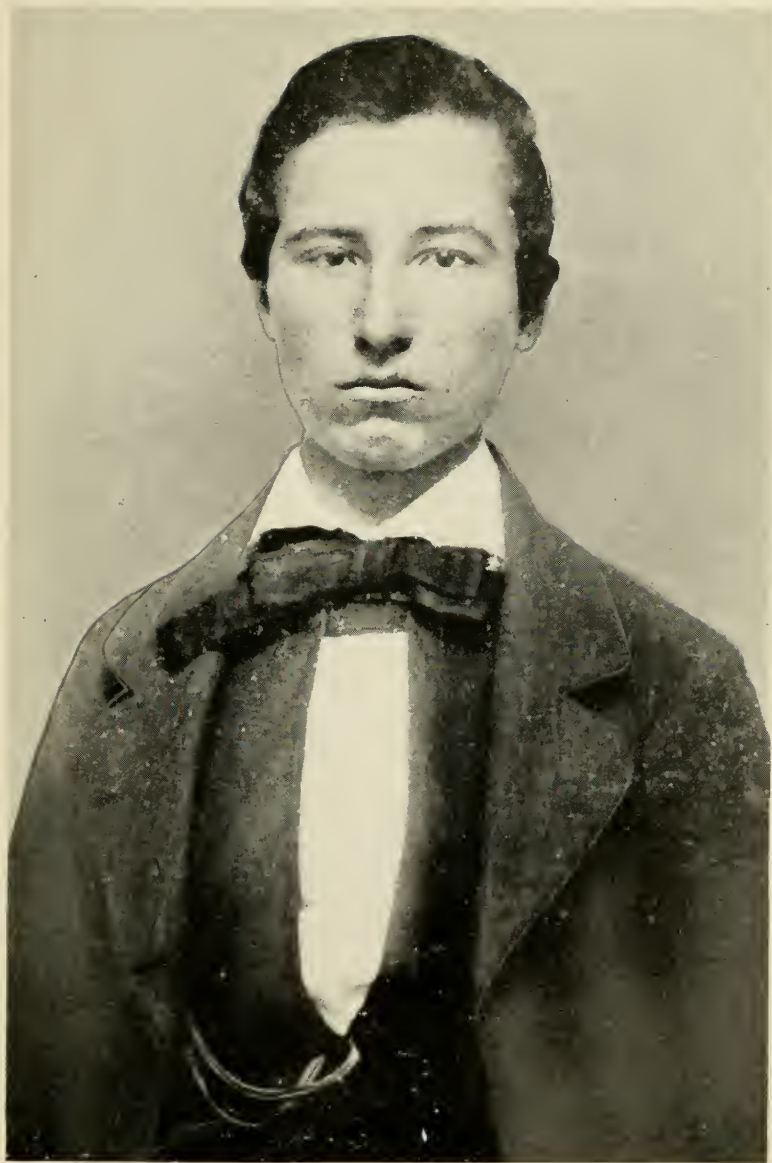
As commander of a company, and later of the regiment, Colonel Jackson carried a note book in his pocket, and during the halt on the march or the lull between charges in the battle, he made notes of the events taking place within his observation. He does not give a history of what is in the past, but paints a moving picture in words, of a soldier's experience in the camp, on the march and in battle, and makes the reader feel that he is present in the stirring scenes he records.

David P. Jackson, M. D.

492 Logan Ave., Sharon, Penna., May 6th, 1922.

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OSCAR L. JACKSON
From a daguerrotype taken in 1858 Aged 18

THE COLONEL'S DIARY



Chapter I

Oscar Lawrence Jackson was born on September 2, 1840. His parents were then living in the little village of New Port, situated in what is now Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. His father kept the village store and post office.

About the time Oscar was seven years old, his father had been elected a Justice of the Peace. New Port is on the right bank of the Beaver River, where there was at that time a dam of the Pittsburgh and Erie Canal, with a lock on the opposite side at the hamlet of Hardscrabble. High water on the Beaver had damaged the lock, and the canal boats arriving from either direction had to tie up and remain until the lock could be repaired, which took nearly a month. Quite a company of boatmen had thus become stranded at Hardscrabble. They formed a kind of camp on shore and slept on the boats.

They were a rather lawless set and committed some depredations in the neighborhood. One farmer made information against two of them and they were brought before Squire Jackson for a hearing. There were no lawyers present and one of the accused made a speech in his own defence, arguing that the evidence was not sufficient to justify his commitment for court. He wound up his speech by drawing a pistol and laying it on the table before him with the declaration, "If you send me to jail I will shoot you." Squire Jackson was busily writing his record of the case, and when this threat was made did not even stop his pen, but continued writing as if nothing had been said. The hearing was held in his store room and a set of counter scales was beside him. When he had finished writing, he picked up a pound weight, and rising to his feet, called the constable to come forward. He then read the commitment commanding the constable to take the defendant to the Jail at Beaver and commit him to the custody of the sheriff. The boatman made no resistance but meekly allowed the constable to take him away.

Little Oscar was present at the hearing and heard the boatman's threat of violence. Shortly afterwards an incident occurred which showed that he had inherited his father's resoluteness. His mother took sick and he was sent to request his aunt to come to her assistance. It was necessary for the seven-year-old to unlock a boat and mount the oars and row across the river to where the hostile boatmen were encamped. He was very much afraid of them but without hesitation he rowed across, secured his boat on the opposite shore, and picking up a small stone, walked through the crowd. After passing them some distance, he laid his stone up on a fence rail, and on his return, again armed himself with it, and passed through the enemy to his boat. In this instance he showed the qualities of character which enabled him to do his duty in the face of terrible danger in the great Civil War. His courage was mostly moral courage for naturally he was rather timid and cautious. His strong will power enabled him to suppress his timidity and, when it was necessary, to face danger without flinching, when it was in the line of duty.

When Oscar was ten years old his father bought the interests of the other heirs in the farm, three miles south of New Castle, Pennsylvania, which had been settled by Oscar's great-grandfather about 1797, and is still in the possession of the family. New Castle was then, in 1854, only a village and the country around quite primitive. The life of a boy on a farm was strenuous and money scarce. In the hope of getting a little pocket money, Oscar gathered a bucket of raspberries and walked with them the three miles to New Castle. He tramped all over the town and went to all the stores but could not sell a berry. Finally a groceryman gave him some New Orleans molasses in exchange for the berries, and he started on his walk home, tired and hungry, but the molasses had fermented and was sour and worthless and frothed out of his bucket. In after life, Colonel Jackson would tell this story with a keen remembrance of the disappointment felt by the weary and footsore boy.

Chapter II

On September 2, 1858, Oscar L. Jackson was eighteen years old. That fall he secured an appointment to teach school in one of the school districts of the township in which he resided, Shenango Township, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. The school was known as the "VanEman School." By his contract with the school directors of the township, he was engaged to teach four months and twenty-four days to each month. This required teaching on Saturdays in order to complete a month's school in a calendar month. His salary was eighteen dollars cash for a school month, seventy-five cents a day, and boarding on the days the school was in session, but not on Sundays. That is, he was authorized to "board around" with the families of the district. The teacher was quartered on the inhabitants for his subsistence while the school was in session. The custom in that township was for the teacher to spend one night at a time with each family in the district in turn, and when he had gone the rounds, to commence over again until the term was completed. This custom has now gone out of use but it had its advantages. It gave the teacher an opportunity to get acquainted with all the parents in the district and to observe the home life of his pupils, and thus get an insight into their individual characteristics which was very useful in the school room. At the same time it gave the teacher an opportunity to study human nature, and get more or less intimately acquainted with a large number of men and women, giving him a practical knowledge of people. This was a fine addition to the education of any young man or woman and very helpful to them in after life. On the day his school opened he commenced keeping a diary in which was made the following comment on this custom:—"I find boarding around very heartsome but a waste of time. As far as amusement is concerned, I have capital times, and I think I learn something besides. I can see the different characters of men better than ever I did."

Young Jackson commenced his school on November 15, 1858, with ten pupils, the employment of the older boys and girls in finishing the fall work on the farms keeping many out of school at the first of the term. The number of pupils gradually increased

until by January 3, 1859, he had fifty-five pupils, with an average daily attendance of forty-two.

He liked the business of teaching very well and was encouraged to hear that he received the approval of the people of the district. He attended and took an active part in a teacher's meeting held in the evenings at intervals, and occasionally visited other schools in the township to observe methods. Also social parties at some farm house where he enjoyed the company of young men and women or went to Spellings and Singing Schools held in some school house. He had read Bayard Taylor's letters in the "New York Weekly Tribune," describing his European travels under the title "Views Afoot," and one day he dismissed school early and walked the seven miles to New Castle to hear him lecture.

While teaching his first term of school he had a source of worry and anxiety in the sickness of his mother who was gradually dying of consumption. Part of the time he walked home four miles in order to be with her at night, or dismissed school to stay with her when she had bad spells. Under date of February 24, 1859, he writes:

My mother is very low at this time and I feel uneasy so much away from home. I would rather be with her more as her end draws nigh. I feel that I am losing my best and greatest earthly friend and I desire to comfort her who has done so much for me, that I may in part atone for those times in which I did not do as well as I might have done.

His parents were of the Scotch Covenanter sect and were taught that it was a violation of the Second Commandment to have a picture taken, because it said, "Thou shalt not make any likeness of anything in the earth beneath or the heaven above." For this reason there had never been a picture taken of his mother. Oscar was very anxious to get a picture of his mother and in the early fall of 1858 he managed to secure the dollar necessary to pay for it, and started with her in the buggy to go to New Castle for that purpose. They had only gone half a mile when his mother's strength gave out and she told him she was not able to make the trip. He was terribly disappointed for he was convinced she would not live long and there would be no hope of ever obtain-

ing her picture again, but without a word he turned the horse and drove back home.

Under date of Tuesday, March 22, 1859, he writes:

When I came home from my school on last evening, mother seemed a good bit worse. She could talk but little. I asked her how she had been through the day. Her answer was "bad, bad." Through the fore part of the night she did not sleep any and seemed to suffer a great deal of pain. I assisted to attend to her all night. Once she asked me if I did not think she would soon be free from pain. I replied that I did. I think these were the last words she spoke to me. She frequently repeated the words Jesus, heaven, home, and she had no other idea than that she was going to heaven and to God. About half past four o'clock, Tuesday, March 22, 1859, she departed this life. We buried her body at the Stone Church graveyard in New Castle. A very large company of neighbors and friends attended her funeral.

(I was eight years old when our mother died and I remember the long procession of farm wagons which followed the hearse the four miles from our house to the church-yard. The family rode in our farm wagon, for such was the primitive custom. There was not a carriage in the township at that time.—Editor)

After his mother's funeral he went back to his school and finished it. He gave the school an examination, as he called it, at which many of the parents and citizens were present. He writes:

Some of the parents made a few remarks in which they praised me very much for my success in teaching and by a unanimous vote invited me to teach their school next winter, for which I thanked them and also thanked both scholars and parents for their kindness and hospitality.

After finishing his school he worked three weeks at home on the farm and then commenced attending a select school at New Castle, taught by Martin Gantz.

In his diary he gives the following account of the great June frost of 1859:

June 4, 1859. This evening a very heavy frost fell in our neighborhood, and on Sabbath morning (June 5) vegetables, fruits of all kinds, and leaves of the trees seem as if scorched by

fire. Great anxiety was shown for the welfare of the growing wheat, the only thing which we thought had escaped the almost general destruction, but on Monday, June 6th, our doubts were wholly removed by the wheat turning yellow, as if harvest was at hand, which we did not expect for three or four weeks. The wheat on our farm is a total loss. Barges farmed for us this year and we expected 400 bushels of wheat from the looks of the crop one week ago.

On our farm alone the amount of loss in grain, fruit, vegetables, and so on, will be about six to eight hundred dollars. (An immense loss for a farmer in those days.—Editor)

June 10th. We now have news from a distance and find that the territory over which it extends is about as follows: Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Western New York, Indiana, and Illinois. Our county suffers very heavily, probably \$200,000 would not more than cover the loss. Sabbath, June 5th, presented the most melancholy sight I ever beheld. The day before, the landscape presented a sight of uninterrupted prosperity, waving grain, growing corn, gardens teeming with the necessaries of life, or showing the taste of a cultivated people; but alas, the work of one short night laid all living products of the soil low, low, forever. Many who the day before thought they were rich, now fear the want of daily bread. The vine, blossoming to cheer the heart of man looks as if smote with fire, and all that is beautiful and good of the husbandman's labor is utterly destroyed. But the energy of the American people, with the blessing of heaven, can again make the desert to blossom like the rose.

July, 1859. Our harvest of grain this year was light, being greatly injured by the frost, but oats, clover and hay are a reasonable crop. I assisted in putting them up and also in working the corn during the vacation of school. Our corn, replanted on June 15th, grew very rapidly after the middle of July and promises a good crop. Buckwheat and potatoes are doing well and the farmers still believe that harvest shall not fail nor the earth cease to yield her increase.

(In 1859, the great wheat raising districts in the West were still in the possession of the Indians and this frost caused wheat to advance greatly in price. Most of the farmers lived on corn

and buckwheat cakes until the next harvest. The children took cold corn and buckwheat cakes to school for their noon lunch. —Editor)

TRAMPING IN OHIO

He understood that there were better openings for a school teacher in Ohio than at home, and on August 24, 1859, started on foot with \$14.00 in money, carrying his clothing in a carpet sack that weighed fifteen pounds. He walked sixteen miles the first forenoon to his uncle's house near Darlington Station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. At that time this was the nearest railroad station to New Castle, the county seat of Lawrence County. He stayed over night with his mother's relatives there and the next afternoon boarded the cars and reached Steubenville, Ohio, early the next morning, a distance of sixty miles, for which the fare was \$1.75, lying over at Wellsville for supper and a bed for which he paid sixty cents. The time the train was actually running to make the twenty-two miles from Wellsville to Steubenville was only twenty-five minutes. He comments that this was "faster than I like to go in the dark."

At Steubenville he found another Pennsylvania school teacher, John Pyle, from Butler County, and they hired saddle horses at a livery stable, paying \$1.50 each. They rode twelve miles to Richmond, the county seat of Jefferson County, Ohio, and took the teacher's examination. At Richmond he found a man who agreed to take his horse back to Steubenville and pay twenty-five cents for the privilege. He started on foot that afternoon to search for a school. This was August 26, 1859.

August 26th. I came out as far as Mr. Johnson's and I stayed all night with him. They treated me first rate and would not charge me anything.

Saturday, August 27th. I took dinner with Mr. Winters, a director of the Wintersville school, and a gentleman, but the school was engaged for two sessions. Went to see Mr. Ross who is a very fine man. He directed me to Thomas Hunt, a director also, but I could not get a school, and he refused to keep me over Sabbath because he was going to church. Next went to Stever Robison's but no school. He also refused to keep me. A rain was coming up and I began to fear a wetting. Went from there to

Mr. Ault's, who agreed to keep me over, and I stayed with him till Monday morning.

Monday, August 29th. This morning on leaving Mr. Ault's I asked what was my bill. I had eaten with him over Sabbath, the fare very common. He said one dollar and that he charged travellers just what the victuals were worth. I supposed from that that I had eaten very large quantities of corn, beans, and so forth, counting by measure. I asked if seventy-five cents would be sufficient, he said it would and I gave it more cheerfully than I would have given 100 cents.

At Island Creek Post Office, I got in company with a Mr. Morrow who recommended me to go with him to the Presbyterian church, for there was preaching at that place and I could get a great deal of information about schools from the directors who would be there. I did so and heard a very good sermon from a Reverend from Pittsburgh. I was introduced to a son of the old gentleman who had brought me to church and he gave me encouragement about their school, so I went home with him and took dinner. One of the other directors appeared willing to employ me and it only remained for the third one to give his consent. Mr. Morrow and I went to his house and told our business. He said they wanted a teacher and he supposed I could have the school. We talked the matter over among ourselves, seemingly satisfactorily, but from some unaccountable reason he refused, all at once, to employ me, nor would he give me any satisfaction why. I bore with such treatment for a little, but reason gave way to passion and I told him what I thought of such a man and left him abruptly, thinking that this was a little of a queer world. From there I went to Jeddo and put up with Mr. Jewetts.

August 30th. This morning when I left Jewetts, they refused to charge me anything but I gave the boy some change. They had treated me very kindly. I journeyed to Shanghai, from there to Knoxville. Took dinner at James Moore's. Went down Tar Burn's Run from there to Somerset and finally put up at Mr. Henderson's. I crossed Yellow Creek several times. The land about it is very poor; no bridges over the stream and I had to pull my socks and wade it. The greatest curiosity I saw was

the Tunnel Mill, which is supplied with water by a tunnel cut through a hill.

He spent August 31st calling on several directors but without success. He adds:

I returned to Mr. Henderson's, stayed all night with him. He only charged me three bits ($37\frac{1}{2}$ cents) for keeping me two nights. Very reasonable.

On September 1st, he was offered a school at \$25.00 per month, but refused to take it because the wages were too low.

September 2, 1859. I was down in Belmont County today but no chance for employment. One school had nine applicants. I put up at McKrails. They are Quakers and treated me in a regular "thee and thou" style for twenty-five cents. This is my birthday. I am nineteen years of age, weigh about 135 pounds, five feet, eight inches in height.

September 4th, Sabbath. I stayed in Somerset over Sabbath. I did not attend church today but I employed myself part of the day, profitably I think, in reading the Bible and in prayer. I have my pocket Bible with me which was almost the last advice my father gave, namely, "To take it along." He told me, also, when I started from home, to beware of the company with which I associated.

On the 5th he walked to a railroad station and took a train for Wheeling, Virginia, and the next day took passage on a steamboat for New Martinsville, Virginia. He took deck passage because the fare was fifty cents while cabin passage was one dollar. He was warned by a Methodist minister at New Martinsville to be very careful what he said in town, as he was now in a slave state. He writes:

Although the steamboat men were very unmannerly and disobliging, I found Wetzel County, Virginia a harder place. They are great rowdies here. Their schools are in a very bad condition. No general system at all. Pay teachers by subscription. Of all the places I have seen I dislike this most. This may not be a fair sample of Virginia, but, if it is, save me from such.

September 7th. I determined on leaving Virginia, so I crossed the Ohio River in a skiff, rowing it myself, and landed in Monroe County, Ohio. I started on foot for Zanesville (80 miles). I put

up all night at Mr. Starke's after being refused lodging at two other places. This man had travelled some himself and could sympathize with a boy away from home. They did not charge me anything but I gave the children some change.

September 8th. I got in company with a Mr. Cooper with a team, who hauled my carpet sack and I rode, on level ground, about twenty miles. I put up in the evening a little early on account of spraining my ankle. I bathed it in water and rubbed it with Davis' Pain Killer which almost cured it. In the morning I could walk very well. I travelled about twenty-six miles.

September 9th. I walked today about twenty-seven miles, and had the diarrhea which weakened me very much. I did not eat any dinner, except a few crackers. I put up at Mr. Moore's. They charged me twenty cents.

September 10. Started early this morning so that I could get to Zanesville before dinner. I enquired at Chandlersville for William Jackson but no one knew him. It commenced raining about ten o'clock and I had to stop at a house on the road-side; but I managed, between showers, to get to town about one o'clock. Went to the Auditor's office and found that William Jackson lived about twenty miles away, near Otsego. Took the cars and came to Norwich and about five o'clock started for their house, distant about twelve miles, but it was so muddy that I could not go, so I put up at Mr. Miller's. The old lady gave me some peppermint and liquor which helped my summer complaint.

September 11. I started about eight o'clock, and for the first few miles I enquired if any knew William Jackson, but none did and I began to fear that they had moved away. I walked some eight miles and was getting very weak when I asked a man I met on the road how far it was to Otsego, and if he was acquainted there and knew William Jackson, when to my surprise it proved to be my cousin, George B. Jackson. I was almost overcome with joy at meeting a friend when I did not expect it. I stayed over Sabbath with him.

September 12. Cousin George and I rode the horses over to Uncle William's. He had seen me before and so had his son, John. We determined to see whether they knew me yet or not. So, when we rode up, George told them I wanted to buy horses, and John started to the meadow and brought up the horses for

me. Uncle did not know me either, so George told him who I was, but he would not believe him then and said that he had seen me once and could not be fooled that way, but I convinced him of my identity. When John came back with the horses I examined them and we rode them, talked about the price and so on, but from a hint his mother threw out, he began to suspect who I was and finally named me. It was quite a ruse but I could hardly keep from laughing when George told them I was a horse drover.

I remained about one week at William Jackson's, in which time I was at Marquis' Mill, to a Sabbath School celebration at Otsego, to church in the same place, to a singing at Claudius Bainter's, and up through Coshocton County some, at Bloomfield, at Minor Church, etc., etc. Aunt is a very kind old lady and did every thing she could to make my stay profitable. Uncle and John also treated me in a very kind manner and I felt almost at home and I find that friends are good when travelling. The chance for school teaching in the northern part of Muskingum County is very slim, the schools being generally taken. The wages are poor, \$24.00 to \$30.00 per month of twenty-four days.

September 19. I left Uncle William's this evening for Cousin George's. I intended going on to Somerset, Perry County, in search of employment as a school teacher. My funds are becoming very low. John Jackson lent me two dollars to defray my expenses.

Tuesday, September 20. It is raining and I have abandoned the plan of starting from this place today. I have not as yet received any word from home but I have written three letters. I do not get homesick but sometimes I feel the blues a little on account of employment.

September 21, 1859. I started this morning at 7:00 in a very heavy fog which continued to hide the sun until about 10:00. In the meantime it rained a little. When I reached the railroad the cars were passing, some twelve passenger cars in one train and going so slow that if I had been aware of it in time I could have got on. The train presents the appearance of a mass of human beings. The reason was that the State Fair was in Zanesville this week. I arrived at Zanesville at one o'clock. The streets are very much crowded with visitors, 40,000 being the estimated number inside the fair grounds today. I went

on by rail from Zanesville to Lexington, county seat of Perry County, and put up at Mr. Gordon's.

September 22. I went from Lexington to Somerset today, via John Randolp's and was in Mr. Nurse's school. It will hardly compare favorably with schools of that class in Pennsylvania.

A young Mr. Marlow advised me to go into Hocking County, as he thought the schools there were not all taken yet. I must confess that I feel a little uneasy about getting a situation that will pay. When I left Pennsylvania, I expected to find teachers scarce in Ohio but instead of that they are plentier than in Lawrence County. I have been in some eight counties and there is scarce a school in any of them but is taken and those that are not, have from one to nine applicants. Indeed I have no doubt that there are more school teachers in Ohio at this time than schools. The wages are good, varying from \$24.00 to \$36.00 for males, and \$16.00 to \$30.00 for females.

Somerset is a pleasant village and, according to my fancy, can boast of some very pretty girls. But, unfortunately, in my opinion, there are a great many Catholics. They (that is the Catholics) have a College, Church, Academy, etc. here. I, unawares, put up with a Catholic family tonight and was almost frightened when I found it out, but my fears were groundless, for they treated me first rate and refused to take any pay. The name was Crossing.

(This illustrates the way the Scotch-Irish settlers regarded Catholics, who were very rare in the part of Pennsylvania in which Oscar was raised. The feud between the sects in Ireland still influenced them.—Editor)

I had an opportunity of examining their books, etc. Their version of the Bible differs very little from ours, and that difference is in names more than in doctrine, and in arrangement more than history, as far as I examined. Their confession of faith commences with very good sense but it soon runs into the absurd—to a Protestants' view. They have numerous crosses hung up in their houses, one or two in every room. One of the brother Catholics had a "raising" today (that is, a large gathering of neighbors to put up the frame of a barn) and, as a natural consequence, a dance in the evening. Mr. Crossing's boys (where I was staying) urged me to go down to it and I con-

sented. I found quite a crowd of both sexes. Black Betty having gone dry, a man was started to town for some more—what? Why, liquor, of course.

Soon the dance begun. I was repeatedly invited to join with them. In vain I told them I was no dancer. At last I consented and a fair lass of the Order of St. Peter was my partner. I told them the truth when I said I could not dance, this being my first attempt. How I got along I cannot tell, but I would have been very unwilling that some of the Pennsylvania gals should have seen me go through this my first tiptoe step. But now they are more puzzled about "the stranger," as they call me, (not knowing my real name) than ever. They supposed I was shamming and one young fellow looked a good bit like whaling me for tricking them. I gave evasive answers to their questions, determined to keep them in doubt as to my qualifications in the art. By and by I went back to my room to bed. The boys reported that it broke up about one o'clock, sooner than usual on such occasions, for this reason, that some of them, drinking too much whiskey, got into a fight.

Friday, September 23rd. My hostess informed me that this was a fast day. The victuals for breakfast consisting, all told, of bread, butter and coffee. Fortunately they were all of good quality and I managed to make a good meal, but longing a little, not after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but the knick-knacks of home.

Walking today on the roads is very laborious with a carpet sack to carry, weighing fifteen pounds. A little muddy, very warm and appearance of rain. I left my sack at Amos Wood's about eighteen miles from the Catholics and crossed the Hocking River and put up over night at Aaron Young's, a very old man. He told me he was eighty-two years of age and the first settler in Hocking Valley. He also told me several interesting tales of the early times. In the course of our conversation I asked him if he had ever seen Washington. He replied that at three different times he had seen the Father of his Country. He described him as a tall man, with prominent features, not very fleshy, but powerful looking muscles. You had but to see him to feel that you were in the presence of a mighty man, one worthy of a nation's praise.

The family of Mr. Young appears well informed and, better

than all, religious. Family worship is observed and the prayer of the old father seemed like that of a patriarch.

September 24th. I went to see about a school but without success and I came back as far as Mr. Young's and took dinner and then crossed the river and started down the canal to Mr. Stier's. Their school was engaged. I here met a couple of gentlemen from Starr Township, Hocking County. They said that the schools in their part of the county were vacant yet, so I got into their wagon and went across the river again. They directed me to Mr. Aplin's at whose residence I remained over Sabbath.

Monday, September 26th. B. B. Aplin gave me the names of the directors of three districts. He also told me that if I could not succeed with any of them to return to his house and he would do what he could to give me their school, although he had a friend he wished to teach. I walked about twenty miles and visited them all, but could do nothing with any of them except one and he only gave me a conditional answer. I returned to Esquire Aplin's in the evening.

September 27th. The director, B. B. Aplin, concluded to hire me so I articed with him to teach their school three months of twenty-four days each for \$30.00 per month. Mr. William C. Woodward agreed to board me for \$1.50 per week, and washing at 50 cents per month, but Mr. Aplin asked \$2.00. School is to commence the 21st of November.

September 28th. I went to Logan, county seat of Hocking County, and found that there will be a teacher's examination on Saturday, October 1st. I tried to get some employment for a few weeks but in vain.

September 29th and 30th I came back to Amos Wood's for my carpet sack. I stayed two nights with him. I sowed some wheat for him and did some other little chores. But on Friday evening he said he could keep me no longer and gave me some trifling reason for it. I offered to pay for my board but he would not charge anything. I spoke a little short to him and wrote a note and left it in a place he could get it, criticizing his conduct toward me, but I may have been too hard on him. I went to Mr. Aaron Young's and they cheerfully kept me over night. (See September 23rd.)

(To the end of his life, Colonel Jackson remembered with gratitude all those who befriended him during his "wander-year" in Ohio. Memoranda found among his papers show that he had commenced making inquiries about them with the object of tracing them or the children of those who had befriended him at other periods, but his sudden death prevented the plan from being carried out.)

October 1st, 1859. I was examined today at Logan by the board of examiners of Hocking County, and received a certificate for eighteen months and graded in one-half of the English branches "perfect," which although no better than I desire, was certainly better than I deserved, strictly speaking. The examiners were Messrs. Bishop and Stiers and the exercises were more simple than that of any I ever saw. I solved the problems in arithmetic in ten minutes. Grammar was easier if possible, than the arithmetic, other branches ditto. We chatted and talked as sociably as if we had been in the drawing room.

Monday, October 3rd. I started this morning for Zanesville. Walked in all about twenty-seven miles. Stayed at Mr. Beechman's of Uniontown, a very nice man. A good country tavern but it was after dark when I got there. I walked about four miles after sunset. I stopped along the road at several private houses but could not get lodging. The last old lady I asked, answered me so shortly and told me that I would have to go to the tavern, that I told her I would if there were no Christians along that road. She looked daggers at me and I went my way, thinking about the Golden Rule, the charge of Christ and his example when on earth.

October 4th. In coming from Uniontown to Zanesville this morning, I had the success to get in company with a teamster who carried me on his wagon all the way. I arrived about ten in the morning. Put up at T. Launder's. Looked about through town for employment but could not find any. In the evening Mr. Launder asked me what I would take for clerking in his grocery one month for him. After studying the thing over, I finally agreed to stay one month for \$6.00. He is to board me and do my washing.

October 6th to November 1st. I have been clerking during this time for T. Launder while he is away sporting and fishing.

TEACHING SCHOOL IN OHIO

November 21st. I commenced teaching today in district number 9, Starr Township, Hocking County, Ohio. I have twenty-five scholars for the first. I am reasonably well pleased with my school. The house is comfortable and the books in use generally familiar. The scholars are generally large and not very far advanced up the hill of science, and the plan used in teaching them so different from Pennsylvania style that I have considerable trouble in drilling them.

November 22nd to December 15th. I have been obliged to adopt some old-fashioned rules in my school, for to teach them entirely on what I consider the best plan is like teaching an old dog new tricks. I think that, although they may have been whipped enough, they have never been governed as a school should. They seem to consider that I must thrash so much and then let her rip. Some few large scholars appear unruly and I may have some trouble with them, but I think I shall be able to have a pretty good school if my health is firm enough. My eyes had been very weak for some ten or twelve days previous to my commencing school but they have gained strength gradually ever since. And I hope and trust that God, who has been so kind to me, heretofore, will now restore to me a reasonable degree of health and strength, and that by His aid I may use it to a good purpose.

I will here add that in all my travelling, up to this time, in everything I can now see that an overruling Providence has guarded and guided me; and, so far as I am capable of judging, all for the best; and thanks be to Almighty God that, when no friends were near and all else looked dark and dreary, there was One to whom I could go and, making known my complaints, find in Him consolation and protection.

I attended church at the school house on the 27th of November. Reverend McConnel preached, a plain-spoken old man. He has been at Mr. Woodwards several nights and he and I chat a considerable. He is a Wesleyan Methodist and their views on slavery are very strict, they being abolitionists in the extreme. But on some points we could not agree. He contended that Washington had undoubtedly gone to hell. On the other hand, I upheld his

character as that of an exemplary Christian and I think maintained my point.

On Tuesday night, December 13th, I was at a singing at the Woodward church in which I took some part. It was a reasonably fine affair and I saw some very good-looking young ladies. Indeed, this neighborhood supports or raises some fine ones, but they have not made my heart flutter much yet.

I have now taught nearly four weeks and got along very well. I have been singing some in school which scared some of the people almost as much as it would a congregation of Covenanters to take an organ into church.

December 17th. I visited Mr. Parker's school today. I think he is a reasonably good teacher. In the evening I went with him to his boarding house. He boards with Samuel Botts, who is a right intelligent man. I stayed over night with them. To his wife and a Miss Parker, sister of the school teacher, who got up the meals, I will give the honor of being the best cooks I have had acquaintance with in Ohio and we had the best biscuit for dinner I ever ate.

We had considerable of amusement among us. A brother of Mr. Botts, Isaac by name, being there and the conversation was kept up with great vigor, but I fear that a great deal of it was not profitable. We laughed enough, that is certain.

December 18th to 24th. I have been teaching all this week and we have got along finely. As New Years is coming nigh, the scholars are asking me to treat them. I have so far given them no satisfaction whether I will or not but some of the other teachers and I have concluded that we will not treat. The scholars of nearly all of the schools say that by force they will make us. I know not what will be the consequence but perhaps a storm is brewing. (Note. No mention is made in his diary of any trouble of this kind.)

December 24th, 1859 to January 10th, 1860. Still at my business and prospering middling well, yet I have a good many trials and I meet with difficulties I would not if I were nigh home.

On December 29th I was at a social party at Esquire Aplin's which passed off, not only pleasantly, but with great mirth, glee and sociability. We kept up the amusement till a late hour, or

rather an early hour, strictly speaking. I found Miss Lincoln and also the two Miss Aplins fine young ladies, and I had more social enjoyment with them than with any others in the same length of time since I left Pennsylvania. Refreshments were passed around and the young men made up a purse to defray expenses, a custom I fail as yet to see any refinement in. Playing was the order of the night and kissing came in for a full share, the propriety of which I once doubted, but here I overcame all scruples on the subject and indulged not a little. Some of the young ladies took my eye but I will not name the one now. Perhaps I shall think of her from reading this hereafter.

(Note. The "one" seems to have been Miss Lydia Aplin to judge from the following effusions, written in his diary under date of February, 1860. They were probably mailed to her as valentines:

Friendship: The most exalted pleasure mortals are permitted to enjoy. May Heaven give it you and you divide it with me. February, 1860. O. L. J. to Miss L. A.

Fortune weaves such pleasant plans
That I must call them pretty,
But queerest of her webs it seems,
My Valentine is "Lydia."

When first your name I heard
It did not seem to charm me,
But now of Hocking's pretty girls
The dearest dear is "Lydia.")

On December 30th we had a small debate at the Woodward school house, Question: Art or Nature. I had the side of Art and the judges decided we were beaten. A few days afterward we had another at the same place, Question: Which has done the most injury to man, Slavery or Intemperance. I had the side of Slavery and again the judges decided against me. My own opinion is that the judges decided on the question not the arguments which we introduced. (Note. Hocking County was strongly Democratic and pro-slavery would be the prevailing sentiment.)

My school is doing reasonably well. I have not heard any complaints so far from the parents and I guess they would be

apt to let a fellow know if they don't like him. My acquaintance in the neighborhood is becoming more extensive and I think after balancing the praise and censure which I get, it is profitable to me.

January, 1860. The better class of young men in this neighborhood are intelligent, warm-hearted and friendly, and I think would compare favorably with those of any neighborhood I have seen. The ladies I have a good opinion of generally and some few particularly. As a class they are good looking here as elsewhere, and, indeed, I think rather better than in some other parts of the Buckeye State. They appear hearty, although pretty well posted in fashion's (follies) of the day. The custom of sparking or courting by "holding," as it is termed, is almost universal here. I have only found one young man that condemned it and refused to comply with this custom. The best I can say of it is that it is not prudent, and I think that to indulge in it is to feed a vulgar taste.

(Note: The "Hold" was a courting term in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio and the position it designated was this: the chairs of the couple were placed close together, side by side but reversed, so that they faced each other and the girl lay in her beau's arms, clasped closely to his breast with her face in position for kissing ad libitum. When a young lady returned from a spelling or party with a beau, the custom was for the family to retire at bed time and leave the couple alone to "sit up" as it was termed. Such a thing as a chaperon was not thought of. Some girls who were more reserved, and in advance of their environment, refused to permit the "hold" position, and permitted nothing more familiar than to sit side by side with their beau and did not object to an arm around their waist and an occasional kiss. But even "the hold" was an advance over a courting custom which commonly prevailed in the first half of the 19th Century which was called "bundling", where the couple went to bed together but with all their clothing on.—Editor)

We have had several debates in the neighborhood during this month. One on the Indian and Negro question on which I made an extempore speech of something near an hour in all. I advocated the cause of the Indian. Mr. Alfred Aplin the opposition. He spoke well on the subject and I don't think it is out of the way to say that it was the most exciting debate I have as yet engaged

in. But the one which attracted the attention of the spectators most was held at "Tick Ridge." Frank Gibbons, an elderly man, and an old debater, had been "astonishing the natives" about there for several years, advocating the "Woman's Rights Question." He challenged the country on it and my friend, Allen McArthur, had taken it up and sent me word that he wanted my assistance, as he (Gibbons) would have the assistance of some ladies, and he was a strong man on the subject. I went over and when I got there I found I was in a more public situation than I had expected. The meeting was in a church and a large audience were waiting, some having come a considerable distance to hear us. Gibbons took the affirmative, McArthur and I the negative. Gibbons spoke against us both, his ladies being too bashful to speak before such a crowd. Twenty speeches were made and we did not submit it to the judges till midnight. After some consultation they decided in favor of the negative. McArthur is a young man as well as myself and our success is the talk for some distance around.

February, 1860. I attend Singing Schools, Debates, Church, and so on, in the neighborhood very regularly, so much so that I have not been at my boarding house but one whole night for some four weeks. But I have taken great care to guard against exposure and at present do not feel injured any from it.

(Note. Hospitality was very free among the farming population of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio at that period and this accounts for his absence from his boarding place. When he would attend these meetings outside his own school district he would be invited to stay all night with someone. (See an instance under December 17th.) Often several young people would go to one house and severely tax its capacity for beds, but this was cheerfully submitted to.)

It gives me great pleasure that when I am debating I find I have friends, those who warmly take my part in any dispute that may arise, and a majority I do not know and I am only known to them by my debating. On the other hand, I meet with some strangers, who being friendly to my opponents, treat me rather coldly because I give their friends hark sometimes; and I have got at the debates, at one time and another, the greatest lam-

pooning I ever heard, but I have generally managed to keep about square with them or a little more so.

February 17th. I closed my school today at Number 9, having taught seventy-two days. Quite a number were present the last day. I think the people are very well pleased with my teaching.

February 20th, 1860. I engaged the school at Number 5 today for a term of forty days at one dollar per day, to commence tomorrow morning.

This afternoon I made out my report of the Frank school (Number 9). I settled up with Mr. Aplin, who treated me first rate, and with W. C. Woodward ditto. I boarded with them (Woodward's) three months and not one harsh word ever passed between us. Started the next morning before day for Number 5. At the postoffice I received a Valentine which was a pleasant, modest thing, containing some poetry and flowers. Signed "L". I attributed it either to Lucy Lincoln or Lydia Aplin and sent the letter on in turn on suspicion. (See under December 29.)

February 21st. I commenced teaching at Number 5 today. The former teacher they turned off, or rather the "bhoys" were too many for him and the people think it will take a good bit of firmness to control the school. The scholars, I see, expect me to be as cross as possible, and some of them appeared bad scared, but from appearances I think I shall be able to manage them. I don't think they can be a worse set of boys than those of Frank school, for to them I'll give the first premium.

February 25th to March 14th, 1860. My school is doing fine. I think I have as good a school as I have ever seen, as good order and as studious scholars.

There has been quite an exciting meeting at the Harmony Grove Church. They are "United Brethren." Great numbers joined. I attended several nights. The usual worship in the after part of the night (that is after the sermon) is a strange mixture of praying, singing, shouting, and exhorting around the pulpit, and laughing, talking, etc., by the other part of the house, and all of this I have seen carried on at the same time. It appeared to me to be disorderly confusion, but no doubt there were some honest Christians in the mass.

My gallantry on one evening caused me to undertake a walk of some eight miles, which at first was scarce expected, but I did not regret it. (Note. This means that he went home with some girl and found that the young lady had walked four miles from her home to attend the revival meeting. These revival meetings, held in the country churches in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, were called "Big Meetings" and were utilized by the young people as social gatherings and many matches resulted. They thought little of walking three or four miles to a meeting or spelling or party. The opportunities for the young people to meet socially were few and they improved these revival meetings. Perhaps it was even more interesting to notice which of the girls "got beaux" at the close of the meeting than to watch who were the candidates for church membership who "went forward" to the "mourners' bench." For a young man to get interested in both centers of attraction had its drawbacks. The penitents' station up front gave the more worldly-minded youths near the door an advantage, and the seeker after spiritual things would sometimes find that some other fellow had gone off with his best girl.—Editor)

I was at a singing at Woodward Church one evening and, not returning with the other boys in the direct route, I lost my way after I crossed the railroad, it being quite dark. I undertook to go home through the woods by a direct course but I could not see moon or stars. I travelled some one or two hours through brush, regular Ohio grub, over fields, through runs, and meadows, not seeing one familiar object and had at the end of that time the satisfaction of finding myself at the railroad from which I had started, having made a circle, although I supposed I was going right ahead or, if any difference, a little to the left, when in reality I was bearing to the right all the time. I did not try the woods again but followed the road through Cadiz and reached my boarding place between one and two o'clock.

(Note. No doubt he had been seeing some girl home from the singing for I find appended to the above account the following sentiment:

"Sweet the pleasure growing out of pain"

"The girls, bless 'em."—Editor)

Although enjoying life very well in Hocking County, so far, I think I should prefer Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, if I were to make a choice. The inhabitants are clever and good hearted as a class but show a little of frontier roughness. I have been here six months and, although my cash account has rather an unfavorable appearance, I am very well satisfied with my campaign, believing that what I have enjoyed, seen, and learned, especially the latter, will make up the deficit; for I have read useful works, studied men and things more carefully than at any previous time, and by conversing, and debating with intelligent persons, as well as being thrown on my own resources, I feel as if my education was as far advanced as though I had attended a session at College.

April 10, 1860. I closed my school at Number 5 today. There was an appearance of rain in the morning but from ten to four o'clock it has been very pleasant. I had quite a number of visitors. Mr. Chidester (with whom he boarded) was down part of the time and made us some good music on the fiddle. I heard classes recite until twelve o'clock when we adjourned for dinner, and quite a crowd being collected by this time, we went down to the meadow and spent the remainder of the time until four o'clock in various plays and amusements. I should have preferred teaching a while in the afternoon, but as the custom of the neighborhood is to give a big play the last day, I yielded to the will of those present. The boys were anxious for a spelling in the evening but I said no. Some twenty young ladies, besides gentlemen, were present as visitors, among which were Miss Parker, Miss McArthur, Miss Crawford, Miss Aplin, etc. We had indeed a very pleasant time of it.

On the 12th (Thursday) I articulated for their school again to commence on the first Monday of August. Friday, Saturday, and Sabbath I was among the people of district Number 9, who seemed to treat me like an old friend.

(On Monday, April 16th, 1860, he left Mr. P. Chidester's for home, via Logan, and from Zanesville, on the 17th, he walked eighteen miles to his Cousin George Jackson's home. The next day he walked to his Uncle William Jackson's and paid his cousin John the two dollars he had borrowed from him the fall before, on the nineteenth his cousin took him a few miles on horse back, and he continued the journey on foot, intending to go to Oxford

Station but heard that trains were not running on account of damage done by heavy rains and turned and walked to Cambridge, there taking the cars for Wheeling.—Editor)

Friday, April 20th. I went on board the steamboat "Minerva" and arrived at Pittsburgh at 2:30 Saturday morning. We were seventeen hours in running from Wheeling to Pittsburgh. The water in the Ohio River is still much swollen, and the river is almost dotted with rafts of lumber flooding down. I would like to try a ride on a raft. They appear, as we pass them, like a moving island, having all the necessaries for a voyage within themselves. A man, who is acquainted with the business, told me that there were from two to four hundred thousand feet of boards in them and great quantities of shingles are piled on top. We passed in eight hours about twenty-four of them which will give you an idea of the amount of lumber brought down the Allegheny River.

I have quite a fancy for riding on a steamboat and prefer it to the cars. The accommodations are good and the table well supplied. You can have a fine view of the towns and villages you are passing and a good bit of the country besides. With gentlemanly officers and an intelligent set of passengers, I can pass a trip very nicely and it would add to the pleasure to have an intimate friend or two on board. I think a steamboat trip would be one of the finest ways of spending the honeymoon, and I would recommend it to persons in that condition.

Pittsburgh has the smoky appearance for which it is noted and presents a business appearance but is far from a beautiful town. Saturday morning I came down on the Fort Wayne Railroad to Homewood Station and took dinner at my Uncle George Baker's. Then walked the sixteen miles, arriving home about 5:00 P. M., April 21, 1860, after an absence of eight months, health good, well-pleased with my trip, and thankful to Almighty God for His kind care.

(Note. He gives an itinerary of his travels during the eight months. He walked 536 miles and went by rail and steamboat 459 miles, a total of 1015 miles. He travelled over eight counties and visited 45 towns and villages. His travelling expenses were \$22.65. He started with \$14.00 and had \$69.44 when he reached home as the net income for eight months time, besides \$20.00 worth of clothes he had bought.

But his experience was valuable. His five hundred mile tramp trained him for his long marches in the great Civil War and his experience in controlling hard schools trained him for managing volunteer troops. His debating and other experience fitted him for political speaking and the practice of law. His acquaintance with people in Ohio and his popularity there as a school teacher enabled him to raise a company of volunteers and secure his officer's commission. His after life would have been very different if he had not had this experience.

In 1860 his father built a brick house on the farm to take the place of the large two-story log house Oscar's grandfather had built, and we find the following entry in his journal, May, 1860. —Editor)

We bought 25,000 brick of Mr. Reynolds. (John Reynolds of New Castle). We are to pay \$4.50 per thousand. He is to take one sow at \$4.25, one spotted heifer at \$18.00, thirty-four sheep and seventeen lambs, after wool is off, at \$65.75. Balance in money in course of six months. He said he would give us good brick, half hard, half soft, and such a lot as would make a good job. He said he would pick the good and would not ask us to take more broken ones than would build conveniently and enough of good color to make a front and end wall.

NOTES IN HIS DIARY

February, 1860, Hocking County, Ohio. The following are some of the principal beliefs I entertain in regard to God and the relation we sustain to him.

First. I believe there is a God who formed the universe and now controls and directs it agreeably to His will.

Second. I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word which God allowed us to have; and the copy we now have to be true and correct, making some slight allowance for errors in translation, and those errors are, I doubt not, of small importance.

Third. From the Bible I learn many things which I could not otherwise find out, and although some of those things which relate to the Godhead, plan of future rewards and punishments,

I am unable to comprehend, still I believe in them because God has said so.

Fourth. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God and through His mediation and by the salvation which He purchased, only can we expect to be saved from the sinful state we are naturally in and the wrath to come.

Fifth. That all men are in a state of condemnation and can only receive the salvation purchased by Christ by forsaking their sins and coming to Him and EARNESTLY but humbly craving His blessing. And I am taught from the Bible that all who come aright shall receive.

Sixth. That a proof of our sincerity should be shown in everyday life, for the grace which God gives to the hearts of those who trust in Him will make us love Him above all and our neighbor as ourselves.

Seventh. That the circumstances in which we are called to act, as well as time and place, are not only known to God but predestined by Him. That in these circumstances, right and wrong are held up before us and we as free agents can take either, and of that choice must account to God.

Chapter III

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN of 1860

On Tuesday, July 31, 1860 he left home to return to Ohio to take up his school duties. This year a buggy had been purchased, and instead of walking sixteen miles to a railroad station, as he had done the year before, the hired man drove him to Homewood Station in Beaver County. He visited his uncle, William Jackson, at Otsego, Ohio and arrived in Starr Township in time to open his school on August 6, 1860. His wages were \$1.20 per day and he got his boarding for \$1.50 per week.

In October he writes: The people of this county and congressional district have taken great interest in the elections this fall. The county has heretofore gone Democratic but the Republicans are making strong efforts to change this. I, by my friends, got into an active part in the fight by making a speech in New Cadiz, and, once in, there was no chance to get out and for the last month I have scarce had three consecutive nights' peace: and to judge by the people the speeches of the "Starr Township Boy," as they call me, have been well received. At least I have been treated in a manner that would tickle the vanity and rouse the ambition of anyone at my age.

On Saturday evening, September 1, 1860, I made my first political speech to a crowded house of ladies and gentlemen. It was the last day of my twentieth year, on the morrow I was twenty years old. I spoke in favor of Abe Lincoln and the principles of the Republican party, which I claimed to be: opposition to the extension of slavery, favoring a homestead bill, protective tariff, etc., and opposed to S. A. Douglass and the sham Democratic party. I spoke one hour and three quarters.

A Hocking County newspaper gave the following account of this meeting:

"The Republicans held a meeting at New Cadiz on Saturday evening, September 1, 1860. The presence of a large congregation of ladies and gentlemen was gratifying. O. L. Jackson was called upon and took the floor, amidst cheers from the audience, for the

purpose of addressing them upon political matters. The audience kept perfect good order. Mr. Jackson delivered a speech highly interesting to all those present. After speaking for some length of time he resigned the floor amidst prolonged cheers from the audience."

Monday, September 17, 1860. By previous arrangement of our friends, William Rehren and I discussed the political issues of the day at Euwing. Rehren is a smart, educated young man, candidate of the Democratic party for Auditor of Hocking County. I made a speech of an hour's length, he following with the same. I was to close in a thirty minutes speech, but he could not stand his arguments in the light I left them and so broke over the rules by my permission and spoke again. And I ditto, speech about, till 12 o'clock. But each succeeding speech he made only left the sham Popular Sovereignty deeper in the ground.

The most important meetings at which I have made speeches were the one at New Cadiz on September 1st, previously mentioned, and at the same place on September 6th at which the band and Wide Awakes (marching clubs) attended from Logan and at least five hundred citizens of the county. I stood in the band wagon. It was the first time I ever addressed a crowd in the open air and of course I was a little embarrassed at the novelty of my position; but the attention they gave me as well as the almost deafening rounds of applause with which they cheered the "Pennsylvania Boy" convinced me that at least I had done as well as I expected or maybe a little better. Besides it gave me an introduction to the leading men of Logan and the county, which is a great advantage to a stranger.

The incidents here recorded are not intended for public view and if by times they are egotistical, whoever accidentally reads them must excuse the author because they are only intended for himself.

Our next meeting was at the Woodward Church on Saturday, September 15, largely attended by the ladies of that neighborhood. Some of the Democratic members of the church said they would never after go into the Church if a political speech was made in it. I did not speak in the house but I came pretty near it. I stood on a pew, one end of which was run out at the door. The Democrats talked of pulling me out of it but did not try it. I

guess they would have found that an unhealthy piece of business if they had. We were too wide awake for that.

At the joint discussion between Mr. Rehren and myself at Euwing, heretofore mentioned, Mr. Stiers, a Democrat and the present member of the State Legislature, was chairman of the meeting. When I first took the stand I addressed the people first and he interrupted me by asking me to address the Chair. I then added "Mr. President" and then told him that their principle of Popular Sovereignty (which the Democrats were giving great prominence in an endeavor to support slavery in the Territories) said the people were the highest power and he, being an officer of the people, must take second honors. Said he, "You have made a point, proceed." Cheers by the Republicans.

In my first speech in my debate with Mr. Rehren, I, of course, could say nothing of his principles but merely advanced my own. In his speech following mine he spread out Popular Sovereignty which I observed as carefully as I was able. When I took the stand to close according to agreement, he seemed to think the thing about over and put on his overcoat, picked up his hat and stepped back in the crowd, but I had not spoken over half of my thirty minutes when he came forward to the stand, set down his hat, unbuttoned his overcoat and interrupted me by asking permission to speak again. I granted his request and when I had finished, he spoke again and I ditto for several rounds, nor did I get the last speech till the small hours came around after midnight.

I do not think he did Democracy any good by his after speeches. His friend, Wright, advised him to quit one or two rounds before he did. He left before I had finished my closing speech, apparently fully satisfied that his principles could not be sustained. The Republicans were almost wild with joy at the termination of the debate.

The evening Mr. Horton spoke at New Plymouth, Vinton County, I was present and after leaving the church the "Wide Awakes" marched through the streets and at last took a position on one of the corners. I was standing looking at them and listening to the music. Being a partial stranger I had no idea of making a speech at that time. I had come in company of F. A. Gibbons, and he, wishing to go home and not seeing me, called my name

once or twice. The crowd, supposing it was for a speech, took it up and I was obliged to mount the box to respond to their calls. It was really a pleasing and romantic way of being introduced to the citizens of Vinton County.

The next meeting I attended was at Islesborough, Hocking County. Although a Republican meeting a great many Democrats attended apparently only for the purpose of annoying the meeting. At any rate, they acted like blackguards. While Mr. Horton (Republican candidate for Congress) was speaking, they behaved very badly. The crowd in the street ran their horses past, or talked out in the meeting, threw a piece of apple at the speaker, and so on. When he finished I was called for. I saw that there was no need of argument in that crowd so I ridiculed the Democratic party in general and that crowd and Stephen A. Douglass in particular, made comparisons betwixt C. D. Martin, (their candidate for Congress) and Horton, etc., etc.

This was not calculated to calm them very much and the whiskey which they freely drank began to make them feel "patriotic." While I was speaking, one or two of them pulled their coats to pitch into us, and did have a fight or two among themselves. Although the Republican boys took their insults without saying much, I afterwards found that it came near taking a serious turn, as the "Wide Awakes" were prepared and would have shot and sliced them like dogs if any one of us had been struck.

I attended another meeting at New Plymouth. It was appointed by the Democrats. Gould, editor of the Hocking "Sentinel" and Judge Bratton of McArthur were the speakers. The Republicans expected them to make a pretty large swell on the occasion and invited me to attend and after they were all through, to reply to their speeches. The Democrats, getting wind of this, said, in language much more positive than polite, that I should not speak that night at all; that if I came I should have to be carried home; they would just skin me, etc., etc. I went, and it being a little late when I got there the house was full and a large crowd outside. I shoved my way through and got into the house and our Democratic friends outside did not notice me. I was told afterwards that they did not know I was in the house for some time after I came and that they employed the time cursing me up and down what I should not do if I came. They thought it

was so late I would not be there at all. I then was unaware of their or their speaker's threats.

After a while a Republican stepped out and told them the "Starr Township Boy" was there and was going to speak too. They acted a little easier then. The ladies of the New Plymouth High School were present, and having strong Republican feelings, they said I should speak if they had to form a ring and I stand inside. I considered this quite complimentary, and, when I afterwards took the stand, I returned the compliment by saying that notwithstanding their threats (of which by that time I was informed) there was no use of them attempting to raise a mob in this place, for besides the charm which the name of Plymouth gave to Liberty, I did not doubt but that there were ladies enough here who would form a wreath with their handkerchiefs, if necessary, to protect a Republican speaker.

During Mr. Bratton's speech he said that slavery was legalized in all the states at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and asked if there was anyone in the house who would deny it. I did deny it and he called on me for proof. I could prove that it was only legal in twelve states at the adoption of the Constitution, but I had no evidence nearer. He then asserted that Massachusetts abolished slavery between the years 1776 and 1788. I could not disprove this although I did not believe it and it left me in rather an unenviable position.

He spoke till nearly eleven o'clock and some good Democrat then moved to adjourn, but a large majority of the house would not agree to this, but called on me to reply. Before commencing I asked permission of the Democratic speaker and officers, as it was their meeting, which was granted. I spoke about one hour, in which time I reviewed his arguments, quoted Henry Clay's speeches and showed that he had misrepresented him, charged him to his face with being the defender of polygamy, upholder of slavery and excuser of Democracy in establishing white slavery in New Mexico, etc. etc.

The Democracy out of doors who were looking in at the windows became furious, swore and stormed and said they would go in and pull me out. But the Republican boys, at the head of whom was Ben Johnson, told them, "If they dared, to try it." They were the maddest set of humans I saw during the campaign. The

Republicans seemed well pleased with my reply, and when I closed, which was about midnight, they took me up bodily and carried me around on their shoulders and cheered and yelled like savages. Oh, it was a jolly time! The ladies, bless them, stayed and cheered us with their presence till we were through, and they were as good looking a company of women as one will see.

October 1st. The Republicans had a great barbecue at Logan on this day and a march at night. It was the greatest torch light procession I ever saw. There were six hundred marchers regularly equipped with lamps, transpiracies, etc. They formed about the Court House and the spectators with them numbered about three thousand. After D. K. Carter of Cleveland and C. H. Grosvener of Athens spoke, I made a few remarks. It was by far the largest crowd I ever spoke to, but my speech was rather a poor affair.

October 4th, 1860. During the Fair at Logan the Democrats had the Court House engaged every evening, their party being in power. The Republicans did not like this, so this evening they had a Wide Awake march during the time that Dr. Olds, Democrat, was speaking in the Court House, and I was invited to address the Wide Awakes at Rochester Corner, Charles H. Grosvener of Athens also made a speech after I was through. It was a splendid affair. The marching companies performed beautifully and the ladies turned out by the hundreds. There were probably one thousand persons on the ground and we completely eclipsed the Douglass men. The Democrats had been acting the rowdy for some time at different meetings and I particularly made them angry. I was pretty careful when in a mixed crowd. Some of my friends told me that I was particularly threatened that evening and that there were some reckless fellows on the ground, so when I got off the rostrum, after giving the Locos the best round I could, I thought it safest to walk with my hand on my bowie-knife. I was not molested, although after I went up to my room in the hotel I could hear the drunken crew on the street using my name.

October 11. On the Thursday after the State Election the prize banner was given to our township (Starr) for polling the largest majority of votes for Horton the Republican Congressman elect. I made a speech accepting on behalf of Starr Township. The paper complimented me very much about it, but I delivered

it under favorable circumstances for making an impression. Bonfires were burning in the streets, the houses were illuminated and the Republicans perfectly wild with the news of the election returns. They felt good and so did I and numerous errors would be overlooked.

The following is a newspaper notice of this speech:

"The ceremony of presenting the flag, made by the ladies of Logan, to the citizens of Starr, the Banner Township of Hocking County, was attended to by L. H. Culver on the part of the ladies, in an appropriate speech accompanying the delivery, which was responded to upon the part of the citizens of Starr by O. L. Jackson in one of the most appropriate and eloquent speeches of the season. Mr. Jackson is quite a young man, about twenty years of age, of extraordinary ability for so young a man and gives promise of making a bright star in the galaxy of American Statesmen."

November 1, 1860 was held the last political meeting in Starr Township, Hocking County, at New Cadiz. Handbills were struck and a large crowd was in attendance. A. J. Wright of Logan, and I were the speakers. I spoke first. I spoke over one hour. It was a studied speech and cost me more labor than any other speech during the campaign, let its merit be what it will. The citizens of Starr Township here pledged themselves to be true to Abe Lincoln on the following Tuesday's fight, which pledge they did redeem, making a largely increased majority for the Republican ticket over the October election.

