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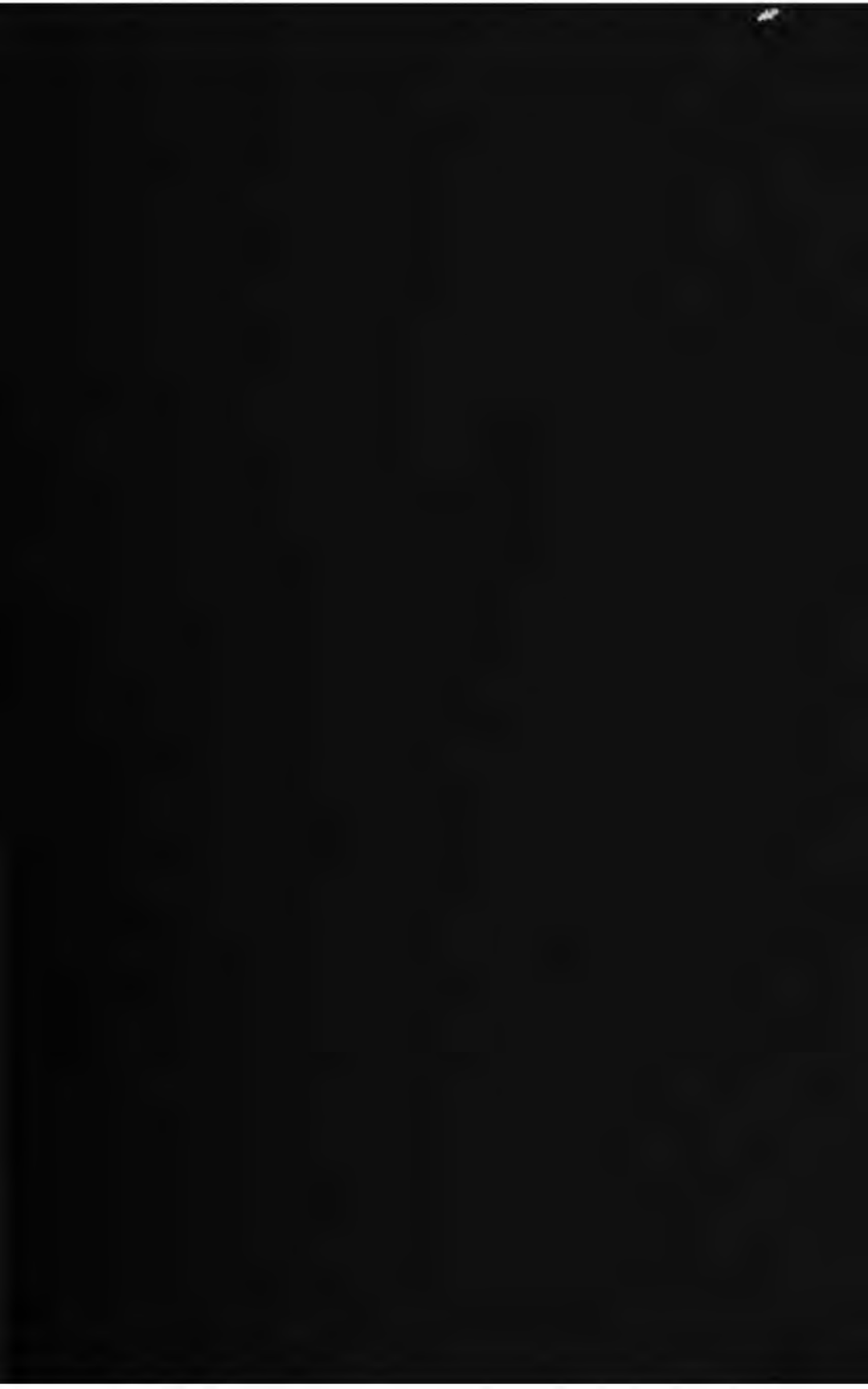


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SKETCHES  
OF  
WAR HISTORY

1861-1865

Papers Prepared for the Commandery of the State of Ohio,  
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

1896-1903

EDITED BY

MAJOR W. H. CHAMBERLIN, BREVET MAJOR A. M. VAN  
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PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

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“The Recorder shall solicit companions to prepare papers for the Commandery relating to their experience and observations in the battles and campaigns of the late War of the Rebellion, one of which shall be read at each stated meeting; and he shall publish all such papers, as fast as a sufficient number is collected, in a volume or volumes, uniform in size and style with Volumes I. and II. of the Commandery’s *Sketches of War History.*”

W. R. THRALL,  
*Recorder.*

CINCINNATI, June, 1903.

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# SKETCHES OF WAR HISTORY.

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## THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

By JAMES STEWART,

Captain United States Army, Retired; Brevet Major United States Army.

The latter part of November, 1856, orders were received at Fort Brown, Texas, for Battery B, Fourth Artillery, to proceed to Fort Leavenworth, there taking post. The news was exceedingly gratifying to us, as the battery had been stationed there since the close of the Mexican War. The duties of the battery while there had been very arduous; being the only mounted company, it had to do all the scouting; looking after cattle thieves, chasing Indians, watching the filibustering expeditions, escorting paymasters, convoying the mails to the Brazos, every time an escort was called for. Besides, we had lost three Lieutenants, one laundress and twenty-nine enlisted men by yellow fever. In compliance with the order, our horses and all ammunition on hand were turned over to the post quartermaster. We boarded the river steamer *Ranchero*, which proceeded on its way to Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. There we boarded a schooner that had been chartered to take us to New Orleans. On our arrival there we were transferred to the steamer *James H. Lucas*, bound for St. Louis. On

arriving at that place we found the river blockaded with ice, and had to remain at Jefferson Barracks that winter.

The 1st of March, 1857, we took the steamer from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth. On reaching there we found the department commanded by General W. H. Harney. The post was commanded by Colonel E. V. Sumner, of the First U. S. Cavalry. The Sixth Infantry, lately stationed at Fort Thomas, was also there. A few days afterwards the Fifth and Tenth Infantry arrived at the post, orders having been published for the Fifth, Tenth, and Battery B, Fourth Artillery, to get ready to start upon the expedition to Utah.

Captain Stewart Van Vliet, of the Quartermaster Department, arrived later, having been ordered to proceed to Salt Lake City in advance of the expedition. He had been given full authority to purchase all the lumber and everything requisite for that command. Contracts were also given out for transporting the supplies, the price being twenty-two cents per pound. From the day the order was issued we were kept as busy as could be, drawing horses, breaking them to harness, receiving ammunition, quartermaster supplies, and drilling recruits, of which we had received eighty-five after reaching Fort Leavenworth.

General Harney, being in command of the department, had issued orders for the First Cavalry, under the command of Colonel E. V. Sumner, to take the field against the Cheyenne Indians by the 1st of June. Colonel Sumner, being in command of the post, ordered a brigade drill twice a week, as a great many men in his regiment were recruits. To the men of the battery it was something entirely new, as very few of us had ever seen a brigade drill, having been stationed

at a two-company post for nine years. However, we enjoyed it very much, but I do not think the cavalry did, as the last maneuver on drill ended by the cavalry charging. The gallant First made the charge, and, oh, what a sight! as there were generally twelve or fifteen cavalymen strewn over the ground, making quite a realistic battlefield. The loose horses would go dashing around in every direction, some breaking for the stable, while others would gallop towards the river, taking a drink by way of celebration.

On the 18th of July the Tenth Infantry started; on the 19th the battery, and on the 20th the Fifth Infantry. The orders were for these commands to keep a day's march from each other, and to lie over on Sundays. The battery's first day's march was a short one, but it took us about eight hours, having much trouble with our horses and green recruits. For about the first ten or twelve days after reaching camp the drivers had to remain with their horses, as they had not been used to being picketed out with lariats. After the horses got used to them, all had a pleasant time. Our marches were short, and the weather was all that could be desired. The country was beautiful. On our arrival at Fort Kearney we found the Tenth Infantry there, they leaving the following morning. The Fifth came into camp near us that day. We remained two days at Fort Kearney, drawing rations, forage and quartermaster supplies. Leaving the following morning, we saw our first buffalo. From that day out, until within a day's march of Fort Laramie, we had buffalo daily. The next thing of any importance was the crossing of the South Platte, the river being very high. Our crossing was near what is known as Julesburg. It took us all day to

cross this river, owing to the quicksand. The next day we crossed the divide, making our longest day's march between the North and South Platte Rivers. In crossing the "divide" we came in sight of that famous landmark, Chimney Rock. It stands on a flat plateau, and, being about a hundred feet in height, can be seen a long distance.

Five days after we passed Scott's Bluff, and again entered the valley where Fort Laramie stands. The Laramie River runs on the south side of the post. We remained there two days, drawing supplies. Our marches up to this time had been exceedingly pleasant. When we left Laramie, we found the country very different, being very rugged and mountainous, and grass getting very scarce. Four days from Laramie we commenced to cross the Rocky Mountains by the South Pass. It took us two days and a half to reach the summit. The descent was nearly as difficult, the road being horrible. Several days after crossing the Rockies we came in sight of the famous "Independence Rock." It was here that the great Pathfinder, General John C. Fremont, in 1842, not unmindful of the custom of early travelers and explorers in our country, had chiseled on the rock the symbol of Christian faith. This cross could be seen a great distance.

In the afternoon Captain Van Vliet, on his way to Washington, came into our camp. He informed the officers of the battery that his mission to Brigham Young, then Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs of the Territory, had been a failure. Captain Van Vliet informed Brigham Young that he had been sent by the President of the United States, with full authority to purchase whatever, in his judgment,

he thought would be necessary for the comfort of General Johnston's command and the animals with him. Captain Van Vliet stated to Brigham Young what he wished to purchase. Brigham Young informed the Captain they had all the supplies, but they would not sell the Government anything. And, moreover, that not a soldier of the army would be allowed to enter the territory. Captain Van Vliet's mission having failed in its purpose, he started for Washington.

In 1847 Brigham Young made the following statement: "If the United States Government will only let us alone for ten years, we shall be in a condition to defy them." The Government was openly defied when a party of them drove United States Judge Drummond, while presiding in court, out of the court with bowie knives, burning all the records and carrying off the books.

Marching through a short canyon, we entered the Sweet Water Valley. Here we had excellent grazing for our animals, which had been suffering since leaving Fort Laramie. Nothing of special mention occurred until Green River was reached. After crossing, we marched several miles, going into camp in sight of a large body of Snake Indians. After we had pitched our camp, the Indians mounted their ponies, and gave us a display of their horsemanship, riding around us for over an hour. A delegation, with their great chief, Washekie, at their head, rode up to the Captain's tent, dismounted, and, sitting on the grass, entered into a conversation with him through the interpreter. We all walked over to see and hear what the Indians had to say. Having been in Texas, where we had seen so many different tribes of

Indians, especially the Comanches and Lipans, who were considered the finest horsemen in the world, the Snakes, we thought, were not in the same class with them.

The following morning we left our Indian friends, and marched to Hans' Fork, and found the Tenth Infantry in camp. The day following the Fifth Infantry arrived. The next day we were ordered by Colonel Alexander, of the Tenth Infantry, to march up Hans' Fork, making easy marches, at the same time keeping up communication with him. Two days afterwards, going into camp, the horses being turned out to graze, under charge of a guard, the Sergeant in charge came galloping in, and informed us that several mounted men were setting fire to the grass, as they galloped along, the grass being set on fire by bundles of dry branches tied to the end of their rawhide lariats. We found out afterwards that these men were some of the Danites, or Destroying Angels, ordered out by General Wells, of the Mormon militia. These men scattered around some posters, which gave them instructions, as follows: "To watch all of our camps, and to use every exertion to stampede our animals, set fire to the grass, and try to burn the whole country before them; keep on our flanks, prevent us from sleeping by night surprises; watch every opportunity to set fire to the grass on our windward, and, if possible, to envelop the trains." They succeeded in burning three immense trains of about one hundred wagons each, besides running off about five hundred head of beef cattle. The battery was kept marching up and down Hans' Fork and Black's Fork for nearly three weeks, awaiting the arrival of General A. S. Johnston, who had superseded General Harney in command

of the expedition. When General Johnston arrived at Hans' Fork, the command was all in one camp. The General brought with him as escort four squadrons of the Second Dragoons, under command of Colonel Philip Cooke. The next day the whole command started for Fort Bridger, about thirty miles distant. We had scarcely started when it commenced to snow, and kept snowing all day, harder and harder. After sundown a terrible blizzard came on, and continued for about twenty-four hours. The next morning I found twelve horses frozen at the picket line. The Chief Quartermaster reported that six hundred head of mules and cattle had died during the night.

There was not a quart of grain in the whole command, and the snow ten inches deep. The thermometer was forty-two degrees below zero. I had the men haul the dead horses by hand into a ravine near by. When the men had eaten breakfast, I ordered every man to go down to the creek and cut willow branches and throw down to the horses.

When we started again on our march, the drivers had to lead the horses, the cannoneers at the wheels to assist the horses in moving out of camp, and they had to remain at their posts during our march to Bridger.

The command, on arriving at Bridger, was assigned to different positions in camp. The camp was named Winfield Scott, after the Lieutenant General. One section of the battery was placed in position at the entrance to the fort; the other four pieces going into camp near the Tenth Infantry. As soon as camp was established, General Johnston ordered the Chief Commissary and Quartermaster to take an inventory of everything in their departments. As soon as that was



done, and the number of rations at hand being known, every officer and man was placed on the same footing. It was found out also that the citizen teamsters had run out of commissary supplies. They were placed on the list the same as the army. The Commissary, in taking stock, found that the train in which the salt was placed was one of those which had been destroyed, with a great many other commissary stores. So we had no salt from November until the following June. The ration of flour was ten ounces. The beef that was issued was from the cattle that hauled the supplies from Leavenworth; consequently they were nothing but skin and bone. General Johnston ordered the Commissary of Subsistence to have them all killed — a very wise measure, as they were dying off rapidly. As the cattle were killed, they were hung up and soon frozen. In this condition they were issued to the troops. But the worst of all was that we had nothing with which to raise our bread. When a soldier received his ten ounces of flour, all that he had to mix it with was water. In that way he cooked it. Every horse and mule was turned over to the Quartermaster, and he had them driven to Henry's Fork, there to remain for the winter. Each company was issued the running gear of a wagon to haul wood. The battery being stronger than the companies, we were allowed two. The men had to go through ten inches of snow for five miles, daily, to obtain their fuel. Sibley tents were issued to the troops, so they did not suffer very much, being able to build fires in their tents, although the thermometer showed about four degrees below zero. The clothing belonging to the battery was in one of the trains which were burned. The Quartermaster issued the men red shirts, so

we looked more like firemen than soldiers. General Johnston sent three Indians, well provided for, to notify the commanding officer at Fort Laramie of our condition. Ten days afterwards the Indians returned, unable to get through the passes.

Captain Marcy, of the Fifth Infantry, and twenty men started for Fort Toas, New Mexico. These men were not detailed. Volunteers were called for, and the terrible journey they would have to make was plainly stated to them. The object of sending this party was to obtain supplies at an earlier date. Several of this party perished on the way. That winter, although with the short rations, and having to haul the wood so far, the men were in splendid health.

What to do with the citizen teamsters was at first an embarrassment to General Johnston, as it was difficult to keep them under control. At last he persuaded them to enlist as the "Utah Volunteers," and later, by a special act of Congress, they were mustered in.

The next May, Alfred Cummings, the newly appointed Governor of Utah, and two Peace Commissioners arrived in camp; also Colonel Loring, of the Mounted Rifles, with five squadrons of his regiment, and Captain Marcy with his detachment, and a large supply of horses, mules, cattle, commissary and quartermaster stores.

About two weeks afterwards the whole command started for Salt Lake City, Colonel Loring, with his command, starting for New Mexico. On our way to Salt Lake City we had to march through Echo Canyon, about twenty miles in length. The sides of the canyon were nearly perpendicular, and at the widest part not over a quarter of a mile. The stream flow-

ing through the canyon crossed the road at least twenty-five or thirty times. In marching through we could see where the Mormons had loosened large bowlders, ready to tip over and block the way. They had also dammed up the lower end of the canyon to flood it. The command, on reaching Salt Lake City, found scarcely a hundred people in it, although the population at that time was nearly twenty-five thousand. Brigham Young had ordered every man, woman and child to leave, to show us the power he had over his people. Marching through the city, we crossed the bridge over the Jordan, there going into camp. We remained there several days, until General Johnston had chosen a permanent camp in Cedar Valley, about forty-four miles from the city. We then marched to Cedar Valley, going into our permanent camp.

As soon as we arrived, contracts were given out for lumber, adobes, forage of all kinds, etc. The Mormons were also invited to bring everything in the shape of vegetables and fruits, receiving money for them. This was something new to them, as everything heretofore had been done by barter.

We had been in camp but a short time when we were joined by Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, with the Seventh Infantry, and a strong detachment of the Ordnance Corps, under command of Captain Jerry Reno, and Light Battery C, of the Third Artillery, commanded by Major John F. Reynolds, who was promoted Major General in command at the first day's battle of Gettysburg, and killed on the skirmish line while placing his corps in position. When the buildings of our camp had been nearly finished, United States Judge Cradlebaugh informed General Johnston that he was going to open court in Provost City to try the prisoners in our pos-

session, who had taken part in the Mountain Meadow Massacre. A detail of one battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a section of the battery marched to Provo City in support of the court. But as all the jury were Mormons, the whole thing proved a farce. The Judge adjourned the court.

#### MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

In the spring of 1857 a party of one hundred and thirty-six Arkansas emigrants, among whom were a few Missourians, set out for Southern California. It included about thirty families, most of them related by marriage, from the grand-sire to the babe in arms. They belonged to the class of settlers of which California was in need. Most of them were farmers by occupation; they were orderly, sober, thrifty, and among them was no lack of skill and capital. They traveled leisurely and in comfort, stopping at intervals to recruit their cattle, and about the end of July arrived at Salt Lake City, where they hoped to replenish their stock of provisions. But they were refused in every store. Neither could they buy any provisions in any of the towns through which they passed. They finally reached Mountain Meadow on Saturday evening. On the Sabbath they rested, and at the usual hour one of them conducted divine service in a large tent, as had been their custom all through their journey. At daybreak on the following morning, while the men were lighting their camp fires, they were fired upon by white men disguised as Indians, and more than twenty killed and wounded. The emigrants held out for four days, then finally surrendered. Here a hundred men, women and children were massacred in cold blood.

Twenty years afterwards John D. Lee, the leader of the murdering party, was found guilty of murder, and shot near the place where the emigrants had been massacred. To Brigham Young, as Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, belonged the duty of ordering an investigation into the circumstances of the massacre and of bringing the guilty parties to justice. This he failed to do.

General Johnston issued a proclamation, claiming Rush and Twilie Valleys as government reservations; directing that no one outside of the army should cut hay or graze stock in these valleys. Lieutenant Dudley, of the Tenth Infantry, with his company, was ordered to proceed to Rush Valley, there to go into camp, in order to prevent outsiders cutting hay or grazing stock. On his arrival he ordered Sergeant Pike and ten men to go into camp at the lower end of the valley, supplying him with posters of General Johnston's proclamation.

The second day after the Sergeant had established his camp, a number of Mormons drove into the valley with twelve hay wagons, they having scythes to cut hay. The Sergeant walked up to the leader, presenting him with several copies of the proclamation. The leader informed the Sergeant that he did not recognize General Johnston's authority; that he had brought his men to cut hay, and that they were going to do it. The Sergeant told him that he would allow no hay to be cut. The leader ran to his wagon, took out a scythe, and attempted to cut the Sergeant down. The Sergeant parried his blow, and struck the man on his head with the butt end of his musket, knocking him down. The man was evidently badly hurt, as his party carried him

off, placing him in a wagon. The party then left the valley. Some time afterwards Sergeant Pike was arrested and taken to Salt Lake City, there to stand trial for assault and battery. Two men were detailed to accompany him from the hotel to the Court House. Major Fitz John Porter, Adjutant General, was directed to go to Salt Lake City and defend Sergeant Pike during his trial. The second day of the trial, as the Sergeant and his escort were on the way to the Court House, a large party of Mormons surrounded the three men, attacked the Sergeant, and murdered him in the presence of his escort on the street. If anything was ever done by the Government to bring the perpetrators to justice, it was not known to the enlisted men of the command. This, of course, had a bad effect upon the whole command, as they felt that a Sergeant in the rightful execution of his office had not been upheld, and that his murderers escaped justice.

In 1860 the Fifth and Seventh Infantries were ordered to New Mexico, and the Second Dragoons were ordered to scout through the country, an Indian outbreak having occurred between Camp Floyd and Carson Valley, on the road to California, accompanied by depredations upon emigrants and mail stations. Light Battery B, Fourth Artillery, mounted as cavalry, was directed by Colonel Charles F. Smith, Tenth Infantry, to proceed against these Indians, to prevent further hostilities.

The company was commanded by First Lieutenant D. D. Perkins, Fourth Artillery, until August 8th, when, from severe illness, he was relieved by First Lieutenant S. H. Weed, Fourth Artillery.

The company, in the performance of its arduous duty,

marched during the summer about two thousand miles, over a barren and almost desert country, and until late in October, though the Indians were continually hostile, the road was kept open for the mail and express, and emigration protected. Several of the scouting parties encountered the enemy and drove them to the mountains; with loss on their part. One attack at Egan Canyon, August 11th, resulted in the loss of five Indians killed and six wounded. On the side of the troops, Private John Conly was mortally, and Corporal John Mitchell and Private Joseph Herzog were quite seriously wounded.

At a subsequent affair at Deep Creek, September 6th, Sergeant George J. Bishop was wounded. The Indians lost about twenty-five killed and an unknown number wounded.

The battery also escorted on that trip two hundred and fifty apostate Mormons from Simpson Springs, on the edge of the desert, to Carson City. On our return to the post we were informed that, by order of John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, an artillery school was to be established there; that Companies A and C, with Battery B of the Fourth Artillery, were to form the school. Two immense trains of ordnance stores had arrived. Among them were six eight-inch mortars, with a full complement of shells for them. You can imagine what it cost the Government to have these stores hauled out to that country at twenty-two cents per pound.

An order was also issued by the Secretary to sell at public sale all the mules not in actual use at the post.

Not one of the command could imagine what the necessity was for establishing an artillery school there.

On our receiving news of the firing on Fort Sumter, we fully realized the Secretary's object for establishing a school and sending such immense supplies of ordnance. The sentiment of our command was shown by the fact that an order was issued changing the name of Camp Floyd to Camp Crittenden. Towards a traitor we have a more bitter feeling than towards a foreign enemy. That loyal spirit was further shown by the method of disposing of these immense stores, which we could not carry away with us, and which we did not want to leave in Mormon hands.

All of the ammunition in the store-rooms was loaded in wagons, carried up to a canyon near by, and blown up. The shells for the mortars were fired off. What to do with the mortars was a problem, but the Worshipful Master, ever true to his Government, solved it. He had the brethren assemble secretly at one of the corrals, and, taking the running gears of two wagons, they slung the mortars under these and dropped them down the different wells, forty-five feet deep, breech first. While the Masonic brethren were engaged in this way, every sentinel was taken off his post and placed in the guard-house, the officer of the guard remaining at the guard-house, so that none outside of the Masonic fraternity ever knew what became of these mortars. The balance of the ordnance stores were placed on a woodpile and burned. The loss to the Government before our leaving was probably in the neighborhood of four million dollars; but it was a loss justified under the circumstances, for which Secretary Floyd was responsible; and its destruction was an honorable and patriotic act, to be credited to the Masonic fraternity among



the officers at the post. That traitor, John B. Floyd, had placed us in such a position that this property could not be hauled back with us.

Every commissioned officer was ordered to renew his oath of allegiance in the presence of the Adjutant General. It was unnecessary to make a similar requirement of the enlisted men, as they were loyal to the core, and fully proved themselves so all through the Civil War. Wherever I met with these men and talked to them, one theme was predominant, and deep emotion was stirring all their hearts — the emotion of patriotism, and their willingness to serve the Government against all opposers.

On the 19th of July, 1861, the command, under Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, was ordered to proceed to Washington. Before leaving, every officer and soldier had to throw away more or less of his personal effects for lack of transportation. Colonel Cooke was notified before starting that he would be intercepted on his way East by Ben McCullough, of Texas, with a large force under his command.

We had received news of the defeat of the Union Army in the first battle of Bull Run, and I am proud to say that I have never seen a body of men so eager to march to the assistance of their comrades in the East. We were aware that John B. Floyd had sent nearly every regiment of the regular army to the most distant posts in our country, beyond telegraph and railroad communication, besides robbing every Northern arsenal and fort of the best arms and ammunition, sending them down to the Southern arsenals, to be used by the Confederates against us.

Our march to Leavenworth was made as quickly as was possible under the circumstances. Fortunately for Ben McCullough, he kept out of our way. We arrived in Washington the latter part of October, 1861, being assigned to duty with the Army of the Potomac.

FEBRUARY 1, 1899.

## EARLY DAYS; OR, THE SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER.

BY AUGUSTUS M. VAN DYKE,

Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, Brevet Major United States Volunteers.

We all remember that it was the unexpected that happened in the spring of 1861, and how that unexpected found the country in a state of complete unpreparedness. There was a small and widely separated army, many of whose officers were disaffected. The head of the War Department was a traitor, and a vile one at that. Treason was in the saddle and rebellion was on the march, and little was doing to hinder its progress. The general staff was weak in number, and its complexion was uncertain. When the government came into the control of loyal men, the situation was desperate; the country was alarmed; gloom settled over the nation, and the unexpected happened every day.

The government had a herculean task to perform. A competent staff was to be organized; commanders were to be found; supplies—commissary, quartermaster, medical, ordnance, engineering—were to be provided, and this, too, hurriedly, as the desperate exigency demanded; in short, an army of thousands was to be enlisted and equipped, drilled and disciplined, and masters of the art of war were not to be had by advertising.

But the priceless possession of a free country was not to be lost, and what was lacking in preparedness was in a large—

I might say in a competent—measure compensated for by the earnest purpose of the people of the loyal section of the Union, but at a fearful loss, as we all know.

The American people, it seems, are a peculiarly optimistic people. Perhaps the somewhat isolated position of the nation, its general freedom from entangling foreign complications, its moral and physical temperament, and perhaps more than all, its abounding confidence in itself, sometimes amounting almost to *chauvinism*, has inclined it to let the dead past bury its dead, and to take no thought for the morrow; and we all know what it has cost. Experience is a dear school, at which, it has been said, even fools may learn something. Those who can not learn at this school must then be worse than fools.

In those early days then, when each new day brought some new fear, some depressing doubt, some portentous fact—urged by these fears, doubts and portents, the young men of the nation, from the farms and workshops, from the homes of the wealthy and the cottages of the strong-souled middle classes, and the hovels of the poor, came forth in their strength to maintain the integrity of the government, actuated by a no less fierce spirit of liberty than that which influenced our revolutionary fathers; which they had inherited from their far-away Dutch ancestors; which to-day, rightly or wrongly, is fighting a desperate struggle, the more desperate perhaps because against the overwhelming odds of those in whose veins runs the same blood.

The writer, whether moved by the pervading impulse of the time, or from a wish not to be considered singular, joined a regiment recruited along the western border of Indiana, in a city in which he happened to be sojourning at the time. In

this city two companies were raised. By the latter part of April or early in May the regiment was in camp at Terre Haute. Here began the making of the soldier. The volunteer was here to make a concession of his personal liberty for the sake of the universal liberty. His intelligence made him see the necessity of this. The more refined, the more cultured, had to submit to orders often from men far beneath them in both the moral and intellectual scale. Hard as this was, the metal of the man was thereby tempered to perfect form.

Here in Camp Vigo began the systematic making of the soldier. The daily routine of camp life, its drills, its guard mounts, its ceremonial parades, its guard duty, its self-denial, its occasional homesick depression, its rigid discipline, for the Colonel was an old soldier — all these things and many more, went toward making this heterogeneous combination of men a homogeneous, compact body — a *unum ex multis*.

Early in June the regiment was transferred to Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, where were other regiments also, and on the 14th of that month re-mustered, and for three years. For three weeks the same hardening and disciplining process as at Camp Vigo was continued, and when, on the 3d of July, 1861, this regiment, with others, left for the front, it had its full complement of men, fully prepared to become, by the added experience of campaigning, a body of regular soldiers. Of course I do not mean of the regular army, so-called. It is not unlikely, however, that in some of these volunteer regiments there were men who knew the "school of the soldier" and the requirements of camp, field and march, better than the men in some regiments of

the regular establishment. The soldier of that establishment is himself at first a volunteer, and it is because he *is* a volunteer that he in time becomes a good soldier.

On the morning of the 4th or 5th of July, arousing from a more or less fitful sleep—we did not ride in sleeping-cars—we looked out and saw in our front the Ohio River, and beyond the hills of what was still then the sacred soil of Old Virginia, soon to feel the tread of hostile feet. That there were any peculiar emotions arising at the sight, or any peculiar thoughts suggested, is not recorded. The soldier should not think; he must simply hear and obey; he should have no emotions, only sense and sensation; and as for judgment, that is left to his commanders, great and little.

Crossing the river by a train, whether of box or cattle cars is not remembered, the regiment was taken to Clarksburg, skirting places already made famous by some of the early conflicts of the opposing forces. Here the men were supplied with ammunition, camp equipage, and some days' rations, consisting of hardtack, mess pork, coffee, sugar and salt (the supply train bringing sardines and canned tomatoes, roast beef and plum pudding had not yet come in). Then began the "toilsome march in long array" over the mountains and through the valleys of West Virginia. To some the picturesque scenery of mountain and valley, the "trotting brook" that tumbled down the hills, the flaming bloom of the rhododendron, the odorous breathing air of the piney woods, the songs of birds and their plumage of crimson or gold, served to turn this schooling march into something like a pleasant excursion, and made them unmindful of aching

muscles and blistering feet, which obtruded themselves only upon the infirm of purpose.

During this march we learned much in this "school of the soldier." They may not have been "days of danger," but they were "nights of waking," and the snap of a twig as some prowling and curious nocturnal inhabitant of the primeval forest came too near the sentinel on the outpost, caused a shot to be sent in the direction of the noise. At once the long roll was sounded, the bugle brayed out the assembly, officers cried in a loud voice, "Fall in!" and the men proceed to fall into their clothes, snatch their guns, lying at their sides, drop quietly into their places, and stand expectant but still, until it was found by investigation to have been a false alarm, made by some over alert but too fearful sentinel. Upon the order to "break ranks," the men silently disappear, some with a laugh, some with an oath perhaps, and night and stillness again usurp the scene.

So for more than a week the regiment plods its weary way. Rumors come from time to time of a fight at Philippi and Romney, on the far side of the mountain. One of these came to us one bright morning while on the march, with the additional pleasant information that the enemy was in force not far in advance. It would be vain to attempt to tell the effect of this report. One might press his lips more tightly, another hold hard his breath and stiffen up his sinews, another turn a trifle pale. One Captain whips out his sword and rushes into the front yard of a house before which the regiment happened to halt, and proceeds to sharpen it upon a grindstone standing there, at which many laugh outright, and some smile a scornful smile. The uselessness of a sword in

a battle was not then as well known as it was when we got further along in school. We were then but "freshmen."

After a long and tiresome march under a July sun, prolonged far into the night, this regiment went into camp in a plain, which one could see was surrounded by rather lofty hills, or rather mountains, for the horizon, from behind which the stars rose and behind which they set, seemed much uplifted above our level. But weariness is not much given to long and minute observation, and the bivouac was soon hushed in sleep. The first glint of day found the camp astir, and looking off toward the south, we were aware that for the first time we were a part of an army, for there were many regiments in evidence. Soon a command falls in and takes its way up toward the top of Rich Mountain, and we stand expectant nearly all day. As the sun passed the meridian, and at times during the afternoon, we caught glimpses of glistening bayonets on the mountain side, and the faint, far-off rattle of musketry, that told us of a battle. This waiting expectancy, this dread of the uncertainty, not knowing what the next hour, or even the next minute, may bring forth, is a painful but valuable lesson in the "school of the soldier," more trying possibly than the mad conflict of battle. But the day passed, and word came that the pass had been gained that laid open the way to our further advance.

Early on the morning of the 14th of July the regiment took up its march again, and before noon had topped the mountain, passing on its way the open trench in which the dead of the enemy had been gathered. It was a gruesome sight, the more so as it was the first of what afterward came to be, to this regiment, as common as day. Down the east-



ern slope of the mountain into historic Philippi, turning to the right up the valley of Tygart River, through Huttonville, fording the river at this point, up the rugged sides of the parallel range of Cheat Mountain, the last of July found the regiment in camp at the summit of the pass.

Here indeed was "the forest primeval, its murmuring pines and its hemlocks," deep, dark, almost impenetrable, as inhospitable as the caverns that concealed themselves under the moss that shrouded its boulders, where "the rain, it raineth every day," and it snows in August. Here, with later another, this regiment went into camp above or within the clouds, to remain, no one knew nor asked to know how long. The men had begun to know that it was "not theirs to ask the reason why." So much wisdom that works through patience had they learned.

To one who loves the wildly picturesque in nature, to one to whom "in his love he holds communion with her visible forms, nature speaks a various language," this region could not fail to awe, to please, to fascinate. The great granite boulders lie scattered in inextricable confusion, as if they had fallen from the hands of giants in battle against each other, and over them there creeps the straggling, trailing tendrils of what is vulgarly called the "sheep laurel." Bursting out of the side of the mountain here and there are torrents of living water, that go brawling down the side of the mountain, to fall asleep in the placid, pellucid pools of Cheat River, in whose depths and on whose laughing ripples play the mottled mountain trout.

But these men were not there to study nature or her moods. They were there "at school," still to learn the les-

sons that *hell*—that is to say, war—demands shall be known.

Early in the time of their coming, the sound of ax and the thunder of the falling giant of the forest reverberated among the hills, and then began the building of an immense fort, that possibly is unique among its kind. The walls were fourteen feet high, eight feet through at the base, narrowing to four feet at the top. These walls were built of pine or hemlock or spruce, cribbiform (if the word is allowable), and the space filled in with earth and stone. Impregnable it would seem to such artillery as we then knew. When this was finished, another, not so large, was built in the same manner further up the side of the mountain, and the two were connected by a protected semi-subterranean passage. In the lower and larger one provision was made for a battery, which reminds me that a part of our garrison there was a battery of twelve-pound field pieces. This was commanded, if memory is not at fault, by a Captain Daum, an untirable drill master. He was known more by the name of "Geschutz" than by his right name, because that command was oftener on his lips than any other, and there were times many afterward when it meant, as then, more than words.

So the summer and school "kept in." With the other camp, some miles off at Elkwater, we maintained communication, keeping our friends at the latter place informed of what was known of another camp far away to the east and south, known as Camp Allegheny, where Robert E. Lee was in command, watching us as we were watching him, we on the outpost that was to defend our lines of communication, he on the outpost that guarded some of their lines.

One day, in the early part of September, communication

with General Reynolds, at headquarters on Elkwater, was disturbed. Disquieting rumors were afloat. Our supply trains, which were expected with much needed clothing and provision, had not arrived. We were getting hungry and cold, and were altogether uncomfortable. Something must be done. Captain Coons, of this regiment, was called at midnight to get his company ready for duty. One company each from the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Ohio reported to him, and they started off down the mountain to open communication, if possible, with Elkwater, and at the same time protect our supply trains. It was a thick, nasty night.

*The wind-blown  
of the night*

"The wind blawed as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling storm rose on the blast;  
Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed,  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.  
That night a child might understand  
The de'il had business on his hand."

So in a deluge of rain this little band of not quite three hundred started, feeling its way down the mountain road to where a sort of bridle-path led off to the left, groping by the fitful flashes from the sky, and at daybreak found itself in a low valley, surrounded by an amphitheater of high, precipitous hills. Moving cautiously forward, it was somewhat suddenly confronted by a rebel force of about three thousand. Shots were exchanged, and a few of our men were wounded. It was evident that the way was blocked, and falling back to cover was necessary. During the entire day this little force remained concealed. No attempt was made by the army to follow, and it was evident that the enemy's objective point was the camp at Elkwater. After dark Captain Coons' little

army started on its blind way to camp on Cheat Mountain. All night long, with slow and stealthy step, it felt its way. The darkness was heavy and the air so thick with moisture that a sheet of paper might almost have rested upon it. At dawn the command had come near to where this bridle-path opened into the main road. Voices were heard in front. The command halted as one man and without orders. Sending forward a few men to reconnoiter, it was discovered that the enemy in large force occupied the ground in front, their line extending across the bridle-path to the main road. The talk of the men could be distinctly heard. Some were eating breakfast; roll was being called; men were cleaning their muskets and snapping caps to dry the tubes, and everything betokened preparation for an attack on the fort and station at Cheat Mountain Pass. What was to be done? It looked like staring death in the face to go forward; it was capture and a prison to remain or to go back.

Withdrawing to a safe distance to the rear, the situation was considered. Some favored one thing, some another. Finally Captain Coons said: "I am going to camp; who will go with me?" With but a moment's delay all said *Aye*. Charges were drawn from the muskets, tubes pricked and dried, and the guns reloaded. Moving quietly forward in line to within a few paces of the rebel line — and this could be done owing to impenetrable fog — at a signal a shout went up from three hundred throats, and a volley from three hundred muskets crashed into the rear of the rebel line, which broke and fled, leaving guns, blankets, knapsacks, everything which might in any way hinder the flight and escape from what they must have mistaken for the whole force from

Elkwater. Captain Coons and his three hundred came into camp, and there was much rejoicing that day because of the narrow escape, and because, too, the cracker line was again open. Scouts sent out returned and reported the country for miles strewn with evidence of this precipitous flight.

So this danger past, the camp settled back to its daily routine, the men having learned another lesson in its school of experience.

On the 3d of October, at 1 o'clock A.M., the little army on Cheat Mountain, accompanied by a small force from Elkwater, started to return the call made upon it by General Lee in September. About daybreak it came to the crest of the mountain, around whose base a horseshoe bend of the Greenbrier River flows, inclosing a plain about one and one-half or two miles in diameter. The pickets of the army were driven in, and the line moved forward toward the foot, at Valley Camp, until it came within uncomfortably close range of the enemy's guns in the fort. This was the regiment's first experience under a fire of solid shot and shell. There is no record of any one having shirked his duty. The affair was but a reconnaissance in force. Of results in the way of tangible value there were, of course, none. The aggregate loss of the entire force was less than fifty; but there was a new experience and a new lesson learned.

Early in December the pass became untenable on account of the wintry cold, and the little army came down into the valley, the regiment going into camp at Huttonville, on Tygart's River, where it lay until about the holidays, when it moved to the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and by rail to some now forgotten point, and marched thence to Romney,

where it arrived early in January. From this place it marched by night fifteen miles through a deep snow, still falling, and shortly after daybreak attacked the enemy, about fifteen hundred strong, entrenched at Blue's Gap. The expedition was a success. Nobody on our side and but few of the enemy were killed or wounded. But we made a march of thirty miles in mid-winter, by night one way, through a deep snow, had a little brush with the enemy, and brought back some prisoners, captured cannon, etc., all within fifteen hours. (This command consisted of the Fourth, Fifth and Eighth O. V. I.)

Leaving Romney in the latter part of January, the regiment arrived early in February at North Branch Bridge. The weather was bitterly cold, and the men were without shelter against a driving wind from the north, the camp equipage failing to arrive. They made themselves wind-breaks of some fence rails, and of other fence rails they made themselves fires, and wrapped in a single blanket, lay down to sleep. Snow fell that night to the depth of twelve inches. It was accepted, not with thanks, of course; but there was no very great outcry, and there is no record of indignation meetings at home, nor was there any outbreak of yellow journalism.

After a few days the regiment was again on the move, and was to be found at Paw-Paw Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio. On the 13th it took part in a forced march and reconnaissance against a nest of pestiferous rebel guerrillas at Bloomery Gap. The road led over an icy mountain, and a great part of the forward march was again at night. Within a period of less than thirty hours the regiment marched forty-

five miles, crossed the great Cacapon River on a bridge made of wagons, broke up the rebel camp, and helped capture nearly a hundred prisoners. This part of Southwestern Virginia was now cleared of rebels, and the Baltimore and Ohio was safe as a means of communication and supply.

Such were the "early days" not only of *this* regiment, but of many others, and doubtless there are many present who know of these experiences, and know, too, that there are few holidays in this "school of the soldier," and no "cakes and ale."

These long and toilsome marches, the attack and retreat, the deprivation, hunger and thirst, the constant strain of mind and nerve — these are the things in the *school* of the soldier that teach lessons of incalculable value. These experiences of these men of the early days made them patient while they lay nearly all of a blustering March day in 1862 under the shot and the shell of Stonewall Jackson's guns at Winchester, until the time came, and they were up and at him, and sent him scurrying up the Shenandoah Valley; kept them steady at Antietam, where they fought at the place known as "Bloody Lane"; helped them to move unfalteringly up against the stone wall on St. Mary's Heights on that awful 13th day of December, 1862; gave them the nerve and resistless force that, in the darkness of the night of July 2, 1863, carried them up Cemetery Hill to push back the rebel hordes that had gained the summit. These lessons gave them the courage and unfaltering soul that carried them against the "Bloody Angle" in the Wilderness, May, 1864, where the gallant Captain Coons, of the Cheat Mountain episode, now a Colonel, leading his regiment, as his horse was about to leap the

breastwork, fell forward inside the work, and paid a soldier's debt.\* These lessons, so well learned in these "early days," put a star in the vacant field of a Second Lieutenant's shoulder-straps; replaced the double bars of a Captain with the five silver points, and taught more than one private to wear a sword with as much dignity as honor. The record of this regiment is among the one hundred named for exceptional losses in battle. Will the writer be excusable for his pride in being able to say that he was a member of Captain John Coons' company, of the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers?

DECEMBER 6, 1899.

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\*This was the man who, in July, 1861, had sharpened his sword on the grindstone in the front yard of a West Virginia farmhouse.



## BOYISH RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY COMPANION LAWRENCE C. CARR, M. D.

In this paper I prefer to remain within the scope of a boy's recollection, and, though the facts are beyond question, their handling may be considered empirical; but, such as it is, the paper is here presented with a prayer for your indulgent consideration, trusting that you will not

"View it with a critic's eye,  
But pass its imperfections by."

In the early sixties, while the grown boys were loyally donning the blue; rapidly training awkward fingers to grasp long-forgotten musket locks; endeavoring to hold contrary feet at proper angle; marching and counter-marching — all with a grim determination, and fully realizing the dangers of their willing service — the *growing* boys, ape-like, strove to emulate their elders.

They formed themselves into small companies — six being large enough, ten rather unwieldy. The officers became such in an exceedingly primitive fashion, a boy arbitrarily assuming command until another, thinking he would make the better officer, would challenge him. A rough-and-tumble tussle would ensue, the victor taking command without further molestation, and holding it — *vi et armis*.

This method of procedure caused many desertions, but, happily, desertion was not considered a high crime with us. The only kind of boy who had no itch for office-holding was

the boy who owned a drum, and knew how to beat it, as with a few spirited taps he could lead us where he listed, officers and even colors to the contrary notwithstanding.

This fact may have some bearing as to the effect of music on the soldiers of larger growth, so graphically described by Companion Max Mosler; and yet possibly he may object to the drum being classed with musical instruments.

These lads proudly paraded the streets, tagging along in the rear of marching recruits, following passing troops from other States on their way to the market houses and parks to be fed. In those dark days even parks were not considered too good for the Boys in Blue, but Time is a magician who works wondrous changes.

These boy soldiers had their battles — aye, and hotly contested ones, too. Word would be received by our commander that a company in the next street had asserted that we could not fight; a council of war would be held, and a sand pile in front of an unfinished building would be stormed and taken while there was no one near to guard it and none to give the alarm. Our victorious yells would then call the scattered enemy together; a charge upon us would be the result. This would be repulsed, perhaps, with sand, mud and sticks, with now and then an occasional stone slipped in, or else we would be driven ignominiously from our position — always by superior numbers, of course.

Our engagements more often came to an end by the appearance of an angry mother upon the scene of action, who had apparently no fear of the contending hosts. Then there would be rushing, stumbling, whimpers and howls as she led an Alexander in embryo away by the ear, distributing her

cuffs with absolute impartiality to all who came within reach of her hand, scattering us to the four corners of the earth. Thus hath woman made, and so will woman ever make, her influence felt in time of war as well as peace.

One of these wild young Arabs who had lost a mother and baby sister in the first half of '62 was now making his home during the day in the recruiting office of his father, and at night wherever the father thought best to take him.

When the order came to report at Camp Dennison, the lad was taken along with the company. The following weeks of camp life was a new experience — novel, exciting and ever changing. All past sorrows were now forgotten, and his seven years sat lightly upon his young shoulders. True, the father and he were all that were left, but were they not together?

The oldest man in the company, with but one exception, was Uncle Billy, who was exceedingly kind to the boy, taking him under his especial charge. The exception referred to was an old Scotchman, quaint of manner and speech, who was so often teased by the lad that he strongly insisted that the boy was the devil's own bairn; and frequently, with Uncle Billy's help, the bairn endeavored to justify the name by making the old Scotchman's life as miserable as possible. Many other things were done by these two that would have perhaps been better never begun.