November 5, 1860. At "Ash Cave," Vinton County, Ohio, I, this evening, made my last political speech of the Lincoln-Douglass campaign. It was a very enthusiastic meeting. McBeth and a lawyer from McArthur were there and spoke, although it was posted for me in the handbills and paper. They had me posted as the "Young Giant" to the merriment of the boys as well as myself. (In this presidential campaign, Douglass, the Democrat candidate was called the "Little Giant"). Ben Johnson was the principal in getting up the meeting, a big-hearted fellow. He had heard me speak once or twice before and had undoubtedly given me something of a puff, from the unthusiasm the citizens manifested to hear me. I closed my speech giving them Cromwell's advice, "To trust in God and keep their powder dry."

That our cause was just, but to succeed we must labor at the polls on tomorrow. They promised to do so and did perform as I afterwards found.

It was quite late before the meeting adjourned and I had to teach school the next day. I rode home that night, a distance of some fifteen or seventeen miles. It was a cold, disagreeable ride and Tuesday, the decisive day, had come long before I reached my stopping place.

These are the principal meetings I attended, although I was at several schoolhouse gatherings besides. From September 1st to November 6th, inclusive, I have delivered eighteen speeches and addressed the citizens of Hocking, Vinton, Athens, and Perry Counties to the number of from five thousand to ten thousand all told. I received the praises and cheers of the Republicans together with the scoffs and curses of the Democracy. I have been highly praised on the one hand for my oratory, learning, and good principles, whilst on the other I have been denounced as impudent, foppish, immature, and worse than all, an Abolitionist. This mixture of praise and censure comes from the people and the press alike. Perhaps I deserved a little of both. I was drawn onto the stump without expectation and if I did no good I humbly hope I did no harm.

The Logan Republican paper in an account of the barbecue on October 1, 1860, in which it mentions O. L. Jackson as one of the speakers, had the following headlines:

"Great Mass Meeting at Logan. 7,000 to 8,000 Republicans in Council. Great Barbecue, 3 Roasted Oxen, 1,000 Roasted Chickens, 10,000 Pies and Wagon Loads of Provisions. Great Jubilee of 600 Wide Awakes."

The following is a speech I made at Logan the evening of the jollification after the election of Lincoln. The circumstances under which I made it were as follows: The boys were playing the farce of burying Douglass and were carrying a boy with a sheet around him, drums beating, bells rattling, etc. They marched up the street to the crowd that were around the Court House and stopped. The crowd present wanted a speech and I was called on. I was not in a very good humor and would rather have been excused, but being urged by a friend (C. James) I complied.

I was most unmercifully abused by the Democrats and the "Hocking Sentinel" for what I said, and censured by some of the Republicans, it being circulated that I had preached a funeral sermon, etc. I was sorry that people considered it that way. The following is the language I made use of. I record it not from any merit in the speech, but that I may hereafter be able to see whether there is in it any disrespect to either pulpit, clergy, or Christian religion; none being intended and I being just as sensitive on the points as my enemies.

"Gentlemen, this circumstance reminds me of the words of Wolf.

'We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning.'

"Senator Pugh once said if the South by their votes struck down Douglass and his principles, he would bear him through the world and show his body as an example of ingratitude, and now this man Douglass has been stricken down, not only by the North who despise his principles, but also by the South who thought he would cheat them if he once got the power and it was to his interest. And now the principles of this man Douglass and himself are so low that no political trump will ever resurrect them."

The remainder of the speech, which occupied about twenty minutes, was in regard to the duties of the members of the Republican party, not to taunt our opponents in the hour of success, nor to harbor any desire for the dissolution of the Union, because that even in connection with the South it was to us a great benefit, and moreover that no peaceable division could be made, etc., etc.; but the foregoing is all that in any way referred to the farce of the boys.

RULES IN REGARD TO SPEAKING

1. When I have told what I know, sit down.
2. Speeches, short if possible, but to the point.
3. Never speak on a subject without having first examined it.
4. Never speak if the audience wants to hear another person who is present.
5. It is not best to push oneself forward; wait till called on.
6. Avoid abusive language about men or principles.
7. Use anecdotes sparingly.

RULES FOR SOCIAL CONDUCT

1. Avoid the use of sarcastic language in conversation.
2. If I have contended for an error and afterwards see my mistake, I must acknowledge it.
3. Never tell my own failings; they will be seen soon enough.
4. Avoid in company bestowing my attention entirely upon one.
5. It is better to not "go home" with any girls from public meetings unless so doing would appear impolite, as it will in some cases. I refer to the country gallant custom.

On Friday, March 1st, 1861, I closed a term of 160 days school at the Side Hill Academy, Number 5, Starr Township, Hocking County, Ohio. I began on the first Monday in August, 1860. My school was a success, more than usually good. I think in all respects it was the best school I have taught. I had taught them during the year then ending 200 days of school. I used the same system of rules and regulations during the entire year. I heard some few, and but few, objections to my system, and without exception I convinced the grumblers, either by my determination or success, that I was right. My rules were written and numbered and I made a practice of reading them to the school on each Monday morning.

On the evening of the last day there were quite a number of the parents at the school. I had been with them a long time and was about to take leave of them to return to my native state. Frank Gibbons, by my request, began an address to the scholars but became so much affected that he was forced to sit down. His example was followed, not only by the school, but by the citizens present, and when I concluded my farewell address to them, there was scarcely a dry cheek in the house. They not only shed tears but actually cried and sobbed to be heard all over the room. I never was so much affected in my life, and in taking the parting hand I found it impossible to maintain my composure. I did not know until the parting hour came how closely our affections were knit together.

There was a woman with a large family, living in the district in which I taught school, by the name of Mary Ann Powers.

Her husband had left her and the family depended on her in a great measure for support. During the winter of 1860-61 times were very hard on the poor and for reasons which I shall not state, it was not convenient to publicly offer her any assistance. So I mailed an anonymous letter to her, from a neighboring village, containing a bank bill. In time she got the letter, and not being able to read or understand it, she brought it to me to read for them. The schoolhouse was in sight of theirs. I doubt not but I blushed a little when I took it; still I read it and explained to them what I supposed the person who sent it meant, and questioned them as to whom they supposed sent it, and when some months afterward I was leaving them, I asked them if they had found out who had sent the money, they told me they had not.

He left Starr Township on March 11, 1861 and reached home near New Castle on March 14th.

The following is a statement Colonel Jackson made in 1909 in regard to the reason why he became a lawyer:

When about six or seven years old, I played about David Pollock's tailor shop in New Port, Pennsylvania and watched him at work. This led me to think I would like to become a tailor and I cut out and made some little clothes, crude affairs of course. When nine to twelve years of age, I thought I would like to keep store like my father had from about 1844 to 1850. From thirteen to nineteen, I had it in view to be a doctor. Father's talk had something to do with this but I have no recollection that he ever requested it or directly recommended it.

During the latter part of the year 1860, at age of twenty, I definitely concluded that I would try to be a lawyer. I was led to this determination by my success in public speaking when teaching school in Ohio in 1859 and 1860. There I met Frank A. Gibbons who solicited me to debate with him on Woman Suffrage. This debate attracted attention and had its effect on me. A Logan newspaper made a short complimentary report about my first political speech, which was made at New Cadiz, now Union Furnace, in Starr Township, Hocking County, Ohio. This influenced me to make a study of the speeches of Lincoln, Carl Schurz, Bingham, Lovejoy and others, and I was called on to

speaking at a number of political meetings in Hocking and adjoining counties. At the end of the political campaign of 1860 I had firmly determined to become a lawyer and ever after I had no other idea.



CAPTAIN JACKSON
From a daguerrcotype taken February 1862. Aged 21½

Chapter IV

THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

March 14, 1861—June 16, 1863

Oscar returned from Ohio on March 14th, 1861, and on April 1st began reading law under the instruction of J. P. Blair at New Castle, Pennsylvania. The same month Fort Sumter was attacked and President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months. Oscar volunteered at once, but so great was the response in Lawrence County to the President's call that only a part of those who offered their services could be accepted, and he was among those who were not accepted. He had been elected a 3rd Lieutenant as it was then supposed a company was entitled to three.

He continued his law studies but also busied himself recruiting an independent militia company in his home township, Shenango. The people realized that the 75,000 three-months men of the first call would not be sufficient and these companies of volunteers were formed all over the country, to the number of thirteen, and were organized into a regiment, with the Reverend Samuel Bentley as Colonel. Bentley was a blacksmith who some years before the war became a Methodist minister and had a local reputation as a revivalist. He became Captain in the 100th Pennsylvania and served through the war.

The company Oscar enlisted named themselves the "Liberty Guards." They met regularly for drill. The enthusiasm extended to the larger school boys and they formed a company, electing Oscar's brother, Edwin, then thirteen years old, as Captain. They met in the school yard every Saturday to drill. The small boys attending the summer session of the school, instead of playing ball, drilled and marched at the noon recess, one of them using his empty dinner bucket as a drum.

The thirteen militia companies, under Colonel Bentley, held a drill and parade in New Castle on the fourth of July, 1861. Soon after that the battle of Bull Run was fought and Lincoln issued his call for 500,000 volunteers to serve for three years. The term of service of the two companies of three-months men, who had

been accepted from Lawrence County, having expired, Dr. Daniel Leasure of New Castle, who had been Captain of one of them, raised a regiment for three years' service, but this regiment was so promptly made up that there was no room in it for Oscar's "Liberty Guards." This regiment left for Washington the last of August, and on August 27, 1861, Oscar started for Ohio, as shown by his journal, which reads as follows:

On Tuesday, August 27, 1861, I left my home on the farm near New Castle, Pennsylvania. Edwin took me on a horse as far as James Paden's. I took the cars that night at Enon Station. (Enon Station was twenty miles from New Castle and was then the only railroad station in Lawrence County.) On the train the next day I received the information that all the money I had was on an unsafe bank in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, but subsequently I got some of it discounted with some trouble at five per cent. and my friend, L. Ham. Culver, of Logan, exchanged the balance at par.

On Wednesday I went to Camp Chase, near Columbus, and there I saw many of the Hocking County boys that I knew, Alfred Aplin and the Woodward boys among the number. They were with Captain William Bowen in the 31st Regiment. On Thursday and Friday I came down to Hocking County after receiving a permit from the Adjutant General to recruit a company of volunteers for the Ohio service. On September 2, 1861, my twenty-first birthday, I got some handbills struck and began recruiting.

I worked at recruiting under that permit some six weeks and had something like forty men enlisted. I tried once to have them entered in a cavalry regiment, the 2nd West Virginia, but was finally unable to do anything with them. We had the day once set to start for the cavalry camp after I found we could not raise a full company of infantry. I still, however, held on and toward the last of October, I, by hard work, received an appointment as a recruiting Lieutenant, my commission depending on my raising thirty men. At the end of two weeks I had eight men for the 22nd Regiment and I believe I would have abandoned the business if it had not been for James W. Sands who said I must not resign my appointment. I should not give up for I would not fail if I worked.

I then began, as it were, anew and on November 5, 1861, I left New Cadiz with seventeen men. Sands gave me one at Zaliski and on the seventh I reached Camp Worthington, near Chillicothe, with eighteen men and on the eighth of November I was mustered into the United States Service as 2nd Lieutenant in the 22nd Ohio Infantry, conditioned on my raising thirty men.

I worked on and on, getting a man occasionally through the months of November and December. I received assistance from some men who joined my company and on January 16, 1862, had enrolled eighty-five men, enough for a company. The schools in which I had been teaching the preceding years had more than the usual number of large boys and they furnished quite a large squad of recruits of the very best material for good soldiers to start the proposed company. They were also useful in securing other recruits. By this time the first excitement of enlisting had passed and it was slow, difficult work to enlist men for three years' service. It was after long, hard work, and overcoming many discouragements, as well as receiving much friendly help, that I succeeded in completing my company.

(One unexpected recruit which 2nd Lieutenant Jackson received was Charles M. Harrison, who succeeded him in the command of his company when Jackson took command of the regiment. Colonel Jackson once wrote: "It seemed strange to me that Harrison, a man five or six years older than me, came to me when in Camp at Chillicothe and enlisted with me as a private soldier. I was a boy in appearance, an entire stranger to him, with only a squad of men, and with an apparently very doubtful prospect of getting a full company. He took hold, went home to Athens County, where I was not acquainted, and went to recruiting and did more for me in way of getting recruits than any other one person. I consider his joining me as he did, a very important event to me."

On the 30th of April, 1909, Colonel Jackson met Captain Harrison's sister, Mrs. Kate S. Bonar of 7010 Whitney Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. He asked her if she knew how it was that her brother came to enlist with him. She said she recollected very well what he said at the time. He had gone from Athens County to the camp at Chillicothe to see about enlisting because there were quite a number of Athens County men there. When he returned

home he told them that he had enlisted with a boy he had never heard of before, but that he was the very man he wanted to go with; that he was the smartest, brainiest, wide awake young fellow he had ever met, and more talk in the same line; and then she added "he has talked that way about him ever since."

When the company was mustered into the service, Harrison was elected 1st Corporal, and during the war was promoted to Orderly Sergeant, Lieutenant, and then Captain of the company. When he was in command of the company the following anecdote is related of him: The soldiers had a poor opinion of the men who took non-combatant service, and regarded teamsters as shirkers. One day, Captain Harrison was ordered to detail a man from Company H to act as a teamster. He mustered the company, read the order to them and said, "I am going to follow the practice of Captain Jackson when he commanded this company and detail the d——t meanest man in the company as teamster." and then announced the name of the man he had selected.—Editor)

On January 16, 1862, the company elected officers. I received the vote of every man present for Captain. Frank A. Gibbons was elected 1st Lieutenant and William Pickett, 2nd Lieutenant. I appointed Joseph Chaney as Orderly Sergeant.

On January 6, 1862, the 22nd Regiment was consolidated with the 63rd, commanded by Colonel William Craig, the latter regiment retaining the number, and we received our appointments in the 63rd. Colonel Craig resigned and John W. Sprague, a Captain in the 7th Ohio Infantry, and for a short time a prisoner of war in the South, was appointed Colonel of the 63rd. The 22nd Regiment had seven companies and the 63rd only four. One company of the 22nd was sent to the 43rd Ohio Infantry. It was an injustice to the 22nd to obliterate it, but it was done in order to give Captain Sprague a colonelcy, as he had influence with Governor Todd. (But he made an efficient officer and in the latter part of the war he commanded the brigade.—Editor)

On January 28, 1862, we left Camp Worthington and went by rail to Marietta, Ohio, to a camp named Camp Tupper. Here we received muskets that had been altered from flint locks. On Tuesday, February 18th, we got on board the steamer "Bostonia," part of the regiment embarking on another boat, and reached

Paducah, Kentucky on the 21st, and were ordered from there to Cairo, Illinois, which place we reached on Saturday, February 22nd and were ordered to proceed to Point Commerce, Missouri. We reached Commerce on the 23rd at about 1:00 P. M. It was a small village on the Mississippi shore in Scott County. The Government was concentrating a force at that place for an expedition against New Madrid, Missouri, a small town and fort on the Mississippi, twelve miles below Columbus, thirty-five or forty below Cairo and distant overland from Commerce some fifty-five miles. General Pope was in command of the forces at Commerce.

NEW MADRID AND ISLAND TEN CAMPAIGN

Although my recruiting service was very hard work, my soldiering thus far had been of the "Play Soldier" kind. A captain of a company in camp has plenty of work always but our quarters, both at Camp Worthington and Camp Tupper, were comfortable and our rations were good and plenty. On the steamboat the officers had cabin passage which was quite pleasant and we had not as yet seen many of the hardships of a soldier's life.

When we first landed at Commerce, we encamped on the hill by the town on the same ground on which Jeff Thompson (Confederate) planted his little cannon. It was beautiful weather, a little cool, and the display of troops very imposing. We stayed there till Tuesday morning when we marched about three miles south of town and pitched our tents. Here we got our land transportation consisting of one six-mule team to each company, and five teams for the Quarter Master's Department. We were now fully equipped and General Pope issued an order forbidding anything more than the regulation amount of baggage to be taken. My trunk was small and I did not have to leave any, but I left a box of new uniform clothing, besides a tent and the boys' dress coats and one of their blankets and caps in the warehouse. I carry as arms a regulation sword and a Colts six barrelled, six inch revolver. (This revolver was muzzle-loading and was knocked out of his hand by a Confederate soldier in the hand to hand fighting at the battle of Corinth that fall, and lost. He replaced it with a breech loading Smith and Wesson, which we still have.—Editor)

February 28, 1862. We received marching orders for this morning to be ready early. We put our baggage in small bounds and were ready to march long before the command was given. My company is lettered H, 63rd Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 2nd Brigade, 1st Division. General Stanley commands the division. Colonel Smith of the 43rd Ohio commands our brigade, and Colonel Groesbeck the 1st Brigade. The 43rd and 63rd Ohio compose the 2nd Brigade, the 39th and 27th compose the 1st Brigade. Perhaps they were called demi-brigades.

My company and two others are the rear guard of the division today and one hundred and forty six-mule teams are between us and the main body of the army. Some of the rear teams are overloaded and we have great trouble with them. We have been losing ground all day and dark finds us eight or nine miles from the camping ground. We jog slowly along and about midnight halt where an Illinois regiment is encamped, three or four miles from our division. We wrap our blankets around us, lay down on the ground and sleep without tents, a sound sleep. I was very tired and never rested better in my life. I found by my army experience that if the ground is dry it makes a good bed. We were aroused at daylight with orders to fall in and I would have given almost anything for another hour's sleep.

March 1, 1862. We had crackers for breakfast this morning, the same as our supper last night. By ten o'clock we have reached our regiment which is waiting for the provisions in the wagons. We halt, stack arms and cook our dinners. At eleven o'clock we fall into the battalion, are relieved of our guard duty and marched in front. This arrangement gives us but little rest, but on we go. We pass today the farm of a "Secesh," Colonel Hunter, whose house is deserted and here for the first we feel in an enemy's country and the cavalry act accordingly by taking everything they can use or carry. We have reached at sundown a small village called Sikestown and encamped. Lieutenant Gibbons went over to the house of the proprietor of the town, Mr. Sike, and called for supper and lodging which was reluctantly granted him. The 7th Illinois Cavalry today captured three pieces of Jeff Thompson's artillery and three men. The guns are very small, about one and one-fourth inch bore, breech loading for scouting.

March 2nd. It rained heavy last night. I awoke in my tent

with a peculiar sensation and found I was lying in about six inches of cool water. Nothing of interest occurred on this Sunday's march. It was after dark when we halted in a hazel thicket and with great labor started fires. I was Regimental Officer of the Day and slept but little, although very tired. It is freezing quite hard.

Monday, March 3rd. According to orders, we got our breakfasts, struck tents, and loaded our wagons before daylight and inspected arms. We are about eight miles from New Madrid and after falling in line, capped our pieces when offered a medal to the first man entering the enemy's works. At two o'clock we make our appearance before the town and Fort Thompson. It took but a few minutes to convince us that the idea of surprising them was played out. They had apparently been reinforced and were well fortified, and besides all, there were four or five gunboats in the river. They immediately opened on us with shot and shell. I used to be skeptical of the accounts of fighting at two, three and four miles but here I was soon convinced that three miles may be a very dangerous position from a battery.

Our regiment being in the 1st Division was in front and today our position was on the extreme right. We formed in line of battle and the shot and shells began to fly quite briskly over us at a distance of over a mile from their main works. Some came very near us. It was our first experience under fire but the boys took it very coolly. By orders we grounded arms and ate our lunch during the cannonage. If it had not been for the gunboats we would have advanced on the town and fort but they, with their heavy guns, would have shelled us out in a short time. About sundown we drew off and encamped. Our division had one man killed and several wounded. I slept very soundly that night but we had orders to have our breakfasts, tents struck, and wagons loaded by daylight the next morning and ready to move.

March 4th. We supposed that we would attack the enemy this day certain, but noon disclosed the fact that our orders to be ready so early was a blunder. The boys today began an indiscriminate slaughter of chickens, pigs, calves, etc. All day long one continuous stream of fresh meat has been pouring into camp. In the evening Pope sent out a squadron of cavalry and temporarily stopped it.

March 5th. Last evening we moved our tents in line of battle with the 43rd Ohio, Colonel Smith, who also commands our brigade. General Hamilton commanded our division on the march here, but General Stanley has arrived and superseded him, because outranking him.

March 6th. All day there has been heavy cannonading apparently down the river in the direction of Plummer's brigade who are fortifying Mount Pleasant, eight miles below New Madrid.

March 7th. This day our regiment and the 43rd Ohio (that is, the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division) made a demonstration on the enemy's works. We had with us three pieces of flying artillery. We skirmished near their forts and into the edge of the town, drove in their pickets and encountered a small infantry force. The firing between them and us was pretty sharp and brisk. These were the first musket balls I had heard whiz. They had not the unearthly sound of rifled cannon shot, nor the death-like crashing of heavy shells, to all of which I have this day been exposed. Although we were in short range of their forts and in sight of their gunboats for a considerable time, they withheld their fire till we posted our guns and threw a shell at them. Scarce had the shell burst when the enemy opened on us with shot, shells and every conceivable missile. It was not our style to stand this long, so we changed our position and fired again. The enemy soon got our range and again we changed. We worked in this manner for awhile, our generals reconnoitering their position, and having done all we were ordered, withdrew. Four or five of the 63rd were slightly wounded. A heavy force of infantry was in line about one mile behind us and it was a distinguished honor that we were called on to do the work. They were to support us if we were overpowered.

(It is to be noted that the regiment had only received their muskets one month before this engagement. They were raw, untrained troops, but acted like veterans.—Editor.)

Sunday, March 9th. There was a review of all the troops today by General Pope.

March 10th, 11th and 12th. We have had regular drilling during these three days but this evening we have orders to be ready to march tomorrow morning by four o'clock with blankets, knapsacks and one day's rations.

March 13th, 1862. We had everything in order and were in line by 4:00 A. M. (The fact that they were always ready on time when ordered to be prepared to march at an early hour shows remarkable efficiency for raw troops.—Editor) We were marched in the direction of Fort Thompson. When within three-fourths of a mile of the fort we halted and a heavy gun, a little in our advance, sent a shot booming against the fort, and in a minute another. In a few minutes, it being still dark, we saw a flash of lightning, then it thundered and in an instant a shot went crashing along our lines. All cannonading after night has this appearance.

To explain our position:—Some heavy siege guns had arrived last evening and during the night a heavy force of sappers and miners and engineers had dug trenches, raised breastworks and got the guns in position only one-half a mile from the fort and the booming shot first notified the enemy of their position. Our division was posted behind our batteries and in part protected by a raised piece of ground. It was a very slight raise, but for three or four hours it was our only protection from an almost uninterrupted storm of shot and shells. This looked like a battle-field in earnest. Cannon were booming every minute. Nearly one thousand shots were fired in the fourteen hours after 5:00 A. M. Dead bodies were being carried off the field and wounded men passing on litters to the ambulances. One man a few yards from me had his right leg shattered, cut off by the surgeon and he carried to the hospital and his shattered leg left lying on the ground.

The groans were terrible and they made me grit my teeth and grasp my sword the tighter. One man, as he passed on a litter, mixed his groans with curses on the enemy and asked us to "give them hell."

About noon there was a cessation of the firing and we got spades and dug a trench at the base of the slight elevation which protected us and then were comparatively safe; but the cannonading was all day. Terrible scenes and many hairbreadth escapes were passing before our eyes. Once a large piece of shell buried itself in the ground just beside my thigh as I lay on the ground. I dug it out and carried it from the field. Solid thirty-two pounder cannon balls would come bouncing along and strike a short distance above us and bound over. Several made their last leap over my

company and stopped but a few feet in our rear. Again the solid shot would skim along the top of the ground and bury themselves in the earth but a short distance before or behind us, throwing the dirt sometimes to the height of seventy or eighty feet. There was some timber behind us that soon bore marks of their force. We were in a cornfield and could hear the bouncing balls, some considerable time before they reached us, caving the stocks. They threw a good many shells at us but most of them burst before reaching us and the pieces would whiz over our heads. Some of them, however, did harm. One man of the 43rd was killed late in the day and Lieutenant Colonel Swayne, commanding that regiment, had his horse shot through and killed by a ball. One man of Captain Sands' 11th Ohio Battery was killed and several of different regiments wounded by metal that passed over us.

Sometimes there would be a cessation of firing for a few minutes and the boys would get out of the trenches and gather up the shot and pieces of shell. Then a shot would come crashing along and it was actually amusing to see the boys piling into the trench pell-mell, one on top of another. All seemed to like the ground and hugged it very close. The best shot the rebels made struck our largest gun on the muzzle, bursting a piece out of it, disabling it, and the piece and the shattered ball killed three men and wounded five others, three of them mortally. There were no serious casualties after 1:00 P. M.

Lying in the trenches, we could tell what of our shots took effect. Some struck the water, others struck, crashing against their works and gunboats. When we made a good shot, our boys would cheer and when the rebels did, they would yell like devils.

We were there to support the guns if the enemy made a sortie on our works and in the evening we were ordered to lie all night in the trenches and that commissioned officers must not go to sleep. About midnight it began raining very heavily and the thunder and lightning was appalling. The water soon filled the trenches and we were obliged to get out of them. About half past two o'clock we heard a gunboat whistle and then expected every minute that they would open fire on us; but there we stood in the heavy rainstorm all night and at daylight were relieved by other troops.

March 14th. This morning before we got to our quarters it was ascertained that the enemy, taking advantage of the stormy night, had evacuated their works, leaving immense quantities of stores. Our cannonading had evidently been too hot for them and they dared not stand another day of it. The steamboat whistle we heard had been their last signal. General Pope immediately issued an order prohibiting anyone from visiting the fort or town, so I did not get down today to see it.

March 15th. I this day visited the town of New Madrid and Fort Thompson, also the fort at the upper edge of the town. I first visited the ground on which our forces were stationed and the marks on the ground, timber and fences showed the powerful force of the enemy's cannon which were for the most part well directed. One large cypress tree at least three feet in thickness was pierced through by a cannon ball some eight feet from the ground. The tree, although alive and growing, was unsound at the heart, or I suppose, the ball would not have gone through.

Another ball, a twenty-four-pounder, struck a tree about fifteen feet above the ground, went almost through it, and opened the wood on the opposite side, so as to show the ball plainly. The side on which the ball entered had closed over it as if it had been a rifle ball. Limbs were cut from trees, small ones cut entirely off, and the ground in many places plowed into furrows. Solid shot were plenty on the ground and pieces of shell and occasionally a shell that had not burst could be found. Some of these shells have a lead casing around them and I have been running them into bullets for my revolver.

The fort showed marks of our heavy and well directed fire. Several guns had been dismounted by it; but when I looked at the enemy's works I thought they had acted cowardly in abandoning them after standing but one day's cannonade. They would have been very difficult to take by assault. Planks had been placed upright and braced from the inside. Some distance from this a ditch had been dug and the earth from it thrown against the planks, which were also supported by earth on the inside. The entrance was by one gate on the south side, strongly protected by double rows of upright timber. The fort mounted thirteen guns, mostly twenty-four-pounders, with an eight-inch howitzer. They left us some other guns and a field battery beside.

They spiked some of the guns and cut the spokes of part of the carriages. The ditch around the fort was about twelve feet deep, twenty feet wide at the top and fifteen feet at the bottom. Some ten rods outside the ditch they had brush piled and thickly matted. Their guns and gun carriages were mounted on platforms. The magazine was in the center. The enemy left some twenty-five pieces of heavy guns and a field battery, tents for ten thousand men, three hundred horses and mules and a great quantity of small arms. They left in such haste that the officers abandoned their baggage, the men their accouterments, their tables set and candles burnin gin the tents. The enemy took nothing with them but the men.

Nothing of material interest occurred during the 15th and 16th but on Monday, the 17th of March, the 63rd was detailed to take one of the big guns from the fort to a place five miles below Point Pleasant and thirteen miles down the river. We left camp at sundown and left the fort about 8:00 P. M. We had to draw the gun by hand. It weighed six thousand pounds and the carriage fifteen hundred pounds, making a very heavy load. It went very well at first, but the men got jaded and the roads got worse and we soon had trouble. One half the regiment had guns, the other half did the pulling. We had three ammunition wagons in convoy. At Point Pleasant the enemy have a battery on the opposite shore and the road runs close to the river bank, which is very low. We went past their battery very quietly and fortunately without being discovered. Below town we could see their gunboats for a long time. Once we thought they were steaming up for us but we were mistaken.

The men became so nearly exhausted that they would drop down in the mud and could hardly be got up again. I helped pull frequently in a tight place when commanding a relief. It was a most laborious duty. At daylight we were one mile from the intended place for planting the gun. The enemy's gunboats were but a short distance below us and we could have got them with the gun but could not have got it planted. So we turned off from the river and went back to General Parmer's division and gave the gun into his care. We returned to camp by the evening of the 18th. (Note. This was a remarkable piece of work for raw troops. They hauled that four-ton load over bad roads,

twelve miles in one night. Twelve miles in one night would have been a pretty good march for a regiment without any incumbrance. Then they marched back by evening, making twenty-four miles marching in twenty-four hours, half the distance pulling an immense load. Captain Jackson does not explain why horses were not used, but Corporal Savely says it was because the mud was so deep that horses could not pull the gun, the wheels sinking till the axles dragged in the mud.—Editor.) We lay in camp at New Madrid during the remainder of the month of March, drilling hard in the manual of arms and in brigade and division movements. We here changed our altered flint lock muskets for Austrian rifles which are a splendid arm. (And were used by the 63rd until the end of the war.)

Commodore Foote with his fleet of gunboats and mortar boats has been bombarding the rebels at Island Number Ten since the fifteenth of March. The rebel gunboats, every day or two, run up to our batteries below Point Pleasant and give them a few rounds but they keep well out of range. So that nearly all of this time we could hear the roar of heavy artillery which became as familiar to our ears as a railroad whistle. A slough runs from above Island Ten around to New Madrid. For a long part of this time General Pope has been trying to cut a canal through it to get steamboats to New Madrid for us to cross on, so we can attack the rebels in the rear of their batteries at Island Ten. On the morning of Sunday, April 6th, four steamboats reached New Madrid by the new cut canal, to our great joy, for if the steamers had not got through, General Pope intended to attempt to have the army cross the Mississippi on rafts, and there would have been great loss of life. One ironclad gunboat, the "Carondelet," ran past the rebel batteries at Island Ten during a terrible storm Saturday night without receiving any injury, and Sunday night the "Pittsburgh" did likewise.

April 7th, 1862. With three days' cooked rations we embarked this morning on the steamboats. Our gunboats engaged the enemy's batteries opposite New Madrid, silencing them, and we landed our frail transports immediately in face of their works. My company was in the bow of the steamer and I was the first man to go up the bank. There works were extensive but the enemy fled on our approach. We formed in lines of battle, the

43rd and the 63rd in advance, and advanced on their camp which was about one mile from the river, but we found it deserted by all save the sick. As soon as the enemy found we were in force in their rear and that they must fight us on level ground or retreat, they chose the chivalrous plan of retreating by way of Liptonville where they had some steamboats by which they hoped to escape, but they were too late. Our gunboats were there first and scattered their transports like chaff and we immediately moved by the right flank for Tiptonville. This night we bivouacked without fires, some four miles from Tiptonville and four from Island Ten. General Paines' division was in advance of us.

April 8th, 1862. The enemy, seeing themselves completely surrounded, unconditionally surrendered their infantry force which had reached Tiptonville. Our division advanced and took formal possession of the works at Island Ten. The enemy left their tents standing just as used, showing they had fled suddenly. As reported at the time, the results of the conquest of Island Ten were six thousand prisoners captured by the land forces, including three Generals; and five hundred prisoners including seventeen officers, surrendered to the naval forces, seventy cannon, several field batteries, a large quantity of small arms, nine steamboats, exclusive of the Hollins ram and the Pelican battery, which have also been taken, and large quantities of ammunition, military stores, provisions, camp equipage, etc. This is the most serious loss the rebels have yet sustained in the material of war.

April 9th. We embarked at Island Number Ten this morning on the steamboat "Hettie Gilmore" and came down to New Madrid where we had left our tents. The rebel sunken steamboats along the river were a sad sight, but their works at Island Ten were strong, very strong, and the ammunition at them in almost fabulous quantities. We accomplished this great and successful expedition, remarkable to say, without loss of either life or limb by any cause whatever. General Pope ordered our Regiment, the 63rd Ohio, with the others engaged for good conduct to inscribe on our flag and banner the words, "New Madrid and Island Number Ten."

April 10th and 11th. We received our pay from the pay master in United States Treasury notes and gold and silver. It was our first pay. We were paid up to February 28, 1862. I received pay as 2nd Lieutenant from November 8, 1862 to January 16,

1862 and a Captain's pay from January 16th to February 28, 1862. On April 11th during a heavy storm of rain we struck our tents and marched to the river bank to be ready to embark on steamers the next day. During the night the boys handed in their money which they wished sent back to Ohio. The Chaplin was to take it. We sent about two thousand dollars. April twelfth we loaded our equipments on board the steamer "Silver Wave." Popes' army embarked on a fleet of boats and at 1:00 Sunday morning, April 13th we started down the river. During the day our gunboats got an occasional glimpse of the rebel fleet but they would not wait for more than a single shot. At two P. M. we reached a point as close to the rebel fort, Fort Pillow, as was healthy for transports. We tied up and the gunboat "Benton," made a bold reconnoissance which showed the rebel works quite strong and their fleet sheltered under the guns of the fort. We stayed one night tied to the Tennessee shore.

April 14th. We crossed the river and landed on the Arkansas shore a few miles below Osceola. The weather was almost unbearably warm and the mosquitoes were there in such size and quantity as I had never before seen. They attacked us freely and fiercely and the boys feared them more than they ever had the rebels. The country here is low and marshy. A levee some five feet high protected the farms from being overflowed by the Mississippi River. An old chap that lived near ther iver where we landed, had a deer park and in defiance of orders the boys killed several. The woods, besides swarming with mosquitoes, were infested with ticks and such vermin that were very annoying to the men and in a short time killed several horses and mules belonging to the army.

The inhabitants were the bitterest kind of rebels. They had plenty of niggers and cotton and they burned the cotton on our approach and run their slaves back into the interior, but many of the negroes escaped and came into our lines. We stayed on the steamboats at night and one night after dark when I was Officer of the Day, a skiff approached the boat and somebody on it asked if they might come aboard. We answered, yes, and the skiff pulled alongside and we found it contained a small darky about ten or twelve years of age. He had stolen the skiff from his master some five miles up the river and, taking advantage of the

darkness, had dropped down the river to us. I took him into the cabin and he was able to give us a great deal of information in regard to the rebel works which he had seen.

April 15th and 16th. Among the contrabands who came to us on the fifteenth, I hired a man about nineteen years old, called George. He had been the slave of one, Daniel Matthews, who lived near Osceola, Arkansas, and was a bitter Secesh. He had put his slaves to work on the rebel fortifications and the man I hired for a servant had helped haul provisions for the rebel army and had been for awhile the servant of Captain R. Hardin of an Arkansas regiment stationed above Fort Pillow. The negro can tell some laughable stories of the scared Secesh.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Our mortars have been throwing shells at the rebels at long range and they reply occasionally. On the evening of the sixteenth we received orders to get aboard all our traps and start up the Mississippi and up the Tennessee to reinforce Buel and Grant. This was unexpected news, or orders, but the rebel concentration of troops at Corinth, Mississippi, rendered Pope's presence necessary and the late battle of Shiloh at Pittsburgh Landing showed that Beauregard's army would fight, which is a quality few rebel forces possess. (Note. Captain Jackson afterwards had experience which caused him to change this opinion in regard to the fighting qualities of Confederate troops.)

On April 17th we left Osceola Landing and arrived at New Madrid on the eighteenth and took on board some of our sick that had been left. We had spent so much time in this neighborhood that it seemed like coming home. Strange feeling. At dark we steamed up the river. We reached Cairo by noon of the eighteenth and I mailed to Father a copy of Blackstone and an ambrotype likeness of myself. I also purchased some necessaries and Scott's Military Dictionary, price five dollars. We started up the river and, when opposite Metopolis, received a dispatch that from a scarcity above, we must go back to Cairo and coal. This was a bore to us, for the fleet would all get ahead of us, but back we went and by Monday morning, April 21st, we again started up the river. I left five men of my company at Mound City Hospital. In the station room here were several coffins containing bodies of officers who had fallen in the late battle of Shiloh. One Wis-

consin regiment had lost its Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major and the bodies were here. We passed Paducah and entered the Tennessee River at about 10:00 P. M.

April 22nd, 1862. This is a pleasant day and the Tennessee River is one of the most beautiful streams I have seen. All along, it has the appearance of slack water and is narrow all the way, varying but little. Guerrillas along the bank are in the habit of firing at steamboats as they pass and scarce a transport loaded with troops but is fired into and somebody hurt; so we loaded our guns and kept a brisk lookout but none made themselves visible to us. We passed Fort Henry and my opinion is that it is not as strong as the works at New Madrid. A company of infantry, and from their stripes nearly all appear to be non-commissioned officers, guard the fort. The wrecks of several steamboats can be seen that were destroyed by the traitors. About ten A. M. a negro was seen approaching the river, running, jumping, hallooing and making all kinds of gestures and occasionally looking back toward the hill as if he expected a pursuit. When he came opposite to us he told us he wanted to come on board, but we could not stop and we left him standing on the bank with a down-cast look. How I pitied this son of Africa, striving for that which we all love so well, "liberty," and thus far unsuccessfully. God grant him success yet.

April 23rd, 1862. We passed Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee and passed three miles or more on up the river to Hamburg where Pope's army was landing. It was just two months to a day from the time we landed at Commerce, Missouri, and at the same time of day, a remarkable coincidence. May God in his mercy and goodness grant us here the same success with which he crowned that expedition.

April 24th, 1862. We moved about a mile out from the landing last evening and encamped. I posted my guards as pickets some distance in front of the regiment in the brush. I did not get on the ground till after dark and it was a work of great labor and uncertainty in the thick undergrowth, considering the darkness. General Halleck issued an order that General Pope's Command should constitute the left wing of his army and still be distinguished as "The Army of the Mississippi." Quite a compliment to us.

April 27th, Sunday. We moved five miles out on the Corinth road. We had orders to be ready to march at 7:00 A. M. but did not move till 1:00 P. M., and then half a mile from camp a bridge had to be built over a slough, which detained us until sundown, so that we only finished our five-mile march at nine o'clock at night and bivouacked, our teams not coming up.

April 28th. Our pickets were attacked today by the rebel cavalry and some of them came running into camp with the news. The cry was raised by someone "fall in" and passed along the line. Some drummer beat the Long Roll and on hearing this the whole division was soon under arms and in line, expecting every minute the appearance of the enemy. The usual number of cowards got sick and asked to be excused. But soon General Stanley came out and ordered us back to our quarters and said when he wanted us he would call us out, and said the cause of this needless alarm should be investigated. It proved to have been only a squad of rebel cavalry who were about as badly surprised as we were, and who beat a hasty retreat as soon as possible.

April 29th. Stanley's division made a reconnaissance today in the direction of Corinth via Monterey. We took a few of their grand guard prisoners but our cavalry were opened upon by a masked battery and considerably injured. We had a very toilsome march and returned to camp about one o'clock.

In the evening, I and my company were sent out to relieve the grand guard which had been posted the morning before. It was dark before I saw the ground and the ravines and undergrowth were hard to get to understand. The men were posted in groups a considerable distance apart and in trying to pass along the line I lost the direction and for a long time I wandered about, not knowing whether I was going toward the rebels who were watching our lines or our own camps. I must confess it was rather an unpleasant situation but in course of time I saw a light and cautiously approached it and it proved to be friends and I then found the position of our lines.

April 30th. Muster day. My company paraded this morning, sixty-two rank and file, fifty for duty. I have twenty-three men away from the regiment, sick, since last muster and yet my company is one of the largest in the regiment.

May 1st. Headquarters Company H, 63rd Regiment, O. V. I. Camp in the Field. Making our muster rolls in camp at the Log House but struck tents at noon and marched some five miles and camped where Captain Brown's Company were thrown in the rear. Stayed there three days.

May 4th. Struck tents and marched about five miles and came up with Raine's Division who on the previous evening had had a brisk skirmish with the rebels. At the cross roads near the swamp was a grave and on the head board was written: "Three misguided rebels who fell on this spot, May 3rd, 1862." We had stacked arms and unslung knapsacks when we were ordered to fall in, as we supposed merely to better form our lines, but without dinner in a heavy rain we marched to Nicholas's ford to guard it. A large pile of cotton was burning which the lady of the house said the rebel cavalry had fired, against their will, to keep it from falling into our hands. We returned to camp about 9:00 P. M. tired, hungry, wet, almost exhausted. We remained in this camp a considerable time. A great many of our men suffered with diarrhea and some with fevers and our regiment gradually ran down in strength.

May 8th. We made a reconnaissance today in force and skirmished up to within sight and gun shot of the rebels' works which I thought we would certainly storm the next morning but I was much surprised that we were ordered back to our old camp, only leaving a small force on Farmington Heights, which I estimated then as a strong position, but Halleck's orders to fall back were positive.

May 9th. The rebels today, with a heavy force, attacked the few men we had left at Farmington and a fierce and bloody fight drove them from the place. We were all in line but Halleck would not let us advance on the rebels and they would not attack us. I was much displeased and many lives were lost. The 2nd Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, Colonel Elliot's regiment, made a brilliant charge, and Captain Egbert was wounded.

May 17th. Pope's command today with some skirmishing, retook Farmington and began fortifying. We pitched our camp and as we were getting pretty weak in numbers, our Brigadier-general Tyler, began criticizing everything concerning us, such as ordering our sick on guard and picket duty, making us drill,

etc. General Tyler took command of our brigade on May 1st. I have a private opinion of him. In his introductory speech, he said he was glad we resembled the New Englanders, etc. He is from New England and that kind of talk does not please Western soldiers.

May 28th. The entire army made an advance today of about three-fourths of a mile to extend our parallels. The center and right wing of our forces met with almost no opposition but the Army of the Mississippi had brisk skirmishing. We selected our ground and began erecting batteries and planting guns. We had four batteries of field pieces in an open field, covering our working parties and the infantry supporting them in three lines of battle, mostly concealed in ravines. Our regiment was in the second line. About three o'clock P. M., the rebels made a charge on our batteries which mowed them down fearfully with canister shot, attacking our first line of infantry, which wavered for an instant. Our line was then ordered forward to their support. As we crossed the brow of the hill, they gave us a smart shower of musketry, which mostly passed over our heads, but killed one man of Company K named L. Pierce. On we went but the front line rallied and before we came up had started the rebels back in disorder. The rebels now commenced cannonading us to keep us from pursuing them. A cannon ball struck the ground so close to me that I was stunned as if by a fall. I was standing in front of my company, or division, as I had command of two companies, and the ball did not ricochet or it would certainly have cut some of us down. As it was, dirt and gravel flew over us and one piece of gravel struck a man of my company, Joseph George, above the eye, slightly wounding him. For a while cannon balls plowed around us and through some of our ranks at a fearful rate. The 39th Ohio lost several men.

I got permission and passed over the field and saw the incidents which accompany every battle. The rebel dead in front of our batteries lay like sheaves in a harvest field. One fine young man lay cold in death and by his side a trinket, wrapped in some leaves, of McGuffey's Fourth Reader which contained Hall's essay on the horrors of war. This called to my mind many reflections. I saw men slain by almost every conceivable wound, and wandering soldiers rifling their persons of all valuables. During the

night, we fortified our position and mounted our heavy guns. (This action was called the battle of Farmington.)

May 29th. Today there was a fine artillery duel between a battery of parrot guns on our side and the rebels. I got a position during its progress where I could see both our own and the rebel batteries. It was a fine show. There was some splendid practice and fine shooting on both sides and little harm done by either. Men on the lookout would announce the fire of the enemy when all exposed would drop to cover. About 9:00 P. M. the rebels gave three hearty cheers.

May 30th. Daylight showed the advance works of the enemy vacated. The 39th Ohio of our brigade were thrown forward as skirmishers and advanced into the town of Corinth, which they found evacuated, and planted their regimental flag. A few minutes afterward skirmishers from General Nelson's division arrived but the Army of the Mississippi were there first—a deserved honor, as we had done the fighting during the siege. At 4:00 P. M. we started in pursuit of the rebels on the Danville road and encamped at midnight in the vicinity of their rear guard, some four miles south of Corinth. When we halted at midnight of the 30th I was ordered to take my company and post them as pickets. We stood till about daylight and then started on the march.

May 31st. We made but a short march today and halted near Big Springs.

June 1st. In camp on short rations.

June 2nd. We started forward again and on account of somebody's blundering we did not get time to cook breakfast after our rations were issued. Marched through Danville and Rienzi and near to Booneville, a hard days march, but the brigade moved left in front and as that threw us in the advance we gave the 39th and 27th a lesson in big marching which their former boasting made them deserve.

June 3rd. In the afternoon marched to the south of Booneville where General Elliott with the cavalry had captured, a few days before the evacuation of Corinth, a train of cars loaded with rebel guns and ammunition, which he had burned. Musket barrels lay in heaps, smelted together by the heat. At nine o'clock at night we were ordered to fall back to the camp of the

night previous. The wagon trains were now in advance and by some means got the idea that we were driven back and they got up a regular Bull Run panic. Some of the advance teams had not got stopped till near morning.

The ten days following the 27th of May were very hard on us; sleeping without tents; our trunks kept in the rear; nothing to eat but what we carried in our haversacks and the haversacks supplied with pork and crackers only. The fight of the 28th was a sharp affair, then the digging of trenches was followed by exhausting marches. I record it as the hardest ten days' work I ever did.

June 10th. The power of the government is felt in the west and Beauregard's Army has fled before us whom so often they promised to destroy. The rebel army I regard as demoralized and badly injured but I think less caution on the part of General Halleck would have given us greater success. I think the great blunder of the campaign on our part was our over-estimating the rebel strength. General Halleck did not seem to know anything more of what was going on in Corinth than I did. Pope before Corinth showed generalship that added new laurels to those gathered at New Madrid and Island Ten. Although Buel's and Grant's Corps had the start of ours by several weeks, in a few days we took the lead and they never afterwards could keep their lines up parallel with ours. The rebels abandoned their works in front of Grant and Buel three or four days before they did those in front of Pope, and they abandoned the last ditch fighting us. The rebel army, everything considered, made a splendid retreat, although much of their stores and equipage fell into our hands. We captured a considerable number of prisoners and many deserters joined us, but Halleck's dispatch about Pope capturing ten thousand is a little steep and I, being along with the advance, had a little chance to know. We gained a victory at Corinth, that's all, and Halleck's over-caution prevented it from being much of a one.

Chapter V

BATTLES OF IUKA AND CORINTH

June 10th, 1862. Camp 63rd Ohio Volunteers, Army of the Mississippi. Having demonstrated that further pursuit of Beauregard's forces into the interior of Mississippi would be fruitless, General Pope, after scouring the country south of Burnsville, returned with his army to Big Springs on Clear Creek about six miles south of Corinth. The entire Federal forces have gone into cantonments in the vicinity, except those sent along lines of railroads. The weather is getting very warm and the nights which have heretofore been cool are beginning to get warm also. I find by experience that we can stand the heat during the day better when the nights are cool. Orders have been issued requiring all commissioned officers to take daily lessons in Army Regulations and Infantry Tactics during the time of our remaining in cantonments.

June 30th. General Stanley mustered our regiment today. My company mustered present, aggregate forty-one.

July 3rd. James W. Sands arrived here today on a visit. I was glad to see him but was not able to go around much with him as I am feeling unwell.

July 4th. The only ceremonies were performed by the artillery who fired the National Salute at the regular time. It made considerable noise. General Pope having been called to the command of the Department of Virginia, General Rosencrans, who had been commanding the Right Wing, assumed command of the Army of the Mississippi. It was with regret we parted with Pope who for so long a time had held our entire confidence as a commander.

July 6th. I am having a severe attack of intermittent fever. Frank Ingmire (a member of his company) is waiting on me in my own tent. We are using quinine freely. Colonel Sprague having secured me leave of absence, about July sixteenth I started for home. I was hauled to Corinth in an ambulance, on my back. I was almost exhausted on reaching Columbus,

Tennessee. I was obliged to remain at Cairo, Illinois and rest, as I had not strength enough to travel. I then took the cars and proceeded home, via Mattoon, Terre Haute and Crestline, reaching New Castle in the evening and staying all night at the Leslie House. The next morning Edwin brought the buggy for me and I went out home. I rested at home and my health improved. I made a trip to Beaver County in the buggy with my small brother and sister, David and Mary, and visited among my mother's relatives and old friends.

August 12th, 1862. Father took me in the buggy to Enon. A company of volunteers are there, ready to start to Pittsburgh. I took the 3:00 P. M. train going west to return to the army. I passed through Cincinnati and Cairo and arrived at Corinth on the fifteenth, passing over the Military Railroad on a Provost Marshal's pass, in company with Lieutenant Jones of the 43rd Ohio and reached camp at Big Springs and the regiment on the sixteenth.

August 20th. Broke camp and started on march east. Lieutenant Gibbons and I go by railroad on cars. We went through Iuka and into camp at Beaver Creek, Alabama on the twenty-first. We have a fine time foraging here. Are camped near Father Cook's. On August 25th I enlisted Elijah Hanson in my company, a native of Alabama. We left Bear Creek and marched to Iuka Springs, a watering place. The soldiers take comfort at the springs and in the summer houses.

September 10th. I am on Grand Guard duty, commanding the Guard of the Army of the Mississippi. I took in ninety-four contrabands of all sizes, ages, and sexes.

THE BATTLE OF IUKA

September 12th. Left Iuka and marched to Clear Creek, making thirty miles without resting. A severe march. About September 14th Colonel Murphy of the 8th Wisconsin, who was left in command of the post of Iuka, abandoned it, and the enemy, under General Price, took possession of it, and considerable stores we had there. September 18th we broke camp at Big Springs and marched southeast sixteen miles and camped near Jacinto. On September 19th we marched in the direction

of Iuka Springs and fought the battle of Iuka with General Price's forces.

Besides our column under command of General Rosencrans, which was expected to attack Price on the south, General Ord was in command of a larger force intended to make a simultaneous attack against the enemy on the north. General Grant was with Ord's column in person and was commander-in-chief of both columns. For some reason General Ord's forces did not get up soon enough, and the enemy discovering us, instead of waiting for our attack in the town of Iuka, massed their forces some distance south of the town on the road on which we were advancing.

For some unaccountable reason the usually cautious and sagacious Rosencrans had apparently neglected to examine the road in advance with skirmishers, and the first intimation our column had of the presence of the enemy was the thunder of a battery of artillery planted across the road, and against which the advance were butting their heads. The 1st Brigade of our division, commanded by Colonel Mower and consisting of the 11th Missouri and the 47th Illinois, swung around and engaged the half-concealed enemy. Sand's 11th Ohio Battery was the only artillery which could be brought into action. Our regiment was on the second post of honor in the column, that is in the rear at the beginning of the battle. The fight raged for about an hour with desperate fury, when a tremendous shout arose from the front where the fighting was warmest. That seemed encouraging and turning to my company, I said, "Boys, things are going about right there now." A few moments afterwards an officer dashed up to Colonel Sprague, our commander, and said, "Colonel, bring your regiment up to the front as soon as you can. The enemy have captured Sand's battery, the only one we could get into action, and our men are giving back." What a change this gave our expectations! Colonel Sprague, turning in his saddle commanded, "63rd, double-quick forward!"

We had our entrenching tools with us, that is axes, mattocks, spades, etc. When the Colonel gave that command I added to my company, "Pioneers! drop your tools, march!" Away we went, the iron hail dropping around us.

The shattered lines rallied as we advanced to their support and charged again upon the advancing enemy ahead of us. The

rebels, astonished at the square front of what they supposed was a routed army, halted, and then giving back, as with desperate energy we pressed upon them, were driven from the guns of Sand's battery which again fell into our hands. It was now dark and the fighting ceased, the enemy retiring to the town and we lying all night upon the field which had been dearly won, surrounded by dead and dying comrades. Our regiment lost lightly. I had one man wounded in my company, Corporal Isaac Jarvis. The groans of the suffering wounded were heart rending and we were surrounded by them. All night long we were busy attending to their wants. The rebels also carried off some of their wounded and dead who lay on a part of the field not occupied by us. Although we had held our own against superior numbers, I expected daylight would renew the conflict, but long ere the sun dispelled the darkness to let us begin the work of destruction, General Ord's column arrived and the rebels began to retreat. The morning gave us possession of Iuka, the enemy having evacuated it with a loss of one thousand killed and wounded. Our loss was not quite so large.

In the management of the battle, there was a fearful blunder on our part somewhere as Rosecrans' column, less than half of the army, had to fight the enemy alone. The impression is against General Ord for being too late. Bulldog bravery of the men in the ranks and darkness changed what would otherwise have been a defeat into a drawn battle.

A battle field is a strange, melancholy sight after the conflict is ended. As you walk over it, some strange curiosity impels you to examine the countenances of the fallen and the nature of their wounds. On an eminence perhaps the bodies of friend and foe lie mixed indiscriminately, showing where the struggle was warmest. A little farther on and you find them scattered and as you reach broken or wooded ground, you hunt for them as for strawberries in a meadow. Then the different postures of the dead. Some fall dead instantly. Others struggle into the dark region of the hereafter; whilst many, placing themselves in fantastic or grave positions, appear to leave life as if it all was a farce, or in calm meditation. On this battle field I counted forty dead bodies on one spot the size of four rods square. An old soldier here called my attention to a curious circumstance, and that was the peculiar

expression on the faces of those killed by the bayonet. They have a contorted appearance, as if cramped, that enables them to be selected from among a pile of dead from those who were otherwise slain. There was only a case or two of this kind. They are very rare on any battle field.

Our own dead were here collected and buried in large graves, laid side by side, wrapping their blankets around them. Those of the enemy were buried where they fell all over the field, at best in a careless manner. The body of the rebel, General Littell, was left on the field, well to their front. He was buried, I presume, along with the others, but I saw him still unburied, well on in the day of the twentieth.

September 20. After burying our own and the enemy's dead, we marched back on the road by which we had come, as far as Barnets Cross Roads and encamped. We were very scarce of rations, many having lost their haversacks. I dropped mine during the battle and this morning I was glad to borrow a piece of pilot bread and to find a haversack containing a fine, large piece of mess pork. I had no scruples about eating of it and shared it among several grateful officers and men. When we reached Barnets, we killed several fine beeves and I never relished anything better than I did this evening a piece of beef's liver, grained with salt and roasted on the end of a stick. To make coffee on the march, the boys provide themselves with an empty tin can with a wire stretched across the top for a bail. They put the coffee and water in this little can which they carry with them, and holding it on a stick in the flame of a camp fire, soon have coffee boiling.

Yesterday when we were on the march to Iuka where we fought the battle, as we passed a plantation between Barnets and Iuka, General Rosencrans halted our division. Some few days previous as a party of our scouts, three or four in number, were passing this place they were fired on from the mansion house and one man killed and one wounded. The others could only gather up their comrade and get away. General Rosencrans now ordered a detail from one of the regiments to fire the buildings. It was the finest residence I had ever seen in this state. Fine dwelling house, large barns, cotton houses, cotton gin and presses, carriage house and a fine carriage in it, negro quarters, etc.

There was nobody in the buildings now but women, they were asked to leave and the torch applied to the property of these murderers. When we moved forward everything was in a blaze, and today as we returned, nothing remains but chimneys and blackened logs to mark the place where lived these double scoundrels, traitors and guerillas. This is the way to fight them and the men feel that they have a commander who fights rebels in earnest. It has been supposed by some that the burning buildings gave the enemy notice of our approach and caused them to come out and meet us, but this is not certain.

September 21st. We marched two miles southeast, rested and foraged till 4:00 P.M., then counter-marched till within six miles of Jacinto. Our infantry and cavalry have been harassing Price's retreat but without inflicting any very serious injury. Price is good on a retreat and he is sustaining his reputation this time. We went into camp near Jacinto on the twenty-second and on the twenty-third Lieutenant Gibbons received notice that his resignation had been accepted. This day I went to the brook and was taking a wash, having divested myself of my clothing and was rubbing myself vigorously. I could not see the camp, and some distance beyond in the direction of the enemy I heard a volley of musketry, then scattering shots as if in battle. What could it mean? I thought, we are certainly attacked, as the firing continued. I sprang out of the water, pulled on a part of my clothing a little quicker than I ever did before and grasping my sword belt, I started up the hill as hard as I could run. When I reached the top of the hill I saw our regiment forming. I now felt certain we were attacked and strained every nerve to reach my post. Lieutenant Gibbons had my company ready when I reached it. In a few moments we learned that it was only a big scare caused by another brigade discharging their pieces to clean them. Through some blunder, no notice had been given that they had permission to fire and they alarmed the whole army.

This evening Lieutenant Gibbons started home. I exceedingly regretted to part with him. He has ever been a true friend to me and sustained and supported me in all duties with a good will.

September 24th to 28th. We camped without tents. One night it rained considerably. I had a gum blanket too short to cover all of me. I was so fortunate as to get an empty barrel

into which I put my legs, laying it on its side, and then had plenty of gum blanket to protect the exposed part of my person. On the 29th we marched to Rienzi.

September 30th, 1862. We started west on a scout. The force consisting of a detachment of our regiment, a section of artillery, the 27th Ohio Regiment and a squadron of cavalry, under the command of Major Spaulding of the 27th Ohio. We started at noon and had orders to move without rations or equipments to make a reconnaissance toward Ripley, Mississippi, Price having swung his army around in that direction. At dark we halted and although in the vicinity of the rebel army we had not yet met any of their pickets. We immediately threw out an advance and took possession of all the roads in the vicinity; did it very quietly. The result was we took quite a number of prisoners who coming along unsuspectingly were gobbled up by our pickets. Some of them had furloughs to visit their homes which were in the immediate vicinity. We suffered considerably, lying in the cold without food. We started back shortly before 9:30 P. M. and reached camp after midnight, a tired and hungry set of boys. We ate green apples enough to about sicken us. Reveille sounded at 2:00 A. M. (October 1st). I had merely got asleep and some of the company had not got asleep at all. Much fatigued, we started on the march and marched all day, passing through Kossuth and camping one hour after dark four miles northeast of the village, having marched about thirty-five miles, the route being circuitous.