The sutler seemed to have a hard road to travel, as he was always in trouble of some kind, and did not stand very high in the estimation of the men. When he closed his strong wooden building there was no possible entrance, save through an opening about fifteen inches square high up in the rear

wall. Sometimes the sutler slept in his quarters ; sometimes he did not ; and the men always knew when he did not.

"Lourosh," said Uncle Billy one evening, "you once said that you could crawl through that hole in the sutler's house, didn't you? Hm-hm. Well, I don't believe you can do it."

"Yes, I can," said the boy.

"You can't," persisted Billy.

"But I can," the lad insisted.

"Then you are afraid to try," said Billy.

More taunts followed, which so angered the boy that he led the procession as they skulked to the rear of the sutler's quarters. From the shoulders of Uncle Billy the entrance was easily and successfully made. Then Billy, climbing upon the shoulders of another of the squad, passed in a well-developed tin bucket, saying coaxingly, "Here, Lourosh, now that you are in, you might as well fill this from the barrel below."

This was done without trouble, the only difficulty being in raising the now heavy bucket so that Uncle Billy could reach it. In doing this the lad managed to get quite a bath of the pungent stuff before he at last succeeded. Upon making his exit his cap was dropped on the inside ; but, as the guard, who was stationed within ten feet of the sutler's quarters, was now beginning to get restless, he forgot to speak of it to Uncle Billy. The latter said : "You know, Lourosh, guards never see or hear anything going on near the sutler's quarters ; he's expecting the relief squad, and that is what makes him so uneasy like. Go and borrow his canteen, lad."

It was borrowed, filled and returned, the guard saying at parting : "You smell like a still, my boy ; keep out of the way

for a while." The foragers beat a hasty retreat, as they heard the voices of the relief squad at the next post.

When quarters were reached Lourosh told about his cap lying near the whisky barrel. Uncle Billy began to worry and swear, declaring that it meant guard house for the last one of them, the lad included. But a drink or two brightened his wits, and he decided that, as there were two other boys in camp with soldier caps, one of them must be secured if it was within the range of human possibility. In less than an hour Uncle Billy made his appearance with one of the caps.

"Now," said he, addressing the foraging party, "Lourosh and I will have to leave camp, for there will be the old Harry to pay in the morning."

Together they went to the boy's father to secure the necessary permission to leave camp. The odor of the whisky being now quite faint, they hoped it would not be noticed.

"Tell him that you want to sleep in a bed, Lourosh," said Uncle Billy, as they walked along, and he continued: "We will go to my cousin's. But be sure to make him notice your cap, boy, or we shall all be shot to-morrow."

The father, who was an undemonstrative man, was evidently considering more weighty matters than the doings of Uncle Billy and his boy; so he did not notice the still-like odor, or, if he did, attributed it to Uncle Billy, who had kept quite close to Lourosh. It required some strategy to attract the father's attention to the cap, but the boy finally succeeded, and the father stood with one hand holding the cap and the other on the boy's head. He looked keenly at Uncle Billy, and gravely said: "Don't drink any more, Bill, and take good care of my boy; he is all I have now, you know."

Billy promised; and as they went away the lad, looking up, said: "Don't you think we are an awful bad lot, Uncle Billy?"

"Our betters are in jail, Lourosh; so don't worry."

They returned at noon next day to find that the father had knocked the sutler down for accusing his boy of stealing his whisky, the only evidence being that a little soldier cap was found near the barrel.

A few days after this episode the regiment was ordered to Kentucky to repel the Morgan raid, and the lad bade good-bye to father and friends as they crossed the pontoon bridge near the foot of Walnut or Vine street. Then for three weeks he ran wild, followed by his boy friends, who sat with bulging eyes and bated breath while he told them

"Of accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

These were told with scant regard for absolute veracity, and as only a boy can tell things in which he is intensely interested. He was compelled to repeat them again and again, and we may be sure they lost nothing in the retelling.

When the regiment returned, he was taken with them to Louisville, where, after a week's stay in that city, the order came to march. The first three or four days were spent in tents almost in sight of Louisville; then the march to Bardstown began. When orders came to halt, the men bivouacked as best they could on sites selected by their commanders.

After they were settled, the lad would leave the wagon and wander from field to field, vaguely wondering what it all meant. The men, in groups around the camp-fires, were cooking bacon, or even better, if they were good foragers,

making coffee, cracking jokes and humming tunes. All was bustle and cheerfulness, as this was the first night out.

Suddenly the boy stopped. There came to him out of the distance the faint notes of a deep bass voice, singing with tenderness the dear old song of "Home, Sweet Home." The men in his neighborhood suspended all talk and movements, listening intently. Now, as the voice reached out farther and yet farther with each succeeding stanza, it seemed to crowd back the rough joke and coarse song, back and yet farther back, into the dark and gloomy stillness of the away beyond. The atmosphere within the radius of the voice was purified and peopled with phantom pictures of mother, home and loved ones. All were listening in respectful and reverent attention, and as the last note died away in the distance amid the echo of the hills, the deep hush over such a mass of humanity was palpable; but only for an instant. Then the men, as if ashamed of their display of feeling, and trying to hide their embarrassment, broke out again into the jovial song and rough joke. The clatter of pans and shouts of laughter were once more in the ascendency, as though they were trying to drown the tenderness just shown for the sweet old song they all loved so well.

As for the boy, he had stood until the words, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," reached him; then, throwing himself on the ground, and without effort, he cried softly until the song was finished. A few minutes later he was on his feet again, welcomed everywhere; given a bite here, a tin of coffee there; having to tell who he was, where he came from, and where he got his uniform; to all of which he replied with a feeling of pride. Later, while looking for

the wagon, he passed a log cabin which was brightly lighted and full of officers. He could not but notice that they did not appear nearly so happy and contented as the men. They were, some seated, some standing, all listening with close attention to the speaker, a commanding, soldier-like person with iron-gray hair. When he reached the wagon Uncle Billy made an honest effort to scold him for straying so far away, saying: "Don't you know, Lourosh, that the country is full of Rebs who will eat little boys like you? They will be sure to catch you if you don't stick to the wagon."

Two nights later the lad, not having seen his father since the first night out, started away to look for him. His loneliness and hunger for companionship overcame his fear of being eaten, and he trudged along quite bravely. When he came to the camp-fires he noticed a change. There seemed to be confusion, much swearing, and a general complaining vein in and about everything.

One detachment was bivouacked near a little creek, where, in spite of the heat and continued drought, the ground was damp and made soggy by the amount of travel to and from the creek. Here the discontent was more evident, and seemed to envelope the men as the mist from the ground was enveloping the camp-fires. They flitted like sprites from the dull glow of the fires to the dark damps of the mist. Nevertheless, all had a kind word for the lad as they directed him on.

When he found the company he noticed that his father looked worried and troubled. After a few words the father tenderly patted the boy's head, saying: "Get Billy as soon as you can and go back to the wagon; stay there until I send



for you." He then picked up the boy and kissed him, which unusual act brought tears to the lad's eyes. "Lourosh," he said, "I wish you had a home and were in it. I must find a place for you other than this. Now, run along and keep yourself dry."

On the way to the wagon the lad asked Uncle Billy why the men were walking so much.

"We are going to have a fight," replied Billy.

"That is what you told me when we left Louisville a long time ago," said the boy.

"Yes, Lourosh," he answered; "but 'tis much nearer now than it was then."

"What is it all about, anyhow," the boy questioned.

"Politics," said Uncle Billy.

"But," insisted the boy, "why don't they fight right here and settle it."

"Do shut up," retorted Billy, "and don't ask fool questions—we'll have fighting enough to suit even you by and by."

Then came two or three more hot days—days dusty and disagreeable, days when water was scarce, days that wore on the men, and yet in the face of it all, you remember how nobly they tried when the day came. As Companion James has painted that picture so vividly, it would be only carrying coals to Newcastle to attempt any addition.

When the wagons came to a halt the boy was in one near the head of the column, the sounds of the large and small guns conveying to his mind a monstrous Fourth of July celebration. A little later, curiosity tempting him to go nearer, he came upon a log house where they were carrying groaning and bleeding men about. The sight so frightened him that

after a glance he beat a hasty retreat. About dusk a straggler stopped at the wagon and called the teamster by name.

“How is it at the front?” asked the teamster.

The boy looking at the soldier, in spite of the smoke and dust stained face, recognized him as one of his father’s men. He heard the man’s reply. “We’re cut all to pieces; the Captain and Bill Ludlow were both killed outright, and about thirty of the company wounded.”

The little fellow, frightened and trembling, crept up to the stranger, saying, as he took hold of his open blouse: “Not my father. Not my Uncle Billy?” The tired soldier looked down upon him for a moment and tried to speak, but something seemed to be fast in his throat, which, hastily swallowed, he muttered, while he loosed the boy’s hand: “Yes, lad, your father and Uncle Billy,” then he turned away.

The boy had now but one thought, to find his father and Billy, so back to the log house he went. It was very dark when he reached it; however, there was plenty of light in and about it. The house was full of wounded men, and many more were lying on the ground outside. Men whom he had heard called doctors were moving rapidly about in shirt sleeves, covered with blood, giving quick, sharp orders as they went. But he did not fear them now, for he thought that his father and Uncle Billy were there, and he would surely find them. As he slipped in and out among the wounded men, the only face he recognized was that of the handsome Colonel, who said his horse had thrown him on the root of a tree and injured his spine.

He was making more noise than many a poor fellow who

had had his arm or leg shot off or cut away, but there was no sign of his father or Uncle Billy.

Chaplain Riley, of his father's regiment, passed near him. He was also in shirt sleeves, busy helping the surgeons and consoling the men.

The chaplain had been very kind to the lad, who now started after him, calling his name.

He was stopped, not unkindly, by one of a group of wounded men.

"You must not bother him, youngster. You see," he went on, noticing the look of helplessness on the boy's face, "he's awfully busy, and even if he is a preacher, he's a brick. He has been working all day carrying canteens of water to the men on the firing line—the Lord only knows where he found it."

"Yes," said another, whose head was covered with bandages, "he was all out of breath when he came to us on the flank, and asked: 'Boys, how are you fixed for water?'"

"We told him we were all right, and so we were," he continued, emphatically. "We found some water in a gully, and were doing fine, when all at once one of the boys, like an old fool, told us that he saw the legs of a dead mule sticking up out of our puddle. Some fellows haven't got sense enough to come in when it rains."

The chaplain was now out of sight; so the boy, in a daze, left the group and moved on to where the men were bivouacked. As he went down along the line he felt, as well as observed, the change in everything.

True, the men were cooking as best they could, and ar-

ranging places to sleep, but there were no jokes, no songs, nor were there any stories.

The dogs of war had been unleashed, their hot and cruel breath had saturated the air till it fell like a funeral pall, enshrouding the men, while its poisonous sting pierced them to the very soul.

Grave, begrimed faces, but showing no trace of fear, turned to look after him as he moved along; aye, their hearts were also full of sorrow. Fathers, sons, brothers and comrades had gone down that day.

Patriotism and high courage were plainly in evidence, but hope had wilted at the result of effort to withstand what, to many, had been their first baptism by fire.

“Stand to your glasses steady ;  
We drink, in our comrades' eyes,  
A cup, to the dead already ;  
Hurrah for the next that dies.”

At last the boy found his father's company, but it appeared as if the men all wished to avoid him, turning away quickly as he approached them, and they made him feel that his presence was unwelcome, so he quietly skulked away to the rear of the line, until he reached the pike. Then the lad hurried on, where, he did not know, but he felt that in some manner he had offended these men, and that now he was only in their way.

Evidently they distrusted him, he thought, so he reasoned that leave them he must.

After wandering far from the sound of voices and the reflection of the camp fires, he sat down on a large stone by the road side. Three men were coming, driving mules with harness on them, and when they saw the boy they stopped

and called to him. He approached them without fear, and when he was asked who he was, told them, adding that his father and Uncle Billy were both killed that day. After talking together a few minutes, one said coarsely, "Damn that uniform." First one, then two whips, cut viciously through the air. He was not sure about the third, as the others cut so thick and fast. Whether the surprise of the attack deadened the pain of the cuts the lad never knew, as he was yet standing trembling and bleeding when the men and mules entered the covered bridge hardly fifty yards away. Crawling through a fence he hid in a clump of bushes, sobbing pitifully but quietly, afraid to make a noise, for he feared another whipping. Far into the night he heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men, and it was many hours before kind sleep came to him.

The sun was high in the heavens when the boy awoke, stiff and sore, his clothes torn and bloody. He stood for some time trying to reason out what it all meant, finally concluding that it was his little blue coat and cap that had caused all the trouble. He quickly pulled them off, threw them into the bushes and made his way into the road.

Without knowledge of his locality the lad wandered on, keeping a sharp look-out about him; thirsty, hungry and weary, he still trudged on. After what seemed an age to him, on a cross road he saw approaching a low-covered wagon drawn by one mule. A gaunt looking woman was walking by the side of it.

A woman would hardly whip him again, he reasoned, so as soon as the wagon entered upon the pike, he stepped into view. The woman stopped, with a cry of surprise and horror

at his bloody, bedraggled appearance. She asked him many questions, but the experience of the night before had taught the lad wisdom, and he replied vaguely. A mother's kind heart beat under that homespun gown, and picking him up, she put him into the wagon where there was a small child of her own. As she turned to speak to the mule the boy saw that she was crying. Two or three weeks of kind care followed, and then the boy made his way by slow, haphazard stages back to the city that had been his home.

NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

## REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN REBEL PRISONS.

BY M. A. COCHRAN,

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(*Concluded.*)

A former paper,\* read in 1894, ended with the arrival at Camp Sorghum, near Columbia, S. C. We were a forlorn set of mortals, turned out to grass, as it were, in a wornout field that had once doubtless produced a fair crop of cotton, or sorghum, or both. The camp was surrounded by native forest and second growth.

We had no intimation of the length of time we were to remain here, but saw that no preparation was made to give us shelter. Fortunately my messmates and I had each secured a good-sized piece of canvas from a tent we had cut up while in the Charleston jail yard; and we went to work at once to construct a small log house, using this canvas for a roof. We had just completed it when a drenching rain came on that lasted several days. Our house was small, but very popular, being the only one at that time in camp. Our friends were eager to get in the house out of the rain, but evinced no anxiety to get out; they had more time than anything else. After this storm was over there was great activity among the prisoners in preparing for the next one; and dug-outs and shacks of all kinds and descriptions were hastily constructed.

We were paroled, to go outside to chop wood, and bring it

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\* See Vol. IV., p. 334, this series.

## Military Escapes

into camp, and, after finishing our day's work, were required to surrender our paroles. It was not long before advantage was taken of this arrangement to escape. Paroled parties would go out and work a while, and then come in and surrender their paroles and walk out again. The sentries, supposing they were still on parole, would not interfere. After getting out in the woods they would secrete themselves until dark, and then start on their journey for Yankee land. Some were successful in making good their escape, but others, less fortunate, were recaptured and brought back. Our life at Camp Sorghum was about as miserable as it was possible for the officials to make it. No meat at all was issued, nothing but cornmeal and sorghum, which would not satisfy our hunger.

The "fresh fish," who had money, could purchase meat and bacon from the sutler's store. The scent of meat cooking made those of us who had none, nearly frantic. I remember now how I used to walk up and down, thinking of what I would have when I got out; and then go to bed and dream of good dinners, only to wake up as hungry as ever. Dr. A. B. Isham, a fellow prisoner, now living in Cincinnati, described at a meeting of the Loyal Legion the slaughter of a razor-back pig that ventured into our camp. I was "in at the death," and secured a portion of it. No pig was ever slaughtered and cut up more expeditiously, or eaten with more relish. A few days after this little episode I, one night, discovered a cow inside of the dead line, and waited a long time for her to approach further into camp, when I tried to get her still further in; but she took fright and made a break for the outside, and "bang!" "bang!" went the sentries' guns, and the long roll sounded, under the impression that the Yankee



prisoners had made a break for liberty. The cause of the trouble was discovered and quiet was soon restored. If I had succeeded in getting the cow far enough into camp we would have made short work in preparing her for the pot, and many hungry mouths would have been filled.

So many prisoners escaped in the manner I have already described that the Rebel officials changed the program, and required paroled parties to bring their wood up to the dead line, and, when through, surrender their paroles, go inside, and carry their wood to their quarters. I recollect very well bidding a party good-bye out in the woods the day before the change was made. Lieutenant Thomas Dewees was one of the party. I informed Dewees that I intended to go out next day if I succeeded in getting a box which the prison officials had promised to deliver that afternoon. Fortunately I got the box as promised, and, what was better still, it contained the very things I wanted most, a pair of shoes and some underclothing. There was also a new uniform suit in it. This I sold to another prisoner on his promise to pay when we got back to "God's Country." That very night we were informed of the change to be made the next day in the manner of bringing in wood. This rather deranged my plans, and some other means had to be adopted to effect an escape. I at once decided upon a plan, and proceeded to make all arrangements for carrying it out. I got a party to go out on parole the next day, and bring wood to the dead line at a designated point. It was arranged that they should bring up a load just at the moment the sentry on that beat was being relieved. I was to be as near as possible to the dead line without attracting attention, and, when the sentry turned,

was to walk out and join the party. This I did without being observed, and walked off to the woods with my party. I at once went to another side of the camp, where a fellow prisoner inside was to bring my haversack filled with bread and meat, procured from the sutler's store, and rolled up in a blanket. We had been in the habit of taking blankets out to bring in pine burrs. I asked the sentry if he would allow me to go to the dead line and get my blanket from the prisoner standing near it. He consented, and I got my blanket and was off, bidding farewell to Camp Sorghum. I had arranged to meet certain other parties that night under a large tree selected for the purpose.

I at once secreted myself in the woods till about dusk, when I started for the rendezvous. On arriving there I found some twelve or fifteen escaped prisoners, all discussing plans for the future. Many wanted to make for Sherman's lines, which, at that time, were about opposite Augusta; others thought the East Tennessee route the better.

Fearing we would all be captured where we were, Captain Mugget, of a Maine regiment, one other and myself, started off together for the "Underground Railroad." We all knew where to strike it; for we had learned all about it from prisoners who had been recaptured and brought back.

We found the underground route that night. By this route we were secreted in the day by negro slaves, and fed and guided by them at night.

One would take us at dark, by the shortest route, three or four miles on our way, and turn us over to another, who would do the same; and so on till morning, when we would be secreted for the day and see no one till the day's work was

over. About dark these slaves would come out to us, sometimes in large numbers, bringing plenty to eat and fresh milk or buttermilk to drink.

How we did enjoy those feasts! After satisfying our appetites, we filled our haversacks for the next day, and, bidding our friends an affectionate good-bye, started off with our guide, while the others would return to their cabin homes to think of what we had told them, and perhaps to dream of the liberty we had assured them would be theirs when the "Yankees" conquered the "Rebels."

These slaves were living a dual life; they pretended to their masters that they had never seen a Yankee, and did not want to see any, as they were afraid of them; but they were faithful to their masters, with this one exception. They were, however, always true to the Yankee prisoner, and would risk their lives to help him on his way. During this trip on the "Underground Railroad" I learned to appreciate the negro character, and I have, to this day, the highest respect for it. While it is true that his standard of morality was not high, owing to his surroundings and the influences under which he was born and reared, still he had a keen appreciation of right and wrong. He knew slavery was wrong, and longed for freedom; yet he was obedient, tractable, and industrious under the most trying circumstances. When it was in his power, by insurrection, to break the chains that bound him, he remained the same docile, good-natured, faithful servant he had always been, with the exception already mentioned of assisting Yankee prisoners, and practicing the deception necessary for self-protection. Nor was it from lack of courage that he remained docile and obedient, for this quality, and a

high order of it, was necessary, in the performance of the self-imposed task of feeding and guiding escaped prisoners. I am sure every escaped prisoner will bear me out in this statement.

We learned from our guides that Lieutenant Dewees and party were one day in advance of us, and getting on all right. I might add here that they finally got through to our lines in East Tennessee.

The hope of making good our escape, combined with plenty to eat and the regular exercise of our nightly march, began to have its effect. We were improving both mentally and physically, and began to feel confident of a safe exit from Rebeldom and all its attendant evils. At this late day the memories of that eventful period of my life are as fresh as the transactions of yesterday—at least it seems so to me now, as I jot down these reminiscences. Our experiences did not vary much from day to day; we always remained quiet during the day, sleeping the most of the time, and traveled at night. In the early morning, usually about daylight, we would camp in the dense woods, and build a fire to make a bed of coals that would last all day, while the smoke would not rise above the tree-tops to attract attention.

One night, however, about 12 o'clock, when our guide turned us over to the relief, our new guide, who called us "birdies," insisted that we should go no further that night, as it was going to rain, and he had a nice fodder loft for us to camp in. He told us he had guided Lieutenant Dewees' party the night before, and his friends did not have a chance to see them, and now we must stop over with him so that he could have the pleasure of introducing us to his friends.

The prospect of rain and a drenching, if we continued our journey, and the inducement of the more comfortable fodder loft had the effect our guide desired, and we were soon in our comfortable bedroom. He told us that his old master was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, and that his young master was at home recovering from a gunshot wound, received in battle. He assured us that there was no danger from him or any one; that he would take care of us and bring us a nice breakfast in the morning.

After bidding his "birdies" a kindly "good night," he left us to our slumbers. The next morning, when we awoke, it was raining hard, but we were comfortable and comparatively happy. Our keeper came to the cage, as he had promised, with a nice breakfast of fried chicken, sweet potatoes, corn bread, sweet milk and buttermilk. Again reassuring us, he left us for the day, promising to return at night with more to eat and ready to conduct us to the next station. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we heard voices, and, looking through the cracks, saw our guide and his young master, on crutches, approaching. We were a little nervous at first, but were soon relieved by seeing them turn about and retrace their steps. In about half an hour we heard our guide humming a negro melody as he approached, and when in the rear of the fodder loft, he called out: "Come down, birdies; I've just finished putting young master to bed, and nothing more will be heard of him till morning."

With confidence and alacrity we obeyed the call, and were conducted to the rear, a few hundred yards beyond a hill, where there was an excellent spring and running water, in which latter we performed the ablutions of the day. Our

keeper, guide and protector informed us that his young master had received a letter from his old master that day informing him of the cruel treatment he received at Johnson's Island. It was very cold there, he said, and the Yankees were trying to freeze prisoners to death. They would give them only a little fuel, not half enough. Our guide, with a twinkle in his eye, said he told his young master how sorry he was for his poor old master, so cruelly treated by the awful Yankees. "Guess I knows as much 'bout dese Yankees as young massa does; dey can't fool dis nigger no more 'bout dem."

In a short time the dusky friends of our guide began to arrive, and we cordially greeted each and all. They were a motley crowd, old, middle-aged and young, all anxious to hear what we had to say, while we were feasting on the good things they had prepared for us during the day.

After finishing our meal and packing our haversacks for future need, we were bidding them all good-bye, preparatory to starting on the march, when we observed an old negro woman, bent with age, hobbling along with the aid of a stout cane, upon which she supported herself with both hands. As soon as near enough she said: "They didn't want me to come out here, but I would come; I wanted to see you all, and I would come." We advanced to meet her with a cordial, heartfelt greeting. It was gratifying to witness her appreciation of our little attentions.

For ten days we traveled over this "Underground Railroad" without accident, making our stations on time, in good condition physically and mentally, and without having seen a white man, with the exception of the one we saw through the spaces between the boards in the fodder loft, as before

mentioned. The latter part of the tenth night's march we observed it was growing cold rapidly. All at once we noticed two men approaching us, so far off, however, that we could not at first make up our minds as to whether they were white or black. Both parties halted about the same time. After observing them for a few minutes, and consulting as to what was best to be done, we decided that they were either negroes or escaped prisoners like ourselves, and decided to advance. As soon as we started, we observed that they did the same. It was with some fear and trepidation that we approached them, as they came boldly on; but it was now too late to change tactics. Fortunately, on meeting, we found them to be escaped prisoners, nearly starved, and so discouraged and bewildered that they had turned around and were on the back track, and had made up their minds to give themselves up to us, whom they supposed to be armed rebels. When they realized the situation, and especially after they had satisfied their hunger from our ample stores, they were again happy, and all idea of surrender vanished. These recruits made our party five in number. We had allowed our guide to return, for the reason that he would not have sufficient time before daylight if he continued longer with us. He described the road so well, with full directions as to where to camp and how to find the next guide, that we had no trouble, and about daylight we found our guide, who conducted us to a camp in a dense forest of pines. We at once built a fire and collected wood to last for the day, which we knew would be severe on us, as it was commencing to snow and sleet.

This was near the North Carolina line, about the middle of December, 1864. As the day advanced the storm increased

in severity; the wind was blowing a gale, swaying the tall pines, till we were fearful some of them would come down on our heads. We were suffering from the intensity of the cold, and knew we could not stand the exposure much longer; so we started to find shelter at the plantation, and, observing a cabin in the edge of the woods, remote from all the others, we entered it and soon had a fire in the ample fireplace. The storm was so severe that there was little danger of being discovered by white people, as they would not be likely to venture out. One of our party volunteered to go out and inform our friends of our locality. He was successful in this mission, and in a short time we had the delightful pleasure of sitting down on the floor to a banquet before a glowing wood fire.

We learned from our black friends that their master was a Union man, who feigned sickness to keep out of the Rebel army; that the owner of an adjoining plantation was a bitter rebel, and that two of his sons were prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They assured us that it would be safe to make ourselves known to their master, and that he would protect and care for us till the storm was over. We canvassed the matter over and over again. At first we thought it would be best to apply to the Union man for assistance. It was even suggested that we should go in a body to the Rebel whose sons were in a Northern prison and promise to aid his sons. Finally we decided not to make ourselves known to either party, which, a little later on, proved to have been a great mistake.

We passed a comfortable night in our cabin quarters, keeping up a good fire all night. Early next morning, while enjoying a good breakfast, with hot coffee made of parched



rye, we discussed the situation. If we remained in the cabin we could not have a fire, as smoke would be sure to be discovered coming out of the chimney; if we went back into the woods, we could have a fire. We finally decided to return to our camp of the day before. The morning was lovely; there was about three or four inches of snow and sleet on the ground, and the trees were covered with a coating of ice that glistened like diamonds in the bright morning sun. We were soon back in the place where we had passed such an uncomfortable day, and proceeded at once to make a fire, and each to fix for himself as comfortable a place as possible. About 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning I heard voices in the distance, and saw two men in the distance slowly approaching over the trail we had left in the snow. They seemed to be excitedly discussing some subject, and had not, as yet, discovered us. Presently they halted, and I distinctly heard one of them say: "There they are." They at once turned to retrace their steps, when I called to them to come to us. The reply was: "No, we were not looking for you; we were looking for 'Niggers'." I urged them to come to us, but it was of no avail, and away they went.

"Well, it is all up with us now," I remarked to my companions. "They will return and get every man in the neighborhood and come back for us."

After discussion we decided that there was no hope of escape now, and reluctantly submitted to our fate. In about two or three hours we again heard voices, and soon saw a mounted party slowly approaching. They seemed to have some misgiving as to the reception they would meet. The leader of the party seemed to be urging the others up to the

front. They were strung out for a considerable distance, especially when their number is taken into account. There were but nine of them in all, composed of old men and boys, except the leader, who was a surgeon in the Rebel Army, home on leave of absence. The leader finally halted within easy range, and, after a great deal of urging, succeeded in getting the most of his party up. He then, in a loud, commanding tone, commanded our surrender. We at once told him we would surrender, and started to pick up our traps, when he called out: "No, don't take up anything, but advance as you are; we don't know what you have there." We obeyed him. They were armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols, and the timid ones, discovering that we were unarmed, came boldly to the front. We afterwards learned that they thought we were rebel deserters. After looking us over and hearing our story, they allowed us to pack up our kit and take it with us. We then started for the plantation, followed and flanked by our guard, and were soon at the house of the Union man on whose grounds we had camped.

I must say they treated us well. At first they said we would have to march ten miles to the nearest jail. We told them it was impossible, as we were worn out marching for liberty, and that now, with all hope gone, we could walk no further. They finally decided to give us a wagon with straw in the bottom in which to ride to jail. Captain Mugget and myself remained with the Union man for dinner, guarded by four of our captors. The Rebel surgeon took the other three to his house with the balance of the guard for dinner. I got several opportunities to have a few words with the Union man without being heard by the others. He told me, if we

had only made ourselves known to him the night before, he would have protected us, but, as it was, he was unable to do so. I learned from him that he took his shotgun to go out into the woods for squirrels that morning, and happened to pass the cabin in which we had spent the night. Seeing the tracks, he looked in and saw that there had been a fire, and found other evidences of the cabin having been occupied the night before. Under the impression that the neighboring darkies had been stealing and having a frolic there, he went for the old Rebel before mentioned and got him to take the trail with him to find out what darkies had been there. Our failure to make ourselves known the night before to the Union man was a mistake. After dinner, which, I must say, I did not relish, we proceeded to the house of the Rebel surgeon, seated in the bottom of an old wagon, covered with straw. Here we were joined by our companions and the balance of the guard, and proceeded on the road to jail, as disgusted, disappointed a wagon load of humanity as it would be possible to conceive of. On this occasion, however, I must say, we were treated very fairly by our captors and self-appointed guards.

Our Union friend, whenever he could find an opportunity, would say a kind word, and again express his regret that we had not made ourselves known to him the night before. He seemed to admire a pipe I had received in a box, and I gave it to him. He was profuse in his thanks, and evidently delighted to be its possessor. In due time we arrived at the jail, where we bade our guard good-bye, and were ushered into a room about fifteen feet square, where we found two other recaptured prisoners. In a few minutes the jailer came

to our room and asked if there were any Masons in the party. Captain Mugget answered that he was a Mason, and the jailer invited Captain Mugget to accompany him out of the room. After an absence of about half an hour they returned, when the jailor announced that he would do all in his power to make us comfortable, except to give us our liberty; that we should have just as good food as he had on his own table, and plenty of wood to keep our room warm. As he was about to go out he asked if there was anything more that he could do. Some one said: "Yes, get us a bottle of whisky." He replied that there was nothing but "pine-top whisky" to be had, vile stuff, absolutely unfit to drink, but he would bring in a bottle of it. After testing the vile concoction, we agreed perfectly with our jailer as to the quality of the article.

We remained over one day at the jail, and were then sent to Columbia. During our absence Camp Sorghum had been abandoned, and all had been removed to Asylum Camp, in Columbia. Here an attempt had been made to construct barracks, but the project was abandoned in its incipiency, leaving two or three covered with boards, and the frames of two or three more. Here, as at Camp Sorghum, there was great activity among the prisoners in constructing shelter. It was more difficult to obtain material, and the work progressed more slowly than at Camp Sorghum. Fortunately I secured a place in the barrack building nearest the wall. Plain wooden bunks, one above the other, three tiers in height, were constructed on each side. A wooden fireplace in the center, plastered with mud, made it quite cheerful when we could get wood to make a fire. Wood was a scarce arti-

cle, and was doled out in such small quantities that the utmost economy had to be practiced in its use. The building was near the wall, and every day prison officials came to inspect, and always used a ramrod to ascertain if there was any soft place in the ground, especially under the bunks, indicating that a tunnel had been started. In this way they had discovered several in other places, but as yet, none had been started in our barrack, although the project was under consideration. We observed these inspections carefully, and saw that it would be a difficult thing to start and carry on the work without being found out.

Finally we decided that the only place to begin the work, with the prospect of ultimate success, was in front of the fireplace, where it was easy to hide all indications of what was going on. With lumber secured by hook and by crook, we made a box about three feet square and six inches deep. We beveled off the upper edge of the boards and filled it with earth and stamped it in solid. We then commenced a shaft in front of the fireplace, which we sunk about four or five feet, and made a shoulder on which to rest our box filled with earth over the pit, so that it would be on a level with the ground. After putting our box in place we would scatter ashes and earth over it till all outward evidence of our work was obliterated. We worked at night entirely, and always had one or two on duty as lookouts to give warning of approaching danger. So long as the work of building dugouts throughout the camp was in progress, we had no difficulty in disposing of the earth from the tunnel. Later on, however, the disposition of this earth became a serious question, and finally we resorted to the expedient of setting our chimney

on fire so as to tear it down. This was accomplished, and we used the earth from our tunnel in rebuilding it. It was difficult to get wood for the purpose, even a little at a time, but this very thing was advantageous to us, as we did not wish to finish the chimney till the tunnel was completed, as this work gave us a chance each day to dispose of the fresh earth excavated during the night. Proceeding in this way our tunnel was nearly completed and undiscovered at the time we were removed on account of the approach of General Sherman's army.

Among other things improvised to amuse and relieve the tedious routine of prison life, Chandler's String Band was one of the very best. It was a good band—at any rate we thought it was—and the source of much pleasure and amusement to all. It gave concerts that were well attended by an appreciative audience within the inclosure, and often by visitors admitted to the elevated plank walk, around the wall, on the outside. This plank walk was made for sentries guarding us, and, I should judge, about three feet below the top of the wall.

Chandler's Band frequently furnished the music for a stag dance. Sometimes there would be vocal concerts by the local talent. There were among us some fine singers with excellent voices. Lieutenant Byers composed "Sherman's March to the Sea," and it was arranged to music and practiced by the musical talent till it became familiar to all.

One fine afternoon a quartet sang this song to the assembled multitude of prisoners, and were encored repeatedly, but not by the visitors, in plain sight on the sentries' beat. Strange to say this performance was not interfered with in any manner by the officials or guards. Perhaps the approach

of Sherman's army was having its effect. By this time they probably knew that the bottom was about to fall out of the Confederacy. At any rate, we felt sure such was the case, and that our prison life was at last about to terminate. This state of mind had a most exhilarating effect on us. All were now in good spirits; there was no more moping; the former morbid condition of many of our fellow prisoners was now no longer discernible. New life seemed to have been infused, and an exultant, self-confident demeanor was apparent on all sides. With all this confidence we were more or less impatient for the end, which all instinctively felt was near.

At last it was rumored that Sherman was near. We were intensely excited, and all sorts of rumors were in circulation that kept us in a feverish heat. We knew that something important to us was about to transpire. The next morning it was reported that Sherman was at Camp Sorghum, and that we were to be sent away that very day to prevent our falling into his hands. A little later in the morning we were informed that we were to be sent to Rolla, N. C., and there paroled. We commenced at once to pack up in earnest. We had often heard the cry, "Pack up, all exchanged," before, but this time it had a different meaning, and we were all life and bustle making preparations for the anticipated trip. Two of our tunnel party decided to secrete themselves in the tunnel, and made several openings for purposes of ventilation. I believe they, as well as several other parties who had secreted themselves in the camp, were successful, and joined Sherman's army the next day, when it entered Columbia.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon we were directed to fall in, and were marched to the depot, where a train was waiting

to take us away. Marching through the town, the demoralization in anticipation of Sherman's arrival was plainly visible. There was the greatest excitement, but an apparent lack of any concerted plan to ward off the impending fate.

We were soon aboard our train and off for Rolla. There was, at the time, a marked change in the deportment of our guards. They were more kind and considerate to us than to citizens, whom they seemed to regard as unworthy of any consideration whatever. Perhaps they, too, were glad at the prospect of soon being released from military service under one of the most despotic governments that ever existed. Guard duty now was performed in the most perfunctory manner. It was an easy matter to escape, and quite a number did so; but the majority preferred to travel by rail, believing it the safest and quickest way to liberty, which, in the end, proved true.

At Rolla we were paroled, and, although a guard was kept around our camp, it was an easy matter to get out and go to town. The only penalty was to be brought back by the provost guard, if caught.

I remember we went into a place where we could get a drink of Jamaica rum for a five dollar Confederate bill. There was a good deal of this currency now in the hands of prisoners, procured on gold drafts. Parties had been found, both in Charleston and Columbia, anxious to convert their Confederate money in this way, and at a liberal rate of exchange.

After remaining two or three days at Rolla, we proceeded by rail to Goldsborough, where we went into camp to await transportation to our lines near Wilmington. While here some country women came through our camp and told



us that a train load of prisoners from Andersonville was a short distance from us. While describing their condition, these women were affected to tears, and remarked that no government that treated its prisoners with such inhumanity would ever succeed.

We were told that these poor fellows were without shelter, and dying of starvation. It was raining a little at the time, and we determined to take them our blankets and whatever we had that would be of any benefit. On arriving at their camp one of the most distressing scenes I ever expect to witness was presented. These poor fellows were lying on the ground without any protection, where they had been taken from a train and apparently left to die. The dead and dying were scattered all over the camp, and many of the strongest were so reduced by cruel treatment, long drawn out, that they had become imbeciles, and did not know their own names, or the regiment to which they belonged.

We went to work to give them all the shelter we could with the blankets and pieces of canvas we had brought along. About the time we had finished this work an express wagon drove in with baskets of provisions that had been sent to the officers by the Masons of Goldsborough. We were to leave that afternoon for our lines, so the entire lot was sent out to the Andersonville prisoners. At first we tried to have the poor fellows remain where they were, and assured them we would come around and give them all something to eat, but it was no use. As soon as they realized we had something good to eat in the baskets, they commenced to crawl out and gather about us, begging in the most abject manner for something to eat. So we gave it out as rapidly as possi-

ble, and those poor fellows, on receiving it, would crawl back to their places to eat it, and most likely die. Most of them were in the last stages of starvation, and would probably get nothing more they could eat, unless fortunate enough to live long enough to get through the lines. Like ourselves they were paroled and en route to our lines. The horrors of Andersonville and other Rebel prisons can never be adequately described. Only a systematic course of inhuman treatment could reduce prisoners to such extremities.

There was no excuse for all this; there was plenty in the land. Sherman's army lived on the country through which it passed. At the surrender there were immense warehouses filled with provisions collected by the Confederate Government. It was a deliberate, preconcerted plan, authorized and fostered by the authorities at Richmond, to compel all prisoners who fell into their hands to either take service in the Confederate army or starve. A few accepted the former alternative, but the large majority bravely faced the starvation and death to which they were subjected.

The memory of these noble men should be cherished. They were models of heroic devotion to duty and country, under the most trying circumstances prisoners of war were ever subjected to by any civilized government. Nearly, if not quite, fifty per cent. of the prisoners in Confederate prisons died, while less than fifteen per cent. of prisoners in Northern prisons died. The death rate increased with length of confinement in Southern, and decreased with length of confinement in Northern prisons. This shows the difference in the effect of good and bad treatment of prisoners of war.

On returning to camp we found our train all ready to

start, and we lost no time in getting on board, and were soon off for the place designated for transferring us to the Union authorities. On arriving we were received by a detachment of troops, drawn up in two lines, facing towards each other, and at a "present" as we passed between the lines.

We were now out of the clutches of those who had so long oppressed us, but at first we did not seem to realize it; all seemed so quiet and uncertain what to do. Presently some one of the party got upon a stump and proposed three cheers for the flag. This seemed to break the spell that bound us, and we made the woods resound with our cheers.

Next the little bags of cornmeal and such articles as were now useless began to fly about and over our heads. So long as there was any doubt in our minds that the exchange might miscarry we held on to our little worldly possessions; but now, as all doubt had vanished, we reduced our impedimenta unceremoniously.

The recollection of the kind, sympathetic expression on the faces of those soldiers as we passed down the lines on that first day of March, 1865, thirty years ago, will never be effaced from my memory. Old Glory, the officers and soldiers in their bright uniform, and kind treatment made us feel that we were indeed once more among friends, and so we were.

Our satisfaction on this occasion must be experienced to be appreciated. A short walk brought us to the camp of the Union forces, where coffee, hardtack and beef were served till all had satisfied their hunger. While this was going on I noticed an officer in the uniform of a Lieutenant Colonel talking to some of my prison comrades near by, and, on

observing him more closely, I recognized in him a college classmate, and at once sang out, "Hello, Joe; how are you?" He looked at me in a puzzled way, and on recognizing me was off his horse in an instant and gave me a most cordial greeting.

We were informed that we would have to march to Wilmington, about nine miles distant, where ample provision had been made for our entertainment while awaiting transportation to Annapolis. Our march was over a railroad that had been torn up. Hardtack and beef were scattered its entire length, thrown away by prisoners, who, after eating all they could, had filled their pockets or other receptacles for future use. After a while, realizing that they would get something better at Wilmington, they commenced to throw it away. Meals at all hours of the day were served by the Sanitary Commission, without money and without price. Unlimited milk punch was served to all on the same terms.

We were informed that a boat would leave the next day for Annapolis, and were on hand to embark. They counted us as we walked aboard, and after a while closed the gate and said no more could go on board. I was left with about one-half of our number, who were informed that another boat would take us the next day.

After enjoying the hospitality of the Sanitary Commission another day, we embarked on a government transport for Annapolis. Many, in fact most of us, were very sick during the sea voyage. On getting into still water again we recovered and were on hand to take in the situation as we approached port. We observed the wharf was literally packed with citizens, and naturally supposed our friends were

there to welcome us back to "God's country." As we walked ashore we were greeted by name, and soon found our companions of yesterday — now nicely dressed, some with silk hats and sporting canes — made up the principal part of the crowd. The metamorphosis of the dirty, ragged, lousy ex-prisoner of yesterday was something wonderful to contemplate.

They supplied us with money for immediate use, till we could visit the paymaster officially, and informed us how to proceed to become once more clean and well dressed, like themselves — on credit. While proceeding to the designated clothing store, as directed, several of us entered the first restaurant we came to and sat down for a comfortable meal of such dishes as we preferred. After enjoying this to the fullest extent we continued the march, and, arriving at the clothing store, were shown into a room where bath tubs had been improvised for our accommodation. We stripped and threw everything out of a window into the back yard, washed and donned our store clothes, and walked out to rejoin our companions, feeling for the first time in nearly eighteen months clean and respectably dressed.

(Read June 3, 1896.)

## SIXTEEN MONTHS A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY ANDREW W. McCORMICK,

Captain Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Brevet  
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On the morning of April 8, 1862, following the great battle of Shiloh, General Sherman took his division and followed the retreating enemy for several miles. General J. C. Breckinridge, with a strong force — about ten thousand men — was guarding their rear and protecting their retreat. A part of his command was General Forrest's brigade — the Texas Rangers, Colonel Wirt Adams' Mississippi Regiment and Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry, three of the best cavalry regiments in the Confederate service. When we approached a place called Fallen Timbers, about three miles from Shiloh Church, a battalion of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, which had been sent forward on a scout, came dashing back and reported the woods full of rebel cavalry.

General Sherman sent this cavalry battalion to the rear, and ordered my regiment — the Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteers, under command of Major Benjamin D. Fearing — to move forward and clear out the woods. Our regiment had been so depleted by the casualties of the 6th and 7th, in the memorable conflict at Shiloh — having lost over two hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, besides leaving a detail to bury the dead, and many on the sick list — that we had but about two hundred and forty present. We moved rapidly forward in column till almost within gunshot of the

enemy, when the order "forward into line" was given and promptly obeyed. In a moment we found the cavalry brigade charging upon us, firing their double-barreled shotguns as they came. We opened fire upon them, delivering a very effective volley; but, not having time to reload till they would be up, we fixed bayonets. The cavalry then halted a few paces from us and emptied their revolvers into our ranks at a distance safe from our bayonets. Many of our men were shot down, my right arm being broken by one of these shots. Several of our brave boys were killed in this action, more wounded, and still a greater number made prisoners. Finding us so cut to pieces that they could safely do so, the cavalry dashed among us with their sabers and took prisoners by the score, while some perished by the sword. After receiving my wound, which brought me to the ground, I found some Texas Rangers standing over me demanding my surrender. When the ball pierced my arm I was firing my revolver, and, the arm being by it made useless, my revolver fell from my grasp at arm's length, and, being disabled and disarmed, surrender was inevitable.

On being taken to the quarters of the commanding General, about a mile from the place of this last action, I was directed to "Go into that tent; the General wants to see you." Entering, I saw General Breckinridge and addressed him, saying: "General Breckinridge, I see." "Yes," he replied, "but how do you come to know my name?" I told him my name, and gave Marietta, Ohio, as my residence, and said I had met him at the Cincinnati convention when he was nominated for Vice President. He replied: "I remember you very well. You were publishing a Democratic paper

there at that time." His object in having me brought to his quarters was to gain such information as he could in regard to the Union army, and he commenced questioning me at once.

"What forces were engaged in the battle of the 6th?"

"General Grant's?"

"How many men had he on that day in the fight?"

"About 25,000 to 28,000. General Lew Wallace's division of about 10,000 did not get on the field in time to be engaged."

"How many men did you lose?"

"About 13,000 killed, wounded and captured in the two days."

"When did General Buell join Grant?"

"Late Sunday evening."

"What forces were engaged yesterday?"

"General Buell's army, though General Grant's forces were on the field ready to participate, but your army retreated too soon to give us a chance to do much yesterday."

"How many men do you estimate we had against you?"

"From reports of prisoners taken we learned you had over 40,000."

"How many men did we lose, according to your information?"

"The rebel loss was about the same as the Union casualties, though you lost more in killed and wounded than we did, while you took more prisoners than we captured."

"From what command did we take more prisoners?"

"They were mostly from General Prentiss' division. He lost nearly 2,000."



"How many men have you since General Buell joined you?"

I declined to answer this question, as it might injure our cause, and he admitted I was right in refusing.