Thursday, October 2nd. Our teams came up with supplies and we are resting. I fixed up the fly of my tent and as I had my cot I expected a good night's rest although I did not get to bunk very early. A little after midnight, October 3rd, I heard an orderly inquiring for the headquarters of company H. I got up and answered him. It was the Colonel's orderly. He said, "Captain Jackson, have your company ready to march in twenty minutes with forty rounds of ammunition to the man." That rather spoiled the calculation for a good night's rest but we were ready in the time ordered. When I laid down on my cot I had taken my pants off and having to hang them on a bush at the head of my cot I thought it best to take my pocket-book out of my pocket and put it under my head as it contained a considerable

sum of money. The order being on short notice, I dressed myself without thinking of my pocket-book and did not think of it until we were some distance from the camp ground. My colored man, Mose, had rolled my cot and blankets and put them in the wagon. We were halted, waiting for some other troops to form, and I told Colonel Sprague of my blunder. He told me to go back and see about it, as I would have plenty of time. I went back to the train and unloading the team, found my pocket-book rolled up in my cot all safe. It was a very fortunate affair, as I never saw the cot afterwards.

The news now, Friday, October 3rd, begins to be that Price's rebels intend to attack our force at Corinth, to whip them and gobble up our division (Stanley's) afterwards. Price has evidently done some big marching. Iuka, where we fought the battle with Price on September 19th, is east of Corinth and we now hear of him coming from the west, having been joined by Van Dorn and his forces. There is a considerable hurry to get us to Corinth and our men are almost worn down with marching, watching, and battle. As we moved along a little after daylight we heard a single gun in the direction of Chewalla. Then the men began arguing what it was. Some said it was a gun, others said not and that it would rain. A few minutes afterward, boom, boom, boom, a whole battery opened, stopping the argument, as the evidence was now on one side. It was curious to observe the effect it had on the men, who, tired and sore, were dragging themselves along. Instantly every head was raised, the step quickened and all forgot they were tired.

At 11:00 A. M. there is brisk cannonading on the Chewalla road and our division is moving in that direction. Rosencrans has sent Davies' division to Chewalla to attack the rebels. Our division is sent to within a short distance south of the rebel forces. Davies fights a little and then falls back toward Corinth. The rebels follow and we hang like a cloud on their flank. Davies' division makes an occasional stand, only to draw the enemy on, while we forbid his moving south. It is Rosencrans' design to draw the rebels to the north of Corinth. It seemed so odd that we should allow our comrades to be driven without joining them but it was a piece of great generalship by Rosencrans, for at dark, friends and foes were inside of Beauregard's old defences, the

rebels north of our new-made works just where we should like that they should attack us. The enemy have been very much deceived. We made a very slight stand at Beauregard's old fortifications and no doubt the enemy think they are almost in town. We could not have defended the old works with the men we have. They are eighteen miles in circumference, but we have new works made near town, well mounted, that must be captured first. Our division was swung around in the immediate front of the enemy and we lay on our arms.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH

Saturday, October 4th, 1862. The skirmishers of both armies kept up a fusillade during the night of the third. The rebels, knowing our position very well, planted their artillery during the night so as to rake us and command the town of Corinth. Captain Brown of the 63rd Ohio was in command of the guards of our brigade and captured a captain of a rebel battery and his bugler within a hundred yards of where our regiment lay, killing the horses, but had to be reinforced to bring off the guns at daylight. We did some cheering over them. About two o'clock in the morning the rebels opened on us with their artillery. The shot and shell went through some buildings in Corinth. One shell burst in the Tishomingo House, killing a soldier who had been wounded the day before. We were using the house for a hospital. The shot and shell fell all around us and as it was quite dark the scene was a grand one, a real display of fire works played entirely for our benefit. Our men were, of course, very tired (Note. They had been marching almost day and night for four days, in close relation to the enemy and without sufficient food.—Editor) and sleep was very sweet but the rebel artillery firing was really terrific. They were using the latest improved missiles (sent to them by England) and it rather spoiled our chance for sleeping, as many men in the brigade were being struck. Some one of my company spoke and said that this was a rather hard way to rest after losing two nights' sleep. Martin Barrett (the "fighting Irishman" of the Company) looked up and replied, "It's all owing to how a man has been raised, whether he is afraid of being shot at or not." There was no more complaining after that. Our

artillery soon silenced the rebel guns after getting range of them and before daylight the cannonading ceased.

On the first appearance of dawn, the rebels threw out a cloud of skirmishers that annoyed us seriously, as every few minutes someone was hit and this was annoying. Details were made from the line to go out and drive them off. Five were called for from my company. I asked for volunteers and the whole company offered to go on this specially dangerous detail. I took the five I thought had spoken first. They started out and had a regular Indian fight, giving the enemy their fill of bushwhacking, and driving them back to their main force. I was out to see them and shot a time or two, or more, at a "butternut" who returned the fire, the balls going "zip" quite close to my ear.

(Note. Captain Jackson's command of the counter attack on the Confederate skirmish line is referred to in "Greeley's History of the Rebellion," Vol. 2, page 229, as follows:

"On the morning of the 4th, the enemy, to cover preparations for their main charge, advanced a skirmish line to within about 150 yards of Battery Robinett. It (the Confederate skirmish line) was well protected there by logs and fallen timber, and soon gave great trouble to the main line of our troops, then lying on the ground near Robinett.

"Five men of each company present of the 63rd Ohio were selected as skirmishers, Capt. Jackson put in command of them, with orders to advance and drive off the rebel skirmish line.

"It was pretty serious work, but they moved forward and succeeded in driving the enemy's skirmish line back considerable distance."—Editor)

After I rejoined my company, Corporal John Wilson carried my orders to the skirmishers promptly when I sent them, exposing himself fearlessly. Private George Reynolds was wounded severely in the skirmish fight but loaded and fired his gun once after being shot through the leg. He was the only one of the five wounded at the time but a strange fatality followed them and my orderly Wilson, after they rejoined the company in the after part of the battle. Corporal Wilson was killed, Sergeant Robert Terry killed, Private Stroop killed, Corporal Jarvis killed, Private Biggins wounded. Not one escaped.

About ten o'clock the rebels began pouring out of the timber and forming storming columns. All the firing ceased and everything was silent as the grave. They formed one column of perhaps two thousand men in plain view, then another, and crowding out of the woods another, and so on. I thought they would never stop coming out of the timber. While they were forming, the men were considerable distance from us but in plain sight and as soon as they were ready they started at us with a firm, slow, steady step.

"Firm paced and slow a fearful front they form,
Still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm."

So it seemed to us. In my campaigning I had never seen anything so hard to stand as that slow, steady tramp. Not a sound was heard but they looked as if they intended to walk over us. I afterwards stood a bayonet charge when the enemy came at us on the double-quick with a yell and it was not so trying on the nerves as that steady, solemn advance.

I could see that my men were affected by it. They were in line and I knew that they would stand fire but this was a strong test. I noticed one man examining his gun to see if it was clean; another to see if his was primed right; a third would stand a while on one foot then on the other; whilst others were pulling at their blouses, feeling if their cartridge boxes or cap-pouches were all right, and so on, but all the time steadily watching the advancing foe. It is customary in engagements to have some motto or battle cry given by some commander, such as "Fire low," "Stick to your company," "Remember some battle," (naming it). To draw the attention of my company while the charge was advancing I said: "Boys, I guess we are going to have a fight." This is always a doubtful question to an old soldier until he sees it, but they all believed it this time. "I have two things I want you to remember today. One is, we own all the ground behind us. The enemy may go over us but all the rebels yonder can't drive Company H back. The other is, if the butternuts come close enough, remember you have good bayonets on your rifles and use them." And well did they remember what I said.

(Note. It should be observed that the officer who had the coolness and courage to endeavor to divert the minds of his men

under this terrible ordeal, and while his own nerves were strained to the limit, was a youth of twenty-two, who had only six months experience in war, and many of his soldiers were boys like himself. This explains why the German military experts were so badly fooled when they thought it would take three years' training to make American soldiers fit to meet theirs in battle.—Editor)

When the enemy had advanced about one-third of the distance toward us, we got orders to lie down, and then, when the enemy got close enough, we were to fire by companies. The unevenness of the ground now screened us from their view and the second line of infantry, some distance to the rear, appeared to the rebels to be the first they would have to fight, and when they came upon us it was a surprise to them. My company being on the left of the regiment, and our regiment on the left of the brigade, I was among the nearest to the enemy.

The enemy had to come over a bluish bank a few yards in front of me and as soon as I saw their heads, still coming slowly, I jumped up and said: "Company H, get up." The column was then in full view and only about thirty yards distant. Captain Smith of our regiment thought only about twenty-five yards. Just in front of me was a bush three or four feet high with sear leaves on it. Hitting this with my sword, I said: "Boys, give them a volley just over this. Ready! aim! (and jumping around my company to get from in front of their guns) fire!" In a few seconds the fire was continued along the whole line.

It seems to me that the fire of my company had cut down the head of the column that struck us as deep back as my company was long. As the smoke cleared away, there was apparently ten yards square of a mass of struggling bodies and butternut clothes. Their column appeared to reel like a rope shaken at the end. I had heard this idea advanced and here I saw it plainly. The enemy were stopped, but deploying their column, returned the fire, and, a fine thing for us, fired too low, striking the ground, knocking the dirt and chips all over us, wounding a very few, not one in my company. We got ahead of them with the next volley which we delivered right in their faces. (The guns were all muzzle-loading). At this close distance we fought for perhaps five minutes, when the enemy gave back in confusion. The leafy bush I struck with my sword, on giving the first command to fire, was stripped almost clean. The boys made a fine volley. The enemy came at

us in fine order, moving handsomely, but in retreating, every fellow went as suited him, and it appeared to suit all to go fast.

The column that fought us was led by General Rodgers of Texas who fell dead but a few feet from me. When I saw the enemy retreating in such confusion, I remarked to a comrade that we would not have to fight those men any more today, as I thought it would be impossible to rally them again, but strange to say, in some forty minutes I saw them reformed and coming at us again with that slow, steady step, but they made a change in their tactics, for as they came over the bank, or rather out of ravine in front of us, they came at us with a yell on the double-quick. Our men stood firm with loaded guns and fixed bayonets and gave them a volley that threw them somewhat into confusion, slaughtering them fearfully, but pressing on, and firing at us rapidly, they dashed themselves against us like water against a rock and were a second time repulsed and gave back.

Colonel Sprague had all the while been in the thickest of the fight. I think I see him now rush to where the line wavered and with sabre sweeping the air, exclaim, "What does this mean, men? Company——, close up!" He then spoke and said, "Men, it is your time to cheer now," and with a hearty good will did they respond.

Some distance to the left and front of me were a pair of parrot guns, that we called Battery Robinett in distinction from the small fort of the same name a short distance in the rear of them. Captain Brown and his Company A supported these guns immediately, that is, were between me and them. He was almost annihilated by the first two charges and between me and the guns was clear ground. Colonel Sprague gave me this order: "Captain Jackson, move your company up to those guns and hold them." Saluting, I replied, "I will do it," and turning to my command I added, "Left face, forward march." It was like moving into dead men's shoes, for I had seen one company carried away from there on litters, but without a moment's hesitation we moved up.

I had scarce posted my men in rear of the guns when I saw that the enemy were again coming at us, and that a detachment was moving from the main column toward my guns. I knew what they wanted and, as the guns were not for close action, I moved my men in front of them and waited their approach. On

they came, formed in their favorite manner, namely, in a solid square or column. I now had but twenty-four men in line formed in two ranks, but even the detachment of the enemy which veered off towards me were formed in a square. As I afterwards learned, they were dismounted Texan rangers and very few of their guns had bayonets. I am told Colonel Sprague asked permission to move the regiment up to my support, but permission was denied.

The rebel officer in command of the Texans was marching at the left of his men and when he came nigh us he turned and walked backwards and said to his men, "Boys, when you charge, give a good yell." I heard his command distinctly and it almost made the hair stand up on my head. The next instant the Texans began yelling like savages and rushed at us without firing. The ground in front of us was about like that where we stood previously and at the proper moment I gave them a volley that halted them, cutting down their entire front. I saw they meant to overwhelm us and drive us from the guns, as they out-numbered us. I estimated their force at one hundred men. My men began loading at will and the Texan, by a dexterous movement, was putting his bayonets to the front, doing the thing among and literally over his dead and wounded comrades. I saw that he would strike us before we could get another volley at them and I gave the command, "Don't load, boys; they are too close on you; let them have the bayonet." In a second every bayonet was brought down to a charge. I have never lived through moments of such intense excitement. Events happened quicker than I can record them. The rebels rushed toward us and just before they struck us, I yelled, "Charge!" in order to give my men momentum to meet the shock. My men sprang at the enemy as one man. It reminded me of a man cutting heavy grain, striking at a thick place. The hostile guns clashed. For an instant we parried like boxers, when the enemy gave back, firing at us now for the first as they retired.

Never have I felt so proud of anything as I was of my men. I thought that no such company was in that army. Hand to hand we fought them. A few of the enemy rushed around my left to my rear to get at the guns and two rebels were killed in rear of my line in single-handed combat. Corporal Selby, then a private, killed a rebel with his bayonet there, which is a remarkable thing in a battle and was spoken of in the official report.

Selby called on the Texan to surrender, but he replied, "We'll see who surrenders," and made a lunge at Selby with his bayonet. Selby's skill in the bayonet exercise, in which they had been well drilled, gave him the advantage and he parried the stroke and plunged his own bayonet through the body of the Texan, who fell dead with Selby's bayonet sticking in his body. Thomas Lady also killed a man with his bayonet. Lady was mortally wounded. During this time, terrible fighting was being done along the whole line. (Note. From the account given by General Fuller who commanded the brigade, it seems evident that, as Company H was engaged in this hand to hand conflict, the 11th Missouri advanced to the support of the 63rd and reinforced it against the overpowering numbers that were cutting it to pieces and turned the tide against the enemy. When Company H was engaged in this desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the Confederates, Corporal J. W. Savely and others say that Captain Jackson had his pistol in his hand, firing rapidly right in the faces of the enemy, and a Texan struck him with his musket, knocking the pistol out of his hand, and struck him in the face, cutting his cheek to the bone, but so intensely was the Captain's attention occupied that he did not notice the wound nor remember afterwards how it had been inflicted until told of it.—Editor.)

My company was fearfully cut up in this last charge. I had but eleven men standing when I thought the enemy was repulsed, but just as they went into the ravine, one of the rebels turned toward us and fired. I was at the head of my command and a little in front. I saw the fire was aimed at me and tried to avoid it but fate willed otherwise and I fell right backwards, indeed "with my back to the field and my feet to the foe." I was struck in the face. I felt as if I had been hit with a piece of timber, so terrible was the concussion and a stunning pain went through my head. I thought I was killed. It was my impression that I would never rise, but I was not alarmed or distressed by the thought that I was dying; it seemed a matter of indifference to me. In a little while I tried to rise and found I could do so. I got up and tried to walk to the rear. There was no one wounded in my company after I fell. Just at that time our supports charged and pursued the retreating foe, and the battle closed. The victory was ours.

When I got on my feet I walked to the rear a few yards till I came to the trunk of a fallen tree. I was too weak to cross it, but I observed Private Frank Ingmire standing on the tree trunk and I said "Ingmire, help me over." "Yes," he replied, "let me help you across," and gave me his left hand. I then noticed that his right arm was dangling at his side, his hand dripping blood. His wrist had been shattered by a ball. He helped me over the log and I took hold of his left arm with both my hands to support myself, saying, "Ingmire, don't leave me," but I only walked a short distance till I felt my hands slipping off his arm, my knees doubling under me, and I sank to the ground unconscious, and knew nothing more until I came to, in the field hospital two days later.

I took into action thirty-three men with myself, an aggregate of thirty-four. The Lieutenants of my company had both resigned and two of my non-commissioned officers were Acting Lieutenants, Sergeant Terry and Corporal Ferris. Acting 1st Sergeant Casey was killed. Acting Lieutenant Sergeant Terry was killed and Acting Lieutenant Corporal Ferris was severely wounded. The Left Guide of the company, Acting Sergeant, Corporal Wilson, was killed. I had six men killed and sixteen wounded, just two-thirds of the company, and myself wounded in addition, making twenty-three killed and wounded out of a company of thirty-four officers and men. Some of the wounded died from their wounds. Nearly all of the remaining eleven had something to show of the fight, such as bullet holes in the clothing, and abrasions of the skin by the balls. I had five bullet holes through my coat, each one of which cut the coat in two places. One that passed through the left breast of the coat, I felt when it went through, but the others I knew nothing about till afterwards. My pistol was knocked out of my hand and I never saw it again. My sword was lost off me in some way after I was wounded. Both Lieutenant Howard of Company G and Corporal Savely of my own company saw me fall when I was hit. They say I fell backwards to the ground and my limbs quivered convulsively, the blood spurted from my face in a stream several inches high. They both thought I was dead, and someone exclaimed, "The Captain is killed!" Both comrades were so intensely occupied in the fight that they could not go to my assist-

ance, but Lieutenant Howard says he saw me when I rose to my feet and started to walk to the rear.

I was struck just below the right eye. It was not a musket ball but something smaller, either a buckshot or a ball from a squirrel rifle, with which some Texan rangers may have been armed. The ball broke through the cheek bone, passing under the inside corner of the eye. (Fracturing some of the bones of the orbit, injuring the optic nerve and lodging against the bone at the bottom of the orbit, in close relation to the brain. There evidently being damage done to the brain as shown by the fact that he was unconscious for nearly two days. The sight of his right eye was greatly impaired permanently, by the injury to the optic nerve, and the wound was a source of irritation and pain to him all the rest of his life, but the wound did not disfigure him.) The surgeons probed the wound and tried to take the ball out but did not succeed. I was insensible when the wound was dressed. Doctor A. B. Monahan, Assistant Surgeon of our regiment, dressed the wound and he says he quit probing it lest he would entirely destroy my eye. F. M. Green of the 43rd Ohio, who nursed me, says I was unconscious for three days. (From the statements given afterwards by Captain Harrison and others, Captain Jackson learned that after he sank down unconscious he was placed, along with the supposed mortally wounded and dying, near the railroad track, and no attention given to him by the surgeons. The number of wounded was so great, and the members of the medical service so few in proportion to the number of the troops engaged that they devoted their time to those whom they thought there was some hope of saving, but they considered Captain Jackson's case hopeless. Captain Harrison saw him lying there unconscious the evening after the battle, so that he was left lying on the field of battle for several hours without any care. Then his colored man "Mose" found him, and carried him in his arms to the field hospital and made the surgeons attend to him.—Editor)

I have recollection of almost nothing that happened till I recovered consciousness the second or third day after the battle, when I aroused from my stupor but could scarcely recollect what had happened. Both eyes were swelled completely shut from the wound and although it was day time I supposed it was night,

and my first conscious words were, "It is dark." Soon I was able to remember where I had, as it were, quit the world two days before, but I was not really certain whether any of the men of my company were dead. I knew they had nearly all fallen but had no time during the action to examine their wounds. My time was fully occupied with those who could fight.

Corporal Harrison, afterwards Captain, was standing beside me. I hurriedly asked him, "How are my men?" He replied, "The company is badly cut up, Captain." "For God's sake tell me who were killed," I shrieked, and the words are ringing in my ears to this day, every time I think of that fearful question. He replied, "Corporal Wilson is dead, and Sergeant Terry, and Sergeant Casey, and went on with the details. I thought he named the whole company. As soon as I got the news of how terribly my men had suffered, actually a feeling of gladness came over me that I had been wounded and had something to suffer.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE

Some incidents of the battle are worth recording. Between the times of making their charges on us, the enemy's sharp shooters would come crawling through the undergrowth up to us and pick off officers and men. At one time they made such a lively demonstration on our front that our Brigade Commander came along our lines and asked if I would make a reconnoissance to ascertain what force was there. It was a terrible mission but I replied, "Certainly I will," and started.

I was undoubtedly fired at a number of times by sharp shooters, but performed my duty, bullets momentarily whizzing past my ears. I returned and reported what I saw to my General, who thanked me. I feel certain many a man has received a star for a less daring action. I look upon it as by far the most daring personal exposure of my career in the army. Martin Barrett, the "fighting Irishman" of my company, one of the most reckless men that ever lived, says the only time during the engagement he felt fear was when I was out on this reconnoissance. Said he, "I trembled for you, Captain." I advanced in front of our line of battle and had to wave my hat at our regiment to cease firing. My safe return was remarkable.

After my return, one of the rebel sharp shooters crawled up very close to us on his belly just in front of my company, at a time when we had orders from the General to cease firing. I reported the case to Colonel Sprague and told him the fellow wanted a Colonel or a General and I feared he might take a Captain. At any rate I did not like him where he was. Colonel Sprague replied, "Captain, you have my orders to act as you think best in this case." I returned to my company, selected a good marksman, pointed out the rebel lying on his belly and told my man to not let him hurt anybody. "Don't empty your gun at anybody else." I had scarce reached the head of my company when my man fired. The rebel made one convulsive heave and lay still. It was so close I went to see him. He was shot through the top of his head and lay dead on his face. My man said he was moving and he feared he was going to fire, when he thought it best to let him have a shot.

The rebel sharp shooters seemed regardless of their lives if they only got to hurt some of us, as few of those who came so close got away. At one time one got very close to me and was standing but a few yards distant behind a stump. I asked Sergeant Terry to let me have his gun and taking deliberate aim at the rebel, I fired. He was so close to me that I aimed at his arm, as an impression came over me that I need not kill him. He fell, turning around, but in a little bit raised his left arm shattered, and began crawling off. Half a dozen men raised their guns, but I stopped them, saying, "Let him go, boys, he has got enough, he will never fight us again." The charge on the artillery parked northwest of the town, was made when we were not fighting and I had a good chance to see it. The rebels advanced in solid columns against thirty guns which opened on them at short range. It did not appear to me as if single men fell but that whole corners were knocked off those squares like bricks from a pile. But the remnants pushed on and drove the gunners away and were only repulsed by the infantry supports. They seemed towards the last to put down their heads like men walking in a snow storm. I heard this idea remarked by many.

Sergeant Terry, Acting First Lieutenant of my company and one of my pupils before the war, fell mortally wounded during the engagement, having received three wounds, one above the

left eye, one in the breast and one in the side. As his comrades gazed upon him in the agony of death, he exhorted them, saying, "Boys, I am not afraid to die. I am where I ought to be. My country needed me or I would not have been here." Then seeing that he was drawing the attention of the company and that the enemy was again advancing, he said, "Men, keep that line dressed." These were his last words on the field. He was carried to the rear and in a short time expired.

In the early part of the action, before the enemy charged, Martin Barrett was shot through the face, a little forward of the ear, carrying away his upper teeth and plowing a furrow through the roof of his mouth, a horrid wound. He got up, after falling, and tried to get off the field. I had given my company a lecture about some soldiers (although not of my company) whom I had seen leaving the field with wounded men, apparently to get out of the fight, and as I did not observe Barrett fall, and therefore, did not detail anyone to assist him, no one left the ranks to help him. A man from the adjoining company left his place and said to Barrett, "If none of your men will help you, I will." With blood streaming from his mouth, Barrett replied, "You will oblige me if you will go back to your place. If I see right, fighting men are needed here now and I am done fighting for awhile. I'll get away myself; if I don't, it won't make much difference." The man sneaked back to his place in the ranks.

Several days after the battle, Martin was able to walk and came to see me at the hospital where I was still unable to sit up. The first thing he said when he saw me was, "Hulloa, Captain, we didn't ask them any boot all day, did we? You are going to get well. So am I, and in three weeks I shan't ask boot of any butternut above ground." The poor fellow was scarce able to talk so you could understand him, his wound was so terrible. A month later he was discharged for disability. (Note. He a year later again enlisted in Captain Jackson's company and served to the end of the war.—Editor)

Our Colonel Sprague, heard at first that I was killed, that is, that I had died from the effects of my wound, after being taken to the hospital. This report being contradicted, he came to see me. I shall never forget his looks and words. On nearing me he sprang forward and grasped my hand, exclaim-

ing, "Thank God, you are not dead!" and still holding my hand, he added, "Captain Jackson, you are a brave man and you held your company like a wall against the enemy." If anyone happens to read this and thinks it egotistical, let him remember that this is written for private reference and not intended for public gaze. My friends say that I was considered mortally wounded for some eight or ten days and the report that I was among the slain reached my friends at home and in Ohio. Some months subsequently, I was shown my obituary written in poetry by a lady friend, Miss Maggie L———. I indeed owe my recovery to the kindness of Providence and look upon my escape as a remarkable preservation. God grant that I may be of use the remainder of my life to myself, my country, and Him.

Old Mose, my colored servant, behaved well. He brought my breakfast to me on the morning of the fourth, when bullets were flying thick, and remained near me all day, assisting to take me off the field. At one time I sent him a short distance to the rear, telling him to go to a log, as he did not need to be so much exposed. He went, but instead of getting behind the log, as I expected, he sat down on it, facing the enemy's fire. A piece of shell struck the log between his legs and would have cut one of them off if it had hit it. He coolly remarked, "This fellow better git to other side ob de log," and, suiting the action to the word, he rolled off like a turtle. Just at this time a rebel column forced our flank and poured a volley almost on our rear. Springing up, he exclaimed, "Hard to tell which side ob dis log better to be at!"

Mose did not like the hospital they took me to and told me "We'd go to de Carrell," which was a mile or more away, and he would put up my tent and Mary, his wife, "She cook de tings what you like, and den tings be right." Said I, "Mose, they will care for me here, and beside I have no way of getting to the Carrell." "Why, you's got a *good* way," he replied. "Mose, I am bad hurt. I can't walk. How would I go to the Carrell?" "Lor' bless you, Captain, I tote you the whole road myself," he answered. Mose was in a terrible rage, a week or so afterwards, because they took me in an ambulance when I was removed and would not let him carry me.

J. W. Savely of Captain Jackson's company relates the following incidents in the battle of Corinth:

When the Confederates came out of the woods to make their first assault on Battery Robinett, there was quite an excitement on our line of battle, getting the lines well closed up and orders to lie down until we could see the whites of their eyes, then rise and pour a volley into them. I heard General Stanley give this order to all the officers as he was riding along the line of the Ohio Brigade and encouraging them to hold the line and never let them drive us back. One soldier of Company H was cowardly and slipped out of line and went to the rear. Afterwards he claimed that the Adjutant had detailed him to guard the water tank, but the fact was it needed no guard. After the assaults were all over and only eleven of Company H were left, we commenced counting who were killed and wounded and we had him down as one of them, but as soon as he found the enemy had retreated, here came John Doe as sound as a dollar and told the water tank story, but we all knew he had run, and told him so. After that, when on a march, one of the boys would call out, "Who guarded the water tank at the battle of Corinth?" and another one would answer? "John Doe."

Prior to the battle of Corinth, I and some others of our regiment were detailed to move some sick and wounded from Corinth, Mississippi, to Jackson, Tennessee. I got back to Corinth on October second and got out to where the regiment was in position on October third, the first day of the battle, but as they had been making a forced march, they had no gun for me and Captain Jackson told me to attend to carrying water until I could get a gun. We reached Corinth just at dusk and went into line of battle but I still had no gun and carried water from a water tank until about eleven A. M. on October fourth when the Confederates made their first charge. I then picked up a gun, cartridge box and ammunition and went into line with the men. Captain Jackson had not yet been wounded. I saw him when he fell and supposed he was killed. Then we knew that Company H had no officers left, not even a Corporal, but the eleven of us who remained, kept our place until the battle was over. We lay on the ground we had fought on until 9:00 o'clock the morning of the fifth and then went in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Ed Selby was struck in the forehead, the ball following the scalp to the back of his head, and he also was wounded in the arm, and he extracted both balls himself with a jack knife. Several

of the killed and wounded received two and three wounds, showing what a terrific fire the company had been exposed to. I had three balls pass through my clothes, two through my blouse and one through my hat but was not hurt. One of these balls burned me on the left side, making a red streak across my ribs. After the last charge I went for water and as I was returning with it I met a tall Confederate making his way to the rear, almost scared to death. His right ear had been struck by a Yankee ball and almost torn off. Some one of our regiment had done it at such close range that the powder had burned the side of his face. They merely passed him through the lines and he did the rest himself. He asked me for a drink. I pointed out the water tank and away he went. I often think of him and how the poor fellow was scared.

(Note. At the time of the battle of Corinth, Corporal Savely, then a private, was a boy of eighteen. In the Company Descriptive Book giving a brief account of each member of the company, Captain Jackson described him as follows:

"James W. Savely, farmer, age seventeen at enlistment. A noble little soldier. He was in all the actions at New Madrid and Island Number Ten. The boys say he and General Pope took it." He had no gun at the battle of Corinth and Captain Jackson put him at carrying water which he did well, carrying it to the men in the thickest of the fight.—Editor)

In a letter dated June 18, 1913 Colonel Jackson wrote in regard to the battle of Corinth:

The charge on our right I saw very plainly. It occurred when there was a lull in any very severe fighting on our part of the line. It never was anything like as severe as with us. In fact, our troops on the right gave way rather easy. When in Congress I made a visit to General Cockrell at his home in Washington. He was then United States Senator from Missouri. He was the Confederate General who commanded the charge on our right. General Rosencrans was not pleased with our own troops who met that attack. General Cockrell said he did not think our troops there stood quite as well as they might have done. The Confederates there went clear through our lines and on into the town as I plainly saw. But there were no reinforcements that drove them out. I asked General Cockrell the direct question as to what

drove them out of the town. He said, "Nothing drove us out. I watched the charge on your part of the line and when I saw you stay where you were I knew the town was no place for us and we got out of our own accord."

Colonel Sprague, in his official report of the action of the 63rd Ohio in the battle of Corinth, written five days after the battle, said: "Captain Oscar L. Jackson, Company H, a young officer of great promise, was severely and, it is feared, mortally wounded. He held his company in perfect order until two-thirds of his men were killed and wounded."

A REBEL OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE FIGHT AT CORINTH

LIEUTENANT LABRUZAN OF THE 42nd ALABAMA

Saturday, October 4th. An awful day. At one o'clock our brigade was ordered to the left about a quarter of a mile, and halted, throwing out skirmishers who kept up a constant fire. A battery in front of the right of our regiment opened briskly, and the enemy replied to the same. The cannonading was heavy for an hour and a half. Our regiment lay down close and stood it nobly. The shells flew thick and fast, cutting off large limbs and filling the air with fragments, many bursting within twenty feet, and the pieces within two or three feet. It was extremely unpleasant, and I prayed for forgiveness of my sins and made up my mind to go through. Colonel Sawier called for volunteers to assist the 2nd Texas skirmishers, I volunteered and took my company. Captain Perkins and Lieutenant Iburson being taken sick directly after the first bombardment, I had the company all the time. I went skirmishing at 7:30 and returned at 9:30 o'clock. We got behind trees and logs, and the way the bullets did fly was unpleasant to hear. I think twenty must have passed within a few feet of me, humming prettily. Shells tore off large limbs and splinters struck my tree several times. We could only move from tree to tree, bending low to the ground while moving. Oh, how anxiously I watched for the bursting of the shells when the heavy roar of the cannon proclaimed their coming! At 9:30 I had my skirmishers relieved by Captain Rouse's company, sent my men to their places, and went behind a log with Major Fuges.

At 10:00 o'clock suddenly the fight fairly opened with heavy volleys of musketry, double-thundering cannon. This was on the right. In a few minutes the left went into action in splendid style. At 10:30 o'clock Colonel Rogers came up by us, only saying "Alabama forces." Our regiment, with the brigade, rose unmindful of shell or shot, and moved forward, marching about

two hundred and fifty yards, and rising the crest of the hill. The whole of Corinth with its enormous fortifications, burst upon our view. The United States flag was floating over the forts and in town. We were met by a perfect storm of grape, canister, cannon balls and minnie balls. Oh, God! I have never seen the like! The men fell like grass even here. Giving one tremendous cheer, we dashed to the brow of the hill on which the fortifications are situated. Here we found every foot of the ground covered with large trees and brush cut down to impede our progress. Looking to the right and left I saw several brigades charging at the same time.

I saw men, running at full speed, stop suddenly and fall upon their faces, with their brains scattered all around; others, with legs and arms cut off, shrieking with agony. They fell behind, beside, and within a few feet of me. I gave myself to God and got ahead of my company. The ground was literally strewn with mangled corpses. One ball went through my pants, and they cut twigs right by me. It seemed by holding out my hand I could have caught a dozen. They buzzed and hissed by me in all directions, but I still pressed forward. I seemed to be moving right in the mouth of the cannon, for the air was filled with grape and canister. Ahead was one continuous blaze. I rushed to the ditch of the fort, right between some large cannon. I grappled into and half way up the sloping wall. The enemy were only three or four feet from me on the other side of the wall, but could not shoot us for fear of having their heads blown off. Our men were in the same predicament; only five or six were on the wall, and thirty or forty in and around the ditch, Catsby on the wall by my side. A man within two or three feet of me put his head up cautiously to shoot into the fort, but he suddenly dropped his musket and his brains were dashed in a stream over my fine coat, which I had in my arms, and on my shirt sleeves. Several were killed here on top of one another and rolled down the embankment in ghastly heaps. This was done by a regiment of Yankees coming about forty yards on our left, after finding us entirely cut off, and firing into us. Several of our men cried, "Put down the flag," and it was lowered and shot into the ditch. Oh, we were butchered like dogs, as we were not supported. Someone placed a white handkerchief on Sergeant Buck's musket and took

it to a porthole, but the Yankees snatched it off and took him prisoner. The men fell ten at a time; the ditch being full, and finding we had no chance, the survivors tried to save themselves as best they could. I was so far up I could not get off quickly. I do not recollect of seeing Catsby after ~~this~~, but think he got off before. I trust in God he has. I and Captain Foster started together, and the air was literally filled with hissing balls. I got about twenty steps as quick as I could, about a dozen being killed in that distance. I fell down and scrambled behind a large stump.

Just then I saw poor Foster throw up his hands, and saying, "Oh, my God!" jumped about two feet from the ground, falling on his face. The top of his head seemed to cave in, and the blood spouted straight up several feet. I could see men falling as they attempted to run, some of their heads torn to pieces and some with the blood streaming from their backs. It was horrible. One poor fellow, being almost on me, told me his name, and asked me to take his pocket-book, if I escaped and give it to his mother, and tell her he died a brave man. I asked him if he was a Christian, and I told him to pray, which he did, the cannon thundering a deadly accompaniment. Poor fellow, I forgot his request in the excitement. His legs were literally cut to pieces. As our men returned, the enemy poured in their fire, and I was hardly thirty feet from the mouth of the cannon. Minnie balls filled the stump I was behind, and the shells bursting within three feet of me; one was so near it stunned me and burned my face with powder. Grape shot hewed large pieces off my stump, gradually wearing it away. I endured the horrors of a death here for a half an hour. I endeavored to resign myself and prayed.

Our troops formed in line in the woods and advanced the second time to the charge with cheers. They began firing when about half way, and I endured it all. I was feigning death. I was right between our own and the enemy's fire. In the first charge our men did not fire a gun, but charged across the ditch and to the very mouth of the cannon with the bayonet. So also the second charge, but they fired. Thank God, I am unhurt and I think it was a merciful Providence. Our troops charged by, when I seized a rifle and endeavored to fire it several times, but the cap was bad. Our boys were shot down like hogs and could not stand

it and fell back, each man for himself. Then the same scene was enacted as before. This time the Yankees charged after them, and as I had no chance at all and all around me were surrendering, I was compelled to do so, as a rascal threatened to shoot me. I had to give up my sword to him. He demanded my watch also and took it; but I appealed to an officer and got it back. I had no means of defending myself. For the first time in many years, I cried to see our brave men slaughtered so. I have never felt so bad in all my life. It is now said that our brigade was never ordered to charge such a place, and that it was a mistake. If so, it was a sad one. Being brought behind the works, we found three regiments drawn up in line, and all of them fighting our 42nd Alabama alone. I helped to carry a wounded man to the depot with Lieutenants Marshall, Contra and Preston, they being the only unhurt officers who were prisoners from our regiment. We and the privates were soon marched to a large house, having a partition for the officers—the men, about four hundred in next room. I heard firing again, but I fear we can do nothing. We were treated very politely, more so than I expected.

October 4th to November 20th. During this time I remained in hospital on Seminary Hill at Corinth and, after three weeks, gradually improved. My colored woman, Jane, waited on me with as much care as if I had been a brother. Night and day she bathed my wound. Frequently I begged in vain of her to go to her own quarters and take some rest, as other nurses would tend me. She would say, "Oh, Captain, they will forget, and you know how soon the fever rises when I quit bathing your brow." After I began to mend, she would prepare things for me to eat, that I could not otherwise have got. She was a good cook and if she ever heard me mention liking anything, I would have it the next meal without asking for it, if it was to be found in Corinth. I am much indebted to her for her care. In fact, the surgeon says I never would have got well if I had not been carefully watched. I determined she should have a good home for her kindness, and when I was able to go North, I took her up to Colonel Sprague's lady.

RECOVERING FROM HIS WOUND

My seven weeks in hospital seemed like hard service. I was

unable to read even my own letters, and I will confess I sometimes had the blues, thinking of home. The only time I have ever acknowledged this fact. (Note. He was only a youth of twenty-two.—Editor)

November 19th. I was able today to walk slowly to the railroad station, and concluding that I could reach the regiment (which had left for Grand Junction on November 2nd) I got transportation.

November 20th. Left Corinth by rail, via Jackson, Tennessee, and reached La Grange, Tennessee. After much trouble looking around town I got to stay at the house of Mr. Camp with permission to lie on the floor, but one of the boarders, a Mr. Bradley of Massachusetts, a cotton dealer, kindly shared his bed with me.

November 21st. The regiment was now in camp near Davie's Mills, six miles south of La Grange. Colonel Sprague, hearing I was at La Grange sent an ambulance for me and I reached the regiment, which I found had been increased by the men recruited for the 112th Ohio. I got a Lieutenant and twenty men in my company. I remained a few days at the regiment and our surgeon, Monahan, and other surgeons advised me that I was very imprudent to remain in the field, that I should go North, as my wound should not be exposed; and Colonel Sprague urging me also, I applied for leave of absence.

November 28th. The regiment having orders to advance on Holly Springs, I was sent back to General Grant's headquarters at La Grange in an ambulance, to await the arrival of my leave of absence.

December 1st. General Grant has taken the field in person but the office part of his headquarters remains at La Grange. Captain Bowers of his staff told me it was very uncertain about my application, coming through the regular military channels, reaching him soon, and he told me if I would get a surgeon's certificate there, have it approved by the medical director, and make application, he would act on it the same as if it was regular. Accordingly I got a certificate and received, by Special Order Number 35, twenty days leave of absence from the department.

Captain Jackson left La Grange by rail on December 3rd and arrived at Chicago on the fourth. He reached New Castle at

11 P.M. on the sixth, by stage coach from Enon Valléy and stayed all night at the Leslie House.

December 7th. I reached home late Sabbath evening and very unceremoniously put our folks out of the notion of resting. I remained at home one month, gradually gaining strength.

January 1st, 1863. Father and I went down to Beaver County through New Port. We stopped at Samuel Smith's at New Port. I have always called Mrs. Smith "Aunt." She had ever shown me great kindness. She said I was the only boy she had in the army and seemed almost overcome at meeting me, having heard that I was among the slain. When I left, knowing that I was going back to the army, she kissed me and blessed me and said there was other work for me to do.

On January 7th, 1863 Captain Jackson took the train at New Galilee for a visit in Ohio before returning to his regiment. He stopped in Zanesville to visit his old acquaintances, Thomas Launder's family. In the fall of 1859, he had clerked a few weeks in Launder's grocery store for six dollars a month. He remained a couple of weeks in Hocking County where he had taught school and enlisted many of his company. He says, I first visited those who had sons slain in my company and saw many examples of devoted patriotism. Being urged by my friends to deliver an address, I consented and an appointment was made for me at the Woodward Church.

Ohio Now Hocking County sports a good many Copperheads and the evening before I was to speak I was told by a would-be friend that I had better give it up as the Copperheads threatened to shoot me if I came. I replied, that I had been going to school for a year where I was taught if anybody shot at me to shoot back; that I had promised to be there and would attend and if he wanted to befriend me to attend also and bring his shot gun or a butcher knife. The night of the meeting I had a large crowd. Friends came from far and near, armed to the teeth, ready if they should be needed. I saw I was safe. I do not claim to have made a well connected speech but I lashed Copperheads and sympathizers and proclaimed myself an unconditional abolitionist to a crowded house without the least disorder. The "Secesh" saw it would not be healthy to raise a row. I took my place on the stand with my revolver and felt I would be supported.

Captain Jackson spent the remainder of his period of leave of absence with friends at Zaliski, Chillicothe and Cincinnati, and on January 30th, 1863 he started to rejoin his regiment, and arrived at Memphis, Tennessee, on February 3rd, 1863.

February 3rd, 1863. Leave Memphis by railroad and reach Corinth, Mississippi, where I find the regiment, which had made some big marches during my absence. First through Holly Springs to Oxford, Mississippi, back to Parker's Cross Roads, Tennessee. They got there just after the fight was over and returned to Corinth about the middle of January. During February and March we remained at Corinth and built barracks or log huts. I had for my company four 16 by 20 feet and one 16 by 30 feet for the men, and a headquarter's cabin, kitchen, etc.

On April 4, 1863, I reported for full duty, just six months after receiving my wound. I had however, been doing a considerable of work for two months previous.

A RAID INTO ALABAMA

April 19th, 1863. I am Field Officer of the Day and have charge of all the lines around Corinth and remained in the saddle some sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. On the twentieth the regiment left Corinth to join General Dodge who is making an expedition into Alabama. As soon as I relieved my guards I put them on cars and overtook the regiment at Glendale, and the regiment continued the march, moving eighteen miles that day and encamped two miles east of Burnesville. On the twenty-fourth we reached Tuscumbia, Alabama. The rebels evacuated the town and we occupied it without any fighting at that place.

April 26th. I visited the city today and found it to be, or rather it was, an old and rich town, with fine dwellings, now deserted, gardens once cultivated with taste and skill but now sadly neglected, stores gutted of their contents, etc., etc. The inhabitants are victims of war, enjoying the liberty of treason. In the counting room of an extensive business house hung a picture entitled "Bombardment of Fort Sumter." Did the owner think that those shells would yet burst in thundering tones around his own home. Desolation was on all sides now. Colonel Cormine of the 10th Missouri Cavalry and the 7th Kansas "Jayhawkers" had been here before us and left their mark plainly.

The greatest curiosity of Tuscumbia is its big springs, one of which forms quite a river. The water from it forms a stream as large as the Mahoning River of Ohio and Pennsylvania. I think it hardly proper to call them springs; they are rivers, which, forcing their way under ground, here emerge. Less than a half a mile above the principal one is a cave and descending, perhaps a hundred feet, you enter a chamber through which flows a considerable stream of water, which I judge to be the same that issues from the ground below. The place of issuing has, however, the appearance of a regular mammoth spring and the water is good and used by families near for all purposes.

April 27th. Marched southeast through the city in the direction of Decatur, eleven miles, passing through a beautiful country. The cavalry in advance had a smart fight. All we saw of it was the dead horses. On the 28th we had orders to move at five A. M. but did not march until twelve o'clock when we moved east to the sound of skirmish firing, and we met the enemy at Town's Creek. We were supported by the artillery who fired at the enemy across the stream. A rebel on a white horse displayed himself conspicuously. The enemy retreated with skirmishing. We had a few wounded but this is what a rebel account afterwards called desperate fighting and "Battle of Tuscumbia." We bivouacked on the bank of the stream.

April 29th, 1863. We counter-marched northwest twenty-two miles through Tuscumbia, encamping west of Little Bear Creek. Our rear guard has this day laid waste with fire and sword, the country through which we passed. Houses, barns, cribs, mills, etc., all share one fate. At any time during the march, you could see two or three buildings burning. A great amount of corn was destroyed. On the railroad, near Town's Creek in particular, heavy amounts were collected for Bragg's army but the fire devoured it. The country is among the most beautiful I have seen anywhere and highly improved and cultivated, yet now it is a desert. The negroes follow us. We take everything in the shape of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs and so on, eating what we need and driving a vast herd ahead of us.

Four miles south of Tuscumbia lived Mr. Hanson whose son had enlisted in my company eight months before. When we got up, the advance guard had confiscated his stock but I was able

to get it returned to him and save his property. His residence and other buildings remained like an island amid the surrounding ruin. I was pleased to be able to do him a kindness. I was over to General Dodge's headquarters this evening and talking to him of the way his rear guard served property. He said they thought a crib meant anything that would burn. The orders had been to burn any building containing grain (in order to destroy the supplies for the Confederate army). I asked one of the 7th Kansas "Jayhawkers" how they could burn all buildings under that order. "Well," said he, "if a building has no grain in it, just put in a little."

The rebels know just how far General Dodge marched into Alabama. The city of Tusculumbia was spared but it was hard to keep the soldiers from burning it after they had got a taste of the fire. The Alabama State Military College, ten miles east of the city, near La Grange, was plundered of its uniforms and then burned. The boys made a gay appearance with cocked hats, etc., which many of them gaily wore.

April thirtieth we marched west seventeen miles, camping at our old camp on Big Bear Creek, where we joined General Dodge on the twenty-first.

May first we marched down Bear Creek to Father Cook's farm and crossed the creek, reaching Iuka at noon where we ate dinner, drinking from the celebrated springs, and encamped that night one-half mile from Burnesville, Mississippi, a march of eighteen miles.

On Saturday, May 2nd, 1863, we marched to Corinth to our own barracks, well worn down with fatigue, having marched one hundred and fifty-two miles. We drew a ration of whiskey. We did not lose a man on the expedition and on the whole felt much pleased with our trip. We would not have missed it for a considerable.

May 3rd, 1863. I am doing outpost duty. I am on the roster for field duty, being one of the Senior Captains of the brigade.

May 13th, 1863. We moved by rail to Memphis and went into camp on Poplar Street near the Saint Agnes Seminary. We have considerable trouble with orange women smuggling whiskey into camp and selling it to the soldiers.

A TRIP TO VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE

May 24th, 1863. I received orders to take charge of the steamboat "Luminary" loaded with ordnance stores for General Grant's army near Vicksburg. The cargo consisted of 4900 cases, mostly ammunition for small arms but some for field artillery. Having received written instructions from General Veatch, commanding at Memphis, I put my company and a detachment from Company B on board the steamer as guards, a short time after dark, and left Memphis at 9:00 A. M. on the twenty-fifth and proceeded down the river. My instructions were very plain and positive. I was to report to the commanding officer at Helena, Arkansas, Millikens Bend, Louisiana, and if need be, at Youngs Point, Louisiana, but at no other place to allow the vessel to be landed under any circumstances.

May 26th, 1863. We reached Helena, Arkansas, at 5:00 A. M. and I reported to General Prentiss who ordered me to proceed below with all dispatch, as the ammunition was much needed by General Grant. At 11:00 A. M. we reached the mouth of White River. I had orders to the Naval Commander there to give me an escort. I was furnished by Lieutenant Commander Prickart with the gunboat "General Bragg" as an escort, and proceeded. Before reaching White River, at the head of Island 65, we threw a few shells from a piece of artillery we have on the bow of our gunboat at some guerillas that had been firing at the "Lady Pike" steamboat, and dried them up.

At 5:00 P. M. our gunboat escort left us and returned to its station. When we were thirty miles above the little town of Lake Providence the master of the steamboat "Luminary," who appeared to chafe under my orders a little, said he wanted to stop at Lake Providence and put off mail. I did not think my instructions would allow me to stop, and I told him that I was not carrying mail in particular and I did not wish the vessel to be landed. Supposing he had sense enough to know that he would have to obey orders I went to my stateroom at dark. During the night one of my officers came and woke me, saying that the steamboat men swore they would land at Lake Providence.

I got up and saw how affairs were going and that they were collecting the steamboat men at the pilot house, where I had but

one sentinel, determined to do as they pleased. I went into the pilot house soon and one fellow attempted to enter it. I asked him if he was a pilot and told him if he was not, he could not come in. He gave me a rough answer and I caught him by the collar and unceremoniously threw him down the stairs. I then placed a Lieutenant and a squad of men at the pilot house with orders to shoot the pilot if he attempted to land the vessel at Lake Providence and I told the captain of the boat that if any of his officers interfered with my orders, I would tie them up to a timber, and they did not land.

The captain's name was Williamson. After we reached General Grant, he complained to Major Lyford, one of General Grant's Staff Officers, about how rough I had been. One of my officers was present at the time, and he said that the Major gave the steamboat man a regular blessing and wound up by saying such conduct as he received from me would have saved the government the loss of several vessels that had been captured by guerillas. On my return to Memphis, when I reported my conduct to the Commanding Officer, General Veatch, under whose orders I had acted, he not only sustained me, but complimented me highly. Also Mr. Gist, Special Agent of the Post Office Department of Memphis, who was with us, told the story in Memphis to my credit.

On May 27th at 1:00 A. M. we stopped at Millikens Bend, Louisiana, but found it almost evacuated by our troops. Today the clerk of the steamer "Luminary," who owns half of the vessel, asked to see my instructions in regard to the vessel. I had shown them to the Captain. I went to the Clerk's office and showed them to him. He read them twice and then slapped me on the shoulder and said he begged pardon for what he had said when I declared Martial Law on the night previous, as he had supposed, I being a young man, that I was assuming authority, but he now saw he had been mistaken.

At 3:00 A. M. on the 27th we touched at Young's Point, Louisiana, and I reported to General Jerry Sullivan. It was not clear daylight and he was very angry at being awakened. (The Assistant Adjutant General was not present). After we were through business he said, "Damn it, you have wakened me and I will not sleep a bit more today." We then proceeded up the Yazoo River to Chickasaw Bayou, which landing we reached at 6:00

A. M. This is the depot of supplies for General Grant's army engaged in the siege of Vicksburg. Major Lyford, Ordinance Officer on General Grant's Staff, receipted to me for the safe delivery of the cargo and took charge of the same. I then reported to Captain Pierce, Master of Transportation, who ordered me to remain with my command on board the steamboat "Luminary," as it would be the first boat he could give me to go up the river.

General Grant has such a good chance to reduce the fortifications of Vicksburg now since he has fought his way to his present position, that it seems useless to reduce warfare to a science unless he can succeed. His supplies can be landed at his entrenchments. One continued thunder of artillery and rattle of musketry is heard along his lines, which extend from Chickasaw Bayon above the city to Warrenton below, completely investing it.

At 4:00 P. M. on May 28, 1863, we left Chickasaw Bayon for Memphis and passed Lake Providence at 5:00 A. M. on the 29th. At 3:00 P. M., at Yellow Bend, a short distance above Gain's Landing, we were fired upon by guerillas. We got our piece of artillery in position and began shelling them, but in the mean time we opened on them such a brisk fire of musketry that they broke from their position and ran. Sergeants Harrison, Selby, and Clark, who commanded detachments of my company behaved with great promptness and exposed themselves when needed. We had nobody hurt and do not know what were the results to the rebels as we did not think it advisable to land.

On May 30th at 9:00 A. M. we passed Helena and at 6:00 P. M. reached Memphis and I handed in my written report of my expedition in person to General Veatch who thanked me for the success and promptness of the expedition. We returned to our camp.

June 7th and 8th. On Grand Guard on Pigeon Roost road near Memphis. In front of my lines we found the body of a colored man, about twenty-five years of age, evidently murdered, shirt bloody, marks of blows on neck and back and head. He was dressed in Federal uniform, new reinforced pants, white flannel shirt, socks and shoes. I doubt not, murdered by rebel citizens for enlisting in government service. We buried him where he lay.

I sent for detectives Morey and Gilbert and had Uriah Payne, who lived near by with his sister, Widow Carr, arrested on suspicion of being a spy. I had strong suspicion that he knew something of the murder but could obtain no evidence. After the detectives took charge of him he managed to throw his pocket book to Miss Sally Dora, who lived with them. She destroyed some papers and gave a little darkey, named Jack Kimbro, a roll of southern money to keep. He gave it to me for a quarter. It amounted to several hundred dollars. The man was afterwards banished from the district.

June 13th. I was presented by my company with a fine dress sword, costing about one hundred dollars, and engraved as follows: "Presented to Captain O. L. Jackson by Co. H. 63rd Ohio Vol. Infantry, for conduct at New Madrid, Island Ten, Iuka and Corinth." (The battles in which I had commanded the company). Chaplin Fry selected it at Cincinnati and made the presentation speech. I am very proud of it.

July 4th, 1863. Everything quiet here. Our armies are in a critical position east and west. General Grant makes little apparent headway against Vicksburg. Lee, the rebel, is advancing northward. Perhaps a few days will decide the fate of our government.

July 7th, 1863. Glorious news. Vicksburg is beneath the Star Spangled Banner. General Meade has defeated the enemy at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and driven their hordes southward with great slaughter. Thank God! Liberty may yet survive this rebellion.

July 22nd, 1863. Still in camp at Memphis. I this day put my presentation sword in a box with some papers, etc., and sent them north by express to my father, S. S. Jackson.

Chapter VI

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN

Captain Jackson carried a small note book in his pocket in which he made notes, which were afterwards copied and expanded in a journal.

Memphis, Shelby County, Tennessee, June 1st, 1863. Our brigade reached Memphis about the middle of May, our regiment arriving on the thirteenth, and were on garrison and escort duty. As it had been a long time since our boys had "been in town before" they just made things "get up and dust." Whiskey was the cause of much trouble and the men got it despite the Provost Marshal's orders to the contrary. Apple and orange women crowded the camps, many of them with a vile article of whiskey concealed about their persons. The boys when drunk attacked the Provost Guards and several lives were lost. General Hurlburt was said to have remarked that the Ohio Brigade was so anxious for a fight they ought to be sent below—to Grant's army at Vicksburg.

Our duty as pickets was not so much to keep the enemy from coming in as to prevent goods passing out (to the Confederates) and our adventures with smugglers were numerous. One day I suspicioned a woman, who gave her name as Pullen, of being a smuggler. Although she had a proper pass for herself and boy, I told her I would have to send her to Captain Frank's office, Chief Detective, U. S. A. Putting her in charge of a non-commissioned officer, I started them. She asked him to look at a fine garden they were passing and then threw away a package, but he noticed it and picked it up. Likewise with several packages, she declaring they did not belong to her. Among them were pins, buttons and rebel mail. She went to Irving Block prison. It was rare to have a bill and permit for goods handed to you that did not contain whiskey and snuff, so great was the demand for these articles outside our lines. Male and female almost always asked the officer on duty to drink and if it so happened they had no whiskey they would almost always apologize for not being able to ask you.

Memphis is destined to be the greatest commercial city of the

Mississippi Valley. [It has the only site for a city for many miles and the trade of Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Mississippi must always pour into it.] It was just springing into wealth when the war broke out and it has managed to do a considerable business all along. It can boast of being one of the first places of female prostitution on the continent. Virtue is scarcely known within the limits of the city proper and many a soldier boy contracted diseases here that will accompany him with their effects to the grave.

(James W. Savely of Company H states that Captain Jackson was very stringent with the men but it was all for their good, guarding against disease, etc. No officer ever commanded a company that did more for his men than he did. He would fight for them if they were not in the wrong and punish them if they were. .

His company had the largest number killed in battle and the fewest to die of disease in the whole regiment. Company H had thirteen men killed and the average for the other nine companies was seven killed. Company H had thirteen men die of disease and the average for the other nine companies was twenty-five. Company H had nearly twice as many men killed and only about half as many men die of disease as the average for the other companies in the same regiment.—Editor)

The suburban residences are costly and filled with regular "Secesh" but many of our officers formed acquaintances which they will not soon forget. We used to make calls on entire strangers, introduce ourselves, etc. Returning from the theater one night, I passed a residence, in the parlor of which, through the open window, I could see a bevy of girls who were singing and playing. I became interested, and not thinking it proper to call at so late an hour, I took my knife and marked the fence in front of the house to know it. A few days afterwards I called and told them the circumstances and became acquainted with Miss Ernestine McC——which acquaintance I kept up, making occasional calls as long as my regiment remained in Memphis.

It cost us a great deal to be stationed at Memphis. Our mess accounts were large, there being a good market, fine clothing, plenty of whiskey, etc. It about ruined our men and officers lately promoted, to have such indulgences and many went the

rounds of dissipation for the first time. Many of our officers brought their wives here, my First Lieutenant among the number. I believe that if I commanded an army I would never allow this. No well man should have his wife to destroy his usefulness as an officer which it effectually does.

While we were at Memphis, orders to be ready to move on short notice were frequent and became a kind of chronic bore. In the early part of October we made a new camp and built chimneys, etc. The boys took boards at night from the neighboring fences to make bunks, and any night at midnight you could hear pounding throughout the camp. Some of our officers complained of the want of active service and just about the time we got our chimneys built, we got positive orders. Then complainers about active service were hard to find.

October 18th, 1863. We left Memphis at daylight for Corinth, the men in light marching order, except carrying knapsacks. We sent the heavy baggage and sick by rail. I had two tent flies hauled for my company and a wall tent for myself and a mess kit, etc. We marched fifteen miles, camping inside the picket lines at Germantown, Tennessee. We had been stationed at Memphis over five months. The next day we marched southeast sixteen miles and camped at Lafayette, Tennessee, and on the twentieth marched east eight miles to Moscow where there is a regiment of soldiers of African descent. The next day we marched east twenty-one miles, passing through La Grange and Grand Junction to Salisbury, Tennessee. We had a very hard march today as it was raining most of the time. We had to use plenty of fence rails in the evening for fire. My company here foraged their first hog on this march.

On October twenty-second we marched east eighteen miles to Pochontas and the next day twelve miles to Cypress Swamp. Our regiment and the 43rd Ohio crossed the Cypress Swamp on the twenty-fourth but the artillery could not cross and the other two regiments had to go around the swamp with the artillery. We marched fourteen miles and reached Corinth, passing over our battlefields, which show skulls and bones of the fallen. Where we had the terrible struggle over Battery Robinett on October 4th, 1862, is now a strong fort. We were put into our old barracks,

which are yet in good repair. We were paid during the evening up to August thirty-first, 1863 by Major Mendenhall.

October twenty-fifth at 2:00 P. M. we moved out on the Clear Creek road about five miles and camped.

On the twenty-sixth marched southeast, passing through Jacinto and saw our old camp grounds and the target still standing where our brigade practiced after the battle of Iuka in September, 1862. We camped at Barnett's, having marched twenty miles over a country of which every spot brought up thoughts of thrilling incidents and memories of comrades now in soldiers graves. It showed us ruins of where once splendid residences had been, and were burned because some of our parties had been fired on from the windows, and a country made desolate by the presence of contending armies. Literally there is not a fence rail to be seen in Tishamingo County, Mississippi.

October 27th, 1863. Marched eight miles to Iuka, camping east of the Springs. Saw an amusing occurrence today. A short distance from where we stacked arms was a camp that had been lately occupied and that yet contained a great many boards, boxes and so on, things much needed to make a comfortable camp, and as soon as the companies were dismissed the entire battalion charged across a deep ravine that intervened, on the run, it being a great object with each man to get there first; and such running, yelling and clattering of boards was never heard. I seldom have seen so ludicrous a sight.

We rested at Iuka the 28th and 29th. Old Mose, who was my colored servant for a long time, and who carried me off the battlefield at Corinth, came down with us. He has got badly spoiled since he left me. On October 30th my company was on Grand Guard near the battlefield of Iuka. The enemy's cavalry threatened to attack on our left but drew off without doing so. I walked over the battlefield which shows plainly the marks of the terrible struggle. I cut a piece of wood, for a chess queen, on the ground occupied by Sand's battery in that action, which is now the burial place of those belonging to the battery who fell there. It is a spot of ground that will be memorable in history. I picked up a cannon ball here and put it in a chest and hope to send it home some day.

October 31st, 1863 was muster day of my company at Iuka,

Mississippi. Enlisted men present forty-four, absent eighteen, total sixty-two. Three officers present and absent making an aggregate of sixty-five.

We broke camp at Iuka on November 2nd, having sent back our heavy baggage to Memphis, and marched east eight miles to Eastport, Mississippi, a small town that was burnt by our forces about the time of the battle of Shiloh. Appearances indicate our starting on a long campaign, and as a consequence everything a sutler has can be sold at fearfully high prices. Our sutler sent back to Iuka for a load and sold it in an hour.

November 4th, 1863 we crossed the Tennessee River in transports and camped one and a half miles from the river near Waterloo. General Sherman is in command of the troops now moving east, which consist of the 15th Army Corps and the Left Wing of the 16th, commanded by General Dodge. We are to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland. The 15th Corps starts for Stevenson, Alabama, via Florence and the troops under Dodge take a route a few miles north. Our brigade has the advance on our road, with orders to keep a half days march in advance of the main column.

November 6th we marched east eight miles, camping near a Union man's residence.

On the 7th marched east thirteen miles, camping at a place where we got plenty of sweet potatoes to supply the brigade, already dug. I called it Camp "Fructum."

November 8th, 1863. This day two years ago I was mustered into the United States service as a recruiting officer with the rank of Second Lieutenant. We marched today thirteen miles, crossing a branch of Cypress Creek at Johnson's Mills and camped after crossing Shoal's Creek at Ball's Mills or Lauderdale Cotton and Woolen Factory. There is here one of the finest water powers in the country. The scenery is wild and picturesque. The citizens have a legend of a factory girl, whose lover was accidentally killed, drowning herself and it is said when midnight comes, she often walks upon the troubled waters where she threw her young life away. Later I learned that the factory was burned by order of General Dodge because they furnished the rebel army with uniforms.

November 9th, 1863, Monday. Marched east fifteen miles, passing through a good country and the small village of Lexington, Alabama, camping two miles east of it. We have been in the state of Alabama ever since crossing the Tennessee River. We use fence rails for fuel and forage everything we can eat; our trains only supplying us with coffee, sugar, salt and small quantities of hard bread.

November 10th. We marched northeast twenty-one miles, my company thrown to the front, after camping, as Picket Guard. I made my headquarters for the night at Nance's Mills, which is five miles from Pulaski, Tennessee. We have been bearing north and are now in Tennessee.

November 11th, Wednesday. My company is the day Advance Guard of the column. We marched east, passing through Pulaski and crossing Richland Creek and the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. Pulaski has been a flourishing town of perhaps one thousand inhabitants but the war has used it about like other southern towns. No business now, no stores. The girls at the windows look powdered white enough but I do not know the means. (Perhaps Captain Jackson thought their pallor may have been caused by lack of food, due to the devastation wrought by war.) After we had marched some eight miles east of Pulaski we met a courier and escort bearing dispatches from Generals Sherman and Grant for General Dodge who is half a days march in our rear. Colonel Fuller, commanding our brigade, took the responsibility of opening the dispatches which were sealed. Acting on information obtained from the dispatches, he immediately halted his command at Buchanan's Creek.

November 12th. We now learn that the dispatch of yesterday ordered General Dodge to halt his command and take possession of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad and open it for government use. We do not like this, being anxious to accompany General Sherman on to Chattanooga, but orders have to be obeyed. Our brigade is sent down towards Prospect, a very small village near where the railroad crosses the Elk River.

As we are likely to need them we collected today a large drove of cattle, hogs and sheep and the bellowing in our rear is terrific. We camped after crossing Richland Creek. On the 13th we reached Prospect and encamped. Everything considered,

Prospect is a small prospect of a town. On the 15th our regiment moved down to the river and camped on a farm where the Widow Taylor lived. (Widow of General Zachery Taylor.) Colonel Sprague told the boys that they must not burn rails, but in a few hours he found out that the farm was owned by a Mr. Reed, now in the rebel army, and that order was countermanded, to the great suffering of all fences. We proceeded to put up a trestle bridge and had it almost completed when it was carried off by high water the night after it was ready for foot passengers.

December, 1863. While building the bridge over Elk River, we had no government rations except one-fourth rations of salt, sugar, and coffee. Sometimes we had no salt for the fresh meat we foraged. We found plenty of corn and wheat in the country and we ran a couple of mills. We built a large oven and had some soft bread but we were unable to get sufficient yeast. We scouted several days to get hops, the citizens not having raised or used them. Sometimes we would meet citizens who did not know what hops were. Such is the shiftless kind of people who call themselves "chivalry" and boast of their "society."

(This shows Captain Jackson's opinion of a people who lived on hot biscuit. At that period every farmer in the Captain's home neighborhood in Pennsylvania raised some hops and made their own yeast, but now he would likely find hops as rare in Pennsylvania as in Tennessee.—Editor)

In the latter part of December we began considering the subject of re-enlistment of our regiment. We had a great many men with us who had been enlisted for the 112th Ohio and who had not served two years and under provision of existing orders were not entitled to re-enlist, but we got authority from the Secretary of War to enlist as veterans all men in our brigade who had served over fifteen months. I enlisted every man of my company as a veteran, who was eligible, numbering in all forty-seven. All the companies of our regiment were able to re-enlist over three-fourths of their men, this being the number required to secure the organization of the regiment, and they were mustered out by reason of re-enlistment to date December 31, 1863. Before I got my papers ready to re-enlist them, my men signed an article got up by themselves without my knowledge, agreeing to re-enlist, and had one of the sergeants hand it to me. Quite a voluntary action.

January 1st, 1864. A very cold day. Our regiment was mustered into the service as veterans by Lieutenant Hoffman of the 3rd United States Cavalry and his assistant. The entire four regiments of our Ohio brigade, the 43rd, 63rd, 39th and 27th, have now been re-mustered for veteran service, as well as the battery with us, the 3rd Michigan. All but our regiment had already started north.

January 2nd our regiment started to Ohio on furlough. Marched seventeen miles and camped four miles north of Pulaski, Tennessee. January 3rd marched twenty-one miles on the Turn-pike, a very hard march. I think I never saw the men as tired and sore after a days march as when we camped that evening. The pike is a hard road to march on.

January 4th, 1864. We marched through Columbia a distance of twelve miles and waited, expecting cars to take us to Nashville, as we proposed sending our teams and tents back to Prospect, but there was no train today.

A TERRIBLE RAILROAD RIDE

January 5th, 1864. Cars arrived from Nashville and at noon we took train, and reached Nashville at sunset, distance forty miles.

January 6th, at four o'clock in the morning, we marched to the depot. It was very cold, and after several hours delay the train started for Louisville, Kentucky. It is so cold that the engine pipes freeze, and not being prepared for this, the engine is stopped on the road every few miles to thaw the frozen pipes. I have my company and a detachment of artillery in one box car without fire or seats and the suffering of the men is terrible. We should have run through to Louisville in twelve hours, the distance being only one hundred and eighty miles, but at the end of twelve hours time we find ourselves only some fifty miles from Nashville.

We reached Bowling Green, Kentucky, a short time after dark and, without any ceremony, I rolled a couple of bales of hay that were on the depot platform, into my car and spread it about. By so doing I think I prevented some men's limbs from freezing. We now tried to lie down and sleep and the men could not near all lie on the bottom of the car even when packed as closely as possible, and we really did have to lay men partly on top of others

through the whole length of the car. I never saw such a sight and, if I could have overlooked the suffering of my men, the scene would have been ludicrous in the extreme. Such cursing, swearing, promises to fight after they got out and frequent groaning, was a regular bedlam. On the night of the 7th we reached Louisville, Kentucky, after forty hours of this torture and imprisonment. Without doubt it was the most severe and trying time we had seen since entering the army. It was amusing to hear the boys asking one another how they liked veteran service.

At Louisville the regiment was quartered at the Soldiers' Home and the officers stopped at hotels. We here drew new uniforms for our men and on the tenth are paid, by Major Vrooman on muster out rolls, back pay and those who had served over two years received one hundred dollars bounty. But our fifteen months men did not get the one hundred dollars bounty and had the twenty-five dollars paid them at enlistment in advance, deducted from their pay. I think this was a great piece of injustice. I had one or two men who only lacked a day of having served two years and they could not get the bounty. The men were also paid thirteen dollars advance pay and sixty dollars new bounty and two dollars premium.

January 11th, 1864. We crossed the Ohio River below the falls, the ice running too much to make it safe to cross above, and took cars at 4:00 P. M. at Jeffersonville, Indiana. It was reviving to see on free soil the waving of handkerchiefs by loyal women and the flags that were thrown to the breezes as we marched through the town and our boys responded with cheers loud and long. On the twelfth we were detained a few hours forty miles west of Cincinnati, Ohio, by a smash-up on the train that preceded us, but we reached that city at 3:00 P. M. and were escorted by a band of music to the Fifth Street Bazaar, where our men are quartered.

January 14th, 1864. The men were furloughed for thirty days from January 15, 1864, and were furnished transportation to their homes and return.

They are to report at Camp Chase on the expiration of their furloughs. The furloughs were issued by authority received from the Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting Service of the State of Ohio and the officers were assigned to duty at stations,

for the purpose of recruiting. I was assigned to Logan, Hocking County but as I wished to go home to New Castle for a few days I got Colonel Sprague's permission and went to Logan by way of New Castle, Pennsylvania, and was furnished government transportation for the round trip.

January 16th, 1864. I reached New Castle by rail at 10:00 A. M. and was much pleased to find the cars running from Homewood to New Castle. (The first railroad into New Castle, Pennsylvania had only been completed late in the fall of 1863). Father was in town after dinner and I went out home with him and found him and family in good health. I spent some ten days very pleasantly, there being a few days of good sleighing which I enjoyed very much. I left father's house on the 27th. He took me with my baggage, including my official desk, to New Castle and I stopped at the Leslie House over night and reached Columbus, Ohio, on the 28th. At Columbus I stopped at the Niel House and reported to the Provost Marshal General, or Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting Service for the State and received blanks and instructions and transportation to my recruiting station. I went by train from Columbus to Lancaster and took the stage for Logan. The roads were very bad and I walked occasionally to relieve the horses. Andy Lewis, an old stage driver of the line, driving. He is a great joker. Reached Logan at 5:00 P. M. on the 30th. I spent a week very pleasantly, part of the time in Logan, the balance out in the country, looking around a little for recruits, that is, I have my sergeants at work. I find Sergeant Clark has been doing very well recruiting in Hocking County and Sergeant Harrison was up from Athens County and gave very encouraging reports of his work.

On February 9th I went out to B. B. Aplins where we have a pleasant social gathering of young folks and do justice to a fine turkey. I enlisted four good recruits on my way out and two more at the party. I find my old friend, Squire Aplin, in poor health and confined to bed the greater part of the time.

His son Alfred, Lieutenant in the 31st Ohio, is at home, his regiment having re-enlisted as veterans. Alf has been recommended for a captaincy. I hope he will get it for he is a worthy officer. We had a very pleasant company of ladies this evening.

February 15th, 1864. Our recruits are to assemble this morning

at different stations on the M. & C. Railroad and I took the train for Columbus, which place we reached at 4:00 A. M. of the 16th. The soldiers and recruits, of which I find we have over thirty, are taken to Tod Barracks and the officers report at the Niel House. I spent a couple of days getting our recruits mustered and paid local bounties, in which there is great trafficking. (In order to avoid a draft the townships in each county raised large sums of money by volunteer subscription and paid recruits several hundred dollars each.)

I got commutation of quarters while recruiting. The regiment moved out to Camp Chase on the 16th and took cars for Cincinnati on the 18th. The recruits are left with Captain McGinnis, not having been paid their government bounty. I also remain to get some accounts through the disbursing officer's hands.

February 19th I went to Cincinnati where I found the regiment. I bought a new sword and got breakfast at the Burnet House. We take cars west at noon, having comfortable cars, and reach Jeffersonville, Indiana, at 4:00 A. M. on the 20th, and cross the river to Louisville, Kentucky, and take cars south at 3:00 P. M. Colonel Sprague not being present, I took command of the regiment as Senior Captain and marched it aboard the train. We made a quick trip over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, a strange contrast to passing over the same road on our way home. We reached Nashville at 4:00 P. M. on the 21st. The men were quartered at the Seminary and in Barracks Number 2. I took rooms at the Swanee House, a place called the first hotel in the city but very poor accommodations. There is also a strange custom of the house to steal hats hanging on the rack when we are at meals. Colonel Sprague lost his, also our sutler and surgeon as well as myself.

When I went to settle my bill I just deducted the price of a hat out of it and paid them the balance. They swore they were not responsible. I told them they were and I would hold them responsible, which I did. We remained three days in Nashville, awaiting transportation.

February 24th. We took cars on the Tennessee & Alabama Railroad to proceed south at 4:00 P. M. When a short distance from Lynnville the cylinder head of one of the drivers of the locomotive blew out and we had to stop. The engine was able

to draw two cars with the sick and our baggage. Colonel Sprague went on ahead and left me in command of the regiment bivouacked near the railroad. The Adjutant and I went to a house near by where Mr. Gordon lived and stayed with him. He is an excellent euchre player and was at one time a Colonel in the rebel service, but disabled by a wound he received at Fort Donaldson. I allowed the regiment to make free use of rails, much to his annoyance.

The next day I put the regiment in motion at daylight. We marched through Lynnville and then took the Pike and marched through Pulaski and went into camp two miles south of that place at 1:00 P. M., a distance of thirteen miles, where Colonel Sprague joined us and relieved me of the command. On the 26th we marched nine miles south to our old camp at Elk River. We found a large mail there which had accumulated during our absence. We had now gone through the excitement of our furloughs and were just ready for service again. We had had a pleasant time with our friends, but the unusual labor which I had to do as an officer made me conclude that it was like the pleasure of opium smoking. I would not want to repeat the dose of having a veteran furlough.

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON DECATUR

We marched from Prospect, Tennessee, on the Elk River to Athens, Alabama, on the 27th and to Decatur Junction on the 28th and remained there until March 27th. Our new recruits are having the measles and as we have very poor hospital accommodations it is setting very hard on them and many cases are proving fatal. We are bringing pontoon boats from Nashville and calking them here preparatory to crossing the Tennessee River and occupying the town of Decatur, Alabama which is now occupied by the enemy. At 3:00 P. M. on the 7th our regiment with some other troops began moving up the river. Our pontoons are completed. We have the greater portion of them in Limestone Creek about a mile and a half from its mouth, which point we reached just after dark. A smaller portion are several miles below us and below the town and a crossing is to be attempted

at both places simultaneously. The night is very dark with a rainy mist. These pontoon boats are of very frail construction and nearly all leak badly. Shortly after midnight we began embarking. Each boat takes a company which loads it down heavily. Three regiments are to cross at this point. Ours, the 63rd Ohio, has the advance, the 43rd Ohio next, and the 111th Illinois following. At 1:00 A. M., March 8th we began moving. A man in the stern of each boat holds the bow line of the one following and thus the fleet moves in single line. We dropped quietly down Limestone Creek. Our oars are muffled and what little rowing has to be done makes but little noise.

All is still as the grave. The expedition gives promise of a successful surprise. A man in a forward boat can have no idea from the sound what a large force is following. Opposite the mouth of the creek on the opposite bank of the river we can see the fires of a rebel picket post and the excitement is intense as we near it. Just as we debouched into the river an immense flock of wild ducks arose ahead of our fleet and made a tremendous noise. We supposed they would alarm the enemy. They stubbornly refused to allow us to pass them but flew and swam ahead of us, each rod we advanced adding to their number and it is surprising the noise they can make. But we discover that they will rather conceal our movement than expose it.

The Tennessee River was swollen and was running very rapidly. We hugged the right bank and allowed the current to carry us along. Limestone Creek empties into the river some six or seven miles above the town of Decatur, Alabama, and it takes considerable time for the current to carry us down the stream to the point where we wish to cross. We have considerable time to reflect on the prospects of our expedition. The enemy showed no signs of having discovered us, but we can not be certain that they are not keeping quiet to deceive us and a field piece could sink any one of our boats with a single ball. Time passes slowly. Any one coughing or sneezing, or the least noise, sounds so loud to us we feel certain the enemy will hear it, but I am now satisfied that the noise of the high water more than concealed any noise we made. The rain ceased and it became more light and we received the signal to strike across the river a short distance above the town. The boats at the head of each regiment were to file

short left and in single file each regiment's boats were to row for the opposite shore. As soon as land would be reached the boats in succession were to drop down stream and thus land the troops (companies) in proper order as we were on the boats "left in front."

This movement and the rowing necessarily made a considerable noise and the excitement was high, but on we went. We were getting pretty well across and no sign of the enemy. Where are they? Certainly unaware of our coming. When within a hundred yards of the shore we were hailed by a sentinel, and not answering, he fired at us and a musket ball skipped past my boat. We were discovered. Secrecy was no longer of use and the hoarse words of command to pull briskly for the shore ran along the line of boats. A few shots were fired at us but the guard we had met was small. Colonel Sprague's pistol was struck and evidently saved his life, but not his coat tails.

Our first boat did not strike land where it was intended to do by the engineers, and the trees, which the high water was now around, prevented our men from reaching shore properly; but some boats got to land (all were now loose) and others pulled up to them and we got on shore in reasonable time, and I now saw the regiments form in a very short time. It was one of the handsomest things I ever saw. As soon as formed we moved up the hill and the enemy's guard fled before us. We hurried to rear of the town to prevent the enemy from retreating and began closing in on them. It was daylight but the fog was so dense we could see but a short distance. I with my company skirmished in advance and squads of the enemy dashing up to me were repeatedly driven off. The enemy evidently were trying to escape and we advanced as fast as was safe in the fog and came very near firing into one another in the fog. We reached the town on all the roads we were to occupy and supposed we had bagged the enemy, but we found that the force which crossed below the town did not get up in time and the enemy escaped in that direction. At clear daylight we occupied the town. We took a few prisoners and had killed one or more.

I got breakfast at old Parson Schrug's. He is an old Calhoun disciple. I guess he thought he was getting his rights. The town has perhaps once had a couple of thousand inhabitants but

is much decayed and looks badly out of repair. The troops went into camp. My company went on picket. The balance of the month we occupy the place, build a pontoon bridge and fortify. We had numerous scares of the enemy approaching, etc., etc. During April we did outpost and picket duty, foraging off the country. Toward the latter part of the month the enemy appeared in considerable fore and skirmished with us.

Sabbath, May 1st, 1864. At sunrise we broke camp at Decatur, Alabama, leaving heavy baggage in store. Crossed to the north bank of the Tennessee River and moved east. Marched about twelve miles. My company acting as guard to the supply trains. We camped on Jone's farm near the railroad, a great number of trains passing during the night. May 2nd we marched east sixteen miles, reaching Huntsville, Alabama. I went into the town in the evening. It is a very pretty place, though badly used up by the war. It seems to have been a summer residence for the "Chivalry." The town is surrounded by mountains and the situation is said to be healthy. Its chief curiosity is a large spring which supplies the entire city with water, and what is peculiar, it is raised by a ram which is worked by the waste water of the spring itself.

On May 3rd we moved east at 7:00 A. M. crossing a spur of the Cumberland mountains and at noon made coffee at Brownsborough where the Memphis and Charleston Railroad crosses the Flint River. The surrounding country is mountainous and the winding road we have been following has the appearance for miles of a basin three or four miles in circumference surrounded by mountains, the turns in the road to pass through the gaps of the different ridges keeping up the appearance. At 5:00 P. M. we went into camp, having marched twenty miles.

May 4th, 1864. Reveille at 4:00 A. M. and march at 5:30. Rumor says we will take cars a short distance from here for Chattanooga. Later, several trains of empty cars are passing and the chance for a ride brightens. After marching nine miles we arrive at Woodville station on the M. & C. railroad and find an immense number of cars ready to take our division (General Veatch's). We leave at 4:00 P. M., seventy men to a box car, making very poor time. At 1:00 A. M. on the fifth we were in the vicinity of Stephenson, Alabama. There are six or seven trains running in

"convoy" and a heavy grade makes it necessary to double engines, causing great delay. We have had but little opportunity of sleeping in our crowded car. At daylight we crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport. The scenery along the railroad from this point east is grand. The mountains are much more bold and rugged than any we have heretofore passed, and the trestle work across some of the chasms is really frightful to passengers crossing them. At 11:00 A. M. we reached Chattanooga. The name in Indian means crow's nest. The town is surrounded by mountains. On the west is Lookout with its top frequently among the clouds, up whose rugged sides our forces charged. It is the highest ground in the vicinity. On the south and east is Mission Ridge made historic by battle. The plot of level ground near the Tennessee River on which the town is built is perhaps six or seven miles in circumference and is now well fortified. In the evening we marched south some seven miles through Rossville, camping at the foot of Mission Ridge and slept for the first time in the state of Georgia.

THE START FOR ATLANTA

We marched at daylight on the morning of the 6th, crossing Mission Ridge and a short time afterwards crossed the battle ground of Chickamauga. In plain view are the sad monuments of this terrible struggle. Graves of unknown heroes, placed without any regard to order, with here and there the bones of some fallen one bleaching in the sun and the standing timber riddled with shot and shell. At 9:00 A. M. we crossed Chickamauga Creek near Gordon's Mills. Our division went into camp some two miles down the stream. We marched today about seven miles. At sunset a man named Hudson of Company F was killed by a limb falling from a burning tree at which he was chopping. We will bury him without coffin or shroud on the bank of the stream, which it seems will never lose its claim to be called the bloody stream which Chickamauga is said to signify.

On the 7th we moved at 7:00 A. M., our route is in a southerly direction through a fine rolling country. We marched thirteen miles and went into camp. I was sent with my company on picket and shortly after getting my guard in position I received orders to draw it in. At 3:00 P. M. I see our brigade is moving

in the direction of Taylor's Ridge. My guard is collected and I am following. At dark I have not yet got up with my regiment. Later I find them occupying Mattock's Gap, for which they were thrown forward and we went into camp, having marched during the day some seventeen miles. The Army of the Tennessee, consisting of the 15th, 16th and 17th Army Corps, is now mostly here, except the 17th Corps. Major General Joseph B. McPherson commanding the Department and Army of the Tennessee. General Logan commands the 15th Corps, Brigadier General S. M. Dodge, since made a Major General, commands the part of the 16th Corps which is here, that is the left wing. Our regiment, the 63rd Ohio Veteran Infantry belongs to 2nd Brigade (Colonel Sprague commanding) 4th Division (General Veatch commanding) 16th Army Corps.

Sabbath, May 8th. We are camped in an orchard. It is a beautiful day. At 9:00 A. M. we are yet resting but as some troops are in motion I fear we will have to march soon. At 3:00 P. M. assembly sounds and we march eight miles in a southeast course across Taylor's Ridge and some two miles beyond the little village of Villanow and camp just across Dry Ridge.

May 9th. The Assembly sounded at 3:00 A. M. and we were in motion southward at daylight. By 9:00 A. M. we have marched three or four miles and taken possession of Snake Creek Gap. The main body of the troops were now halted as it is necessary to feel the way. There is some skirmishing in front. Later Colonel Phillips of the 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry is brought to the rear wounded, and we are passing some killed. At 5:30 P. M. our brigade is getting into position. We are engaging the enemy at a little town on the railroad called Resaca. Musket balls and shell are whizzing around us and amublances are bearing off some wounded. After feeling the enemy we withdrew and at dusk our brigade was ordered back to occupy Snake (or Four Mile) Gap and cover our supply trains as there were indications, it was said, of a raid on our rear.

We marched today about eleven miles forward and seven miles back, in all eighteen miles, the last seven miles being marched very rapidly, and after dark, was very hard on the men who were under arms eighteen hours almost without rest. At nine P. M. we dropped down to rest in a dense thicket of underbrush with

no chance to make coffee and many of the men without rations. I would here enter my protest against the policy of withdrawing from Resaca. It is my judgment we should have occupied the town at all hazards and thus destroyed the rebel use of the railroad and cut off their retreat. But time will tell who is right as I and Captain Fitzimons have just remarked to one another. (Note. Further information showed that Captain Jackson was right. The Confederates had only one brigade there besides the artillery and if the troops had been allowed to advance they could readily have taken the town and held the railroad and cut Johnson's line of retreat, inflicting a great blow on the Confederacy.)

May 10th, 1864. The men are generally out of rations and a government train passing near camp is indiscriminately robbed by the men. Without stopping the teams the boys jump into the wagons and hand out to a comrade bread, sugar and anything eatable they can break into or find open. But to make it up some of our rations are stopped when we go to draw, however, not half as much as the boys pilfered. (Noon) The enemy is pressing our pickets and we are moving rapidly to the front. We pass some of our men who are being brought in wounded. There is rapid firing by the skirmish line. It is raining. (Later) We are lying in position. Firing in front has ceased as well as the rain. (Dark) It is raining hard again. (11:00 P. M.) A comfortable nap spoiled. We have orders to move immediately. It is raining hard and very dark. We are notified we must carry all baggage we do not want abandoned. We are falling back to Snake Gap.

May 11th, 1864. At one in the morning we lie down, wet, muddy and tired. Have had a rough time of it. (Note. For ten years after the war it was difficult to get Colonel Jackson to talk about it. Later he explained that the reason for this was he was so tired of war and its miseries and so disgusted with the business of war that he did not want to think of it. After time had softened his memory of its evils and hardships he was willing to talk freely about it and took an interest in relating his experiences.) The cause of our night operations is said to be that the rebels are supposed to be evacuating Dalton and moving south and as we are almost directly in their rear and detached from the main army

it is necessary to occupy a strong position. (Sunset) Have been resting in camp all day. Some skirmishing in front but no movements develop. (Note. This supposition proved correct. Johnson did evacuate Dalton and concentrated in their front at Resaca, making it necessary to fight a battle there on the thirteenth.)

May 12, 1864. We rested in camp till 3:00 P. M. when we moved out to near the skirmish line as a reserve. Major Generals Hooker, Sickels, Butterfield and McPherson passed through our camp today in company.

BATTLE OF RESACA

May 13th, 1864. Reveille at 2:30 A. M. and now at 8:00 A. M. we have moved out to the road and are halted, waiting for some troops to pass us. The bulk of the army has moved down here, only a part of General Thomas's Army of the Cumberland engaging the attention of the enemy in front of Dalton and to all appearances we are to move on Resaca in force. There is some firing in front. (Later) General Kilpatrick, Chief of Cavalry, has just been brought in from the front wounded. The loss of his services is quite serious. (Noon) We have moved three or four miles forward and taken position. Our skirmishers in sight are firing. (3:00 P. M.) The ball has opened. Our corps has driven the enemy a short distance and there is a lull in our firing, but the battle thunders on our left and center. One slight wound in my company as yet, Corporal Martindale. (Later.) Our lines are advancing, fighting. (Dusk) Both armies are stationary, but keeping up a deadly fire. My company ordered to the front as skirmishers. We have gained considerable ground by today's operations but the enemy confronts us in force at every point.

May 14th, 1864. At break of day firing commences along the lines. (Later) I send Sergeant Selby of my company with a squad of men down a ravine to feel their way, if possible, to the Oostananla River. They are out some time and the Sergeant reports that he has not force enough to drive enemy's skirmishers. I send him some more men and he advances, driving the enemy and occupying the river bank. One of Selby's men, an Irishman, gets out in advance of his comrades and is confronted by a rebel who takes to cover. Irishman does the same, and they mutually cover one another's positions with their guns, only a few yards

distant. When Sergeant Selby's men compelled the rebels to fall back it left their man by himself and they called loudly on him to come along but he dare not leave his cover and their cries were unheeded. There they both remained until Sergeant Selby had orders to bring his men in, and as soon as the Irishman left his cover the rebel fired at him, fortunately missing him. I ordered Selby to fall back under instruction that it was desired to shell the ground in his immediate front, but for some unaccountable reason after he fell back there was no shell thrown.

8:00 A. M. I am relieved by Captain Angel and a detail from the 35th New Jersey, who moves his men at double quick across the open ground to get to the river instead of advancing cautiously as Selby did along the ravine and he lost several men in occupying ground from which we had driven the enemy without losing a man.

4:30 P. M. The battle has progressed all day. We have official information that the enemy have been driven from Dalton. General Sweeney's division of our corps is said to be attempting to cross the Oostananla River on our extreme right. There has been a roar of artillery and clatter of small arms without one moment's cessation since daylight this morning. It has been estimated at thirty cannon shots per minute. (Later) Our brigade has been relieved by the 1st Brigade of our division and we are moving out of range of the enemy's guns to rest, having been more or less under fire since three o'clock yesterday afternoon.

6:00 P. M. The battle has raged terribly for an hour on our center. The musketry exceeds anything yet heard. We can hear the yells plainly as repeated charges are made. (Later) Although it is dark the fight deepens. There is evidently a terrible struggle for some position. (Later) Fighting slackens after three hours contest at this point.

Sunday, May 15th, 1864. At daylight skirmishing begins. We now learn that the fighting last night was done by the 15th and part of the 16th Corps. Two regiments of our brigade were moved up as supports and soon became engaged. At dusk our forces charged and took a line of rifle pits occupied by the enemy and after dark the rebels tried to retake them and repeatedly charged in column and were as often repulsed with great slaughter. Our loss is considerable. The fight was west of the river and north of the slough. (5:00 P. M.) The fighting today has been

confined to cannon and skirmishing on our part of the line, with an occasional fight on our extreme wings, and at this time it is pretty brisk on our left. Sweeney's division is reported across the river on our right with hard fighting. (Later) The fight on the left has swelled into a battle. (Dark) Firing ceases. Our regiment is supporting a battery. (11:00 P. M.) A brisk fight opens on our center just to the left of our corps, principally musketry firing, the enemy making the attack. (Later) The fight lasts half an hour and the enemy draws off.

May 16th, 1864. At daylight our forces occupy the enemy's works at Resaca, the enemy having evacuated during the night. Their attack last night at 11:00 o'clock was a feint under which they withdrew. Our loss in the three days fighting, 13th, 14th and 15th, along the entire line from Dalton and Rocky Face Ridge to Lee's Ferry, called the battle of Resaca, is estimated at five thousand killed, wounded and missing. The enemy's loss not quite so great, as he occupied a strong position and was well fortified. The Army of the Tennessee, occupying Snake Creek Gap and turning his left flank, was the only reason we got him out with so little loss. It was a well executed flank movement and is acknowledged to have been superb generalship. Some stores and four pieces of cannon fell into our hands in the works, at Resaca proper. In the slough at the mouth of Mill Creek, which the skirmishers fought across, we found fifty dead rebels unburied, which is a pretty fair index of the kind of fighting we had.

9:00 A. M. We are moving south on the west side of the Oostananla River. Reached Lee's Ferry at 2:00 P. M., five miles from Resaca. Crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, the pontoons of which are canvas. The first of the kind I have seen. We moved south one and one-half miles and camped. (4:00 P. M.) Can hear skirmishing with some few cannon shots at the front. (Later) Our advance has met a considerable body of the enemy and are falling back, driven right onto our camp. Our brigade forms quickly and moves to the front. The 15th Corps is double quicked out from the river, but the enemy continues his retreat and at dark we bivouac in position. We have cars running to Resaca this evening. Get news that Grant has been whipping the rebels handsomely in the east.

May 17th. Raining a little this morning. Slight skirmishing

at the front. 5:00 P. M. Have been lying in camp all day. I have much cause of complaint on account of the manner in which sick and exhausted men are cared for. In fact frequently no care whatever. No ambulances with the regiment on march and men who should be sent to hospital are forced to trudge along with the column. The Medical Department of the Army is most shamefully managed. Later. Having orders to get ready to move. 5:30 P. M. Are in motion. 11:30 P. M. Have marched about twelve miles over rather a good country in a southerly direction. It has been moonlight and roads good above average, but it makes me feel in a bad humor to march at night unless I can see some great necessity for it. We go into camp for the night.

Wednesday, May 18th, 1864. A pleasant morning. We marched at 8:00 A. M. Georgia is indeed the Yankee State of the South. There is an appearance of neatness and comfort about the farm houses and residences of the poorer classes much resembling the north and in strange contrast with the general shiftlessness we have seen in Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama. Marched some five miles and at 2:00 P. M. halted for rest and coffee. We were notified that we would have two hours rest. Sunset. Supply trains have been passing all afternoon and we have been unable to get the road yet. 10:00 P. M. Have just got in motion. Later. Our progress is slow on account of the road being blocked up with army supply trains.

12:00 Midnight. We are passing through Adairsville, a station on the Atlanta Railroad, where there was considerable of a fight yesterday with the enemy's rear guard by the Army of the Cumberland.

Daybreak, May 19th. We marched all last night, one of those disagreeable marches after a train. We have just halted and yet have only marched about eight miles. I think I never was so sleepy. It was a torture to keep awake on the road, and if on the very frequent short halts of the train I ventured to sit down I would fall asleep almost instantly. It was very severe on account of having marched half of the night before. 11:00 A. M. Have had a few hours rest, made coffee and are now in motion. 4:00 P. M. Have marched about nine miles today. It is very warm, water scarce and roads dusty. Add to this our want of sleep and

the march was severe. We are going into camp one and one-half miles northeast of Kingston where the branch railroad comes in from Rome, which place, we learn, has been captured by Jefferson C. Davis's division of the 14th army corps, with considerable stores and a few prisoners.

May 20th, 1864. The rebels do but little damage to the railroad and we have cars running to Kingston today. Only those who belong to the army know how encouraging the sound of a locomotive is, for by it we get our supplies of all kinds.

10:00 P. M. My company is detailed to report to the Assistant Quarter Master of the 4th Division 16th Army Corps, and I start to hunt him with my company. Later. Hunted among a thousand teams, marched my men several miles, and now find him less than a mile from where I started. Such blundering in the instructions I received is very provoking. A guide should always be furnished in cases like this.

May 21st, 1864. We are guarding the trains which remain in camp.

May 22nd, 1864. Duty same as yesterday. I have to send my company desk, etc., back to Chattanooga for storage. I will send Corporal Terry with it to care for it, he is a good soldier and therefore I would like to keep him with the company, but I want my papers looked after and Sergeant Harrison says to always send your best man for such duty and I guess he is right.

Monday, May 23rd. We have orders to be ready to move today with twenty days' rations, independent of the railroad. Two rations of salt meat per week, the remainder of the meat on the hoof. The indications are that we are temporarily going to leave the railroad for another flank movement, as the rebel position on the Allatoona Mountains is rather strong to be assailed in front. 12:00 Noon. Troops and trains begin moving. Our brigade is rear guard and we are waiting for them to pull out. Later. Trains not yet all moving although the orders were for all to be ready at daylight. It takes a long time to make the tail of such a large snake wiggle.

May 24th. We did not begin moving our brigade last night until within fifteen minutes of midnight. Daylight. Have just halted, having marched all night after getting started, making about seven miles, crossing the railroad leading to Rome, and the Etowah River, called in Indian, Hitowh. The march

was easy for a night march. 6:00 A. M. We are again in motion, having had but a few minutes to rest and make coffee and almost no chance to get a drop of water. 10:00 A. M. Have marched four hours without resting. The men are tired and sleepy, with canteens empty at starting and our march has been across a dry ridge without any sign of water. It is very warm, and we have marched, it would seem to me, unnecessarily fast. Many of the command have fallen exhausted and are now behind. We have marched nine miles and have just now halted for the first time for fifteen minutes rest. I pronounce it one of the severest tests of endurance in my whole experience of campaigning and I am now very angry at the inhuman officer who is responsible for crowding us so. There can be no circumstances under which such work would be justifiable. Even if a part of the army were being defeated and we were hurrying to the rescue, time would be gained by an occasional few minutes rest.

12:00 Noon. Halted, making coffee at one of the finest springs I ever saw. It does not afford as much water as some of the springs at Tuscumbia, Alabama, but it is purer and large enough to supply a division of six thousand men who are now watering at it without difficulty. 4:00 P. M. Are again in motion. 6:00 P. M. Marched four miles, passing through Blansville, where there is a quarry and manufactory making slates for school purposes. We are now going into camp, having just passed through the town of Vanwert.

Have marched some twenty-four miles and been on the road eighteen hours with only rest long enough to make coffee. Dusk. Our camp is on a side-hill. It is raining hard and we have no shelter. The only chance I see to sleep is to wrap my blanket around me, lie down and spread my gum blanket over it, and let it rain.

May 25th. 1864. Was tired enough to sleep finely last night and I am much surprised to find how little wet I am, for it rained hard during the night in an open field. But thanks to a steep hill-side and a good gum blanket. 11:45 A. M. Begin moving after making a good dinner on green whortle berries stewed, in addition to army rations. These berries are much like very young currants and a few of them with a good bit of sugar make at least a change of diet. Someone, who is not a good judge, suggests that you

can get along without berries if you have plenty of sugar. Later. Moved out about a mile where we have halted in a nice shady place and I have just taken a comfortable nap on a big stone at the road-side on which I am sitting now, scribbling in my journal. (Note. Pencil book from which this is copied.) 3:00 P. M. Moving. Dark. Have been marching steadily. The first mile or two was up a nice little valley and later across a heavy, dry ridge covered with the scrubby black oak so common in this country. The surface, and what might be called the soil, of much of this country, both upland and lowland, is very peculiar, being gravelly and almost as hard in many places as a macadamized road. I have seen new roads opened through timber land, that would carry heavy trains of artillery and supply wagons without the least sign of cutting. This is particularly the case with the country north of Vanwert.

11:30 P. M. Have been marching very slowly. It is very dark and I do not think we have advanced over two miles since dark and it has been raining much of the time. We have now halted and are going to bivouac by the road-side in bushes on a steep side-hill but I am tired enough to drop down anywhere, feeling only concerned about the length of time I will get to rest. There is no telling where water can be found and I will not ask my cook, who must be very tired, to make me supper, but with a piece of dry cracker will lie down. We have heard considerable cannonading on our left during the evening. Marched today in all about ten miles.

May 26th. At 3:30 A. M. we are aroused with orders to get my company ready to move immediately and a few minutes afterwards the assembly sounds, giving no time to even make coffee for breakfast, but off we go in the dark. This is hard campaigning and flesh and blood cannot stand it long in this style.

The boys report a good yarn of an old lady describing how a man they called Mr. Hooker, (that is Major General Hooker) "with more'n a hundred Yanks after him, made at Mr. Wheeler's (Rebel General of Cavalry) crittur company near her yard and upset her ash hopper which she'd wouldn't a taken more'n a dollar and half for in any money and chased our men (rebels) all about."

Marched some five miles and at 7:00 A. M. halt twenty minutes

to make coffee. Have a good breakfast of fresh pork, etc., thanks to Abe McLain. Marched northeast and cross Big Pumkinvine Creek. Shortly after go into position on right of the road. Remain an hour and move a short distance east, going into position in sight of the town of Dallas, which is occupied by the enemy. At 2:00 P. M. our skirmish line advances, finds nothing but mounted men which they drive, and at 3:00 P. M. our forces enter the town, which is on a level plain and the troops make one of the finest displays I ever saw. (Colonel Jackson related that when they were standing in line of battle here at Dallas, General McPherson, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, rode up to the position of his company, but instead of riding right through the line without noticing the men as most Generals would have done, he stopped his horse and said pleasantly, "Boys, will you let me pass?" Captain Jackson saluted, and waved his hand to his men, who opened their ranks and the General rode through.

The town of Dallas is almost deserted by the citizens and the soldiers are appropriating to their own use everything they can use and much that they can not, completely sacking the place. A very amusing occurrence happened when a squad of foragers attacked an apiary just as a regiment, the 18th Missouri, was passing. The bees made it stampede quick, the men throwing their hats about their heads, tearing their hair, etc. Our brigade got a fine mess of chickens, meat, meal and some honey and molasses. Sunset. The enemy are making some movements on our right and we are likely to be moved which I don't fancy, as our baggage has come up and a little rest would be acceptable. Later. Ordered to go into camp. Good. The Army of the Tennessee is now on the extreme right of the grand line of battle. The Army of the Cumberland on our left.

May 27th. Whilst eating breakfast at 5:30 this morning the enemy attacked our pickets and Grand Guard line and in a few minutes the wounded were being brought in. 6:00 A. M. Our brigade moves into position to support the skirmishers who are having a sharp fight. 8:00 A. M. Heavy skirmishing. The rebels are said to have been dressed in our uniform and surprised our Grand Guard this morning who mistook them for friends. Dark. Our regiment has been in line all day. There has been heavy skirmishing and an occasional artillery duel during the day

and our division has lost a good many men. Our regiment had four killed and six or eight wounded while in line of battle. We bivouac in position, the bullets dropping around us rather close for comfort.

Saturday, May 28th. Skirmish fighting commenced at daylight extending along the line as far as musketry can be heard. Our regiment had one man killed early this morning, and some wounded. Our wagon train moved to the left at two o'clock this morning. 5:00 P. M. The rebels made a charge on the right of our corps and on the 15th Corps. Our regiment formed quickly and had one man killed and one wounded, although the charges does not extend quite as far as our line. The rebels were repulsed handsomely with heavy loss. Our loss light. Later. We have orders to move to the left and leave a line of fires but the enemy are in such force in our front and pressing us so close that we cannot do it. 10:00 P. M. Heavy fighting on our left. The rebels left eight hundred on the field in the charge at 5:00 P. M. I guess we will remain here for the night. The Army of the Ohio, General Schofield, yesterday got into position on the right of our Army of the Tennessee.

NIGHT BATTLE AT DALTON

Sabbath, May 29th. A very pleasant summer morning, such a one as makes the soldier think of home and church bells. Heavy skirmish fighting all morning. At sunset my company was sent to the front on skirmish line to relieve another company. We have a hill to hold which is a sharp ridge that our line crosses at an acute angle, the enemy crossing it about parallel with our line and only a few yards distant, so close that the exposure of a man's hat by either party brings half a dozen bullets. 11:00 P. M. We saw rebel signal lights (blue) and a few minutes afterwards their infernal howl as they charged, seemingly along our entire line. It seems impossible that I shall be able to hold my position. There is heavy musketry fire both on my right and left and a heavy line is moving directly against me. Later. I have all my men in action. Our own artillery is throwing shot and shell right over us, some among us, and although it does not seem to me a man could live five minutes on my advance line, we are holding the enemy in check; in fact they are falling back. 11:45

P. M. The enemy have been repulsed on my right and left. I am now of the opinion that the force which attacked me was no heavier than their skirmish line with perhaps the reserve brought up.

To my surprise I find that two companies of the Illinois troops which joined me on my right and supported me, although under cover of the hill, have broken and run in a most cowardly manner, and if the enemy had discovered it in time he could have turned my flank and easily have driven me off the hill. They are now straggling up to their places like chickens that were scattered by a hawk. Later. I have found one of their officers and given him my opinion of his disgraceful conduct. I blame the officers more than the men. Three of the men, knowing that their companies had fallen back, joined on to my company on the hill and fought until the charge was repulsed. Captain Thorne and Company K of our regiment supported me on my left under the hill in a similar position to that occupied by the Illinois men on my right, but he did good service, fighting like a man, and pouring so hot a fire into the rebel flank that I presume it alone saved me from being driven from the hill.

May 30th. At 12:15 A. M. the enemy make another charge along our lines and fight up to my position about like the first time except they don't come quite so close. Our own artillery fire is terrifying. I have one man hurt by it. Sergeants Harrison and Hall, who are in command of my advanced line of skirmishers, are behaving in a most gallant and meritorious manner. Every moment I expected to see them and their platoon driven back on to us, but to my hurried inquiries as I send them fresh men to relieve their exhausted ones, they reply that they are holding the enemy back to their original position. Captain Thorne on my left is doing good work but the few Illinois men on my right who are in their place make but little fight, however enough to keep the enemy from turning my flank.

I came very near having a blunder in my company during this charge. There were rifle pits at the foot of the hill to which I ordered the Sergeant in charge of the reserve of my line to move. I spoke loud in order to be heard in the firing and some of the men in the front heard it and thought I was ordering the whole company to fall back and began to do so. Fortunately I was able

to correct the mistake before it became serious and assured my men that the honor of the company depended on our sticking right to our posts until squarely driven from them, and every man but two of the few who had left, sprang to their places and began fighting like heroes. The other two had got out of hearing but rejoined their comrades as soon as they found we were holding the hill. Later. The charge on our right has again been repulsed. At 1:00 A. M. the charge was repeated similar to the others. Just before it was made I received instructions to hold my men well in hand as perhaps I would be called in and our lines retired. Later. The enemy repulsed.

2:00 A. M. Rebels made a fourth charge on our right and are again repulsed. It seems to me they have not fought up to our men very close the last two times. Although they go through the motions of charging me. I still hold the hill, thanks to the stubborn bravery of my men, who have behaved nobly and I am glad to find have not suffered much, which astonishes me. I have only two men seriously hurt. Several others have slight wounds. I think it has been as trying a time as I ever stood. Night very dark, only able to know the position and approach of the enemy by the flash of his guns; could have but little idea of the force we were fighting; ignorant of how the fighting on our right was going. Sometimes the heavy volley of musketry seemed to indicate that our men were being driven. Then when the skirmish line on our immediate right broke and ran, they reported that the rebels had carried the hill on which my company was posted, and thus caused our own fire from our batteries, and in fact from one regiment of infantry to begin firing at the top of the hill to our great peril. How I dreaded to hear the yells that indicated the commencement of the different charges.

5:00 A. M. Comparative quiet along the lines. I am relieved and return to our regiment, and we are congratulated by our friends for our successful work last night. They say it was not supposed we would ever be heard of again, it appearing to those in the rear that we must be overwhelmed by the enemy.

May 31st. Skirmishing all day. It seems the enemy anticipated our desire to move to our left, which we were about executing when they assaulted our lines, but I guess they did not more than

make it pay as their heavy losses would not be balanced by the temporary delay given us.

Wednesday, June 1st, 1864. 7:00 A. M. We are moving to our left which has been our desire for some time, but it is not easy to let go in a fight as we have learned. Sherman's abandonment of the railroad and his flank movement to Vanwert and Dallas has forced the enemy to evacuate the Allatoona Mountains which we now occupy; but their position on the mountains southeast of Dallas was found to be very strong, and the trouble of getting supplies, and their scarcity, has caused the General commanding to swing his army around to the railroad again, having accomplished all for which he temporarily abandoned it at Kingston on the 23rd ultimo.

10:00 A. M. Our brigade has gone into position facing the rear about two miles from Dallas to cover the withdrawal of our troops, for if the enemy should make a vigorous assault on our columns they might cause us serious trouble. There is great uneasiness among our officers on this account. 12:00 Noon. Making coffee at Pumpkinvine Creek. Thermometer ninety-two degrees in the shade. The enemy has allowed us to withdraw in broad daylight without molestation. We have marched about seven miles. 1:00 P. M. Our division, 4th of the 16th Army Corps, General Fuller commanding, is put in position to cover the supply trains of the army which are corralled in rear of Hooker's 20th Corps. My company is sent to hold a bridge over Pumpkinvine Creek which the rebels attempted to burn on our advance to occupy the ground. We constructed defenses of rails and loose timber. Our regiment is digging rifle pits away to our rear but the enemy does not show himself.

June 2nd, 1864. My company has been relieved from duty at the bridge. The regiment remains in position. Generally quiet, but while we were eating dinner there were a few shots fired on the picket lines and shortly after a few shells were dropped near our camp. The enemy were feeling our position but kept at a safe distance. This is rather a great piece of impudence in them.

June 3rd. 1864. Very slight firing on the line of our regiment. At 9:00 A. M. we moved across Pumpkinvine Creek and down it about one and one-half mile, recrossing a branch of the stream which my company bridged with rails from a fence.

We went into position on high ground east of the Creek and remained all night. June 4th. It rained during last night, but our baggage wagon came up which has a few flies on it and we then being made dry, took it easy in camp. At 1:00 P. M. assembly sounded and we moved one mile north and occupied the breast works and rifle pits constructed by the 1st Brigade who have moved.

June 5th, 1864. It rained hard and steady last night so that the water came through my fly tent some. At 8:00 A. M. my company are on Grand Guard duty at Owen's Mills on Pumpkinvine Creek. The owner, a Mr. Owen, is a native of Rhode Island and came out here in 1849, married a native woman, built a fine flouring mill with all Yankee conveniences and I guess is now a pretty good "Secesh," as these Yankees, when sufficiently acclimated are the most bitter traitors. There is a fine water-power here on the Pumpkinvine and the scenery is bold and romantic. 3:00 P. M. We are relieved as our brigade is moving. The Grand Guard moves up and all rejoin their regiments except my company which is made rear guard to the brigade which is train guard. 12:00 Midnight. Have been marching slowly in the dark and now file off the road and bivouac, my company furnishing one picket post and all necessary camp guards for the regiment. Have marched some ten miles from Owen's Mills.

June 6th, 1864. Move at 5:00 A. M. We are mixed up with an ocean of army trains. At 10:30 A. M. pass Turchin's Brigade of the 14th Army Corps when I get to see my acquaintances of the 31st Ohio Infantry and Lieutenant Colonel Grosvenor of Athens, Ohio. We pass through the village of Acworth, a station on the Atlantic and Western Railroad and go into camp one mile south of the village at 3:00 P. M., having marched about eight miles. June 7th and 8th, resting in camp and busy making out back reports, etc. June 9th. Orders have been issued for the entire army to be in readiness to move at 6:00 A. M. with ten days' rations. Sherman here issues a very stringent order about straggling.

11:00 A. M. Will not probably move at all today as supplies are not up, having just got the railroad bridge over the Etowah River finished.

June 10th. Yet in the same camp and have had a good rest

which was much needed. 11:30 A. M. Assembly sounds to the great annoyance of the undersigned who was just sitting down to dinner after a hard hour's work issuing clothing. Later. Moving south and it is raining very hard. 4:00 P. M. Have marched some four miles and halted in position. Some fighting to the right. The Army of the Tennessee is now the extreme left of the Grand Army, having made a complete change from the position occupied at Dallas. Later. We are making coffee with probability of remaining for the night.

I find here the sensitive plant and the chinckapin bush, which latter grows some six feet high and bears a nut something like a cross between a hazel nut and a chestnut bur but a cluster of four or five burs together like grapes.

Received here by mail a commission for 1st Sergeant C. M. Harrison of my company as Second Lieutenant of my company. He was appointed on my recommendation for faithful conduct. I enlisted him, an entire stranger, when I was organizing my company in 1861. Afterwards appointed him Corporal, then Sergeant and later First Sergeant. He commanded my company as a corporal for two months after the battle of Corinth. I have steadily advanced him for faithful and meritorious conduct from an unknown private until I have been able to get him a commission which I think he well deserves. He assisted me very materially in recruiting when I was in Ohio reorganizing the company for Veteran Service. I will be much disappointed if he does not make a serviceable lieutenant.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN

June 11th, 10:00 A. M. Assembly sounds and we move to the front, it is said in order to make a reconnaissance. 12:00 Noon. Have moved some two miles and halted on the railroad. Hear some skirmishing in front. Later. Move forward and into position on left of the railroad. Our skirmishers find the enemy who are strongly posted on Kenesaw Mountain. We drive in their skirmishers some distance and bivouac in position. It has been raining all afternoon very hard. Colonel Brown took dinner with me, green apples, etc. Captain Fitzimons fell on the railroad and got hurt.

June 12th. Raining most of the time and but little fighting today. My company went on the skirmish line in the evening. We had brisk firing but no casualties. We pass a most disagreeable night, rain, mud, and not a wink of sleep.

June 13th. Raining, raining. At 7:00 A. M. my company relieved and tired, wet and muddy, we reach camp. No change in the position of our division.

June 14th. Clear this morning, rain apparently over for the present. Brisk skirmishing at the foot of Kenesaw this forenoon and our parrots are feeling for the enemy. 3:00 P. M. We have a couple of guns out near the skirmish line and they are throwing shot and shell at the rail piles from behind which the rebel skirmishers fire at ours. It is amusing to see a shot or shell upset a rail pile and then the Johnny Greybacks leaving that part of the country in a hurry. It is amusing to us but like the fable of the frogs, death to them, for our skirmishers open fire on them as they are stripped of cover.

Our men claim to be able to read the rebel signals and some of their stations are in plain view. It is said the enemy signaled today that their General Polk, (the Right Reverend Bishop Leonidas Polk) was killed and his body was on the cars going through Marietta to Atlanta.

7:00 P. M. We advanced about one-third of a mile, constructed rifle pits and advanced our skirmish line about in proportion.

June 15th. A beautiful day. We are trying to advance our lines this morning. Heavy cannonading and brisk skirmishing. 3:00 P. M. Are having spirited fighting along our entire lines. In front of our corps, the 16th, we are trying to advance our skirmish line across an open field under cover of our artillery. Later. Great excitement and cheering. Many of the enemy's skirmishers are deserting and coming in to us. Our troops are in great glee, and as the prisoners our men take are sent to the rear along with the deserters, it makes a fine appearance. We have been very successful in advancing our line with little loss. 4:30 P. M. Our regiment is moving to the front to support the skirmish line. Later. We are lying under a pretty sharp fire of musketry but I find room to eat supper which Mac has brought out to me. Sunset. The pioneer corps has made rifle pits for us.

10:20 P. M. Enemy pressing our lines. Our men spring into their places and everything indicates a general attack. Later. Firing slackens. Nothing but a skirmish fight.

June 16th. I am sent on the skirmish line with my own company and Company C of our regiment. Noon. We are having spirited fighting. We have rifle pits and logs for protection. The enemy have the same about seventy yards distant and the least exposure of a man brings a shower of balls. The General commanding informs me he thinks it probable our lines will be assaulted soon and cautions me to be on my guard. Later. Nary an assault. A company of the 27th Ohio on my left is suffering severely. One commanding officer of the company killed and another wounded. Sunset. We are relieved. Have had one man killed in Company C and several slight wounds in the two companies.

I have expended some six thousand rounds of ammunition and my men did not fire without seeing an enemy. Our boys would raise a hat on a ramrod and it would bring a half dozen balls. With a glass I detected the rebels at the same game. But we have seen them bearing off killed or wounded to such an extent that I feel confident we have punished them severely for what we have suffered. At one time we hung a blanket tightly rolled on the corner of a log building near by us and a rebel shot a bullet into it. On examining it I found the ball in the blanket though it had passed through sixteen thicknesses of a wool blanket.

General Fuller, commanding 2nd Brigade of our division came to my lines and spoke a little short about my not conforming to the direction of his skirmish line and also about us shooting too much when no enemy was near enough to make it effective. I was well acquainted with him and I told him I thought his men on his skirmish line were in a poor position and all the entrenching they had done was at least useless, and our boys had great sport at seeing him, half an hour after leaving us, move his skirmish line to conform in direction with ours. About the time he was ready to leave me he looked to the front through a crack in the log building, behind which we were sheltered, and asked me what rifle pits those were which he saw just a few yards in my front. I told him they were the enemy's and just then some sharpshooters rose out of them and fired, which was the signal for the enemy to open briskly on my entire line, dropping balls thickly all around

us. The General found the enemy plenty close for shooting and asked me which way I thought the safest for him to get out of that. I showed him and he started on the run. The incident rather gratified me for the short remark he had made about my men firing and "no enemy" as he had expressed himself at first. On our return to camp when we were relieved in the evening we found that our regiment had constructed deep rifle pits and regular gopher holes for shelter of the officers.