After this interview I was sent to the hospital at General Hardee's headquarters to have my arm dressed, in charge of his medical director, Dr. George W. Lawrence, who called some Union surgeons, held as prisoners, to take charge of me. In about half an hour, which to a suffering man awaiting aid seems a long period, these surgeons examined my arm, first cutting away my coat, which they could not otherwise remove. They agreed with the medical director that it was a compound fracture, the bone broken and the flesh badly lacerated. I overheard them talking of amputation, and saw them getting the instruments ready to perform the operation. I asked them what they were proposing to do, and they said: "Getting ready to amputate your arm." I asked: "Is it usual to take off limbs without the consent of the patient?" "No," was the reply, "but I never knew a patient to refuse consent when the surgeon said it was necessary to save his life." "Do you think it necessary, to save my life, doctor?"

"I think it extremely hazardous to life to take any other course," he replied.

I earnestly protested, telling them, as I was a young man of temperate habits and buoyant spirits, I thought I would live if they would bandage the arm the best they could. I argued that the ball had broken the bone so near the shoulder that they could not make a successful operation without amputating it at the shoulder joint, to which they assented. Then, I added, the fluids of the joint would prevent the wound

from healing, and that I had read enough surgery to know that only in about one case out of a dozen would the patient live. That, as it was my right arm, I would almost as leave die as lose it, and that if they would do the best they could, without amputation, and I died, I would be responsible and clear them of all blame. They called in the medical director, who was a thorough physician and surgeon of long practice, and submitted the matter to him. He listened to my statement and decided in my favor. He said: "The Captain is right. With his youth and good spirits, I think his life can be saved without amputation. Pluck and determination to live will do much in such a case."

After my wound had been dressed and some restoratives administered, I was feeling comfortable enough to talk, and General Breckinridge called to see me. His recollection of my efforts in his behalf at the Cincinnati convention, to which some of his friends attributed his nomination for Vice President, evidently made him feel some interest in me. Promises had been obtained from the Ohio and Pennsylvania delegations that they would vote for Major Breckinridge, which I took to the Kentucky delegation. The Kentuckians said they were instructed to vote for Linn Boyd, but they would withdraw his name after casting their first ballot, and change to Breckinridge, following the vote of these two delegations. They did so, and it speedily decided the contest.

Perhaps the fact that he had found me well informed about army matters at his first interview after my capture made him wish to see if he could learn something of the course that would be pursued by the government in regard to those engaged in a war against it. He inquired how I was getting

along, whether I had good medical attention and care, and expressed a hope that I would speedily recover from my wound. Then he adverted to the war.

"I am surprised to find you and other Democrats from the North, and especially from the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, in the Federal army," said the General. "We have always regarded you as our friends and brothers, bound together by political ties and the great ties of nature, the great rivers moving our commerce from the interior to the gulf." I reminded him that the Democrats of the North had always been firm friends of the Union, and that, while we had conceded to the people of the South all the rights the Constitution guaranteed to them, and had a warm affection for Southern brethren, we stood by them as friends of the Union, which they claimed to be. Now we found them arrayed in arms against the Union, and we would fight them if they were our own brothers. He made no reply to this further than to say:

"Our relations have always been most cordial; we have always had a warm affection for the Northern Democrats, and we can not understand how you can hate us so much as to be found among our armed foes." I replied: "General, it is not necessary for us to hate you to make us oppose you with arms; it is not that we love Caesar less, but Rome more; and while you are trying to destroy our country, you must expect us to fight you." He laughed and remarked: "Oh, what a Rome it has got to be!"

He then asked what was to be the result of the conflict. I replied that we intended to subdue the rebellion and establish the authority of the Government, and cause the Union

flag to wave in triumph over every foot of soil in the Union.

"But," added he, "we are not in the Union; we have seceded." At this assertion I was forced to laugh, and replied: "You are too much a statesman to contend for the doctrine of secession. You well know it has no warrant in the Constitution, or in our form of government. If you were to succeed in establishing your independence, it would be the first thing you would discard as repugnant to a confederacy; otherwise your States would be bound together by a mere rope of sand."

He asked why we could not let them alone, and permit them to have such government as they wished; that they would not disturb us if we did not invade their States. My reply was: "It is not invasion for the United States Government to take her armies to any part of the country, and so long as we find armed forces in rebellion, it is our right and our duty to fight them."

"But this is not rebellion; it is revolution," he answered.

"Not revolution; it takes success to make revolution."

"Well," he replied, "we will make revolution of it before we are through."

On my replying I thought it impossible, he asked: "How long do you think it will take you to conquer us? Do you expect to do it in ninety days, as Secretary Seward claims?"

I replied: "I am not so sanguine as the Secretary, but, whether it takes a year, three years or twenty years, we are sure to suppress the rebellion and maintain the integrity of the Union and the supremacy of its flag."

"Then what will you do if you succeed? hang us all and confiscate all our property?" he asked.

"No, I do not think that will be the policy of the Government," I replied. "I do not think there will be much property, if any, confiscated; and there will probably be general amnesty as to the rank and file of the Southern army; but I think the Government will hang a few of the leaders in the rebellion, to show the country that treason is not profitable."

At this he shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"If it comes to that, they will never hang me."

"Why, General, do you not think you are one of the leaders?"

On the floor of the Senate, August 1, 1861, John C. Breckinridge said: "It is war. The Senator is right in saying that it is war; but, in my opinion, it is not only an unhappy, but an unconstitutional war. Why, then, all these proceedings upon the part of the administration, refusing to send or to receive flags of truce; refusing to do those acts which, if they do not terminate, may at least ameliorate, the unhappy condition in which we find ourselves placed? But for what have the United States soldiers been shedding their blood and displaying their dauntless courage? It has been to carry out principles contained in this bill, and continually avowed on the floor of the Senate, that are not shared, I venture to say, by one-fourth of the army."

He could not forget that his prominence made him one, as he had been Vice President and then a United States Senator from Kentucky, and that, although his State did not secede, he left the United States Senate soon after the

rebellion began, to take a Major General's commission from Jefferson Davis, the President of the so-called Confederacy. Besides, he had been the seceders' candidate for President in 1860, disrupting his party to insure the election of an opponent most distasteful to the South, to make an excuse for rebellion. He had not waited to see if President Lincoln would deal fairly with all sections, but did all he could to take men from his own loyal State into the rebel army.

"Well," he replied, "I do not know but what I may be regarded as one of the leaders; but if our cause becomes desperate, I will take good care to get out of the country, and will never be recaptured."

This reply was fresh in my mind when the news came that Jefferson Davis had been captured in Georgia, and that John C. Breckinridge, his Secretary of War, had escaped, at the close of the rebellion; and, from his desperate efforts to reach a foreign land at that time, I do not believe he ever forgot the resolve he made four years before.

A sketch written by John Taylor Wood, entitled "Escape of the Confederate Secretary of War," published in *The Century* of November, 1893, gives a full and clear account of his flight; how he and the author of the sketch, with Messrs. Russell, Wilson and O'Toole, and a faithful colored servant of the Secretary, waded the swamps of Florida, dragged a rowboat through shallow places, took it over the portage from the St. John's River to the Indian River, then out to the coast; compelled the owners of a little sloop to trade it to them for the boat and some gold; worked the sloop through the Florida reefs and into the Gulf Stream, and finally to the coast of Cuba, meantime living on turtles' eggs and such poor

subsistence as they could pick up. As the war was really over, Confederate soldiers would not have endured the privations, fatigue and hardships of all kinds this party encountered for fear of capture, as they would have been at once paroled and sent home. But even as late as the second week in June, this party, of which he (under the name of Colonel Cabell) was the chief and leader, though he wore the rough dress of a common deck hand and labored in the water and mud with the rest, were hiding in swamps at the approach of a strange vessel, and sending out a scout to see if they were safe from capture, and, if possible, to replenish their supplies and save them from starvation.

The General took passage from Cuba for England, and remained there a long time; then came to Canada, where he remained until an amnesty bill had passed Congress, broad enough to include him, before he ventured into the United States — a country he had wronged.

Soon after the interview with General Breckinridge ended I was taken eighteen miles over a rough road — much of it corduroy — in a jolt wagon, to Corinth, Miss., where I was put in the Tishomingo Hospital and well cared for during the month that followed.

The first few days my wound gave me comparatively little trouble, but then it caused a fever which prostrated me about ten days. I then became convalescent, and, as I was willing to talk, many of the Confederate officers called to see me and talk to me, among them Generals Hardee, Ruggles and Preston. Many Southern ladies, officers' wives and others, called in to talk and bring delicacies to eat.

Dr. Lawrence had evidently interested General Hardee

in my case, as he called often and discussed national affairs in a courteous and candid manner. On one occasion he asked me whose infantry tactics we were then using.

I replied, "Hardee's." He inquired if I knew who was the author. I said, "Yes; I know it was prepared by you, because it bears on its title page the name of William J. Hardee, Lieutenant Colonel, United States Infantry."

This gave me the opportunity to ask him how he, who had been educated at the expense of the United States at her Military Academy, and was at the beginning of the war a field officer in the Government service, could turn against it and the honored flag of the nation, and take up arms against them. I will never forget his reply.

"Nothing in my life ever gave me so much pain as to turn my back on the old flag, which I had always loved so much. But what could I do? I had been taught to believe my first allegiance was due to my native State, Georgia. My family, property and interests were all in the State, and my sympathies with the Southern people. When the conflict came, which I had hoped would never come, I could but cast my lot with them. But I would now give all I possess in the world if all could be restored as before the war," replied General Hardee.

The candid and earnest manner in which he said this not only convinced me of his sincerity, but caused the wife of a Lieutenant of the famous Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, to remark, after he left, that she could now see matters in a different light than before. She had hastened to Corinth as soon as she heard of the great battle of Shiloh, as had many other Southern ladies, to administer to the com-



fort of the wounded, she fearing her husband might be among the sufferers. She had listened with close interest to our conversation, in which I maintained the cause of the Union and she admitted so much. She said she had not heard our side of the question so presented since secession began, and seemed impressed that it was a needless war. Another lady had heard General Preston, of Kentucky, tell me it was the intention of the Confederates, had they defeated us at Shiloh, to march in triumph across Tennessee and Kentucky and capture Cincinnati. She asked:

“Did we not gain a victory at Shiloh?” And the General admitted to her that it could not be claimed by them as more than a drawn battle.

“Then, are not our troops going to march on and capture Cincinnati?” To which the General replied that it would not then be practicable to attempt it; at which she seemed much disappointed.

A Vicksburg lady who had the name of being usually very amiable, some days later, on hearing that New Orleans had been taken, became so angry that she was reported to have said she “felt like taking a knife and cutting the throat of every Yankee in the hospital.”

When the Union army began to throw shells into Corinth, about May 9th, the Confederates sent all prisoners, not so much disabled that they could not walk, out of the town, to prevent recapture. We were taken to Columbus, Miss., where many wounded men were placed in a hot little room under a tin roof, and given no medical care till a local editor bitterly condemned such cruelty. Then, after a few weeks, we landed in a slave pen in Mobile; then in the city prison

at Montgomery, Ala., from which we were soon taken to Camp Oglethorpe, Macon; thence to Madison, Ga. At Montgomery we came under the special care of the notorious Captain Wirtz, and witnessed the delight he manifested in denying a cup of coffee to a poor Union prisoner who was starving to death. We landed in the famous Libby Prison in October, and were then paroled and entered our lines October 11th, after six months of life in military prisons, at the starvation point, which has so often been described by those fortunate enough to survive those pens, and the horrors of which descriptions you are assured have never been overdrawn. Two hundred commissioned officers were released at that time. We were all soon exchanged and rejoined our commands, glad to perform any duty our country required of us rather than such life as we had been enduring.

On the 25th of April, 1864, while commanding my regiment, as a part of the brigade escorting a supply train between Camden and Pine Bluffs, Ark., we were surrounded and cut off from the other two regiments of the brigade at Marks Mills. I had about three hundred of the Seventy-seventh Ohio Infantry, two pieces of Second Missouri Artillery and about fifty cavalry scouts under my command.

General F. M. Drake, who commanded the brigade, encountered about six thousand mounted Confederates, under command of General Fagan, consisting of the brigades of Generals Cabell, Dockery, Marmaduke and Shelby. General Drake's force, at the head of the train, was surrounded, overpowered and captured, leaving the entire Confederate force, except enough to guard the prisoners taken, to attack

my small command. We fought them about two hours, when, finding ourselves surrounded by an overwhelming force and our ammunition exhausted, we were compelled to surrender.

General Shelby asked me who commanded the force they had been fighting since General Drake and the Thirty-sixth Iowa and Forty-third Indiana Regiments had been captured. On being told that I was in command, and had about three hundred and fifty men, he asked: "Why did you fight us with such a small force? Did you know how many men we have?" I told him some of his men we had captured informed us they had six thousand. He asked:

"Did you expect to whip 6,000 with 350? Did you not deem it a useless loss of blood and life to resist us? You should have surrendered without a fight." I replied:

"We could not know the result until we had made the effort. We wanted you to know it is not an easy task to take Union troops, even if confronted by greater numbers. Besides, if surrender is inevitable, we can get as good terms at the end of a fight as without one."

He agreed to this, and said: "You are a dear lot of prisoners"; as their losses in killed and wounded far exceeded ours. Owing to our lines being thin and theirs so heavy, we could not fail to hit them.

Having had six months of it in 1862, the prospects of another period in military prison was to me most horrifying. It was little to be preferred to death on the battlefield. But I reflected that I had once been released after a period of almost hopelessness, and set myself about cheering those under my command that we might look forward to an early

deliverance, little dreaming that it was ten months away.

The battle ended about two o'clock, and we were marched all that afternoon and night, without being allowed to stop to eat or sleep. Indeed, we had nothing to eat after a hard march in the forenoon and hours of battle, except a few crackers in our haversacks.

Being taken to Camden, and then marched more than a hundred miles south, we were placed in the stockade called Camp Ford, near Tyler, Texas. In this military prison, with no shelter from rain or sun, excepting brush huts they were permitted to build, a small detail going out daily under guard to cut and carry in the brush, the men were confined during those dreary months, our only rations being a pint of cornmeal and about half a pound of beef per day — about enough to make one full meal.

Many of the men starved to death, and others died from homesickness — or, rather, the utter hopelessness of ever being liberated, as the Government had adopted the policy, we were informed, of not exchanging any more prisoners. We would get rumors of parole being intended, but were so often disappointed, as it did not come, that most of the men lost hope. I still had faith that such a policy would not endure, and told them it had been just as gloomy during my first term of it, and this encouraged them to hope on. Many sought to escape, but, as we were 250 miles from the nearest Union camp, such a trip, through the enemy's country, was hardly to be thought of by most of the men, enfeebled as they were by starvation.

Still, as fall approached, and we were without blankets or shelter, and with only a little worn-out clothing, I led a

party of seven in an escape, among the number being Captain R. H. Flemming, then Adjutant, now a companion of Ohio Commandery, and Captains Scott and Smithson, of the Seventy-seventh Ohio Volunteers. We traveled by night, taking the North star for a guide, and hid ourselves in the woods during the day. Thus we traveled sixty or seventy miles, till we found ourselves pursued by a pack of bloodhounds and a detachment of rebel cavalry. We had been discovered just before daylight, after the moon arose, as we passed a little too near a planter's house, and the bloodhounds were put upon our track. The cavalry had been told we were going north, and, on closely scanning the road, they found tracks that told them how many there were of us, and they were sure we were *Yankees*, as no Southerner who wore so small a boot as Adjutant Flemming's track indicated ever went on foot. When we heard the distant bay of the savage brutes we traveled around in circles, and then made a long leap off to one side, hoping to baffle them in their pursuit. For a time we could tell by their baying that they ran around these circles until they came near being exhausted in the hot, dry weather, this being about the last of August. Up to this time we had not spoken a word above a whisper since our escape from the stockade, and we held our breath to detect each sound as they approached nearer where we were concealed. For a time we had hopes that they might give up the chase, and I whispered it to my comrades, but the Adjutant assured me we would have no such good luck, as bloodhounds were most persistent when after their prey. We then thought it time to take to trees, and acted on the impulse at once.

One of the most ferocious of the pack had made a detour, and had struck our trail near where we were concealed. Soon his peculiar howl informed the cavalry that the bloodhounds had us treed, and we could hear the commander so tell his men and order them to close up and capture us. Well knowing that Colonel Border had issued an order that no more escaping Yankees were to be taken alive, and that the next thing to be anticipated was an order to fire upon us, we concluded to find out what was to become our fate. I called out:

“Who are you after?” and the reply was:

“You all.”

“Then why do you not come and get us?” I asked.

Captain Montgomery assured us, if we would come down and surrender, we should not be hurt, but would be treated like gentlemen. He offered better terms than we expected, and I said:

“Then call off your dogs.” He sounded the bugle for a recall, and all his dogs except this one, more savage than the rest, which had planted itself beneath us, obeyed.

He seemed loth to leave without tasting the blood of his human game. After repeated commands of his master, his fury became somewhat abated, and we agreed to all come down at one time, and keep our eyes riveted on the hound, it being known that they are less likely to attack a man while looking him in the eyes. We reached the ground in safety, though he made several lunges at us before the cavalry took charge of us.

We were nearly famished, having traveled so far with very little to eat, and we asked to be provided with food.

Many hours afterwards we were given some raw pork and cornmeal, but we had no means of cooking it. Fortunately a humane lady, the wife of the postmaster of Gilmer, Texas, exchanged corn bread for our meal, and we could eat the bacon raw.

While waiting for our rations, and before starting back to the military prison, a large number of citizens gathered around us to ask questions and berate us for invading the South. I did about all the talking for the prisoners, and when impertinent questions were asked, or false accusations made against the Union defenders, I was not very prudent in all my replies. One of these, who, I judge, belonged to a wealthy family, and had by some favor been kept out of active service, became very angry at some of my replies and threatened to raise a mob and hang me, claiming that my talk had a tendency to excite the colored people within hearing to revolt against the Confederacy, and that it was "treason to the State of Texas."

I replied that he talked very bravely, but I doubted that he had ever seen an armed Yankee; that I owed no allegiance to Texas, and could not commit treason against that State; that if they hanged me, or any of us, Uncle Sam would hang a dozen of them in retaliation. The officer in charge of the guards told him if he did not like my replies he could stop his questioning, and that it was his duty to protect us against a mob, and we should not be hurt.

We were soon again back in Camp Ford, where we were held prisoners until February, when the long-looked-for order for parole came, and we reached the Union lines, at the mouth of Red River, Louisiana, February 25, 1865, where another

sight of the old flag, which we had not seen for so many months, made more than a thousand hearts glad.

The paroled prisoners were sent to New Orleans, furnished with much-needed clothing, paid off, and given thirty days' furlough; and, being exchanged, those whose terms had not expired, ordered to their regiments. But before the thirty days had expired Richmond fell, Lee's army surrendered to General Grant, and the Union was saved.

Now all rejoice in the result, and the sections are united in friendship; and we have all learned to forgive hardships endured and wrongs suffered, though we can never forget them.

NOVEMBER 1, 1899.



## FROM MACON, GEORGIA, TO THE GULF.

*An Escaping Prisoner's Experience.*

BY WILLIAM W. MURRAY,

Late First Lieutenant Company I, Seventh Tennessee  
Cavalry Volunteers.

On the 24th of March, 1864, the greater portion of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry Volunteers was captured at Union City, Tenn., and hurried off, the commissioned officers to Macon and the non-commissioned officers and privates to Andersonville, Ga.

Being in command of Company I, it was my fortune to go to Macon, where we were confined at first in the city prison, in charge of an old gentleman by the name of Anderson.

Our crowd increased the number of his prisoners to the neighborhood of fifty. These were distributed in three rooms. During the day we were guarded by Confederate soldiers, but after 6 o'clock we were supposed by the Confederate authorities to be locked up in our rooms. In this, however, they were mistaken, for our keeper and his estimable wife were friends of the Union cause, and as soon as dark came we were put on our parole of honor not to try to escape; the inner doors of the prison were unlocked and the inmates allowed the freedom of the building, and everything was done to make our confinement as pleasant as possible. Union citizens were quietly invited to the prison by this good lady, and unrestricted intercourse with us was permitted. Among the visitors was a handsome widow whose husband

had been killed on the streets of Macon on account of an unguarded expression of Union sentiments. This lady appeared to be rich, and she certainly was as enthusiastic for the cause of the Union as any to be found in the North. She looked after our linen, and did a regular banking business for us in the way of exchanging greenbacks for Confederate money at the rate of one for ten. This state of affairs did not last long, for in a short time the authorities were advised of the privileges we were enjoying, which resulted in our removal to the common jail. This was a large brick building surrounded by a yard and high fence. During the day we had the freedom of the enclosure, the guard being on the outside of the fence; but at night we were locked up and the guards placed within the inclosure.

Mrs. Anderson had apprised us of the fact that we were likely to be removed, and I had informed her that in such an event I should make an effort to escape, and asked her to secure for me a supply of fishing tackle. This she did, sending it into the jail by the old darky who delivered our meals.

We had all the Confederate money we needed while in the guardhouse, but after our transfer to the jail our banking facilities were not so satisfactory, having to give one dollar for three. As soon as possible, however, without exciting suspicion, the widow before mentioned, accompanied by some of her friends, called to see us. She was not permitted to enter the jail yard, but the privilege was granted of talking to us at the gate in the presence of the guards. During an interview I asked permission of the guard to give her ten dollars in greenbacks, remarking that I had not much use for it, as I could only get three dollars in Confederate money

for one in greenback, and I thought she would need it when the Yankees came. The guard saw no impropriety in allowing me to give her the money. The next day when the darky brought our dinner he handed me one hundred dollars in Confederate money. The visits of these ladies to the gate became quite frequent, and as often as they came, and we needed Confederate money, we deposited our greenbacks with our lady banker, and on the following day the colored cashier would deliver us the Confederate money in exchange, ten dollars for one dollar.

Even before our transfer from the city prison to the county jail a number of us had determined, if possible, to make our escape after such transfer, and when the change was effected we began drumming up recruits for the undertaking. Lieutenant Ayres, Sixteenth United States Infantry; Telegraph Operator McNair, a native of Canada; Captain Galloway, First Florida Regiment; Lieutenant W. F. Allender, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry; Lieutenant Oates, of an Ohio regiment, and three others, whose names have escaped me, were willing to join me in the effort. It was agreed that, if we succeeded in getting out, Ayres, Galloway, McNair and myself were to attempt to go south to the gulf, while the others preferred to go west and endeavor to reach General Sherman's line. Our party made up, the next thing was to formulate and carry out a plan, and the one finally agreed upon was to tunnel out. The foundation wall of the jail extended some three feet below the surface of the ground, yet the floor was about three feet above it. If we could get under the floor, we could dig our tunnel and dispose of our dirt under the building without attracting attention.

Two knives were retained when our meals were delivered by the negro, without causing inquiry — one with a very thin, sharp blade, made of fine steel and sharpened almost to a point. This we made into a saw with the file blade of a pen-knife. The other, nearly new, had a heavy, stiff blade, and was designed to do the work of pick and spade. With a pocket-knife we made an incision in a crack of the floor sufficiently large to insert the point of our saw. This accomplished, the work of cutting the plank commenced. The saw was held at an angle of about forty degrees, in order to give us a beveled edge and prevent the plank from dropping down when cut in two. The work was slow and tedious, for the plank was heart pine two or three inches in thickness, but there were nine willing hands to do it. While the sawing was in progress there was always an unusual amount of singing and dancing going on in our rooms. The guards keeping watch must have thought us a jolly set of Yanks; but we cared little what they thought so long as they did not hear the rasping sound of that old knife-saw. We had to cut three planks before the aperture was large enough to admit our bodies. This done, one of us dropped underneath, and with the other case-knife commenced to sink a shaft three feet in diameter, by the side of the foundation stones, to a depth of three or four feet, in order to prepare for the long tunnel under the wall, yard and fence into the street. When a laborer had gone under the floor to work, the planks were put back and a blanket or an old mattress thrown over them to hide the disfiguration, in the event an officer should drop in during the day. After a while the shaft was completed, the dirt distributed under the building by hand, and the work on

the tunnel begun. The thickness of the foundation wall was known; the yard from the fence to the jail had been carefully stepped during the day and found to cover fully thirty-three feet. This distance had to be dug with that case-knife, and the dirt pulled back and disposed of by hand under the floor. We had nothing else to do, and were prisoners. Why not do this?

After the work commenced there was not an hour, day or night, during the twenty-seven days and nights occupied in the work, that some one of us was not engaged in digging or hauling back the dirt. The roll was called once a day, about 6 o'clock P. M., when all the prisoners must answer to their names. Whoever was at work when this event approached would hastily exchange his clothes under the floor, come out and answer to his name, and as soon as possible return to his labor. During the day, with a long walking stick sharpened at one end, holes were made from the yard into the tunnel beneath, and by this means a ray of light and breath of air were furnished the nearly suffocated worker. This could easily be done in daytime, as the guard was outside the fence, and at night the hole was so small as not to attract his attention.

After so long a time we had reached the proper distance, and nothing remained to be done but to break the crust in the street close to the jail fence. A council was held. It was agreed that all were to rendezvous, as soon as we escaped, at a point on the railroad about one hundred and fifty yards from the jail. We felt certain of being pursued by bloodhounds, and how to throw them off the track was a question of painful solicitude. Some one suggested that pul-

verized pepper or common snuff sprinkled in the tracks would cause them to sneeze and so demoralize them that they would abandon the chase. Whether the "runaway-negro" theory is correct or not we were never able to demonstrate, for the reason that we could not procure either pepper or snuff to make the test. We did, however, provide ourselves with a quantity of green onion tops, which proved an excellent substitute. The buttons and straps were cut from our coats, the cord torn off our pants, our coats, blankets and insignia of rank rolled up in our ponchos, and we were ready for making an underground break for liberty.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock Lieutenant Ayres, a gallant, good fellow, passed into the tunnel, broke the crust on the outside of the wall, and came back and reported everything quiet. He was to go first, I second, McNair third, and so on. Ayres tied his poncho to his feet, in order to drag it out after him; I, following, was to drag it back in event there was any trouble at the mouth. With this understanding we started. I thought Ayres gave the signal to retreat, and I commenced a crawfish movement, attempting to pull him back. He resisted so earnestly that I let his "tender" loose, and he went out. In the tussle with him he dropped a tin cup and plug of tobacco. When I reached them I could neither pass nor carry them forward. I gave the signal and was pulled back, carrying the cup and tobacco with me. Throwing them under the house, I made the attempt again, and passed out, followed by McNair.

When I got out I met an old gentleman with a lantern. I approached him and asked as pleasantly as I could the hour. He replied "2 o'clock," evidently not suspecting anything.

We met at the appointed spot and waited a while for Galloway, but that gentleman failing to put in an appearance, Lieutenant Ayres went back to find him. His efforts were fruitless. However, we commenced making our arrangements for a final departure. We subsequently learned that Galloway and Allender came out and then crawled back, which so discouraged the other four that they did not make the attempt.

The first thing we did was to rub the bottom of our shoes and our trousers as far up as our waists thoroughly with the green onion tops. This occupied some little time, but was thoroughly done. Then two of us, holding each other by the hand, walked each on a rail of the track, the third man following and balancing himself as best he could by occasionally touching the shoulder of his file leader. We had not proceeded more than two miles in this way before the crimson streaks of day began showing athwart the sky, and we hid ourselves to the woods until night fall.

While we lay concealed we could hear distinctly the deep baying of the bloodhounds, and we afterwards learned from the officers we left in prison that during the entire forenoon the officials were scouring the neighborhood with guns and dogs to find us. They would take the animals to the hole where we came out, and then turn them loose. With a chorus that struck terror to the hearts of our friends, they would set off and track us to the railroad, where we had used the onions. There they would commence a series of curvations that puzzled the oldest hunter present. They would dance, run in circles, shake their heads and take the back track to get a fresh breath. At 12 o'clock the pursuers came to the conclusion that the track stopped at the point indicated by the

dogs, and that we must have gotten on the moving train at that point.

Before our departure Lieutenant Ayres had made a map of the Southern country through which we intended to travel, from the best data at his command, and carefully marked thereon the railroads and water courses along the route we contemplated traveling, our objective point being East Pass, via the head of the Choctawhatchee, at Geneva, Alabama.

It was agreed, as I was the only Southern man in the party, and spoke the language with the proper accent, that upon all occasions I was to be spokesman.

These preliminaries settled, we made our way in a southerly direction, traveling at night and sleeping during the day, following the rail and dirt roads when they led in the right direction, and when they did not, striking out through pine woods or swamps, as the case might be.

Our supply of provisions, when we started, if I remember correctly, consisted of a dozen Confederate crackers and half a dozen soda biscuits; and for the first six days and nights we had nothing else to subsist upon save sassafras leaves and wild grape tendrils. When our scanty supply had become exhausted, our hunger was so great that one day we made an excursion around our camp in the hopes of finding some snakes which we were willing to tackle, but in this we were disappointed, for they were not to be found. As if to add to the gnawings of hunger we were unable to procure water, and our thirst grew almost insupportable. We were in a dry, hilly pine country that day, and felt compelled in the evening to make an effort to find water. At one time I sat down on a pine stump, completely exhausted. I did not think I could



proceed further, and was about willing to end my miserable existence there; but Lieutenant Ayres, who appeared proof against famine, encouraged and persuaded me to push on. After traveling for half an hour we came to a puddle of oozy, muddy water near the roadside, and threw ourselves down to drink it. As fast as we would fill our stomachs with the foul stuff they would revolt and throw it off; but by a continuance of this process enough moisture was absorbed to give temporary relief.

We continued on, and a little while after dark came to a high embankment, succeeded by a long trestle leading to the railroad bridge across Flint River. We were on the latter when we heard a train thundering down the road toward us. We barely made it across the trestle in time to escape the train, and found ourselves in close proximity to a Confederate guard. He was alone on his post, but his companions were in a small house near one end of the bridge. At sight he ordered us to halt, but we kept on to where he stood. Instead of firing, he asked us good-humoredly if we were going home, and upon my assuring him that we were, said to us that it was "all right," and permitted us to pass. He undoubtedly thought we were Confederate soldiers.

This was our sixth night out from Macon, but so slow had been our progress that we had not traveled over forty or fifty miles.

Our condition had become so desperate on account of hunger that we determined to go to a house and, if possible, procure something to eat. Up to this time we had not ventured to go to a house. About 9 o'clock we stopped at a cabin by the roadside, built of logs and chinked with mud. In

answer to our "hallo" an old man, probably seventy years of age, came to the door, followed by his wife and two daughters, and preceded by two ugly dogs.

We told them that we were Confederate soldiers going home on furlough, and wished to procure something to eat. The old gentleman invited us in, and the girls set about preparing hoe-cake and some fried "middling meat." While these preparations were going on I had taken the old man out on the porch, where I could watch the road and learn something of our environments. During a short pause in our conversation the old lady, who had been a silent listener, asked me if I knew who she thought we were when we first halloed. Of course I had no idea, and imparted the fact of my ignorance to her. "Well," she said "I'll tell you. We thought you'uns were conscripters."

I ask her, in the event we had been, what she proposed to do about it?"

"I'll tell you;" (and her blue eyes flashed) "me and the girls intended to kill you'uns; if you don't believe it; just come in here."

I followed her into the room, and on the far side of it there stood three axes against the wall. "While you'uns was eatin' we fully intended to brain you with these."

From her cool, determined manner, I am now and was then fully satisfied that they would have made the attempt.

After we returned to the porch she explained that the "conscripters" had come and carried off the only boy they had; that he was shortly after killed in battle around Atlanta; that with great difficulty she and the old man had found his body and brought it home, and buried it, with their

hopes in life; that when we halloed she thought they had come again, this time after the old man, and she was determined that the Confederacy should not have another victim from that household.

I said to her, "Madame, you do not appear to be in favor of this war?"

She said that she was not, neither was her husband, nor her son that had been killed.

I then disclosed to the couple who we were. After the old lady had recovered from her astonishment, she went into the room and ordered the amount of victuals being cooked increased. They gave us all the corn bread and fat meat that we could eat, and prepared us some "coffee" from parched meal. One of the girls went to a box and took out a needle and ball of thread and gave it to me. I do not see now how we could have done without it. Traveling through the brush we had torn our clothes sadly, and this trifling gift was most opportune. The other girl prepared us a few "pones" of bread, while the old man insisted upon our taking along some shelled corn and a canteen that he had picked up on the battlefield when he went after his son. These little trifles, like the needle and thread, proved of inestimable value. As we started one of the girls told us where we would probably find some nice shoats belonging to a rebellious neighbor on our route. We bade them farewell, determined to "investigate" the shoats, but we failed to locate them.

The next night, however, we were more successful. Coming upon a pen of the animals, one of them was promptly brained with a club. But the blow did not prevent it from squealing, and this brought the dogs out. Before they could

reach us, however, I seized the pig, placed it on my shoulder, and ran off with it. When we got to a safe distance from the house, we cut its head off, cut it up, and on the day following we skinned, roasted and feasted on its carcass; fresh pork and corn roasted in hot ashes was really a great treat. On the following night Lieutenant Ayres came across an old goose on the roadside, and promptly confiscated her. When daylight came we could find no timber sufficiently dense to justify us in kindling up a fire. The old goose was therefore skinned, cut into pieces, and stored away in our ponchos. We kept the meat until the second day, and then made preparations to cook it, but to our dismay found that it had become very badly "tainted." Our supply of food was completely exhausted, however, save the goose meat, and a small quantity of yellow cornmeal, and there was no alternative but to eat it; so we made the meal into dough on our ponchos, and rolled it into the ashes to cook, while the goose was barbecued over the pine-knot fire. Our hunger was so great that we did not wait for either to become well done before we commenced our meal. The result, as far as I was concerned, was a severe attack of sickness, which unfitted me for traveling, for some hours, at least.

We finally came to a break in the hills, and conjectured that we were approaching the Chattahoochie River. We were also under the impression that Eufala was in front of us, which we were trying to reach on account of a railroad bridge being across the river at that point. Reaching the bottom, near the river, about midnight, we met an old negro man. From him we learned the Eufala was twelve or fifteen miles south of us, and that we were approaching Old Florence, a

very small village. He also told us that there was a ferry-boat in front of us, kept by an old negro whose cabin was on the river's bank. We had no difficulty in finding the boat and the cabin, but the proprietor was nowhere about. The boat was something of a novelty to us. We could not discover how it was fastened, or by what means it was propelled, as it had no chain, oars, or oarlocks. A steering apparatus in one end was the only machinery in sight. We all got on board, some one began "projecting" with the wheel, and to our surprise the boat commenced moving slowly out into the stream. Holding the steering apparatus in a certain position, we silently and safely were carried to the opposite shore. After we had disembarked the wheel was reversed and the craft moved slowly back to the starting point. We subsequently learned that it was operated by a rope or chain secured to the bottom of the river to prevent any interference with navigation.

We had not proceeded upon our journey a great distance before Lieutenant Ayres "found" some chickens and secured one or more, which were carefully stored away. Our first stop after we had crossed the river was at a cabin occupied by a woman, prematurely old, and the possessor of only one leg, the other being supplied by a rough crutch. Her only companion was an old negro man, greatly disfigured by a curvature of the spine, who had been detailed to wait upon her while her husband was at the front fighting the battles of the Confederacy. When she hobbled to the door we told her the stereotyped yarn about being Confederates, and asked for something to eat. She assured us that she was very poor, but as her husband was a soldier, and might need help him-

self some time, she invited us in and promised to do the best she could. The old negro soon started a fire, and while the good lady kneaded the bread and sliced the fat meat, the negro carried them to the fire and superintended their cooking. While these interesting exercises were in progress the old lady wanted to know of us why we did not go to the house of some of the rich folks, where we would be better entertained. I assured her that our present ragged and dirty condition precluded the idea of such a thing, and told her when we left home three years before, with new uniforms, we were escorted to the train by brass bands and bebies of beautiful girls, and loaded down with bouquets and dainty edibles, but years of hard service had so disfigured us that we would not be welcome at the houses of the rich.

She declared that was so. "When they persuaded my old man to go they told me I should not want for anything, and a negro should be given me to wait on me in his place. Bless my soul! they sent this poor old man here because he was not able to work much, but she thanked God they had managed to make a plenty to eat, such as it was."

I told her that I had heard that there were Lincolnites in the country, claiming to be for the Union, and asked her if she knew any of them. She said there were, and she was sorry to admit that she had a neighbor who talked more in favor of Lincoln than he did of Jeff. Davis. She said he had a son that the "conscripters" had tried to get, but that he had got away. "And what do you think! that gal of his struck at the head officer with an axe, and as he dodged she cut his coat tails nearly off." She told me that his name was Jordan, and where he lived, and how we could find his place.

I impressed her with the fact that the conscript crowd was no account, that they were home guards, fed on buttermilk, and that we could arrest young Jordan. When we finished our meal we left, ostensibly to arrest Jordan and send him to the army, but really hoping to find a friend from whom we could get assistance.

We had no difficulty in finding the house. It was near midnight when we got there. An old man came to the door in answer to our call. I asked him to come out to the fence, which he did. He proved to be very old, apparently eighty years of age, suffering with paralysis and general debility, aggravated by deafness. Failing to get any satisfactory information from him, we went into the house, where, besides his wife, who was very old, we found a maiden daughter of uncertain age, but as keen as a briar. We informed her that we were Federal officers trying to make our escape south, and greatly in need of assistance; that we knew how they stood in regard to the war, and had heard of their escapade with the conscript officers. She listened very patiently to my really eloquent speech, and expressed deep regret that she was unable to believe a word of my very beautiful story. I then asked her the whereabouts of her brother, that I might impress him with my story and possibly secure his assistance in getting to the Federal lines, and suggested that he might be glad of an opportunity to go with us. She declined to say where he was, but was quite positive that he had no curiosity to hear our story nor desire to accompany us. Finally I asked her if there were any other Union people in the neighborhood who were able to help us. "Plenty of them, sir;

plenty of them, and willing ones, too, if you can only satisfy them that you are what you represent yourselves to be."

I asked her if she would give me the name of one. "Certainly," and she told me of a neighbor named Watson, some half a mile off, and directed us to his house. I did not know but what she was directing us where we might have trouble, inasmuch as she evidently believed we were Rebels, so we thought it best to at least be cautious.

We found the residence of a well-to-do farmer, and called him up. He came out into the yard in his night clothes, a tall man, straight as an arrow, possibly sixty years of age, with a strong, pleasant face. We reversed our clubs and approached him in what we intended as a threatening attitude. I said: "Mr. Watson, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to take your time and answer it truthfully. I understand you are a Union man; am I correct?"

He dropped his head a moment in study; then, straightening himself up to his full height, he looked me squarely and fearlessly in the face and replied: "If I was not so well known in all this country I might be tempted to tell you a lie, but I will not. Yes, sir; I am a Union man, and always expect to be."

I then informed him who we were; that we wanted something to eat and some assistance in reaching our objective point. He said: "I thought you were rebel soldiers after me." His wife, who was a silent spectator in the door, retired and soon returned with some cold bread and meat, which we enjoyed very much. When we had finished, the old gentleman told us of a dense thicket where we would be safe from



intrusion. He said for us to go there, and the following night to come to a certain corner of his fence, and if everything was right, we could come to the house; if not, some one would be there to notify us. We repaired to the place designated, and found a lonely spot, surrounded by dense undergrowth, through which a clear stream of water ran. We spent the following day in washing our clothes and in enjoying a long-needed rest. At the appointed time we repaired to the place indicated, and, finding the coast clear, went to the house, where the good lady had prepared us the first square meal we had enjoyed since we were captured. After we had thoroughly rested and were ready to leave, the family prepared us what provisions we could carry. One of his daughters, who was the wife of a Confederate soldier, made one of us a haversack to put our supplies in. We gave the old gentleman as strong a certificate of loyalty as I could write, and signed it with as much emphasis and pleasure as we ever signed our names to any paper. I gave him a ten dollar greenback bill, the first he had ever seen. He turned it over and looked at it fondly, and then said: "You can not imagine how highly I prize this souvenir of your visit. This bill is worth more than all the money Jeff. Davis ever issued. The United States of America promises to pay this bill." The old man's prophetic remark came back to me vividly in after years.

He went with us two or three miles on our journey, and we separated, never to meet again.

The next day we made the following agreement for the future in regard to our rations: We were to eat but once a day, at 6 o'clock P. M. Our allowance was very short, one pone of corn bread and a small piece of bacon, to be eaten as

we started on our night's journey. The meat skins we carefully put away to chew upon during the weary march.

After we got well down into Alabama our rations gave out, notwithstanding their economical use, and the old feeling of desperation took possession of us. Again we stopped at a cabin along the road and got food, and by this means saved ourselves from starvation. One night we stopped at quite a prominent house near the public road, and, being invited in, we were not long in discovering that the gentleman who was entertaining us was a Confederate officer, who had been wounded in the arm, and was home on a furlough. We represented ourselves as members of the First Alabama Cadets, Captain Williams' Company, and did not hesitate to show him the furlough that we had prepared for such emergencies as the present.

(I may mention here that, after our capture, we had been sent first to Mobile, and while there had obtained the facts about the regiment and company to which we claimed to belong.)

After partaking of a very liberal meal, we excused ourselves on the plea that the nights were cool and the day too hot for travel, and pushed on.

The next morning daylight found us near a small village, and we were compelled to pass through it. There was no timber near suitable for concealment. About 9 o'clock we came suddenly upon a body of Confederate Cavalry in the highway. We stopped, and approaching the officer in command, I told him that I supposed he wanted to know who we were, and where we were going. He replied that he did, and I proposed to exhibit my furlough, and told him we were

going home. He asked me if we had any news from the front. I told him that we had; that a very severe engagement had been fought near Atlanta, and that Johnston had annihilated and captured Sherman's army. By this time the command had gathered around us, and when I imparted my choice morsel of news it was received with dozens of cheers and as many tigers. Then politely bowing to the commanding officer, I remarked that we would not detain so fine a body of soldiers any longer, and we took our departure. A few hundred yards further on we came upon an old fellow picking blackberries. We told him that we were very hungry, and wanted something to eat; that we would stop at some of the big white houses where the people were able to feed, but that we were so dirty and filthy that those rich people did not want us about their premises. We so worked upon his sympathies that he took us to his house and gave us a square meal and some corn meal to take with us.

We determined at this point to commence laying away stores to last us down the Choctawhatchee River when we reached it, and agreed that our party should alternate in begging, and no house be allowed to escape. When McNair's turn came, Ayres and I passed on and left him to go in a house that we had reached. Going down the road a short distance we awaited his coming. Presently he joined us, remarking that the old woman at the house was a blank fool, and would not give him anything. I suspected that she was a Union woman, and concluded to go back and try her myself. I found her on the front porch sewing. She was fifty or sixty years old, and had an unusually intelligent face. I told her about the grand army that we had left; how we were

baffling the enemy at every point, and what terrible punishments we were inflicting upon them.

She listened with close attention. Now and then the muscles of her mouth would twitch and her eyes assume an expression that I could not understand. When I had finished I watched closely the effect of my speech.

She raised her head, looked me squarely in the face, and in a half contemptuous, half sneering tone, said, with great deliberation: "Yes, I expect you are playing the devil." She then laid her work aside and proceeded in a flood of eloquence that I never heard excelled, to tell me about the war. She told me how peaceful and happy her section had been. Plenty filled every lap and contentment every heart; how the secession devils had crept into this garden of Eden and tempted the poor fools to attempt to destroy the best government in the world; how every home had sent out one or more of its loved ones; how every house was in mourning, every family in rags, and every soul in sorrow.

It was now my time to listen spellbound at this wonderful incarnation of patriotism.

I told her that we had heard that there were Lincolnites in the South claiming to be Union people, but had never believed it.

She replied that there were, and she was one of them. I then told her who we were and where we were trying to go. She regarded me as an imposter, and did not attempt to conceal her incredulity. I brought my haversack in, and opening it, displayed the insignia of my rank that I had torn from my clothes before starting. I exhibited to her my eagle, shoulder straps and braid.

She hesitated a few moments, and then told me to go and bring the boys back. She explained to me that her husband would be in in a short time, and she preferred that we keep up the role of Confederate soldiers before him. She said he was a Union man, but intimated that he might talk too much. When she went to the kitchen to prepare our meal I followed, leaving my companions to entertain the old man when he came. I found that if she was not a member of the Union League, at least she was perfectly familiar with the aims and objects of the order. She knew and could give me the names of every Union man on our route to the Federal lines, and she had made more than one trip to the gunboats for coffee and other supplies. She gave me the names and minute directions, every one of which I found to be correct. I gave her five dollars in greenbacks when we left, for which she appeared to be very thankful.

We traveled that night and the next day, and then went into the woods to pass the night. The following morning we heard a bell near us, and upon reconnoitering, saw a woman on a mule, apparently gathering up her sheep. Fearing she would give the alarm and start parties in pursuit of us, we persuaded a man whom we met soon after to explain to the woman and any others who might make inquiries regarding us that we were Confederates going home on furlough, and had camped in the woods from force of habit.

That afternoon we reached Geneva, and a little after dark crossed the river into Florida, paying the ferryman fifty cents each in the currency of the Confederate realm. I always thought the ferryman got but little pay for his trouble. About 3 A. M. we reached the house of the gentleman to whom we

had been recommended by the good woman, and finding him all right, made preparations for a good morning's rest. He assured us that he knew of no Confederate troops within thirty miles, and said we could stay at his house until we rested up. He also said he had a son hiding out, whom he would get in, and that he would kill a beef, if not the fatted calf, and we could rejoice together.

In the morning I took out my uniform coat and spread it in the front yard on the grass to sun. In the breast pocket were my company muster roll and other valuable papers. I had taken my boots off and was having my socks washed. Ayres and McNair were in the back yard whetting their knives on an old grindstone. About 1 o'clock a company of Confederate cavalry made their appearance so suddenly that I dared not run out to where my papers and coat were, but, hurrying back to the rear, warned my comrades, and we struck out for a swamp several hundred yards in the rear of the house. We were protected from observation of the Confederates for a short distance by the house, but when we passed into a cornfield we were saluted by a volley from their shotguns. Reaching the fence on the edge of the swamp I sprang over without touching it, being barefooted, but in alighting I "creened" my foot and strained my ankle. I got about forty yards into the marsh, where the mud and water was knee deep, when my foot pained me so that I was compelled to stop. Ayres and McNair proceeded further on into the swamp, I knew not how far. The first thing I did was to bury my furlough, as I supposed they would get my coat and learn from the muster roll of my company that we belonged to the Federal Army, I concluded that in case of capture I

would fare better without this evidence of deception against me. The Confederates followed us to the fence, and I could distinctly hear them talking. One declared that there were five of us; another said he hit "one of 'em." After remaining a few moments, one of the party, who appeared to be the leader, said: "I know what we can do; we can go and get the dogs and run them out."

They had been gone probably half an hour when I heard some one knocking on a tree, and surmising that it was our old friend, I made my way painfully to where he was. I told him what they had said about going after the dogs, and asked him how far they would have to go to fetch them. He said sixteen miles. I knew they could not get back before we could get away. He told me the Confederates had captured my clothes, and said that when they found my coat one of them took a paper out of my pocket, and exclaimed: "Yankees, by G—d!" Another said: "Yes, the swamp is full of them." I knew then that all immediate danger was over. Fortunately our entertainer's wife had rolled the provisions that had been prepared for us under the house, and they escaped.

As I was barefooted and in great pain, our host suggested that I should go down the river, about three miles distant, and that he would take the provisions and go through the woods to the same spot, from which we could cross over to the island. After a very painful march I reached the designated spot, and found him awaiting me. He rapped on a tree and two men came across in a boat. One was the old man's son, and the other a long-haired specimen of humanity who was hiding out with him. While waiting for an answer to

the signal and the arrival of the boat, my foot got cold and my ankle swelled so badly that I could not bear to put it to the ground. The three men lifted me into the boat, and while the son and stranger carried me to the island, the old man returned to look after my companions. On the island I found two or three jolly fellows camping out, who made me as much at home as their primitive accommodations would allow. About midnight our old friend, who had returned home, came again, accompanied by Lieutenant Ayres and McNair, whom he found at the house on his return. The next day was Sunday, and out of respect for the day, and in view of our worn-out condition, we determined to lie up. A number of women came over during the day and brought something to eat, and one had a bottle of vinegar with which to bathe my ankle.

We gave one of the campers twenty dollars for a punt—a boat made of plank, with a flat bottom and low sides—and after dark that evening started down the Choctawhatchee River. We had been told that below us, at the Cowpens (a place of Revolutionary fame), there was a guard stationed; but by hugging the shore on the opposite bank, we could pass under cover of the overhanging trees. Lieutenant Ayres was stationed in the bow as pilot; I occupied the stern, and furnished the propelling power, while McNair threw himself down in the center to sleep. We had left several miles behind us when Lieutenant Ayres called my attention to the fact that I was driving the boat too close to the bank. In an effort to regain the current, which was very swift, the stern swung around under a limb that lifted me up and set me down in the water. I am unable to state the depth of the stream,



for I did not touch bottom. When I came up I was fortunate enough to grasp an overhanging limb and keep my head above water until our craft could check up, round to and release me. As luck would have it the few matches we had were in my pocket, and were hopelessly ruined by the immersion. When daylight appeared we ran into a small cove, pulled our boat on shore, and set about catching fish. In this we were successful, but we had no fire with which to cook them. We tried drying the matches in the sun, but this mode of treatment was not a success. We next found a board and made two more paddles, and about 10 o'clock concluded to resume our journey, thinking that we had passed the Cowpens.

Our propelling power, increased by the two additional paddles, our little craft fairly flew down the swift current. Turning a bend in the river we suddenly came upon three soldiers in a boat fishing. They had their pistols buckled around them. We made up our minds that if they attempted to stop us, we would heave to, and if possible, when our boats got together, knock them into the river, and fight it out in the water. They hailed us and asked us where we were going. We replied saucily that it was none of their business. After bandying a few words with them, one of them told us that if we would take a chute at a certain point we would find it much nearer. We told him that we knew our own business, and pulled away at our paddle; no attempt was made to detain us.

Keeping the main channel of the river, we came to the ninety-ninth island about night. We never found the Cowpens, it being probably on the "cut-off" route suggested by the fishermen. When we reached the islands we tied up, and

McNair and I tried to sleep on palm leaves on the shore, while Ayres lay down in the boat. Between the fear of alligators and the annoyance from mosquitoes and gallinippers, it is safe to say that none of the party slept much that night.

At daylight we pulled out for Choctawhatchee Bay, and reached it by 9 or 10 o'clock. The old lady had told us that if we saw any vessels we might rely on their being Federal, as East Pass was closely blockaded. When we reached the broad, beautiful expanse of water, I scanned the horizon as far as the eye could reach—to where the blue waters appeared to meet and kiss the blue vault—but, save a sea gull here and there, not an object could be discerned. We had determined to go around the head of the bay and walk down the peninsula to East Pass, swim it, and then follow Santa Rosa Island to Fort Pickering. The bay looked so smooth that we changed our plan, and attempted to paddle across; but when we had gone about half way we found the swell increased, and was dangerously high, and therefore changed our course toward the head of the bay. On the way we came upon a yawl anchored out below the point, and steered to it. When we reached it we discovered tracks on the beach near by, a pair of old shoes and some turtles. Further up the beach, and two or three hundred yards below the point, at the head of the bay, we could see a cabin, and pulled toward it. Just as our little craft touched the landing six hard-looking fellows came out of the bushes, and with double-barreled shotguns. I noticed, however, that notwithstanding an apparently bold front, they had some misgivings, and was somewhat reassured. Still I was in doubt whether they were Confederates or Union men. If the former, we were possibly lost

at the very gate of freedom; if the latter, we were unquestionably safe.

I said: "Well, gentlemen, I suppose you would like to know who we are." One of them said "Yes." I then told them we were escaped Union soldiers trying to reach the Federal gunboats. They then came forward and gave us a hearty greeting. They proved to be Union men camping out to avoid conscript officers. The boat we saw was used as a ferry between the island and the main land. Their purpose was to fire upon us if we attempted to remove it. They took us in the yawl and started to their camp on the island. We had gone but a short distance when a white squall came up and sunk our boat, which we had in tow, while the yawl rode the waves like a thing of life. One of the party, named Watson, was the owner of the yawl, and after partaking of their hospitality and resting a day on account of the high wind, we started again, having made a contract with Watson to carry us to the gunboats for twenty dollars. He wanted us to wait still another day on account of the heavy sea, assuring us that he could make the trip in one day, under favorable circumstances, whereas to start then would require two days. We insisted upon going, however, and he yielded.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and we could make no headway, except by tacking about. The storm that had been gathering all day suddenly burst upon us in all its grand and awful fury. Black clouds rolled up one upon the other, amid rumblings, mutterings, and thunders that shook the earth. I think it was the grandest sight I ever beheld. The waves were in sympathy with the clouds, and piled themselves in mountains in their effort to take part in the combat, their

moaning, roaring and groaning rivaling the noise of the thunder, and their white caps seeming to kiss the dark mass that writhed and twisted above them.

However, the next morning the bay was as calm as a slumbering infant, and we shot out on her bosom with light hearts. The wind rose, however, again, and we had to tack most of the day. An hour or more before sunset, while on the northwest tack, I thought I discovered a vessel at the East Pass. When we came back to the second tack I could plainly see the stars and stripes as they floated from the vessel's mast.

Those who have never fought for that flag; who have never been imprisoned by its enemies; who have never suffered as we suffered, can scarcely appreciate the beauty of that heaven-born combination. The veteran requires no strain of the imagination to believe that the very stars of heaven were plucked to adorn its field of blue.

We reached the gunboat about sunset, and as soon as permitted I leaped on board and went directly to the cabin, leaving my comrades below. I was bareheaded, barefooted, ragged, dirty, footsore, and altogether about as hard looking a specimen of humanity as could be seen, even in those days. I found Captain Tracy and his wife within. I introduced myself as Lieutenant Murray.

Captain Tracy: "Of the Confederate Army, I suppose?"

I replied: "Not if I know myself."

Captain Tracy: "No Federal prisoners have ever escaped by this route since I have been here."

"None will ever escape again, in my opinion," I replied.

I then told him that I was not in a condition to bandy

words, that the first thing I wanted was some tobacco. A box was brought out and I tore off four plugs and carried three of them, and tossed them into the boat to Ayres, McNair and Watson. This little act appeared to make an impression upon the Captain, and he told me that he would have supper prepared for us.

He took me into a room and gave me a pair of shoes, but my feet were so sore and swollen that I could not wear them; a pair of socks and slippers were then found, to which were added a hat, coat and a pair of pants, and I felt dressed up. The other boys were likewise provided for. I settled with Watson and discharged him. That night we told our story in detail, and were treated royally by the officers.

The next morning a schooner was rigged and manned, and we were sent down Santa Rosa Sound to Fort Pickering. We arrived within eight or nine miles about 9 o'clock and cast anchor for the night. The next morning we sailed in and repaired immediately to General Ashboth's headquarters. The General was a Hungarian and a grand old man.

I had, upon arrival, a fifty-dollar greenback bill that I had kept tied up in one corner of my shirt-tail. Lieutenant Ayres had fifteen dollars. I gave him \$17.50 of mine, making us equal. We went into the city, bought us a suit of clothes, and sent Captain Tracy's back by the schooner.

When we returned to headquarters the officers placed their wardrobes at our disposal, which, had we accepted, would have lasted us a lifetime. McNair had been rigged out from top to bottom in a Captain's uniform, and was the finest dressed man in the party.

McNair shipped pretty soon to New Orleans, while Lieu-

tenant Ayres and myself had quarters assigned us at the General's headquarters. A few days thereafter Lieutenant Ayres shipped to New York.

I was taken down with a severe attack of fever a few days after our arrival, and but for the constant and kind treatment I received would probably have died. When I began to convalesce the General offered me the position of Adjutant General on his staff, that officer's term having expired, but I declined; and when he found that I insisted upon returning to my command, he went aboard the vessel with me and arranged with the Captain every detail possible for my comfort.

When the vessel reached Fortress Monroe I obtained permission from General Butler to go to Washington, D. C., via Baltimore.

I reported in person to Secretary Stanton, who promoted me from Second to First Lieutenant, and dated my commission from December 20, 1863, so as to give me nearly one year's pay as such. He also gave me a thirty days' leave of absence, which I had no use for, and did not use, but immediately repaired to my command at Columbus, Ky.

We were out thirty-one days and nights from the time we left Macon, Ga., until we reached the gunboat at East Pass.

In conclusion, I will add that the successful termination of our trip was due largely to the bravery, energy and foresight of Lieutenant Ayres, and, if he is dead, it is due to his memory that this tribute be paid him.

JUNE 4, 1902.

## JOHNSON'S ISLAND: MILITARY PRISON FOR CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

By E. O. MITCHELL,

Late First Lieutenant 128th Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Major William Hoffman, of the regular army, afterwards Commissary General of Prisoners of War, was sent to the principal lake cities to select and recommend a suitable location for a depot for the custody of rebel prisoners.

At Sandusky, Ohio, he met W. T. West, a prominent merchant, and then, as now, the popular proprietor of the West Hotel, of that city. Understanding the object of Major Hoffman's visit, Mr. West took him over to inspect Johnson's Island, and at the same time procured for him estimates for the inclosure and the buildings required.

Mr. West, being a public-spirited man, promptly deducted twenty-five per cent from the estimates submitted, and offered this reduced estimate as a bid for the location of the prison at Johnson's Island, and thereby secured it.

A battalion of four companies of infantry, to be known as "Hoffman's Battalion," was at once organized and sent to take possession of the island, under command of Lieutenant Colonel W. S. Pierson, of Detroit, Mich. The erection of the prison walls and the necessary buildings was completed about January 1, 1862, some of the work having been done by prisoners of war, who had been received in the meantime, for which they received pay from the contractors.

Johnson's Island was thereafter considered one of the

most inaccessible and secure of any of the military prisons of the North. A small sidewheel steamer was chartered by the Government to do duty between Sandusky and the island for conveying provisions, lumber, prisoners of war, etc.

To this place most of the officers captured by our army on Southern battlefields were sent. At first enlisted men were received, but as the war progressed they were sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago; Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio; Rock Island, Ill., and Elmira, N.Y.; but the great body of Confederate officers who became prisoners of war were confined at Johnson's Island, the average number imprisoned there during 1862 and 1864 being about four thousand, ranking from Second Lieutenants to Brigadier Generals, and including all branches of service.

In the spring of 1863 six more companies were organized at Camp Cleveland, Ohio, and immediately consolidated with the battalion of four companies already at the island, forming the 128th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 1,000 strong; and Colonel Charles W. Hill, of Toledo, was placed in command of the post.

In the "Chronicles of the Rebellion" it is stated "that on November 10, 1863, Lord Lyons, British Minister, committed to the United States Government the particulars of a plot agreed upon by the secessionists in Canada to release the prisoners on Johnson's Island," and measures to prevent the consummation of the plan were immediately taken.

A brigade of infantry, under command of Brigadier General Alexander Shaler, was immediately transferred from the Army of the Potomac to Sandusky and the island, and remained there until the spring of 1864, when ordered back



to active service. This brigade was all quartered on the island in tents, with the exception of the 122d New York, which was stationed in Sandusky, General Shaler having meanwhile been retransferred to the East, leaving Brigadier General Ferry, of Detroit, in command. The iron war steamer Michigan was also ordered up from Erie to anchor in Sandusky Bay and co-operate with the troops on the island in defense of the prison. The situation was then seemingly secure, however; no serious consequences resulted from the "Canadian scare." The brigade returned to the Potomac just in time to take part in the battle of the Wilderness.

Referring back to the time when the brigade under General Shaler was stationed at the island, I will state that up to the time of its arrival the only guard detailed were those doing duty on the fence surrounding the prison yard. After General Shaler took command a regular picket line was established around the island, and was continued until the last prisoner was exchanged.

The prison yard covered ten acres. The buildings occupied by the prisoners were two stories high, with stairs on the outside leading to the upper floors, each building containing four large rooms. Buildings were numbered from one to eleven, block eight being the hospital. All had bunks to sleep on, supplied with straw mattresses and blankets. There may have been some inconvenience, but really no cause for suffering. There was very little trouble to find cranks among such a large number of prisoners, and this particular class would have complained if they had been provided with feather beds or hair mattresses; and no doubt if an investigation had been made as to their mode of living prior

to the war, the accommodations afforded them at this time would prove to be far superior.

A recent *Century* article by Lieutenant Carpenter, of Louisiana, is the most conspicuous contribution to the subject, and this should be taken with some allowance. He frankly says the "officers at Johnson's Island merely tasted purgatory." The fact that he, a prisoner of war, rode to Sandusky in a passenger car, and was taken away in a box car, loses significance when it is stated that our own soldiers were treated in the same way, and it is very doubtful if they had the pleasure of riding in a passenger car at all. And when he complains of a "slow starvation allowance of food being dealt out to them," I will state from personal observation that their rations were very similar to those furnished our own troops.

Prior to my promotion to First Lieutenant of Company C, and while Second Lieutenant of Company F, I was detailed for an indefinite time as aide-de-camp at headquarters. My duties were assigning prisoners quarters on their arrival, and other matters which necessarily brought me inside the prison yard nearly every day, and I know that the prisoners had an abundant supply of good, wholesome food, and fared equally as well as their guards. Fresh bread from our Government bakery, located at the island, and made by men who were practical bakers, detailed from the regiment, was issued to them daily, besides pork every other day, alternating with fresh meat. Some of the prisoners had gardens in the rear of their quarters, where they raised lettuce, onions, etc.

The prisoners in each block were divided into messes, and they would make their own detail each week for two of their

number to do the cooking. A good many were sent there who were in exceedingly poor condition physically, but when the time came for exchange, the clothes that hung so loosely on their arrival then fitted them "like de paper on de wall."

I will here relate a little incident that occurred one night after "taps," and when I was officer of the guard. It was not a case of necessity, but the prisoners who were parties to the act thought they were doing a friendly deed. About 11 o'clock the Corporal of the guard was called to the beat on the fence directly in the rear of the prison hospital. An addition about twelve feet square was attached to the rear of this block, used as a kitchen, where meals were prepared by nurses for the sick, who were detailed for that purpose from the different messes in the prison. The cause arose from complaint made to the guard by prisoners in adjoining buildings, that it was impossible to sleep on account of the pounding and racket coming from the hospital kitchen. The Corporal reported the fact to me, and I at once took a guard with me and entered the prison yard to investigate. On arriving at the door leading into the kitchen, I stopped to listen. All was quiet for a few moments, when suddenly the tremendous pounding commenced again, and I at once opened the door and walked in. On the table stood a large pan filled with clear lake water, and floating in this water were a half dozen large, fat rats, cleaned and dressed. Three men were in the room; one was standing over a good-sized rat-hole with a stick of wood, waiting patiently for another rodent to make his appearance.

I asked them the meaning of all this, and if they consid-

ered it a case of necessity. They replied that it was not on account of any scarcity of food, but they thought by preparing a stew for some of the sick, it would be an agreeable change, as well as a relish. I at once put a stop to any more disturbance of this kind, and, so far as I know, nothing of that nature ever happened again.

The buildings above mentioned were in two rows, with a street one hundred and fifty feet wide running between them. The prisoners used this street as their parade ground, and from morning roll call, which was conducted by commissioned and non-commissioned officers detailed from our regiment, until "retreat" they were free to use any part of the inclosure of ten acres as long as they kept within limits of the so-called "dead-line," thirty feet from the fence. The confinement was monotonous; still it was endurable. They amused themselves with theatricals, concerts and games, both indoors and out; and many a weary hour was whiled away in carving some trinket that was purchased by outsiders as a souvenir.

One day, while I was on my way to the outside, a prisoner came to me and wanted to know if it was possible for some one to procure him a Newfoundland puppy, as he would like one to take South with him when he was exchanged. I replied that it was doubtful, as it was against the rules, but if it was any satisfaction to him, I would ask the Colonel commanding. I immediately went to headquarters and made the request, but was most emphatically refused, as I expected. The next day, upon entering the prison yard, I was met by the prisoner, who was exceedingly anxious to hear my report. Of course, it was quite a disappointment to him. I did not

see anything more of him for a month or six weeks, when he appeared and handed me a very delicately carved watch chain made from gutta percha. Attached to a shorter chain were two charms, representing a fish and an acorn. These latter were obtained from clam shells that were picked up on the bay beach. Upon handing it to me he said: "This shows my appreciation of your kindness."

They were not permitted to have money, except to their credit with the Commandant of the post, who acted as their banker and paid their orders when properly presented. Those having money to their credit were among those fortunate enough to have friends in the South who remitted them funds in the shape of New York drafts. All mail for prisoners was examined at headquarters by clerks detailed for that purpose, and anything considered contraband was returned. All sorts of schemes were resorted to by their relatives and friends in the South to get messages to them which were anything but favorable to the United States Government. For instance: A letter would be opened that apparently had only one-half of the sheet written on, but upon bringing the other half in contact with the heat the whole contents of the letter were revealed, and of course the prisoner to whom the letter was written did not have the pleasure of reading the half of the letter that his friend or relative intended he should see. This was one of the hundreds of similar cases.

As I stated before, the island was "considered one of the most inaccessible and secure of any of the military prisons of the North." That was very true, considering the location. It was three and one-half miles from Sandusky, one mile from

the peninsula or mainland, and about one mile and a half from Cedar Point. Still, with that seeming security, there was one Captain who did succeed in making his escape and reaching Southern soil. A letter from him and dated Richmond, Va., addressed to a messmate in Block 1, came through the mail, and was inclined to be somewhat comical. His manner of escape was as follows :

Block 1 was about fifteen feet from the fence. The stairway was built close to the end of the building, instead of in the center, as on other buildings. The platform at the head of the stairs had a railing around the sides for safety, this railing being directly in line with the top of the fence. The quarters of Captain Benson were nearest the bay. He was the owner of a hunting boat, which, when not in use, was always to be found lying bottom upward on the north side of his quarters in the shade. This prisoner had, no doubt, noticed the boat, and thought what a grand opportunity for escape if he could only succeed in getting outside, and securing it without being observed.

So one dark, rainy night he managed in some way to get hold of a plank long enough to reach from the top railing of the stairs to the fence. After the guard had passed on his way to the lower end of his beat, he quietly placed the plank across, walked over, pushed the plank back to the ground inside the inclosure, let himself down, and took a position under the plank walk until everything was quiet. The guard heard the noise of the falling plank and came back in a hurry, but, after listening a while, concluded there was nothing worthy of notice, so continued his monotonous tramp.

The prisoner made his way toward the beach, keeping

under the plank walk around Companies A's and B's quarters, and across to Captain Benson's quarters. This was the work of a few moments, the dark, rainy night being of great assistance to him. With the assistance of the stolen boat, and the few miles distance to Canadian shores, his escape was a success.

There were many other attempts to escape. The favorite method was by tunneling. In one instance, through this means, six prisoners succeeded in getting outside, measuring the distance so accurately that the exit of the tunnel brought them immediately outside the fence and under the guard walk. This all happened on a dark night, the six men making their way to the woods on the west end of the island, where they remained hidden in the bushes until found by a detail of soldiers before morning. Nothing would have been known of it until roll call next morning if the seventh man had not stuck in the hole. He was large and fleshy, and, work and twist all he could, it was impossible to get any more than his head and shoulders out, the hole being too small for his waist. He cried lustily for help, and the guards were obliged to dig him out, with the assistance of a lantern and shovel. That "let the cat out of the bag," and the rest were soon back in the pen.

On two occasions the long roll aroused the garrison after midnight. One of these was during the winter of 1863, when a number of prisoners had planned to stampede the guards and scale the prison walls, so as to escape over the ice to the peninsula.

They had boards with cleats nailed to them as substitutes for ladders. The objective point was the northeast corner

of the prison, at the time when the third relief was on duty. Three succeeded in escaping. One, a Captain Frazier, was shot dead. Another had a bayonet run through his clothes, and the butt of the same musket left a lump on his "cranium" which he did not soon forget. Of the three that reached the mainland, two were caught that night by guards, and the third was brought back next day by a farmer residing on the peninsula.

Another remarkable night alarm was caused by a passing tornado, accompanied with thunder and lightning and the heaviest rainstorm I ever saw. The wind unroofed several of the buildings and blew down the entire north prison wall or fence, so that until the breach was repaired next day the opening was filled by a living wall of soldiers. The situation was not assuring to the prisoners, and no attempts at escape were made that night. There were many other schemes adopted by the prisoners to escape, and these, with battalion drills and guard duty, and an occasional trip to Sandusky, were all that transpired to relieve the monotony of the life we were subject to at the island.

When an exchange of prisoners was ordered, a company was detailed to guard them to the place of destination, and at other times, when the draft was going on in Ohio, detachments were located at Mansfield, Toledo, Lima and other places, doing provost duty. The first batch of prisoners exchanged numbered one thousand, and took place prior to the capture of Vicksburg, Miss. Company A was detailed for the trip. They were taken by cars to Cairo, Ill., and there transferred to the steamer United States. In the fleet were nine steamers, with a gunboat taking the lead and another in the rear, both under the flag of truce.



The United States was the only boat carrying rebel officers, the others carrying enlisted men from prisons at Camp Douglas and Rock Island, Ill. The prisoners were landed at Milliken's bend, about two miles this side of Vicksburg; from there they tramped down the river opposite the city and were conveyed across the river by boats. At the same time this was transpiring it was understood that the same number of our officers and enlisted men confined in Southern prisons would be exchanged, and, so far as I know, these were taken to Fortress Monroe and turned over to the United States Government there.

Among the prisoners exchanged at this time was a Captain John Winsted, belonging to a Tennessee regiment. Not long after, another batch of prisoners was received at the island, and in calling the roll the name mentioned above was called. I was counting them as they answered to their names, and stepped to the rear to see that the number compared with the roll. When I heard this name called I went up to him and said: "Hello, Captain; back again, are you?" He replied, with a laugh: "Yes; couldn't stay away; been around the country right smart since I saw you, and this is the best place I can find. Guess I'll stay with you until the show is over with. I'm tired of it." After the war I was in Nashville for about three months, and had the pleasure of meeting Captain Winsted, who was located there in the boot and shoe business, and he made it very pleasant for me during my stay.

After the battle of Franklin, Tenn., about two hundred rebel officers were sent to us. It was in the dead of winter, and the bay was frozen over solid.

These men were from Hood's army, and were in a pretty bad shape, some with old straw hats, and toes out at their shoes, and were not in any particular prepared for that sudden change in climate. Some said they were from a part of the South where ice was never seen. On their arrival they were nearly frozen, and begged piteously for a fire. The roll was called in a hurry, and they were hustled into comfortable quarters, where hot coffee and fresh Government bread were given out to them until they had their fill. One man said in my hearing: "This is paradise to what we have been through." He said for a month before the fight their rations were nothing but parched corn.

Thirty-odd years have passed and gone and many changes have taken place at the island. Where the prisoners' quarters were located is now a wheat field. A few of the old officers' quarters are standing, now occupied by families who live there. The old fort is distinguishable, although covered with long grass and underbrush.

At the close of the war, between five and six hundred prisoners had been buried at the east end of the island. To-day about two hundred and fifty graves remain, the others having been removed by relatives and friends. A marble slab is located at the head of each grave, with the name, rank and regiment carved thereon, the whole inclosed by a wire fence.

APRIL 1, 1896.

## PERRYVILLE AND THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

BY F. B. JAMES,

Late Captain Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Brevet Major  
United States Volunteers.

The history of the Army of the Ohio for a period of five months, or from the date of its separation from the large force collected by General Halleck around Corinth, to the time of its return to Nashville after the Kentucky campaign against Bragg and Kirby Smith, presents many interesting and curious features, some of which it is proposed to lay before you.

If the statements made possess any value, it will be because they are truthful. The opinions expressed and the criticisms of persons and movements are believed to be justified by the facts, but the responsibility for giving utterance to these opinions must, of course, rest with the writer alone.

The unexpected evacuation of Corinth by the Confederates on the 30th of May, 1862, forced the adoption of new plans for the employment of the large army which had been collected by General Halleck during his operations against that stronghold. Halleck himself went to Washington to become the Commander-in-Chief, and about the same time (the middle of July) a portion of the army, under General Grant, began the long and difficult series of movements which terminated in the capture of Vicksburg a year later.

A month earlier the Army of the Ohio, under General

Buell, had been ordered to proceed eastwardly along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which was to be rebuilt as the army advanced, its special duty being the capture of Chattanooga and the occupation of East Tennessee.

Even before Buell started, preliminary steps had been taken on a limited scale to accomplish both of these objects. General O. M. Mitchel's division had advanced from Nashville towards Chattanooga, and General George W. Morgan's division, moving through Kentucky, had occupied and fortified Cumberland Gap. Although each of these columns had sighted the promised land, its further advance was disputed by a small army under General E. Kirby Smith. The reconstruction of the railroad proved to be more difficult than had been anticipated, and the authorities at Washington, becoming impatient at the delay, ordered Buell to push on without regard to the rebuilding of the road. His advance appeared opposite Chattanooga early in July.

To oppose Buell's movement, General Bragg, who succeeded Beauregard in command of the Confederate force which had defended Corinth, transferred by rail, via Mobile, a large part of his army to Chattanooga.

About the 16th of July, Colonel John H. Morgan, then at Georgetown, Ky., making one of his periodical "raids" against the isolated posts in the rear of the army, wrote Kirby Smith a glowing account of his successes, and asserted that the whole country could be secured and twenty-five or thirty thousand men obtained in Kentucky for the Confederate army.\* General Smith immediately laid before the Richmond authorities a plan the execution of which, he believed,

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\* Page 723, No. 23, War Records.

would force the Yankee invaders back to the Ohio River, reclaim Tennessee and secure Kentucky.

This promising programme was at once approved by the Confederate Government, but the non-arrival of that portion of Bragg's force (on wheels) which had marched overland from Tupelo caused delay, and it was the middle of August before Smith was able to execute the first step in the plan. Passing through some gaps in the Cumberland Range to the west of General Morgan's position, Smith suddenly appeared, about the 16th of August, in his rear, but soon became convinced that the chances for a successful attack were little better here than on the south side of the gap, and being, moreover, disappointed in procuring subsistence, he abandoned the attack, and, leaving Morgan to the attention of a division on the south side under Stevenson, headed his army toward Lexington.

As soon as it became apparent that the enemy was moving into Kentucky, which State was at the time embraced within the lines of his department, General Buell, on the 16th of August, sent there Generals Nelson, Jackson, Manson and Cruft, without troops, but charging the first named with the duty of organizing a force to meet and repel the invasion of Smith. Nelson was greatly delayed in reaching Louisville because of the destruction of the railroad, and when at last he did arrive, he found the State had been transferred to the department commanded by General H. G. Wright.

Aware of Buell's condition as regards food supplies, Nelson believed that the reopening of the railroad was his first duty, even at the risk of permitting Kirby Smith to gain some little temporary advantage. General Wright, unwilling to

decide, submitted the problem to Halleck, who considered that the relief of Morgan and the holding of Cumberland Gap were of the first importance, notwithstanding the fact that all Buell's communications north of Nashville were cut, with tunnels and bridges destroyed, and the further fact that Morgan had supplies for fifty days and occupied an almost impregnable position. Buell was left to his own resources, and all efforts were concentrated against Kirby Smith.

The movement of General Smith northward from Cumberland Gap was almost unopposed until, as he neared Richmond on the 30th of August, he was attacked by Generals Manson and Cruft with a force of some 6,000 raw troops, and, although there was good fighting, he defeated and drove them several miles, capturing men, artillery and wagons. At the time Nelson was some eighteen or twenty miles away and not in telegraphic communication with his subordinates, but, attracted by the sound of the engagement, he made his appearance upon the field in the latter part of the day, to find the little army badly beaten and retreating, Manson, with a large number of his men, having been captured. Nelson endeavored to halt and reform the shattered force, but while so engaged he was attacked by Smith, and the half-formed line again gave way. Nelson, badly wounded, crossed the Kentucky River with the remnant of his command, and hastily retreated to Lexington.

The general plan of the invasion of Kentucky also contemplated such movement by General Bragg's army as would force the withdrawal of General Buell from the vicinity of Chattanooga. Accordingly, when Kirby Smith was fairly started on his expedition, or "raid," as it is called, Bragg, on

the 27th and 28th of August, crossed the Tennessee River above Chattanooga to the north and east of Buell's left flank.

General Bragg seems not to have had in mind any very distinct line of operations when he acquiesced in Smith's plan. August 1st he wrote the War Department that he and Smith had arranged a plan, Smith to take Cumberland Gap, and then the combined forces to march into Middle Tennessee in Buell's rear. August 8th he wrote to Breckinridge, then in Mississippi, that he was going to Kentucky, and his men had promised to make him Military Governor of Ohio within ninety days; on the 10th, to Kirby Smith, that, as between Nashville and Lexington, he inclined to the latter; but on the 15th he told Smith he would move to the rear of Nashville, as he (Smith) had suggested. On the 27th, after he had crossed the Tennessee River, he wrote to both Van Dorn and Sterling Price that Buell was concentrated ahead of him, but he did not expect to get a fight out of him until he got to Nashville. However, before he reached the Cumberland River the Kentucky idea seems again to have taken a firm hold, and he crossed the river at Carthage, some fifty miles above Nashville; but at this time it was neither the latter place nor Lexington, but the Ohio River and Louisville that allured him.

Down to the time of the arrival of Bragg at Chattanooga, Buell's army occupied a long, semi-circular line, following generally the grand curve of the Tennessee River, from a rather uncertain point of connection with Grant on the west, to McMinnville, on the east of Nashville, the latter place the chief depot of supplies. Before Bragg crossed the river, however, Buell's force was gradually concentrated more

directly in front of Chattanooga. Much difficulty was encountered in supplying the troops in the rough, unproductive plateau of the Cumberland, owing to the frequent small raids on the railroad and the lack of an adequate supply of rolling stock. Consequently, the army was forced to live upon half rations during a part of the time.

As a preliminary to his advance, Bragg caused to be made a general attack upon Buell's communications, both by his regular cavalry and the local guerrilla bands. These operations extended over a large area, from near the immediate rear of the army to some distance into Kentucky, where indeed the damage inflicted was the greatest, as several tunnels were partially destroyed. As a matter of fact, a section of the railroad near the Kentucky-Tennessee State line was not open to traffic until the following November.

It was under these perplexing conditions that General Buell had to make his disposition of troops to meet Bragg's movements. By most skillful and comprehensive arrangements, he succeeded in withdrawing and concentrating near Nashville, not only his army, but all the rolling stock of the railroad and all the supplies at the various sub-depots, excepting those at one point, where, through some misunderstanding, the transportation was sent away without the supplies, and they had to be destroyed.

Finding that Bragg had turned north at Carthage, Buell, leaving a garrison at Nashville, pushed north along the line of the railroad, his advance division, under General Wood, leaving Nashville on the 7th of September and marching directly on Bowling Green. Bragg also headed his column toward the same place, marching via Glasgow; but, finding



Buell ahead of him on the railroad, from the latter place he marched across the chord of the great bend of the railroad toward the west, and his advance, under Chalmers, reached the railroad at Munfordville ahead of Buell. By a coincidence the cavalry of Kirby Smith, under Colonel Scott, appeared from the north at an earlier hour of the same day. The main force of Smith, however, was still in Northern Kentucky, in the vicinity of Lexington and Cynthiana.

Chalmers attacked Munfordville, which was strongly fortified, but was handsomely repulsed. Bragg arrived shortly after with his whole force, invested the place on all sides, and demanded its surrender. The commander of the post, Colonel John T. Wilder, of the Seventeenth Indiana, had only about 4,000 men, mostly recruits, but refused the demand. Bragg, having every reason for haste and for accomplishing his purpose by diplomacy, finally permitted Wilder to make a personal examination of his lines, to convince him that resistance would be useless. Wilder was already aware of this fact by observation from his own works, which overlooked Bragg's position, but had hoped to gain time for aid to arrive from Buell. As he could get no information from the latter, he agreed to surrender.

By the terms of the agreement, Wilder was allowed five days' rations for his command. Bragg, although very short of food, acquiesced in this demand, under the impression that a large quantity of food would remain for his army, and was greatly disappointed to find the supply almost entirely exhausted. Colonel Wilder's men were paroled and sent south towards Buell's army, but, through some oversight, he himself was allowed to depart without having given his

parole. Bragg says he expected to be attacked here by Buell, and that he made dispositions accordingly. On the 19th of September, however, he started his army towards Louisville, by way of Bardstown, but, fortunately, was much delayed in the rough country on both sides of the Muldraugh Hills, and his plans disarranged by Kirby Smith moving to Mt. Sterling, instead of joining him in front of Louisville.

Buell marched by a better, although somewhat longer, route, via Elizabethtown and the mouth of Salt River. His leading division reached Louisville on the 25th, and the rear by the 29th of September.

Kirby Smith followed up his success at Richmond on the 30th of August by occupying Lexington, Paris, Cynthiana and that region. He also sent detachments which appeared on the Ohio River at Maysville and in the rear of Covington. These demonstrations naturally caused great alarm for the safety of Cincinnati, not only in that city, but throughout the North. It is absolutely certain, however, that Smith had no intention of attacking Cincinnati,\* at that time, at least, and if attempted later, it would only be after Buell's army had

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\* Page 933, No. 22, W. R.—K. S. to C. S. W. D.:

Lexington, September 6, 1862.

\* \* \* The remnants of the enemy's force are in Louisville and Covington. I have sent a small force to Frankfort to take possession of the arsenal and public stores there. I am pushing some forces in the direction of Cincinnati in order to give the people of Kentucky time to organize. General Heth, with the advance, is at Cynthiana, with orders to threaten Covington. At both Louisville and Cincinnati, the troops are said to be collecting in large numbers. At the former place there are said to be fully 30,000. Although the people about here are rapidly enrolling their names, yet without some im-

been disposed of and a firm lodgment gained at Louisville. A small infantry division (Heth's) and a few hundred cavalry (Morgan's) constituted the whole force which occupied Smith's front of at least seventy-five miles to the north of Lexington.

Two important matters otherwise claimed Smith's attention just at this time. On the 15th of September Bragg called upon him to form a junction with his army by the 23d of September at or near Shelbyville, and already anticipating the necessity for this, Heth's division had been moved toward Frankfort.

While this movement was in progress Smith received at Lexington on the 18th information of the evacuation of Cumberland Gap the day previous, so the whole of his force, including Heth, was faced about and marched east toward Mt. Sterling, for the purpose of intercepting Morgan's column, which he hoped to capture, with the assistance of a division under General Humphrey Marshall, which that doughty warrior was supposed to be leading from Virginia. Marshall, who resembled the famous Jack Falstaff, was so engrossed by his efforts to keep open a good line of retreat back into Virginia, that he failed to heed the repeated requests of General

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mediate aid from the government we can hardly hope to resist successfully the hosts that are preparing to meet us.

Also page 830, No. 23, W. R.—K. S. to Bragg:

Lexington, September 15, 1862.

\* \* \* Unless, however, you can either speedily move your column in this direction, or make with me a combined attack upon Louisville, \* \* \* I shall be compelled to fall back upon you for support. \* \* \*

Smith and others of the Confederate authorities to assist in the capture of Morgan, by closing in on him from the east. General Morgan's column, followed from the Gap by Stevenson's division, which had been left to watch it from the south side, delayed and harassed by John Morgan's cavalry on front, flank and rear, now succeeded in passing safely between Smith and Marshall, and reached, on October 3d, the Ohio River at Greenupsburg. The result might have been different if almost any other than Marshall had commanded the Virginia army of invasion.

General Bragg in his official report \* says :

“ A sufficient force to prevent the escape and compel the surrender of Morgan was confidently expected from another quarter. The delay caused by the necessity of Smith's going, prevented his forming junction with my forces at Shelbyville, and enabled General Buell to reach Louisville before an assault could be made by the combined force.”

According to this statement Humphrey Marshall's very cautious advance saved Louisville. After the escape of Morgan, General Smith lost no time in getting his forces back to the vicinity of Frankfort, within supporting distance of Bragg's right.

The rear of General Buell's army, as has been stated, reached Louisville on the 29th of September. There had been collected for the defense of the city some 40,000 troops, †

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\* Page 1091, No. 22, W. R.

† In a telegram to Halleck, General H. G. Wright estimates this force on September 27 at from 45,000 to 50,000 men. (Page 550, No. 23, W. R.) On page 663, No. 22, W. R., Major J. M. Wright, A. A. G. on Buell's staff, testifies that only forty-one regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and three or four batteries, or 32,000 men in all, were added at Louisville.

principally of the new levies of 1862, and these General Buell added to his own army, organizing the whole into three corps, commanded by Generals McCook, Crittenden and Gilbert. General Thomas was named as second in command.

On the 30th of September, or only one day after the arrival of the rear, the army had been reorganized, reclothed and refitted, and was ready to march against Bragg, who had halted the bulk of his army about Bardstown, although his advance was some ten miles nearer to Louisville. In the midst of the busy preparations, in the presence of the enemy, it may be said, there came an order from Washington relieving General Buell and assigning General Thomas to the command of the army. This order, though dated the 24th, was not delivered until the 29th of September. General Thomas sent an earnest protest against the change, as alike unjust to himself and General Buell; the exact words used in Thomas's dispatch to Halleck were: "General Buell's preparations have been completed to move against the enemy, and I therefore respectfully ask that he may be retained in command."\*

It may be worth while to pause for a moment to remark that the situation in the latter part of October, when General Rosecrans was selected to replace General Buell, was very different from that at Louisville on the 29th of September. The Washington authorities chose to ascribe Thomas's declination of the command at Louisville to a lack of confidence in himself and to his indorsement of the tactics and policy of Buell, which they strongly condemned. When rumor announced the selection of Rosecrans, Thomas again made a protest, but it was on the ground that a junior had been placed over

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\* Page 555, No. 23, W. R.

him. In reply Halleck gave no better answer than that having once virtually declined it, the command could not again be offered to him, and that Rosecrans was not his junior.

Just what connection, if any, Halleck had with the trick of redating the commission of Rosecrans as a Major General, does not appear, but it is a fact that the date was changed from August 16 to March 21, to meet the objection urged. Thomas at once signified his readiness to serve under Rosecrans. The objection made by Halleck to the reassignment of Thomas to the command in October, 1862, was forgotten or ignored in October, 1863, when as great an injustice was done General Rosecrans as had previously been inflicted upon General Buell.

The order relieving Buell at Louisville was suspended, and he again took up the command, which, to quote his own words, had scarcely been laid aside. The correspondence with Washington caused a delay of only one day, and on October 1st the advance against the enemy began, Crittenden commanding the right, McCook the left, and Gilbert the center. A small column threatened Frankfort, but the main army was directed against Bardstown.

Some days before Buell's advance, leaving General Polk in command at Bardstown, General Bragg went to Harrodsburg, Danville, Lexington and other places, on a general tour of inspection. Before reaching Frankfort, which he entered with Kirby Smith's column, just returned from the attempt to intercept George W. Morgan, word was received that Buell was moving out of Louisville. This was a surprise to Bragg, as he had not anticipated so early an advance. After learning of the movement towards Frankfort, Bragg was misled into

the belief that it was made by the main body of Buell's army, and acting upon this impression, an order was sent Polk to march to Frankfort and attack in the rear, while Kirby Smith engaged Buell's advance.\* Bragg received word from Polk that instead of going to Frankfort he would fall back toward Danville, according to a previous understanding. This word was received only in time to prevent an attack by Smith on the supposed main army of Buell, whose advance was reported as within twelve miles of the city, and it also caused a rapid change of plans. At 12 o'clock that day, Sunday, October 4th, Bragg and Smith, with all the military pomp they could command, joined in the farce of inaugurating Richard Hawes Provisional Governor of Kentucky. At 3 o'clock P.M. Smith's army retreated to Lexington, first destroying, by Bragg's order, the extensive railroad and turnpike bridges over the Kentucky River.

The knowledge obtained by General Buell as to the position and distribution of the forces of Bragg was more nearly correct than the information the latter was possessed of with reference to Buell's army. In the advance from Louisville the main body of Buell's command may be said to have held three parallel lines moving directly against the main body of the enemy. Dumont's unassigned division and Sill's division of McCook moved nearly due east, threatening the enemy's right at Frankfort, which city Dumont occupied after its evacuation by Smith. The weather was extremely warm for the time of year; there had been no rain for many weeks, the springs and streams were dried up, and the powdered lime-

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\* Page 897, No. 23, W. R.

stone dust created by the passage of the two armies, filled the air and covered man and vegetation. Taken altogether it was a most exhausting march, killing for the new troops, the majority of whom had yet to complete their first month of service, and taxing to the utmost the endurance of the old troops who had just marched from Chattanooga to Louisville.

Gilbert's, the center corps, approached Perryville by the Springfield pike on the 7th of October. In the advance was a brigade of cavalry commanded by an acting Brigadier General, Captain Ebenezer Gay; this cavalry met with so much resistance that the corps went into camp that day before the usual hour, some four miles from the Chaplin River and the town of Perryville, and without water. Mitchell's division was placed across the road in line of battle, with Schoepf's division in support. On Mitchell's right was a ridge that ran almost at a right angle with his line, and Sheridan's division was placed on this ridge, also in line of battle, its right thrust out directly towards the enemy, its cannon unlimbered and shotted, and everything in readiness for action if the enemy attacked from the proper direction.

Under instructions from General Buell, Sheridan sent Colonel Dan McCook's brigade at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 8th to the front to secure some pools of water said to be in the bed of Doctor's Creek, about two miles up the turnpike. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and the advance was facilitated thereby. After some skirmishing this brigade took position across the pike on high ground, called Peter's Hill, one-half or three-quarters of a mile beyond the creek. McCook was joined by the remainder of the division after daylight.



and Mitchell and Schoepf were moved up later, the former on the right of Sheridan, and the latter in reserve at the creek crossing.

Being well secured in this position, apparently of his own motion, Sheridan again moved forward up the road. The enemy resisted, and the skirmishing now became quite severe. After advancing nearly a mile, Sheridan, together with Mitchell's division, formed a line of battle on ground overlooking Doctor's branch of Doctor's Creek. The Second Missouri Infantry, acting as skirmishers in the affair, lost quite heavily. This was a regiment of brave little "dutchmen," not one of whom seemed to be much, if any, taller than the huge brass-handled sword bayonet which dangled at his side. At the close of the skirmish one of the shortest of these little fellows, wiping the perspiration from his face with a peculiar sweep of the coat sleeve usually employed for that operation, said: "I fights mit Lyon, I fights mit Gurtis, und I fights mit Sigel, but dish es hail," and the recruits who heard the remark fully agreed with him.