(Note. General Fuller was an able and efficient officer, and was well liked by the men and had their confidence. He commanded the brigade to which the 63rd Ohio belonged at the fierce battle of Corinth and was in the thick of the fight with them. The joke was on the General in the above related story but even this incident is evidence of his efficiency and capacity, for he was out on the advanced skirmish line when he might have readily avoided it and sent a subordinate, and his moving his skirmish line on advice given so unceremoniously by a subaltern shows his good sense and lack of vanity.)

June 17th. The usual skirmishing commenced at daylight. We were aroused once last night by an attack on the skirmish line. We lay in position in and near our rifle pits. The enemy's skirmisher's bullets flew over us. We having had men killed and wounded right among us during the day. No man is safe outside the rifle pits.

June 18th, 1864. Raining, raining and the men have no shelter. Skirmish firing goes on as usual. The Army of the Cumberland on our right has had considerable of a fight this forenoon and appears to have advanced their lines considerably. 4:30 P. M. Benjamin McCarter of my company severely wounded by a musket ball in the groin, said by the surgeon to be mortal. I have my tent fly up a short distance in rear of the rifle pits and a few minutes ago a rifle ball went through one of the pins holding it, not more than a foot and a half from the ground and passed on, fortunately hurting no one.

Later. The surgeon now thinks McCarter's wound not so serious and that he may recover. (The record shows that McCarter survived but was so much disabled by the wound that he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on March 29th, 1865.)

Dusk. My company goes out on the skirmish line.

8:00 P. M. The rebs are very talkative and our boys and they have great sport joking one another as our rifle pits are in good talking distance. The rebs propose that we do not fire during the night, to which our boys agree and a truce is thus made without the officers saying a word.

Later. The boys keep up conversation till near midnight and nary shot fired by either party along our line, although firing continues to the right and left of us.

June 19th, 1864. Break of day. Can get no word of the enemy. There is no firing and they will not talk. We are now doubtful whether they are in their rifle pits or not. We fire on their works and get no reply. I guess they are gone.

Daylight. We find that the enemy has evacuated his first line of works. My company is relieved as skirmishers. I examine the ground we have been fighting over on the skirmish line for the last few days and the effects of the shot exceed anything I have ever seen. I do not see how the rebels stayed in their gopher holes at all. The advance of the Army of the Cumberland on our right yesterday, although with severe fighting, has been the cause of the enemy's falling back, as their works in our front, although very formidable, are now untenable.

1:00 P. M. We have advanced our line and find that the enemy has only left his advance, or first series of works and still holds Kenesaw Mountain and a contiguous line of heavy fortifications. We pass over ground strongly fortified by breast works and rifle pits and protected by abatis of felled trees on a ground densely crowded with underbrush, chinckapin, etc. I feel well satisfied that the long lines of heavy works we are passing are not occupied by the enemy and that as we are picking our way through tangled brush no shriek of shot or shell is around us.

3:00 P. M. Our skirmishers and artillery are feeling the enemy and there is heavy fighting near by our right.

Sunset. Our skirmish line has reached the base of Kenesaw Mountain and is having brisk work. The mountain is very high and rugged, surpassing Lookout Mountain in these respects. Its top is frequently among the clouds.

To see the clouds parting around it, drifting against its peak, is a grand sight and one I used to think had only been seen by poets anywhere.

Later. We are making a temporary breastwork of logs and stone. There has been considerable fighting both right and left of us. The railroad runs between our present position and the base of the mountain and just now our men run a locomotive down the track to get water in plain view of the enemy, in fact nearer them than our main line. Our men cheered like they were wild, which, with the impudence of the trick, caused the rebels to try to bring their artillery to bear on the locomotive. The distance was short, but the mountain was so high they could not depress their guns enough and the shot and shell flew away over, but some dropped close enough to alarm us for our safety as we thought they could not possibly shell us from the mountain.

June 20th, 1864. All day long there has been heavy cannonading between the opposing armies. It will average thirty shots per minute. The enemy's batteries are on the mountain far above ours but artillerists understand that this is no advantage, but rather the reverse, as it will shatter a gun carriage to depress a piece much in firing.

Sunset. Heavy musketry firing on our right where the Army of the Cumberland are fighting.

Later. Heavy musketry on our right till near midnight, though, I am thankful to say, on our part of the line all is comparatively quiet. Often as I listened to the battle surging along the lines, I expected the storm to strike us, and tired out as we were by many days heavy marching, hard fighting, and much exposure with little food, the hours were ones of expectation such as civilians never know.

June 21st. Cloudy and raining. Heavy cannonading and the ever accompanying rattle of musketry. The enemy are busy at their works on the mountain in plain view. It is a little amusing to be able to look at an enemy's cannon at short range and know they can scarce hurt you the least, but it is so severe a test on the guns that they seldom try the experiment of depressing their pieces at us; but it would be sufficient to keep a nervous man uneasy wondering if they might take a notion to train their guns on us, seeing them as we did, dropping shell right onto our camp, when

they fired at the locomotive on the 19th. Our camp is a good one, supplied with water from a mountain stream flowing over rock and does not get muddy at all.

June 22nd. A beautiful summer morning. Heavy cannonading from the enemies' batteries on the mountain. They fire over us, making some commotion among the teamsters who are in the rear but not hurting any men who are in line. 11:00 P. M. They open briskly on our skirmish line but no change is made in the position of our troops. They are yet cannonading us heavily but our batteries have replied but little all day.

June 23rd. My company and four others of our regiment were sent out on the skirmish line of our brigade this morning at 6:30.

9:00 A. M. We are at the base of Kenesaw Mountain and shot and shell of both friend and foe pass over our heads, but so far harmless. There is but little firing on the skirmish line. The thermometer is eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit in a dense, woody shade. 4:30 P. M. We have been having for the last half hour a grand artillery duel, or in other words a most terrific cannonading. As the fire of both parties goes directly over us the scene is grand, though not without its dangers, as a shell or two has burst so near over us that pieces dropped among us, fortunately without serious results. As I write there is one continued hum and buzz of shot and shell.

Sunset. We have just had quite a muss. The 14th Michigan of the 14th Corps, which joins on the right of our corps (16th), it seems had instructions to make a feint of assaulting Kenesaw Mountain in order to assist operations on some other part of our line. We had no notice of this and in the dense thicket which here covers the ground, they moved too far to the left and got in rear of the videttes of my company and opened a heavy fire of musketry on the mountain and on my men. I was eating supper at the time and supposed the enemy were attacking us. The advance line of my men thought so too, as the balls were flying all around them and hitting them, and the sergeant in charge ordered them to fall back on the reserve where I was, but about the same time, discovering that it came from our own men, hastened to have it stopped. In doing this, Private Michael Butler (an Irishman I had lately enlisted just from the old sod) acted with great gallantry. He ran right in front of the regiment while it

was firing, telling them to stop, as they were shooting our men, but they did not stop. He clubbed his musket as if for fight and cursed them loudly for their blundering. About this time Major Parks of the 43rd Ohio, Chief of the skirmish line, reached the rear of the Michigan regiment and with difficulty got them to understand what they were doing, and in time to see Private Butler's exploit in front of the regiment with his musket clubbed.

The enemy's skirmishers at the commencement of the firing, fell back and joined their main line, but seeing our men fall back, they hastened to occupy our rifle pits. Sergeant Selby had by this time reassembled his men. I gave him an officer and some more men and he moved out to his position and drove the enemy back, receiving a wound as he did so, on the hand, but not sufficient to disable him until he got his men in position.

Dark. We have all things straightened out now except our temper which is badly riled at the needless blunder which cost us several wounded men and could all have been avoided by simply notifying us of what they were ordered to do.

One of the wounded of my company (Bouncer, the boys call him) got badly demoralized in the melee and ran clear to camp and reported how I had had my guard cut to pieces and surrounded by the enemy and he doubted not entirely captured.

June 24th, 1864. Base of Kenesaw Mountain, Cobb County, Georgia. A beautiful morning. Had a very quiet time on the skirmish line last night, but little firing. 7:00 A. M. Relieved by the 35th New Jersey.

Saturday, June 25th, 1864. The usual firing along our lines. I have been toward the right of our grand line of battle, through the Army of the Cumberland, this afternoon. They do not have as high mountains in their front as we do on the left center, but some hills. Their lines are well up to the enemy and well entrenched. There was a fine artillery duel at Baird's Division 14th Army Corps while I was there. The firing was at short range, making the dirt fly. Our men evidently blew up a caisson, making quite an explosion. The 4th Army Corps is so close to the enemy's works that they do not have a skirmish line at all. The men in the main line have to keep under cover all the time. I took supper with Lieutenant Aplin of the 31st Ohio Infantry and returned to my regiment at sunset.

Dark. Our army is concentrating on the right, and in order to occupy a longer line our division is stretching out. Our regiment is ordered to relieve a regiment of the 14th Corps. 9:00 P. M. Have got into position behind heavy breastworks.

June 26th. We remain in position. Not much firing today but our regiment had one man killed by the random shots the enemy are firing.

BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN

June 27th. Have orders to stand to arms, at 8:00 A. M. with sixty rounds of ammunition and canteens filled. 9:00 A. M. There has been heavy cannonading all along the line and it is said we are going to assault the enemy's works. Later. Heavy musketry to our right and we are trying to advance our skirmish or first line up the rugged sides of the mountain.

Sunset. All is quiet. We succeeded in advancing our line with considerable loss, mostly in the 64th Illinois. The result of the fighting on our right, where it was heavy, is unknown.

June 28th. As the results of our assault yesterday we have General Harker killed and long lists of killed and wounded from every attacking column. We inflicted considerable loss on the enemy, took quite a number of prisoners and occupied considerable of the enemy's works, but I am of the opinion not sufficient to repay our loss. Our immediate line is advanced far up the mountain to a point gained by considerable loss of life and now very difficult to hold and no apparent gain when it is held.

Dusk. Our regiment is going on the skirmish line which is well advanced up the sides of Kenesaw Mountain.

Dark. We are having a rough time getting into position. We have to crawl through a dense thicket of undergrowth, and though inside our lines, the enemy are so much above us they can cover us with their rifles.

Later. We get into position all right but Company I of our regiment, through some blunder, had its First Sergeant killed a considerable distance inside our lines. My company has a hard place. Our only shelter is in the niches of the huge rocks which cover the sides of the mountain. The enemy know just where we are, but we are ignorant of their position, and they are bouncing the balls on the rocks around us quite lively.

June 29th. Daylight. We find our position a rather unpleasant one. Noon. The sun is very warm among the rocks and the protection they afford is so small the men have to lie very close. A short distance below us is a spring of excellent water which thirst forces us to visit and as we can be seen passing to and from it, we are almost invariably fired on by the enemy, but we must have water, shoot or no shoot. I have a severe attack of diarrhoea and nature's calls are attended to under circumstances similar to getting water.

Later. John Burns is severely wounded in arm and shoulder by a musket ball which first struck a rock he was beside and broke into several pieces, making an ugly wound. I send him to the rear.

Later. William Buckingham wounded severely in leg while running the gauntlet from the spring. I sent him to the rear. Dusk. We are relieved and move back and occupy our old camp.

June 30th, 1864. I am so unwell as to be confined to my quarters.

July 2nd, 1864. I am sent to the rear, sick. Lieutenant Harrison takes command of my company. There is no chance to get to a hospital and I am hauled along with the troops, as the Army of the Tennessee is moving tonight. July 3rd. We are moving to the right of the army and again the Army of the Tennessee has to make the movement on the flank, which has proved successful as the enemy evacuated Kenesaw Mountain and our forces occupied it, I am told this morning.

July 4th, 1864. We moved across Nickajack or Nose Creek at Ruff's Mills. This day is passed like any other in the army. In the evening two regiments of our division, the 39th and 27th Ohio, made a charge on a portion of the enemy's works successfully. The enemy had left some fine works on this side of the river and I guess they will have to fall back across the Chattahooche River. Colonel Edward F. Noyes of the 39th Ohio, lost his left leg below the knee in the charge today and on the skirmish line Captain Angel of the 35th New Jersey was killed. I went to a hospital at Marietta this evening. Get a good cool house, but the other accommodations are below poor.

Marietta, Georgia, which fell into our possession on the occupation of Kenesaw Mountain is considerable of a city and

makes good hospitals and depot buildings. Two miles northeast Kenesaw Mountain stands a wonderful natural curiosity, called after a Cherokee Indian chief who was killed on it. It rises very abruptly. Its sides are rocky and difficult of ascent without opposition. The view from it surpasses anything I ever saw before. The vision with the naked eye extends from fifteen to thirty miles each way. Our works and the theater of the operations of both armies are spread out below like a map. The enemy had but few works on the mountain but it must have been invaluable to them as a signal station. It looks as though they might almost have counted our men. I cut a block from the lone hickory on the top of the mountain, a tree that shows very plainly from below and I dare say will long be remembered by every member of the army that fought at this memorable place.

I had some experience with the Sanitary and Christian commissions at Marietta. The abuses of the Sanitary are great but not more than in ordinary business among mortals. I am fully satisfied with the workings of both taken as a whole. One thing I observed is that the prejudice against commanding officers is so great that they scarce fare as well at hospitals as the private soldiers. Every one takes it for granted that officers have money and friends and if these things are illusionary you fare badly.

July 9th, 1864. Our corps is moving to the left of the army again. Our division passed through Marietta today. July 10th, 1864. Our division crossed Chattahooche River today at Rossville by fording it. It was rare sport. The river is wide and about waist deep to the men. Many horses stumbled and the officers riding them go under, etc. On the whole it was very gay. Camp near the river bank. The boys get plenty of blackberries and some garden vegetables. On the 17th, 18th and 19th our division marched to Decatur, Georgia, crossing Peach Tree Creek on the 18th and on the 20th moved west three miles. There was a heavy battle fought on the center of our army today, the battle of Peach Tree Creek. Enemy making the attack and being well repulsed. Our success is called great. July 21st. Sprague's brigade moved back to Decatur and occupied the town to cover supply trains of the army.

THE CHARGE OF COMPANY H AT DECATUR

Terrible battle fought today. Our Commander, Major General James Birdseye McPherson, commanding the Department and the Army of the Tennessee was killed. His loss is almost irreparable. He was brave and kind, a military genius and a gentleman. We loved him as a brother. At the same time that there was a general engagement along the line, Sprague's brigade (ours) had very serious fighting at Decatur and on their own hook, being detached from the army. Our regiment sustained its reputation well. Lieutenant Colonel Brown, commanding the 63rd, lost his left leg; and the regiment lost ninety killed, wounded, and missing. My company, under the command of Lieutenant Harrison, gained considerable credit, making a charge at a critical time which, superior officers say, saved a battery of artillery and a large wagon train from capture. Our men were driven out of Decatur but saved the trains and supplies. The enemy was repulsed on our main lines with terrible slaughter. Our victory is claimed to be great.

Company H, under command of Lieutenant Harrison, was sent out in front of Decatur on the advance picket line the night of July 21st, 1864. It was relieved about 9:00 A. M. on the 22nd and came back to camp. The enemy's advance on Decatur made it necessary to send the other companies of the regiment to the skirmish line but Company H was left in camp in order to get breakfast after their night on the picket line. This separated the company from the regiment. Before they could eat breakfast the enemy advanced in strong force on them and an order came from General Sprague directing Lieutenant Harrison to make a charge with his company on the advancing line in order to hold it back long enough to enable the brigade to take a new and stronger position. Lieutenant Harrison ordered the company to fall in and fix bayonets and they charged through the cedar brush and across ravines against the enemy's first line with such audacity that their advance was checked for a brief interval, allowing the artillery to withdraw and the brigade to get into its new position on favorable ground which it was able to hold against the greatly superior force of the enemy until all the trains had moved to a position of safety. In the whole war there were few

more daring actions than this of a single company of infantry charging on the battle line of a division and by the audacity of the movement confusing the minds of the enemy as to the size of the force they were meeting and thus checking them for a time. The company lost several men, but the rough and overgrown nature of the ground enabled the rest of them to get back to the main body of the command. (These details were given by Corporal Savely; Captain Jackson was absent in hospital and not in this fight.)

July 28th, 1864. The Army of the Tennessee is moving to the right of the army. They are Sherman's flankers, having made every one of his great flank movements in the campaign. I rejoined my regiment today and was with them getting into our new position. The 15th Corps was attacked by the enemy as they were getting into place on our right and we had to assist them some. The battle was a bloody one, fought on the Lick Skillet road and called the battle of Ezra's Church. The enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. Our loss was light. Johnson was relieved of the command of the rebel army on July 21st, about the time we crossed the Chattahooche River, and Hood placed in command, and Hood is trying to do something. He is welcome to all he has gained on the 20th, 22nd and 28th. Our success has been great. The enemy's loss today is estimated at 7,000. Our division had rifle pits which at one time they enfiladed with shot and shell and made us bounce around considerable.

July 29th. Nothing of importance today. Stray bullets are coming into our camp. July 30th. Moved to the right and occupied works of Leggett's brigade of the 17th Corps. July 31st. Now back to our old position. Brisk skirmishing today. Some artillery used. We are pressing close up to the enemy's works around Atlanta.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1864

August 1st to 25th, The siege of Atlanta progresses, our regiment on the front line generally.

August 26th. Before 1:00 A. M. pull out toward the right and wait at Lick Skillet road until evening when we marched southwest.

August 27th. Moving southwest. We marched all last night and continued marching today till 3:00 P. M., when we get first green corn.

August 28th. Move south and camp one mile west of Montgomery Railroad.

August 29th. Tear up the railroad.

August 30th. Move south with some skirmishing to near Jonesboro.

August 31st. The enemy assaults our line and is repulsed.

September 1st. Battle of Jonesboro.

September 2nd. We hear explosions of ammunition at Atlanta. Shortly after midnight and early this morning the enemy are said to be gone. After twelve noon, official notice of our occupation of Atlanta is received.

"Atlanta ours and fairly won"—Sherman.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JACKSON

Taken about April 1865 when he was in command of the 63rd Ohio. Aged 24½

Chapter VII

SIEGE OF ATLANTA; MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA; END OF THE WAR

OPERATIONS BEFORE ATLANTA

August 1st, 1864. We entrench every foot of ground we are able to occupy, making our advances direct. The hardest work is on the skirmish line (filled by the regiments in turn) which both parties fortify and thus keep up a continual fight which frequently swells to a considerable battle as we endeavor to advance to, or the enemy to drive us from some prominent position. In such cases both parties are reinforced. These actions uniformly end in our gaining ground. Our artillery drops shot and shell into the city of Atlanta at such a rate that it must be rather an unpleasant place for civilians. The enemy in return occasionally gives our camps a shelling but we betake ourselves to our rifle pits and are almost entirely safe.

We are more annoyed by the musket balls that reach us. These are generally fired at our skirmish line but, being aimed high, over-shoot and find the main line. This morning a man attending surgeon's call in front of my quarters while being examined by the surgeon was struck by one of these random balls and killed instantly. Seeking relief from some slight ailment, he met his death.

August 2nd. My regiment is on the skirmish line and I am in command of it. Our Colonel (Sprague) has recently been commissioned a Brigadier General and as Lieutenant Colonel Brown lost a leg at few days ago, we have but one field officer for duty, which gives me as Senior Captain considerable work.

The regiment is not entitled to a full complement of field officers, being below the minimum size and no more can be commissioned.

August 3rd to 7th. The usual skirmishing and cannonading with occasional fights advancing lines, etc. Musketry firing never ceases day or night.

August 8th. Regiment on skirmish line. I was out last evening to examine the position that I might be able to conduct the regiment there without delay. It is frequently very difficult

to relieve and be relieved without getting exposed to a severe fire of the enemy. 5:00 P. M. It has been raining for the last couple of hours which has the effect of dampening the skirmish fighting that had previously been very brisk. 8:00 P. M. I have advanced my videttes to cover a working-party who wish to make a line of works to move the main line to.

Later. The enemy make some demonstration on my line to stop the work which they evidently hear, but I can hold my own with them. The increased firing brings orderlies swiftly from sundry generals to know how I get along. August 9th. We were relieved at daylight.

August 11th, 1864. 10:00 A. M. Heavy cannonading. A sixty-four pound shell went through my tent and stopped near by without exploding. On examination the fuse was found to be burned but the powder was too wet to explode. I was standing in the tent at the time the shell entered and it passed within from two to three feet of my head, shocking me considerably. A very remarkable and, I feel, providential escape.

August 12th. Heavy cannonading. I was down to the hospital today to see Lieutenant Colonel Brown who is getting along splendidly. Private John Frost of my company was mortally wounded by a rifle ball while exposed outside the main works strengthening them. Our main line is in range of the enemy's sharpshooters. On the 13th, 14th and 15th we had the usual firing.

August 16th. My regiment goes on the skirmish line before daylight. I am in command, as Major————— is officer of the day, a nominal position he uses to keep from being shot at. I am of the opinion there has been a great deal of ammunition expended needlessly, some regiments using thirty or forty thousand rounds during twenty-four hours. I succeed in keeping my regiment almost quiet. We just let the enemy fire away, as their shots are generally harmless, until they begin showing themselves too bold when we give them our compliments by a few good volleys and they retire.

Dark. As per orders from division headquarters (General Ransom) I am advancing my line on the right and center. .

Later. Meet with little opposition though I am getting very tired wading through the underbrush and abatis of felled trees

with enough bullets whistling around me to make me hurry so as to get my men covered soon.

Later. Get my men in good position and have it entrenched. Relieved at daylight on the 17th by the 25th Iowa, a regiment in sorry condition, coming on the lie with about one hundred and forty men and three officers.

August 18th to 24th. Regiment on front main line in strong works but in good range of enemy's sharpshooters who make us lie very close. Occasionally we would be shelled very briskly for a few minutes, but we were so well prepared for all this that, take it all in all, we passed the time rather pleasantly, having few casualties. Heavy rebel forts were in our front in plain view and so close we could only advance our skirmish line some seventy-five yards from the main line.

August 25th. Received orders to be ready to move at 9:00 A. M. Our brigade has been preparing works to protect the flank of our lines about one mile to our present right, which indicates that all the troops on our left will move to the right as we have done once before and try to flank the enemy off the railroad leading south. Heretofore the enemy has stretched as much as we have and met us with strong works well manned, but perhaps he may not risk a farther extension of his lines.

Dark. We move out but are ordered back as the troops to our left have not all yet "doubled past" us; which is the order in which troops move out of works in face of an enemy.

August 26th, 1864. About midnight we again pulled out, reaching the new works at 1:00 A. M. We are abandoning the railroad south of the Chattahooche River and will have to look for supplies some other way. It is said they will come across the river some miles below Vinings railroad bridge. The new flank works which our brigade occupies are on the battle ground of July 28th, called battle of Ezra's Church. It is on what is called the Lick Skillet road leading to Atlanta and is known by that name in the army but newspaper men give the battle the former name. The rebels who fell here in immense numbers are buried in huge holes (called graves) each one containing from fifty to one hundred. They have been more covered than buried and make large mounds. On one of them I observed a shoe which on examining I found to contain the remains of some poor fellow's foot yet fastened by

the ligaments to a skeleton in the mound, the fatigue party having failed to cover it by their rude sepulcher.

In our present position we expect some fighting, as the enemy will probably follow up our left, as it in this manner chases to the right. At least when our time comes to get into position on the right we will have work. 8:00 P. M. The army has passed us and we are moving west. The 20th Army Corps has been left at the railroad bridge and the enemy followed them there skirmishing only, so that we have not even been followed by the enemy at all.

August 27th. Daylight. We marched all last night over good roads but as this was the second night in succession it was pretty severe. I think I went to sleep on the road a dozen times just at five minute halts. The starting of the column would invariably wake me but I do not know as that kind of sleeping rests a man much. I heard some soldier remark that he did not really lose much sleep. Having followed my plan on an extensive scale. 7:00 A. M. Halt and make coffee. Our march has been southwest and we have made some ten miles from Lick Skillet, then counter marched three or four miles. We rest an hour and go into position at 2:00 P. M. We begin to find that our move means more than an extension of lines to the right. The 20th Corps alone is left to cover the railroad and our depot of supplies at Marietta and also to watch the enemy at Atlanta while the main army is making a bold strike at the enemy's rear, abandoning all communication for the time being with our own supplies. It is a bold move and if successful will give us Atlanta, otherwise no one can guess the result.

3:00 P. M. I go on Grand Guard with four companies of our regiment and establish a line through a dense growth of underbrush. Some distance in front we find plenty of corn in good condition for roasting ears and we do justice to them as this is first fresh vegetable the men have had this season. It was surprising what a cleaning we gave the fields in a short time, as I allowed any soldier to pass our line to get it, knowing how much the men are suffering for vegetables.

Sunrise. Last night seemed like the old fashioned Grand Guard. Not a shot fired which seems so strange to us so recently from the lines at Atlanta. This beautiful Sabbath morning is

so peaceful we almost forget there is war. Later. I am ordered to take my guard to camp. They offered me a government horse to ride as I have been acting as field officer for some time, but he was such a poor horse I declined the honor, concluding to wait and see if I could not get a better one. 1:00 P. M. Begin moving south. It is very warm.

Sunset. We have marched about eight miles over excellent roads and camp one mile north of the Montgomery or West Point Railroad. We have seen no signs of the enemy yet. They are certainly deceived as to our movements and designs.

August 29th. 8:00 A. M. Both divisions of our corps (16th) are moving southwest, leaving knapsacks and convalescents in camp. Later. Have marched some five miles, passing through the village of Fairburn and are now engaged in tearing up the West Point Railroad which the enemy has not used for some time, our cavalry having destroyed the bridges. We raise both rails and ties and pile up the ties in square blocks and place the rails on top and fire the timber. The rails heat and with their own weight bend and twist; many of them actually burning in two at the middle as they bend. The rails are laid on their sides so that even bending in this shape entirely ruins them. The men would sometimes take the rails when hot and bend them around the trees and let them cool in that position, which they regarded as great sport.

My own company, being well represented by railroad men, has a reputation for expertness in tearing up track, doing much more than the ordinary company. It was a grand sight and to describe our day's work well would make a readable article for any magazine. This is a pretty good country and the men use every spare hour to forage. My cook gets me a dinner at which I have sweet potatoes, fresh butter, molasses, etc. What luxuries to a soldier who for months knew only of army rations! 5:00 P. M. Our corps has torn up about five miles of railroad and the other corps has been at work on different ground. We have effectually destroyed it so far as we have gone.

Sunset. We have reached camp, it being understood all day that we would return to the same place we camped last night. So strongly is the love of home implanted in the breast of man that veterans of three years campaigning talk of returning to a

temporary camp where they rested but a few hours, and only expect to remain a few hours again, like going home. I felt the sensation very plainly myself.

August 30th. Move south at 7:00 A. M. Cross the Montgomery Railroad and take the direct road for the Macon Railroad, this being our objective point. We find good foraging. Sunset. Have marched slowly all day. Our cavalry in the advance skirmishing some. The enemy will now understand what is up and must fight or retreat.

10:00 P. M. Have had a tedious time since dark on a new cut road, having but little knowledge of the country except what Kilpatrick gained on his famous raid, this being the route on which he moved and our present road being indicated by him. The men are in a bad humor and one would suppose, from the way they complain, that sometime a column would just halt for the night, so many swearing they were going to do so.

Later. We are halting a mile and a half from the railroad. It was not thought prudent to press the enemy more in the dark as they contested the ground stubbornly, although we would have liked very much to have secured the railroad. All night long the enemy were busy running cars, evidently bringing troops to fight us.

August 31st. Skirmishing this forenoon. We are twenty miles south of Atlanta and near the village of Jonesboro, Georgia. Our army is getting into position with very little fighting, comparatively speaking, as the enemy has not yet developed his force which is now only a matter of conjecture.

12:00 Noon. Our division (4th of the 16th Army Corps) Brigadier General Ransom commanding (General Dodge having been wounded) goes into position to protect the right flank of the Army of the Tennessee which is also on right of the Grand Army. We throw up a line of works of rails and logs.

3:00 P. M. The enemy assaults our main lines. Later. There has been brisk fighting but the enemy is unable to break our lines and is forced to retire. Our division was not really engaged, as the force that was to attack us and turn our right failed to come to time, not getting in musket shot of us, but we had a fine view of the assault to our left.

Later. The result seems to be the repulse of the enemy who has suffered severely, our loss trifling.

Sunset. One brigade of our division is sent to strengthen lines that were in the fight and the other is lengthened out to cover the ground.

September 1st, 1864. Thursday. We have considerable sport this morning over the idea that the summer campaign is over and the fall campaign commenced; which is rather funny in the midst of an important battle. 8:00 A. M. Our regiment goes on the skirmish line. I am in command at the front.

Later. The enemy shows but little stir in our immediate front and we are taking it easy. There is, however, more or less fighting on the main line all forenoon. General Sherman issues a congratulatory order saying that we are between the enemy and Atlanta and it is ours to push and destroy them.

12:00 Noon. A fight opens to our left. 2:00 P. M. Sharp fighting. 5:00 P. M. The fighting for the last hour has been severe. Sharp musketry and heavy cannonading which has swelled into considerable of a battle. Above the din are plainly heard the shouts of the two contending armies.

Dusk. The battle has continued without intermission up to this time. A steady rattle of musketry accented with cannon. The Army of the Cumberland on the left has been steadily driving the enemy south.

Midnight. Heavy cannonading all night with volleys of musketry every few minutes, which would settle into skirmishing only to be succeeded by other volleys. The scene is grand beyond description. The glaring lines of fire from musketry and the sweeping flash of the artillery show that the enemy is steadily losing ground. All remark that he never drove so easily before.

1:00 A. M. September 2nd. We hear heavy reports in the direction of Atlanta as rapid as brisk skirmishing but sounds more like cannon. 2:00 A. M. Reports in the direction of Atlanta continue. Many of us think it resembles the noise we heard when Beauregard blew up his ammunition and evacuated Corinth in 1862.

Daylight. Enemy have retreated south and we are preparing to follow. The result of the battle yesterday is one thousand

prisoners and ten guns and the enemy driven from the field in confusion. A few hours more of daylight would have entirely destroyed their army. There is a rumor this morning that Stanley with the 4th Corps failed to come to time last night and allowed the enemy to escape and that Sherman publicly censured him severely.

9:00 A. M. Our army is in motion. We pass through the village of Jonesboro which is pretty well used up with shot and shell. It has been rather a pretty place and did have a Female Seminary of some note. As we passed I saw General Thomas who commands the Army of the Cumberland standing very unconcernedly at the church near the center of the village. He is a tall, spare, greyhaired veteran. Looks like a very good man and every one says he is. The town is entirely deserted and what the citizens left in it has been entirely destroyed by the soldiers of both armies.

12:00 Noon. Have marched some four miles south and picked up a large number of stragglers. The enemy shows signs of making a stand a short distance in front. We halt to let army close up.

We have official news of our occupation of Atlanta. The 20th Corps, we left, occupied it with little opposition, as the greater part of the enemy's forces were down fighting us. There is tremendous cheering as the news of our great success is published officially. 5:00 P. M. Considerable fighting and we seem not to want to drive the enemy and are willing he should make a stand. This is my birthday. I am twenty-four years old.

There is now no doubt but that the enemy were entirely deceived by our coming around. They fully believed we were abandoning the siege of Atlanta. Even after we struck the railroad here a Griffin paper, published just below, said last evening the cause of the railroad interruption was unknown but supposed a cavalry raid was the cause and that some regiments of cavalry had been sent to attend to it. It is said that Hood telegraphed to Macon his belief that the siege had been abandoned, and a party of ladies came up to Atlanta on the cars. Alas! they will have to go home some other way.

September 3rd, 1864. A fine shower of rain this forenoon. The enemy are still in our front. No change in position. We

have been destroying the railroad and do not seem to intend using it for further operations.

10:00 A. M. General Sherman announces the accomplishment of the object of the campaign and orders all destruction of the railroad to cease. The order is read at the head of each regiment amid cheers for "Crazy" Sherman, as he was called two years ago.

1:00 P. M. Raining. Changed position a couple of miles and go into camp. It is current in official circles that the troops will go into cantonments, the Army of the Tennessee at East Point, the Army of the Cumberland at Atlanta and the Army of the Ohio at Decatur for rest and reorganization.

September 4th. Cool this morning. Vegetation is decaying rapidly and nature is putting on her fall dress.

September 5th, 1864. At 11:00 A. M. I am sent with three companies outside the lines to burn some cotton. I found it in a building near a dwelling in which was a very sick woman and I did not wish to burn the building for fear the fire would spread to the dwelling house, so I had the men roll the cotton down a hillside and burn it on a meadow. The man who had raised the cotton came out and told me that it belonged to the Belgian Consul, who had paid him for it, and that our Government would get into trouble if we burnt it. I told him that was bad for the Belgian Consul but I supposed rather good for him, as I proposed burning it anyhow. I burnt what in market would be worth thirty thousand dollars. An hour did the work.

4:00 P. M. Have orders to move. Later. Move out to some works that have been made and our division took position to allow the army to withdraw from the enemy and pass us. Dark. Raining disagreeably.

September 6th. 3:00 A. M. The army has fallen back past us. The enemy shows no sign of following and our division is now moving as rear guard. 7:00 A. M. Halt for breakfast near the works our regiment made west of Jonesboro when the enemy assaulted the Army of the Tennessee on August 31st and were so handsomely repulsed. Place near where an old lady had a box of money hidden in the garden. Remained all night. The rebel cavalry keep in sight of our rear guard. Marched some five miles.

September 7th. Move north at 6:00 A. M. March very fast about eleven miles and camp near Morrow's Mill, said to be four miles from East Point. Here we received a mail and the President's and General Grant's congratulatory orders to the army.

September 8th. Marched three miles and inside of the rebels' works west of East Point.

September 9th. Cleaned up a camp on poor ground. September 10th. Clean up a camp on good ground a mile east and move to it. An excellent change.

September 14th. Major Fouts gets leave of absence and I assume command of the regiment.

September 19th. I am detailed on General Court Martial.

October 1st. I took a visit to the 14th Corps during which our Court Martial is dissolved which puts me in command of the regiment, which has moved by orders on a reconnoissance. I returned to the division about an hour after the troops left.

Dusk. I get a horse and follow the troops who have moved in the direction of Fairburn, Georgia.

Dark. It is a most dreary ride after getting outside our pickets. It is very dark and I cannot be certain by the road whether I am going right or not, and the enemy are supposed to be in the vicinity. It tries the nerves to advance under such circumstances. If it was not that I am anxious to have command of my regiment I would not go. About one mile out I meet a cavalry scout who says I am on the right road, but that the troops are several miles out and it is not safe to ride between here and there. This is not very encouraging but fortunately a guard of twenty men comes up who are going through and I accompany them, very thankful for such necessary company. 9:00 P. M. Reach the troops and take command of my regiment, which is in camp some five miles from where I started at dusk.

The object of the expedition seems to be a reconnoissance in a southwest direction, as it is rumored that the enemy are moving large bodies of troops across the Chattahooche River with the evident design of cutting off our lines of supplies and forcing us to evacuate Atlanta. Our expedition consists of two divisions of infantry, two batteries of artillery and some cavalry, all under the command of Brigadier General Ransom.

October 2nd. March at 6:00 A. M. about five miles in the direction of Fairburn and pass along the line of the West Point Railroad which our corps destroyed a month ago. We have a good opportunity to observe how effectually the railroad is destroyed. The rails which we heated and bent are lying cold and distorted like the dead on a battlefield, which together with the charred ties present a gloomy picture.

A short distance northeast of the village of Fairburn our brigade, Colonel Wager Swayne commanding, is put in position to cover our ammunition train and the remainder of our force moves forward to feel the enemy who are in our immediate front. Later. Some skirmishing in front. An orderly brings me Colonel Swayne's compliments and his order to move my regiment forward on the left of the railroad, with a strong company of skirmishers in advance, and occupy a line of old works I will find. I did so.

10:00 A. M. The enemy make no stand at Fairburn which they were occupying but fall back about a mile, where we find them in force on an extensive line. General Ransom estimates them at an army corps of perhaps twenty thousand men which could gobble us with ease if they only knew it. After skirmishing some with the enemy, having accomplished our purpose, we commence withdrawing. 6:00 P. M. Go into camp near where we were last night. Later. It is raining briskly. As we came on the expedition rather poorly provided with gum blankets and shelter tents, I am trying to sleep in an ambulance. It is rather rough.

October 3rd, 5:00 A. M. Have orders to be ready to move at 5:45 A. M. for camp at East Point. Also have notice that we will not remain there long. The enemy will have to have our attention. 9:00 A. M. Reach camp. 1:00 P. M. Have orders to put my regiment in campaign trim and store surplus baggage at Atlanta, to do which will keep our teams going all night. Later. Have orders to be ready to move tomorrow at 9:00 A. M. "precisely."

October 4th. Yesterday and today are the anniversary of the battle of Corinth in 1862, an event I have a rifle ball in my cheek to assist me in remembering. At 9:00 A. M. "precisely" I form the battalion but have no orders to pull out. Later. I allow

the men to get dinner. 12:30 P. M. Move, having advance of the brigade, but the brigade is rear of the corps trains.

Sunset. We are near Atlanta but not going to pass directly through the city but north of it. We have information that the enemy are north of the Chattahooche River in force and occupy our railroad line. As we have but little supplies in Atlanta they expect to starve us into an evacuation. We are leaving the 20th Army Corps to hold it and they are busy constructing an interior line of works suited to a small force. All the rest of our army is in motion and the roads full of troops and trains. Very tedious marching and at midnight have made about ten miles. We are on the Lick Skillet road near the battle ground of July 28th.

October 5th, 1864. 3:00 A. M. I am notified that I can allow my regiment to rest an hour by putting out a company on the lookout on my flanks. Daylight. Moving with orders to pass any trains we can. I am leading the brigade and go with a rush. Later. We halt at the railroad a few minutes when I get orders temporarily detaching me and directing me to proceed with my regiment to the Chattahooche River, to cross it and take position so as to cover the pontoon bridge where the entire trains of our army are crossing.

2:00 P. M. The brigade comes up and we move out in the direction of Marietta, Georgia. 5:00 P. M. Halt and draw rations of beef, having marched since yesterday at noon about twenty-one miles in rear of and along with the immense army trains. Our division is under orders to move forward yet tonight, but we are in very bad condition. The men are out of rations and the animals out of forage. I, commanding officer of a regiment, have not as much hard bread as will satisfy hunger and not a bite of grain for my horse. Horses and mules are dropping dead so fast that they seriously block up the roads.

Dark. Our brigade will remain here for the night but I am having to move my regiment in the dark among an ocean of trains, etc., so as to cover the artillery, as it is said. A very disagreeable job as the men are so very tired.

October 6th. Ordered to move at 5:15 A. M. It is raining briskly but we pull out on time. March in a northerly direction over a new road. Animals dropping dead on the road in great numbers. March about seven miles and camp at 3:00 P. M.

in column by divisions, the right in front. The camp is near Lost Mountain on the Marietta road. Later. We draw two days' rations which is very acceptable. Also have notice that we will remain here overnight.

October 7th. A pleasant fall day. Remain in camp. Have news that the rebels were repulsed and severely punished in an attempt to carry our works at Allatoona Pass by assault. The Pass was held by General Corse with a division of the 15th Army Corps and some additional force. 3:00 P. M. Ordered to be ready to move if we should be needed in support of a division which is making a reconnaissance. Later. Notified that we will not be needed. No feed yet as the enemy are on the railroad and our supply in Atlanta will not allow us to draw on the garrison (20th Army Corps). Artillery is almost useless. We are hauling guns with mules which seem to bear starvation better than horses. This is the camp where Colonel Swayne, commanding the brigade, so often repeats the order to graze our animals, which means to turn them out on the fields that have nothing more on them than dry cotton grass which is about as good as pine shavings. We get no word from the north now. The latest daily paper I have seen is September 19th.

5:00 P. M. Ordered to be ready to move at daylight tomorrow and Colonel Swayne says daylight will be construed to mean 5:30 A. M. There has been considerable firing north and west of us during the day.

October 8th. I have reveille sounded at 4:30 A. M. and got the regiment ready to move as per orders, though it was pretty hard to get up from a good bed so early. Later. Movement postponed. There is evidently great uncertainty about the enemy's movements. Some firing north and west of us. Remain in camp during the day.

October 9th. Move at daylight, passing through Marietta, Georgia, and pass near Kenesaw Mountain and after marching some ten miles went into camp near Big Shanty. The enemy are off the railroad but remained on it long enough to pretty effectually destroy it some miles north of Big Shanty. I presume almost to Allatoona Pass.

October 10th. Remain in camp. Details from the army are busy repairing the railroad. No news yet from the north. Enemy

are reported making Taladeho, Alabama, a base for this move. They are making north. We sent out a forage party and got a little corn for our starving animals. 3:00 P. M. An orderly from Brigade Headquarters says I will receive a written order, as soon as it can be copied, to get ready to move immediately and I gave the necessary orders to put my regiment in marching trim. Later. The order comes but in it is a clause stating that application has been made for the command not to move until morning, so I hesitate to strike tents. Cannot see the propriety of sending that orderly around with verbal notice.

Later. Draw rations. Dusk. Load up baggage. Troops of the 15th Army Corps are moving. Later. Receive an order from Corps Headquarters that we will not move till morning. Unload baggage and pitch tents. Half hour later. Ordered to be ready to move immediately. How provoking only the experienced can know. 8:30 P. M. Are moving north. Still marching at midnight.

October 11th. We marched some seven miles and made camp at 2:00 A. M. Just after passing through the village of Ackworth. Get some sleep and march at 7:00 A. M. after a dish of coffee. Roads good and the day beautiful. At base of Allatoona Mountains we halt and rest some time to allow a wagon train to cross the mountains. We are in Cass County, Georgia, and it is election day. We have polls opened at my headquarters. 1:00 P. M. Move and carry election with us. Have a camp kettle with paper pasted over it for a poll box. The officers march at head of the regiment and every few minutes halt and take in tickets. We are in the same county still, and as my headquarters are in the saddle the voting is strictly legal being at the quarters of the commanding officer.

March through Allatoona Pass where the late battle was fought. It is a very strong position by nature and well improved by art. It appears almost impregnable to assault and the result of the late rebel attempt is yet plainly to be seen on the ground. 3:00 P. M. Halt one mile north of Allatoona Pass and continue the election to the proper hour to close. Later. Continue the march, and cross the Etowah River. Pass through Cartersville and camp, having marched about twelve miles since breakfast.

October 12th. Ordered to be ready at 5:00 A. M. but pull

out at 6:00 A. M. The animals are getting good grass now and managing to live. The railroad is about in order again above this place, but as yet brings us no supplies. March through Kingston and halt three hours a mile beyond, where we get a little mail, very old. Then continue the march at sunset in direction of Rome, Georgia. There has been some cannonading that way today. Later. Have a pleasant night march and camp at 10:00 P. M., having marched during the day about twenty miles. The men are hungry, the meat ration being all fresh; beef does not last well.

October 13th. Never have I seen rumors so plenty and so little news. We know almost nothing that our own army is doing and positively nothing of others. 5:00 P. M. Moving north without any baggage. March some ten miles over a country neighborhood road. Brigadier General Fuller told us that we would get to take cars if we could beat the 15th Corps to the railroad. On the road at midnight.

October 14th. Bivouac at Adairsville at 3:00 A. M. Take cars at 9:30 A. M. through Calhoun and reach Resaca at 11:00 A. M. At 1:00 P. M. camp in line on about the same position occupied by our army, the Army of the Tennessee, in the battle of May 14th, 1864. The enemy yesterday and some days before made quite a demonstration against the garrison here but did not assault it though they captured the post north of this and tore up the railroad and it is said are now tearing up the railroad between here and Dalton almost without interruption.

October 15th. Move north at 7:00 A. M. Pass over ground of our operations in May last. 9:00 A. M. Some skirmishing in front. Later. Go into position, my regiment on left of the brigade. We are not far from the works we made in May to cover Snake Creek Gap which the enemy are now holding. 10:00 A. M. Move forward in line of battle with skirmishers in front. The firing is brisk, the enemy's musket balls spattering the trees around us. 10:30. Halt and remain in line. Later. We move forward, the enemy retires and we occupy the works. Our division lost some thirty men in driving the enemy from the Gap. My regiment lost one man, Griswold of Company I, killed. 1:00 P. M. Have halted near where we did on the morning of May 11th when we fell back in the rain. The enemy apparently had

but a small force here and it seems to me that the direct attack we made might have been avoided, (and some lives saved).

We are moving forward through the Gap and leave ambulances behind as the enemy have filled the Gap full of felled trees from one end to the other. We have a rough time marching, especially to get horses over the fallen timber. Snake Creek Gap is perhaps a mile long and it was very heavily timbered and the road is full of large trees. At sunset we go into camp at the head of the Gap. We have a fine example here of the folly of attempting to stop an army by obstructing roads. I think I never saw another as fine chance to block up a road with timber as this was, yet so soon did our Pioneer Corps open the way that our artillery and ambulances got through by midnight.

General Sherman and staff stayed all night at a little house near where my regiment camped and in the evening I got an order to have a sergeant and six men report to Colonel——, a staff officer, which I have since learned were put to guarding a cow, and a pig in a pen. Sergeant Selby of Company H was the sergeant sent and he had a post of three men for each animal. Our men were very scarce of meat, and the next morning by some unaccountable (?) means, the pig was missing. On learning this the Colonel told the Sergeant he could relieve his guard and report to his regiment. (I suppose this West Point staff officer thought that if he kept that guard on duty any longer his cow would be missing too!—Editor.)

October 16th. Move north at 9:30 A. M. The artillery and trains take the road and a column of infantry take the fields and woods on each side; the first time I have ever seen this tried. March some six miles and camp in a valley southeast of Taylor's Ridge, that is on the Atlanta side of the Ridge.

October 17th. We received a very large quantity of mail early this morning. Remain in camp during the day and get a pretty good chance to read it. One man got several packages of very filthy, obscene books, evidently to sell in the regiment, as he got stationary, etc. for that purpose from time to time. As they came in the mail I first delivered them to him and then made him have them burned in my presence, advising him that if any more of that kind came by his order I would not only destroy them but would summarily and severely punish him. Shortly

after dark we pull out and cross Taylor's Ridge at Shipp's or Mattocks Gap and camp.

October 18th. Marched at 7:00 A. M. to Lafayette, nine miles, and then filed left on the Summerville road, as the enemy are said to be moving that way. Send out forage parties and get plenty of sweet potatoes. This is the best county I have seen in Georgia. Camp on Chatooga River, having marched eighteen miles during the day.

October 19th. Ordered ready at 6:00 A. M. but do not get the road for some time. 10:00 A. M. having marched some five miles, we rest at Summerville, a town containing a Court House. Continue the march through what is called the village of Alpine, (very small) and go into camp one mile beyond, at a point said to be just thirty miles from Rome, Stevenson and Chattanooga.

October 20th. Moved at 7:30 A. M. We now keep forage parties out all the time as three days' rations have to last five days. We get considerable pork, beef, potatoes, and turnips, as this part of the country has escaped the army pretty well heretofore. The roads are good and the weather pleasant, march briskly for four hours then halt thirty minutes for dinner. Continue the march in a southwest direction and camp at 3:00 P. M. one mile from Gaylesville, Georgia, having made about sixteen miles. During the forenoon we passed along a pretty, clear stream, called Clear Creek. We get news today that the October elections have gone favorably for the Union Party.

October 21st. Our supply trains unexpectedly get up and we draw three days' rations. At 9:00 A. M. move through village of Gaylesville, Georgia, when we stacked arms and rested an hour, then continued the march, in all five miles, and camp on Little River, four miles from the village of Gaylesville. Orders at some headquarters are dated "Near Blue Pond, Alabama."

October 22nd. All men whose time has expired are ordered to Chattanooga to be mustered out. I get a Special Order from Corps Headquarters to send 2nd Lt. W. S. Roach with ours, as by blunder of our Assistant Regimental Quartermaster our records are there. The 4th and 23rd Army Corps under General Thomas have started north to look after Hood's rebel army.

October 25th. I made out Muster Rolls for Chaplain Fry Major Fouts returned this afternoon and nominally takes command

of the regiment. He brings a batch of commissions, Arnold C. Fenner, First Lieutenant of my Company H is promoted to Captain of Company G and Second Lieutenant Charles M. Harrison to First Lieutenant. General Mower takes command of our corps, and has a review. Our brigade is now in the 17th Army Corps.

October 29th. Marched south at 7:00 A. M., crossed Little River, and out about five miles pass Cedar Bluffs, a small village where we take coffee. Continue the march at noon. Cross Coasa River on pontoon bridge. We have swampy roads and camp in the brush at 8:00 P. M. having made about twelve miles. Evidently did not reach the camping ground intended.

October 30th. Marched at 5:45 A. M., cross a brisk little stream at a mill, then cross a barren country with pine timber, much like northern Mississippi. Pass near a small village called Cave City and go into camp one and a half miles beyond at 3:00 P. M. The country is getting better. Marched about eighteen miles.

October 31st. Remain in camp near Cave City, Georgia, which has the appearance of having been a very pleasant little village. We are getting a considerable of forage, such as meat and potatoes.

November 1st, 1864. March at 7:00 A. M. southwest through Cave City. Cross Cedar Creek at some five miles farther and cross another small stream at a mill. Continue the march in a southerly direction through a good country to Cedar Town where we halt at 1:00 P. M. and camp. There is a rebel hospital here. General Frank P. Blair, Jr. is here announced as commander of the 17th Army Corps which gives General Mower command of our division, the 1st Division.

November 2nd. It rained considerably last night. We moved about 8:00 A. M. and for a couple of hours had most disagreeable marching, but we got out of the swampy country and struck the flinty road common to this section. March to Blairsville Slate Factory, then direct to Vanwert and camp not far from where we did on the twenty-fourth of May last, making twelve miles. What changes in my comrades since that time, It makes me sad to reflect.

November 3rd. Move at 7:00 A. M. It rained last night and is misting this morning. A member of the 1st brigade band died last night and is rudely buried at starting. We move out on the Dallas road but soon leave the one we took last spring. It is very disagreeable and wet today. Move rapidly. Reach Dallas and go into camp at sunset. It is quite cool. I wore my great coat nearly all day. Marched fifteen miles.

November 4th. March south at 7:00 A. M. I am foraging with my company today. It is hard work to do much and keep up with the column. We are not allowed to fire and we have great sport catching hogs and cattle, ringing them in fine style. I saw General Frank P. Blair, our corps commander for the first time today. We got into camp a couple of hours after the troops, bringing three beeves with us and sundry small articles. We lost five fine hogs which we left on the road with a guard, expecting trains to bring them in, but it corralled sooner than I was informed it would. March ten miles and camp near Lost Mountain and are also in view of Kenesaw.

November 5th. A fine frost last night. Our brigade is rear guard and we did not get the road until eleven A. M. We marched south, then southeast, keeping Kenesaw Mountain in view all the time, on what is called the Lost Mountain and Marietta Road and take it south. 4:00 P. M. Are waiting for the train to cross a swamp. The troops in advance are said to be camping. Later. Move on and reach camp a couple of hours after dark, which is on the Smyrna Camp Ground, an old camp meeting place, three miles south of Marietta, Georgia.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA

November 9th. We have remained in camp. The railroad to Chattanooga has been repaired and we are getting supplies of all kinds in abundance. On November 10th we were paid eight months' pay by Major Lamb. November 11th we sent most of the money north we wished to by N. B. Walker, State Agent, but he had to start too soon to get all.

November 13th, 1864. Marched to Atlanta and camped near White Hall. The railroad to Chattanooga is being destroyed and we are abandoning it as a base of supplies. Everything about Atlanta of use to an enemy is being utterly destroyed. General

Sherman in an order, says he has organized the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Army Corps into an army for a campaign of great importance. The 15th and 17th Corps, General Howard commanding, will constitute the Right Wing. The 14th and 20th Corps, General Slocum commanding, will constitute the Left Wing. He says it is sufficient for the army to know that by a long march we are to seek a new base of operations. The ocean seems to be our destination.

November 14th, 1864. I was in the city of Atlanta today. Our goods and baggage there have been destroyed. The public buildings are being battered down. We have no communication north.

November 15th. Moved southeast at morning. Marched very slowly as the roads appear to be crowded with troops and trains which take a long time to straighten out. Cross a little stream called South River, at dusk. It is dark and as we look back we see that Atlanta is in flames. It will be utterly destroyed. The glare of the light against the sky is beautiful and grand. A terrible but just punishment is meted out to the Gate City. On the road at midnight. We found no forage except a little corn.

November 16th. Halt at 1:00 A. M., make coffee and rest. Our brigade is rear guard of the 17th Corps for today and though the head of the column began moving about daylight, we only get the road at 2:00 P. M. Dusk. Crossing a rocky bottomed stream at Holloway's Mill, a bad crossing. Continued the march on a good road and moving very fast. Moving at midnight.

November 17th. Continue the march. Every light we see in advance gives us hopes of camp being near but for several hours they yield us only disappointment. Just as the first streak of light appeared in the east, 5:30 A. M., we halted to rest, two miles from McDonough, having marched about twenty miles since starting. We have orders to be ready to move at 7:00 A. M. We had only an hour and a half last night to get supper and sleep and get breakfast this morning. Remember we slept but little the night before. 7:00 A. M. Move at the hour and pass through the town of McDonough, but oh, how tired, footsore and sleepy we are. Marched briskly, not resting over three-fourths of an hour during the day. The greater part of the time we moved on Sherman's new plan of giving trains the road and troops go

at the side. Camp at 5:00 P. M., having marched fifteen miles since resting. Have been fifty-eight hours out of Atlanta, forty-four of which we passed on the road with knapsacks. Pretty severe campaigning, but sweet potatoes are plenty and we do better.

November 18th. March at 7:00 A. M. Pass through town of Jackson and cross Ocmulgee River on pontoon bridge at Ocmulgee Mills, where there is a fine waterpower and quite a series of rapids. The stream is about one hundred yards wide. The Provost Guards claim to have orders to do so and are seizing all horses and mules that are led or are carrying packs, many of which have been captured. I am acquainted with the officer on duty who allows my pack mule to pass and it is almost the only one. Camp a mile from the river, having marched about twelve miles. Later. My company goes on Grand Guard.

November 19th. Relieved from Grand Guard and march at 7:00 A. M. We are in a rich country and when we were on guard last night we found hid a barrel of molasses, plenty of salt and other traps. There were plenty of sweet potatoes near by and we had a gay time. 2:00 P. M. Are passing through the town of Monticello which is the county seat of Jasper County, Georgia. Marched some four miles southeast and camped having marched during the day about fourteen miles.

November 20th, Sabbath. Moved at 6:30 A. M. Good marching. Splendid foraging, exceeding anything of the kind we have ever met in previous campaigns. There is an abundance of everything, except bread stuff, to supply the entire army, and sweet potatoes make a good substitute for bread. March some sixteen miles during the day, passing through the very small villages of Hillsboro, Tranquilla, and Blountsville in the order named.

November 21st. 8:00 A. M. Raining and very cool and disagreeable. Marching all day. Camped at dusk, having made about ten miles. 9:00 P. M. Blowing and cold.

November 22nd. Very cold this morning, and the ground is frozen hard. A little snow is in the air. Marched at 7:00 A. M. some seven miles to Gordon's Junction, a railroad station where the branch from Milledgeville intersects the railroad from Macon to Savannah. Go into camp east of the depot at 1:00 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Some firing on our right in the direction of Macon.

8:00 P. M. Troops are ordered out to tear up railroad. We go on the Milledgeville branch. The road is made of a "U" rail laid on longitudinal timbers. There happens to be plenty of pine cordwood along it which we pile on the track and fire, which effectually does the work of destruction. On our way back to camp the falling of the burning depot buildings sounds much like musketry and produced quite an excitement for a few minutes.

General Kilpatrick, with the cavalry reached the railroad yesterday and it is reported got some important dispatches off the rebel telegraph lines. Jeff Davis telegraphed to know what force they could bring against Sherman's raid. The reply was General Hardee has twenty-thousand men. We also learned that Hood had had a fight in Tennessee and been defeated. Up to this time the rebels seem to think we are a raiding party. We think we have destroyed all communication by telegraph between East and West of Rebeldom. Our Left Wing occupied Milledgeville, the State Capital yesterday without a fight, Governor Brown having taken the militia and gone to Macon, as they expected us there first.

November 23rd. Cool but very pleasant. Remained in camp all day. I named it "Camp in the Pines" as we are in a fine forest of yellow pine. It is a beautiful sight at night when camp is lit with fires. The smoke settles among the branches at the tops of the trees and appears like an arched ceiling and the tall bodies of the trees, which are very high without limbs, much resemble pillars and columns supporting it. One can scarce believe he is not in an immense theater, so real like does it appear. It is very easy to get bewildered and lost in the huge building. It is one of the grandest sights I have seen.

November 24th, 1864. March at 7:00 A. M. My company is detailed as forage party. We find a short distance from the road, at the house of a Mr. Bundridge, immense quantities of bacon, hogs, molasses, etc., collected for the use of the rebel army, as we suppose, and we get all we want which is but a small part. We take one negro with us, named Aleck. Just here I would note that I have never seen a negro, old or young, male or female, that did not appear willing and even anxious to leave master and follow our army. They hail us as deliverers

and are true and loyal under all circumstances. Other forage parties visit the Bundridge place and fare well. We are tearing up the railroad to Savannah as we march along. March some ten miles and reach the point designated as camp some time before the troops arrive. My foraging party brought in fifteen hogs, five hundred pounds of bacon and all the molasses my men wanted to carry for their own special use, with such other perquisites as the country afforded.

I found one fellow of another regiment, a cavalryman, today entering a house where there were women and children, evidently intending to pillage and rob, as he was at a bureau throwing out the contents. The women and children were frightened and crying. General Sherman's orders forbid the soldiers to enter dwelling houses or the pillaging of anything not needed for the army. This cavalryman answered me a little short when I spoke to him and as he passed me I helped him out of the door with my boot. Oh, but he was mad, but it served him right. I stood in the doorway talking to the womenfolks and endeavoring to reassure them, and presently I saw this cavalryman coming back with several of his comrades, evidently intending to take revenge on me and I thought I would have to run for it, but just then I looked up the road and saw my company marching down. I knew them by the white maple stocks of the Austrian rifles, with which our regiment is armed. I waved my hand to them and they started on the double-quick. The cavalrymen caught sight of them and fled. I was very much relieved and very glad at the timely arrival of my company. Our camp is one mile southeast of station number 16 on the Louisiana Central Railroad which was burnt on Stoneman's raid.