From Louisville Crittenden's Corps, though moving slightly to the south, followed substantially the same route as Gilbert's, and on the 7th should have camped on the Lebanon pike at Hayesville, but finding no water, its march was continued some three miles to the west, so that the head of the column did not get into camp until nearly midnight, and the rear not until some three hours later. The corps was ordered to move early in the morning of the 8th, but the leading division did not arrive on the field until about 11 A.M. It was then formed in line of battle running nearly north and south, the right resting on the projected line of the Lebanon

& Stanford Railroad, and the left connecting with the advanced position of Sheridan and Mitchell; subsequently the right of the corps was moved some distance to the front, but beyond doing duty as a flank guard, it did not participate in the contest, and its only reported loss was two men of the Fortieth Indiana, wounded. This regiment and a battery were the only organizations actually engaged during the 8th of October.

McCook's Corps had the route to the left, and on leaving Louisville after threatening strongly toward Frankfort, turned south in the direction of Harrodsburg, leaving the duty of watching Kirby Smith to Sill and Dumont. The advance of the corps was only slightly retarded by the enemy, and on the evening of the 7th it encamped at Mackville, ten miles from Perryville. After the development of the enemy in Gilbert's front, McCook was ordered to march at 3 A.M., and come up abreast and on the left of Gilbert; the order did not reach McCook until 2:30, but his column was in motion by 5:30, and between 10 and 11 o'clock the head of the leading division, Rousseau's, appeared within almost hailing distance of the left of Sheridan, at the advanced position overlooking Doctor's branch.

McCook sent forward a reconnoitering party towards Chaplin River for the double purpose of enabling the men to procure water, of which they were in great need, and to discover the whereabouts of the enemy. Then, after indicating to Rousseau a line upon which to post his own and Jackson's divisions as they arrived, he set off for Buell's headquarters, which he reached about noon, and reported to General Buell the arrival of his corps and the carrying out of the above de-

tails, as required by previous instructions, and the further fact that all was quiet on his front.

To state briefly the position of the Confederate forces on the morning of the 7th, Smith was up about Versailles, watching the advance, via Frankfort, and covering the supplies at Lexington; Polk, commanding Bragg's army proper, had the right wing, consisting of Cheatham's and Wither's divisions at Harrodsburg, and the left wing, consisting of Buckner's and Anderson's divisions, under Hardee, covering Perryville and the depots at Camp Dick Robinson. Bragg himself was at Harrodsburg, and still entertaining the opinion that Buell's main force was to the north of him, he again ordered a concentration upon Smith.

During the day urgent and repeated requests were received from Smith for reinforcements, and Withers and Cheatham were sent to him. Later getting word from Hardee that Gilbert's Corps was pressing in front of Perryville, and also some general information to the effect that "Buell was nowhere concentrated against him, as his right was near Lebanon (one corps at Perryville), and his left (two entire corps), extended via Mackville to Frankfort on a line at least 60 miles in length," Bragg thought to fall on this supposedly isolated corps of Gilbert, rout it and then concentrate on Smith.\*

To carry out this plan Polk was directed to recall Cheatham's division, conduct it to Perryville, and in connection with the force already there "to attack immediately." The strength of the three divisions of infantry and two brigades

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\* Page 1092, No. 22, W. R.

of cavalry to be used in this attack, was estimated by Bragg at 16,000, and Gilbert's Corps at about 18,000 men.\* Polk arrived with Cheatham's division about midnight and formed line of battle with Hardee's divisions, but the attack was not made immediately, nor, indeed, was any attack made by Polk, who claimed to be advised of the fact that four-fifths of Buell's army was before him, and therefore he only opposed in a feeble way the movements of Sheridan and Mitchell on the Springfield pike.†

Bragg, who at first proposed to personally direct the operations on Smith's front, changed his mind as to the danger of an immediate attack on the latter, and, impatient at not hearing any sound of the action at Perryville, rode to the place, arriving about 10 o'clock, and after repeating his orders for bringing on an engagement, without effect, he himself put the attacking force in motion.\*

It is very unlikely that Bragg would have persisted in making an attack with the small force then at hand if he had been fully convinced of the correctness of Polk's information. He could hardly have expected to be permitted to fall upon one corps, while two others idly looked on. Self-confidence, a steady purpose, and a certain amount of belief in his own infallibility, are essential characteristics of a good commander, but Bragg's stubborn adherence to his own opinion, when frequently warned of its fallacy by those upon whom he must rely for the execution of his plans, can not be counted as a virtue. On three separate occasions General Polk, whose

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\* Page 1092, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 1110, No. 22, W. R.

judgment was supported by all the higher officers of his command, had assured Bragg he was in error in supposing that Buell's main force threatened Kirby Smith, and while the latter's call for reinforcements was a confirmation of Bragg's views it would seem that common prudence demanded a reconnaissance to determine the correctness of this opinion entertained by his chief officers.

In his report Bragg tries to escape from the censure he knew must follow his action here by saying that he went to direct the operations at Perryville because "from unofficial sources he was led to fear the existence of serious misapprehension in regard to the position and strength of the enemy's forces near Perryville."\* This phrase, it will be observed, is sufficiently ambiguous to cover either meaning that subsequent necessity might apply to it, but the context shows that what was actually meant by this statement was that possibly Polk was right in his belief. Nevertheless Bragg ordered the attack. That he succeeded in dealing a disastrous blow and then escaping was due, not to his generalship or audacity in attacking over 50,000 men with 16,000, but to a most unfortunate lack of these qualities on the Union side.

When McCook returned from headquarters he found his troops posted with Lytle and Harris' brigade of Rousseau's division on the right, on Harris' left was Terrill's brigade of Jackson's division, while Starkweather, of Rousseau's division, formed the extreme left, which reached nearly to the Chaplin River; Webster's brigade of Jackson was placed in reserve behind Lytle and Harris.

The attack ordered by Bragg, was fiercely made on Mc-

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\* Page 1092, No. 22, W. R.

Cook's left, then only partially formed in line; at the first fire General Jackson was killed, and Terrill's brigade of raw troops fell back in confusion; Starkweather, although somewhat isolated by Terrill's retirement, maintained his position fortunately, for otherwise the trains and ammunition of the corps would have been exposed to capture by the enemy's cavalry, as, owing to the rugged nature of the ground, the trains still lined the Mackville pike.

The attack then fell on Lytle and Harris, who held their position for a time, but were gradually forced back by superior numbers nearly a mile. In this retrograde movement General Lytle was wounded and captured, and Colonel Webster was killed; General Terrill, upon whom the command of the division devolved after the death of General Jackson, made strenuous efforts to rally his men, but the enemy again advanced upon him, and he was killed about 4 o'clock, by a shell.

General McCook, in forming his line in the forenoon, made it a prolongation of the advanced position of Sheridan and Mitchell.

About the time of the first attack on McCook, Sheridan's artillery opened fire upon the enemy with some effect, but while still engaged, an order was received from Gilbert to fall back to the first position of the morning, on Peter's Hill.\* This order was reluctantly obeyed, as it not only vacated a strong and advantageous position, but it left McCook's flank

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\* General H. V. Boynton is authority for a statement in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of October 23, 1862, that Gilbert acknowledged he did not understand the position of his advance or he would not have ordered it back.

fully half a mile in advance, and exposed to attack, that indeed was soon made by a column of the enemy, which pushed its way unseen up the dry bed of Doctor's Creek, and which, when fronted to attack Lytle's flank, virtually had its back to Gilbert's and Crittenden's Corps.

At about 2:30, when the attack on the left began to seriously threaten the safety of McCook's line, he sent his aide, Lieutenant L. M. Hosea, to Sheridan for assistance; this request was referred to Gilbert. Again, at 3 P.M., Captain Fisher, another aide, was sent by McCook to Gilbert. Fisher met Gilbert near Buell's headquarters, but getting no satisfactory reply from him, he, on his own responsibility, rode on to Buell. General Buell says that this was the first knowledge of the attack which had reached him, and he was greatly astonished to learn that the left corps had been engaged in a severe battle for several hours. It was then about 4 o'clock. Gilbert was directed to send two brigades to the assistance of McCook, who, in the meanwhile, had sent a third aide, Captain Hoblitzel, to the commander of the nearest troops, General Schoepf, for immediate assistance, and had obtained from him Steedman's brigade. Under Buell's order Gilbert sent an additional brigade from Mitchell's division.

This latter, Gooding's brigade, reached McCook first, was placed on his right, and at once became engaged in battle. The fighting was severe, but Gooding succeeded in checking the enemy, and night coming on, the contest ceased. During this one hour's engagement this brigade, which had only three regiments and a battery present, lost 499 men killed and wounded. Steedman got into position just before dark, but his battery alone became engaged.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock, there being indications of an attack on Sheridan and Mitchell, these divisions moved forward to the slope of the ridge overlooking Doctor's branch. The enemy made several determined assaults, in which he must have suffered severe loss, as the advances were made over a rolling, though otherwise open field, and these divisions occupied a strong position. Shortly after these efforts of the enemy ceased darkness put an end to the fighting along the whole front.

The loss of the two divisions of McCook's Corps was 3,299, but to this should properly be added that of Gooding and Steedman, while engaged under him, a loss of 514, or a total for McCook of 3,813; also from the reported loss of Gilbert of 885 should be deducted the above 514, making the net loss of the three divisions of Gilbert 371.

The loss of Crittenden's Corps was two wounded, and the cavalry and general headquarters' loss was 24, a grand total of 4,210; 845 killed, 2,851 wounded, and 515 missing.\* Bragg's loss was 3,396; 510 killed, 2,635 wounded, and 251 missing.† Bragg's force acted almost without exception on the offensive, and its loss should have exceeded that of the Union army; as a matter of fact, it was almost exactly 25 per cent. smaller. Bragg captured fifteen cannon from McCook, and although some exchanges were made, he left thirteen cannon when he abandoned the field.

Orders were issued by General Buell for an attack early the next morning. It was then discovered that the enemy, leaving his dead and wounded, had withdrawn during the

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\* Page 1036, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 1112, No. 22, W. R.



night in the direction of Harrodsburg,\* ten miles north of Perryville, where junction was made with Kirby Smith and Marshall. On the 10th Bragg's combined force moved to Bryantville and Camp Dick Robinson, where a depot of supplies had been established. This latter place was a naturally fortified camp, protected by the almost perpendicular cliffs of the Kentucky and Dick's Rivers, which extended many miles to the east and south.

On the 13th of October Humphrey Marshall was allowed to go to Virginia via Pound Gap, but Bragg and Smith's armies started in two columns for Cumberland Gap and Tennessee.

Some idea of the condition in which they reached Tennessee, after the hurried retreat from Dick Robinson, over what Bragg calls the "rough and uneven roads, leading over the stupendous mountains of Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky," can be inferred by quoting from two communications of October 22 and 23. From Kirby Smith to Bragg.†

"My men have suffered on this march everything excepting actual starvation. Not less than 10,000 of them are scattered through the country trying to find something upon which to live. \* \* \* There can not now be more than 6,000 effective men left in my whole force."

Also this from General Polk to the Secretary of War on October 31.‡

"Many of the regiments of the Army of the Mississippi are reduced to 100 men."

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\* Page 1093, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 975, No. 23, W. R.

‡ Page 983, No. 23, W. R.

When General Buell, on the 9th, learned that Bragg had moved to a junction with Kirby Smith, he ordered Sill's division to join him by forced marches. This division made a fortunate escape from Smith, who hoped to capture it on the 9th, near Salvisa, where there occurred a spirited engagement called the battle of Dog Walk, which lasted some hours; Sill, however, outwitted Smith\* and effected a junction with his corps on the evening of the 11th. On the 10th the Union army crossed the Chaplin River, and on the 11th a move was made to Harrodsburg against the enemy, who withdrew during the day across Dick's River, to Bryantville and Camp Dick Robinson. The 12th and 13th were consumed in maneuvering, and when it was discovered in the early morning of the 14th that Bragg had started on his retreat, the whole army pursued to Crab Orchard, and Crittenden's Corps and the cavalry continued this pursuit as far as London and Rock Castle River. The army was then marched to the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

On the 30th of October General Buell was relieved of the command of the Army of the Ohio, and General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland,† as this body of men was to be designated in the future. Rosecrans marched the army to Nashville, which had been successfully held by General Negley during its absence, but Bragg's advance was found almost within sight of the capitol.

Three great and many small battles were yet to be fought, and another year to pass, before the Union army firmly possessed Chattanooga, within sight of which city it had been,

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\* Page 927, No. 23, W. R.

† See Van Horne, Vol. I, opening of Chapter XVI.

when it was forced to make its long journey to the Ohio River.

The military situation at the time of the battle of Perryville presents this curious spectacle: General Bragg had thrice announced his willingness to meet Buell in battle, first at Munfordville, then at Frankfort, and later near Harrodsburg. General Buell certainly made his dispositions for a battle at Perryville on the 9th; both commanders, therefore, were, we may assume, willing to fight. Bragg made his attack on the 8th and then retreated, thus escaping the conflict planned by Buell for the 9th. These two large armies then maneuvered within a space less than fifteen miles square from the evening of the 8th to the morning of the 14th of October, when the contest was resolved into one of legs and supplies. It is hard to follow all their movements during the five days succeeding Perryville, but it is still harder to understand how they avoided having a second battle. General Buell,\* in his report, says: "Everything goes to show that the final retreat of the enemy was suddenly determined on." General Bragg, in his report, gives various reasons for his retreat,† but the most simple one is "that he would have to attack and rout an enemy largely superior in numbers, or evacuate the country."

Each side for a second contest after the 11th could have had five fresh divisions on the field. In the battle of the 8th Jackson's division lost heavily, and Rousseau's division was roughly handled, but both of them could have been utilized in a new engagement. Three divisions of Crittenden's Corps and one each of Gilbert's and McCook's Corps were not en-

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\* Page 1028, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 1091, No. 22, W. R.

gaged, and the two remaining divisions of Gilbert's had done very little more than look on while McCook's men were permitted, unaided, to make the best fight they could.

The excuse for General Buell's personal inaction that day is in the fact that he had been injured by the fall of his horse, and he was probably busy maturing plans for his proposed engagement the following day, while his headquarters were so situated that, except for the occasional rumblings of artillery, no sound of the conflict reached him. Gilbert did not enlighten him. McCook did not communicate promptly with him. The Signal Corps, with a station at Buell's headquarters, one at Gilbert's, one at Sheridan's position, and, for a time, one also at McCook's, was silent.\* The signal officers were themselves aware there was a fight, but it was against etiquette of their corps to usurp the privileges of the Generals, when the latter refused, or neglected to make use of the facilities offered by their method of communication; at least so it appears from the testimony of the Chief Signal Officer of the army before the "Commission" which inquired into all these matters of the Kentucky campaign.

Individually the members of Gilbert's Corps have reason to congratulate themselves that they were not called upon to engage in a general battle under the direction of the so-called Major General C. C. Gilbert. Within the short period of his unwarranted elevation he had gained not only the ill-will and contempt, but above all, the distrust of the men and officers under him.† The smallness, the brutality, the short-sighted

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\* Page 511, No. 22, W. R.—Testimony of Captain Jesse Merrill, Chief Signal Officer.

† The day before Perryville Gilbert had Steedman, Croxton, Van Derveer and more than fifty prominent officers riding behind his staff in arrest.

disregard for the effectiveness of his men, in truth, the whole story of his incapacity and unfitness for command, is told in one brief extract from the record of the Buell Commission, or Court of Inquiry, although much more to the same effect might be quoted.

On page 132, Serial Number 22, of the War Records, this will be found in the testimony of General James B. Steedman:

“It was a hard place to get water. The only water there General Gilbert kept for his own use, his staff and his escort; while the soldiers were perishing for it. He had a guard over it, and would not let them have a drink.”

Perryville was a fight for water. Colonel Dan McCook's brigade of Gilbert's own corps had opened the fight at 3 o'clock in the morning to get, or try to get water. The testimony above quoted applies to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, when the left corps was fighting to the death, and Steedman's men were lying on their arms, momentarily expecting to be called. Within the hour they were called, and in the sad plight implied by the testimony, they went to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades.

Gilbert's headquarters was two miles in the rear, and although he had two divisions in line of battle actively skirmishing the greater part of the day, and repeatedly assaulted in force between 4 and 5 P.M., there was no positive evidence before the “Commission.” though the matter was particularly inquired into, that Gilbert himself was actually present with his troops during the day; for if he had been near at hand, where he could see the necessity for the assistance so repeat-

edly requested by McCook, assistance that his corps, as then placed, could immediately have rendered, possibly Bragg's exit from Kentucky would have been more disastrous.

As it was, the men of his corps, from their position on an elevated ridge, gazed for hours excitedly at the contest raging on the lower level, and wondered if that could be called strategy which allowed one portion of the army to be overpowered and slaughtered, while nearly 50,000 men lay in a compact line of battle not three miles long, idle, but capable of at once being moved to overwhelm, if not entirely surround the enemy then fighting McCook.\* Such a situation seems

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\* Page 990, No. 23, War Records, gives a report of the strength of Gilbert's Corps at Crab Orchard, October 21, 1862: Present for duty, 22,917; aggregate present of all arms, 24,224. On page —, No. —, War Records, General Buell says that all three corps had about the same strength.† Adding 885, the loss of the corps at the Perryville fight, and, to be more than liberal, deducting 1,800 men as stragglers down to the date of the fight, Gilbert's Corps would number 22,000 men for duty that day, thus making this one corps over 6,000 greater than Bragg's entire force present upon the field of Perryville.

† Major J. M. Wright testifies (page 659, No. 22, W. R.) that Buell brought to Louisville 45,000 troops. He estimates (page 660, No. 22, W. R.) that only 58,000 men, not including Dumont's division, marched from Louisville, and that Buell had at Perryville, not including Sill's division, only 50,000 men; but on page 665, No. 22, War Records, he says the strength of Buell's army was from 75,000 to 77,000 men. The statement of strength of Gilbert's Corps October 21st is, no doubt, correct, as is also General Buell's, that the three corps were of equal strength, as he, no doubt, intended them to be when organizing them at Louisville. The statement of the writer as to there being "50,000 idle men" in Crittenden's and Gilbert's Corps seems, therefore, to be warranted.

hardly credible, and later in the war it would not have occurred; orders or no orders, the commanders of those inactive divisions would have moved to the assistance of their sorely pressed comrades upon appeals so urgent, and have justified themselves to their superiors afterwards.

The circumstances which led to the assignment of Gilbert to the command of a large corps are here given as a curious bit of history.

In the early part of August General Buell sent Captain Gilbert, of his staff, to the rear on a tour of inspection, and later, when General Nelson went to Kentucky, Gilbert was directed to report to him as Inspector. When Nelson found that the wound received at Richmond unfitted him for duty, he asked General Wright to come to Lexington and look after the operations against Kirby Smith, then advancing on the place.\* Wright arrived from Cincinnati by the Kentucky Central Railroad Sunday afternoon, August 31, and he departed for Louisville by the Lexington & Louisville Railroad at 5 o'clock the next afternoon, September 1st.† Some time during this period he appointed‡ Captain Gilbert|| a Major General, and put him in command of what

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\* Page 467, No. 23, W. R.

† Page 474, No. 23, W. R.

‡ Page 987, No. 23, W. R.

|| General Wright telegraphed from Cincinnati at 5:30 A.M., August 31, to General Dumont, at Lebanon, not to march to Danville, as it would not be safe.

At 7:30 A.M., same day, Gilbert, from Lexington, gave him, in Wright's name, an order to march to Hickman's bridge via Danville, signing the order: Chas. C. Gilbert, Colonel and Inspector. (Page 468,

was called the Army of Kentucky during the temporary absence of General Nelson. Both Wright and Gilbert were graduates of the United States Military Academy, and presumably aware that there was no possible warrant in law for either making or receiving this appointment.

Gilbert was placed in full charge, and apparently received no definite instructions in regard to his future movements, as General Wright, on reaching Louisville at an early hour on September 2d, telegraphed to General Lew Wallace at Cincinnati\* that he had placed General Gilbert in command, and that the latter might march to Cincinnati, or he might come to Louisville. It was not certain which route he had taken, or indeed whether he had left Lexington at all, as communication with that place had been cut off.

Although General Wright was in doubt, Major General Gilbert evidently had formed his own plan of campaign.

General Wright, confessedly ignorant as to Gilbert's course, left for Louisville at 5 P.M., but within four hours thereafter the rear guard of Gilbert left Lexington for the same place.

This force of nearly 10,000 men,† wholly composed of

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No. 23, W. R.) Dumont asked General Wright which order he should obey. It was manifest one of them was issued without authority, as Wright could not be in both places at the same time. It is well that General Dumont questioned the later order of "Colonel" Gilbert, as otherwise his column would have run into Kirby Smith's victorious troops. Gilbert does not seem to have had any warrant at all for thus styling himself Colonel, nor was he on General Wright's staff.

\* Page 474, No. 23, W. R.

† Page 479, No. 23, W. R.



new troops, many of them already exhausted by the Richmond affair, was marched almost without a halt, day and night, and nearly every fence corner and hiding place, from Lexington to Louisville, was filled with soldiers whom neither persuasion nor threats could urge to take another step; even the colors of one of the regiments would have been lost, but for the vigilance of the rear guard. The pursuing enemy, Scott's cavalry, only a few hundred strong,\* captured the greater portion of these weary stragglers.

General Gilbert abandoned at Lexington, besides some 500 sick and wounded, vast quantities of camp equipage, arms and accoutrements, ammunition, clothing and food. Kirby Smith, in a telegram to Bragg says:† "We captured 11,000 muskets, 1,100 sabres, 2,000,000 rounds small ammunition. The other stores accumulated here are sufficient to subsist a large army for some time." It is true that an attempt was made to destroy this property by fire, but as it was not until just before the rear guard left that even this effort to prevent capture by the enemy was made, and as no system was observed, little was actually destroyed, where everything could have been saved with proper care.

It must be borne in mind that both the Cincinnati and Louisville lines of railroad were in running order, and at least until midnight of the 31st of August, there were in Lexington probably 1,000 six-mule teams, from 500 to 750 of which left Lexington absolutely empty.‡

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\* Page 933, No. 23, W. R. (450 strong).

† Page 830, No. 23, W. R. Page 935, No. 22, W. R.—Smith to W. D., 11 cannon, etc.

‡ This separate lot of 500 to 750 teams was a portion of a 2,000 team outfit that had been engaged in supplying General G. W.

Notwithstanding so much was left behind, quite a train was escorted away and a quantity of shelled corn and oats was saved, also a lot of old iron siege guns and some brass field pieces, but there was no ammunition, nor artillery men to work them.

Captain W. R. Terrill, of the regular artillery, who had distinguished himself at Shiloh, had been appointed by General Wright, a Brigadier General under Gilbert, and the latter gave him the post of honor, the rear. Under Terrill's directions, a gun squad, improvised from the infantry rear guard, by a liberal application of turnpike dust and elbow grease, made one of these brass guns shine like a mirror. Many times, when the enemy's cavalry appeared in the distance, the gun was unlimbered upon some elevation, the squad stood to their places, and the fierce rays of the sun did the rest. Scott's cavalry must often have wondered why an occasional shell was not let loose at them.

The weary column, without any attempt to delay the enemy, even at the strong defensive position of the Kentucky River at Frankfort, passed hurriedly on via Shelbyville to Louisville, where it arrived on the 5th of September. The enemy followed closely almost to Louisville, and hoisted his flag on the capitol building at Frankfort while the column of Gilbert was yet in sight of it.\*

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Morgan at Cumberland Gap. This separate train of wagons remained at Frankfort from daylight Monday, until daylight Tuesday, September 2d, when it again departed absolutely empty. The enemy captured at this place (see page 935, No. 22, W. R.) several cannon and a large quantity of stores. These statements are made upon authority of Captain John V. Lewis, A. Q. M., in charge at Lexington at that time.

\* Page 939, No. 22, W. R.

On arrival at Louisville Gilbert did not hide either himself or his Major General's uniform under a bushel. He freely gave his counsel and advise to all; to Colonel Wilder at Munfordville\*, to General Buell, to General Halleck, to the Honorable Secretary of War, even to the President. There came a dispatch from Washington asking who is "Major General" Gilbert? General Wright undertook to explain,† and thereupon, on the 19th of September, Gilbert was commissioned by the President a Brigadier General, and ordered to report to Wright for duty;‡ the Senate refused to confirm this appointment. Notwithstanding this commission Gilbert continued to style himself and wear the insignia of a Major General.|| Although remarks were made and some trouble experienced, General Wright stood by his appointee, and wrote him that if questions of rank embarrassed him, to intimate to those objecting that they might be detached.§ This, to a slight degree, has the appearance of a conspiracy.

Encouraged by the success in his own case, Gilbert appointed Captain Ebenezer Gay a Brigadier General, and put him in command of a brigade of cavalry.

When General Buell arrived and hurriedly made preparations to move against Bragg, he seems to have omitted any inquiry into Gilbert's credentials. He found a Major Gen-

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\* It is certain that this advice caused the loss of the garrison at Munfordville.

† Page 493, No. 23, W. R., Sept. 7, 1862.

‡ Page 536, No. 23, W. R.

|| Page 662, No. 22, W. R., also testimony of Colonel J. B. Fry, before Buell Commission.

§ Page 520, No. 23, W. R.

eral, and took him for the commander of one of his corps.\* The following is his explanation to the Commission.†

“I have no particular interest in General Gilbert at all. I assigned him to a command because I believed he was, at the time, a Major General, and when the contrary became certainly known, I relieved him from that command.”

There is but one deduction to be drawn from this statement: Gilbert duped his commander by masquerading.‡ Although General Buell did not know, Gilbert certainly did know that he was not a Major General.

General Buell relieved Gilbert after the active pursuit of the enemy below Crab Orchard ceased, and the corps was directly afterwards broken up and its divisions distributed elsewhere.

It is possible that Gilbert might have become a great General in time, if his experience had kept pace with his promotions. It was probably not entirely his own fault that he was pushed so rapidly and to so high a position that the rarified atmosphere played havoc with his judgment, his humanity and his perception of the dishonesty of his position. Only a few years ago he furnished an article on the “Battle of Perryville” to the *Century Magazine* for its “Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,” and allowed the author to be styled Charles C. Gilbert, Major General, U. S. V. What he knew of the battle during its progress is partially shown by the following

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\* General William Nelson, who met his death at the hands of a brother officer the day before the proposed advance, was to have been the commander of this corps.

† Page 285, No. 22, W. R.

‡ Page 662, No. 22, W. R.

extracts from the testimony of Generals Thomas L. Crittenden and George H. Thomas before the Buell Commission. Crittenden says:\* “At 4 o'clock P.M., another (note from Gilbert), advising me of some changes in his lines, and he then adds, ‘The noise you hear on the left is from McCook; my children are all quiet, and by sunset we will have them in bed and nicely tucked up, as we used to do at Corinth.’”

General Thomas, when asked about this correspondence, for answer merely repeated the substance of the notes; then came this from the Judge Advocate:† “The last question is intended to get the information as to whether the reply of General Gilbert at that time gave the correct information which was desired of him, or whether, from your subsequent knowledge, you do not know that his statement was incorrect.” General Thomas: “I learned at General Buell’s headquarters that night that the information received from General Gilbert was not a true statement of the case, but at the same time I believe General Gilbert reported all he knew at the time.”

Very likely all he knew, but if Gilbert had been as near to his troops as Thomas, Crittenden or McCook to theirs, he would have known when he wrote that note that McCook’s “noise” menaced even his own flank, and that two of his own divisions were then preparing to meet the enemy in a contest that lasted until sunset.

One of Gilbert’s staff officers‡ testified, page 283, No. 22, W. R., that between 4 and 5 P.M., he and Gilbert were view-

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\* Page 528, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 187, No. 22, W. R.

‡ Captain George S. Roper, A. C. S.

ing this last fight of his troops through field glasses, but were so far separated from them that even with the aid of the glasses, their movements could not be distinctly discerned. At his own suggestion he rode to Sheridan for information, and came back with Sheridan's message that "He had driven the enemy from before him and whipped them like hell. Mitchell had flanked them on the left; he, Sheridan, was changing front to assist McCook."

Thereupon Gilbert said: "Good, now we've got them. Now we've got them. Now's the time to push everything," and he sent the message and that injunction to General Buell by Major Wright, of Buell's staff, who at that moment approached. He also sent, by a citizen clerk of the Commissary Department of Crittenden's Corps, the same word to General Crittenden, to push everything.

Alex. McCook had been trying for hours to get Gilbert excited to the point of pushing something. The Buell Commission has this to say in their summary of the testimony taken before them:

"There can be no question about its being the duty of somebody to assist McCook. As his right had been posted not exceeding three hundred yards from Gilbert's left, and as the severest fighting was on McCook's right, we can not see why Gilbert did not re-enforce him when so requested. He should have done so, if for no other reason than that McCook's discomfiture exposed his own flank. Nothing but positive orders, fixing and holding him in his position, can justify his failure. If such there were, they have not been heard of in the testimony."

"We find that during the greater part of the attack on

McCook, Gilbert's Corps was unengaged, while Thomas's wing had not so much as a demonstration made against it."\*

The Judge Advocate of the Commission, in his own summary, says:† "All the while Gilbert's Corps remained idle spectators of the unequal contest, and not only failed to tender reinforcements, but when such aid was solicited, positively refused."

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., read before this Commandery an interesting paper, entitled: "How I Won My First Brevet.‡ The peculiar history above given shows how Captain Gilbert won his third brevet, which was Colonel in the Regular Army, for "gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Perryville."

OCTOBER 6, 1897.

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\* Pages 11 and 12, No. 22, W. R.

† Page 20, No. 22, W. R.

‡ Page 363, Vol. IV., Sketches of War History, published by Ohio Commandery.

A NAVAL BATTLE OFF MEMPHIS, TENN.,  
JUNE 20, 1862.

BY GEORGE E. CURRIE,

Late Lieutenant Colonel First Infantry, Mississippi Marine Regiment.

Fort Pillow had been evacuated. The flagstaff that so short a time before held the emblem of the Confederacy now bore the victorious Stars and Stripes, and so far the Mississippi was open to the Union forces. Our boats and mortar fleets left for Memphis, the next point of attack, while the ram fleet, remaining to destroy whatever the rebels in their hasty flight had left intact, following the other vessels, overtook them about ten miles above Memphis, where all cast anchor for the night.

To better understand subsequent events, a description of the ram fleet may be pertinent. Under the skillful management of Colonel Charles Ellet, a civil engineer of marked ability, river steamers were converted into rams by the following process: For the protection of the boilers and machinery, a heavy wall of twelve-inch square timber, securely fastened and bolted to the hull, extended from the main deck to within a short distance of the cabin floor; the upper works were cut down; the prows filled solid with heavy timber reaching back about midway, while a coat of black paint added to the formidable appearance, if not to the strength, of the boats.

Each ram was liberally supplied with hand grenades and breech-loading carbines; a hose to attach to the boilers, for



the purpose of throwing hot water on those who would attempt to board it; and every other appliance that would add to its efficiency. Fifteen sharpshooters were stationed on each boat. The duties of the fleet were to open the Mississippi to navigation and to patrol it, so as to check the guerillas, who now made the passage, if at all possible, extremely hazardous.

June 5, 1862, opened clear and bright. The combined fleets were so many vessels that their number seemed their worst impediment when going into action, each obstructing the other. Slow runners (the gunboats) started down the river, in order to make the distance to Memphis and secure a good fighting position, a little earlier than the other fleets. Soon after the ram fleet followed at half speed.

Memphis, lying directly in our path in a bend of the river, soon came into sight. Standing on the bluffs, on the city's front, her population by thousands, gathered there by invitation of the rebel commander to witness "the speedy annihilation of the Yankee fleet," most eager for the battle to begin, that the sooner the victory might be celebrated. Opposite, in line of battle, the rebel fleet, like enraged watchdogs, snarled and showed their glittering guns, seemingly as impatient as, and more defiant than, her people. Two of our gunboats had dropped their stern anchors at the tow-head at Wolf's Island, and were firing their bow guns. Their loud reports were the heralds of the fierce storm bursting upon misguided Memphis.

As soon as the flagship of the ram fleet came in sight she signaled all boats to land. This boat was the *Queen of the West*, the headquarters of Colonel Ellet. In compliance with

her signal, the rams began to round to, but before a landing could be effected the Queen again signaled "All boats into action," and, backing around, followed by the Monarch and Lancaster (both side-wheelers), in the order named, they darted off into action. The fourth ram, the Mingo, of which I was the military commander, having the supply barge of fuel in tow, was compelled to land the barge before going into action.

Disregarding the firing of our gunboats, the rams darted forward to meet the rebel fleet, now advancing in formidable array. The iron-clads cease firing and the battle is entirely given over to the rams, of which the rebels have the most powerful, while the Unionists have the advantage of down stream.

Stand here with me on the deck of the Mingo, unloading its barge, and view the battle. Watch while the Queen of the West, with a harpy-like fury, darts at her formidable adversary, and, meeting it in midstream, inflicts such a disastrous blow that in less than three minutes it sinks out of sight. There, see the Monarch attacks, and, hissing as it speeds through the water, strikes and disables the Confederate ram, and it will soon follow its sunken companion. A bursting steam pipe or boiler, throwing out its scalding water, adds to the terror of the crew, who, if rescued, will endure a prolongation of horrors that death alone can relieve. Make way again for the Queen as she boldly rushes forward to attack the General Price. She strikes, but so powerful is the rebel ram, it resists the butt, and is pushed clear to the opposite shore, where it grounds. Back again, panting, comes the Union ram, seeking and eager for new prey. The Con-

federate flagship *Little Rebel*, as it is, rebels against capture, and, making for the opposite shore, allows its commander and crew to escape into the woods. The *Monarch* next attacks the *Lovel* and disables it. Down stream it turns and is escaping. See it going! It will escape. Hark! that awful report! Too late. The boilers have exploded and it sinks in full view of the city it hoped to guard. In advance of the *Lovel*, and making the fastest time of its record, the *Van Dorn* runs down the river and escapes, the only rebel vessel unharmed.

The conflict is over. Brief but complete. The rebel fleet, by destruction, capture or flight, is destroyed. Of the Union fleet but two rams, the *Queen of the West* and the *Monarch*, were engaged in the conflict. The *Lancaster*, backing into the bank, broke its rudder and was compelled to withdraw from the fight.

The smoke of battle clears away; the spoils are secured and at anchor in midstream; the victorious rams ride in majesty, while the gunboats, with their heavy guns broadside, ready for action, keep a menacing watch over the city. Already a dispatch for a regiment of infantry has been sent, that it may come and take command of the city. The Mayor came on board and surrendered the city, asking that no shots be sent into the streets crowded by women and children, and the people called to celebrate the victory! Over their hearts has fallen a despair as dark as the Memphian night of old. An enslaved people has again found a liberator, and the revengeful spirit of a Pharaoh still lives.

With that strange influence of mind upon mind that leads to concentrated action in times of intense excitement, they

surge through the streets, not lacking leaders and needing but the shadow of a cause to resort to deeds of violence. Restrained by fear, incited by intense hatred, humiliated with the certainty of their defeat, and perplexed with the uncertainty of the morrow, they wander on, while cries and groans, fierce threats and wild lamentations mark the fierce conflict of their passions.

Through this confusion two Lieutenants and one enlisted man wend their way to raise the Union flag on the post office building. With jeers and threats the howling mob pursues them to the building and follows close at their heels up to the flight of stairs which led to the roof. Up goes the Union flag, unfurled for the first time in Tennessee since the two years before, when she passed the ordinance of secession. Dear old flag! We watch it unfurl its stars and stripes over fallen Memphis with that keen affection which none but a soldier who has fought for it can feel. With a just feeling of pride, they turn to descend, to find the trap-door closed and fastened on the under side. They are prisoners on the roof, with no possible means of escape. Above them floats the flag, the emblem of liberty. Below them is a mob that shows its exultation, on discovery of the trick, in loud hurrahs. They are completely in the trap. Before help can reach them from the boats, what might not happen, exposed as they are, helpless and at the mercy of madmen?

On board the fleet the intelligence is received with the greatest concern. Immediately Colonel Ellet sends for the Mayor. Nothing but a speedy and safe passage for the men back to the boats, and a promise to keep the flag flying where it is, will save the town from a destructive bombardment.

The Mayor hastened to do all he could, and in a short time, to the great relief of every one, the little party returned unharmed.

Possibly not without hazard was a little circumstance in which I was engaged. Accompanied by the sharpshooters from the Mingo, I went on shore to cut down a flagstaff on the levee, for a trophy on it, a large rebel flag. On arriving we found another Captain who had come for the same purpose. He was surrounded by an excited crowd of people, so menacing that he was at the best uncertain what to do.

I was senior officer, and we did not stand much on ceremony. After a hasty conference we decided to form a hollow square around the flag, alternating the men armed with breech-loaders and muskets. Only at the point of the bayonet would the crowd fall back sufficiently to allow the staff to fall, after it was cut down. Each blow the ax brought forth the most hideous groans and curses. It was as if they felt their hearts torn, and despair born of hatred made their curses live long after in our memory. We did not feel safe until the flag was carried on the boat.

The arrival of the infantry the next day put the city under military command. After the storm the calm cometh. Stores were closed and business suspended. The streets were deserted, and the city's daily life was paralyzed. All day the soldiers walked about, the excitement of the past night having wonderfully abated. As the circulation of Confederate money was now treasonable, the military commander allowed it only for three days, in order to get the United States greenbacks current. The effect was magical. People thronged the streets, filled the stores; traders came in in numbers

to buy supplies; from every direction came people laden with bundles. It looked like another Vanity Fair day. Business, directed into its proper channel, again regulated itself, and in a short time life went on as before the surrender.

In summing up the casualties, we found that, although the people stood directly in the paths of the shots from our gunboats, there was not a single accident reported amongst them.

On the fleet but one was wounded, and that one our brave commander, Colonel Ellet. When the *Queen of the West* went into action he seated himself between the chimneys, in full view of the pilot and of the prow of his boat. Sitting there, intent upon the proceedings, calm, collected, with a forgetfulness of self and a disregard of danger very characteristic of the man, he directed all the movements which proved so efficient.

It was an exposed position, a constant target for rebel sharpshooters. Struck by a ball in the knee, true soldier that he was, he never deserted his post until victory was secured. Daily he grew worse. Nothing availed. Amputation, the only hope of recovery, was abhorrent to him, and he resisted all appeals, saying, "like his country, he preferred death to dismemberment." His boat started up the river for cooler quarters, but before it landed at Cairo Colonel Ellet was journeying to the Great Beyond.

His military career was brief but brilliant. He had hoped and accomplished. Victory made his life complete, and success enabled him to rest peacefully forever on the summit of Fame's Hill.

As a naval battle the Memphis fight was one of the great-

est ever fought on inland waters. As a victory it was most advantageous, as it opened the Mississippi to Vicksburg, securing a passage so essential to the movements of our army, and struck the severest blow the Confederacy had as yet received, by thus dividing it down to this point. As a success it gave immediate recognition and sterling worth to the effectiveness of the rams, until then new in naval warfare, and added prestige and honor to the genius of their projector, Colonel Ellet.

MARCH 3, 1862.

## GENERAL BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS, 1862.

BY CHARLES B. CHILDE,

Late Captain Eighth Vermont Volunteers.

In October, 1861, General Butler was authorized by the War Department, with the approval of the President, to raise, organize, arm, uniform and equip from the New England States a volunteer force of six regiments of the maximum standard, two full batteries and a squadron of cavalry, all for a special service. Subsequently this force was doubled.

Under instructions from the Governor of Vermont, I had enlisted a company in the town of Derby, bordering on the Canadian line. As Company B these men became a part of the Eighth Vermont, one of the two regiments which that State raised for this special service.

These forces were rapidly recruited; went into camp in December, 1861; were mustered into the service and drilled until March, 1862, and sailed from New York and Boston on March 10th and 12th. The two Vermont regiments, with supplies, tents, batteries and horses, were loaded upon four sailing vessels of one thousand to twelve hundred tons each. We were all bound for Ship Island. Off Hatteras we encountered the equinoctial gales, which drove the ships easterly six hundred miles out of their course and nearly to the Bermuda Islands. After twenty-six days at sea, without further ill-fortune than the discomfort of the heavy seas and the loss of one hundred and thirty horses, the force arrived at Ship Island on April 5, 1862, and at once landed.



This island is five miles long, and of a width varying from six hundred to twelve hundred feet. It is formed of white sand thrown up by wind and waves parallel to the Mississippi shore at a distance of about twelve miles. There is no growth of any kind upon it, with the exception of a small lot of hard pine at its eastern end. For four miles of its length at the westerly end it rises but little above the level of the gulf — from two to five feet or so. At flood-tide and in heavy seas the waves wash over a large part of the island. The surface is marked by long swales, from fifteen to eighty feet in width, filled with sea water, with low ridges of sand between, and here and there a sand knoll, a few as high as ten feet above the surrounding waters. No house or other habitation marked a scene of desolation, the dreariness of which was emphasized by an abandoned fort partly built by the Government prior to 1860. In the '40's, however, the island had been a place of resort frequented by the people of New Orleans, with cottages and hotels facing the beach; but a violent storm from the gulf had flooded the island and destroyed buildings and occupants at one stroke.

The white sands drifted about in every wind, sprinkling everything and causing great irritation to eyes, skin and stomach. Our food was well peppered with sand. The water supply was ample. By imbedding ahardtack box in the sand a supply of soft, fresh water was to be had, even below tide level. Each tent had its own supply.

There were terrific storms. On the night of April 11th three men were killed and thirteen hurt by lightning. Disorder was much in evidence by reason of the lack of practice in war on the part of the volunteer officers. Rations were

misplaced and damaged by water, enough hardtack being drenched to feed a regiment for four months. This was unfortunate for the troops; but a greater misfortune happened to the officer at fault when General Butler shook his fist in his face and cursed him.

General Butler left Fortress Monroe during the last days of February, and, after a series of unfortunate delays, arrived at Ship Island about the last of March. Eight thousand men were then at the island, General Phelps in command. Upon the arrival of General Butler the expedition was hastened. It was planned that Flag Officer Farragut should endeavor to reduce the forts by a bombardment from his fleet of mortar schooners. This not proving effective, he was to run the forts, clear the river of obstructions, cut off supplies from the forts, and otherwise clear the way for the safe passage of the transports bearing the troops destined to occupy the city.

Many delays attended the movements contemplated for the fleet. It was first confronted by a short coal supply. The schooners laden with fuel that had been dispatched by the Navy Department had not arrived. Storms at sea had scattered the vessels, and whether any of the supply would ever reach its destination, none could tell. Flag Officer Farragut was almost in despair. Several of the vessels sailing from Boston General Butler had ballasted with anthracite coal, and there were probably altogether about three thousand tons in the holds of the transport ships. This supply, providentially supplied, as it seemed, was turned over to the fleet, further delay ensuing while the transfer was being effected. The vessels ballasted back to Boston with dry sand from Ship Island.

The advance movement of the fleet then began, headed towards the Southwest Pass. Here the shallow channel greatly delayed the progress of the fleet, fourteen days being consumed in working the ships over the bar. In the meantime the troops at Ship Island were loaded into transports, to the number of some six thousand, and followed the fleet to a position below the gunboats anchored in the river out of range of the guns of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

The bombardment by the mortar schooners now began, and for six days an almost uninterrupted fire was exchanged between the mortar fleet and the hundred and fifty-five guns at the forts—an almost useless expenditure of time and ammunition, as was subsequently learned. The damage to the mortar fleet was slight, while, of the five thousand shells which we fired, scarcely three hundred reached the forts, and many of these were harmless, burying themselves in the marshy ground about the fortifications. Aboard the transports we were suffering from a scant and irregular supply of rations and water, aggravated by the intense heat of the sun and the stench in the holds. Sickness was increasing rapidly among the men.

In addition to the forts, the rebels had provided another defense to the city in the shape of a cable stretching from shore to shore below. As first constructed, it had been made of logs chained together at the ends and floating as a boom across the river, each end firmly anchored to the shore. The pressure of the heavy current against the accumulated drift at the center of the obstruction had broken it.

The next plan of construction consisted of schooners and barges anchored in a line across the river one hundred feet

apart, and connected by a line of heavy chains taken from the Pensacola and Norfolk navy yards, securely fastened to the foremast in each vessel. This method permitted the drift to pass the obstruction without breaking it.

The destruction of this obstacle was a prerequisite to the further progress of the fleet. A night attack was planned wherein two gunboats were detached from the fleet — one, the *Pinola*, with orders to blow up one of the schooners by means of an electrically connected torpedo; the other, the *Itasca*, to cut the cable and anchor chains of the adjoining schooner. The former was not successful, the swift current carrying the *Pinola* down stream so rapidly as to break the electrical connection before the bomb could be exploded. The *Itasca*, however, succeeded in laying alongside the next schooner, cut the cable and slipped the anchor chains, both vessels swinging round towards the eastern shore and leaving an opening between schooners of over two hundred feet, through which the entire fleet and the transports subsequently passed. This work had not been done without drawing a sharp fire from the forts; but, under cover of the darkness and in the obscuring smoke, the men worked in comparative safety. The *Itasca* grounded hard on the eastern shore, bow on, but, with the aid of the *Pinola*, she finally got off, and together they rejoined the fleet, their mission accomplished.

Another obstruction was now sent against the fleet in the shape of an immense fire raft, piled high with wood and cotton and well saturated with pitch and turpentine. It passed through the breach in the cable, grazed several of the fleet in passing, was grappled by men from the mortar fleet, towed to shore, and harmlessly burned itself out — another obstacle safely overcome.

The run of the forts was planned for the early morning hours of April 24th. At 2 o'clock the Hartford gave the signal to weigh anchor and advance upon the five-mile run to a point above the range of the guns of the forts. The orders were to go in shore and pass the forts in double column, one on each side of the river, within fifty yards, in the hope that the rebel guns could not be depressed sufficiently; while our gunners had orders to fire low with grape and canister, which should drive the rebels from their guns. From the moment that the first gun was fired from the fleet dense smoke settled over the fleet and forts, and nothing could be seen, save the bright flashes of the guns, nor heard, save the continuing roar of gun upon gun of heaviest caliber. No lightning flash nor thunder, roar ever equaled the sight and sound of that tremendous play of guns and mortars. Sheets of flame and storm of shells from the rebel guns just cleared the decks of our ships, while Flag Officer Farragut answered with the guns of the entire fleet. No mere words can adequately portray such a scene.

And here I wish to say a word of Lieutenant Weitzel, of the engineers. Many of you knew him personally as neighbor and friend, for here in Cincinnati was he born and lived many years of his useful life. As Government engineer in charge of the work he had served for two years on the construction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. This experience, together with his intimate knowledge of local conditions, contributed largely to the success of the plan of attack. For fifteen months I was in almost daily touch with him, and respected him highly for his sterling qualities and manly character. As brigade, division and corps commander, he

was held in the highest esteem by the officers and was loved by the troops.

The flagship *Hartford* was in the front of the fight. With Farragut in the fore-rigging, under the concentrated fire of both forts, attacked by gunboats, struggling in the swift current to free herself from the embraces of the fire raft pushed against her by the rebel ram *Manassas*, and fighting the flames fore and aft, she kept her course, answering with rapid broadsides the attacks of the enemy. It seemed that nothing could stop her.

The remainder of the fleet was as active. All of the rebel vessels — fifteen gunboats and two rams — were destroyed and sunk. We lost but two gunboats and seventy men. The *Varuna*, pierced by the ram *Manassas*, sank at once, her crew escaping to the shore. Retribution was swift. The steam frigate *Mississippi*, following the *Varuna*, gave the ram a single broadside as she passed, which blew her up, with every soul on board. Five miles above the forts a rebel regiment surrendered to the *Cayuga* and was paroled. On April 27th the garrison at Fort Jackson mutinied, fired on their officers, came up the levee and surrendered to the army. The next day the officers surrendered the forts.

Flag Officer Farragut, accompanied by the transports, now moved up the river. Rebel batteries at English Turn and at Chalmette were each silenced by a broadside. Eight to nine thousand rebel troops, under Lovell and Twigg, fled across Lake Pontchartrain in the direction of Beauregard's army. The same day (April 27th) the fleet anchored in mid-stream in front of the city. Two officers and a file of marines went ashore, and, pushing their way to the mint, hoisted over

it the United States flag, which they left unguarded, save by the howitzers in the maintop of the Hartford, which bore upon it.

No friendly greeting hailed the arrival of the Union forces. Fierce and venomous hatred against the North prevailed. The city had been under a reign of terror for a year. Northern men were forced into rebel companies formed for the defense of the city, and compelled to drill daily. Assassination was the alternative. Beyond the lines, during our occupancy of the city, they were constantly impressing men. It was reported that two Germans had been hanged for their refusal to join Van Dorn's army.

Disorder and crime prevailed throughout the city. No officer dared to go unarmed. On the day we landed a German standing on the levee shouted, "Hurrah for the old flag!" He was immediately shot and thrown into the river; and, though we made every effort to ferret out the assassin, we were not able to do so, and the crime went unpunished.

A party of roughs, headed by one Mumford, pulled down the flag from the mint, dragged its folds through the streets, tore it to pieces, and distributed them among the mob as souvenirs and keepsakes. Papers throughout the country gave wide publicity to this act, which was hailed by the South as an act of bravery. General Butler ordered Mumford's arrest, and he was tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged thirty-seven days afterward on the very spot where he had committed the crime.

Even the children were true to their parentage and training. As we passed along small boys were heard to sing out, "You'll catch it when Yaller Jack comes!" Passing a school-

house, the children, running out, greeted us with hisses and yells. A rebel song followed, the chorus of which I can still hear:

“Big Yank! Little Yank! Run, Yank, or die!”

But all expressions of Northern sentiment had not been crushed out. Persons at heart friends of the Union, when screened from public notice, would salute us kindly. Before landing, a ferry boat had passed near our transport. An elderly gentleman dodged into an open door and saluted us. We gave him a rousing cheer. And after landing, passing a group of women of the poorer class, we heard them say: “We all are glad that Lincoln has come at last.”

Union men, however, dared make no open display of their loyalty, for fear of assassination. A citizen offered us a building for use as a hospital. The leader of a mob told him his building would be burned and himself killed.

At the approach of the fleet a panic had seized the city. The rebel army fled, setting fire to such property as they were unable to take with them. Vast stores of cotton, sugar, tar, resin, timber and coal were thus destroyed. Shipping and wharves, with all they contained, were set on fire, that nothing of value might remain to fall into the hands of the hated Yankees. There was some talk even of burning the city, and this was advocated by some of the rebel leaders. Destruction of property was not confined to the city alone. Plantation products, especially cotton, were destroyed generally, that they might not be confiscated and sold by the Union commanders.

The banks and citizens set about hiding or sending away money and gold, of which there was a large amount in the



city. Vaults were built in the walls of houses, and large sums were concealed in tombs and churches. Eight hundred thousand dollars were deposited with the Dutch Consul, and between three and four millions with the French Consul. Six and a half millions in gold, belonging to various city banks, was sent out of the city with the retreating rebel army. This was seized by the rebel government and placed in its treasury, to be held in trust for the owners. Later, efforts were made to secure the return of this gold, but without success. It has remained "in trust" to this day. One of the banks packed its gold and notes, amounting to two millions, into nine beef barrels, and shipped it up Red River as beef. When it was learned that General Butler was not confiscating private property, this "beef" was ordered shipped back, and, of all the funds sent away upon the approach of the Union forces, this was the only instance where the rightful owners recovered their property.

May 1st, at sundown, troops were landed from the transports and possession taken of the Custom House. The following morning a staff officer was sent to the Mayor of the city, requesting that the officials call upon General Butler at the St. Charles Hotel.

The Mayor answered: "Tell General Butler that if he wants to see the city officials, he can call upon them at the City Hall."

The staff officer replied to him kindly: "You had better not have me deliver that message to General Butler. If you do, I shall have to bring you to him in a way that may be unpleasant."

At 2 o'clock the Mayor and other officials called upon the

General as requested. The incident inflamed the people greatly. Both streets — St. Charles and Common — were packed by a turbulent mob. The City Recorder, a known Union man, was set upon on his way to the hotel and rescued with difficulty. Two officers crowding through the mob had their uniforms torn and were roughly treated. General Butler ordered the streets cleared at once.

The city officials sprang to their feet. "Don't, General! Don't give that order. We will speak to the people."

The Mayor spoke; the people jeered him. Another spoke; he was called abusive names, while the uproar increased amid yells of "Where is old Butler? Let him show himself if he dare!"

General Butler stepped forward on the balcony. At the same moment a strange sound came from St. Charles street. The roar of the mob ceased. With horses at full speed, bugles sounding the charge, wheels bounding over the uneven street, cannoneers clinging to their seats, with six "Napo-leons," the Sixth Maine Battery was coming.

With a glance at "Old Butler" and a parting look at the approaching battery, the mob fled. When the guns reached the corner and went into battery, three guns to clear each street, all was quiet. Nor was it ever necessary afterward to move troops because of a mob.

At the meeting with the city officials they objected to the occupation of the city by the troops, who would be in danger if not moved to a location outside the limits. General Butler answered that he would be glad to leave the city government in their hands if they would act in good faith and co-operate with him in relieving the people, one-fourth of whom were

destitute. He proposed to turn over to them one thousand barrels of beef captured at Alexandria, and to give safe conduct to a boat to bring from Mobile flour and provisions the city had already purchased to be fed to the people. These proposals were accepted. How well they did their part will appear. Ten thousand barrels of captured beef were smuggled across the river to the rebel troops. The ship-load of flour and provisions from Mobile, by the connivance of the officials and the French Consul, went the same way. A fund for the sustenance of the poor, under the control of the officials, had been switched into the hands of the rebel Generals, Lovell and Twigg, leaving the city poor to starve. These acts, coupled with the invitation of the Council, extending the hospitality of the city to the French fleet, resulted in the Council being abolished, and sent Mayor Munroe a prisoner to Ship Island.

The attempt was made on the part of the people to have no intercourse with the troops. *The True Delta* refused to print the General's proclamation to the people, even as a handbill. General Butler at once suspended the publication of this newspaper, and detailed a squad of men, who took possession of the newspaper office, stacked arms, took off their coats and went to work at the cases and presses, soon running off as many copies of the proclamation as were needed.

A private went into a shoe store to buy a pair of shoes, priced at three dollars, tendering payment in gold. The proprietor replied that he wouldn't sell shoes to any d—d Yankee. An officer put a red flag over the door the next day and sold the stock at public auction.

The people were not slow in learning the lesson of this method of summary action, and our troops were subjected to little ill treatment, except from the upper class of women.

General Butler's proclamation of May 1st continued the administration of martial law which had been in force under the rebel authorities, the requirements to continue so long as the United States authorities might deem necessary. His first act, after establishing headquarters, issuing his proclamation and effecting general arrangements for the city's government, was the establishment of an effective police force.

Prior to Union occupation New Orleans had been consolidated under one civil head; yet in fact it comprised three distinct municipalities. There was the old city, built up under Spanish rule, and known as the Spanish town, the first or lower police district. A newer part, laid out by the French, extending back from the river to the swamps, sixteen blocks in width, was known as the French town, the second or middle police district. The third district included the English portion of the city, was more modern, better built and was occupied by a better class of people than the other two municipalities.

An officer and several companies of troops were sent into each police district to assemble the existing police force and read to them the General's order, which provided that such as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States would be continued in service and pay, the others to be disbanded.

I was detailed to take five companies and go into the French town. On the afternoon of May 4th we marched up Canal street to the levee, thence down to Jackson Square and

the monument opposite the police station. We marched with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed. The square and the streets above and below were filled with a mob that was constantly increasing in size and disorderliness. Halting the troops, with a couple of officers I pushed my way through the crowd. I had been warned not to venture among the mob without a sufficient guard, and I can now see that I did not then appreciate the danger of the situation. A Lieutenant in command of the troops on the levee, overhearing threats and noting the increasing anger and turbulence of the mob, quickly sent a double file of men through after us.

Halting his men, one accidentally discharged his piece, and the ball speeding over the heads of the mob, singing as only a Minie ball can, showed them that we were prepared to put through all we proposed. The order, shortly given, to clear the streets was quickly executed, the mob sullenly giving back before the bayonets of our troops.

Of the three hundred police in this municipality, a single one, a Creole of small stature but good grit, stepped from the ranks and took the oath. His comrades at once told him they would kill him before he was a day older. But his blood was up. He turned in his tracks, shook his fist and cursed his former comrades to their faces, daring them to do it. They did not kill him.

In the meantime people were starving. Flour was sixty dollars a barrel and bread one dollar a loaf, and very little to be had at that. Distress was increasing and general destitution prevailed. A great number of the families were of those who had gone to Shiloh and Richmond to join the rebel armies. All these had to be fed.

Out of the army supplies the commissaries were directed to sell small quantities at cost, while to the poor who had no money, food was distributed each day free at the market place. The cost of provisioning the poor was taxed upon the city. Through the seizure of *The True Delta* a great deal of information concerning the acts of the rebels had fallen into our hands. Its files showed that the rich foreign-born men and women were large subscribers — some persons as high as thirty thousand dollars — to a “city defense fund” of one million dollars. This subscription had been paid. Some of the subscribers had sworn allegiance to the United States; all of them had sworn allegiance to the Confederacy.

General Butler ordered an assessment of one-half of the amount subscribed to the “defense fund” to be paid in money at once by each subscriber. Later the remaining one-half was ordered paid. Thus the feeding and the cleaning of the city was paid for out of its own pocket, and did not cost the United States Government one dollar. This was just retribution upon the pretended foreign neutrals who had sworn loyalty to the Confederacy.

The collection of this tax raised a storm from the French and Prussian Consuls. Their governments instructed their Ministers at Washington to enter formal protests. The investigation which the Government instituted developed that not a dollar had gone in any way to the use of the United States. On the other hand, it was shown that several thousand laborers from among the poor, as a matter of charity, had been employed upon the streets and wharves of the city, and paid from this fund; that food had been distributed daily to nine thousand seven hundred and seven families — in all,

to thirty-two thousand, four hundred and fifty souls daily; that five asylums for widows and orphans had been sustained; that the Charity and St. Elizabeth Hospital had been aided at an expense of ten thousand five hundred dollars per month; that the total expense for the items enumerated had been nearly two hundred thousand dollars per month.

Further, the investigation showed that over ninety per cent. of the poor to whom food had been distributed were foreign-born, and that the charity at the hospitals and asylums was in the same ratio; that the French Consul was the agent of the rebels in the purchase of arms; that the Prussian Consul was brother-in-law to the rebel Secretary of War, Benjamin, and disbursed large sums for the rebel government in this purchase of army supplies, and that both Consuls were officers in the "European Brigade," a force composed almost exclusively of foreigners, armed and uniformed for the defense of the city, and under the command of the rebel Generals. On this showing of facts the claims of the French and Prussian governments for repayment to neutral foreigners, on account of General Butler's acts, were denied, and justly so.

The health of the city was one of the most important subjects with which we had to deal. Yellow fever had been an annual scourge. Indeed, the rebels counted upon it as an ally to help rid them of the Union troops. They told wild tales of the presence of fever in distant parts of the city, and predicted that we would be swept off. The terrible scourge of 1853 was a favorite topic of conversation in the hearing of our officers and men; how, in three weeks of August of that year thirty-seven hundred and sixty-six persons had died

of the fever, and how the dead lay in heaps because of the inability of the living to bury them. Many of the officers and men were thrown into a panic by these tales.

New Orleans had no covered sewers. Surface drains, into which all house and street drainage flowed, were connected with three canals or bayous which flowed through the city from the river to Lake Pontchartrain, four or five miles distant. These drains and canals, though easily gotten at, had not been cleaned in months. It was the custom to throw into the streets and drains the garbage and refuse from each house. The streets were one mass of accumulated filth. The French Market, in the vicinity of which the fever usually started, contained a bed of decaying animal matter from fourteen to eighteen inches in depth — a hotbed of disease.

The cleansing of the city began. Several thousand men were employed on the streets and canals. Each man was paid fifty cents and a full ration for his work. Citizens amused themselves by jeering the officers who were directing the laborers. All such were seized and put to work with the laborers. The amusement ceased to amuse.

Each householder was notified to clean up his premises to the satisfaction of an inspector; walls were to be white-washed, and no refuse of any sort was to be thrown into yard or street, under penalty of confinement in the parish prison. The day after this order was issued a "Secesh" trader threw a lot of paper into the street, calling to the guard, "You see me do this!" His arrest and imprisonment under sentence of three months effectually put a stop to the willful throwing of rubbish into the streets.

The back yard of one of the fashionable ladies was very



dirty. An inspector called upon her, asking, "Why didn't you clean your yard?"

She replied: "My yard is as I choose to have it, and it won't be altered at the order of any Yankee."

"Well, madam," said the inspector, "I am sorry. Get your calash and fix up a little — and you had better take a change of clothing with you. I am obliged to take you to jail."

"I shall not do anything of the sort!" the lady replied.

"I have three minutes I can wait," answered the inspector. "If you are not ready then, I must take you along without them."

She burst into tears and said: "I can't have this work done now."

"Well," said the inspector, "if a fine lady like you will promise me that her yard shall be cleaned by to-morrow noon, I could take her word for it."

The next noon it was cleaned.

We had one great aid in the work of cleaning the city. The rain at times fell in torrents, and flushed the streets all over. This completed the work we had thoroughly done.

A strict quarantine had been established seventy miles below the city, where ships from infected ports were held forty days.

There were but two cases of the fever within our lines during the year. A vessel from New York had touched at Nassau for coal. Two men secreted themselves and came through to New Orleans. Four days later they were taken down with the fever and died within six days. Sentries were posted about the square where the sick men lay, and none

were allowed to go in or out except those attending them. Tar was kept burning day and night, and everything was burned that could carry the fever germs. The danger of the disease spreading was safely passed.

There were evidences in June of an attempt being made to recapture the city. Several thousand stragglers from Beauregard's army were known to be within the lines, while there was a greater number of paroled rebel prisoners than we had in our entire force. It became necessary to put on record the loyal and the disloyal. An order was issued requiring all loyal citizens to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. This raised another storm at the foreign consulates, but the administration of the oath went on notwithstanding, though it was taken by less than twenty thousand out of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, including upwards of five thousand officers and men of the Confederate army who gave their parole.

There was great lack of sincerity on the part of those taking the oath. An instance of this was brought to our attention during the following summer, at Bisland, where, after a three days' fight, we found a copy of the oath, taken in New Orleans the year before, on the body of one of the dead rebels.

Another precaution taken required all arms in the city to be delivered up. Under this order six thousand pieces were turned over. There is no doubt that many arms were concealed, as we knew to be the case with some of the Confederate officers.

The attempt to recapture the city did not take definite form. The fact that it lay covered by the guns of the fleet

probably saved us. There were many tumults within the city, and constant guerrilla warfare on the outposts. The night of June 16th there was a plot to seize General Butler, which failed. There was some firing on the outposts, with small losses on each side. A great portion of this disorder can be attributed to the influence of the copper-head papers of the North. The rebels were led to believe that there was a strong party North ready to help them.

They had far better means of communication with the front than did we. News from Richmond reached them in three days; the best we could do was fifteen. The business carried on by the Jew bankers in Confederate money was a very accurate barometer from which we could gauge the character of the news from rebel sources. If the price of Confederate notes stiffened, we knew they had news favorable to the Southern cause; Union victories caused a sag in the market and the rates of discount went lower.

When we reached New Orleans the river was very high, but as the waters subsided, the levee in many places caved into the river. I was ordered by General Shepley, the Military Governor, to rebuild them. Under the charge of white foremen I put to work a large number of the able-bodied negroes whom we were feeding, giving them extra rations only for their labor. The work was soon completed, little trouble being experienced except from the foremen, who stole the extra rations provided for the negroes, and caused them to mutiny. The cost of this work was taxed upon the adjoining real estate. The collection was made by an ex-tax collector for the parish of Orleans, a strong rebel. His services could hardly be said to have been given voluntarily, nor was

payment made without protest. Though the collector was fired upon three times, he lived through it and collected the tax.

Great quantities of stores came into our hands, and had to be guarded day and night. Belonging, for the most part, to rebel sympathizers, our men were not any too particular as to the rights of property. The guards were nearly worn out from constant service, and petty thefts were of nightly occurrence. I found it necessary to apply to the General for more men for guard duty.

Turning at his desk he answered sharply: "Haven't a man for you, sir."

I asked him if I could not use a body of one hundred and thirty-eight paroled Union prisoners from Texas, who were very anxious to be doing something. He thought a moment, and, nodding to his aid, directed him to make out the order.

"But, General," said I, "we shall have to arm them."

Quick as a flash he answered: "We've no right to arm them against our own people."

I left headquarters with an order upon the officer in charge to report with his men to the Provost Marshal.

The women of the city, especially of the upper classes, seldom missed an opportunity to insult our officers and men, and to show their contempt for the North. Meeting a Union soldier on the sidewalk, a Southern woman would step into the carriage way, and lift her skirts with a gesture of contempt. When an officer entered a street car, the women would leave the car with signs of disgust. As General Butler and an aid were passing a balcony on which five or six women were leaning, with shrieks and sneers, all whirled

about, throwing their skirts out in a circle, and turning their backs upon the General.

A Captain had been wounded and died. As the funeral cortege was passing a house on Canal street, we were attracted by the actions and loud voice of a woman. Waiving her arms, she shouted that she thanked God that another of their tyrants had gone to his death, and hoped to see many more go. Finally, working herself into a fury, she spat towards the procession. Upon returning from the funeral, General Weitzel, then Assistant Military Governor, asked General Butler to put a stop to such displays of disloyalty.

The General ordered the arrest of this woman and her banishment to Ship Island. Lieutenant Spofford and I were ordered to carry out the sentence. We were to allow her thirty minutes to make her preparations and take leave of her family. We were witnesses to the leave-taking, which would have been pathetic except for the extreme folly of her offense, and the air she assumed as of a martyr going to her death. She appeared to be an educated and refined woman, and belonged to one of the best families in the city. She was the mother of four or five children, from fifteen to twenty years of age, and the wife of a gray-headed and respected lawyer.

In addition to the punishment meted out in this particular case, General Butler issued an order that thereafter, when any female should, by word, gesture or act, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she should be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her vocation. There were no more insults offered our officers and men. The order executed itself. The

ladies, not wishing to be deemed common women, ceased to offer insults, while the common women ceased, wishing to be deemed ladies.

This order excited all rebeldom. Beauregard read it to his army at Corinth. The South was aflame with anger and hatred. General Butler was called a beast and an outlaw. A reward of ten thousand dollars was offered for his head, and a gentle-hearted Southern woman offered to subscribe her mite to make the reward fifty thousand dollars, to make sure that General Butler's head should be taken.

It would not be just to dismiss the subject of the attitude of the Southern women toward the Northern forces, without saying a word in praise of the Sisters of Charity. To their good offices many a Northern soldier owed his life. To all, irrespective of allegiance, they ministered faithfully and well, knowing no North, no South, enduring many hardships with but one thought, the relief of suffering and distress. Our sick and wounded became as little children in their hands, and learned to love and reverence them.

General Butler has a firm place in the hearts of those who knew him, and the works he accomplished. He enforced order and quiet with a firm hand, indifferent to protest or opposition, effected sanitary reforms that saved our army and many lives of the people of New Orleans, added over a million dollars to the value of the city's wharves and levees, and compelled respect for the Nation's flag and her laws.

In return he was execrated throughout the Confederacy, met a storm of censure and abuse, not entirely confined to the South, was outlawed by proclamation of the rebel President, and if captured was to be immediately hanged.

During his entire stay in New Orleans it was my privilege to be in frequent personal contact with him, as a Provost Marshal for the Parishes of Orleans and Jefferson, comprising the city. Officers and men had complete confidence in him. He was an able executive, quick to decide, swift to perform. His army regretted his departure.

**APRIL 2, 1902.**

## A FRUITLESS VICTORY.

BY AUGUSTUS M. VAN DYKE,

Late Captain and A. A. G., U. S. V.; Brevet Major, U. S. V.

During the last days of June and the first few days of July, in the year 1862, the Army of the Potomac, after seven days of exhausting, bloody and almost fruitless battle, had succeeded, through the indomitable will of its personnel, rather than by strategic skill of its commanders, in preserving its entity, and found itself in a more or less chaotic condition at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, not far from, in fact almost in sight of Richmond. Here for six weeks the army lay encamped on sandy flats, mostly exposed to the full heat of a midsummer sun, or, if protected at all, only by the sparse second growth of pines and scrub oak, which seem to be indigenous to abandoned tobacco lands. The mortality from disease during this time was something frightful. Exhausted by long day and night marching, and almost daily battle, the rank, file and line seemed to have settled down to indolent indifference. The only activity, perhaps, was on the part of its commander, and that was in the direction of constant repeated demands for supplies and re-enforcements.

In the meantime the enemy was busy in the business of war, and about the 12th of August disquieting rumors began to be heard, and a circular was sent out to Corps Commanders, indicating an important movement of some sort. On the 14th a general order was issued, setting forth the plan and order of march, and on the 16th the rear guard of the



Army of the Potomac began its march about noon, and crossed the Chickahominy about midnight. For at least twenty-four, possibly forty-eight hours preceding, the road had been traveled by a double, sometimes a triple column of foot, horse and artillery, or wagon trains. The horrors of such a march may be conceived, not described.

It seems from the correspondence between War Department officials that this movement should have been begun ten days or two weeks sooner, but the usual timidity, uncertainty and procrastination had prevailed. On the 20th of August the General-in-Chief writes to the Commander of the Army of the Potomac: "You can scarcely imagine the anxiety \* \* \* I have had in regard to your movements. \* \* \* I felt that the safety of Washington depended on the prompt and rapid transfer of your army. \* \* \* I did feel that you did not act as promptly as circumstances required. \* \* \* I deemed every hour a golden one. \* \* \* I think you did not attach so much value to passing hours. \* \* \* Every moment seems as important to me as an ordinary hour." And yet, as late as August 25th, the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at Ft. Monroe, and a considerable part of its available force. In the meantime, as early as August 14th, General Lee had begun the rapid transfer of his army from Richmond to the Rapidan, to the Rappahannock, to the Potomac, with Washington as the object. It is not in the purview of this paper to more than mention the disaster to our arms at Second Bull Run, nor to consider the bitter controversy that has been carried on in regard to it. At any rate, the result destroyed, as it were, one noble gentleman, and in the estimation of many has damned one other man to

at least temporary infamy. The truth of history can be found only by those who hereafter are removed a hundred years from the action of these times.

From the chaotic confusion and seeming demoralization of this defeat the Army of the Potomac soon rallied. It was an army often beaten, but never conquered; no, not even whipped. It seemed to rise from its dead ashes of defeat to better deeds. Within a short time it was again as compact, well ordered, and ready a body of men as ever marched to battle. Interposing itself between the victorious legions of Lee and the capital, it not only stopped their advance, but compelled their commander to turn his face to the rear and to seek again the protection of the fastnesses of his Virginia mountains and forests. The old commander, having been temporarily relieved, was again placed in command, and that loyalty with which the Army of the Potomac always served its commander, whoever he may have been, broke forth in prolonged cheers, as, at the head of his magnificent staff and escort, he rode forward toward the head of the column on the march, and the writer's ready cap went high in the air as that of any one.

So, following the retreating army of General Lee, he was forced to make a stand upon the southern and eastern slope of South Mountain. On the evening of that day, as the writer remembers it, a wonderfully clear and beautiful day, the rear of the column came to the brow of a hill, semi-circular almost, that dipped down into the valley at the base of the mountain, the plain at the base being probably from two to three miles in width. The sun just sinking behind, threw the eastern slope of the mountain into a deep shadow. The air was clear as

ether. The men working the guns were plainly seen going back and forth; the advancing line of our men was shown by the advancing line of fire from rifles. It was like a picture thrown on a screen by the vitoscope, for not a sound came to our ears.

Falling back again, Lee took position on the west of Antietam Creek, and formed his lines to resist and retard the Army of the Potomac until his impedimenta were safely across the Potomac. The morning of the 17th of September, 1862, found the rear guard of the army well up to the front, and before the sun had fairly begun to peep over the hills in our rear and shine down into the valley in our front, was in motion to take position. The writer remembers the beauty and the serenity of this morning, the "breezy call of its incense breath," soon to be changed to the hot blast of hell's breath. Just as the sun began to reflect from the rifle barrels was heard the first "zip" of a rebel bullet as it struck the branches overhead. Soon the "zip" became a continuous and angry hiss. Moving steadily forward, this rear guard of the army, the Second Corps, became the center of the line, and halting on the brow of a gently declining hill, found itself face to face with the line of battle of the enemy, and at 8:30 o'clock the battle was on; and on the right we heard the guns of Hooker and the shouts of his men, and far down on the left the roar of Burnside's batteries. For four hours or more the contest raged, and when after 12 o'clock the firing had virtually ceased, 12,500 men of the Army of the Potomac were dead and wounded, and of the Rebel army quite as many. Of the Union loss in this battle over 5,000 were of this rear guard, the Second Corps. In no battle of the war were the losses

equal in the same time. No battlefield ever presented a more sickening scene of carnage and death.

Cui bono? A nominal victory, of which no advantage was taken. The great "Cunctator" had relapsed into his normal lassitude. The footsore, weary, exhausted, hungry and naked legions of the Confederacy were given ample time, of which they took advantage, and soon again were south of the Potomac.

What might then have been done was left undone, and to be accomplished thereafter by one who always moved "immediately upon the enemy's works;" but at what a fearful sacrifice. There was one who in after years might have exclaimed with Macbeth: "What hands are these?"

NOVEMBER 7, 1900.

## THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL.

By T. J. WILLIAMS,

Late First Lieutenant Fifty-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

General Grant's great campaign, that resulted in the capture of Vicksburg, the stronghold which had heretofore bid defiance to the best efforts of our land and naval forces, had progressed so far that on the evening of May 15, 1863, the Twelfth Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Alvin P. Hovey, composed of the Eleventh, Twenty-fourth, Thirty-fourth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry, the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin Infantry, and the Fifty-Sixth Ohio Infantry; also the Second and Sixteenth Ohio Light Artillery, and First Missouri Light Artillery Battery A, went into camp near Bolton Station, on the wagon road, and near the railroad leading from Jackson to Vicksburg, Miss. This ground was occupied by the enemy's outposts. They were driven off, leaving us their camp fires. The detail for picket duty was heavy, and there was a feeling of uneasiness apparent, which is understood by those who have had the experience. Many of our comrades took their last turn on the picket line, and an occasional shot now and then caused our sleep in camp to be rather broken.

The next morning, May 16, we moved forward at about 6 o'clock, on the direct road to Vicksburg. All were in good spirits, the bloody reception so near being mercifully veiled from sight. We were not long in passing over the short dis-

tance to where the enemy was awaiting our approach. At an early hour we passed the house of a Mr. Champion; shortly after passing the house our road ran up a high hill, called Champion's Hill, which gave name to the battle. The lower part of this hill was cleared land, but the upper part was covered with a forest of trees and brush and broken into small ridges where we were. Here the division formed in line of battle, and advanced up the hill. Our regiment was formed with the right on the road, and when within a short distance of the brush were halted and ordered to lie down to wait for other troops to get into position. The little while we lay in this position facing the dark woods in front, with the pattering bullets falling thick and fast from an unseen foe, was a time of watchful foreboding on the part of all of us.

Captain John Cook, of Company K, now came up to the line. He had been too ill to march with his company, and, as he appeared very weak, our Captain urged him to retire to the rear, but, with undaunted spirit, he replied: "I am going in with the boys if it is the last thing I ever do." He went in with his company, soon receiving a mortal wound, of which he died six days later.

In a few moments our skirmishers were deployed and moved forward. How earnestly we watched their every movement. Now they enter the brush and are lost to our sight, many of them forever. Seemingly it was but an instant until, like a flash, there came the crash of thousands of muskets. The bullets made the dust fly as they fell all around us. "Attention; forward," was the order, and the regiment entered the dark brush in the footsteps of our skirmish line. We found that they had not advanced far, as the enemy was there

in force, and they gave us a heavy fire to start with; under this fire two brothers of our regiment, by the name of Bass, were killed within a second of each other. The crash of musketry was tremendous and continual.

The enemy, as was their custom, presented a stubborn resistance, and we had to fight for every foot of ground; we drove them, step by step, in our front, to a long corn field on top of the hill, along the west side of which the road from Raymond entered the road we were on; across this field they fell back rapidly to the Raymond road. Here, behind a strong rail fence they poured into us a deadly fire. After entering the field a short distance, the first of our company, Henry Richards, fell, shot through the brain. A little further along, as we halted to give them a volley, my brother, John Henry Williams, was shot through the heart. He had his gun at ready, about to take aim, and as he fell in death, he pitched his musket toward the enemy; it fell with the bayonet stuck in the ground, the stock standing up. Captain Williams instantly grasped the musket and gave the enemy its load. I saw my brother fall, there being but one man between us in the front rank of the company. I stooped over him for an instant, but he never moved; the fatal ball, like an electric flash, had blotted out his young life. There was no stop. The comrade on my left had his arm shot off. Other comrades in the company were being hit, but there was no halt. Closing up ranks we pressed on. We drove them in our front to and beyond the Raymond road; our brigade captured the Virginia battery at the junction of the roads. For a short time there was no firing in our immediate front, and by permission of our Captain I returned to my brother's body, thinking

it would be my only chance. I spread his rubber blanket over him, which had been folded across his shoulder, and was perforated through the several folds by the ball that took his life.

The enemy's fire was increasing on our left front, and on my return to the company Colonel Raynor asked me to go to the commanding officer of the Twenty-eighth Iowa and request him to bring his regiment up in line with the Fifty-sixth Ohio, the Twenty-eighth having halted in a ravine near the center of the field. The bullets fell thick, and I moved at a rapid gait in the performance of this duty.

On returning to the line, from our position we could see the enemy forming to attack us, the woods in our front being open, with a gradual slope toward them. With their skirmishers well advanced, the main force in two heavy lines of battle, they moved on our position. As soon as they came into range a few of us on the right of our company opened fire on them. Most of the regiment at this time, so far as I could see, were lying down behind the fence, and they called to us from along the line to stop firing; that we were shooting our own men. As we knew what we were doing, we kept on firing. Our Captain was near us, and remarked: "You had better stop, boys; they may be our men." Corporal David Evans said: "Captain, take a look at them." His view was satisfactory, as they were coming on fast. "Up-boys and give them h——," was the command.

In a moment the whole regiment was giving them the hottest kind of a fire. The enemy's line overlapped ours, as far as I could see on our left. The open timber in our front gave us a good view of them as they came on. Their skirmishers.



sprang from tree to tree until some of them were just across the road from us, and one had dropped behind a rail-cut that I could reach with my gun. The first line, under the withering fire we were giving them from our strong position at the fence, veered off to the right and left. On our right the Twenty-fourth Iowa, being in open timber, was pushed back after the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting.

Our right being uncovered, and having no support on our left, our regiment was forced to leave the fence, for which the enemy made a rush. In a moment we were under the most scorching fire from two or three sides. Under this fire our men fell thick and fast. I witnessed the instant death of two of our gallant young officers, Lieutenant George W. Manning, of Company A, and Lieutenant Augustus S. Chute, of Company D. Loading and firing, we fell slowly back, it being the first time for the Fifty-sixth Ohio to turn their backs to the enemy. Halting at every favorable opportunity, we would give them a few rounds.

At one point, while we were shooting from the same stump, Comrade Richard Davis fell dead across my feet, shot through the heart. He had just urged me to be more careful or they would hit me. Before I left this place a mounted officer of the enemy and his staff rode up in the road in our front. They presented a good target for my Enfield, which never snapped twice on the same load. This was undoubtedly the Confederate General Tilghman and staff. The General was killed at this spot.

As we neared the fence on our retreat, the fire was terrific. As I turned to fire, my musket being at prime, a bullet from the enemy struck the barrel of my gun, the ball explod-

ing. Four small pieces were buried in the back of my hand, and several larger ones in the stock of my musket. My Enfield was in the right place to save me from the fate of my fallen comrades. About the same time one of our boys had the top of his cap shot off his head; another had his canteen and haversack shot off, and another had the side of his pants below the knee cut off, all by pieces of shells bursting among us.

At this time they made a charge for our colors, but Captain Yochum, with a lot of the boys, came to the rescue, and the enemy were repulsed. Captain Yochum was a thorough and polished officer, having served in the German army. Near the fence Corporal Thomas S. Jones was shot through the leg; as I passed he asked me to help him to the shelter of some brush. Some of their advance who saw us made a rush for me, but I escaped.

The comrades who were there can never forget the desperate and deadly work from that on. How we contested for those little ridges. How we clung to every tree, stump and log. If there were any stragglers they were gone to the rear. It could be seen in the determined face of every comrade the resolve, that if mortal men could hold that line of battle, they were there to do it. Shells fell bursting in our midst, with the falling branches from the trees, and flying brush that was being mowed down. It seems strange that any of us escaped. One shell knocked our Captain down. Another shell tore a terrible gash in the side of Corporal David Evans. He had been my closest friend for years. He was a man of fine physical frame, but from its effect he died a short time after. He was the comrade that captured the

colors of the Twenty-third Alabama Infantry at Port Gibson on May 1, 1863. Also under this fire two of our best men, William Crabtree and Henry Lewis, were mortally wounded. About this time our ammunition was getting low, and we were supplied by staff officers and others bringing it up to the line. At this point I saw Generals Grant and McPherson, also Fred Grant, close up in front.

From this point the enemy failed to drive us, and soon a brigade of General Crocker's division came to our support. As this reinforcement came up to the decimated remnant of our brigade holding that line, the commanding officer requested an officer near me to "have those stragglers" fall in on the left of his brigade. The officer addressed, with uplifted voice, replied: "These are the men who have fought this battle; there are no stragglers here." The gallant officer, as he looked at our powdered, blackened faces, took off his hat and said: "I beg your pardon; true enough, there are no stragglers on this line."

In a short time we began to drive them back over the same ground, the third time for us to go over it. The enemy toward the last fell back rapidly, fresher troops following them. As General Grant says in his *Memoirs*, Vol. I., page 520: "Hovey remained on the field where his troops had fought so bravely and bled so freely."

Shortly after dark Lieutenant Roberts, of our company, with a squad of us, went out on the field to give our dead comrades some sort of burial. Making a torch, we, by its light, saw some of the awful sights of a battlefield. One, always remembered, was a very large rebel, sitting with his back against a large stump, with more than a deathly pallor,

having bled to death; and so many others, lying dead as they fell, friend and foe, now at peace. We soon found our slain comrades, and having prepared a place, side by side we placed our gallant comrades, shrouded in their rubber blankets. Their dust now molders among the 12,720 unknown graves in the largest of our national cemeteries, at Vicksburg.

The dreadful sights on that bloody field can never be forgotten. Where our brigade stormed the enemy's battery at the junction of the roads, the dead men and horses were in piles. About one year ago in our city, a stranger to me, in appearance a grizzled veteran, accosted me, inquiring if I had written a sketch of this battle, which he had read in one of our papers. I informed him I had. "Well," said he, "you gave a fair description of the battle, as I was there, but not on your side, but a member of the Virginia battery at the forks of the road that you men stormed, and one of the few that escaped."

Hovey's Twelfth Division, out of 4,180 men, lost killed, 211; wounded, 872; missing, 119; total, 1,202. The division captured about 1,200 prisoners. Our regiment lost 138 men out of 350 engaged. General Grant says: "We had about 15,000 men altogether engaged." General Pemberton admits he had 18,000 men. Abrams, a Confederate authority, gave Pemberton from 23,000 to 26,000 men. Of our work in this battle history gives us good credit. "Ohio in the War" says: "The battle of Champion's Hill sealed the doom of Vicksburg." The Count of Paris, in his history of the Civil War in America, styles Champion's Hill "The Hill of Death," adding that "it (the battle) was the most complete defeat the Confederates had sustained since the commencement of the war."

General Hovey, in his report, speaks in these words: "I can not think of this bloody hill without sadness and pride; sadness for the great loss of my true and gallant men; pride for the heroic bravery displayed. It was after the conflict literally the hill of death. Men, horses, cannon and the debris of an army lay scattered in wild confusion. Hundreds of the gallant Twelfth Division were cold in death or writhing in pain, while a large number of Crocker's gallant boys lay dead, dying or wounded, intermingled with our fallen foe. I never saw fighting like this."

No field of our war can show a finer display of the splendid soldiery and valor of the Union Volunteer than did this battle. Early on the morning of the 17th we moved forward to help in the complete conquest of Vicksburg. There, from May 22d to July 4, 1863, we were under fire night and day, and on July 4th witnessed the surrender of 31,600 prisoners,\* together with 172 cannon, about 60,000 muskets, and a large amount of ammunition; it being the largest army ever captured or surrendered on the Western Hemisphere.

**DECEMBER 2, 1896.**

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\* Grant's Memoirs, Vol. I., p. 572.

FROM STAFFORD HEIGHTS TO GETTYSBURG  
IN 1863.

BY LEONIDAS M. JEWETT,

Late Captain Sixty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Brevet Major  
U. S. V.

Thirty-nine years have passed since we broke camp at Stafford Heights to begin what turned out to be the greatest and most eventful march of my experience. The memories of Chancellorsville, like dark shadows, still linger in the minds of the boys that participated in that great disaster. Never had hopes been so high, and failure so great.

On April 27, 1863, we marched from Stafford C. H. to Hartwood Church. We were then on our way to fight the battle of Chancellorsville, crossing the Rappahannock River at Kelly's Ford.

On June 12, 1863, we again marched from Stafford C. H. to Hartwood Church. Those of us of the rank and file had not forgotten the identical march between exactly the same places two months before, and wondered where we were going. Frankly, with the scenes of Chancellorsville and the tangled forest then so fresh in our memories, we had no desire to re-experience another visit across the river. There was one precious reflection that, wherever we were destined to go to, the Stone Wall would not again ride around our flank in open defiance, and again destroy our boys. The march from Hartwood Church to Catlett's Station on that warm and suffocating June 13th, and from Catlett's Station,

crossing Manassas Junction to Centerville on June 14th, dispelled all illusions as to our again having to cross the Rappahannock. How the oppressive heat, fatigue and toil of the march of that day linger in the memory of the writer and his old comrades who joined in the procession! The three days spent at Centerville brought up old memories of the August days of the year before at Bull Run and the surrounding country for many a mile. Old Thoroughfare Gap, in the magnificent range of Blue Mountains, and the plains of Manassas are a sight to make you smile as a lover of nature, and to make you cry as a soldier. That moonlight scene of the boys in blue going into position at Bull Run on the night before the commencement of the battle was to me the grandest and most impressive scene of the war. Miles of lines of Union blue, with muskets gleaming in the moonlight, lying down for rest, preparatory for the great battle of the next day, made me think, boy that I was, that the war would soon come to an end. Little did I know of the great masses of soldiers in gray on the other side that were at the same time taking position to fight the battle of the next day, and less did I know of the failure of two or three Union corps within the sound of our guns to come to our relief as we fought the battle of the 29th and 30th of August of 1862, and after more than thirty years of careful study I know less now than then. It was a battle of great endurance, unrivaled gallantry and desperate fighting, but, alas, we came back to Centerville in the early dawn of that Sunday morning in the mist and rain, a defeated army. Pardon this digression, for I am marching with the army in 1863, and had gotten as far along as Centerville, and I could not avoid referring to some of

the thoughts that will linger in my memory as long as I shall be permitted to breath the pure air of the great country we helped to save. June 17th, 1863, we left Centerville, passing Gum Springs and Leesburg, and camped on Goose Creek, remaining there until the 24th. The frequent reconnoissances of infantry, the scouting cavalry, and the distant cannonading beyond the Blue Ridge, suggested that we were near the center, and our enemies upon the other side, upon the circumference of the circle. The Goose Creek days were anxious ones, and we felt that the battle would soon come on; but where or under what circumstances was the problem yet unsolved. June 24th broke the monotony, for on that day we marched to the Potomac River at Edward's Ferry and camped for the night. It began to dawn upon us that the battle was to be fought somewhere upon the free soil of the loyal States of the North. How much that meant, then, how little is known about it now except by my old comrades! It was an exciting and eventful period of the war, as we on the morning of the 25th crossed the Potomac River into the beautiful Monocacy Valley of Maryland, and in the heat of that summer day, marched twenty-six miles to Jeffersonville. What a contrast with the barren, worn-out lands of old Virginia, with its pine-clad hills and mountains, and everlasting oceans of evergreen, to the rich and fertile fields of Maryland and Pennsylvania! How the fresh milk, bread and butter, and everything good to eat, were enjoyed by the boys. It was to us a land of milk and honey, to say nothing of many other good things to drink that went into the old canteen as we marched along. As we remained in the next few days near Middletown, we had a glimpse of the South Mountain battle-



field, where McClellan and his troops had, the year before, won victory for our flag, the spot where the gallant Major General Reno fell being pointed out to us. The inspiration of this historic battlefield is to me one of the precious memories of this eventful march from Stafford Heights to Gettysburg.

The occurrences of the 28th of June were, in my judgment, the turning point of this famous campaign, and more important to the Union cause than even the repulse of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

I will, at some detail, endeavor to elaborate what I consider the only thought attempted to be expressed in this paper, aided by the most careful reflection of many years. We spent the forenoon of the 28th at Middletown, and witnessed the march of the Third Corps, under the gallant Sickles and Birney, and never did I observe a more inspiring sight, and a finer body of men never marched than the veterans of this historic corps, full of life, and as light-hearted and gay as the birds that flew across the valley to the beautiful mountains that surrounded us on every hand. In the afternoon we marched to Frederick City. It must be admitted upon all sides that the strategical movements of Hooker up to this time had been all that military science could exact. But it is right here that a danger confronted the Federal army as great as when Hooker stopped in the wilderness at Chancellorsville and failed to march ahead and uncover Banks' Ford, and get into communication with the troops he had left under Sedgwick at Fredericksburg. Hooker wanted the troops at Harper's Ferry, under French, to be placed under his immediate command, as it was, no doubt, his idea to add to this command the Twelfth Corps of General Slocum,

and go up the Cumberland Valley in the rear of the Confederate army, while the rest of Hooker's army should march on the line that Meade took to Gettysburg. This plan would have placed the Catoclin and other ranges of mountains between the two wings of Hooker's army, with no chance of uniting them until the near vicinity of Gettysburg was reached, and this union would be practically impossible by reason of the presence of Lee's army. Bearing in mind that Lee was in communication with his whole army of infantry, and able to mass it rapidly upon a given point, we would have been whipped in detail by a hopeless inability to concentrate our whole army. The same mistake would have occurred that Napoleon made in detaching Grouchy from his main army at Waterloo. There Napoleon did not know where Blucher had gone after Ligny, while Hooker knew, or ought to have known, that Lee was able in a short time to concentrate his whole army upon a given point. It is not my purpose to criticize a General under whose command I had the honor to serve in the Army of the Potomac, and in the great campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta in 1864, and whose memory is cherished by me as one of the most illustrious soldiers of the war.