November 25th. Marched at 7:00 A. M. Early in the day, when we halted to rest, we found for the first time the regular sugar cane, the molasses heretofore found was sorgham. The juice is much sweeter than sorgham. The stocks grew here about ten feet high and about one and one-third inches in diameter. The stocks we found were buried in the ground for shoots for next year's growth. It is propagated that way as it does not bear seed. Have a very swampy road today. Marched some seven miles and camped at 2:00 P. M. near station number 15

called Toombsborough. Have difficulty to get our pontoon train through the swampy roads.

November 26th, 1864. Move at 7:00 A. M. The road is still swampy. March some five miles and halt at 11:00 A. M. to await the movements of other parts of the army. Dusk. We are yet lying on the roadside waiting for the road to be corduroyed. Some of the enemy in front to dispute the crossing of the Oconee River. Said to be a small force but not definitely known. Later. Get in motion. Two miles before reaching the river it is a dense swamp, all of which had to be corduroyed for trains and artillery and marching on the side of this in the dark is rather rough. Our crossing place is a few miles south of the railroad bridge and twenty miles south of Milledgeville. We determined to prevent a repetition of the trouble we had met from the Provost Department seizing our pack mules at the Ocmulgee River as we understand it to be a perversion of the order to take pack mules from stragglers, and just before reaching the pontoon bridge over the Oconee River we opened ranks of a company and put mules inside and took them past the guards with a rush. After crossing the river, which the enemy had opposed but little, we marched east about a mile and camped at 8:30 P. M. having marched during day only about eight miles. We saw Spanish moss for the first time on timber skirting the Oconee River.

November 27th, Sabbath. March at 6:30 A. M. Sherman's order is to move at 7:00 A. M. every morning and each corps to average a march of fifteen miles per day. March today some eight miles and halt at 11:00 A. M. Later. Ordered to camp for the night. Dusk. I received orders to report at Division Headquarters as a member of a General Court Martial for which I have been detailed for some time. The Court Martial met and tried a man for entering a house and pillaging, both of which are positively forbidden by order of General Howard, commanding the Army of the Tennessee. Only the first part of the specification was sustained. He was sentenced to forfeit four months pass privileges and twenty days in irons.

November 28th, 1864. Marched at 6:00 A. M., a hard day's work. Made sixteen miles and camped at New Hope Church at 3:00 P. M. where General Sherman has his headquarters tonight. November 29th. Our brigade is rear guard today and we get

the road at 10:30 A. M. Make poor time during the day. March some ten miles and get to camp at 9:00 P. M. Just before camping we crossed a swampy stream called Mill Creek. However, the country we passed today was fine; a sandy soil and what would be called "second bottom" in the north. With freedom Georgia would be a noble state.

November 30th. Marched at 7:00 A. M. Have very swampy roads. The infantry, marching at the side of the road, have great trouble to get along on account of water. I do not think an army could move with any rapidity through this country during the wet season, say from February 1st to July 1st. The sloughs are called creeks but they spread out like swamps. After marching some fourteen miles we reached the Ogeechee River at 3:00 P. M. and by dark the bridge was repaired and we began crossing. There were islands at the place of crossing and the old wooden trestle bridge, which we repaired, and on which the infantry crossed, was of several spans. We partially pontooned the river for the trains, as some of the spans of the wooden bridge were very frail and even for infantry were frightful to cross. We went into camp after crossing and are near the railroad station of Sebastopol. Rebel papers, which we occasionally get, say how they will fix us for attempting this expedition. At first they spoke as if they feared we would turn back; now they say we cannot and that our destruction is certain.

December 1st, 1864. Move east at the usual hour. We are tearing up the Georgia Central Railroad. Our division today destroyed from the 95th to the 91st mile post from Savannah and went into camp on Judge Cook's plantation, seven miles from the camp of last night.

December 2nd. My company on forage duty today. Met with rather indifferent success during the forenoon; but getting to the head of the column before it reached the town of Millen, Georgia, I asked permission to enter in advance of the troops to see what I could find, which condition was granted by the General in command on condition that I would keep my company well together and be cautious as I was told that the enemy had been there a few hours previous and it was not yet known that they were gone. The delay which enabled me to get ahead of the troops was caused by repairing a bridge over a creek that could

not be forded. The enemy had destroyed the bridge but I was able to get my men across the creek in single file on the standing timbers.

I found no enemy in the town, and, leaving a squad of men at the depot to guard against being surprised, I sent the balance of the company out through town to forage. Found plenty of meat, meal, etc., and at one place a large lot of bees which we soon robbed of their honey. We would set a hive off the stand and split it open and brush the bees away and fill the honey comb into vessels. It was warm and the bees able to fly but seemed too much frightened to sting. My men got all the honey they wanted for themselves, it being one of the things that, by common consent, are allowed specially for the forage party, and I took enough for myself to be able to share with every officer's mess in the regiment, something seldom done, and I also sent a dish of it to Colonel Wager Swayne of the 43rd Ohio, who had accommodated me in a similar manner sometimes.

My men found in town a pretty good supply of tobacco which they much needed (Captain Jackson was not a tobacco user). We made a good haul by running the risk of coming in here when we did, it being several hours before the troops entered; they not being moved in until they could get a battery over with them. While I was occupying the town the enemy ran a train down near town and raised a little excitement for us. The conductor or engineer got off to reconnoiter and our boys just picked him up before he found out how the land lay. I informed the officer in command of a squadron of cavalry that came up about this time and he tried to get around the train but failed. Millen is one of the noted pens the rebels have been keeping our prisoners in. The stockade is north of the town where, it is said, they did have twenty thousand. They have been removed to Savannah, the last train load only being got off this forenoon before I got into town. The railroad from Augusta intersects the Georgia Central here and there are fine depot buildings, but the town, I should think never had over two thousand inhabitants, and it was completely sacked after our troops occupied it.

It is outrageous how some of our straggling soldiery behave; entering and plundering houses of such things as are not needed to support the army, although orders against it are positive and

severe, and which an honorable soldier, even when foraging would not dare to touch. A man of Company K, 1st Alabama Cavalry, who gave his name as Benjamin Still, which afterwards proved to not be his name, in company with several comrades threatened to shoot an old man named Myers, a merchant and formerly in business in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, unless he would tell him where his silver and gold were hid, as he supposed. Unobserved by them I was watching the proceedings and when he drew his pistol and cocked it I rushed on him, disarmed him and arrested him and turned him over to Major General Mower's Provost Marshal, and had the satisfaction of having him ordered into irons and I was requested to prepare charges against him, which I did. This 1st Alabama Cavalry is composed of professed Union men from the state. Their Colonel is one Spencer, formerly Assistant Adjutant General on General Dodge's staff. They behave like robbers and marauders, besides there is no fight in them, not a bit. They are a disgrace to the army.

December 3rd. Our corps is burning the depot, destroying the railroad, etc. General Sherman is around watching how it is done. He is a very plain, unassuming man and today is in undress uniform but has that big shirt collar on as usual. His order to General Blair this morning was to make the destruction "tenfold more devilish" than he had ever dreamed of, as this is one of the places they have been starving our prisoners. Reached camp this evening near station number 7, Scarborough, some eight miles from Millen.

December 4th, Sabbath. Marched east at 8:00 A. M. There is considerable rice raised in this vicinity. It is not flooded with water like they do nearer the coast. This is called upland rice. It is drilled thick in rows and resembles corn that grows thick. When ripe it is cut and tied in sheaves like grain. The heads resemble oats. We made a good march today, some seventeen miles. The plantations are large, the owners being extensive slaveholders and the darkies are following us in immense numbers. Camp near Cameron station.

December 5th. March east at 8:00 A. M. After making some eight miles we reached a creek at Oliver Station and found the enemy ready to dispute our crossing. The cavalry had been here last night and skirmished some, and had a man killed and

some wounded. After considerable maneuvering of troops and some skirmishing by the 35th New Jersey, the enemy retired and we crossed the creek and went into camp. The enemy had done considerable digging but I take it they had but a small force. We are now forty-six miles from Savannah. We understand there is a large fleet off that place to co-operate with our army in its capture.

December 6th. Our division remains in camp, our brigade tearing up the railroad. I am detailed as Field Forage Officer and have charge of all parties from the brigade. We go some distance in advance of our advance cavalry, which I had to flank as they said their orders were to prohibit any parties from going in advance of them. Get plenty of hogs and see a few rebel soldiers who appeared more anxious to get away than to fight us. Found large quantities of books, pictures, furniture and so forth, secreted in a swamp on Brewer's farm. I afterwards saw a Miss Brewer who was rather good looking. Just as I was ready to return some of the men found a barrel of spirits which put the devil in them and gave me some annoyance, as for a while I could have offered almost no resistance to the enemy had we been attacked, and we were at any time liable to be. The drunken spree gave me no serious trouble but I can see how an army could be put "hors de combat" by a few barrels of spirits.

In the evening, after returning to camp, the court martial, of which I am a member, convened at General Mower's headquarters, commander of our division, the 1st Division of the 17th Army Corps. We tried Private Lake of the 32nd Wisconsin for entering a house and robbing, which by an order of General Howard, commanding the Army of Tennessee, is made a capital crime. We found him guilty and sentenced him to be shot. The robbery was a small one, only a pillow case and some meal. Legions of cases far worse pass unpunished. The court had no discretion in regard to the sentence to be imposed, but the general reviewing the case commuted the sentence, I have learned, to imprisonment at Dry Fortugas for the war.

December 7th. Under arms at 7:00 A. M. Our brigade is rear guard today. Raining some. Get the road at 11:00 A. M. Have made very poor time. Only about ten miles at midnight. Have been resting a couple of hours while train crosses swamp.

December 8th. 9:00 A. M. Have just got across the swamp which was three or four miles wide and have halted for coffee. We have great trouble to get the trains up at all. Treacherous sand beds across the roads in many places. 10:30 A. M. Again in motion. 3:00 P. M. Have marched some eight miles and are now halted at a railroad station twenty miles from Savannah. The water at the station is raised into the tank by a windmill. Later. Move on. Dark. Halt for coffee. Later. Move across another immense swamp which for two miles had to be corduroyed. Camped at 9:00 P. M., having marched about eleven miles during the day. We have been thirty seven hours on the road with only rest long enough to make coffee. We are now twenty miles from the city of Savannah and hear some heavy guns this evening which we attribute to operations of the fleet that we expect to co-operate with us.

December 9th, 1864. Move at 7:00 A. M. After marching some four miles meet with some opposition from the enemy who have buried torpedoes in the road which are exploding and injuring many of our men. Among others the Adjutant of the 1st Alabama Cavalry had his leg blown off. It is terrible to think of a man without any warning being blown up into the air and into pieces. This is a chivalrous way of fighting indeed.

Our brigade is the advance of the infantry and at 10:00 A. M. we go into position with the 35th New Jersey deployed as skirmishers and our regiment supporting them. Later. Move forward, the skirmish line firing briskly. Later. We halt. Some firing to our right and left. We have had more men hurt by torpedoes than any other way. 12:00 Noon. The enemy falling back. We follow them about four miles parallel with the railroad. The enemy fire with a piece of artillery they have on a platform car which they move with a locomotive as we advance. Lieutenant W. H. Hamerick, 39th Ohio was killed by a solid shot from this gun. He was Acting Division Quarter Master and was only at the front from curiosity. 5:00 P. M. Bivouac near Pooter Station which is nine miles from the city. It is quite cool this evening. There is plenty of forage.

December 10th. At 7:30 our troops get in motion. Our division moves over the old United States road. It is the main one going west from the city. In course of three or four miles

we meet the enemy. Later. Our division leaves the main road and moves to the right toward the Ogeechee Canal. Considerable firing. 10:00 A. M. Our brigade wades the canal in line of battle under fire of enemy's skirmishers and move out a short distance. The water and mud is full waist deep. My company had one man wounded in getting to this position. The day is quite cool and it is terrible with our wet clothes. 1:00 P. M. Construct works. There is considerable fighting along our lines and the enemy are annoying us with a battery in front of us but across a terrible swamp. Our clothes are wet, but we get no fire except what we get from the enemy. Later. It is said we occupy all three railroads leading to the city, but the enemy are in considerable force and show fight. Our rations are very scarce and we are anxious to make connections with our fleet which we are likely to have some work to do.

December 11th. Brisk firing of all arms and some men getting hurt. One man had his forearm knocked off by the butt of a musket which was stuck in the ground by the bayonet and struck by a piece of shell which cut the butt off the musket, throwing it against the man. Later. Our division are having a terrible job trying to make a way through the swamp to the battery in our front. It is quite cool and the men have to wade crotch deep in water among woodbines and brush so thick they can hardly crawl through them. Dusk. Our corps is relieved by the 14th A. C. and we recross the canal, on bridges this time, and move three or four miles west and camp. It is very cold, freezing, and the men suffer very much from want of wood.

December 12th. March west, cross once and then recross the Ogeechee Canal and go into camp near a canal back not far from the Ogeechee River, to which point our brigade has been detached to cover approach on what is called the King's bridge road. There is a pontoon bridge over the Ogeechee here at what used to be Diller's Bridge. The balance of our division and corps moves down towards King's bridge and then close in towards the city. We are about five miles from them. Our camp is called "At Diller's Bridge Georgia."

December 14th. I rode to the front today. Fort McCalister on Ossabaw Sound was stormed and captured last evening by Hazen's division of the 15th A. C. which will open communication

with our fleet in a few days and furnish us supplies. Our Grand March, thank God, is a success.

December 15th to 18th. Investing the city and closing in on it. It took considerable time to get any supplies for our army. Schooners finally ran up the Ogeechee River to Kings Bridge and then it was several days before they could issue anything to the troops. During the operation around Savannah we suffered more from lack of food than during any previous campaign. We soon ate up everything forageable and our parties would go out twelve and fourteen miles for a few potatoes and a little corn. In addition the weather was severely cold. The men tried to get something eatable out of the rice which was here in abundance in the sheaf and what is called the rough (unhulled), but it was almost impossible to hull it. The negroes had a kind of mortar and pestle made of wood to pound it out and our men gathered up all they could find of them and used them briskly. During these times corn in the ear was at a premium. It was a great change from the way we had been feasting down through Georgia. I was eight days without bread or bread stuff of any kind in my mess, but as I had plenty of good beef and coffee with some parched corn I got along quite well. My health was good. It was rather an inconvenient way of living but after it was over I was rather pleased that I had had the experience.

December 20th. We got some heavy siege guns in position today and felt a little for the Johnnies in Savannah.

December 21st. The enemy evacuated Savannah last night by crossing the Savannah River on their pontoons and we occupied it this forenoon, finding large quantities of heavy artillery and field guns and warlike stores with immense quantities of cotton.

December 26th. I visited the city today by orders from Department Headquarters as a witness on a court martial case and had a good opportunity to look around. The city is compactly built of good brick houses and is bountifully supplied with liveoak trees for shade. The monument to Pulaski is a fine affair. I think it by far the handsomest southern city I have seen, and our troops are not destroying it much. I stayed all night with Quarter Master Boyd of our regiment at the Thunderbolt House.

December 27th. I rode around to see our captured cotton this morning which is well stored and there is an immense quantity

of it. I think even more of the city than I did yesterday. The ladies are the tastiest "Secesh" I have seen and I rather think would get to like Yankees. The majority do not look a bit mad now. Returned to camp. For a while I have been riding the big horse lately used by Colonel Herrick of the 43rd Ohio and which was the first horse Colonel Kirby Smith rode, who was killed at Corinth. He has been a noble animal but is badly spring halt.

January 1st, 1865. In camp at Dillers Bridge. A stinging cold day but we have seen no snow here as yet.

January 3rd. Break camp at daylight and march via city of Savannah to near Thunderbolt Landing, twenty-one miles. My company rear guard.

January 4th. Go on board transport "Fannie of Baltimore" and move out at 10:00 A. M. We took the opposite channel, so I did not see Fort Pulaski. Our destination is supposed to be Beaufort, South Carolina, sixty miles distant. We have a very pleasant trip, sea almost as calm as an inland river; nobody seasick. I have seen the Mississippi River rougher. This was my first view of sunset on the ocean and it was beautiful. About dusk we passed Hilton Head and reached Beaufort at 8:00 P. M. I am in command of the regiment. Marched it ashore and then two miles west and camped on the soil of South Carolina for the first time.

January 5th, A pretty sharp frost last night and we have no shelter of any kind. We got plenty of fresh oysters. The men gather them and we can buy them of negroes for a trifle. We are feasting on oysters.

January 7th. I visit city of Beaufort. It has been occupied by our troops since early in the war and is but little abused. It is on Port Royal Island and was a kind of residence of the southern nabobs. There are plenty of sutler and other stores and our soldiers are buying everything they have. While we were lying near here I spent considerable time trying to find the grave of Lieutenant Robert M. Gaston of the 1st South Carolina Colored Volunteer Infantry, but failed to do so. It is not registered and could find no one who knew of it. The Post Chaplain, to whom I was referred, was not at home. (Lieutenant Gaston, was a boyhood chum of Colonel Jackson, and brother of his sweetheart,

Martha Ann Gaston, who died later of typhoid fever. He enlisted as a private in the 100th Pennsylvania Infantry which was with General Timothy W. Sherman's expedition to Beaufort in the fall of 1861. While at Beaufort, Gaston was commissioned in a colored regiment and was killed by the accidental discharge of the musket of one of his men.—Editor.)

January 13th. I go to town with my company on duty at Division Headquarters. There are at Beaufort some of the older colored regiments and many of the men have their families living here. I am surprised what a change two years drilling and campaigning has made on the rude field hands. They look like men in any action. Without doubt they are the equal if not superior in soldierly qualities to the average of our white regiments and their families are really genteel.

January 16th, 1865. My three years term of service expires today. I have not determined whether to go home or be re-mustered for the unexpired term of the veteran organization of my regiment, which I can be if I wish. I can see the case clearly, but it almost seems as if I should go home, but I am anxious to see the war close.

Sherman's army is again breaking away from the coast. We move north at 11:00 A. M., cross at what is well known as Port Royal Ferry and move on the main road, make some eighteen miles and camp. Today I observed a Palmetto tree. It grows without any limbs and has a crown of branches which have much the appearance of huge flag leaves.

January 17th. Move at daylight four miles to Pocotaligo, a station on the Charleston Railroad where we are at present collecting supplies from the water on Pocotaligo River seven miles distant. Our advance drove the enemy from the railroad a few days since; the same enemy that General Foster has so long been fighting between here and Grahamville.

January 23rd. Our army is rather stuck in the mud here at Pocotaligo. Swamps all in front of us, roads to the rear almost impassable. The enemy keeps well closed up to us. We have had several skirmishes with them and they have news of the capture of Fort Fisher which will give us control of Wilmington, North Carolina. There are not enough officers present in the

regiment to allow me to be mustered out if I wished and as I am rather expecting a promotion I will hold quite easy on the case. I have determined that I do not want to miss this campaign.

January 30th. At daylight the army begins moving north, our corps on the Salkahatchie road. The natives call it "Salt-catcher." We have thirty days' supplies and are again abandoning all our communications. Only the Army of the Tennessee is here, the Army of the Cumberland having moved northeast from Savannah by land. We expect to join them soon. Camp early, having made seven miles.

January 31st. Remain in camp. The weather is what in Pennsylvania would be called cool and pleasant. It is frequently too cool to write much in a tent but I have only in a single instance seen ice an inch thick and that was yesterday morning.

February 1st, 1865. Move early this forenoon. March some ten miles northeast, parallel to the Salkahatchie River (or swamp) on the west side of it. The country is the usual pine and swamp land. Not much wealth in what we passed today. The day is very fine. The air and sun are like a May day in Pennsylvania or Ohio. The frogs are singing tonight as gaily as I ever heard them. The enemy have skirmished all day with our advance but retire when pressed.

February 2nd. We were on the road this morning by daylight. Passing some good plantations today. Are meeting considerable opposition from the enemy who are, however, in small force. According to Sherman's orders, when we are opposed we destroy everything. On our road at one place the enemy made quite a stand behind a house. On driving them away we found that the house contained women and children, fortunately unhurt, but the house and porch were pretty well riddled with bullets. This was chivalry indeed (to hide behind women and children). I was much amused today at a soldier who was watching a cotton house being fired. It was a very tight building and, after burning considerable inside, burst as if from powder, enveloping it in flames, when the soldier sang out "Hurrah for Lincoln." South Carolina is behind the times. Two or three years of war taught Georgia, Alabama, etc., that it is best not to molest our troops by bushwhacking, etc., but perhaps it is necessary to show the

South Carolina chivalry. The state will get some of her rights if we do.

3:00 P. M. We now wish to file right and cross the Salkahatchie Swamp and the enemy are going to dispute the crossing. Later, Colonel Wager Swayne has lost a leg and although the troops have had a terrible time fighting in the swamp we will not get over tonight. As we will try to hold all the distance we have gained, some regiments will have to remain in water all night.

BATTLE OF RIVERS BRIDGE

February 3rd. There is only our division on this road, the others having branched off to right and left. The enemy have a fort and artillery commanding the crossing to the swamp which is here called Rivers Bridge and is a mile wide. The crossing is a kind of causeway built of logs and dirt where there is not too much water. Where there is much water there are bridges, of which there are thirteen in number from twenty to forty feet long, many of them spanning considerable bodies of water. In the swamp itself, on each side of the causeway, a man in wading will sink from two to four feet; yet through this kind of a place regiments and brigades in line of battle all last night and this forenoon have been trying to force a passage. Later, Are making some headway with severe fighting and heavy loss, among others, Captain J. Eckels of the 32nd Wisconsin, with whom I associated once as members of a court martial, and Sergeant Boughner of Company A of our regiment are killed. We have since learned that Sergeant Boughner had at that time been commissioned a Lieutenant. The division on our left is reported across at another bridge but General Mower still presses our division against the enemy's artillery.

Dark. Our division has made the crossing with a loss of two hundred men and the enemy are in retreat.

9:00 P. M. Again at the hospital I see the horrid results of every battle. Men mutilated in every shape conceivable, groaning, begging for assistance and gasping in death. Many of our wounded will have to lie all night in that horrid swamp, it being impossible to find them or carry them out on the narrow foot bridge that has been made. Many have had their heads propped

up out of the water where they lay to keep them from drowning.

Many censure General Mower, commanding our division (the 1st Division 17th A. C.) for shoving his men against the enemy in such a place, even after he knew the crossing had been made by the other divisions, which he did know, as I was present when a staff officer reported it. He ordered Lieutenant Harrison with a company of the 63rd Ohio to charge along the causeway and with an oath told him not to stop until he got into the enemy's fort. He started, but finding his men being swept off by the enemy's artillery, moved them off the causeway into the water, when finding Colonel Parks of the 43rd Ohio, he received orders from him not to try to go any farther as it was madness. General Howard is said to have criticized the whole of Mower's operation, but it is Mower's style.

(Note by editor. Some officers become brutalized by their experience in battle and regard their men as if they were so much inanimate material to be used up in pounding the enemy. General Grant acted this way in the Wilderness campaign and sacrificed thousands of our men uselessly by making them charge fortified positions in front. General Sherman showed himself much superior to Grant in generalship in the Atlanta campaign by his flank movements, instead of charging entrenched positions in front. One of the worst things about soldiering is that the men's lives may be sacrificed, or they may be condemned to life-long mutilation uselessly by some blundering, pig-headed officer.)

February 4th. I took my company out as escort to a forage train which we loaded from a wealthy planter's ground. He had hid much stuff in his garden which the boys dug up. We found plenty of hams, flour, etc. Among other things "Cooney" got a box with rebel money, bonds, etc., and some silver of which he brought a few pieces to camp and reported that the box was full of silver but that he had so much ham, flour and so forth to bring in that he could not carry any more silver.

February 5th. In camp near the Salkahatchie Swamp. Have sent back our wounded to Pocotaligo and are waiting for the return of the train. Later. Part of the train returns, not having gone all the way.

February 6th. March some eight miles today, through a re-

markable kind of country. We camp this evening thirteen miles from Midway.

February 7th. It rained last night and is wet this morning. Have to corduroy the road and repair bridge over Little Salkahatchie Swamp, which is just in front of us, and it takes all forenoon. Move at 1:00 P. M. and after some very hard marching get to camp at midnight, having made twelve miles over a very bad road. It is quite cool. I made a fire against a big pine stump and it works well.

February 8th. Move one mile to near town of Midway which is on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad, which the troops are busy tearing up, having occupied the road with very little opposition. The enemy are said to have abandoned Branchville ten miles east of this, a great railroad junction which it was supposed they would defend. The foraging here is good.

February 9th. Move west on the north side of the South Edisto River to Pelican bridge. Skirmished some with the enemy. We had a few casualties and at dark forced a crossing. The troops, from the Major General down, had to wade in some places waist deep. Captured a caisson and a few prisoners. It is very cold. Wet clothing freezes as soon as a man gets out of the water. The 15th corps crossed today further up at Connon's bridge. The bridge here is only a foot bridge, the river being fordable at low water but not now and we pontooned it.

February 10th. The trains cross the river and the troops remain in camp near by. Grand foraging. Somebody ordered out a brigade on a reconnaissance of a supposed enemy in front and found the 15th Corps. A huge joke.

February 11th. Marched east eight miles. Citizens we meet seem anxious for peace. Say they are whipped, overpowered, and so forth, but the newspapers we find are full of editorials and proclamations from governor and sundry mayors of South Carolina, calling on the people to fight, bleed, die and be exterminated rather than submit, as the world is looking at South Carolina, and so on.

February 12th. We are near the North Edisto River which is, as others we have recently met, flanked by a mile or two of swamp, which requires for crossing immense bridges and trestles. Enemy skirmished some but by noon we forced a crossing. The Chivalry

abandoned a cotton bale fort a short distance from the river without fighting, in total disregard of the South Carolina determination to do and die we have heard so much about.

Half a mile from the river on high ground is the town of Orangeburgh, South Carolina, of perhaps three thousand inhabitants when they are all at home. One of the principal merchants is a Jew who of all the citizens alone had the resolution to fire his store on our approach. A fine breeze was blowing and by the time we got into the town there was a big hole in the center of it and our boys rather assisted than stopped its advance. We spared however the college and churches which were all that remained. It had been a beautiful place. The railroad from Charleston to Columbia passes through here and we immediately began our peculiar kind of work on it. Camped in suburbs of the town.

February 13th. Moved north thirteen miles destroying the railroad completely as we advance. We are gathering immense herds of horses and mules and find an abundance of bacon, potatoes, poultry, etc. to supply the army. We get some meal. It has been the custom, as there is plenty of corn, to run all mills we pass, each division running a mill a few hours in turn. The Commissary Department only issues half rations of sugar, salt and coffee. We can forage plenty of salt and find sorghum molasses so plenty that sugar is not of much account, but coffee is only got from Uncle Sam and soldiers could scarce get along without it. It is a great stimulant and in fact I think there is nutriment in it. I am confident that it is a necessity for active campaigning. Going through South Carolina we are burning nearly all buildings that will burn. Lone chimneys are very common toward the rear of the column. The weather is clear and cold.

We camped last night near old Fort Mott, somewhat celebrated in Revolutionary history. After marching a short distance this morning we struck the state road which is direct for the capital of South Carolina. I stopped awhile today at the house of one, Doctor Geiger, a full blooded "Secesh." He says he does not think there is any prospect of peace soon, judging from the temper of the TWO Governments. The boys had foraged him pretty hard, both his house and outbuildings. I told him I supposed he was glad to be able to thus contribute his share to the Con-

federacy. Explaining to him that South Carolina had heretofore during the war got off pretty easy compared with Georgia and other states, and that it would have been a disgrace to have gained their independence without suffering some more. He could not see the joke. After I left I saw the smoke of his burning dwelling. Maybe he saw the point then. He had sent his family away on our approach. It is quite cool today. We marched about fourteen miles and camped four miles after crossing Beaver Creek and sixteen from Columbia. We are now in what is called the Sand Hills. Citizens say that moving north we will not be much troubled with swamps, but the land is poorer and forage will not likely be as plenty. Today I got a Columbia, South Carolina, paper of the 11th instant. They acknowledge they do not know our objects or destination but resolve and re-resolve to destroy us, etc.

February 15th. Move north on the State road four miles to within twelve miles of the city, when our corps took a by-road to the left which we followed for five miles, crossing a creek at a sawmill. There was a swamp which the advance division tried to cross without corduroying and this consumed a long time getting the trains past. Midnight found us on the road a long distance from camp. It is almost incredible the amount of corduroy road this army makes. A mile or two is not considered much of a job, and this is the secret of our success in such marches as we make through country supposed to be impassable. Many an army would stick where we wade the water, corduroy the mud and go ahead.

February 16th. Got to camp between three and four in the morning. Took some coffee and laid down for a nap but the troops were beating reveille before I could sleep. We were ready for the road at 8:00 A. M. but did not get it until afternoon. After marching a short distance we reached a hill from which we could see the city of Columbia. There has been cannonading more or less for twenty-four hours and our movement to the left on the by-road is evidently to get into position. It is yet uncertain whether the enemy will attempt to hold the capital of South Carolina or not, though the papers assert they will. 6:00 P. M. We are crossing a swamp both wide and deep. I have the best of reason to doubt the veracity of Doctor Geiger who, thirteen

miles south of this, said we would find no swamps on the road to Columbia. This one was once corduroyed and some of the timbers are missing and into these holes animals and wagons plunge in a most frightful manner. When an officer's horse would drop into one of these holes and the rider get a ducking, the men who had to wade would shout derisive remarks about it. Reached camp a mile from the Saluda River shortly after dark. There has been little fighting today. The entire four corps of Sherman's army have centered in the vicinity. We have in excess of fifty thousand men.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA

February 17th. It became evident early this morning that the enemy were going to abandon their capital without a fight. The Saluda River was pontooned last night but the other branch of the Congaree (the Broad River) had to be crossed before we could reach the city from our present position on what is called the Factory road. The 15th Corps was at the bridge and were likely to have the first chance to enter the city, but about 8:00 A. M. a party of some twenty-five volunteers from our corps (the 17th), having obtained some brigade commander's permission, made an attempt to cross the river on a raft and get into Columbia before the 15th Corps could lay the pontoon bridge. Taking a regimental flag, they made the crossing in safety and entering the city the rear guard of the enemy retired, and they raised their flag on the State Capitol and Columbia was ours.

I crossed in the afternoon with the advance of the 15th Corps. I sat on my horse watching them construct the pontoon bridge, and when the last plank was laid I spurred my horse upon the bridge before they could station a guard. They called to me to come back but I rode on and entered the city alone. The enemy left immense quantities of cotton, tobacco and quartermaster's stores in the city. Besides the stores were pretty well filled with goods. I guess Wheeler's men had helped themselves pretty freely to what they wanted in the stores before they left. Citizens say that Wade Hampton, although the Junior Officer, refused to take orders from Wheeler and put his men on as a safeguard last night to prevent Wheeler's ruffians from pillaging.

The women looked sour at us or turned their heads away. I

am sure they were not so beautiful. A prominent citizen asked me if we would respect private property. I told him the army would but that he would be much annoyed by stragglers and bummers. The boys that crossed on a raft and were the first to enter the city, had pitched a camp and put up a conspicuous sign, labelled "Headquarters Bummer's Corps." The bummers are really getting to be a distinct part of our army. These scapegraces are generally in front, and are the first in every village and go for that purpose to the flanks of our army. Their main object is pillage and plunder but persons, I think, are very rarely molested.

The Principal of the Academy, a Mr. A. Sachleben, though a German, had lived here long enough to get thoroughly imbued with the states rights, pro-slavery dogmas and was determined to give me a digest on his views. I listened awhile but finding I was only getting the old story, I adjourned the meeting. In conversation with another man I told him we only came here to fix the railroad. "Well," said he, "they need it; they can not make more then ten miles an hour." I replied we would give them a good fixing; one that would do them for a year, and if he was around tomorrow he would see it. He thought it would be a good thing and did not see the joke. While in the city a man accosted me with the question, "What time will the train leave for Charleston?" I answered, "It will be sometime yet I guess." He said he was going on the first train. Just then a citizen, greatly alarmed, told me he was an escaped inmate of the Insane Asylum. I advised him to return to his "quarters." "What," said he, "go back where they accuse me of killing a man and have been keeping me in prison for two years? No, Sir, I can not remain there honorably. I am going to Charleston."

The building used for the Legislature is a sorry looking affair, small and old. The State House here is designed for a fine building, about on the plan of that at Nashville, but it is far from complete, not yet roofed, though it has been, I believe, several years under construction. The rebels had piled the cotton in the streets for burning and had burned a little but so far as I observed, and I rode through most of the city, when we occupied it, no fires were in progress. Our men found plenty of spiritous liquors in the city and I believe citizens frequently furnished it to the soldiers on being asked, and during the afternoon the streets

were full of drunken and almost wild soldiery who were under the control of no one. In addition there were many escaped Union prisoners joining us here, who were very bitter against the place. Our soldiers usually help themselves to what they want and are doing so here, but at the time I first entered there were few straggling soldiers in the city, but the resident negroes, old, young, male and female were plundering the stores indiscriminately, having evidently commenced when the rebel cavalry of Wheeler's command left off, and our men, on arrival, took the job off the negroes' hands.

Speaking of prisoners I will just note that on the west bank of the Saluda River is Camp Sorghum, somewhat noted prison pen which I visited this morning. The holes the men dug for shelter and the general appearance of the pen is fully equal to the worst description I have ever seen in print of these pens. On our approach the prisoners were moved over to the Asylum and finally taken away. I copied the names of many who are buried here which I noted for publication but some one anticipated me in this. Dusk. I returned across Broad River to our camps. Later. There seems to be a considerable of a fire in the city.

February 18th. I went over to the city this morning and found it mostly in ruins. The entire business part of the town is burned. I believe there is not a store remaining, although the college, some churches and a few of the suburban residences remain. The houseless people are in a sorry looking fix, and are occupying the few remaining buildings indiscriminately. It is no exaggeration to say that the city is burned. I believe it was not done by order but there seems to be a general acquiescence in the work as a fit example to be made of the capital of the State that boasts of being the cradle of secession and started the war. It is generally understood that at dark our drunken soldiery fired it in numerous places. Perhaps the brigade on duty in the city made some efforts to put out the fires, but I do not think you could have got enough men in the army disposed to stop it to have affected anything. A few soldiers were so drunk that they were burnt. There were no residences of noted rebels left unburned except a few occupied by our Generals as headquarters, and several prominent generals were burned out a time or two.

Barnwald Rhett's residence was some distance east of the city

but some northerners visited it and fired everything combustible. A very intelligent lady, Mrs. Brown, who was the only person I met in Columbia that claimed to be Union, said she was glad we had not missed Rhett's house. She told me she once heard Rhett say in a speech that he differed from many in the Confederacy in that he was in favor of allowing northern mechanics to locate in the south, but that he intended they should come on a level with the free negroes. Mrs. Brown said that when the bells of the city rang announcing that the ordinance of Secession had passed, she cried.

At the college I met a rather gay rebel, Miss——, whose home was in Charleston but she was here attending school. She remarked if that was the way we served Columbia we would not leave anything of Charleston when we got it, but added, you need not expect much fun there for there are few buildings in Charleston that have not already had either fire or shell in them. She was a gay girl but afraid our men would yet come and burn the college building. I was sorry my duty would not allow me to quarter awhile there as she urgently requested me. In the evening we moved out six miles and camped.

February 19th, Sabbath. Remain in camp. In destroying ammunition in the city today an accident occurred by which several lives were lost of soldiers and citizens. Our men have more stationary, tobacco, wine, etc., than they knew what to do with. Columbia was a depot of supplies of all kinds for the rebel army and immense quantities of everything have fallen into hands—muskets, pistols, sabres, field equipage, everything. We destroy nearly all of these things because we have no way to carry them. The enemy are quite close in front and our adventurous foragers have some dangerous work out in front today.

February 20th. Moved north nine miles, destroying the Charlotte Railroad. It is laid with a very light, flat rail and is easily twisted. We passed today an immense stockade only partially completed, evidently intended by the rebels for our prisoners. That, and the immense supplies of field equipage, looks as though they contemplated making Columbia the capital of the Confederacy if driven out of Richmond. Jeff Davis suggested in his last message that they could do this if necessary. Camped near Cordwood. The stockade we passed today would

only have been supplied with water by the meanest kind of a swamp stream, worse, if possible, than Andersonville.

February 21st. Marched parallel with the Charleston Railroad about eleven miles today, giving it our usual attention. We passed Blythewood Female Seminary today. Institutions of this kind, similar to our boarding schools, are plenty in South Carolina, and it is always a sign of a good neighborhood to see one.

February 22nd. Marched some fourteen miles following the railroad as far as the village of Winsboro and then taking east. The railroad is destroyed a considerable distance north of this as the Army of the Cumberland is on our left. Winsboro is rather a fine village with Court House, Female Seminary, etc. It was a prominent place in revolutionary history especially about the time of the battle of Cowpens. The principal stores had been burnt before we reached there and the 20th Corps had guards on in town as that corps sometimes does such things, but before I left, our stragglers had managed to fire the town pretty effectually in spite of the guards and I dare say it all burnt. After leaving the railroad the country is poor. Hilly and cleared land is much washed. Some places a little stoney, a curiosity to us who have been so long among the sand and swamps of the coast and lower country. Camped an hour or so after dark about five miles from the Waterie River.

February 23rd. Though we reached the river at an early hour this morning we found such an immense number of trains corralled in advance of us that we could not get the pontoon to cross till near dark. Marched out three miles and camped. A straggler from the 17th Wisconsin was murdered by guerillas a short distance from the column today. A small forage party of six or eight from our Division Hospital was attacked by enemy's cavalry quite close to road, one man killed and one wounded and the remainder captured.

The man killed was Rosel Ryther of Company C of our regiment, detached as ambulance driver, a fine young man. These affairs happened before we crossed the Waterie River. I was for awhile after hearing of them quite uneasy about a small forage party I had sent out under Sergeant Selby, being informed at one time that the captured party was undoubtedly his. During the fore-

noon, but after I had sent out my party we received orders from high authority to not send out forage parties.

February 24th. Raining and very disagreeable this morning. Some three miles from camp we passed a small village called Liberty Hill. It is situated on very high ground and contains some fine buildings at one of which I stopped to chat awhile with the ladies in company of Colonel Joel, Chief Quarter Master of the 17th Corps. The country is much broken, equal to South-eastern Ohio, and although there is no clay, the ground gets very soft and the roads are heavy today. Marched some sixteen miles, general direction east. We are leaving Camden, South Carolina, considerably to the right and south of our line of march and I much regret I will not get to see it. Reached camp an hour after dark, cold, wet and camp ground muddy, wood scarce, etc. I have learned of at least three murders of our soldiers today, killed a short distance away from the road. They were all men who were straggling or sent out by officers' messes and this latter class were technically absent per orders, but most of both classes are busy plundering and pillaging; our "bummers" they are called. They are not the best class of soldiers but it seems hard to have men murdered in this way. There is no enemy near us but a few guerillas who hang on our flanks and rear to pick up stragglers and who it seems take no prisoners.

February 25th. The roads today are very bad. The country we are passing over has a peculiarity of swampy quicksand on the highest ground. The side of a hill will be hard and firm and the top of it, though looking well, will mire a horse and is entirely impassable for trains until corduroyed. After marching nine miles we came to Little Lynch Creek which it was intended we should ford and cross tonight but it was found to be so deep that it is necessary to raise the ammunition boxes with timbers in the bottom of the wagon beds and we camped near it for the night.

February 26th. Sabbath. All ready and cross Little Lynch Creek. Pretty deep fording. We have pretty good roads today through a second growth pine forest but forage is very scarce on these pine ridges. March some eleven miles, getting to camp after dark.

February 27th. We are now in the vicinity of Big Lynch Creek. The main bridge is yet standing but here is so much

swamp at each side that it will require a great amount of work to make it passable. I go out in charge of a forage train. We go several miles to the flank but find nothing. Meet a small party coming back that tell us where there is forage but that the enemy drove them away from it. I have only a company as escort but risk going to it. Find plenty of forage to load my train. Also in an outbuilding near a swamp a lot of household furniture, among other things a fine library of books. By the marks on the packages they came from Petersburg, Virginia. We frequently find cases of goods sent from cities into the country for safety. On returning find our division crossing Big Lynch Creek, join them, cross and camp a mile from the creek.

February 28th. Tuesday. Muster day. Raining and quite rough weather though not cold. March twelve miles crossing Black Creek and camping early as our division has the advance which is a great advantage to a division, because the troops having the rear of the column are delayed by those in front and often have to march at night to reach the camping place selected for the division. Also in bad weather the roads are cut up by the artillery and wagons in front of them. Rather a poor country. Forage scarce. Some of the most destitute families I ever saw. The children have that ghastly, pale appearance which indicates the want of food and actual starvation. (Note by the editor. It was not understood in 1865 but is now known that this appearance was due to the hookworm intestinal parasite.)

March 1st, 1865. Remain in camp awaiting movements of the balance of the army as there are some of the enemy in front between us and Cheraw. Very big stories were in circulation in camp last night after dark of the enemy in our front. Thirty thousand men with a hundred pieces of field artillery were some of the smaller stories, and there was enough credence given to them in official circles to have rifle pits dug after dark. The time is generally employed in camp today making out muster rolls when officers happened to carry blanks in the small valises they are now allowed. I individually employed myself reading poetry. (Evidently Captain Jackson had helped himself to some books from that fine library he discovered on February 27th.—Editor)

March 2nd. In camp. A reconnaissance shows considerable force of the enemy at and between here and Cheraw under General

Hardee, the collected garrisons of the coast cities recently lost by them. As the murder of our soldiers has become quite common by the enemy, and they even put a placard "Death to all foragers" on the body of one man who was left with his throat cut, General Sherman has taken notice of the matter and ordered retaliation; at the same time informing the rebel General Wade Hampton of his action. General Howard so instructed corps commanders and today General Frank P. Blair, Jr., commanding our corps, the 17th, selected a prisoner by lot, had him shot and left on the roadside with a paper announcing why it was done. It seems hard but is a necessity from which Sherman will not shrink. He is calculated for a soldier. This murdering prisoners and firing from houses containing women and children is the only difference we observe between South Carolina chivalry and other rebels. We are twelve miles from Cheraw.

March 3rd. Move early. The rebels last night evacuated the works they had built and fell back toward Cheraw. Citizens say that they supposed, when our reconnoitering column retired yesterday, that we would go around some other road. Our division has the advance and succeeded in saving the bridge over Thompson's Creek, four miles from town, which the enemy after crossing, attempted to burn, and skirmished from there to town and into it; the enemy retiring when pressed, though skirmishing briskly. We failed to save the bridge over the Great Pedee River here. General Mower censured the 27th Ohio, Major Gilruth commanding, for not charging across the bridge when ordered; but the facts show it to have been almost if not entirely impossible at the time they reached it; it having been fired and previously strewn with rosin and well drenched with turpentine.

Among other things we found in the town were immense quantities of liquors, much of it in the original cases in which it had run the blockade. Our division occupies the town and there is scarce a squad of soldiers but can treat you this evening to a bottle of fine wine and brandy. I went out among the boys and like to have got intoxicated. A gay time this.

March 4th. Our captures in Cheraw prove to be immense, consisting of provisions, sick and wounded prisoners in hospitals, immense quantities of ordnance and ordnance stores sent here for safety from Wilmington and Charleston, both of which we

now learn are evacuated. We found in the arsenal ten thousand stand of small arms, thirty pieces of field artillery, two of them being twenty-pound parrots, and one fine piece inscribed: "Presented to the sovereign State of South Carolina by one of her sons abroad, in memory of the 20th of December, 1860."

Warehouses, artillery stables, and everything that would make shelter were filled with the best of furniture, books, cotton, etc., that had been sent here for safety from Charleston. I saw several places where there were drygoods boxes full of books and pictures. All of this stuff was destroyed as well as a locomotive, cars, etc. It was a very wealthy place itself and such stealing was astonishing even to our army. It beats Columbia in many respects. We crossed the Great Pedee River in the evening on a pontoon laid under cover of captured artillery, the enemy retiring as soon as a brigade began moving out.

March 5th, 1865. President Lincoln was re-inaugurated yesterday. The boys say he is now a veteran. If they had known at Washington the success of our army yesterday it would certainly have enlivened proceedings. The day has been occupied getting the trains over the river. A sad accident happened this forenoon. A soldier fell off the pontoon bridge near the middle of the river, and although he kept up bravely, his heavy knapsack and accouterments bore him down, and before a boat could reach him he sank to rise no more. His name was Dean of Company B, 63rd Illinois.

March 6th. Not being able to take much of the captured ordnance with us it is being destroyed and thrown into the river. One of the most beautiful sights imaginable was from the explosion of a large quantity of powder this morning. I was a considerable distance from the place at the time and the sound of the explosion attracted my attention. As I looked up my eyes caught sight of huge spiral volumes of smoke rolling upward. It was a beautiful gray color and a thrill of intoxication I shall long remember passed over me as I beheld the grand scene existing for an instant, then vanishing into air. Who would regret a month's campaigning for such a sight. Marched fourteen miles southeast to the town of Bennettsville, reaching camp quite early.

March 7th. Bennettsville contains the court house of Marlborough District. It is a diminutive affair, but compares favorably

with the court houses in other parts of this one-horse state of South Carolina. Our march today has been through the best land we have seen in South Carolina and mediumly well improved. This has been a warm day, about like May in the Middle States. The army finds plenty of bacon, corn, etc. and we use the mills as we pass and this with what meal we forage gives enough to do. We have no trouble about subsistence as we have coffee in our trains, but the great trouble is about clothing. Hundreds of men are barefoot and have been so for weeks and lots of our men are wearing citizen's clothes. March ten miles and camp three miles from the State line.

We have given South Carolina a terrible scourging since we left Pocotaligo. Our army has occupied in moving a belt of from thirty to seventy miles. We have destroyed all factories, cotton mills, gins, presses and cotton; burnt one city, the capital, and most of the villages on our route as well as most of the barns, outbuildings and dwelling houses, and every house that escaped fire has been pillaged. The persons of women, it is my belief, have very seldom been molested and I have been in a position to know about this; but there were frequent examples of easy virtue. I here record my opinion that few of our soldiers had connection with blacks, very few. Their bacon, cattle, hogs, horses and poultry, to say nothing of dogs which we always kill, have been entirely cleaned out, and all wagons and carriages were either taken along or burnt. There was a recklessness by the soldiery in South Carolina that they never exhibited before and a sort of general "don't care" on the part of the officers. South Carolina can show wounds equal to any state that has suffered from the war.

In regard to the foraging and dog killing, Corporal Savely of Company H explains as follows:

From Pocotaligo to Goldsboro, Captain Jackson and our Company H acted as guard for the ordnance and supply trains of our division and we had a fine easy time by living high on the forage we got along the line of march. I was put with a driver to guard his wagon and comrade Carrol and I made a contract with our Missouri driver that we would forage and give him all the provisions he could eat if he would haul our provisions and smuggle them through. When we got to Goldsboro and had to go back to the

regiment we gave the driver five nice smoked hams and we took thirteen to camp with us, and let me say, we had more meat than there was in the brigade and oh, what a howl went up because Carrol and I had so much and the others none. We were a little cute and gave Captain Jackson one ham and Captain Harrison another. When the lazy boys reported to Captain Harrison he told them they had been too lazy to forage and now they could go hungry. We also had on hands some fifteen pounds of ground coffee, more, I suppose, than there was in a division. Captain Jackson had secured me appointment as non-commissioned officer, and I had charge of the guard around the train about three nights in the week and I always put my good friend Carrol on the commissary foraging squad and he came in with a good supply of provisions and our teamster still stuck with us and hid it away in his wagon. We supplied Jackson and Harrison and after the war how they would get together and chuckle and laugh over it.

When on our march through South Carolina we had a spite at dogs because blood hounds were used to recapture our soldiers after they had escaped the southern hell-holes for prisoners and we were determined that no dogs should escape, be it cur, rat dog or blood hound; we exterminated all. The dogs were easily killed. All we had to do was to bayonet them. We were not allowed to shoot as it might give the enemy a clue as to our line of march. I was attacked by a large Collie dog when foraging in South Carolina and if I had not fixed bayonet quick I would have been mangled by him. We were ordered to forage off the country and destroy railroads, cotton gins and anything we might think would aid the south to prolong the war but we did not destroy personal effects or houses to my knowledge, except in the State of South Carolina.

March 8th. Raining but warm and pleasant. We find the roads terribly swampy today. Nearly every rod of it has to be corduroyed, it being impossible to otherwise get the trains over them. Much of the road is fenced and two good rail fences will make a single track of corduroy, but when the road is in timber land it is rough work to make road.

The negroes who are following us were at one time put in the rear of the division and thus collected together as they were in the way when mixed up with the trains and seriously hindered

their movements. It was a curious sight to see some fifty vehicles of every description from the fancy carriage of some sporty southerner to the heavy farm cart loaded with negroes of every description, sex, age and hue, carrying with them their household fixtures, etc., living by foraging as our army does, and having to take what is left after the army is served and of course suffering the most painful privation. I have seen them dying on the road in wagons, carts, etc. In one wagon today, while they were halted at a swamp, a child was born and at the same time close by was another wagon with an aged negress in a dying condition. So fully impressed are all, even the most intelligent, that our army will lead them to liberty that I was not surprised to hear this sick and aged negress say that this was the day that for thirty years she had prayed for. She kept repeating, "Thank the Lord, I have lived to see the day." But she much regretted that as her eyes beheld it she must feel that she was dying. She blessed her children and told them they would enjoy liberty after she was gone. The Children of Israel never were more fully convinced that the destruction of their enemies was intended for their deliverance than these black people are that our success is for their liberty. Sooner would I lose my right arm than do aught to disappoint their expectations.

I am grieved to see many of our soldiery treat them with the greatest unkindness and try to make them think they are to be, and if they follow us will be, again enslaved. The silly prejudice of color is as deeply rooted among northern as among southern men. Very many of our soldiers have as yet no idea of treating the oppressed race with justice. The north is not guiltless in this question and for its guilt it seems to me it is now bearing its share of this terrible affliction. It is however, very evident that it is the worst class of soldiers who are enemies of the blacks. It is the sneaks, teamsters, pioneers, cooks, cowards and such kidney. Justice, as well as their unusual faithfulness to us under every circumstance, has won the favor of the better class of soldiers. Never have I heard of a black man hesitating to peril his life for the comfort of any Union soldier that was placed in his way and hundreds of our men when prisoners have been indebted to them for means of escape from the enemy, though that help was given under peril of certain death if detected. These facts are patent

to all, yet we have soldiers so degraded and low born as to plunder the houses of the blacks of the last mouthful of food and every valuable and take pleasure in insulting and molesting them when they meet them. Reached camp at midnight having only made seven miles.

March 9th. Reveille early but it was almost noon when our division got the road. We soon reached a wide swamp which skirted the Drowning Creek whose black waters looked as if they deserved the name.

At a house nearby was a dwarf, named Campbell, three feet high and fifty-one years old. A great curiosity to the soldiers. Pending the bridging of the creek I went on in advance of my command a mile to Floral College, a female school, not a town, and stopping at a house, spent an hour talking to some ladies of "Secesh" proclivities who had come here from Wilmington to escape the Yankees. They were good talkers and I had rather a pleasant time. They told me in all seriousness of a terrible outrage one of their negroes had committed in the morning by deliberately entering their kitchen and helping himself to what he wanted in the cupboard and then actually took their cart to haul his family and followed the Yankees. She said a General Snipe ordered some of his men to hunt the darkey up, whip him for his crime of entering the kitchen of his mistress and then return him to her. As I happened to know there was no such General in our army I did not enlighten her that some fellow had played off on them. They taunted me by saying that we had the whole world to recruit our army from, but claimed they did not think their cause entirely hopeless.

4:00 P. M. Raining very hard. My command coming up I join it and move on. From there to camp, five miles, terrible swamp road, and raining nearly all the time very hard. I stopped a short time at a barn about dark and fed my horse. Reached camp about midnight, having marched about twelve miles.

March 10th. Moved early. Road is through a succession of swamps which are almost impassable even after doing an immense amount of work corduroying, bridging, etc. It is tremendous rough work riding a horse over the corduroy and through the mud and water of the swamps. Very many are the incidents of fellows spilling off their horses into the water, but I am riding

now a little bay, branded, captured mare that will go through all right if you will only hold to her no matter whether she goes down or not. Our heavy trains are forced along very slowly but with only an occasional loss of a wagon. About noon the advance of our division reached a swamp that was unusually deep with water, and at the bottom an old corduroy road which was in holes into which animals plunged and sometimes got their feet tangled, giving many a rider a cold bath, to the great merriment of the foot soldiers who were wading and generally like to see such fun. My horse went partially down into one of these holes but finally brought me out safe and but little wet.

At dark we had only made three or four miles and were on high ground but ground formed of the, latterly so common, quick sands in which the teams were continually sinking and stalling and it had to be corduroyed nearly the entire distance. 11:00 P. M. We had for variation a swamp about a quarter of a mile wide with holes at intervals where the water came up on my horse's sides and actually swam some of the lead mules. It was now very cold, freezing some, yet many teams broke down or stalled in these deep holes, and teamsters, wagon masters, pioneers, etc., were obliged to wade into them to get the teams out. Quite a number of mules giving out were drowned. The night wore away and morning found us on the road with no sign of camp.

March 11th. Shortly after midnight we struck an old plank road which being out of repair was very poor travelling. About 2:00 A. M., our trains being stopped by those in advance, I lay down by a fire near a house and got a few minutes sleep until the 10th Illinois, Captain Gillespie commanding, came up and halted near by and some of their boys set the house on fire and obliged me to get up and move on. It was now very cool, yet hundreds of our men are dragging their bare feet through this freezing mud. Many of our men have their feet tied up with cloths and old socks instead of shoes. This is severe campaigning, yet I hear little complaining. These barefoot men are allowed a good bit of latitude to ride animals they can pick up and our Ambulance Corps are increased by all the good carriages which we can pick up and thus the sick and the worst disabled are hauled.

7:00 A. M. We halted for an hour or so to make coffee and feed. We are ten miles from Fayetteville, North Carolina. We

then continued our march. Each division has a certain point to reach each day and if the roads are very bad we get rest in inverse proportion. Six miles from the town of Fayetteville we crossed Rockfish Creek at a cotton factory of the same name where there is a splendid water privilege. 4:00 P. M. Hear that the city is occupied by our forces with little opposition, the enemy, according to their silly custom, burning the bridge over the Cape Fear River. Pontooning a river delays us scarcely any. It makes that part of the command work a little harder is all. Camp near town at 5:00 P. M.

March 12th. Remain in camp. During the day I visited the city of Fayetteville. Our entire army has concentrated here. The city covers considerable ground but contains few good buildings. It has every appearance of being inhabited by poor people with a population of perhaps ten thousand. The Old United States Arsenal is the only fine structure I met. It contained only some miserable ordnance, squirrel rifles and shot guns. The arsenal contained some very valuable machinery, all of which is being destroyed with sledges and the buildings battered down. We burned a large warehouse near the river that contained valuable rebel government machinery that had been sent here from Augusta, Georgia, by way of Charleston, South Carolina, for safety when we left Atlanta. As we never occupied Augusta, their sending it here was rather a military joke. There were perhaps a dozen pieces of artillery left in the city. General Bead's Division of the 14th Corps is doing duty in the city and they are rather more respectful of private property than either our corps, the 17th, or the 15th Corps would be. My friend, Captain Aplin, of the 31st Ohio, whom I hoped to find with them, I regret to learn was taken prisoner a few days since. The different presses are being destroyed. In one of the printing offices I got a fine file of late exchanges from all over rebeldom. A small mail was sent by dispatch boat to Wilmington and forwarded here, the first since leaving Pocotaligo, but I failed to get any letters in it.

March 13th. Crossed the Cape Fear River and moved east three miles. This is the head of steamboat navigation. We captured a small boat here and forced the enemy to burn several. A disptach boat came up last evening from Wilmington and today one transport loaded with oats which some blockhead official

sent. It is outrageous when we have hundreds of men barefoot and more forage than we need already.

March 14th. Move east three miles. Another transport came up today loaded with sugar and coffee which is better than oats. We can get enough bread and meat in the country to live on but find no coffee which I regard as almost a necessity to campaigning. It is at least a great stimulant and I think it contains nutriment adapted to those enduring great exposure and fatigue.

March 15th. Move east passing Blackers P. O. where there is a large resin factory and several thousand barrels of resin. Reach South on Black River some eight miles distant where the advance had a skirmish trying to save the bridge. Result, one Captain killed and a few men wounded. Rebel loss about the same and we saved the bridge after burning a little. On each side of the river is some two hundred yards of swamp, anciently corduroyed but now covered with about two feet of black water, as the river is some swollen. The first who crossed found the old corduroy good but a few heavy carriages broke down the old timber (now under water) in places and underneath was a quicksand that soon made crossing on animals a series of leaps and plunges. I crossed it about dark and though my horse is a good one accustomed to such places, I got out some wet. It soon became evident that all the swamp would have to be bridged as the water was so deep it could not be corduroyed.

From 10:00 A. M. till after dark was occupied fixing the bridge over the main river which is here deep and sluggish. Most of the troops crossed but at 10:00 P. M. the trains began corralling on the west side of the river and work was commenced on bridge over the swamp on each side of the river. My command was on the west side yet, but as I was over I did not propose re-crossing and spent the night with a friend. This river is as ugly a looking stream as I ever saw. When looked at in a body the water is as black as ink and at present there is quite a current. One poor rebel was wounded on the main bridge in the skirmish this morning and dropping into the water sank to rise no more; and the officer we lost, Captain Woodberry of the 10th Illinois Mounted Infantry, was drowned in the swamp after being wounded, before he could be helped.