Several things happened to defeat the threatened disaster that might have befallen us by reason of the proposed division of our army while on the Gettysburg march:

(1) The refusal of General Halleck to place the troops of General French at Harper's Ferry under the command of General Hooker.

(2) The resignation of General Hooker of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and its acceptance by the President.

(3) The placing of General Meade in command on the night of the 28th. Meade had skillfully aided in the May before at Chancellorsville in the night retreat, and the dangers and perils of a divided army were too fresh in his mind to again attempt to divide his troops by ranges of mountains, rendering communication impossible, and while he possessed the confidence of the government in the highest degree, he was given the unlimited command of General French's troops. Be it remembered as a monument to his military skill that he never thought of any movement that did not contemplate the concentration, with reasonable dispatch, of his whole army upon a given point. His ability and true eye as a military engineer, taught him the truth of the old maxim, "there is safety in union."

The government did not have confidence in General Hooker's ability to manage a large army after the affair at Chancellorsville. His magnificent strategy in warding off Lee and watching his every movement in our march up to June 28th, gave no excuse for his removal, but his unwise plan to divide his army and to get authority to control French for that purpose, did not meet the approval of the authorities at Washington, and his resignation was the opportunity long sought by the wily Halleck and the illustrious Secretary of War Stanton, for his removal from the command, as evidenced by the prompt sending of Colonel Hardee to the midnight camp, placing Meade in command, and taking Hooker with him to Baltimore. It seems to me at this late day that these occurrences were as important to the Union cause as the great battle of a few days afterwards. It makes us think

that there was a great Providence directing our destiny in the direction of Union success. It was a critical time in the history of the war. A disaster upon the soil of the great free North would, we fear, have invited foreign recognition of the Confederate States, and, to say the least, a serious prolongation of the great struggle. June 29th we marched to Emmettsburg, and remained there during the 30th. The gentle rain that fell that day freshened up one of the most beautiful panoramas of natural scenery I ever beheld. It was a sight seldom to be witnessed, never to be forgotten.

That night at Emmettsburg, with its recollections, is to me as sacred as holy writ. The excitement, the knowledge of a great battle soon to be fought; the killing and wounding of many of the brave boys of Ohio and other loyal States of the Union; the wonder what fate awaited us,—were all thoughts that flew through the minds of the soldiers of our army who camped at Emmettsburg on the night of June 30, 1863.

Of my own Sixty-first Regiment, I remember that night Colonel Stephen J. McGroarty, Lieutenant Colonel William H. Bowen, Major D. C. Beckett and many others who, in the next few days, or afterwards on the lofty heights of Kennesaw, and at the bloody waters of Peach Tree creek, gave up their lives that this vast Republic might live.

July 1st we marched towards Gettysburg, and the roaring artillery in the distance gave notice that the long-looked-for battle was on. The hurried orders of march, and finally the double quick, brought us into the little village of Gettysburg a little after noon, and a rapid march along the Mummasburg pike and a deployment into position, with active fighting

going on all along the lines, was the situation we experienced. I can not refrain from expressing my high admiration for the unrivaled gallantry displayed by our boys upon the first day of this great battle. Ohio was there with the best and bravest of her troops — infantry, cavalry and artillery. Let me particularize for a moment, of our immediate command:

The Twenty-fifth,

The Fifty-fifth,

The Sixty-first,

The Seventy-third,

The Seventy-fifth and

The Eighty-second Ohio — all of these regiments were in the fight of the first day.

The gallantry of our commanders and soldiers has challenged the highest admiration of the Confederate historians. The Ohio soldiers of that day will not forget the illustrious example of our commanders. General Orland Smith, of the Ohio Brigade, yet lives to remember the thrilling incidents of the great first day of Gettysburg.

His patriotic devotion to the cause of the Union, his unflinching courage upon the field of battle, his wise and able generalship are remembered by us all. The gallant General James S. Robinson was a marvel and a tower of strength in commanding his gallant regiment and brigade. His voice, like the roaring lion of the forest, rose above the din of battle in leading his troops into the thickest of the fight.

Colonel Stephen J. McGroarty, of the Sixty-first Ohio, was as brave a man as ever marched to the sound of battle, and his conduct that afternoon is well remembered by those

of us that saw him lead his regiment into the battle. All of the commanders of the Twenty-fifth, Fifty-fifth and Seventy-fifth Ohio Regiments distinguished themselves and their regiments in the great battle of that afternoon. I want to invite attention to the great battle of the first day. I want my companions who study war history to investigate the great fighting that was done to hold the Confederate army in check that long, hot, hellish afternoon of fierce and bloody battle.

The gallant Captain Dilger, with his Ohio Battery, won the admiration of all of us. He was one of the best artillery officers that ever commanded a battery, and lives to-day at Front Royal, Va., and is a prosperous farmer.

Was it not a dispensation of divine Providence that enabled two small corps to hold in check the mighty corps of Ewell and Hill, who outnumbered the Federal troops at least three to one!

I have often wondered what was the reason that the Confederate army did not follow up the small remnants of the two corps that fell back before overwhelming numbers that afternoon. I have wondered if it might not have been different had Stonewall been there. It is evident that he was the most brilliant and dashing of all the Confederate chieftains. Lee needed such a man at that time. It seems to me Lee lost his best eye when Jackson fell in the great wilderness of Chancellorsville.

But enough of this rambling paper. The writer is proud that victory came to us at Gettysburg; that we have all lived long enough to see the best and greatest of all of the nations of the earth in its highest tide of prosperity, and that the

Union lives and will live forever, and that its impartial historian will write of the boys who fought for either the blue or the gray; that they will, with the same bravery displayed in the days of the Civil War, fight side by side in the future, as they did in the wars under our beloved McKinley for our newly acquired possessions beyond the sea.

MARCH 5, 1902.

## IN PURSUIT OF JOHN MORGAN.

BY THEODORE F. ALLEN,

Late Captain Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Brevet Colonel U. S. Volunteers.

The rain was pouring in torrents as night fell over our camp at Somerset, Kentucky, June 30th, 1863. We were hugging ourselves in congratulation over the fact that we had a good dry camp, and pulled our tent flaps tight to keep out the storm as we settled down to a quiet night's rest, at peace with all the world for that night anyhow. We were light-hearted youngsters, and "home" was wherever night-fall overtook us, or wherever our Colonel decided to stop. In a lull of the storm the quick gallop of a courier was heard. In an instant he reined up at the tent of our commander, Colonel Israel Garrard, of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, to whom he handed an order which read: "You will report for duty with your regiment within one hour from the receipt of this order; your troops to be supplied with two days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition per man; one ambulance to accompany your regiment." This order had a business-like look, and almost instantly the regiment was astir.

Under the Adjutant's order the chief bugler sounded "Boots and Saddles." As the notes of the bugle fell upon the camp, the cavalrymen thrust their heads out of the little shelter tents, and gave a cheer. This was followed by "officers' call" from a bugle, and the commander of each company, coming on a run, reported at the Adjutant's tent, where orders were given to prepare the regiment to move as indi-



cated, while the medical officers made ready with the ambulance and "tools of trade."

Within a few brief minutes we were looking back with lingering eyes upon our nice dry camp, as we rode away in one of the heaviest downpours of rain we had ever experienced. Reporting to Colonel Frank Wolford, the commander of our brigade, we were informed that General John Morgan, with his division of "Rebel Raiders," was expected to cross the Cumberland River on one of his periodical raids through Kentucky. The information was given to the troops, and was received with tumultuous cheers, as we were particularly anxious to have a tilt with "Morgan's Men." Our regiment, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, (twelve hundred strong), was recruited in Southern Ohio, in the counties bordering the Ohio River. A considerable portion of Morgan's command was recruited from the counties of Northern Kentucky, bordering the Ohio River, directly opposite our homes. Thus we were by no means strangers to each other, and may be said to have been neighbors.

Our rubber "ponchos" were drawn tight over our shoulders as we took up our night march through the downpour of rain. By midnight we had come to "Fishing Creek," near Mill Springs, Kentucky, the scene of General Thomas's victory and Zollicoffer's death. This mountain stream was then sending down a torrent of water with heavy driftwood, thus precluding our further progress that night. We bivouacked as best we could till daylight, when, under great difficulty, we forded the raging torrent, with the loss of only one horse, the rider promptly obeying the call from a dozen officers, and from more than a hundred of his comrades, to "grab a root,"

which fortunately he found protruding from the shore in an eddy of the angry flood, whence he was quickly rescued by the willing hands of his comrades. I had heard this command to "grab a root" many times before, but this was the only time I ever saw the command executed.

Arriving at the Cumberland River, above Burkesville, we found Morgan with his division of cavalry occupying the south bank of the Cumberland River. For a day or two we had skirmishing, "give and take." It was impossible for us to picket the entire length of the river, and by July 3d, Morgan had succeeded in transferring his command to the north bank of the river, his force crossing mostly at Turkey Neck Bend and at Scott's Ferry, some fifteen miles below Burkesville, and we were called in from our picket duty to join in the pursuit.

This was the start of Morgan's famous raid, which extended across the States of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. This bold dash of the Confederate cavalry, hotly and most persistently pursued by the cavalry of the Union Army for a distance of a thousand miles, reaching into and across the Northern States of Indiana and Ohio at the high tide of the Civil War, was one of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most picturesque events of the war; and a particularly striking feature of this raid was that it came under the observation of more persons and was witnessed by more than any other military operation of the entire war, as thousands, even tens of thousands, of people in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio thronged the line of march taken by Morgan and the pursuing force under General Hobson. It was also one of the most talked-of of the great events of those days, when start-

ling events crowded upon one another in rapid succession. General Morgan and his troopers were the beau-ideal raiders of the South. Morgan, and his Chief Lieutenant, General Basil Duke, were very skilled in misleading their pursuers, and previous to this time had been universally successful in their raids, inflicting much damage upon railway lines supplying our armies in the field, and had become overbold in their operations.

As soon as Morgan took up his line of march northward from the Cumberland River, the officers in command of the cavalry in pursuit determined to follow him right in his own trail, if it led them even to the State of Maine, and not at any time to seek to head him off, and not to be drawn aside on false scents for a single moment. Morgan and Duke were exceedingly fertile in producing false impressions regarding their movements, but our pursuing force ignored all the alluring temptations thrown out by these skilled and artful raiders, and we stuck close behind them on their broad trail day and night.

It happened sometimes at night, when we came to diverging roads, we would be at a loss to know which road to take. As it was midsummer and exceedingly hot and dry, Morgan's two thousand troopers could not avoid leaving a broad trail of dust. At diverging roads all we had to do was to scout the roads for a short distance till we found the heavy trail of dust which had settled upon the weeds and bushes of the roadside, but generally the country people were present in large numbers, ready and willing to guide us.

As Morgan proceeded northward through the State of Kentucky, he came across small garrisons of Union troops,

guarding important places. On July 4th, at Green River, near Columbia, Kentucky, Morgan called upon Colonel Moore, of a Michigan regiment, to surrender his force to save the effusion of blood. The Union officer replied that the Fourth of July was not a good day for surrendering, and that his superior officer had stationed him at that point for the purpose of effusing blood, and that the effusion would begin right away if Morgan so desired. Morgan accepted the challenge, made the attack, and was speedily repulsed, losing heavily in officers and men. Among the Confederates killed were Colonel Chenault, of the Eleventh Kentucky; Major Brent, of the Fifth Kentucky, and Captain Trebel, of the Eleventh Kentucky. Colonel Moore's loss was small. Morgan left his wounded in Colonel Moore's hands. Morgan did not have time to renew the attack, and withdrew, continuing his march northward.

On the morning of the 5th of July, Morgan attacked the Union garrison at Lebanon, Kentucky, upon its refusal to surrender, and with severe loss, captured the garrison. In the list of killed was Captain Tom Morgan, a brother of General Morgan, who was serving, at the time of his death, on General Basil Duke's staff.

We expected Morgan to turn east before striking the Ohio River; but in this we were mistaken, as upon arriving at Brandenburg, some forty miles below Louisville, Kentucky, he seized passing steamboats and landed his force in Indiana. Following his trail, we reached Brandenburg just in time to see Morgan's rear guard disappear over the river bank, going north into Indiana. His rear guard stopped long enough to wave their hats to us and bid us good-bye. The steamboats

they had used in crossing were at that moment bursting into flames, and burned to the water's edge, tied fast to the Indiana shore.

Other steamboats were hurriedly obtained, and our pursuing force was hastily transferred across the river, men and horses being tumbled aboard the boats in quick order, and tumbled off the boats as quickly on the other side.

The appearance of "Morgan's Men" on the north bank of the Ohio River created great consternation in Indiana and Ohio. The Governor of Indiana called out the "Home Guards" to the number of fifty thousand; and as Morgan's advance turned towards Ohio, the Governor of the Buckeye State called out fifty thousand "Home Guards" from his State. At Corydon, Indiana, the "Home Guards" gave the invaders a brisk little battle, and delayed their advance for a brief time. At Vernon, Indiana, Governor Morton had posted a strong force of "Home Guards" to meet the invaders. Morgan made a demand on the commander of this force for surrender. This was refused and two hours' time asked in which to remove the women, children and non-combatants. General Morgan was a chivalrous leader and generously granted the time asked for. These two exciting hours were consumed by the Home Guards in hustling the women, children and old men away from the dangers of the battlefield, and as the hand of time marked the expiration of the truce, the citizens rolled up their sleeves, swallowed their "Adam's Apple," which had risen uncomfortably high in their throats, and prepared to wipe Morgan and his cavaliers off the face of the earth; but Morgan was ten miles

away when the Home Guards advanced to pulverize him. General Hobson's pursuing column, of which the Seventh Ohio Cavalry was a part, arrived at Corydon a few hours after Morgan's departure. The citizens of Indiana received us with the greatest joy and enthusiasm; and from the time of our arrival at Corydon until the end of our march at Buffington Island, Ohio, (a distance of about three hundred miles,) our line of march was between two lines of patriotic people, occupying each side of the road — men, women and children — laden with good things for us to eat, the principal article being *fried chicken*. In truth and literally, there were six hundred miles of fried chicken! The reader may be inclined to look upon this statement as a "Cavalryman's yarn" or an exaggeration, but I trust it will not be so considered. I am surprised at my moderation in thus describing the fried chicken prepared for us on this march. In view of the fact that whichever way we turned or whatsoever road we followed, the women of Indiana and Ohio met us promptly with the greatest abundance of fried chicken I am inclined to think that it would be entirely within the bounds of truth if I described the same as "*Six Hundred Square Miles of Fried Chicken.*"

I am in a position to state, without fear of contradiction, that fried chicken and blackberry pie were issued to General Hobson's three thousand cavalymen every hour of the day for the entire distance of our march across the States of Indiana and Ohio, and that after our two days' rations, with which we started from Somerset, Kentucky, had been exhausted, we lived entirely upon the rations issued to us by

the patriotic citizens as we marched along. All the soldier had to do was to fill his stomach and his haversack; the enthusiastic citizens did the rest.

The women of the North, like their countrywomen of the South, could not march, but they could "mark time" with a surprising degree of efficiency. In view of the fact that the line of march of the raiders could not be foretold, the women of the entire States of Indiana and Ohio "marked time" and were prepared to see to it that no man of General Hobson's troopers went hungry. Without this impromptu rationing of the troops by the women, it is almost certain that General Hobson could not have carried his three thousand troopers through to success in overtaking, defeating and capturing the raiders.

It was under the conditions above described that we had the most convincing demonstration that veteran soldiers complain only when they have *a superabundance of food*. The same men had not a whisper of complaint to make, when, later in the war, in East Tennessee, five nubbins of corn were issued to each of them, this bountiful issue being intended as a full repast for both the trooper and his horse. But when each trooper was fed with at least twenty meals a day for nearly three weeks, and each meal consisted of fried chicken, blackberry pie, strawberry shortcake, crabapple jelly, home-made bread, fresh from the oven in slices two inches thick, all washed down with sweet milk or buttermilk, then it was that the veterans complained bitterly, crying out in distress for their sustaining food of "hard tack and salt pork."

It must be borne in mind that in Morgan's sweep across the three States, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, he

swept his line of march, and for some distance on each side, almost clean of horses, giving his command almost daily remounts, leaving us, his pursuers, to secure our remounts with extreme difficulty.

Morgan set the pegs for us, and set them high every day. The longest march made by Morgan's command at one stretch was nearly one hundred miles in thirty-five hours, being the jump he made from a point in Indiana, west of Cincinnati, to Williamsburg, Ohio, east of Cincinnati.

With five thousand horses, all doing their level best in this thousand-mile race, I would speak now upon the horse, and the noble work done by him on this great march. Morgan's troopers were exceedingly well mounted, having many of the best blooded horses of Kentucky, horses capable of long and rapid marches, and in justice to General Morgan and his officers, it must be said that they handled their men and horses with superb skill. It was on this raid that General Morgan established the world's record for moving cavalry. It must be understood that there are many individual horses that can march a hundred miles in thirty-five hours, but the speed of a column of cavalry is not measured by the speed of the fastest and best horses, but by the speed of the slowest horses. Furthermore, it was General Morgan's task to keep his two thousand horses in such condition as to be able to march one hundred miles any day or every day he might call upon them for the effort, and all with only brief periods of rest. The horses impressed by General Morgan and by General Hobson, as we traveled across the States, were not of much value, they being soft, grass-fed, big-bellied animals that gave out after making only a few miles at the rapid



pace set by the seasoned cavalry horses. "Morgan's Men" were not alone in having good horses; we too had good horses, hard as nails and tough as leather — horses which had been seasoned by campaigning and knew how to strike the pace of the column and keep it at an even gait day and night. In General Morgan's command, and also in General Hobson's, there were many horses that made the entire march from start to finish. On this march I rode a well-seasoned black mare over the entire route, and on our return trip to Kentucky, when I rode into camp at Stanford, after covering fully a thousand miles, this mare, Nellie, after recognizing her old camp, *pranced in sideways*, thereby saying to me, in language without words: "*If there is any one thing I like better than another, it is these little thousand-mile excursions.*"

On this march, in the rear of Cincinnati Morgan passed through Glendale, Ohio, one of the beautiful suburban villages where many Cincinnatians have their homes. The suburban village is within a few miles of the corporate limits of Cincinnati, and "Morgan's Men" could plainly see the city lights, or, if it had been daylight, could have seen the city spires.

Morgan's force was not to exceed two thousand troopers when he invaded the States north of the Ohio River. Now two thousand horsemen make a big showing; and to the excited male citizens, whose horses were being seized right and left, and to the excited female citizens, whose loaves of bread were being seized at the oven doors, this number was easily magnified to ten thousand; and this was the number uniformly reported to us by the excited citizens, though we knew the number did not exceed two thousand.

Our march across the State of Ohio was in many ways painful, as our horses were falling rapidly, and the men were greatly exhausted for want of sleep. Twenty-three hours' marching out of each twenty-four was more than the horses could stand in their exhausted condition. Our ambulance had been dropped long ago, but our medical officers, mounted on the ambulance horses, were still with us.

We were now at home in Southern Ohio, and many of the troopers of our regiment passed their own doorsteps, stopping only long enough to kiss the members of their families. The Second Lieutenant of my company picked up two of his own children on the road-side, they having run to meet him from their home near by.

At Piketon and at Jackson, Ohio, the Home Guards had delayed Morgan's advance, and we picked up some of his stragglers. In the literal sense of the word, these men were not stragglers, but were mostly men who were so worn down and utterly exhausted that further effort was impossible. When found, these men were always asleep — not in a gentle doze, but apparently dead. We would have to shake them, and roll them about roughly to awaken them. Often they would reply to questions, but in a dazed sort of a way, and evidently yet asleep. When finally we got them awake, they showed the greatest consternation and alarm, and asked how it all happened, that they could go to sleep among "Morgan's Men," and wake up to find themselves prisoners in the hands of Hobson's Union Cavalry. They always wanted to know what had happened in the meantime and what had become of Morgan.

It looked here as though we might overtake the raiders in

a few hours, and bring them to bay. The "Home Guards" were now exceedingly active in "peppering" the raiders with their shot-guns and rifles, and in tearing up bridge floors, felling trees across the roads, and in every possible way delaying the march. The same willing hands which thus delayed Morgan opened the way for us, the pursuers. The roads were opened, the bridge floors relaid, and every possible effort made to help us. On their march across the States of Indiana and Ohio, "Morgan's Men" passed through a very rich and prosperous region, as well as through many thriving towns, where a hostile troop had never been seen or expected. The cavalry soldier, when on a raid of this kind in the enemy's country, does not draw a fine distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. The general rule is, "Whatever is out of doors is mine, and whatever is indoors belongs to my messmate." Acting upon this convenient rule, the Confederate troopers loaded themselves and their horses with every conceivable thing, taken mostly from the stores of the towns they passed through. It had been years since they had such good shopping opportunities, and in justice to them, it may be said they shopped liberally, ordering all their purchases charged to Jeff Davis. One humorous fellow said he was glad to find the stores so well stocked, and that he had no occasion at all to find fault with the prices.

Not only did they provide liberally for themselves, but they did not forget to remember the "girls they left behind them." At all events, they loaded themselves and their horses, and even spring wagons, with a vast quantity of plunder, such as muslin by the bolt, calico by the hundred yards, boots, shoes, stockings, corsets, gloves, underwear, etc. The

hardware stores were by no means neglected, and it is related that bird cages, sleigh bells, and even skates were choice articles of demand, although it can not truthfully be said that they went at high prices.

On the 18th of July, nearly three weeks after our start from the Cumberland River, General Hobson, having kept himself well advised of Morgan's probable plans, and learning that the enemy was heading for the fords of the Ohio River at Buffington Island, ordered that the picked men of three regiments, viz.: the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, under Colonel Israel Garrard; the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, under Colonel William P. Sanders, and the Second Ohio Cavalry, all under the command of Colonel A. V. Kautz, of the last named regiment, with two pieces of artillery, should be pushed ahead to make a supreme effort, sparing neither man nor horse until Morgan was brought to bay and compelled to fight. It was my good fortune to be selected as a factor in this forlorn hope. This force of picked men tightened their belts, took up their saddle girths two holes, and sprang into their saddles for the sixteenth consecutive all-night march, on the evening of July 18th.

Colonel A. V. Kautz, the commander of this flying column, was an officer of the regular army, who had previously commanded our brigade, and with whom we had served for some time. He was a thoroughly capable leader, who had our utmost confidence, and we were only too glad to follow his flag, which, we felt certain, would lead to victory. As we sprang into our saddles for this supreme and final effort, General Hobson bade us God-speed, and assured us of his prompt

support in every way with the remainder of the force under his command.

Our flying column moved rapidly through the summer night, the officers and men all keenly alert, and fondly cherishing the hope that we might fully realize General Hobson's expectations in selecting us for this final effort. Little was said by the men or officers as the night hours passed rapidly by. Each soldier seemed to be silently intent upon pushing forward as rapidly as possible, and wondering whether the morrow would bring us victory or defeat. Like a phantom troop in dreamland —

"On the march, each wind-shod troop, the purple midnight through,  
Now at a walk, now at a trot, as though passing in review;  
With sabres drawn, and misty banners waving over all,  
And drifting upward to the stars, an inspiring bugle call,  
The phantom sounds of battle float along the peopled air,  
Muffled commands,—the Captains shouting,—and hark! a distant cheer."

Just as the sky was growing gray with coming dawn on July 19th the welcome sound of half a dozen shots by our advance guard told us we had struck Morgan's outpost. Colonel Kautz immediately pushed his command forward at a brisk gait. Debouching from the river hills into the valley of the Ohio, near Buffington Island, we developed Morgan's force where it had been delayed by fog, waiting for daylight to ford the river into West Virginia. Morgan's two thousand horsemen were waiting in the lower end of a valley that lay between the hills and the river. The Union troops under General Judah, coming up the river from Pomeroy, where the steamboats had landed them, approached the enemy about

the same time our vanguard of General Hobson's force, led by Colonel Kautz, began the descent into the middle of the valley occupied by Morgan. Colonel Kautz attacked immediately upon arrival; our two pieces of artillery, answering Judah's guns, informed Morgan that those who had followed him from the Cumberland River had closed in on him.

With the rising of the sun the fog lifted, showing the gunboats in the river, and to Morgan all hope of escape by fording the shallow bar was gone.

The one desperate chance of escape was by the road leading out of the upper end of the valley, and towards this Morgan's confused troopers swept through the standing grain fields of the fertile farm lands, with Colonel Kautz's command in hot pursuit.

We have known of battlefields of "somber hues under leaden skies," but this field of battle in the fair valley of the Ohio surprised us greatly with its flashes of color, changing into a scene of the most superb brilliancy under the mid-summer sun. We had previously experienced the inspiring sight of an "army with banners," but the banners referred to were tame and colorless as compared with the battle scene spread before our eyes in our charge upon Morgan that July morning. Immediately after the stampede began each one of Morgan's troopers began to unload the plunder carried on his horse — boots, shoes, stockings, gloves, skates, sleigh bells and bird cages were scattered to the winds. Then the flying horsemen let loose their bolts of muslin and calico; holding one end, each cavalryman let the whole hundred yards stream out behind him. The most gorgeous kaleidoscopic view imaginable would not serve to describe the retreat

of this "army with banners," and instantly, though greatly to our surprise, we found ourselves to be rainbow chasers in almost the literal sense of the word. No road could accommodate such a confused mass of two thousand flying horsemen, and they spread across the narrowing valley. Across the upper end of the valley a stream came down out of the hills to the river, cutting its way through the plain in a deep gorge. Into this gorge plunged and piled the flying cavalry, with their wagons of plunder, and our force close behind them. Some succeeded in getting beyond this sunken gorge to continue their flight, though many, dismounted and disabled, were captured here, while some halted a short distance beyond in the forest-clad hills to surrender, rather than continue a hopeless flight.

While we were energetically engaged in gathering in the large number of prisoners captured at this sunken gorge, a flag of truce was sent to Colonel Garrard by a Confederate officer, who stated that Colonel Howard Smith, with a few other officers and men of Morgan's command, were in the woods near by, having been cut off from their command, and knowing the uselessness of further effort, would surrender if an officer were sent to receive them. Adjutant Allen and Lieutenant McColgin, of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, were sent to give them safe escort within our lines. The prisoners were received by the writer of this sketch, who was greatly surprised to learn that General Basil Duke was in company with Colonel Howard Smith. General Duke bore himself with dignity, and I would not have known that I had him if one of his own men had not accidentally disclosed his identity to me. In company with General Duke and Colonel Howard

Smith were fifteen or twenty other Confederate officers and soldiers, who surrendered under the flag of truce sent to Colonel Garrard.

After escorting this detachment to our lines, I found that, during my absence, Colonel Garrard had proceeded in pursuit of such as had escaped capture at the sunken gorge, but before going had left a detachment of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry to wait for my return, with orders for me to remain on the river bank with the prisoners until further orders from him.

The prisoners and guards rested for a few minutes on the river bank, all gazing wistfully at the water. It must be borne in mind that both Morgan's and Hobson's Cavalry had been in the saddle for about three weeks, during all of which time we had ridden in the clouds of dust which five thousand horses can raise on the country roads in mid-summer — such dense clouds of dust that at times it was impossible to see five yards ahead. It can readily be understood that under these circumstances a bath would be most acceptable.

As we sat on the river bank, first one man and then another asked permission to go to the water's edge to wash his face, till pretty soon about one-half the men, both Union and Confederate, were at the river's edge, washing their faces, and digging the dust out of their ears, eyes and nostrils. This proved to be such a half way sort of business, and so unsatisfactory, that the men asked permission to go in swimming.

Recognizing the merit of this request, I gave permission for one-half the prisoners and one-half the guards to go in swimming together, the other half to stand by and take their turn. The men stripped off, and soon both "Yankees" and



"Johnnies" were splashing in the river together, enjoying the most necessary bath they ever had in their lives. The first detachment having completed their scrubbing, the second detachment took their turn.

While the men were bathing one of the Confederate officers turned to me, and pointing to the naked soldiers in the water, said, "It is difficult to tell 't'other from which," meaning that he found difficulty in distinguishing between Union and Confederate when they were stripped naked, a truism with which I quickly agreed, as at that instant I was debating in my mind if there might be any danger of "getting the babies mixed," but a glance at the line in dusty blue on the shore, with their Spencer carbines ready for duty, reassured me, and I permitted the boys to gambol in the water to their hearts' content.

After the baths the guards shared the contents of their haversacks with the prisoners, and we spread ourselves out on the grass, under the shade of the trees, in regular picnic fashion, resting and waiting for orders.

One of the officers with General Duke gave me a little Confederate flag about the size of my two hands. I accepted this little flag, and asked the officer his name. He replied, "Captain Hines." He recently died at Frankfort, Kentucky. At the time of his death he was Chief Justice of the State Court of Appeals, and one of the best officers ever occupying this high office. His death was greatly lamented.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This quotation suggests itself by reason of the fact that, under the varying fortunes of war, less than four months after the

events written of in the foregoing, in a sharp cavalry engagement in East Tennessee, I found myself a prisoner of war in the hands of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, of Giltner's Brigade, one of Morgan's regiments, but fortunately made my escape within twelve hours.

The prisoners captured by the Seventh Ohio Cavalry were turned over to the Union officer in charge of the prisoners at Cheshire, Ohio, and with this our connection with the Morgan raid ended. General Morgan himself was not captured until several days later; but the raid ended at Buffington Island, and the subsequent flight of Morgan nearly to Lake Erie with his detachment of a few hundred men did not avail anything.

From the time of Morgan's landing on the Indiana side of the Ohio River until his defeat at Buffington Island, not less than one hundred thousand "Home Guards" were called to the field to "suppress him." The force of veterans under General Hobson, who pursued Morgan from "start to finish," comprised about three thousand cavalry. Morgan gave us "a good run for our money," but with pluck, courage, good leadership, and the help given us by the women of Indiana and Ohio, we overcame all obstacles, and had the satisfaction of knowing that our duty was fully performed, and that on July 19th, 1863, in the engagement at Buffington Island, Ohio, we had served our country well.

One can not but admire the dash, skill and courage of Morgan and Duke, which enabled them to lead their two thousand troopers on such a raid, baffling for so long a time the efforts of more than one hundred thousand men to cap-

ture them. Gunboats, steamboats, ferry-boats, cavalry, infantry and artillery all joined in the pursuit, *but none were more helpful than the women with their rations of fried chicken.*

It must be borne in mind that the date of this invasion was at the high tide of the Rebellion. The people of the North were in a frenzy of excitement. This period marked the capture of Vicksburg, with all of Pemberton's Army, by General Grant; the retreat of Lee's sullen and disappointed army from the blood-stained field of Gettysburg, and the capture of Morgan with his "Flower of the South." A million bonfires celebrating the victory of our arms burned in the cities, towns, villages, hamlets and crossroads of the Northern States.

Soon after the close of this raid, our regiment, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, formed part of General Burnside's Army, which occupied East Tennessee. We had an active campaign there for six months, and saw our cavalry horses die from hunger, while our veteran cavalymen sustained life on a small portion of parched corn; and then, more than ever before, we cherished the memory of the "Six Hundred Miles of Fried Chicken" we had on the Morgan raid.

FEBRUARY 6, 1901.

## THE BATTLE OF COLLIERVILLE.

BY E. O. HURD,

Late Captain Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Some years ago I received from the War Department at Washington an official envelope, which I opened with some curiosity, wondering what could be the occasion of it.

My surprise was enhanced to find it contained a copy of what purported to be a letter written by myself, giving an account of the Battle of Collierville, Tennessee, and the accompanying letter from the War Department stated that it had appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette* in 1863, and asked me, if it was correct, to please verify and return it to them.

I had forgotten ever having written such a letter, but on going to the office of the paper, Mr. John T. Perry, who was then connected with it, referred to the old files and showed it to me. It was one written to my father in Cincinnati, and he had given it to the *Gazette* for publication.

It read as follows:

### THE BATTLE OF COLLIERVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Headquarters Detachment, Thirty-ninth O. V. I.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 14, 1863.

Last Sunday, about 11 A. M., General Sherman, staff, horses, baggage, and eight companies of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry, left here on one of the heaviest and longest trains that has gone out of Memphis for some time. At noon I had just gone up to camp to dinner, when General Webster

sent word that he wanted me down at the depot immediately, with every available man not then on duty, armed, and with forty rounds of ammunition apiece. We supposed that there must be some disturbance or riot in the neighborhood which we were required to quell, and in a very short time we reported to the General. He told us that General Sherman had been attacked at Collierville by a superior force with artillery, and had telegraphed for a special train to bring General Corse's brigade to his relief, which was then en route for that place on foot. He had telegraphed to send platform cars, on which to load the artillery, for of that he stood particularly in need, as he had none, and that if we had not that kind of cars, to construct them (by cutting the tops off of box-cars, I suppose). We were required to accompany this train as a guard, with orders to return at the earliest opportunity. We jumped aboard, and at White's Station, about nine miles from here, came in sight of the rear of General Corse's brigade, and at Germantown caught up with the head of the column. Here we took aboard the Ninety-third Illinois, commanded by Colonel O'Meara, and three pieces of artillery belonging to Captain Cheeney's Illinois Battery. With orders from General Corse to proceed cautiously, as the enemy were known to be between us and Collierville, then only nine miles distant, we continued on our way.

After going a few miles, Colonel O'Meara, who is an Irishman, and appears to be a genuine fighting man, threw out skirmishers ahead of the train, and we followed slowly. We picked up first two negroes, who reported that General Sherman was taken prisoner; next three citizens, who said that the enemy had possession of the place, and that General

Sherman was hid, but that they were hunting for him, and had probably found him; then two more citizens, who said that the rebels had left. Two miles this side of Collierville we came to the first obstruction, a large culvert that had been burnt. Here Colonel O'Meara disembarked his force, and after distributing one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition to each man, we advanced. Arrived at the place, we found the report of the citizens last picked up to be the correct one,—that the rebels had left. Before this, just after the cartridges were distributed, Colonel O'Meara, who had his sleeves rolled up, slaughter-house style, and was mounted on a very fine horse, and had his sword drawn — an ugly-looking weapon, looking more like an elongated bowie-knife than a field-officer's saber — made us a short speech, telling us that General Sherman had sent for his regiment to come to his relief, and that with the assistance of the brave fellows on his left (that was, my boys) and Captain Cheeney's Battery, he was going to do it, let there be what might in the way. This quite took the men, and they cheered him.

At Collierville he ordered me to report in person to General Sherman, and receive his commands relative to my two companies. I did so, telling General Sherman what my orders were with regard to returning by the first train, but he told me that he could not let us do so yet; that we knew more about railroads than his men, and must first repair the damages to the road behind us. Now this was something about which I knew nothing; but as he requested me to first go down and see what damage was done and report, in company with Captain Yorke, of his staff, we started. It was a long way, and growing dark very rapidly; but Captain Yorke

being confident that the rebels had all left, we thought we could venture it alone. On the way he gave an account of the whole affair.

The attack commenced on the train just as it had passed the station. The telegraph operator there had run out with his gun in one hand, and motioning with the other for the train to stop. The conductor hurried to General Sherman to inquire whether he should or not, and the latter ordered him to back up to the station. This was no easy task, the train being unusually long and heavy, and the grade backward up hill; but after a little time it was accomplished, the rebels all the time continuing their firing.

"When the train stopped," said my informant, "I never saw line of battle formed so quickly as from off the tops of those cars. It was a mystery to me how the men got off so quickly."

They fought for some time without the fort or earthwork, and then retreated inside, where Colonel Anthony's regiment, the Sixty-sixth Indiana, which garrisoned the post, already was.

Here the rebels sent in a written demand to surrender, signed, it was said, by General Pemberton's Adjutant. One of General Sherman's staff asked what reply they were to make to it. "Tell them 'No,' of course," said the General.

The attack was then renewed, and continued without intermission for some three hours — till after 3 o'clock — when a gallant Lieutenant of the Thirteenth Regulars, whose name I am sorry to have forgotten, made a charge upon them with thirty men, drove them like sheep, and they finally disappeared. They were all mounted, but fought part of the

time on foot. They had several pieces of artillery, and we had none; but their practice was miserable — the poorest, General Sherman said, that he had ever witnessed on their part.

Our loss was fifteen killed and thirty wounded, about equally divided between the Thirteenth Regulars and the Sixty-sixth Indiana, and the loss of the rebels was supposed to be about the same, though it could not be ascertained exactly, as they were seen carrying off their dead and wounded. Right on the railroad track two were lying dead as we passed. One was a genuine type of the Butternut, dressed in a suit of that color, with a sallow complexion, long beard, and a ghastly wound in his side; the other was an old man, with his cartridge-box on, who was a resident of the neighborhood, and received protection from our Government, and, only a few days before, had been in the place selling articles to the soldiers.

Of the conduct of the telegraph operator, Edward F. Butler, I must speak in terms of the highest praise. Entirely unsolicited, he had taken his gun and fought gallantly at the breastworks till he was disabled by a shot in the left arm, when he turned his gun over to one who, he said, could then use it better than he. It was in excellent contrast to that of a brakeman on the train, who, after he had taken refuge and was cowering in the fort, was ordered by one of the officers to take up a musket, go to the breastworks, and fight for his life. He refused, saying that the Government paid him forty-five dollars a month to brake on the road, and that he had all that he could do to take care of his life now.

Of the colored servants belonging to the two regiments



I must also speak. An Irish Captain of the Thirteenth said: "I have always talked against the 'damned' niggers, and against making them soldiers; but since I have seen what I have to-day, those brave fellows, to a man, without an officer saying a word to them, pick up guns and fight like devils at the breastworks, I have not a word to say."

Another brakeman took refuge under a bridge, but the rebels making a charge in that direction, he made a "break" for the fort, but in passing the depot saw a darky's woolly head sticking out of a hole underneath, and thinking that a more secure place of refuge, made a dive for it, and found himself securely ensconced among cobwebs, between four stone walls, where, in the event of the rebels capturing the place, he determined to remain till they left, unless by burning the depot they should compel him to come out.

One of General Sherman's negroes remained on the train with the horses. The rebels came up and asked him which the General's horse was, and he replied falsely that he did not know. They then asked him which was a certain other officer's horse; to which question he made a like reply. They then commenced to select them out on their own judgment, and happened to get the General's mare among them. They were obliged to jump them out of the cars on to the ground. This feat of coming right up in front of the fort, all the while under a very hot fire, was spoken of as a very brave deed. They also rummaged the General's car, taking from it his coat and a number of articles of baggage belonging to the members of his staff, and tried to set it on fire; but in this they did not succeed.

Throughout the fight General Sherman maintained his

position in the center of the fort, giving every move his personal superintendence, as calm and unconcerned as though he was standing on parade, instead of in the most exposed position in the works, and by his example infusing coolness and courage into all around him. The conductor on the train said to me: "I was somewhat frightened at first, but when I saw such a great man as he so unconcerned amid all the balls flying around him, I did not think it worth while for me to be scared."

A house close by the fort, filled with commissary stores, obstructed the range and gave shelter to the enemy. "Sixty days' furlough for the man who sets it on fire," said General Sherman, and one of the Sixty-ninth Indiana did it. I wish I knew the brave fellow's name.

One of his staff, Lieutenant James, his acting ordnance officer, whom I had seen passing into the depot yard on business connected with his department, every day, for several days past, was very severely injured — shot through the breast, while doing his utmost, with a musket.

But to return to the culverts: We found three of them burned — two small and one large one — and returned and reported the facts. Colonel Anthony furnished a detail to mend the former, and with my two companies we repaired the latter, and by 7 o'clock in the morning had the road again in running order to Collierville. General Sherman told us that we had done so well that he now wished us to go to Lafayette with the construction train, which had just arrived, and repair the road to that point; after which we might return, according to our orders, to Memphis.

We started; mending the telegraph wire in four places

where it had been cut, and replacing one rail which the rebels had taken up and carried some one hundred yards and hid among the weeds, and at Lafayette found the road and telegraph in good working order the rest of the way to Corinth.

On our return to Collierville, General Sherman proceeded with his train on his way to Corinth, leaving us deeply impressed with his qualities as a gentleman and an officer.

As we were backing down again to Memphis, we struck with the tender and ran over a young heifer, without, however, throwing anything off the track, and this completed our adventures on this expedition. The force of the enemy was estimated at about twenty-five hundred and ours was about six hundred.

E. O. HURD,

Captain Company B, Thirty-ninth O. V. I.  
Commanding Detachment.

This is the end of the letter.

Some years after, General Sherman told me that it was a favorite mare of his named "Dolly" that the Confederates captured, and that not long after, his men brought in a very fine Southern horse, which he took for his own use; and the owner came in to claim him, and he gave him an order on General Chalmers, who commanded the attacking force at Collierville, for his mare "Dolly"; and when he afterwards met General Chalmers, the latter told him that the man had hunted him up in South Alabama and presented the order.

Colonel Dayton was with General Sherman at Collierville, and we long afterwards talked the matter over together.

The Captain Yorke mentioned in my letter was a brother-in-law of Griff. Miller, of Cincinnati.

Colonel Audenreid was also there with General Sherman, and the rebels captured his wardrobe, and all who knew Colonel Audenreid will appreciate what a good joke that was on him.

At the time of this affair I was in command of a detachment of our regiment, consisting of two companies, encamped in a beautiful grove a short distance east of the Memphis and Charlestown Railroad depot, in Memphis.

Every morning we sent out a guard of twenty men and one officer, in a gunboat car immediately behind the locomotive, to accompany the train to Grand Junction, Tenn., meeting there the return train from Corinth, Miss., and exchanging with the guard who had escorted it thus far, and getting back to Memphis in the evening.

Each morning two soldiers stood with their bayonets crossed at the gate leading to the train. Every one wishing to enter had to show a pass, which I would inspect, and at a nod to the men, they would raise their bayonets and allow the bearer to enter.

One morning one of the cutest little darkies that I have ever seen presented himself, without pass, ticket or money, and said he wanted to go out on the train to Moscow, Tenn., to see his mother. He was about twelve or thirteen, dressed in a ragged suit of a full-grown man's clothes. I asked him how he would like to work for me and be my servant. He agreed eagerly, and I took him up to camp, and there was soon a great change in his appearance, caused by a new suit of soldier's clothes, cut down for him by the company tailor. One of the first things the boys did was to get him to wrest-

ling with another colored boy of about double his weight. My boy threw him. He became a great favorite, and the boys used to tell a great many stories of him. One was of his stumbling down when carrying a bucket of water on his head from the spring, and getting up again without spilling a drop.

After a while we let him go out on the train to see his mother. He made her a visit and came back. He was an inveterate player of chuck-a-luck, which my Lieutenant tried in vain to cure him of. One moral argument he tried with him was to tie him up for it.

I brought him home with me to Cincinnati, and he is here now. His name is Tom Anderson, and some of the waiters present perhaps know him.

All baggage going out was searched by an official of the Treasury Department, and he used to have some interesting experiences to relate.

We were under General J. D. Webster, Superintendent of Military Railroads, with his headquarters in the depot. One morning, on reporting to him, he said to me: "Captain, who is dead?" Seeing my surprise, he added: "You have the flag at half-mast." The boys had failed to get it quite up to the top of the flagstaff.

He was one of the most agreeable officers to serve under I ever met. He was later Chief of Staff to General Sherman, and was in charge of his headquarters at Nashville during the Georgia campaign.

My partner, Captain of my second company, was William H. Williams. After the war we carried on a cotton plantation

together on the Tennessee River, near Decatur, Ala. We had assisted in the capture of Decatur,— but that is another story. He was one of the bravest men I ever knew, nervous and high strung. One night on the plantation he awakened me under the impression that he had heard a Ku-Klux whistle, and we sat by the windows with our guns in our hands awaiting an attack that never came.

There were Ku-Klux in the country, though. One night, when on the streets of Decatur in company with a Southern man, we met them in their masks and uniform, with revolvers drawn. They halted us, and demanded where we were going? We replied: "To church." They said that was a good place to go to, and they would go along, and escorted us to the Episcopal Church, where, it being just before Christmas, the young people were at work getting up evergreen decorations. They followed us in, and took seats in the rear. Some of the young ladies played and sang for them, and they then rose and left.

At Memphis a part of the duty of my two companies was to patrol the streets and act as Provost Guard for that part of Memphis lying on our side of the Gayoso Bayou; the jurisdiction of the Provost Marshal extending only to the Bayou.

We had the usual trouble with the illicit sale of liquor to soldiers. At one place we confiscated several barrels of whisky and emptied them into the gutter. The tax alone on whisky was at that time two dollars a gallon.

At another place we arrested the proprietor, an Irishman, and took him up to camp and put him at police duty; and on

finding he was also a barber, at shaving and cutting the hair of all the soldiers who wished it.

Some time after I met him and his wife. They appeared to bear no grudge. On the contrary, his wife seemed to think it a very good joke on him indeed, that we had had her husband, as she said, "up on the hill a swaapin' the grass for the so'jer b'yes to walk on."