March 16th. The bridge was completed by noon. It was

made by building cribs and stretching heavy sills from one to another and then houses nearby were taken to plank it, and part was planked with poles. The entire bridge was something near one thousand feet long. I re-crossed to my command. I saw that it would be late before we could get across and I fitted up quarters and read Pope and Life of Aaron Burr by Parton. It is quite late in the evening and I am going to take a nap.

March 17th. At 1:00 A. M. we crossed our trains over, put up quarters and continued a sleep that had been thus interrupted. 6:00 A. M. Continue the march. Passed through the small village of Owensville. I saw today a very eccentric old lady who had had her burial clothes prepared. For safety she had hid them out of doors and the soldiers finding them, some scoundrel had carried them off, as I regretted to hear. She told me it had cost her great labor and hard saving to get the silk dress she had lost and she did not think she would ever be able to get another. She seemed very much grieved about it. She was very old. I observed here today quite a number of old people from eighty to ninety years of age. I take it North Carolina is a healthy place but the mass of the people are very poor, as well as the soil. At 9:00 P. M. we were on a swamp road and midnight found us struggling through the mud, having made seventeen miles.

March 18th. Halted at 1:00 A. M. and laid down to rest with orders to be ready to move at 5:00 A. M. Pulled out at six. Yesterday evening we left the state road leading to Clinton and turned short to the left across a by-road on which we move this forenoon. About twelve we reach a main road eleven miles north and again take the direction of Goldsboro. Crossed the Big Coharie Creek in the evening. On its east bank lived a man named Barbrey of large family and, before our army came, of considerable property, but our foragers had stript him of everything eatable and he told me his children had had nothing to eat since morning. I did myself the pleasure of giving him from my own mess some bread and meat. There must be much suffering for food in the rear of our army, although we are not destroying property in this state-like we did in South Carolina. Reached camp at 10:00 P. M., having marched seventeen miles. Our camp is near Goshen Church and twenty-two miles from Goldsboro.

Our army made connection today with General Terry's command from Wilmington.

March 19th. Move early. We are almost worn down with loss of sleep. Our corps, the 17th, is now the extreme right of the army and we are on the Everettsville road, and are today in rather a good country, though forage in North Carolina has been rather scarce. The advance of the army on the left had a fight yesterday and captured three hundred prisoners. We hear brisk cannonading in that direction today. Camped early after making twelve miles. The left has evidently met with a considerable force of the enemy who are trying to defend the capital of the state which our army now threatens. One division of the 14th Corps met with a reverse today and lost a battery.

March 20th. Our division, except three regiments, has been left with the trains. We move to the left where there has been some fighting today near Bentonville and our division has something of a brush with the enemy. Result satisfactory. The trains go four miles to the rear for safety.

March 21st. Yesterday we made connection with General Schofield's command which has moved from New Berne, North Carolina, and been repairing the railroad from there and General Terry's command with which we connected on the 18th is repairing the railroad from Wilmington; both roads to supply our army. In the afternoon we take our empty wagons and start for Kinston where there are supplies brought up from New Berne by General Schofield. At dark find we are on the wrong road and press a Quaker to guide us by a by-road to Everettsville where the other train is to meet us. Later. Get along very well and find this by-road much better than the main one would have been. Reach Everettsville at 11:00 P.M. Have marched ten miles and bring the sick of our division with us.

March 23rd. The hospital train, which accompanied us, moved southeast two miles and corralled and we left a large number of sick with them that had rode in the supply wagons. There is a train of cars here that came from Wilmington but brought no supplies with them for us. The combined trains of our army corps, under charge of Colonel Joel, Chief Quarter Master, move south at noon, make twelve miles over good roads and camp on the farm of a Captain who has given one arm for a Southern

Confederacy. He had plenty of forage and lives four miles from Jericho P. O., otherwise called White Hall.

March 23rd. Proceed to Kinston, twenty-three miles, where we find plenty of supplies and load the train in the evening. As extra I get from the Post Sutler a late northern newspaper and a good drink of commissary whiskey. Scarce know which was most acceptable. Kinston is a town of some three thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by a good country and is head of steamboat navigation on the Neuse River. It was here General Schofield had his fighting on moving out from New Berne. The railroad is in operation to that port.

March 24th. Return twenty-three miles, camping again with our rebel friend near White Hall. We have had more good roads on this trip than I ever saw previously in the Southern Confederacy, so-called.

March 25th. Continue the march twelve miles to river and cross over to our division near Goldsboro, where our army, it is understood, will rest for awhile. I believe it was General Schofield's men who first occupied the place.

March 26th. Sabbath. We get a large mail today. I receive a commission as Major of my regiment, the 63rd Ohio Veteran Infantry.

March 27th. I am mustered on my commission and Harrison is mustered as Captain of my company, (Company H). He has now filled every position in it from private up to Captain and did it well.

March 28th. I assume today what might be called permanent command of my regiment, as the only senior officer I have is Lieutenant Colonel Brown who is so badly wounded he will never be able to rejoin us.

In his journal Colonel Jackson does not relate the circumstances under which he received his commission as Major, but from other sources we learn that a little clique of three officers endeavored to keep him out of his well earned promotion. While Governor Tod of Ohio was in office there had been officers appointed in the regiment from civil life to the neglect of those who had given faithful service and who were entitled to promotion; but when Governor Brough was inaugurated he stopped this and gave promotions for service, merit and seniority. In the fall of 1864

the 63rd Ohio became entitled to a new field officer. Captain Jackson was the Senior Captain and entitled by long and efficient service to promotion to Major, but this little clique endeavored to have one of their number appointed who had been commissioned in the regiment from civil life and had had but little experience and was unpopular with the men. The clique represented to the Governor that the officers and men desired his appointment over the head of the Senior Captain but Corporal Savely says: "I do not believe this officer had a dozen friends among either the officers or men in the whole regiment. Once when we were making a forced march on a hot day and the men were filling their canteens from a stream of water, I saw this officer ride his horse up to the bank, draw his sword and drive the men out so he could get in with his horse to water it. This officer was a brute and did not have a friend in the regiment among the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers and a majority of the officers, and had the opportunity been given during battle, he would have been shot by his own men. There were, I know, soldiers who had banded together to do the work. The two other members of the clique wrote letters to Governor Brough and Adjutans General Cowan highly recommending this fellow and making derogatory assertions against Captain Jackson.

When Major Fouts resigned and went home in January, 1865, this left Captain Jackson in command of the regiment as Senior Captain. In order to keep him out of the command one of the clique, who was a Brigadier General, gave an order detailing Captain Jackson and his company as guards for the division trains in order to separate him from his regiment. Captain Jackson's three year term of service expired on January 16th, 1865 and he could resign and go home if he wished. When on January 31st he received this order separating him from his regiment he wrote a letter to Governor Brough stating the circumstances and saying that unless he received the promotion which was due him he would resign. This was in the afternoon and the army had orders to move at 5:00 A. M. the next morning and abandon its base of supplies so there would be no more opportunities of sending mail.

Corporal Savely of Company H, an intimate friend of Colonel Jackson, writes: "The evening Captain Jackson received this

order detaching him from his regiment he came to me and explained confidentially what a plan the clique had made to keep him out of the command of the 63rd during the Carolina march. This was at 5:00 P. M. Jackson said to me: 'I want to get a message mailed to Governor Brough of Ohio and there is a mail boat lying at Blair's Landing on the Pocotaligo River. I want you to take my horse and take the message to the boat and get a receipt for it from the Mail Agent.' It was quite a distance over an old and defective plank road through swamps. He gave me an old string halted horse to ride, but the horse turned out to be all right and only fell down with me once. I delivered the letter, got the receipt and returned to the command all alone, getting back at 1:30 A. M. We had orders to march at 5:00 A. M. and did so, and were cut off from any mail from the North until we reached Goldsboro, North Carolina. Then Captain Jackson's commission came in the mail from Governor Brough making him Major. This gave him immediate command of the regiment and relieved our company from guard duty with the trains."

As an example of this officer's qualifications for commanding a regiment, Colonel Jackson, after the war, received the following account of his conduct at the Battle of River's Bridge: (See this Diary date of February 3rd, 1865). At our reunion at Germantown, Ohio in October, 1905, Captain———— of the 63rd Ohio told me that General Mower was very abusive of Captain———— at the affair at River's Bridge, Salkahatchie Swamp, South Carolina. Captain———— was then in command of nine companies of our regiment. I was on special duty with my company guarding ordnance and supply trains. General Mower was undertaking to force a crossing of the swamp. There was considerable length of corduroy road through the swamp and several bridges. The road ran at the edge of the swamp on our side for a short distance parallel with the swamp and then turned a right angle and ran straight across the swamp.

Mower proposed to send the troops across on this corduroy road. The enemy had a little fort with artillery and troops at the other end, their artillery fire sweeping this road, and it was a pretty hazardous undertaking to force a crossing. Mower had put in the 43rd Ohio and just as it turned at the bend of the road,

Colonel Wager Swayne, afterwards General Swayne, had his leg shot off by a piece of shell. The 63rd followed and when Captain —— came to the bend he stopped and started the head of the regiment forward, saying to General Mower that he supposed it would be proper for him to stand there and see that the regiment went in. Then General Mower denounced him as a "d——d coward" and told him he didn't care where he stayed. The General abused him at great length. The regiment suffered severely and the 43rd and it both got off the corduroy road, which was being swept by the enemy's artillery, and entered the swamp but were unable to get forward. Lieutenant Colonel Park, who took command of the 43rd Ohio after Colonel Swayne was wounded, told me after the war that he found companies of the 63rd Ohio in the swamp without a leader and that he took the responsibility of ordering them to stop. This indicates that Captain—— did not do what would be expected of a commander.

March 31st. Take my regiment seven miles east and escort to a forage train. There are three other regiments in the command. Get no forage but find a few rebels. I have one man taken prisoner and another slightly wounded. Lieutenant Colonel D. Webber, 39th Ohio, in command of the expedition, surprises the cooks, who come out on mules to get forage for officers' messes, by sending them to the front as cavalry, though they are nearly all unarmed. At one time I was for a short time in command of the brigade as the adjutant informed me that he could not find Colonel Webber and that he considered it important someone should look after affairs because there were indications of the enemy being in our front. I took command and made some dispositions of the force.

April 1st to 9th, 1865. Remain in camp near Goldsboro, re-fitting and supplying our army, writing letters home, etc. I have a very good chance to get the additional row of buttons and such new uniform as my recent promotion entitles me to wear. We fortify our camp and vicinity. Sherman visits Grant at City Point and on his return says he is surprised to learn how near the rebellion is played out; that Grant says we may rest awhile and the Army of the Potomac will finish the job. Amen, we say.

Later. We get word of the occupation of Richmond on April 6th.

April 10th. We have marching orders. Get the road at 1:00 P. M. and move northwest. My regiment is train guard as in accordance with orders the regiment that is in the rear of the division each day is train guard for that day, each in turn. At midnight we are still on the road. Roads swampy. I let the men generally have a good sleep, only keeping one company on guard.

April 11th. After marching twelve miles, reach the camp of the division at 7:30 A. M. Pull out on time. March ten miles and camp near Pine Level, pretty tired and sleepy.

April 12th. March at 7:00 A. M. After an hour or so we get news that Lee's army has surrendered to Grant. We give a good cheer. Marched eight miles and camped at an old rebel camp.

It was about this time that the following incident occurred as related at the regimental re-union of the 63rd Ohio at Cheney, Ohio in October, 1910, by Seneca Colrick. On the march with Sherman through North Carolina the 63rd Ohio, Colonel (then Major) Jackson commanding, had the advance. There was a small guard in advance of the regiment under the command of Acting Corporal Colrick. They came in view of a freshly constructed breast-work across the road with a cannon mounted on it, but there were no men visible. The advance guard halted about a quarter of a mile from the fortification. When the head of the regiment came up to the guard the regiment halted and Major Jackson looked at the breastwork and gun. Then Colrick spoke and asked Major Jackson if he wanted the guard to advance. He replied, "Yes," and laughed. Thereupon the guard deployed as skirmishers and moved forward, taking to the woods at the side of the road. When the skirmishers reached the fortification they found no enemy in the works and discovered that the gun was a wooden one, painted to resemble a cannon and a spot painted black to look like the muzzle. Colrick threw up his hand and his hat as a signal for the brigade to advance. Colrick said that as they advanced to the gun they expected every instant that it would belch on them. He felt sure it was a real gun, and he thinks Major Jackson took it for a real gun when he ordered the guard forward as skirmishers.

In commenting on this story, Corporal Savely wrote: I remember the incident of the wooden gun. There were many incidents similar to this. This gun, no doubt, was fixed up by the citizens, thinking perhaps it might delay the progress of the Union Army, but we never halted long even for the real thing. A charge would have been ordered within ten minutes and the gun captured, for the commander knew each day whether there was a large or a small force in our front.

We used a wooden gun with good effect when Grant first tried to take Vicksburg, Mississippi, by land by way of Hollysprings, Mississippi. At Grand Junction, Tennessee, the Ohio Brigade was ordered to leave all baggage stored in a large church and one man from each company was left as a guard to look after it. I was detailed by Captain Jackson to look after the baggage belonging to Company H and we all camped in the church and the army moved forward toward Vicksburg. After the Army had reached Hollysprings there was a large force of Confederate cavalry marched around to the rear of Grant's Army and tore up the railroad for several miles and Grant had to abandon the attempt to take Vicksburg by land.

At Grand Junction, where I was, we felt sure we would be captured and our stores destroyed, as we were at the mercy of the enemy. There was a German Colonel with his regiment with us and we were determined to make a fight before surrendering the Government stores and the private baggage. This German Colonel ordered all soldiers to move to a large hill, almost a mountain, just in the rear of the town and overlooking it, and commenced digging entrenchments and planted a large sized gun mounted on a pair of trucks taken from a Government wagon. This was a wooden gun for there was not a cannon near us. The Colonel was asked why he was planting that wooden gun, and it would not shoot. His reply was: "I mean scare fight." It worked to perfection for when the enemy came near enough to see the gun and quite a lot of soldiers fortified on the hill, they decided that the position could not be taken with cavalry, as the hill was so steep. They retreated and we did not lose anything, and I feel that the German Colonel's "scare fight" saved me from being captured.

April 13th. Marched today about parallel with the Neuse River and often not over a mile from it. The country is changing in appearance, getting gravelly and some oak timber. Some time since the rebel government put General Johnson in command of all forces they had or could raise to oppose Sherman. He is now in our front but today deserters from his army are joining us very fast. Marched some fourteen miles.

JOHNSON'S SURRENDER

April 14th. A beautiful spring morning. Nature is putting on her green clothes. Cross the Neuse River on pontoon bridge at what used to be Battles Bridge, ten miles from Raleigh, which place our advance occupied this forenoon. We marched through the city in the afternoon and went into camp west of the town, the rebel army retiring with little or no resistance. The citizens are generally at home and take our occupation of the city with a good grace.

Under arms and move west just at 7:00 A. M. The rebel army is halted out twelve miles and perhaps proposes fighting us and went out there to save the destruction of the city of Raleigh, knowing our army was rather hard on state capitals. Raining briskly. Later. After marching a short distance, get word that Johnson proposes to surrender on the same terms Lee surrendered to Grant. Tremendous excitement among our men. The troops halted as they successively heard the cheering in front of them and at this time it is raining a torrent but mounted officers are galloping the commands announcing the news. The men are throwing away their guns and officers their hats and such wild excitement I never saw anything like a comparison to. I cannot describe it but no one who witnessed it will ever forget it. Nor was it causeless. Some of the same troops who now proposed to surrender and give us peace, we had been fighting for almost four years, had driven them from the Mississippi to the sea and they were brave men.

Return to camp acting more like wild men than old soldiers. Remain in camp several days, Sherman and Johnson are negotiating about the terms of surrender. In the meantime the news of Lincoln's assassination is received. There is such gloom on all as I never witnessed on our army. After the first shock was

over, you could hear the troops shouting along the lines, "Move on Johnson at once, don't trifle about terms any longer."

Finally terms are agreed upon and a staff officer is sent to Washington to get the approval of the government as Johnson proposes to surrender everything in rebeldom on certain conditions that Sherman does not feel he has authority to grant, but the inducements he offers are such Sherman thinks it better to submit the proposition to the authorities at Washington. An armistice is agreed on until word can be got, which seems very proper under the circumstances, as it would be a pity if any more lives are lost.

April 19th. There was a meeting of Ohio troops at the State Capital today in regard to the nomination of a candidate for Governor of Ohio. It was a big fizzle. But there was enough transpired to show that every Brigadier General from the state thought he might be the lucky man and was afraid some other one would get ahead of him. There was some faction of officers wanted to censure Governor Brough for his administration but on the offering of a resolution to that effect a private soldier threw a bomb-shell into camp by asking if this meeting, which was composed almost entirely of officers, claimed to represent all the Ohio soldiers of our army when the private soldier could not get to the capital today without a pass from a division commander. This did the business and it was concluded to take no action at present, but enough young officers spoke to show they expected all the political offices when they get home. It will be all right if the people feel like complimenting us, but for officers to want to pass a resolution, as at one time proposed, asserting their claims before they even get home, is soft.

April 20th. I am put in charge of an immense train of wagons to go to Goldsboro for supplies. My own regiment is principal escort, with other details reporting to me as guard and escort. The size of the train and escort makes the command equal in importance to a brigade and I have the entire charge and responsibility. I get instructions from the Corps Headquarters, among other things that all foraging will be stopped. I am directed to start down the west side and cross at Smithfield, but after moving out a few miles a staff officer reaches me with new orders that I cannot cross at Smithfield and must cross at Hinton's Bridge

which is above Raleigh. Countermarch and cross there and after maneuvering in all about twenty-six miles, camp near Pine Level.

April 21st. Move on early. I have no map, although I applied for one at Corps Headquarters, and have great labor to find the proper roads and the roads are terrible. I have some small detachments besides my own regiment as guards, but my train occupies about two miles on the road and a small force of the enemy could give me great trouble. I would have my hands full at least. I crossed Little River at Whitley's Mills, though that was not the road I was moving on; but the squadron of mounted men which I kept in advance, found the bridge burnt on the road I was on, which was not very encouraging and somewhat alarmed me for the safety of my train, but I found a cross road which led to this bridge which made all right.

On our advance on Raleigh our army had spread out over all this country, sweeping it clean of everything, and the inhabitants are evidently in a suffering condition for food. They have heard of Lee's surrender and seem broken spirited, believing all is lost. Even if let alone they have no animals to put in a crop or raise anything. A common interrogatory we meet from those who once had been rich was, "If we'uns were to go down to Goldsboro or Raleigh, do you think we'uns could get ary old creetur, a horse or a mule?" The only sign of pluck I met was one lady who said her negroes had got an idea that they were free. Some one suggested that the Emancipation Proclamation said something to that effect. "Oh," said she, "but North Carolina has never agreed to submit to that." I could move a large train with my small force where I pleased through North Carolina and yet she did not know whether they would submit to our armies or not.

(What a terrible thing is war, by which fallen man in his blind rage inflicts punishment mostly on the innocent and helpless. What a blessing it will be when our prayer "Thy Kingdom Come" is answered and Christ takes charge of the world's affairs, establishing peace and justice and the nations learn war no more.—Editor.)

I never before had an idea of how desolate our army leaves a country and we thought we were letting North Carolina off easy. It is terrible the wretched, suffering condition the people are in. Numbers of rebels from the different bands come in and give themselves up to me today, and some of Lee's men are making

their way south to their homes, to all of whom I give transportation and at night had quite a camp of them alongside of the Union soldiers. They do not require much guarding and were only watched enough to see that there was no treachery intended in their coming and surrendering. A remarkable feature was the friendly feeling that appeared to spring up between the Union and Confederate soldiers, and how ready the Union men were to divide their rations with the Confederates. Made thirty miles today, camping within six miles of Goldsboro.

April 22nd. Move into Goldsboro and load my train, and turn my prisoners over to the Provost Marshal. I telegraphed to the commanding officer and find I can cross the Neuse River at Smithfield village and I move out in that direction eight miles and camp.

April 23rd. I move very early every morning. I received an addition to my command of a Provisional battalion at Goldsboro which gives me enough men to shove my train right through the roads which are terrible even for army roads.

I have enough troops now to make a small brigade, to say nothing of the immense train of several hundred wagons, and I fancy I am playing general with an independent command. When I am moving I am sure I have need for a full staff and I employ a troop of orderlies. Cross on pontoon at Smithfield, an old dilapidated village, and camp a couple of miles out, having marched eighteen miles during the day. In order to camp I corral my train as compact as possible, camp my troops around and close to it, then picket all the roads out about a half or three quarters of a mile. Each division of my train is under the special charge of an officer belonging to it and I give each its turn in going in advance.

After the war, Colonel Jackson related that one evening on the return trip on this expedition he dismounted and sat down by a fire that was burning at the side of the road on which his trains and troops were marching. He was very tired and had lost much sleep in attending to the duties of his command and he soon fell asleep so soundly that when he awoke it was dark and his whole command had passed out of sight. He took the road in an attempt to follow them, passing through thick timber which made the road pitch dark, so that he could not be certain he was on the right

road, or whether he might not be wandering off into some impassable swamp. It was a very uncomfortable situation but he finally overtook his command which he found camped for the night. We must remember that when the responsibility of the command of this expedition was put on him he was still a youth of twenty-four.

April 24th. Continue march and receive order from Corps Headquarters to come on to Raleigh tonight as the army wants to move tomorrow morning, which I do though I march twenty-five miles to do it. I have made a prompt and very successful trip. Stopped all foraging as directed.

The government has refused to ratify the Sherman-Johnson treaty and General Grant is here to bring the news. He reviewed some troops today.

April 15th. The 17th Army Corps (ours) moves ten miles west and camps without coming up with the enemy who are still farther west.

April 26th. Generals Grant, Sherman and some other notables went out this morning to have a confab with the rebel authorities. They went out on cars to our cavalry outpost which is some four miles beyond here. Our corps (17th) remained in camp during the day.

Dark. Generals return and bring word that Johnson has surrendered everything rebellious in the State of South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia on the same terms that Lee surrendered, namely, officers and men paroled and allowed to return to their homes, officers with side arms and the privates to take their horses. All public property given up. Two sets of rolls made up, one to be retained by an officer designated by each of the parties. Officers give their individual parole and sign the rolls for their men.

April 27th. Our corps returns to camp near Raleigh. Orders received now assure us that the war is over. Foraging is prohibited and all ammunition is to be turned into depot officers, except what is carried in cartridge boxes.

THE MARCH TO WASHINGTON

April 28th. In camp preparing to march, orders say to Richmond, Virginia, via Warrenton and Petersburg. Our corps is

directed to move on main road just east of the Gaston Railroad. (Road afterwards changed somewhat.)

April 29th, 1865. Saturday. March north at 9:00 A. M. A beautiful day, as pleasant as June in Pennsylvania. I can scarce realize that the war is over, the change is so great. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God who has granted such great success to our arms, and has so mercifully preserved my life through the dangers I have passed during the last four years in camp and field.

March some twelve miles, crossing the Neuse River near Forestville, just below the railroad crossing. It is after dark when we reach camp and just previously, having a creek and slough to cross, the troops opened out considerable and we reached camp one regiment at a time. My regiment was next to rear of our brigade and after filing off the road and marching some distance through a pine forest under direction of a staff officer, who having been on the ground before dark, was presumed to be familiar with it, he directed me to file short left, move the length of my regiment and go into camp. He then left us and I filed left as he had directed but had not moved half the length of my regiment till I ran into another regiment, it being very dark. I halted my regiment, fronted and ordered companies into camp. Going to the rear of my regiment, to secure a place for my headquarters, I ran over Colonel Montgomery commanding the 25th Wisconsin, and soon learned that the right of my regiment was up to the quarters of Colonel Cladek, Commander of the 35th New Jersey. We were all mixed up. One half of the 43rd Ohio got broke off from the regiment and is lost, Colonel Parks getting into camp after I did with one-half of his regiment and no knowledge of the position of the balance. I got my baggage up and found enough unoccupied ground to quarter on. It was understood that the whole Army of the Tennessee would pull out today across the Neuse River to be ready for moving.

(Colonel Jackson related that on one occasion they reached the place after dark which had been selected for a camping place, and by the blunder of a staff officer found themselves in a soft, muddy corn stubble field, and the men had to lie all night in the mud. Some of his men hunted up a couple of flat fence rails and

placed them side by side in the mud and the Colonel passed the night on this bed. Such is army life.)

April 30th. Sabbath. Remain in camp as per order of General Howard. This is muster day and I muster my regiment, dating the papers near Forestville, North Carolina.

May 1st, 1865. Take the northern track. Homeward bound. Can it be true? All hands in great glee and fine spirits. We have such feelings as men do not often have more than once in a life time; such a feeling of relief that the war is over and peaceful home is near. We pass through the small village of Forestville, march eighteen miles and camp two miles before reaching Far River.

May 2nd. March at 6:00 A. M. Roads excellent. Weather pleasant. Cross Far River and march fifteen miles and camp a few miles before reaching Henderson. Yesterday and today we have seen some good country. They have some oak rails which indicate an intelligent people. I have a poor opinion of men reared in pine smoke. Later. Our brigade camped on an order that was intended to have been countermanded, and we are again pulling out. March four miles and go into camp at sunset.

May 3rd. March at 5:00 A. M. Warm day and roads dusty. Severe marching as everybody seems to want to go fast. The country looks beautiful. Make twenty-one miles and camp four miles from Roanoke River.

May 4th. The Roanoke River at Robinson's Ferry, where we propose crossing, is two hundred and forty yards wide, and a single army corps does not have sufficient pontoon to span it and the whole Army of Tennessee will have to cross at the same place. The bridge was laid during last night and the 15th Corps is crossing today. We were ready to move at 9:00 A. M. but delay per order. Move out at 3:00 P. M. March very fast, roads dusty, reach river and find bridge yet in use by the 15th Corps and an ocean of army trains to cross. Bivouac expecting to sleep till morning but are routed out sooner, as bridge was ready for us.

May 5th. Ordered to cross at 1:00 A. M. I had a grand and gloomy view of the historic Roanoke River. The morning was yet quite dark when I rode at the head of my regiment down to it. A narrow pontoon, without railing, across so wide a river

with a rapid current and a stiff breeze blowing, did not make a very safe bridge in appearance. We crossed in safety however; but sometime afterward a wagon of our train, on account of a shying mule, ran off with one wheel, which sank two pontoon boats. The wagon and load with three mules were lost which fortunately was all. Stopped about three miles from the river in a wheat field and made coffee. Marched hard all day. Left Lawrenceville to our right. Crossed the Meherin River and struck the Boydton plank road forty miles from Petersburg, having marched, by careful estimate, thirty miles, too much, as many men have dropped and given out. Camped early. We crossed the Virginia line about two miles from the river and are now for the first time in that state.

May 6th. March twenty-five miles on the plank road. It has no plank however. During the day we passed the house of one, Mr. Williamson, a brother to Passmore Williamson of habeas corpus notoriety. He is said to have been a Union man during the war and the rebels kept him awhile in Castle Thunder. He had the Stars and Stripes out and we paid him a military salute as we passed. At his request, communicated by an obliging staff officer, regimental commanders stopped in his house. I was introduced to some fine girls and drank with our host who is a shrewd fellow. Camped this evening on Stoney Creek, a beautiful camp, sixteen miles from Petersburg.

May 7th. A short distance from camp we passed Dinwiddie Court House where General Winfield Scott was born. It is a dilapidated looking place. Never was a town. Has a jail, court house and several long sheds for horses. It has a very ancient appearance. Passed and crossed first line of enemy's works at Hatchers Run. They are neither strong nor handsome. I presume not their good ones. Camped near Lynchburg Railroad in view of Petersburg, Virginia. We got a good joke on the 15th Corps today, which has been trying to beat us to Petersburg. At one place today we had to use the same road. The 15th Corps last night sent a wagon train on ahead to occupy it, but when we got up our corps commander put them off and put a guard over their train.

May 8th. Marched through the city in order. A band for our brigade reached us here last evening. My regiment had the

advance of the brigade and marched very well. I was much pleased with it. The city is compactly built, looks like a business place and is not much injured by the war so far as I have observed, that is the main city; however, many of the suburbs are destroyed. The streets are paved with stone, the first southern city in which we have seen this. Marched north four miles and camped just after crossing Swift Creek.

May 9th. Took the Richmond Pike which passes between the railroad and the James River and within half a mile of Drury Bluff. We passed today some very considerable earthworks and the place where General Butler had his fight before he sealed himself up at Bermuda Hundred. I saw at a distance Fort Darling but did not have time to go and examine it, though an officer on duty near there offered to ride with me. Marched fourteen miles and camped at an immense earth fort near Mansfield which is opposite Richmond, Virginia.

May 10th. Spent in camp.

May 11th. I visited Richmond today in disregard of General Halleck's orders who said we would not enter the city until we did with our commands to march through. We regard this as an insult and one time during the day a lot of our men pelted Halleck's Guards with stones and drove them away from the bridge. It is said General Logan looked on and laughed at the proceedings. We do not recognize Halleck, who proposes reviewing us as we pass through the city of Richmond because he happens to command here. In my visit today I see Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, both places of notoriety. Then the capital grounds in which there are some fine works of art, marble of Clay metallic of Mason, etc., but the principal is the equestrian statue of Washington which points in the direction of the burnt district, as if saying to the rebels, "See what you have done." If our army had been here instead of the Army of the Potomac when the rebels fired Richmond, we would have helped them burn it instead of putting it out as was done.

General Sherman has arrived, he having gone around by water from Raleigh and New Berne, and he has given Halleck to understand that he can not review our army as he proposed to do. We also understand he declined Halleck's hospitality on account of the fuss Halleck tried to make about Sherman's first treaty

with Johnson at Raleigh which, much to our surprise, we now learn was blown considerably by some home guard soldiers as a terrible bad affair.

The 14th and 20th Corps are crossing today. They had been racing on the way here like, or still worse than our corps (17th) and the 15th. There has been a great deal of tomfoolery on the part of certain division and corps commanders about the racing from Raleigh to Richmond, giving the men hard marching and no doubt costing from exhaustion the lives of quite a number of men.

May 12th. Our corps crossed James River and moved through the city of Richmond without being reviewed by Halleck as the newspapers said we would be. He did not show himself. I had a very good field band and along the principal streets and past particular places had music and marched with the cadenced step. The ladies treated us plentifully to flowers. I soon had more than I could carry. Moved out seven miles and camped near Yellow Tavern where the rebel General J. E. B. Stuart was killed in a cavalry fight a year ago. I have been much surprised at the trifling nature of the fortifications around Richmond and Petersburg, and this is a matter of surprise to all our officers as we expected very heavy and finished works. I actually think they are inferior to the works where we found the enemy in the South and West, but I may be some prejudiced and will say they have none excelling them.

May 13th. March ten miles and crossed the head waters of the Chickahominy and camped near the Hanover Court House. Beautiful country here but no town.

May 14th. Crossed the Pamunky River a short distance below the junction of the Anna River. It is considerable of a stream. The roads are bad and swampy. Saw today some corduroy that was made by McClellan. It was only peculiar in that he cut timber for it and left rail fences stand near the road. Marched fifteen miles.

May 15th. March north twenty miles, and camp near Spottsylvania Court House, fourteen miles from Fredricksburg.

May 16th. March to Fredricksburg, cross the Rappahannock River and taking the road to the left, move out on it twelve miles making in all today twenty-six miles. Passed today near the

Chancellorsville battle ground and some of our officers rode around to see the wilderness, but I did not. Fredricksburg is an old dilapidated town, the houses well riddled with shot, shell and musketry. The works from which Burnside's army was repulsed are very trifling though the position is naturally strong, being a range of hills with a plain in front. The same kind of ground on the side of the river opposite the town also gave a good chance to cross under cover of artillery. I am, however, much disappointed at the trifling kind of artificial works.

May 17th. Started late today and marched ten miles, passing some good land and there are actually considerable old rail fence standing. Camped in a horrid thicket, a most miserable place in every respect.

May 18th. Marched sixteen miles, camping just after crossing the Ocoquan Creek a short distance below the mouth of Bull Run. The Blue Ridge Mountains are in fine view off to the north. There are some trifling works around here, but with all its campaigning the country is not as badly used up as our old stamping grounds south and west.

May 19th. March fourteen miles, camping within four miles of Alexandria, Virginia, on the old telegraph road.

May 20th. In camp. Sherman's army is all closed up near here.

May 21st. I visited Mount Vernon, some nine or ten miles distant, in company with a party of officers from our division. Some of the party were Colonel Sheldon, 18th Missouri; Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds, 64th Illinois; Colonel Webber, 39th Ohio; General Fuller, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 17th Army Corps. We have a muddy ride but a very pleasant time. There is most beautiful scenery on the farms and along the river and the buildings and the tomb of Washington are very interesting to an American.

THE GRAND REVIEW

May 23rd. There is to be a Grand Review of all the Armies here and we are preparing for it. Some blockhead has ordered our corps to draw forage caps which will hurt the appearance of our army. General Mower, who had commanded our division for a long time was put in command of the 20th Corps at Goldsboro,

and Brigadier General M. F. Force put in command of our division. Our troops move up to near Long Bridge. The Army of the Potomac is being reviewed today.

May 24th, 1865. Grand Review in the streets of Washington of Sherman's Army today. The reviewing stand was near the Treasury Building and contained the President, General Grant, distinguished foreigners, etc. Near by were stands fitted up for delegations and representatives from the different states and along the line of march the streets were crowded with visitors. We marched in column of company closed in mass and took the cadenced step just before reaching the Capitol. From there on we occasionally carried arms at a shoulder when passing something of importance. Our troops marched well, there being very little clogging of the column, though it was a severe task to march so far on solid front at a cadenced step.

My regiment behaved superbly. I rode my black horse, George, who is a splendid fellow. On approaching the reviewing stand each regiment in succession came to a shoulder arms and only mounted officers saluted with their swords. Some of our regiments took with them their pack mules and such like, which were a great curiosity to eastern people, being what they had heard of as our Bummers. After the review our corps marched out on 14th Street three miles to Crystal Springs and went into camp.

Fifty years after the Grand Review at Washington of Grant's and Sherman's troops, Colonel Jackson, then in his seventy-fifth year, attended the semi-centennial review and parade in commemoration of that great event. In a private letter to the editor, dated October 8th, 1915, he gave the following account of it.

You ask as to my recent visit to Washington to attend the Grand Army Encampment and Review. I would say that it was a very satisfactory trip, but at the same time quite hard work. The attendance of old soldiers was not large but very large of other visitors; greater than I ever saw at an inauguration of a president. The crowd was so great it was a jam to get on and off trains and in some cases to get along the streets.

I marched the whole route at the parade, however, it was very tiresome. The march was formed by states, not by regiments or any army organizations at all. The newspapers called the old soldiers in line twenty thousand. This is a large estimate.

There were probably not much more than half that number, but even half that number, marching in fours, is a big parade. The order was to form near the Capitol and enter Pennsylvania Avenue at the Peace Monument and move along Pennsylvania Avenue going towards the White House. The Pennsylvania Veterans were Number 4 in line but we were on our feet a full hour before we got to move on the Avenue at all. It was then two hours more before we completed the march and were dismissed about a half mile beyond the White House.

Quite a number of old soldiers gave out and were picked up by ambulances. I was very tired. Towards the last, after passing the President's stand near the White House, they marched too fast, but I held out to the end. When we were dismissed I sat down on a door step and rested a few minutes, then walked three or four squares to my hotel, where after a short rest, I ate some dinner and went to my room for an hour. I stood it very well, better than I expected, and felt no serious effects from it. The tired feeling toward the end of it reminded me very much of how I felt on hard marches on foot in the army.

It was noticeable that the men in this parade were evidently mostly the very strongest men of the army. They were in fact real survivors of the great army. They also largely appeared to be men who had been to some extent successful in business since the war. I was well pleased I went.

THE GRAND REVIEW

HOW SHERMAN'S MAGNIFICENT ARMY

MARCHED UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE IN 1865

The following description of the Grand Review of Sherman's Army was read at a Campfire at Gunison, Colorado, July 2nd, by J. W. Anderson, Company G, 10th Illinois:

What a fitting final to the brilliant achievements of this victorious army after its five years of campaigning, marching, maneuvering, and fighting which covered almost the entire theater of the war, commencing in the west, passing through and over all the southern states, save two, winding up with its march through northern Virginia, where the Army of the Potomac so long and faithfully contended with the rebel hosts, then welcomed to the Capital City and received by the President, Cabinet, and the Commanding General of all the Armies.

A few days before the Review we arrived at Alexandria, and the army settled down along the heights overlooking the Nation's Capital. Word had been heralded throughout the country that the review of the two armies, Meade's and Sherman's, would take place in Washington City on the 23rd and 24th days of May. Consequently the city was full of people who had come to witness these two last great war pageants.

On the morning of the 24th the hour of 7:00 o'clock found four long, blue, bending lines winding along the uneven hillside heading for Columbia. At 8:00 we crossed the Long Bridge, which spans the Potomac, and entered the city, finding that ample preparations had been made for our coming. Flags, banners, and streamers everywhere swelled to the breeze. Barrels of ice-water stood at intervals on either side of the street, while the shady walks were lined with people bearing buckets and pitchers of water, inviting and urging us to drink with them. The corps to which I belonged (the seventeenth) marched out east of the Capitol, halted, stacked arms, awaited the arrival and passage of the Fifteenth Corps. As far as the eye could reach on every street and avenue bayonets

gleamed in the sunlight as troops went filing by. The bright, balmy air of the beautiful May morning, laden with sweet, patriotic strains of music, seemed quite enchanting. It was as the rock in the weary land, and we realized as never before that we were in God's country.

At 10:00 o'clock we moved down Pennsylvania Ave. at company front, close column of company, in perfect silence save the music from our bands, with no attempt at style or frills, but marching with military precision, taking our long, swinging step, and we soon captured the hearts of the great throng of people who had come from far and near to see "Johnny come marching home."

The first place of note on our march came the Capitol Building, which was adorned from base to dome with flags of every nation. As we moved down this great thoroughfare we found the sidewalks, doors, windows, balconies, and house-tops lined with a seething mass of people, cheering, shouting, and strewing our path with flowers. The ovation was wildly grand. Some cheered themselves hoarse, others raised their hands to heaven in prayer; sobbing mothers held their little ones aloft, while grayhaired fathers wept with childish joy. The world had seen before gorgeous military pageants, flashing with gilded trappings and pomp of war, but the eyes of man never rested on a scene of such thrilling grandeur as the onward and endless march of these dust-stained, war-worn men, fresh from the heart of the Confederacy, every man of whom had been tried in the fire of many battles. The very air seemed freighted with gladness, as though responding to the joyous emotion of the great multitude that witnessed and welcomed this triumphal procession. Numerous banners were suspended over the street; on the first was written, "All hail to the Western Heroes" on the next, "Champions of Belmont and Donelson," and at intervals along the line came all the battles fought by this army; then "The Pride of the Nation." and last, "The Nation Welcomes Her Brave Defenders."

Comrades, picture in your minds, if you can, one of the most beautiful streets in the world, two miles long, 170 feet wide, blooming in national colors, and banked on either side from the curbstone to the roofs of the elegant buildings with an unbroken mass of people, all cheering, shouting, and wildly beating the air

with hats and handkerchiefs, and you may then partially realize the magnificence of the scene that greeted us all along the line of march. To men who had been so long on the front lines, and who had just emerged from the dismal swamps of the Carolinas, the change was very great and the effect almost intoxicating, and I thought as I looked down that broad, beautiful avenue over the inspiring scene spread out before us, and upon the great phalanx of veterans, as column after column moved on and under the flapping folds of our war-worn battle-flags, and listening to the inspiring music from the many military bands, that it was the proudest day of my life, my cup of joy was filled to overflowing, and I felt that the pleasures of that day, yea that hour, fully repaid me for all the hardships, privations, dangers, and suffering that I had endured during all those years of strife and carnage.

As we neared the White House, regiments that were doing their best were required to do a little better, in order that we might make a good impression upon the great heads of the nation before whom we were now to appear. As we passed the reviewing stand the shouts and cheers were deafening and almost shook the earth. The eyes of the Nation were upon us, and "we felt the swelling of the heart we ne'er can feel again."

After passing the reviewing stand we moved out onto a side-street, halted, and were served with water by a thousand sweet young ladies, all dressed in red, white and blue, who, to soldiers who had been so long removed from refined society, looked like a band of angels.

The remainder of May we spent in camp here under very strict orders not to use timbers, fences, etc. I am having the company commanders prepare rolls, returns, etc., and post up books to be ready for muster out when the order comes. At one time during this month we mustered out all men whose term of service was due to expire on or before October 1st, 1865. I learned since arriving here, that through influence of our friends, some two hundred men have been assigned to my regiment and would ere this have reached me if we had not been moving so much. These are intended to make me a full regiment and will do so, and would give me a higher rank than I can now get in my regiment, it being below the minimum.

June 1st, 1865. The second brigade is discontinued and I am ordered to report to Brevet Brigadier General Tillson and to constitute part of the third brigade and ditto as to the 43rd Ohio, Colonel Parks. The 25th Wisconsin will be mustered out here. The 35th New Jersey is ordered to report to General Augur, commanding the Department of Washington.

I saw my brother, Edwin W. Jackson, here at the review. He belongs to Company I 6th Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery and has been on duty as clerk in one of the Departments here since in September last.

June 5th. Monday. Sherman's army is ordered to Louisville, Kentucky. No word of Veterans or any except the 1st October men being mustered out. March to depot this forenoon and take cars and move west.

June 6th. Moving by rail on Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Grand mountain scenery. Fine road, stone ballustered, little dust. A good route for a "Bridal Tour."

June 7th. Still in cars but I got a good sleep last night. Reach Parkersburg, Virginia, get off cars and bivouac at 9:00 P. M.

MUSTERED OUT

June 8th. The newspapers announce this morning that I have been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. With my regiment I embark on steamer and move down the Ohio River. Pass Blennerhassett Island and five miles below, pass Letort Falls. Transfer my regiment at 2:00 P. M. to steamer, "Wild Wagoner," Captain Drown, which already had the Headquarters of Major General Force on board.

June 9th. Pass Cincinnati, Ohio, at 3:00 P. M. About 8:00 P. M. a sad accident occurred in my regiment. Henry Zeigler was sleeping on the hurricane deck. A steamboat was passing ours and the whistle of our boat sounded in answer to its signal. This frightened him in his sleep and he seized his blanket, sprang up and jumped overboard. The pilot stopped the boat and backed it but nothing could be seen. A few minutes later I was informed of it and not knowing what the pilot had done, I ordered the boat stopped, which was done, but on learning the state of the case, I allowed the boat to move on.

June 10th. Reach Louisville at 2:00 A. M. and disembark after daylight. As my horses had been put on another boat at Parkersburgh, General Force kindly offered me a horse to ride out to where we will camp, which I accepted. Move out through the city and a little down the river and camp in a piece of timber on the river bank, a miserable place, being swampy. Today I received my commission as Lieutenant Colonel. We will remain in camp here a few days.

There are no orders yet to muster out our army and as some of General Thomas's army are being sent to Texas, our men are in great excitement. Some men are foolish enough to desert; others are putting out addresses with fictitious names encouraging mutiny. I put down discipline the closer in my regiment. At Parkersburg some of my men left, went around home, and are now joining us here. I had but a few of such while some regiments had a host. I am court martialing every one of them. I think it due to good soldiers who behave themselves.

About the 15th of June we moved our camp six miles northeast to good, dry ground near Brush Creek. June 20th we were paid by Major Brewer.

June 30th. I mustered my regiment today and had the rolls completed promptly.

July 4th. Tuesday. General Sherman is visiting the troops today, as he is about to leave here. When he rode up to my regiment I shook hands with him and told him the men expected this visit and would not have felt satisfied if he had not made it. "I know it, I know it," he replied.

Colonel Jackson related that once General Sherman when on a march in Mississippi stopped at a house and ordered dinner. The lady of the house was a strong secessionist and told the General that her husband and three sons were in the Confederate army and told how much her neighbors were doing and sacrificing for the cause of the South, and wound up by declaring, "You can never subjugate a people with such a spirit. "Subjugate you," General Sherman exclaimed, "Subjugate you. Nobody wants to subjugate you. But we will kill every man of you if you don't stop this war."

During one of the battles of the Atlanta campaign, the 63rd Ohio was standing in line of battle when General Sherman rode

up unattended. They were not under fire just then at this place in the line but a very brisk fight was in progress in plain view to their right. General Sherman sat there a few moments, watching the fight, when a private soldier in Captain Jackson's company, who was rather an odd character, called out, "Uncle Billy, it is getting pretty hot over there." Instead of having the private severely punished for his audacity and breach of military discipline in speaking to the commanding General, Sherman turned towards him, as if it had been an important member of his staff who had made the remark, and said, "Yes, yes; I will send the 14th Corps in there. They will attend to that," and rode off.

As this camp proved to be our last one in the field I will give a short description. Our color line ran over quite a backbone of a hill and the company streets were a very heavy grade, rising from the color line. The camp was pretty well shaded and well supplied with water from a spring in the ruins of an old stone mill, just in our front. The creek gave plenty of water for washing and even bathing purposes. My headquarters were on the left of the regiment. This is not the regulation position, but in the field commanding officers are in the habit of selecting the most pleasant and convenient ground without regard to its relative position. Here I had a most beautiful place. The ground was dry and solid and finely shaded. My Quarter-Master had got us for headquarters a pretty good supply of wall tents and we had them fitted up conveniently. I proposed having a photograph of the camp, or at least of my quarters, but a picture man to whom I applied disappointed me. Directly across the creek from my headquarters and in front of them was the camp of the 25th Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Wright commanding. To the left (or west) on the hill was the 10th Illinois, Lieutenant Colonel Gillespie. Still further around on the same ridge, and rather in my rear, were the camps of the 1st Brigade of our division. Brevet Brigadier General Tillson, Colonel of the 10th Illinois and commander of the Brigade had headquarters in a beautiful pine grove to the right of our front across the creek.

July 8th, 1865. Saturday. Having received an order from the headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, Major General John A. Logan commanding, giving a list of regiments that would be at once mustered out, and mine being among the number, I

have been busy the last few days getting ready for that important work. I now find the great advantage of the work I had done some weeks ago in completing our records and applying to the Adjutant General's office for copies of missing rolls. Some of our regimental commanders are in a great bustle about some of the missing papers, as they cannot do anything without them. I had given so much care to the subject that the rolls of my regiment when first made proved to be correct, and this day, July 8th, 1865, the preliminary Muster Out of my regiment is made by Lieutenant Robert M. Woods of the 64th Illinois, Assistant Commissary of Muster for the 3rd Division 17th Army Corps, he being assigned for that purpose.

This muster only enables us to be ordered to our state for discharge; discipline and all military regulations being still in force. I go to the Department and Corps Headquarters this afternoon and get the necessary orders but as this is Saturday I will not start until Monday morning. I am ordered to rendezvous my regiment at Camp Dennison, Ohio.

July 9th. Sabbath. I made this morning a complete and formal inspection of my regiment. The command was in good condition, full uniforms, etc., and it was on the whole just such an inspection as I would have liked for the last one of a Veteran Regiment. I have rarely felt more solemn than I did when contemplating this "Our Last Parade of Ceremony."

July 10th. Monday. All things being in readiness I had the General sounded at 8:00 A. M. and we broke our last camp, the men making the air ring with their joyous shouts. At 8:50 A. M. I had the assembly sounded and at 9:00 A. M. "To the Colors." After a very few words to my regiment we moved out. As we passed Division Headquarters I handed Captain Albert S. Koenough, Division Inspector, five dollars as my contribution to a fund to present Brevet Major General M. F. Force, our Division Commander, a sword. He had shown with us considerable ability, great kindness and I had personally a very great regard for him. We marched through the city of Louisville, passing the different headquarters at a shoulder arms, marched down to the wharf and I put my regiment on board the steamboat "Saint Nicholas." About noon we pulled out, I have a little the advance of any Ohio regiment that had been included in the same order

under which we had been mustered out, but as we started I saw the 39th Ohio, Colonel Webber, on the wharf ready to embark.

Nothing unusual occurred on the trip up the river except that in a drunken quarrel Private Henry of Company F stabbed Private Basil with a pocket knife, producing almost instant death. This happened about sunset. I put Henry under guard and on reaching Camp Dennison tried to turn him over to the Civil Authorities, but as they would not take him, I left him with the Military Commandant of Camp Dennison and preferred charges against him. A couple of months afterwards I heard that he had been tried and acquitted. Their company commander said that these men were drunk before they came on board the vessel, it being impossible near a city to keep soldiers from getting whiskey.

July 11th. Reached Cincinnati at 2:00 A. M. Although I had my Adjutant telegraph our departure from Louisville, I found no preparation had been made by the officials for us. I could not get anything for my men at the Soldiers' Home. The transportation offices were closed, and there was not the shadow of a chance to get out to camp, so I kept my regiment on the vessel and the Quarter Master watched the transportation office to get the first train out to Camp Dennison. An hour or two later the 39th Ohio arrived and as this was their native place, they expected some particular respect to be shown them. When I went on board their vessel and told Colonel Webber how they were using me, he seemed very haughty and independent, guessed he would fine somebody, etc. Sometime afterward he was not in quite so good a humor. Nobody met him either.

Daylight. My Quartermaster has secured transportation and we are to get the first train out to camp. Go on shore, form the regiment and march to the depot with music, and cadenced step, and it proved to be the last time for the 63rd Ohio to do so. I rode my black horse "George." The regiment marched well. At 7:00 A. M. we got cars and moved out to Camp Dennison, Ohio, and reported to the commanding officer, a Lieutenant Colonel Andrews of the 3rd Regulars, and am assigned to barracks; turn over our records to the Chief Mustering officer, as per order of the War Department, who pronounces our rolls all right, but the chance for being paid very soon is not very good as Pay Masters are scarce. The 39th Ohio got out in the evening.

July 12th. On notice from the Chief Mustering officer here, I have our Muster Out rolls signed and they are returned to his hands by noon.

July 15th and 16th. We have been waiting on the Pay Department. There are regiments here yet who came a week or two before mine, so I cannot complain except generally. Brevet Brigadier General Strickland, commanding a regiment, told his men they might go home on short visits; a very unmilitary notice. As a consequence when the Pay Master was ready to pay, his men were mostly absent and the General is likely to get himself into trouble. We improve the time to complete returns, reports, etc.

The arrangements made by the government for the settlement of officers' accounts are very liberal. The Chief Muster Out officer here makes an informal examination of the officer's retained copies of his returns and then, on the officer making affidavit that he has made all required returns and reports, the Muster Out officer gives him a certificate on which he can be paid. Then again, as many officers during the first years of the service neglected to make these returns, they can now make what is called an Approximate Consolidated Return, without vouchers and which they certify to as being correct to the best of their recollection, and this enables them to make the required affidavit. This is a great convenience to officers, as I know officers who resigned or were mustered out singly a year or more ago that have not yet got their pay. My accounts were all in good shape without this except a C. C. and G. E. coming in 1861, which I thus remedied.

July 17th. Monday. Major E. Wright commenced paying off my regiment early this morning. Before I got up to his quarters he had paid the non-commissioned staff of my regiment and given them discharges and had commenced to pay one company. When I reached his office I asked him to what time he was paying us. He said, "To July 8th," the date of our preliminary Muster Out. I was aware that an order had been issued by the War Department directing that regiments delayed in payment after the preliminary Muster Out should be paid up to date of actual discharge. I directed him to hold on, because I did not understand the matter as he did. He said that the Chief Pay Master at Cincinnati had directed him that morning

to so pay my regiment, and besides, our rolls were now extended in ink and could not be changed and if I was right we would have to make new rolls. I replied that we always made all the rolls we were obliged to; that he could not at present proceed with the payment of my regiment, and I ordered the captain of the company he was then paying to take his men to their quarters and the Pay Master then shut up his safe.

I told him the Chief Muster Out officer would be up in a few minutes on the next train and I would submit the case to him and that I would be somewhat guided by his opinion, although I would not positively commit myself to it. On the arrival of the mustering officer he said I was right and that if he was in my place he would fight everybody to have my rights. I overheard the Pay Master ask the Muster Officer if I had come there with my regiment promptly, and if my rolls were right and so forth and I was gratified to hear the Muster Officer speak most positively complimentary of my promptness in reporting with my regiment.

I saw the Pay Master was very much alarmed about the turn affairs had taken, but my officers and men were not disposed to sustain me in my course, although they all thought I was right. They would rather have taken their pay with the deduction and gone home than to run the risk of losing several days, as the Pay Master intimated we would be detained that much longer. The Pay Master made no proposition except to pay as he first commenced, which would have been a loss to Privates of \$4.80, Corporals \$5.40, Sergeants \$6.00, 1st Sergeants \$7.20, and to line officers over \$40.00 each. I told the Pay Master that the government might perhaps want to know why the payment of my regiment was delayed as it cost several hundred dollars per day to keep it in camp, and that if something definite was not promised soon I would telegraph the Secretary of War.

Shortly after this he began telegraphing to the Chief Pay Master at Cincinnati. My position was not a very pleasant one. I had taken a very bold stand and, if it should finally be decided I was wrong, would undoubtedly get me into trouble; but I had put myself down and could not well go back. A little later the Pay Master informed me that he had concluded to pay my regiment as I desired and I at once ordered the company he had commenced to pay to be brought up again. He made a tabular list

of the amount to be added to each soldier's pay in addition to the rolls as he had extended them, and then I made him a certificate that he had paid that much in addition to the rolls, and everything went off briskly. We were not detained much over an hour. Now came my time. The soldiers found how much I had gained for them by a little pluck and they felt very good towards me. As this was my last official act I look on it with a considerable of pride. It made me a host of personal friends in my regiment which is quite a satisfaction to me.

The payment being a final one had to be made very carefully. I gave considerable attention to it myself. I once observed a mistake of twenty dollars in the pay of a private soldier of Company I and had him called back and paid that much more. This pleased the men who were watching, very much, and quite a number of compliments were showered on me by these hardy, good hearted fellows.

Our government property had been previously turned over to the proper officers. Many of the men retained their guns and accouterments which, under order from the War Department, they got at a trifle, six or seven dollars for all. My regiment having had such good opportunities to pick up arms was considerably ahead and nearly all of my companies turned over more guns than they wanted receipts for, amounting in the aggregate to over a hundred stand. Some company commanders, sharper than others, gave these extra guns to the men. Each man was allowed to retain his knapsack, canteen and haversack free. I, as regimental commander fell heir to many curious and valuable papers in the regimental desk which the Mustering officer did not want to received with the records, they not being necessary. I turned in to the Muster Out officer our colors, being the same we had carried during the war and bearing on them yet the blood of my 1st Sergeant Casey who fell against them, killed at Corinth, October 4th, 1862.

Each soldier, as he was paid, was handed his discharge. It was curious to watch with what frantic eagerness they grasped their discharge papers. They were now free from military restraint. And I observed that after discharge they took the first train that came along, no matter which way it was going. I attended at the platform as each train arrived and departed to

get a farewell look and shake of the hand of these old soldiers with whom I had served so long and had for so considerable a time been their commanding officer. With satisfaction I record that not a single enlisted man did I part with but gave me a hearty shake of the hand and treated me as a friend, though many of them in the course of the long time we had been together had received discipline at my hands. All this seemed forgotten and they showed the best of good will and I had frequently a very busy time shaking hands as the train started.

Paid eight companies today. In the evening Colonel Brown, who had lost a leg with us last year, arrived as I had telegraphed him to come if he wanted to see the regiment; but he came too late as I had already sent eight companies home. I went down to the city and stayed all night with him.

July 18th. I returned to camp and saw my other two companies paid off and such officers as did not get paid last night went down to the city and got their pay. Last evening Private Abe McClaim, who for a long time has been my mounted orderly, took my two horses and started to ride them to Logan, Ohio. After my remaining two companies were paid I reported to Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, commanding officer of Camp Dennison, that I was through and left Camp Dennison for the city.

July 19th, 1865. Wednesday. I received my pay in full at Major Wright's office and got my discharge, being the last man paid of my regiment.

After I was mustered out, on the recommendation of Brevet Brigadier General C. E. Brown, strongly approved by Major General Force as Division Commander and Major General Leggett as Corps Commander, I was appointed and confirmed by the Senate and commissioned as Brevet Colonel for gallant and meritorious service during the war, to date from March 13, 1865.

I spend a day in the city (Cincinnati) and on the 21st of July proceed to Logan and have a good time among my friends. The ladies of Logan gave a dinner to the returned soldiers on August 9th, 1865, at which I had the honor of being the orator, replying to the reception speech of Reverend Harvey. On my first arrival at Logan I found that my friends had made arrangements previously to give me the nomination of the Union party as their candidate for Representative in the State Legislature. I let my

friends work away but did nothing myself. On August 12th the Convention was held and I was nominated on the first ballot, though there were several other candidates.

August 15th, 1865. Start north from Logan in a private conveyance in company with Charles W. Jones, Sr., and F. A. Gibbons. Take dinner at Lainters and spend the night at Mr. Cromwells; a friend of Lieutenant Gibbons, four miles south of Columbus, Ohio. Took the cars at Columbus on August 16th and reached New Castle, Pennsylvania, on the 17th and came out home with father, it being within a few days of four years since I left home on August 27th, 1861, and started to Ohio to raise my company for three years service.

We quote the following from the History of Fullers Ohio Brigade:

Colonel Jackson had for a long time been the only Field Officer with the regiment. He was very much the youngest of the original ten captains when the regiment was organized, and he was the only one of them that served the whole term and came home with it.

General Charles E. Brown one of the original Captains, was then still in the service, but he lost a leg in battle July 22nd, 1864, on the Atlanta Campaign, when commanding the Regiment and was never able to be present with the regiment afterwards.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

Colonel Jackson had considerable natural military talent and if the war had continued he probably would have been given important commands. At 22 he had sometimes commanded the regiment, and he had the confidence of his superiors and had attracted their attention so that just at the close of the war, although only 24, he was given the independent command of troops equivalent to a brigade and sent on an expedition through hostile territory.

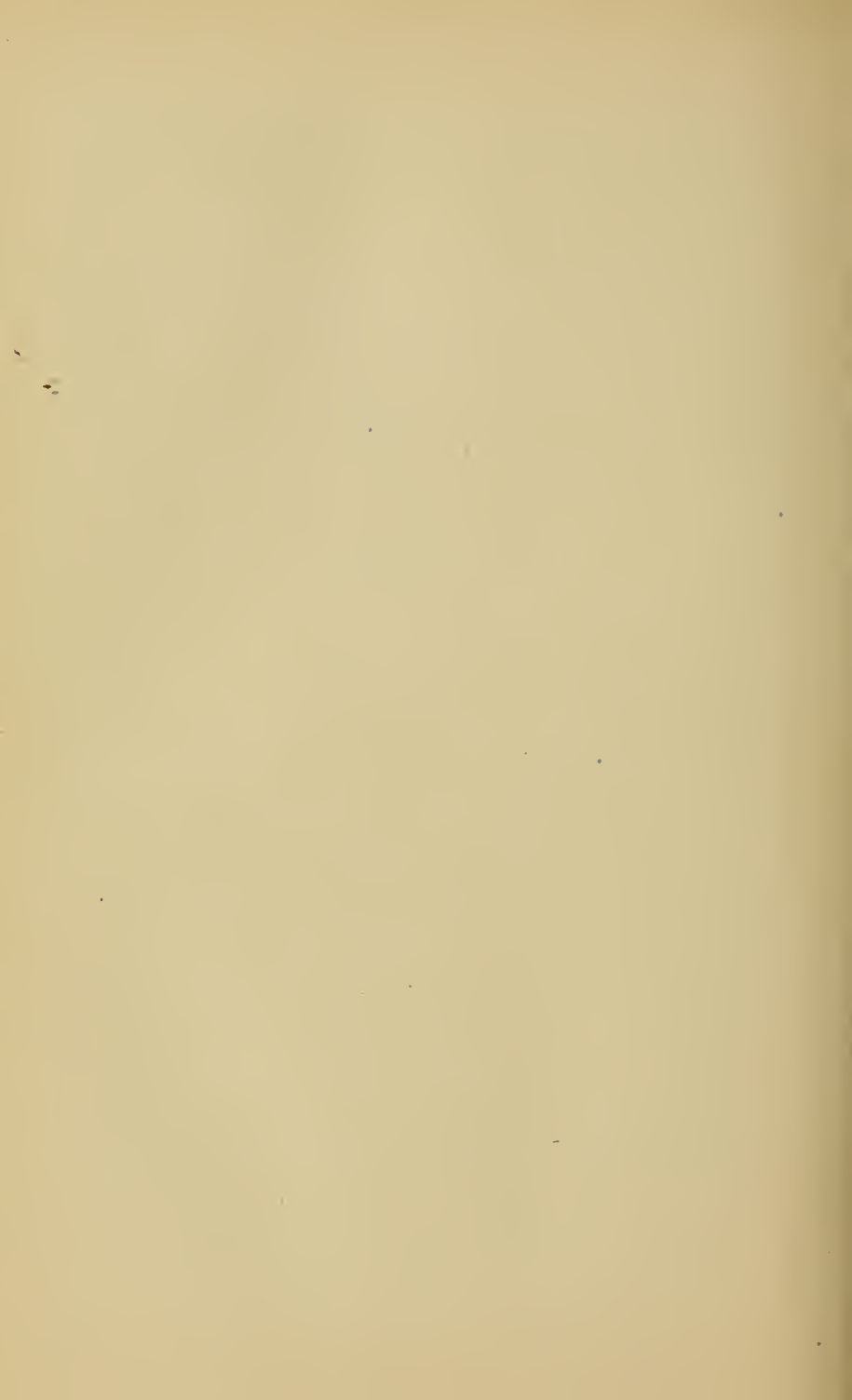
In personal appearance and in mental traits Colonel Jackson had considerable resemblance to Andrew Jackson, and there is some evidence that his Great Grandfather was a cousin of Andrew Jackson's father. Andrew Jackson was the most brilliant military genius which this country has yet produced. He probably could have come nearer to doing the things Napoleon did than any other American officer.

The qualities of mind Colonel Jackson possessed that gave him a military capacity were a good judgment and ability to form quick decisions, and a resoluteness and courage that enabled him to act promptly and face risk and danger and take chances. In addition he inspired the confidence and devotion of his men and subordinate officers which insured him their hearty support. While marching and fighting with his regiment his attention was not limited merely to what was going on beside him, but it seems he was able to grasp, almost instinctively, the meaning of the grand strategy of the movement in which the whole army was engaged, showing he had capacity for a large command.



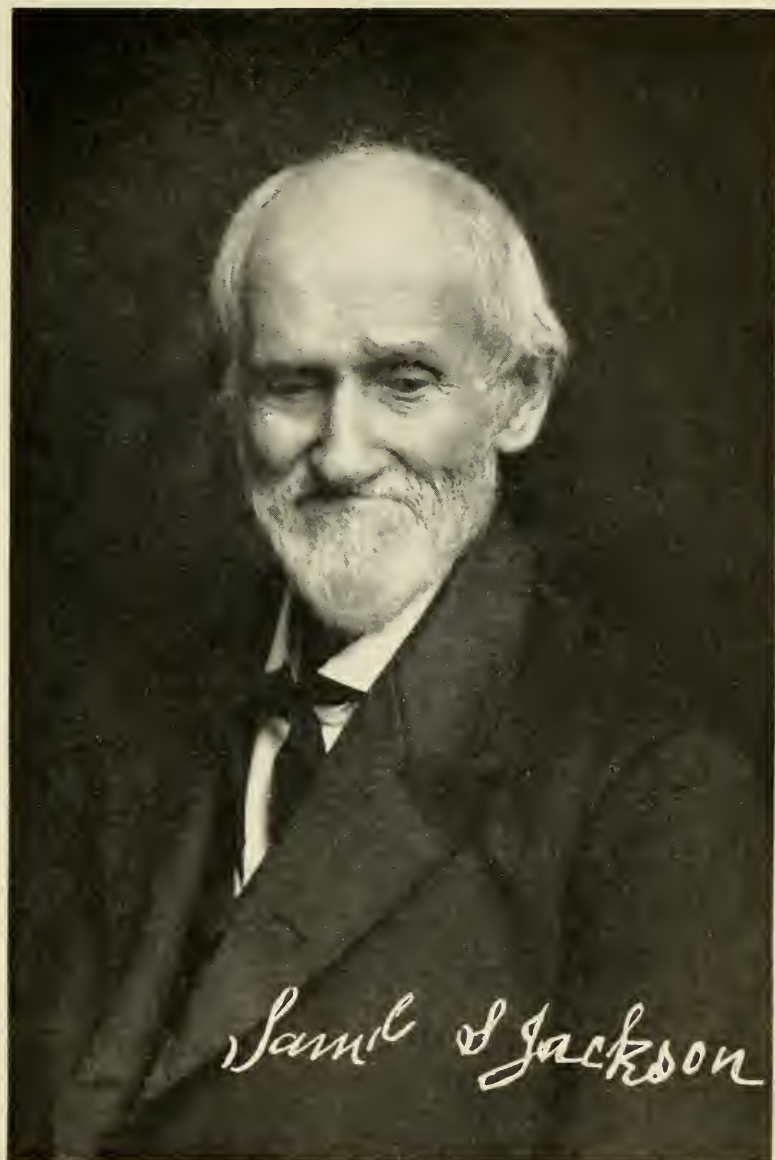
PRIVATE EDWIN WALLACE JACKSON

of Company 1, 6th Penna. Heavy Artillery (212th Regt. Penna. Volunteers) brother of Col. Oscar L. Jackson. From photo taken at Washington, D. C., March 8th, 1865. Age 17. He was in the United States Service in West Virginia in 1863, with the 55th Penna. Militia, when 15 years of age.





LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) JAMES KENNETH JACKSON
Son of Edwin W. Jackson, and nephew of Col. Oscar L. Jackson.
Served in the World War in the United States Naval
Reserve Force. From photo taken June 18th, 1918.
After the war he resumed the practice of Law
at Harrisburg, Pa.



SAMUEL STEWART JACKSON

Father of Col. Oscar L. Jackson. From photo taken Aug. 29th, 1906, when he was 91 years of age. His name, as shown on the photo, was subscribed by his own hand. He lived to be nearly 96, his mental faculties being fully preserved to the last.

SECOND PART

A SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE LATE
COLONELOSCAR LAWRENCE JACKSON
OF NEW CASTLE
PENNSYLVANIA



HONORABLE OSCAR L. JACKSON
Taken December 1890. Aged 50

CONCLUDING SKETCH

Colonel Jackson left to survive him two brothers and three sisters. Mentioned in the order of seniority, they are: Edwin W. Jackson, a lawyer by profession, now living in Harrisburg, Pa., who enlisted in the Army at the age of sixteen and served until the close of the Civil War, about ten months; David P. Jackson, a physician, now retired from practice, and living in Sharon, Pa.; Mary Jackson of New Castle and two half sisters, Anna and Jane Jackson of Youngstown, Ohio.

The Colonel was always loyal to the memory of his ancestors, reference to some of whom has already been made. He took pride in recalling on proper occasions a brother of his paternal great grandmother, John Carlyle Stewart. He was a pioneer settler in what is now Lawrence County, a land surveyor by profession, and as such laid out the town of New Castle, on land which he owned. He also manufactured the first bar iron made in Pennsylvania west of Pittsburgh.

Considerable mention has been made of his father, Samuel Stewart Jackson. In throwing light upon the Colonel's Temperament and characteristics, it is perhaps necessary to add that his father was blessed with a vigorous and finely-tempered physical constitution, as the advanced age to which he attained sufficiently proves; that he was positive, perhaps unduly positive in his convictions, and more than willing to have his own way; sternly orthodox in his religious principles, and conscientiously determined to lead a life consistent therewith. He had a keen sense of humor and was affable and congenial in his disposition. Still it may fairly be said that whatever his descendants possess in the way of Scottish tenacity and "dourness" they have inherited from him. He died May 17th, 1911, at the age of 96.

The Colonel's parents were united in marriage April 3rd, 1838. His mother was Nancy Mitchell, born April 16th, 1814, in Indiana County, Pennsylvania; a daughter of Matthew and Nancy (Smith) Mitchell. Her parents were descendants of Scotch-Irish emigrants from County Caven, Ireland, who settled in the Susquehanna Valley. Nancy Mitchell was a woman of fine appearance, slender and rather tall; mentally bright and clever; quick in her movements; cheerful in disposition; tasty in dress. Lilac

was a favorite color. She was a good singer and an exceptional cook, housekeeper and manager. She bore the all too heavy burdens of a farmer's wife with a constant spirit and untiring energy. She was in every way a magnetic, lovable woman, and a sincere, devout Christian. At about the first of March, 1858, her health began to fail and she never rallied. She lingered for a little more than a year and passed away on the twenty-second day of March, 1859. Oscar was her first born and no mother ever had a more devoted son.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Colonel Jackson was a student of law in the office of John P. Blair, Esq. He suspended his studies to enter the army. Upon being mustered out of the military service he returned to his native county—Lawrence—and there resumed his law studies in the office of Samuel W. Dana of New Castle, and on December 10th, 1866, was admitted to the bar of Lawrence County. After considerable time spent in travel, largely with a view to deciding upon a permanent location, he opened an office in New Castle in April, 1868, and there pursued the practice of law until the time of his death. He devoted himself solely to his profession, never engaging, even incidentally, in speculation or in any other business. He was a man of immense energy and unflagging industry, as well as a sound and able lawyer and a forceful character, and by virtue of these qualities, he soon built up a large practice. Early in his career as a lawyer, he was, in 1868, elected District Attorney—the public prosecutor in criminal cases—for Lawrence County, and filled this office for one term of three years. It is said that no indictment drawn by him was ever quashed by the court. For some years after the close of his term of office, he had a large private practice in the prosecution and defense of criminal cases.

However, after the lapse of a few years, he practically withdrew from practice in the criminal courts and devoted himself almost exclusively to the requirements of his profession in civil causes and as the counsellor and protector of his clients in their private business. He was what is known as a "trial lawyer" and advocated the interest of his clients with a zeal that was well nigh excessive. His prowess in the many contests in important cases in which he was engaged before courts and juries, will long be remembered by his professional brethren. In his championship

of what he considered to be the right, he was utterly fearless, whether his opponents stood high or low.

For about forty years Colonel Jackson represented, professionally, the interests of the Pennsylvania Company in Lawrence County. The numerous lines of railroad built and operated by this company in the county made his duties responsible and onerous. In his later years, admonished by advancing age and impaired health, he desired to retire from this service, but he had become a specialist in railroad law and at the request of the company he continued to act as its chief counsel until the end of his life. His law practice was remunerative, and by judicious investment of his surplus income he amassed a substantial competence.

From 1874 to 1880 he served as County Solicitor. He was appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania a member of a commission, authorized by law, to revise and codify the laws of the state relating to the government of cities. He served on this commission in 1877 and 1878. He was unable to join in the conclusions reached by the other members of the commission and presented a minority report. The recommendations of the commission were never enacted into law.

Colonel Jackson was throughout his life a stalwart Republican and during the closing years of the nineteenth century he took a somewhat active interest in politics. In 1884 and again in 1886 he was elected to represent in the national House of Representatives the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania District, composed of the Counties of Lawrence, Beaver and Washington. Unfortunately for him his party went out of power in the same election which carried him into Congress; Grover Cleveland being elected President and the House of Representatives becoming Democratic. In Congress he served on the Committee on Public Lands, where he labored in favor of disposing of government lands to actual settlers, and insisted on a strict construction of grants previously made for other purposes. He interested himself specially in tariff legislation, favoring protection, and spoke at length in the House in opposition to the Morrison and Mills bills. His conviction in favor of high protection was the abiding one of his life.

He was one of the members selected to deliver a memorial

address on the life and services of General John A. Logan, whom he had known and admired as a soldier. His speeches in favor of a liberal appropriation for a national library building; for the better government of Alaska, and against President Cleveland's vetoes of soldiers' pension bills, commanded appreciative attention and were republished in newspapers in different parts of the country.

His address in the 50th Congress in favor of restoring his old commander, General Wm. S. Rosencrans to the rank of Brigadier General in order that he might be placed on the retired list as such, was considered worthy of being inserted at some length in Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1889—Vol. 14, page 234. It appeared that General Rosencrans had indulged in some rather caustic and possibly not well-considered criticism of General Grant, and this weighed against the proposition to restore him to the rank of Brigadier. Anent this fact, Colonel Jackson recalled an anecdote relating to his namesake, and probable relative, President Andrew Jackson. An appeal had been made to the President to dismiss a certain Postmaster for partisan reasons. He gave no encouragement to the appeal. It was urged upon him that the Postmaster in question was actively hostile to the President and in the course of his activities had applied to him some rather ugly names. Old Hickory responded: "Any man who fought at Lundy's Lane, and carries British lead in his body has a right to call me whatever he pleases." At the end of his second term of service in Congress he resumed the practice of law with his old time vigor.

After the close of the Civil War, Colonel Jackson led a busy and successful life. His natural qualifications and his genius for hard work brought high recognition in his profession, and the respect and esteem which he received from the people of his community was all that could have been wished; but the part of his career that bulked largest in his memory was his service as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion. There is no doubt that his military experience discovered and developed the qualities that enabled him, afterward, to achieve success in civil life.

In August, 1861, he left his Pennsylvania home and went to Ohio with the intention of recruiting a company for the three years service, in the neighborhood where he had already established

an acquaintance and some recognition as a teacher. In this he succeeded after long, hard work and overcoming many discouraging difficulties. In November he received from the Governor of Ohio a commission as a recruiting Second Lieutenant, and on January 16th, 1862, he was mustered into the service of the United States and commissioned as Captain of his company, thereafter known as Co. "H" of the 63rd Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to Major, then to Lieutenant Colonel, and was afterward commissioned by President Grant as a Brevet Colonel for "gallant and meritorious services during the war."

A connected, though brief, account of his service appears in the Diary. Here it need only be mentioned that he, with his regiment, took part in the engagements at New Madrid, Island No. 10, Farmington, Iuka, Resaca, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Savannah, Columbia, Goldsborough, Raleigh and other actions. The 63rd was a fighting regiment and bore itself with high credit throughout the war.

When stricken down by a Confederate bullet in the battle of Corinth, on October 4th, 1862, Colonel Jackson, then a Captain, was in command of his company. The 63rd Regiment held a position of importance and great peril in this battle and its losses in killed and mortally wounded were very severe. The wound received by Captain Jackson, considered at the time fatal, was of a rather mysterious character. A bullet, evidently fired from a rifle of small caliber, entered his face just below the right eye. It circled inwardly, around the eye, until it reached a point above the center of the eye and then penetrated into his head. He fell as if struck dead; then recovered consciousness for a few minutes and asked a member of his company—Franklin Ingmire—himself wounded, to assist him to the rear, and then relapsed into insensibility which continued until after the wound had been examined in a field hospital.

In about four months he recovered sufficiently to rejoin his regiment and resume his duties. The location of the ball was never exactly determined, but it probably imbedded itself in the frontal bone. It is morally certain that it went with him to his grave. The wound did not disfigure him in the slightest, but he never recovered from its effects. It left him subject

throughout life to attacks which came suddenly and without warning, in which he would lose consciousness of his surroundings, usually recovering, however, in a few minutes. He made every effort to conceal the fact of these attacks from the public and even from his most intimate friends, but he realized their seriousness and dreaded their recurrence. The sight of his right eye was partially destroyed, and he became morbidly sensitive to the effect of bright colors or a strong light. The effects of the wound received at Corinth were permanent and caused much, if not all of his broken health in later life. As he lay in his casket, the deep discoloration about his right eye gave pathetic proof of the sad disability he had borne so bravely for nearly sixty years.

He kept in close touch with the surviving members of his regiment. For some thirty years he was president of the Regimental Association, and with scarcely an exception attended every annual reunion, held at some point in the State of Ohio.

A Camp of the Sons of Veterans was organized in his home city, New Castle, and in his honor took the name of the "Oscar L. Jackson Camp." It is one of the most vigorous and efficient camps in the organization. It sent close to a full company of its members into the government service in the Spanish American War. Colonel Jackson was a steadfast friend to this Camp, and in return enjoyed the loyal friendship of its membership until the end. The Camp attended his funeral in a body as a military escort, and paid him the last honors as a firing platoon. He was a charter member of Post No. 100, Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic, serving several terms as Post Commander, and holding some Department and National positions. He was the first president of the Society of the General D. S. Stanley Division of the Army of the Mississippi. He was a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and served as its vice president. A number of his friends, many of them members of his regiment, complimented him by naming their sons Oscar Jackson. He remembered nineteen of these namesakes by legacies in his will.

One of his most marked and most frequently mentioned characteristics was his great fondness for children. He was the friend and familiar of all the little toddlers in his neighborhood and

they highly appreciated the "Colonel" as he was universally called by young and old. No matter how pressing his business, he would snatch a moment to interview every baby he met on the street. He had no babies of his own; he never married.

Shortly after the war, he travelled rather extensively in the United States, and later he made several journeys to Great Britain and the continent. In one of these tours he spent considerable time in the north of Ireland where his ancestors had been domiciled. He visited Spain and Rome. He journeyed down the Danube as far as Budapest, and on one of his trips he pushed east to St. Petersburg—now Petrograd—where he spent considerable time. In these tours his resources must have been severely taxed, as he usually travelled alone and knew no language except English.

Throughout his life he was generous toward every deserving person whose misfortune placed him in need of a friend; but "he did good by stealth," and no one unless he has access to his check book will ever know the number and amount of his benefactions.

Colonel Jackson's forebears, both paternal and maternal, were members of the Associate Presbytery, more generally known as the "Old Seceder Church." This was one of the strictest sects of Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. In about 1857, this body formed a union with another of equally high lineage, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and took the name of the United Presbyterian Church. Of this latter church, Colonel Jackson was for years a consistent member. He was a rigid Sabbatarian. He looked askance at innovations and was pronounced in his opposition to anything that seemed to him a lowering of the old standards. It is doubtful if he left to survive him a more pronounced adherent to Westminster Assembly orthodoxy than himself.

In the last year of his life the attacks mentioned became more frequent and more alarming, aggravated as they were by a weakened condition of his heart. He passed away in one of these attacks in the evening of February 16th, 1920, in the eightieth year of his age. He was born September 2nd, 1840. Thus ended the active life of a brave soldier, a distinguished lawyer and a Christian gentleman, who had sternly followed the path of duty as he saw it. The Mayor of the city issued a proclamation requesting

that all places of business be closed during the time of his funeral. A large concourse of his friends in the community attended the funeral, as also did his Grand Army Post, the Sons of Veterans Camp, Veterans of the Civil War from different parts of the country, Veterans of the World War and a large representation of the members of the bar, among them their venerable Dean, Samuel W. Dana, his old preceptor. A feature of the funeral service was the singing, by a young lady friend, of a portion of the Ninetieth Psalm, in the old Rous version,—to the old Scotch tune "Dundee." This same psalm had been used in the service at the funeral of his mother, in 1859, and again at that of his father in 1911.

THE COMMON SOLDIER'S HARD EXPERIENCE

Colonel Jackson had long planned the preparation of his War Journals for publication but never accomplished it. In a memorandum made Sept. 27th, 1913, he notes his intention of editing them with special reference to a soldier's experience, not a history of campaigns of strategy or generalship. There had been plenty of books written about the war by great generals and other officers but the history of the Civil War was yet to be written from the standpoint of the private soldier and company officer.

What is needed is something showing how it appeared to the common soldier; how he lived, ate, slept, rested, marched and endured fatigue; how expert he became making coffee at halts on the march or on board a transport steamer; his dread of bullets and shot and shell; his anxiety waiting for a shell to burst, or listening to the sound of a fierce attack on an adjoining part of the line, expecting the death-dealing storm to soon reach him also; his experience on picket duty and on the skirmish line, and while lying under fire of all the different kinds; how he carried loads, prepared food, endured thirst and hunger and obeyed orders, many of them mistakes, or senseless, or needless, or blunders; what he suffered from disease or wounds, sometimes left lying on the field without attention when badly injured and in great pain, sometimes sick on the march without an ambulance to haul him. Also to give an account of the things he dreaded most, and how each kind of fire and shot affected him. What the different kind of missiles were like, and his sensations under fire; the first time being the easiest. Only a comparatively small part of the time did he have the excitement of battle. The soldier's experience was most of the time merely hard work and exposure to cold and rain and storms; deprived of sleep and short of food, his mind full of anxiety as to the dangers he would be called to face while weakened and depressed by these adverse conditions; the perils he escaped, often by just a little, narrow margin.



COLONEL JACKSON

Taken October 5th, 1906 Aged 66. A surprise snap-shot taken on the street of Caldwell, Ohio. The man on his right is Captain Featherington of the 43rd Ohio The man walking beside him is T. W. Parrish of the 63rd Ohio

APPENDIX
TO THE
COLONEL'S DIARY



THE CHAPLAIN'S LETTER
LETTERS FROM HIS GENERALS
THE HORRORS OF WAR
PEN PICTURES OF WAR-TIME STATESMEN
ANECDOTES
CAPTURED POETRY
SPEECH BY THE BOY ORATOR

THE CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

At home we knew from the papers that a hard battle had been fought at Corinth and that the Union losses had been heavy, especially among the officers, they said. For a week we had no news, which made it evident that something was wrong, because Oscar was careful to write promptly after a battle. We were apprehensive that the worst had happened and the first definite news we received was the following letter from the Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, Chaplain of the 63rd Ohio, my brother's regiment.

Camp near Corinth, Miss.

Oct. 6th, 1862.

Mr. Saml. S. Jackson,
New Castle, Pa.

Dear Sir:

You have probably seen in the papers that we had a severe fight at this point on Friday and Saturday last, and that the 63rd Regiment was very severely cut up. Your son, Capt. Oscar L. Jackson, was wounded, but it is the impression of the surgeons this his life is not endangered, although at first we feared that the wound was mortal.

He was struck by a buck-shot below the right eye, knocked down and was at first insensible. The examination proves that it was the effect of being stunned that caused the insensibility, and that the eye is not mechanically injured, nor is the brain touched. He is now in his right mind and fully conscious. Is quite cheerful and doing as well as possible. The only fear is from inflammation, which may cause the loss of the eye, but there is no unusual inflammation as yet, nor any indications of it.

I suggested writing to you, as we now have mails again after being deprived of them for some days. He told me specially to say that he is receiving the very best of care, and you could not add to it if you were present.

I presume that he will soon be granted a furlough home till he is able to take the field again. He acted bravely as a man could, and received the special commendation of the Colonel where none were condemned.

The fight was terrible. The 63rd had only about 230 in action, and lost 111 killed and wounded. His company—H—lost 20

killed and wounded. But you will see accounts in the papers.

I have written the account of the Captain's injuries just as it is in fact. Do not suppose that I have tried to put a better face on it than I should, lest I should frighten you. I confidently believe that he will soon be well again. Yet it is possible that inflammation may prove serious. The surgeons however, express the utmost confidence in his speedy recovery.

Yours ever,

Benj. St. James Fry,
Chaplain 63rd Reg. Ohio Vol.

COLONEL SPRAGUE'S LETTER

When Capt. Jackson was at home, in the winter of 1862-63 recovering from his wound, he received the following letter from the Colonel commanding his regiment. The Jane mentioned was the colored girl, an escaped slave or refugee, who nursed the Captain so faithfully and devotedly in the hospital after the battle. He brought her north with him and put her in the care of the Colonel's wife.

Two Miles Southeast of Oxford, Miss.

Dec. 17th, 1862.

Captain:

Your esteemed favor of the 8th inst. was received this evening. I am heartily glad to hear of the improvement in your health and of your enjoyment of Home Comforts. The last, and the kind consideration of your neighbors and all who love our country, you have won a title to by meritorious and gallant services in the "Field." May you enjoy them to the fullest extent. While I and all in the regiment would be glad to have you with us again, I hope you will not return too soon. Wait until your health is fully restored. Your company is doing well. The division was reviewed today by Genls. Grant, Hamilton and Ross. The day was pleasant and the affair passed off satisfactorily. Captain Smith left for home this morning, his resignation having been accepted. The health of the regiment is good.

Mrs. Sprague writes me that Jane arrived at Huron on the 9th. She is much pleased with her, though when she wrote, Jane was sick, but hoped it would be of short duration.

If you should wisely conclude to make some good Lady "Mrs. Captain Jackson" before you leave home, please give her my kind regards and tell her I claim the first kiss—after the ceremony.

Rumor says a paymaster will be with us soon. I am

Sincerely your friend,
J. W. Sprague.

P. S. When you return, if not too much trouble, please bring me a small, substantial thermometer.

BRIGADIER GENERAL TILLSON'S LETTER

Shortly before he was mustered out of the service, Colonel Jackson received the following letter from Brigadier General Tillson of his own Brigade and Army Corps, the 17th.

Headquarters 3rd Brigade,
1st Division, 17th Army Corps.
Near Louisville, July 3rd, 1865.

To Major O. L. Jackson,
Commanding 63rd Ohio,
3rd Brig., 1st Div., 17 A. C.

Major:

I have your photograph, for which thanks. I will send you mine as soon as I receive a package of them for which I sat in Washington. I have many of the officers thus souveniered and value the pictures, and few more pleasantly associated in my mind than your own. Your unstained correctness of conduct and long and faithful service in the weary war will, I hope, bear pleasant fruits in the "life to come." Few officers have gone through the war, so far as my notice reaches, with a more unblemished name than you, and it will be a pleasure to meet you hereafter, as with all the officers who so long and harmoniously acted together.

With the best wishes for your future, I am

Yours sincerely,
John Tillson, Brev. Brig. Genl.

When he was about to leave military service and return to civil life, he received the following goodbye message from Maj. Gen. Force, the commander of his division.

Headquarters 1st Division,
17th Army Corps.

Near Louisville, Ky.

July 9th, 1865.

Major Oscar L. Jackson,
Commanding 63rd Ohio.

Major:

The close of the war brings us back to our old civil callings. I hope that the energy and fidelity which you have shown in military life, and the success with which you have managed the business affairs of the regiment, as well as its encounters with an enemy, will attend you still, and that you will find employment more remunerative, if not more honorable, than that of a soldier.

With great regard and good wishes,

Very truly,

M. F. Force.

Brev. Major Gen. U. S. Vols.

Shortly after the close of the war, his superior officer, Gen. Brown, sent the following communication to the Secretary of War.

Chillicothe, Ohio,

March 16th, 1866.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War,
Washington D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to represent that Major Oscar L. Jackson, late of the Sixty Third Regmt. O. Vet. Infy. Vols. has served faithfully and gallantly through the entire war. Major Jackson entered the service in 1861 as Capt. of Co. H 63rd O. V. I., was distinguished for rare gallantry at the battle of Corinth, Oct. 4th, 1862, in which action he was severely wounded. He served faithfully and efficiently during Sherman's Atlanta Campaign and the March to the Sea. Always noted for industry and close attention to duty. Cool and daring in action. Strict as a disciplinarian, exhibiting a rare talent in commanding and managing troops. During the last year of the war, Major Jackson was commissioned by the Governor of Ohio as Lieutenant Colonel

of the regiment, but the command at that time having been reduced by constant campaigning and frequent actions, far below the minimum of a regiment, he was never mustered on said commission.

Therefore in consideration of the Major's gallant and meritorious conduct, and of the fact that the true and worthy soldier is always proud of recognition of past services faithfully performed, I take great pleasure in recommending and urging that he be breveted Colonel, a compliment that would be worthily bestowed.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Charles E. Brown

Late Commander of 63rd O. V. I and Brevet Brig.
Gen. of Vols.

General Brown's recommendation received the following endorsements from the generals commanding his division and corps:

Cincinnati, Ohio,

March 19th, 1866.

I cordially endorse the recommendation made within. Major Jackson commanded the 63rd Ohio during the time I commanded the 1st Division 17th Army Corps.

M. F. Force

(Late) Brevet Major Gen. U. S. Volunteers.

Zanesville, Ohio,

March 26th, 1866.

I fully endorse the within recommendation. Major Jackson was a long time in command of the 63rd O. V. I. V. and was a very gallant officer and worthy man. He was under my command whilst I was in command of the 17th Army Corps, and was near me during the Atlanta Campaign and Sherman's March to the Sea.

M. D. Leggett

(Late) Major Gen. U. S. Volunteers.

In due course of time Major Jackson received his commission as recommended.

THE COLONEL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF CORINTH

Among Colonel Jackson's papers I found the following statement, dated Nov. 8th, 1915, in regard to the wounds he received at the battle of Corinth, on Oct. 4th, 1862, this being the second day of the battle:—

The first wound I received that day was one below the right eye. It seemed to me at the time to be a blow with something like a club. It did not knock me down and I continued to take care of my company. Sergeant Selby of my Company (so Capt. Harrison told me since) said that it was a rebel soldier, one of those who actually reached our lines in their charge at Robinet's Battery, struck me in the face with his gun. I recollect distinctly of wiping blood out of that eye several times immediately after receiving the blow, and at some later times when closing the remainder of my company (yet unhurt) to the left, to Battery Robinet, as I had orders to do. It smarted my eye and bothered me as to seeing. It would have fully justified my leaving the field as a wounded man, but my company had already so many killed and wounded that I felt it important I should stay with it.

The second wound was a little later in time, I think only a few minutes, and was from a shot fired as the enemy were retreating. Between the time of the first and second wounds I kept closing up my men to the left. The second was a gunshot wound. My recollection is clear and distinct as follows: It knocked me down. I fell backwards at full length on my back. I had an impression at the time that I was fatally hurt—killed. I lay a short time quite still. No one came to help me and I made no call. Then I made an effort to get up and found I could. I got up and started to the rear very slowly and came to a large tree that our pioneers had cut the day before. I saw Frank Ingmire of my company on it, or going over it, and I asked him to help me over it. He replied, "I'll give you my left hand." I then noticed blood dropping from his wounded right hand. When I got over the tree, I took hold of Ingmire's left arm with both of my hands and we started to walk slowly to the rear. I said, "Ingmire, don't leave me." In a short time my knees began to sink under me and my hands slipped down Ingmire's arm and I went to

the ground. That is the last I remember for evidently a week or ten days, except an indistinct recollection of someone attempting to unbuckle my sword and my saying, "Don't, don't."

The next I remember I seemed to wake up. I heard voices around me. I spoke out, "Where am I, where am I?" Someone answered, "You are with friends; you are all right." I said, "It's a dark night isn't it?" Answer, "Yes." I was afterwards told that it was clear daylight when this occurred, but both my eyes were swollen shut with my wound and I could not see any with either. Some say this was one week after I was wounded. Others say it was 10 or 12 days. My impression is that it occurred at least a week after I was wounded, and that I again went into a stupor from which I did not arouse for 3 or 4 days. At the end of the second stupor, when I aroused I knew where I was and what was the matter with me. The attendants said it was ten days before I became conscious the first time, and I think that is most likely correct. I was twice moved by hauling from one tent to another. The last tent I was in, I sat up in the cot and got to be able to walk about some in it. The 20th of November was the first time I walked outside the tent.

Note by the Editor. Chaplain Fry's letter states that Captain Jackson was conscious two days after the battle, and that is conclusive evidence, because it was made in writing at the time. It is very hard for anyone to give in after years the exact number of days that passed, unless they have written records. When Chaplain Fry wrote on October 6th, Captain Jackson must have then been conscious for the first time and he again relapsed into a stupor lasting 3 or 4 days, making it about a week after receiving the wound until his consciousness returned permanently.

After Captain Jackson returned to full duty the effects of his wound (a small ball being left in close proximity to the brain) caused him to have short attacks in which his men had to come to his assistance when on the march, and support him to enable him to continue the march with them. In after life the ball he was still carrying near his brain, caused brief attacks in which he would lose consciousness of his surroundings for a few moments, and he would exclaim, "Where am I, where am I?" just as he did that first time in the field hospital, two days after the battle.

What a terrible thing war is, and what fearful things men will endure. The Captain's company, his friends and companions, some of them his old pupils knit to him by a strong affection, had most of them been shot down by his side; he was himself almost disabled by his first wound; but the little remnant were holding their place in the battle line and advancing on the enemy, "closing up to the left as they had orders to do," with no thought of giving up the fight or yielding an inch of the ground. Years after the war, when talking to me about this action, Colonel Jackson exclaimed, "One can not see how men could do it!"

COLONEL JACKSON'S FIRST CASE IN COURT

On the same day that he was admitted to the bar at New Castle, Pa. (Dec. 10th, 1866) the Judge appointed him to defend a woman charged with murder, who had no money to employ a lawyer. A New Castle paper gave the following account of this case under the caption "An Incident in Court": "Catherine Brown, who was tried last week for murder, when she came into court, had no attorney, whereupon, Colonel Oscar L. Jackson was directed by the Court to take charge of her case. He advocated her cause effectually, and she was cleared. When the jury rendered their verdict, she sank down in her chair and almost fainted. On application of her attorney that she be discharged from custody, she said she had no place to stay over night and was without money, when Colonel Jackson opened his pocket-book and handed her two dollars. The man who had faced the mouth of the cannon repeatedly, could not withstand her appeal of poverty. It was the Colonel's first case in court, and although not very profitable, it has given him a name that is worth more than filthy lucre."

WASHINGTON AFTER THE WAR

Colonel Jackson visited the National Capital in February, 1867, not quite two years after he had ridden at the head of his regiment there in the Grand Review. In his private journal he records his sensation when he had climbed the inside stairs to the top of the Washington Monument. He writes: It is a ticklish job to go outside of the chamber you are in at the top, 180 feet high.

You have such a small place to stand on that there seems to be nothing under you. For a long time afterwards I shuddered at the thought of having stood there and could only rid my mind of unpleasant feelings by thinking that if I had climbed up there from the outside I should have thought that position a very comfortable one.

(Note by the Editor) Man's natural place is on the surface of the earth, and many persons have this dread of high places. There are different kinds of courage. Colonel Jackson had received special commendation from his superior officers for bravery in battle, but in regard to some things he was timid. Although he had been raised on a farm and trained from childhood in the management of horses, yet by the time he had reached middle age he was very timid about horses, and would not drive any horse unless it was certified to be a gentle and reliable "family beast," and for some years after they came into use he refused to enter an automobile.

MISS VINNIE REAM

February 18th, 1867. I had a letter of introduction from Dr. John W. Wallace of New Castle, Pa., ex-member of Congress, and I called on Miss Vinnie Ream the artist who has a room in the capitol. She is young, rather good looking, wears curls, and is one of the most fascinating women I have ever met. I was delighted with the interview. She is kept busily employed making busts for officials and wealthy and distinguished men. Congress has made an appropriation for her to make a bust of Lincoln, and she showed me the work she had done on it.

FAMOUS STATESMAN OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

At the time of his visit to Washington in 1867, the famous statesmen of the civil war period were still the leaders in Congress, and were in the midst of their dispute with President Johnson. He attended sessions of the House and Senate and heard debates on "The Military Bill," or "Force Bill," which was designed to put the Southern States under something like military law, and which caused great political excitement. He writes on February 13th, 1867, as follows: I was at the House of Representatives

during the afternoon. They were considering Steven's Military Bill in regard to amending it. I heard able speeches from Gen. Banks, Bingham, Boutwell, Schenk and Shellaberger. On the motion to commit the bill to the Judiciary Committee with instructions to report back immediately with Blaine's amendment, which defined when the bill should become inoperative.

Thad Stevens made his great speech. He spoke half an hour and then took his seat, exhausted. Stevens is old and very feeble, and was the only member I heard speak that the House pretended to listen to; but when he arose everything became still and members crossed over to his side of the House to be able to catch every word that he said. There is something remarkable in the manner of his delivery. You feel as if you were in the presence of some supernatural power. Members almost seemed to quake with fear when he stretched out his long, bony finger and asked in a low, sepulchral voice, "Do gentlemen fear that an outraged people are about to rise and execute the laws?" He is intellectually a giant.

I was introduced to Speaker Colfax, who is a pleasant man but not the greatest in the House. Bingham of Ohio is an old man and no one would take him for the able jurist and orator he is. Schellaberger looks like an Indian chief; has powerful, heavy features. The House of Representatives when doing business is about as noisy as a country school at noon.

THE SENATE

The Senate is more quiet and dignified than the House, but I do not think on an average it consists of abler men. I soon learned to recognize the prominent members such as Wade, Wilson, Sumner, Foster, etc. Sprague of Rhode Island is a boyish looking fellow and I guess hasn't much real ability or weight in the Senate or any place else. Sumner is an intellectual looking man and answers very loud and prompt when his name is called. Reverdy Johnson is a fine old gentleman and speaks in a dignified, oratorical manner. The Senate was debating the Military Reconstruction Bill and Buckalew made a weak Copperhead speech. Then Hendricks, of Indiana, bored all hands with a Copperhead harangue, the design being on the part of the Copperheads to consume time. Sumner spoke at some

length, opposing amendments to the bill. His voice is round and full and his appearance dignified, except his gestures, which are rather nervous in style. The Senate adjourned at 3 A. M. and I stayed just to see their plan of filibustering I had heard so much of. It seems to me like boy's work.

A STATESMAN'S TEMPERANCE MEETING 55 YEARS AGO

In the evening of Sabbath, February 17th, 1867, I attended a meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, held in the hall of the House of Representatives. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts presided and made an able address to the immense audience that crowded both hall and gallery. Governor Yates of Illinois, made quite an address, saying he had just signed the pledge and would get drunk no more, admitting he had heretofore drank considerably. I thought he talked too much with his mouth. It is doubtful if he keeps the pledge, in my opinion. His speech was very racy and was loudly applauded, but I didn't consider it the place for a man to confess his personal frailties. He read a letter from his wife, written after she had heard of his signing the pledge. This, I thought, was silly in him. He however said some pretty things. Others who spoke were Price of Iowa, McKee of Kentucky, and Woodbridge of Vermont. Speaker Colfax made some rather pleasant and appropriate remarks. The little girls from the Howard Home at New York sang "Come Home Father."

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND CHAPIN

New York City, March 3rd, 1867. I went over to Brooklyn and heard Beecher preach. He is a small, light-haired man; reads his sermon pretty closely and in rather a conversational tone, but warms up occasionally. His subject was "I Am the Vine and Ye are the Branches." The church was densely crowded. They give strangers seats as long as there are any, but there were many men standing in the vestibule. After church I went out four miles by street car (horse-drawn cars—Editor) to Greenwood Cemetery. It contains 500 acres most beautifully ornamented. It is truly a City of the Dead, said to hold now the bodies of 100,000 people. From it I had a fine view of the bay, the ship-

ping, etc. Brooklyn is a fine, large city, with broad, straight streets and fine residences. I returned from Brooklyn by the Fulton ferry to New York, and in the evening I went with Forbes Holton (of New Castle, Pa.—Editor) up Fifth Avenue and heard Dr. Chapin, the Universalist preacher. This is the aristocratic church of New York. My friend was acquainted and got us a good seat, but they are not particular about allowing strangers to stand in the vestibule, and it is not very much to be wondered at, as the crowd of strangers who go for curiosity's sake is very annoying to pew holders. Chapin is a powerful man; I think of more ability than Beecher. He preached against the proposed licensing of houses of prostitution in the city by the Legislature. Chapin's congregation is by far the wealthiest looking congregation I have ever seen.

BAYARD TAYLOR

On January 26th, 1859, Oscar L. Jackson, then 18 years old and engaged in teaching his first school, closed his school for the afternoon and walked seven miles to New Castle, Pa. to hear Bayard Taylor lecture in the Presbyterian Church. His ticket cost 25 cents. He wrote in his journal at the time:—Taylor is a tall, light-built man, large forehead, fine, black hair and sharp features. His lecture was pleasant and very agreeable, but he does not possess much oratorical power. His descriptions were vivid and life-like, but his phrases, though beautiful, appeared as if said by rote. He did not more than sustain his reputation as a writer by his lecture. He spoke one hour and twenty minutes in a slow, distinct manner, never becoming warm or animated to any considerable degree. The number present was estimate at 800.

REPARTEE

In describing his trip by rail through New York State in March, 1867, Colonel Jackson relates the following incident:—I am usually very polite on trains to ladies unattended, and after leaving Syracuse a girl got on at a station and came into our car. As no one offered her a seat, and the car was pretty full, I told her if she would share a seat with me she might have one. She looked around deliberately and answered, "I don't see as I can do any better." She did not mean anything by this but that she could not get a seat all to herself in the car, but it raised a laugh at my

expense, and as she accepted my seat, I spoke out loud enough to be heard through the car, "Madam, you might do a great deal worse." This made more laughter and bothered her so much I didn't get much talk out of her, but she left us at Rochester.

AN OWNER OF HUMAN BEINGS

On our advance toward the capital of North Carolina in April, 1865, I met a man named Uriah Bockman. His residence was ten miles from Raleigh. He was seventy years of age; did not know how to spell his own name; and had never been forty miles from where I saw him; yet this man owned twenty-six hundred acres of land, within ten miles of the capital of North Carolina, and owned twenty-two human beings as slaves.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL SHERMAN

On the expedition through Georgia, in December, 1864, (the "March to the Sea") when we reached Millen, where our men who had been taken prisoners had been kept by the enemy for a long time, we halted a day to destroy the railroads and public property. General Sherman said to his subordinate Generals in giving them instructions, "Let the destruction be ten-fold more devilish than you have ever dreamed of before." This was said to men who had changed hundreds of miles of the best part of the South into a desert.

At the time that our troops were storming Fort McAlister, near Savannah, Georgia, in December, 1864, General Sherman was observing the movement from a signal station on Cheve's farm. An officer, coming up, asked the General what they were doing then. He replied, "I can't tell you, Sir. I don't know anything about this army till I hear from it, and they haven't sent me word yet."

INCIDENTS OF NIGHT BATTLES

Under the dates of March 7th and 8th, 1864, in the main part of the Diary, a detailed account is given of the night attack on Decatur, Ala. In this action the 63rd Ohio was divided into two battalions, and Captain Jackson was given command of one of them, but he does not mention this circumstance in his journal. Captain Jackson was ordered to occupy the Balton-Hamer road

with his battalion in order to prevent the retreat of the enemy in that direction. In making this movement he ordered a dozen or more of Co. H to deploy as skirmishers in advance of his line of battle. One of these was Corporal J. W. Savely and he relates his experience as follows: "I had on a new pair of pants and when I jumped over a board fence I caught on a nail and ripped the right leg of my pants off. There was a lot of shooting going on and I did not take time to get it. After an hour or so, when the Confederates had been routed and we had possession of Decatur, I asked for permission to go back after that important part of my uniform, but by that time someone had taken it and I had to wear the pants with one leg for several days."

Another experience he had was during the siege of Atlanta when Jackson had command of the whole regiment in the front line of trenches. "I shall never forget it as we were fired into by our own battery from the rear, and one of the Ingmire boys was severely wounded by a piece of one of our own shells. It was 10 o'clock at night. Not knowing that a part of Co. H was holding a nob beyond our main line of trenches, the battery was ordered to shell that peak. We fell back to the trenches below and Captain Jackson sent a messenger back to the battery through a hail of bullets, to explain. They ceased firing and we went back upon the peak and held it until we were relieved the next night."

CAPTURED POETRY

When Captain Jackson visited the captured fort at New Madrid, Mo., on March 15th, 1862, he found a newspaper, the "New Madrid Times," containing the following poem, and sent it home. As the Confederates had fled in great haste from their fortifications, he marked the line, "And Missourians cowardly run." This piece of doggerel is of historical interest because it shows how the people of the South talked then, and how they tried to "fire the Southern heart," a favorite expression with their speakers at that time.

SONS OF MISSOURI

By William Bolenius

Ye Sons of Missouri,

Gird on in a hurry

Your sword in behalf of the South.

The Union is broken,
Her sentence was spoken
By Lincoln's piratical mouth.
Ye Sons of Missouri,
Break off in a hurry
All intercourse with the vile North.
Your bondage she craves,
The freedom of slaves,
And the last picayune you are worth.
Ye Sons of Missouri,
Why don't you make hurry
To hold the secession-flag forth?
Abolitionists meeting,
Your heart's blood be heating
To meet the cursed foe of the North.
Ye Sons of Missouri,
Wake up in a hurry,
And notice the cloud in the south.
The North must not trifle
With the moke of your rifle,
Or the roar of your howitzer's mouth.
For what are you waiting?
The storm's not abating,
The whirlwind has scarcely begun;
The Union is shattered,
Shall the free South be fettered?
The Missourians cowardly run?
No never, no never,
Will Missourians sever,
When the wolf-howl of Lincoln is heard;
The South is our motto,
We'll assist her in toto,
Where the flag of secession is reared.

THE POETIC STAGE OF COLONEL JACKSON'S YOUTH

The Logan (Ohio) "Record and Monitor" published some poetry written by Jackson when he was 20 years old. These effusions show his discretion in choosing law as his vocation and

not poetry, but they also show that the soldier and lawyer felt the poetic impulse at one time in his life and found an editor who was willing to pay the expense of having them printed, and even encouraged him to perpetrate more poetry by giving him the following notice: "The beautiful little poem entitled "THE DYING BOY" by "O" is one of the rarest gems we have come across for some time, full of pathos, and heart-felt sentiment. Try again "O", your productions will always be welcome."

THE DYING BOY

Hark, the boy is sighing,
 On the pallet lying,
 Life's powers half unstrung,
 Near the point of dying.
 His bright eye glazing,
 The sign of death's coming,
 His free right claiming
 To choose whom he pleases.

List and hear him telling,
 To his friends at parting,
 Lessons worth the learning.
 How, when hopes were living,
 Wild ambition cheered him
 With the thought of being,
 And the pride of standing,
 'Mong the great of earth.

Thus how many e'er the sailing,
 Think of naught but landing,
 When the storms are gathering,
 And unseen are rolling.
 Waves upstarting, turning,
 That will soon be dashing
 Their ship after leaving
 For the port, the harbor.

Logan, Ohio, March 14th, 1861.

This reads something like it might be a sort of fore-runner of Walt Whitman's "free verse."

THE TRAITOR

By "O"

The Traitor lived; for sorrow and disgrace
Would not unclasp their hold and let him die.
So deep a canker burned his breast, that death
Was longed for as a cordial to his wounds.
The sun shone not upon a land or people
He could call his own. His mind was haunted;
Neither by day or night would come calm sleep,
And often as a feverish slumber
Shrouded the reality, dark visions
Writhed his brain. Home, country, children, friends,
Were goads that tore his soul to bleeding.
His form partook the feelings of his mind,
And bending low, shook as with the palsy,
Whilst thinned gray hairs hung round the features
Which portrayed one word,—that word,
Remorse.

New Castle, Pa., March, 1861.

A SPEECH OF THE LINCOLN AND
DOUGLASS CAMPAIGN

Under the date of October 11th, 1860, in the main part of the Diary is given an account of a Flag Presentation at which young Jackson, then just 20 years old, made an address. In one of his journals he left the following report of the speech he made on that occasion.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the citizens of Starr Township I receive this prize, and permit me to return to you our thanks which, believe me, come from the bottom of our hearts. We shall ever remember your kindness and the interest you have taken in this struggle; an interest not from mercenary but the purest motives. If by our actions at the polls we have earned this, all we now feel sorry for is that we did not do more. We know that the Republicans of other townships have fought as faithfully and labored as manfully as we, and though fully valuing this trophy, we only regret that they were not able to excel us.

Viewing this our national banner, leads us to think of days past and gone. Roll back the page of history and let us for a few moments gaze at the birth and rise of the flag of the Republic. Less than a century ago was for the first time seen, on Bunker's bloody hill,

“That fierce gray bird with a bending beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,”

hover over that noble band he had chosen for his followers, and as the British lion took possession of the hill, hear the proud bird of our country cry, “We are driven back, not vanquished; come on if you dare, to the spoils.” They did come but Lexington tells the sad story of their fate. See Washington and his followers retreating across New Jersey firmly grasping the Stars and Stripes, with a will which said defeat may come but we will never surrender thee. And it was the same flag, unsullied and untorn that floated over them on that stormy night they recrossed the Delaware and came back, not as fugitives but conquerors.

But why gaze at the disasters of Monmouth, Camden and Valley Forge. It chills our hearts to see those veterans, laboring for no reward but to sustain the flag of Liberty, marking the frozen ground with the blood oozing from their unshod feet. But during all these trials the Angel of Liberty hovered round that flag and the God of battles guarded it, till its enemies at Yorktown received their just defeat. And from then till now it has floated over “The land of the free and the home of the brave.” Its foes since then have from time to time arisen but they have as often been defeated, and the record of those fights is not only to be found in the annals of Lundy's Lane and the more decisive Perry's Victory or New Orleans, bright as those pages are, but in the record of the potent arm of the ballot box. You, the people of the Eleventh Congressional District, had on last Tuesday to fight for the rights of freemen against slavery extensionists, and thanks be to Heaven, victory has again settled on your banner.

This flag if intrusted to our care shall long be preserved and carefully guarded. Fathers shall point their children to it, and referring to the conflict in which it was gained, say, “In that fight was stricken down by the voice of the people a man whom they had raised to honor and power, because he arrayed himself against

their dearest rights and interests." Thus it shall serve the double purpose of a warning to politicians and a memento of the late contest. A contest which, let me tell you, was no mean struggle. The part you have taken in it will be an honor to you in years to come. I doubt not but children are living who will see the day when their proudest boast will be to point to that flag, the flag of this country, and say, "In that fight my father was on the side of Freedom."

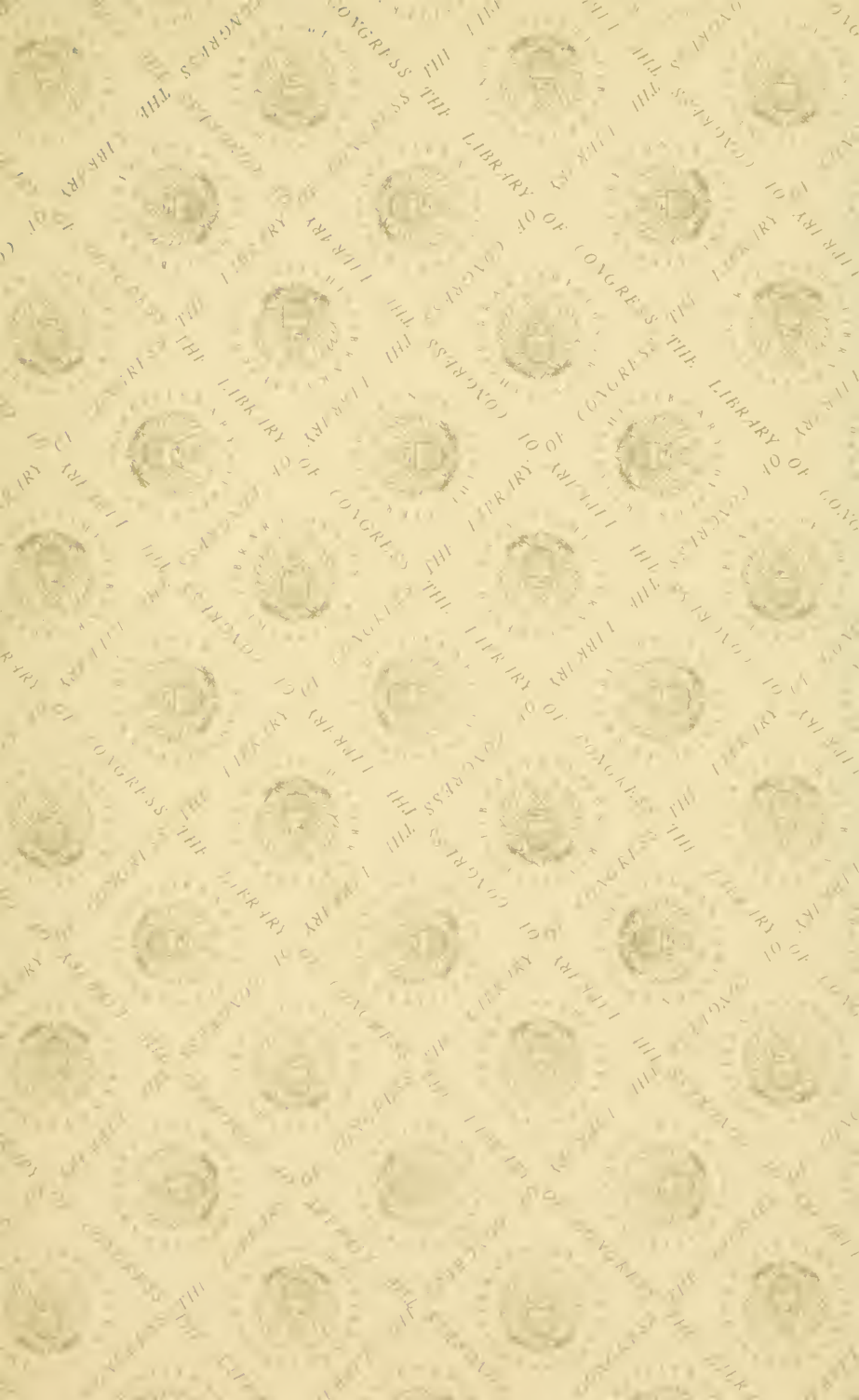
Ladies, I can not express the gratitude we owe you, not only for this reward which your liberality has given us, but for the untiring zeal you have shown our cause. How often would we in this county have shrunk from the conflict, knowing that our opponents were more than we, had not your smiles cheered us, your words encouraged us, and thus for you we struck the heavier blow. We felt that your sympathy was an element of success, for the history of the world verifies this fact that nothing great has been accomplished without your aid. From the time that our Savior proclaimed to Mary at the tomb the glad tidings to a lost and ruined world; when woman lent her at first unwilling aid to the raising of the Roman Empire; among the Huguenots of France; the Covenanters of Scotland; on board the *Mayflower* driven over the stormy ocean by the edicts from the dark portals of the Star Chamber; in the settlement of America and through the dreary times of our own Revolution, what an important part has she acted. The aid woman furnished and the vigor she gave to the Continental Army make it not unreasonable to suppose that without her assistance we might yet have been British Colonies instead of what we are. The father, brother or son went forth to the army with the words of his wife, sister or lover ringing in his ears, "Go fight the foe of Liberty, and come not back till you bring victory with you." But the women of those times quit not with this. They worked willingly to support the helpless left behind, to cloth the Army and to do as you have done in this instance, with their fair hands to form the banners, the defence of which afterwards cost many a brave man his life and made many a hero his winding sheet. And for these reasons we believe we shall finally succeed. Our cause is just, the friends of freedom and the foes of oppression are on our side, and with you to cheer us, can we fail? Where is the heart but answers, "No"?

Ladies of Hocking County: for the good you have done, you shall not go unrewarded, nor shall your virtues be unnoticed. You have in you the spirit of the mothers of the Revolution and by your actions you have shown yourselves worthy of such ancestors. Because you are virtuous, loyal and fair, interested in the cause of freedom, truth and right, may the smiles of heaven ever gladden your hearts.

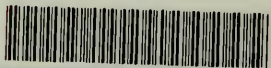
Fellow Citizens: Let us not be content with this victory or settle down to repose. Let us not sheathe our swords till the last enemy of freedom yields; and as Hannibal swore eternal enmity to Rome, let us swear eternal enmity to oppression, and pledge our whole support to the institutions of our father's, that we may hand down this flag to our children untarnished and whole.

The End





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