MARCH 7, 1900.

## THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY, JULY 9, 1864.

BY BENJAMIN R. COWEN,

Late Major and Paymaster; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V.

If the importance of a battle can be properly determined by its ultimate results, regardless of numbers engaged or immediate outcome, then may the Battle of Monocacy, which was fought on the 9th of July, 1864, between the Union forces, under General Lew. Wallace, and the Confederates, under General Early, be ranked as one of the decisive battles of our Civil War.

Occurring, as it did, however, at a time when the eyes of the whole world were drawn toward the indomitable leader who was slowly, but surely, strangling the Confederacy in the coils of his consummate strategy, and to Sherman in his grand march from the mountain to the sea, and resulting in what appeared to be a most crushing defeat of the Union forces, it attracted but little attention at the time among the grand military movements of that eventful battle summer. For those reasons, Monocacy has come to be looked upon generally, in comparison with other battles of that period, as a very insignificant affair, little more than a heavy skirmish, and not at all creditable to our arms.

I write, not as a participant in nor an eye-witness of the engagement, but merely as a student of its history as recorded in the official reports made at the time, and for the purpose of vindicating those who fought the battle that they may have due credit for their achievement.



You will all doubtless recall the military situation in the East at the period of which I write. Preparatory to his advance on the interior line to Richmond, General Grant had withdrawn all available troops from the defenses of Washington and Baltimore to strengthen his forces in the field. These were replaced by a hastily improvised army, consisting of convalescents, department employees, Ohio National Guards, some other hundred days' men from Maryland, and a few veterans. These, and such as these, constituted the only garrison that manned the thirty-seven miles of the defenses of Washington and those of Baltimore.

The sleepless vigilance of the rebel sympathizers in the city of Washington, through a perfect system of communication, embracing signals by night and by day, and the secret, but regular and systematic intelligence by letters and papers, kept the Confederate authorities about as conversant with everything of importance transpiring in and about the Federal Capital as was General Grant at the head of our armies, with all the appliances of the Government at his command.

At Point Lookout, Maryland, at the mouth of the Potomac, was a military prison in which were confined some twenty thousand Confederate prisoners, recuperated by rest and Federal rations, and pining for release that they might renew active operations against the Government. Those prisoners, as General Lee well knew, were guarded by a small force of colored soldiers which he thought could be easily overpowered.

The knowledge of these conditions prompted General Lee, on the 26th of June, to advise Mr. Jefferson Davis that the time was auspicious for a movement in force upon Wash-

ington, which would certainly compel General Grant to loose his hold upon Richmond, and might result in the capture of the Federal Capital.

"At this time," wrote General Lee to Mr. Davis, June 26, "as far as I can learn, all the troops in the control of the United States are being sent to General Grant, and little or no opposition could be made by those at Washington."

He also called attention to the twenty thousand prisoners at Point Lookout and the insufficiency of their guard to repel any serious movement for their release to join in the proposed advance upon Washington, or to aid in occupying the city after its capture.

The suggestions of Lee were favorably considered, and, authorized by Mr. Davis, he at once detached a large part of the Army of Northern Virginia, estimated at one-third of his effective force, under command of General Early, to prosecute the daring enterprise of capturing Washington.

For that part of the enterprise having for its object the release of the prisoners at Point Lookout, General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland, an officer of experience, and thoroughly acquainted with the country to be traversed, was chosen and placed in command of a division of cavalry deemed ample for the purpose.

The defeat of Hunter at Lynchburg, in the Valley of Virginia, and his retreat westwardly by way of the Great Kanawha, left the Shenandoah Valley open to Early and exposed Washington to his advance. Early was quick to observe and prompt to take advantage of that fact, and moved rapidly toward the North, General Sigel offering but little opposition, and that being promptly brushed aside.

General Grant had relied on Hunter to protect the valley from the advance of the enemy, and in that feeling the Washington authorities concurred.

“There was no force available that could be thrown between the Capital and the rebels but mine,” wrote General Wallace, on hearing from General Sigel that Early was advancing with thirty thousand men, “which was probably too small to defeat them, but certainly strong enough to gain time and compel them to expose their strength.”

At that time General Wallace's entire force in all his department was but 6,942 men, including five regiments of Ohio National Guards and some other hundred days men from Maryland. From this force he had to garrison the defenses of Baltimore, and guard his lines of communication.

When we consider the meager force which General Wallace was able to muster and send out to meet Early, and the supposed strength of Early's army, his determination to give battle looks like “almost a forlorn hope,” as Grant termed it, or at least a rash and foolhardy enterprise. But it was the only thing that could be done under the circumstances, and Wallace was prompt and energetic in all his movements.

Leaving more than half his force in the Baltimore defenses, the entire force with which Wallace went to do battle consisted of seven companies of the 149th and three companies of the 144th Ohio National Guard, temporarily consolidated under the command of Colonel Brown, of the 149th; one company of the 159th Ohio National Guards, mounted, under command of Captain Leib, of the Fifth United States Cavalry; the Third Regiment and four companies (two hundred men) of the First Maryland Potomac Home Brigade;

the Eleventh Maryland Infantry; a squadron of 250 Illinois Cavalry; in all "scant 2,500 men." The Eleventh Maryland and all the Ohio troops were hundred days men.

Fortunately, Grant had not been unmindful of Early's movements, and as soon as he learned of Hunter's defection he made arrangements to send a part of the Sixth Corps, under General Ricketts, to the assistance of Wallace. This force left City Point on the 6th of July to report to General Wallace at Baltimore. It reached Baltimore on the morning of the 8th, and was rushed to the front to join Wallace, who was then skirmishing with Early at Frederick.

Only a part of the Sixth Corps, however, reached Monocacy in time to take part in the battle, the remainder, some three regiments, halting within eight miles of Monocacy, where, for some reason not explained in the reports, it remained all day on the 9th within sound of the battle.

That part of the Sixth Corps which was engaged consisted of nine regiments and parts of regiments, in all but 3,350 men, as follows: The 106th New York, 151st New York, Fourteenth New Jersey, Tenth Vermont and Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, constituting the first brigade of 1,750 men; the 138th Pennsylvania, Ninth New York, 126th Ohio and 110th Ohio, constituting the second brigade of 1,600 men. Thus General Wallace's entire force on the morning of the 9th was only 5,850 men of all arms, and with these he determined to give battle.

To Wallace's six three-inch guns Early opposed at least sixteen, and probably twenty-five Napoleons, or twelve-pound howitzers, and to his 5,850 men the enemy opposed at least 25,000 men. Some estimates place the number still higher,

including the entire corps of Ewell and Breckinridge, and a cavalry force of 5,000 or 6,000, all veterans.

This inadequate force, hastily drawn together, many of them totally inexperienced and never before under fire, was pushed out to meet a force of at least five times their number of veteran troops, flushed with success and animated with high hopes of a magnificent and probably decisive victory, with rich plunder in the capture and occupancy of the National Capital, which lay apparently at their mercy but little more than a day's march distant.

The Monocacy River, on and near the banks of which the battle was joined, is a crooked river flowing southwardly into the Potomac. Three miles west of it lies Frederick City, and about three miles further west lay the Catoctin Mountains. The Washington pike crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and two and a half miles below the Baltimore pike crossed by a stone bridge. A quarter of a mile below the stone bridge the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crossed the river by an iron bridge.

The moment General Wallace learned that a hostile army was about to invade his department, he pushed out his little force of 2,500 men to delay its advance and develop its strength. This he did on the 5th, advancing to the east bank of the Monocacy, hoping at least to hold the cavalry advance. He pushed out to and beyond Frederick a part of his 2,500 men, consisting of the Third Maryland, Potomac Home Brigade, 250 men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, three guns of Alexander's battery, and several detachments, including the one hundred days men under Captain Leib of the Fifth

United States Cavalry, all under command of Colonel Gilpin, of the Maryland regiment.

On the 7th, some hours before Ricketts' division of the Sixth Corps began to arrive at Baltimore, Gilpin's command met Early's advance west of Frederick, and had a sharp encounter, which General Wallace reported:

"Think I have had the best little battle of the war. Our men did not retreat, but held their own. The enemy were repulsed three times. . . . The fight began at 4 P. M. and closed at 8 o'clock."

This indicates quite a delay of Early at and near Frederick, every hour of which was precious, as Ricketts' division only began to arrive at Baltimore at 6:30 P. M. of that day.

Realizing the great numbers of Early's command, and fearing that he might get in his rear and cut off his line of retreat, Wallace ordered Gilpin's command to fall back to Monocacy, and he determined there to make a stand.

Gilpin's force fell back in the night, and on the 8th Wallace selected his field of operations, intending to give battle with his original force of 2,500 men. Fortunately, Ricketts joined him in the evening of the 8th with his 3,350 veterans.

The disposition of the forces for battle was made early on the morning of the 9th of July. The Ohio National Guard, under the command of General E. B. Tyler, was placed on the right, and formed an extended line of some two miles from the railroad bridge. General Tyler left Colonel Brown with his command and the company of mounted infantry at the stone bridge. "Upon the holding of that bridge," said General Wallace in his report, "depended the security of the right wing and the line of retreat to Baltimore."

On the left, where the brunt of the fighting was expected, General Ricketts formed his command in two lines across the Washington pike, to hold the rising ground to the south and the wooden bridge, over which the Washington pike crossed the river. Still further to the left the squadron of two hundred and fifty cavalry, under Colonel Clendenin, was posted to watch that flank and guard the lower fords with such detachments as he could spare for that purpose.

On the west bank of the river seventy-five men of the Tenth Vermont and the detachment of two hundred men of the First Maryland Potomac Home Brigade were deployed as skirmishers in a semi-circular line three quarters of a mile to the front.

The battery was divided—three guns to Ricketts and three to Tyler. A twenty-four-pound howitzer was left in the rude earthwork near the blockhouse by the railroad, where it could be used to defend the two bridges and cover the retiring and crossing of the skirmishers. Three companies were posted to defend the ford midway between the stone bridge and the railroad.

The engagement began at 8 A. M. The enemy came by the pike from Frederick, threw out skirmishers, behind whom they put their guns in position and began active operations. The enemy's columns followed soon after 9 o'clock, and artillery firing and sharp skirmishing began all along the line, continuing until 10:30, when the enemy made their first charge. A body of Confederates moved around our left flank, forced a passage of the river and advanced up the east bank, appearing from the woods in line of battle. General Ricketts was thus compelled to change front to the left, his right rest-

ing on the river, thus bringing his line under an enfilading fire from the enemy's artillery across the stream. Although Ricketts formed his entire command into a single line, that of the enemy overlapped it. Thus was every man on the left put into action, and not one held in reserve. Two of the guns were taken from Tyler and sent to Ricketts, and by the burning of the blockhouse and the wooden bridge the force which had been left to defend them was also put into action. This disposed of every available man except Tyler's reserves, which were momentarily expected to be needed by Colonel Brown at the stone bridge, whose position was becoming extremely perilous.

The enemy's line was met by a heavy fire. His line was broken several times and his colors went down. The efforts of the Confederates to rally were in vain, and they were driven to the woods with heavy loss, notwithstanding their overwhelming superiority of numbers.

Within an hour from the first repulse, the enemy, under General Gordon advanced his second line, which was much more numerous than the first. They advanced with the confidence of veterans expecting to meet nothing but raw militia. But the gallant Sixth Corps stood firm. For thirty minutes the enemy held his ground stubbornly, but he could not longer withstand the murderous fire of the sturdy veterans of the Army of the Potomac, and once more fell back, leaving the ground over which he had fought thickly strewn with dead and wounded men, after one of the most stubbornly fought and bloody fields of the war.

General Gordon, in his report, said of this part of the battle:



“ I desire in this connection to state a fact of which I was an eye-witness, and which for its rare occurrence and the evidence it affords of the sanguinary character of this struggle, I consider worthy of official mention. One portion of the enemy’s second line extended along a branch, from which he was driven, leaving many dead and wounded in the water and upon its banks. This position was in turn occupied by Evans’ (Confederate) brigade in the attack on the third line. So profuse was the flow of blood from the killed and wounded of both these forces that it reddened the stream for more than one hundred yards below. It has not been my fortune to witness on any battlefield a more commendable spirit and courage than was exhibited on this by both officers and men.”

At this time so severely was the enemy punished that Wallace might have retired with little trouble, as the final outcome of the struggle was no longer doubtful, and a crushing defeat, anticipated at the outset, was now inevitable. But the hope that the three delayed regiments of the Sixth Corps would soon arrive, and his determination still further to develop the strength of the enemy and delay his advance upon Washington, together with the splendid behavior of the Sixth Corps, induced Wallace to hold his ground still longer.

About this time Wallace’s telegraph operator deserted him, and the railroad agent, with both the trains intended for the transportation of the wounded, ran away.

An hour and a half later the third line of the enemy moved out of the woods and down the hill, behind which they formed, closely followed by the fourth line. Each one of the enemy’s four lines of attack presented a greater front than that of Ricketts’ division all deployed. This would give him at least

eighteen thousand men engaged on that side of the river, while there were not less than two thousand more skirmishing and fighting in Wallace's front across the river. The time had now come to retire.

But how had it fared meantime with Colonel Brown and his command at the stone bridge? As early as 10:30 the fighting there had assumed serious proportions, and he held his position with great difficulty. So it continued until 4 o'clock, when the orders to retreat were given, and General Ricketts began to retire toward the Baltimore pike.

The stone bridge now becomes all-important. Its loss would be the loss of our line of retreat, and the enemy, finding himself successful on the left by the retirement of Ricketts, would certainly redouble his efforts against the right. A heavy body of Confederates charged down the pike from the west to throw themselves upon Colonel Brown and his ten companies of Ohio National Guards.

Tyler had already moved his reserves to Colonel Brown's assistance, and himself hastened in advance to the bridge and assumed command without waiting for orders. The charging column of Confederates halted and recoiled before the heavy fire. General Wallace hurried to the stone bridge and ordered Colonel Brown to hold the bridge at all hazards with the force then there until our last regiment had cleared the country road by which the retreat was being made and had passed down the pike toward New Market and Baltimore, or until the enemy should be found in his rear. That order was literally obeyed.

By this time the enemy had surrounded Tyler's command, and by all the rules of fighting it was captured. But the men

kept their ranks, and with Colonel Brown, fought their way through the encircling line and made their escape. Then General Tyler and his staff dashed into the woods and also escaped.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Wallace's whole command was brought off without the loss of a flag or a gun, and with the loss of less than two hundred prisoners.

Although Early had an adequate cavalry force, no pursuit was made beyond the stone bridge, and Wallace's forces came together and camped for the night within twelve miles of the field of battle.

This may have been because Early's objective point was Washington, the road to which now lay open and unobstructed before him, but it was more probably due in greater measure to the fact that he had been too severely punished to be in condition to follow with any hope of a renewal of the fight.

That was the Battle of Monocacy, but it is not the whole story. Were it to stop there it would be but the story of one more crushing defeat of the Union arms and the loss of many brave men without any compensating advantage.

Lincoln telegraphed Grant on the 10th, at 2 P. M.: "Wallace, with some odds and ends and a part of what came up with Ricketts, was so badly beaten at Monocacy that what is left can attempt no more than to defend Baltimore." Even he did not then appear to realize the tremendous result of Wallace's fight of the day before.

The report of General Ricketts has not been found, but enough is learned from the reports of other officers to know

that the behavior of that part of the Sixth Corps which formed the left wing at Monocacy was beyond all praise. They bore the brunt of the fighting, as was intended, and they bore it well, holding their own in the face of overwhelming odds, and only retiring when ordered so to do.

Of the Ohio National Guard, General Tyler said: "The 149th and three companies of the 144th Ohio National Guard, under Colonel Brown's command, considering their inexperience, behaved well, successfully resisting several charges of the enemy."

Captain Leib, of the Fifth United States Cavalry, commanding ninety-six mounted men of the 159th Ohio National Guard, said in his report:

"I am pleased to state that the mounted men under my command did well, more than I expected from men that have been in the service so short a time and not used to riding. The whole time I was absent (from Baltimore) I could not find time to procure forage for my horses and rations for my men. Not a man complained; all stood the hard marches, like faithful soldiers, and in battle I can not find fault with one of my men. All did well."

Colonel Brown said:

"I feel justly proud of the manner in which the men conducted themselves during their first engagement, holding, as they did, an extended skirmish line for twelve hours in the face of vastly superior numbers of experienced troops. They exhibited a coolness and determination which give promise of great usefulness in the service of the country."

General Wallace said in his report:

"I wish also to make honorable mention of Colonel

Brown, of the 149th Ohio National Guard, who, assisted by Captain Leib, Fifth United States Cavalry, stubbornly held the Baltimore pike bridge and thus kept open my line of retreat."

Our losses were: Dead and buried on the field, 121; 189 severely wounded left in general hospital at Frederick and fifteen at New Market. The Ohio National Guard lost 156 in killed, wounded and missing. The total loss of the 3,350 men of the Sixth Corps in killed, wounded and missing three days after the fight was 1,600. Later it was reduced to 1,250. Four hundred and five severely wounded Confederates were left in the hospital at Frederick, and thirty in country houses in that vicinity, "for want of transportation," as Early reported, though he had captured enough horses and wagons to supply his army. The Confederate killed were estimated at 275, including one brigade commander (Evans) and a number of officers of lesser rank. Early reported his entire loss between 600 and 700, though Gordon reported the loss in his own division alone at 698.

The loss of the enemy was presumably much greater than ours, as they fought in the open, while our forces had choice of position and were partly protected. There are good reasons for estimating Early's loss at 3,000.

The battle closed at 5 P. M. on the 9th, Wallace's command retiring in fairly good order by the Baltimore pike. This left the Washington pike open and unobstructed, bordered with farms teeming with abundance and inviting an enemy's advance.

"On the morning of the 10th," said Early in his report, "I moved toward Washington, taking the route to Rockville,

and then turning to the left to get on the Seventh Street pike. The day was very hot and the roads exceedingly dusty, but we marched thirty miles."

This must have brought him in sight of the defenses of Washington on the evening of the 10th.

"On the morning of the 11th," he says, "we continued the march, but the day was too excessively hot, even at a very early hour in the morning, and the dust so dense that many of the men fell by the way and it became necessary to slacken our pace; nevertheless when we reached the right of the enemy's fortifications the men were almost completely exhausted and not in condition to make the attack."

But for the delay at Monocacy of one entire day, and possibly another day at Frederick, and the severe punishment administered by Wallace, Early would not only have had a far larger and more efficient force at his command, but he would have reached Washington on the morning of the 10th with an army ready for immediate assault, and would have found a very different condition of things in the defenses from that which confronted him in the evening of the 11th; for the head of the column of the remaining divisions of the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac arrived from Petersburg on the day that the head of the Nineteenth Corps reached Washington from New Orleans, and on the very day that the enemy sent skirmishers within forty rods of the salient of Fort Stevens on the Seventh Street pike, and within sight of Fort Reno on the Rockville, or Tenallytown Road; which led Early to say in his report: "Washington can never be taken by our troops unless surprised when without a force to defend it."

"I determined at first to make the assault," he said, "but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly re-enforced, and we knew that the Sixth Corps had arrived from Grant's army, and, after consultation, I determined to retire across the Potomac before it became too late." Whereupon he abandoned the campaign, recalled Johnson on his way to Point Lookout, and put the Potomac between himself and Washington."

General Meigs said, on the 14th :

"The rebel army, under tried and skillful leaders, has looked at and has felt the Northern defenses of Washington. They looked ugly and they felt hard. They left their dead unburied and many of their wounded on the way by which they retired."

Giving his reasons for retreating, Early reported, July 14 :

"He [Johnson] was on his way to Point Lookout when my determination to retire made his recall necessary. . . . I am sorry I did not succeed in capturing Washington and releasing our prisoners at Point Lookout, but the latter was impracticable after I determined to retire from Washington."

Early had good reason to anticipate trouble from Grant, who had written Halleck his plan of campaign against Early, in the following characteristic language :

"If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose he has, he should have upon his heels veterans, militia men, men on horseback and everything that can be got to follow, to eat out Virginia, clear and clean, so far as they go, so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them."

Unfortunately, Halleck was too anxious about the safety

of the Capital, even after Early had crossed the Potomac on his retreat, to follow out General Grant's suggestions, and Early escaped.

Assistant Secretary of War Dana probably sized up the situation pretty correctly in a dispatch to Grant on the 12th:

"Nothing can possibly be done here," he said, "toward pursuing or cutting off the enemy, for want of a commander. . . . Advice or suggestion from you will not be sufficient. The Secretary of War directs me to say that General Halleck will not give orders except as he receives them, and until you direct positively and explicitly what is to be done, everything will go on in the deplorable and fatal way it has gone on for the past week."

Fifteen Ohio National Guard regiments garrisoned Forts Reno, De Russy, Smead, Kearny, Stevens, Simmons, Sumner and Slocum, of the Washington defenses, yet, notwithstanding the imminent peril threatening from the advance of Early, Mr. Lincoln telegraphed Grant on the 10th, before the arrival of the reinforcements:

"General Halleck . . . thinks that with the one hundred days men and invalids we have here we can defend Washington," showing their confidence in the Ohio National Guard then there.

Sensible, however, of the peril, appeals for help had gone out to several of the near-by loyal States; but they were in vain. On the 11th Halleck telegraphed Grant: "Militia ordered from New York delayed by Governor for some reason not explained. Pennsylvania will do nothing."

General Meigs wrote, after the retreat of Early: "So the tide of the rebel invasion was turned back without getting a



single man from Maryland, supine Pennsylvania, or the Governor of New York."

Stanton, in his impatience at the unfortunate and embarrassing higgling over the raising of troops for the emergency by the Governor of Pennsylvania, telegraphed on the 8th to General Couch, in command at Harrisburg:

"Governor Curtin has been considered as able and skillful as other Governors in organizing troops for efficient service, and unless his influence and efficiency are impaired, he will find no difficulty in accomplishing what Governors Brough, Morton, Yates, Stone and Lewis accomplished. It is true they had the advantage of a good staff. . . . If his staff is incompetent he can readily change it and make it as good as Brough's and Morton's, and there will then be prompt accordance with all regulations."

Of the Battle of Monocacy, Grant says in his Memoirs (Volume II, page 306):

"If Early had been but one day earlier, he might have entered the Capital before the arrival of the reinforcements I had sent. Whether the delay caused by the battle [Monocacy] amounted to a day or not, General Wallace, on this occasion, by the defeat of the troops under him, contributed a greater benefit to the cause than often falls to the lot of a commander of an equal force to render by means of a victory."

It is a singular fact, of which I have seen no satisfactory explanation, that General Early since the war, notably in a magazine article in 1882, has persistently denied that the capture of Washington formed any part of the plan of his cam-

paign of July, 1864. It would be interesting to answer the Early of 1882 denying that he had any designs upon Washington and utterly ignoring the effort to release the prisoners at Point Lookout, with the Early of 1864, from whom I have quoted in this paper, but I do not care to pursue that branch of the subject. The exigencies of the would-be historian sometimes demand a queer handling of facts.

Now, if it be true that the one or two days' delay at Monocacy did actually save Washington from capture and spoliation, what were the ultimate results of that engagement?

The mere capture of Washington for a day would have been fraught with incalculable disaster to the Union cause. Early could have seized the money in the treasury, all the archives of the Government could have been destroyed, the enormous supplies of arms, ammunition and clothing would have been taken, and Grant would have been compelled to raise the siege of Richmond. After the accomplishment of all that, Early could have withdrawn as easily as he did on the day following his appearance before the Washington defenses.

But, had his movement against Point Lookout been successful (and there is little doubt but that it would have been), with the twenty thousand prisoners thus released, armed and equipped from the Washington stores, to reinforce Early's command, there could have been no necessity for his withdrawal. Maryland and Virginia, with a large part of the citizens of Washington, would have rejoiced at his coming and rallied to his support, and his would have become the army of occupation. If, in the opinion of Mr. Lincoln and General

Halleck, fifteen regiments of Ohio National Guard, some invalids and Department employees were thought capable of defending Washington against Early's attack, what force would have been necessary to dislodge him when within the defenses and reinforced by twenty thousand fresh troops from Point Lookout?

He could have held his position until there had been recognition of the Confederacy and the raising of the blockade. Yes, he would have been in a position to dictate terms to the Union authorities. Is it too much to say that such a reverse would have been fatal to the Union cause?

There can be little room for doubt that General Wallace and his command at Monocacy, on the 9th of July, 1864, saved the National Capital from capture, at least, if they did not really save the Nation from dissolution, with all its attendant horror and disgrace.

If that be true, let it no more be said that the Battle of Monocacy was an insignificant skirmish, without advantage to the country.

Ohio National Guards contributed to the delay of Early at Frederick and Monocacy for at least one day; perhaps two. If that delay saved Washington, then they are certainly entitled to credit in proportion to their service in that engagement.

JUNE 2, 1897.

## THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.

BY MORRIS C. HUTCHINS,

Late Captain Sixteenth Kentucky Infantry.

The movements culminating in the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, commenced about the 20th of November, 1864, when General Hood's Confederate army moved from Florence, Alabama, to Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. It was plainly evident to our commander that this was a menace to Nashville, at that time filled with stores of war material for the Union army. The First Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps, under General J. D. Cox, was sent to Pulaski, Tennessee, on the Nashville Railroad. Hood's army was near Lawrenceburg, on the 21st, ten or twelve miles west of Pulaski, and the next day, the 22d, General Cox's command marched to a small village called Linville, about ten miles from Pulaski, on a pike leading to Columbia, and on a dirt road leading from Lawrenceburg to the railroad. Here he was reinforced that evening by a portion of the Fourth Army Corps, and the next day General Cox's division marched to a place called Hurricane, and the next morning, November 24th, broke camp before daylight and commenced the march toward Columbia.

The writer hereof, who was late getting a start, saw coming up the pike a long line of Confederate cavalry, and hurriedly joined the troops. We reached Columbia after dark, where a fight was on between the Union and Confederate

cavalry, and throwing out skirmishers, gave the Johnnies a taste of infantry music, which compelled them to withdraw.

In the night the Fourth Corps came up, and General Ruger also joined us the next day with several regiments. Just after dark, on the 25th of November, our Brigade, the First, of the Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, crossed the pontoon bridge over Duck River and took position on some high ground overlooking a wooded bottom, around which swept the river, making a horseshoe bend. On the 26th we were busily throwing up intrenchments in front of our position, and also at the point of the bend near the river bank. On the 27th the Fourth Corps crossed to our side of the river, and on the 28th the enemy were plainly seen in the fortifications at Columbia. Heavy and continuous skirmishing was going on all day; also, artillery fire between the batteries of the opposing armies, in which there was some wonderfully accurate shooting. Skirmishing kept up most of the night of the 28th, the men shooting at each other across the narrow river.

On the morning of the 29th the writer hereof, who was on the lookout, reported to General Riley, upon whose staff he was acting as aide and Brigade Inspector, that the enemy were descending the south bank of the river in force, whereupon, almost immediately, the Sixteenth and Twelfth Kentucky Infantry regiments were ordered forward, down the hill, to support the skirmishers, which had been detailed from the former regiment. The enemy, as soon as this movement commenced, opened on these troops with a fierce artillery fire, and shells cracked above and about them furiously, and as these troops reached the timbered bottom the enemy

appeared on the north bank of the river, and the Federal skirmishers were seen falling back in the face of the approaching foe. A sharp fight began, and pressed by overwhelming numbers, a portion of both regiments gave way, and rapidly fell back on the main line, where they were rallied and reformed by Lieutenant Colonel Rousseau and the writer by order of General Riley, almost a regiment of them, Colonel Rousseau taking charge of the right, and by his solicitation I took charge of the left of the reformed troops, who were at once moved forward, down and around the hill, reinforcing those who had been slowly giving ground, but stubbornly, keeping the enemy in check, until some fallen timber was reached just under the hill. Here the Union troops poured a deadly fire into the approaching enemy, stopping their advance, and under the leadership of the gallant Colonel White, of the Sixteenth, backed by our artillery, charged and drove the enemy under cover of the river bank, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded Confederates.

This severe engagement, assuming, in fact, almost the proportions of a battle, had the important result of delaying the crossing of Hood's artillery and trains, and was a consummate piece of generalship on the parts of General Schofield and Cox, and has less mention in history than is its due, on account of being overshadowed by the great battle of Franklin, which occurred the next day.

General Thomas, in his official reports, says: "November 29th, the Sixteenth and Twelfth Kentucky Infantry Veteran Regiments, supported on flanks by skirmish lines from other brigades, protecting the ford, were attacked by the enemy in force, and forced back from the ford, but almost immediately,

and with the assistance of artillery, recovered the lost ground, driving the enemy, with comparatively heavy loss, under the bank and across the river."

General Cox, in his published account of it, says: "The holding of this crossing of Duck River prevented Hood's artillery and trains from passing that entire day and up to 3 o'clock the next morning, and caused Hood to fight the battle of Franklin with but two batteries, which he had taken with him on his flanking movement to Spring Hill." This, together with the movement of the troops under General Ruger towards other fords, with General Stanley placed at Spring Hill, between Columbia and Franklin, where he shelled the relentless cavalry of Forrest, disconcerted the Confederate commander and his Generals, who, hearing the artillery at both Spring Hill and Columbia, were fearful that the Federal General would attack their separated divisions in detail, and thus caused the halt at Spring Hill, thereby giving the Union troops a chance to pass them in the night. By this splendid strategy Schofield was enabled to out-general the frenzied efforts of his wily foe to get ahead of him and crush his army.

Late in the afternoon of the 29th, General Cox directed General Riley, commanding the First Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, to withdraw his command at dark, and move toward Franklin, leaving those two regiments, the Sixteenth and Twelfth Kentucky, to keep the enemy in check until midnight. Major Dow, of General Cox's staff, was left with them, with orders to bring them off at midnight.

After an all-night march—passing the enemy in plain view,

camped in the fields on the right of the road, just before reaching Spring Hill — Riley's brigade arrived at Franklin about daylight, and the two regiments left behind very agreeably surprised us by marching in later that morning. About 8 o'clock the Federal troops commenced constructing breastworks, protected by a deep, wide outside ditch, from Harpeth River above Franklin to the Harpeth below the town, making a line of intrenchments in the form of a crescent; also, a small intrenchment across the Columbia pike, leaving spaces for men and wagons to pass on the right or left, through the works. The breastworks in front of Riley's brigade had head logs of square, heavy oak timber, with a three-inch space underneath to shoot through. A hundred and fifty feet in front they constructed a line of *cheveaux de frise*. About half a mile in front of the main line two brigades of Wagner's division had been stationed in skirmish pits.

The Confederate army appeared on Winstead's Hill about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, two miles away, and moving in echelon down into the plain, suddenly, with the coolness of veterans, wheeled into lines of battle and commenced their advance. The day was perfect, the sky unclouded. It was almost like a summer day. The soldiers in the Federal intrenchments could see every movement of the Confederate army. There was not an obstruction in the plain, except the pits occupied by Wagner's command. It was a sight rarely seen in war, a vast army moving in splendid pageantry, marching like soldiers on dress parade, and it was only when Wagner's brigade opened fire, and the Confederate artillery commenced shelling the Federal line, that we realized that a mighty battle was on.



The firing of Wagner's men checked the Confederate advance immediately in front; but the enemy's lines began swinging toward Wagner's flanks, and almost immediately opened fire along from right to left upon Wagner. His men at once broke in a frantic rush to our works. The Confederates at "trail arms" followed on closely in a run behind Wagner's men clear to our ditch. Wagner's men came pell-mell over the works, and in almost an instant the Confederates were also crossing. Wagner's men kept on to the rear. General Riley was temporarily in command of the Third Division.

At this juncture a portion of two Ohio regiments of the First Brigade gave way, and went back with Wagner's men, and the Confederates, to the number of over a thousand, got inside of our intrenchments. One of them ordered the writer of this article to surrender, but was shot down by a soldier who stood near; whereupon the writer, seeing he was about to be killed or captured, hastened, with all speed, to the reserve lines a hundred yards to the rear, and Colonel White, of the Sixteenth Kentucky, seeing him coming, and knowing that he was on the staff, and presuming he had orders, ran to the left of his regiment to meet him, and asked, "What is it?" Whereupon he was informed that the enemy had carried the first line of works, and that the General ordered his regiment at once into action.

Colonel Rousseau, commanding the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, who was near-by, was ordered to follow up and support the Sixteenth, and the Captain commanding the Eighth Tennessee Federals was ordered to move forward with the other two regiments.

These regiments at once opened fire upon the enemy and charged, and killed, wounded and captured every Confederate that had crossed the works. For five minutes it was a hand-to-hand melee, men clubbed muskets and used the bayonet; but we got to the works and were holding them, when another Confederate line crossed, and almost simultaneously a lot of troops under General Opdyke reinforced the Federal lines.

The fighting was over the works almost hand to hand for two mortal hours. It was the most exacting work upon every man, and it was here, in the midst of this tremendous storm of missiles, that the writer witnessed the sublime heroism and dauntless courage of that intrepid commander, General J. D. Cox. He rode up and down the line on his horse, in full view and close gunshot of the enemy, encouraging the men with his presence and words, pushing men to the right to support the artillery where it was needed, and the only amazing feature of it is that he escaped alive. One of his staff officers was killed by his side, and if the writer remembers correctly, a horse was shot under him. For a while before dark the Confederate army was utterly at the mercy of the Federals. Our men had to fire but from twenty to fifty feet to shoot into masses of them. They fought across the breastworks. The Confederates would get on them and were promptly killed. Their only shelter was in the deep ditch.

General Cheatham, in his official report of that battle, says that "it was the bloodiest battle of the war. Just at daylight I rode upon the field, and such a sight I never saw and can never expect to see again. The dead were piled up like shocks of wheat, or scattered about like sheafs of grain. You could have walked all over the field upon dead bodies without step-

ping upon the ground. The fierce flame of battle had nearly all been confined within a range of fifty yards, except the cavalry fight on the other side of the river. Almost under your eye nearly all the dead, wounded and dying lay. In front of the Carter House the bodies lay in heaps, and to the right of it a locust thicket had been mowed off by bullets, as if by a scythe. It is a wonder that any man escaped alive from that storm of iron missiles. A man who counted the dead told me that there were over 1,500 bodies in the narrow space on the right and left of the pike. I spent two years in the Mexican War and four years in the late conflict. I never saw anything like that field, and never want to again."

The writer hereof had charge of the skirmish line in front of the First Brigade, Third Division, and at dark moved the line among the Confederate dead and wounded outside of the intrenchments, and it was absolutely difficult to get along in places without stepping on dead or wounded men. General Pat Cleburne's division of the Confederate army was practically all dead and wounded upon that field in our front, including the General himself.

The firing from 8 to 10 o'clock was desultory. About 10 o'clock we were ordered to withdraw the skirmishers. In doing so we gathered up enough Confederate flags about our intrenchments to furnish every man of General Riley's staff one to carry into Nashville the next day.

This battle destroyed the morale of the Confederate army. There was but very little fight left in them. If the Federal army had been defeated, it would have been one of the most serious disasters of the Civil War. It would have placed at the mercy of General Hood the vast stores of Nashville, and

with Sherman's army on its way to the sea, other great possibilities. By its defeat the power of the Confederates in the West was completely broken. The blow was vital, and from it the Confederacy never recovered, and from that time its trend towards collapse was everywhere apparent. It is true, the battle of Nashville, which occurred fifteen or twenty days later, was fought, but the Confederates by the hundreds waited for the opportunity to be captured.

This battle, and the movements leading up to it, evidenced the ability of the Federal commander and his able assistants, especially Generals Cox, Stanley, Ruger and Opdyke. It was a battle full of decisive results; a battle between the picked veterans of both armies; a struggle, considering the number engaged, unprecedented for desperation, pluck and determination on the part of both the Federal and Confederate troops, and it strikes me as never having been given the prominence and place in history to which it is entitled. General Schofield proved himself certainly a strategist of great ability, but upon General Jacob D. Cox the important preparation and management upon that field mainly devolved, and his conduct in the hour of crisis stamped him, not only as a great General, but as a hero in whom every American should justly be proud.

General Hood's loss, from the time he marched from Florence to the close of the battle of Franklin, was, according to his own report, 7,547, of whom 6,300 were lost in the battle. The Federal loss was 2,236.

MARCH 1, 1899.

# THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, WITH PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A FIELD HOSPITAL.

BY STEPHEN C. AYRES,

Former Assistant Surgeon and Brevet Captain U. S. V.

When the Atlanta campaign closed with the surrender of that city, the armies of Sherman and Hood stood watching each other like two ferocious tigers, each waiting to see where the other would leap. They had fought each other fiercely on many bloody battlegrounds. For a hundred successive days these well seasoned veterans of the blue and the gray had been under fire, and now that Sherman's objective point had been reached, each wanted to know where the other would turn his course. Sherman wanted to carry out his plan of a march across to the sea, but Grant had not yet given his consent. The situation was critical for both armies, and gave those in command much anxiety. It was, in fact, a turning point, with possibilities both for and against us. If Hood should turn north and succeed in capturing Nashville, he could easily march to Louisville and Cincinnati, and with his splendid army of veterans he would be irresistible by any force which could be raised in the North to meet him. If Lee should detach a force large enough to crush Sherman away from his base of supplies, the result would be disastrous. If, on the other hand, Sherman could reach and capture Savannah, he could do the Confederacy much damage during his march across the country by destroying the railroads

and capturing and scattering small bodies of the Confederates, and then by coming up in Lee's rear would aid Grant in giving the final blow to the rebellion. Hood's movements after the fall of Atlanta showed plainly that he wanted Sherman to follow him. But the latter did not want his hard-fought campaign to be fruitless of positive and final results. He prepared to make a novel and hazardous move, which, if it succeeded, would give glorious returns for the sacrifices his gallant army had made. He wanted to cut loose from his base of supplies, march across the Confederacy, live on the country through which he marched, and then capture a seaport so that he could draw his supplies from that direction. In doing so, however, he would be in much less danger than the army of Thomas, for Grant was watching every movement of Lee and could prevent him from sending any body of men sufficiently large to do Sherman any damage.

To General Thomas was given the very responsible duty of taking care of Hood. He accepted the command unwillingly, as he appreciated the seriousness of the situation. He knew well what Hood's army was composed of, and was certain he would have to give and receive hard blows before he could defeat him.

The loss of Atlanta was a great shock to Hood's army. They considered it almost impregnable. They were well supplied with ammunition and artillery, and were entrenched on the hills around the city and bade defiance to any attacking force. Hood realized the fact that his army was demoralized, and he wanted to do something to restore their spirits and confidence. He wanted to accomplish something which would tell towards the great end which they all had in view, the

destruction of the Federal army. In his "Advance and Retreat," he says that he wanted to give battle to Sherman, and consulted with his corps commanders and with officers of lower rank to learn their views on such an action. They decided almost unanimously against him. This placed him in a very uncomfortable dilemma. If Sherman should move across Georgia toward the sea, it would be fruitless to follow him, for his men would consider it a retreat from the country they had so long defended. He could not reach Grant's rear and in this way aid Lee's army. He says that he remained two days at Cross Roads in serious thought and perplexity. He then conceived the plan to march into Tennessee, to endeavor to crush Thomas and Schofield before they could reach Nashville, to move into Kentucky and threaten Cincinnati. His army was much larger than Thomas's, and he could whip him if he only had a fair chance, and then he expected large accessions to his forces from the States through which he passed. There was force in his reasoning, and he came very near carrying out his plans.

His arguments seemed plausible, and he unfolded them to Beauregard, who made him a visit about this time. A consultation with the commanding officers was held, maps and scouts were consulted, and after mature deliberation for two days, his plans were approved and acquiescence given.

Their objective point was the Ohio River. Hood had an army of seasoned veterans who had been in many a bloody engagement, and their old-time enthusiasm returned when the plan of the campaign was unfolded to them. But they were destined to meet with many obstructions and to encounter difficulties no commander could anticipate.

Hood's first bitter disappointment was at Spring Hill, where he really had an excellent chance to crush Schofield. The facts show that our army made an almost miraculous escape and marched all night, as Hood says, "within gunshot of our lines without being molested."

Brevet Colonel Stone, of Thomas's staff, in a paper in "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," says: "A single Confederate brigade like Adams' or Cockrell's or Manley's — veterans since Shiloh — planted squarely across the pike, either south or north of Spring Hill, would have effectually prevented Schofield's retreat, and daylight would have found his whole force cut off from every avenue of escape by more than twice its numbers, to assault whom would have been madness, and to avoid whom would have been impossible." Schofield's safety was in reaching Franklin, where he could mass his forces and defend himself while his wagon train and stores were moving quietly to Nashville, having passed safely through the enemy's lines. Schofield, in a dispatch to Thomas, November 30th, from Franklin, says: "The slightest mistake on my part or failure of a subordinate during the last three days might have proved disastrous."

The battle of Franklin was of momentous importance. The safety of Nashville and the cities north of it hung on the issue. If Hood were successful there, he could easily march on Nashville and capture it, as A. J. Smith's corps had not yet arrived, and the city was without adequate defense. But hasty preparations for a desperate resistance were made and every possible event was anticipated, and for much of this we are indebted to the personal watchfulness and supervision of one of the members of our Commandery, General J. D. Cox.



With less than a day to prepare for Hood's attack, it is marvelous that they succeeded so well in throwing up earthworks, arranging head logs and clearing the obstructions in front of them. \* \* \*

The Confederates, stunned by the terrible blow they had received, and shocked by the unprecedented loss of officers of high rank, were in a dazed condition. The enthusiasm and bravery with which they charged the works again and again now gave way to a feeling of bitter disappointment, and perhaps to despondency. Donn Piatt, in his "Life of Thomas," says: "Afterward, in North Carolina, at the surrender of Johnston's army, the talk turning at a gathering of Union and Confederate general officers upon the various battles of the war, there was a general agreement among those who had served at the West with Hood that Franklin was by far the most disheartening of all their battles."

Schofield, as soon as things were quiet on his front, made arrangements to withdraw as quickly as possible. This was successfully and quietly done, and in the morning he was well on his way to Nashville, with his trains safe in front of him. The Confederates awoke to find Franklin evacuated.

As soon as Schofield's army was safely in Nashville, Thomas bent all his energies to prepare for the final fight with Hood. He was in no condition to engage him at once, as he needed more cavalry, and every effort was made to secure horses in the North. He fully appreciated the importance of the coming conflict, and wanted to be so well prepared that he could crush Hood's army, and thus relieve the North of any danger. Nothing could be more irritating and galling to a brave and conscientious General than the corre-

spondence between Thomas and Grant and Stanton during the days from December 2d till December 15th, when he made the attack. On the 1st Thomas telegraphed Halleck his plans and his reasons for a short delay in making the attack. On the 2d Stanton, in his telegram to Grant, says of Thomas: "This looks like the McClellan and Rosecrans strategy of doing nothing and let the enemy raid the country," as if the Secretary of War were as competent to judge of the situation as Thomas, who had so much at stake, and who was quite as anxious to repel Hood as Grant himself. Thomas sent an explanatory telegram, giving substantial reasons for a short delay, saying that his command was made up of the two weakest corps of Sherman's army and all the dismounted cavalry except one brigade, and the task of reorganizing and equipping had met with many delays, which had enabled Hood to take advantage of his crippled condition.

On the 5th Grant urged him to attack, and on the 6th sent a peremptory order to attack and not wait for a remount of cavalry. Thomas replied that he would obey the command and attack Hood at once, agreeably to his orders, though he believed it would be hazardous with the small force of cavalry now at his command. Stanton telegraphed Grant December 7th: "Thomas seems unwilling to attack because it is hazardous. As if all war was anything but hazardous. If he waits for Wilson to get ready, Gabriel will be blowing his last horn." On the 8th Grant said to Halleck that if Thomas has not yet struck, he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield. On the 9th Grant telegraphed Halleck to relieve Thomas. In the afternoon of the same day, Halleck, apparently loath to issue the order, telegraphed

Grant, asking if it should be forwarded. In Grant's reply he says he ordered Thomas to attack on the 7th, and that he had not done so, nor had he given any reason for not doing so. It seems strange that Grant could not comprehend the good and sufficient reasons Thomas had given for his failure to advance. This nagging from his superiors was very hard to bear, and yet Thomas stood firm as a rock, feeling and knowing that he was right. Grant's feeling against Thomas was shown by his dispatches, but they do not place him in a very enviable light. It must have been galling indeed to a man of Thomas's character to have to endure the unjust censure of Grant and Stanton. On the 10th he was ready to fight, but the whole country was covered with sleet and ice, and it was impossible for him to move, and yet on the 11th Grant says: "Delay no longer for weather and reinforcements." The injustice of this was apparent to Thomas and his corps commanders, whom he called together in consultation. They were all willing to fight, but the elements were against them. Thomas said: "The whole country is now covered with a sheet of ice so hard and slippery it is utterly impossible for troops to ascend the slopes or even move on level ground in anything like order." Under these circumstances he believed that an attack at this time would only result in a useless sacrifice of life. Grant was fully advised of this, and yet he did Thomas a still greater injustice by ordering General Logan on the 13th to proceed to Nashville and relieve him, and on the 15th he left City Point for the same destination. Logan got as far as Louisville and Grant as far as Washington when the fight began. Time and a thorough sifting of facts will surely add to Thomas's laurels.

In a letter to Van Horne, Thomas said: "I thought after what I had done in the war that I ought to be trusted to decide when the battle should be fought. I thought I knew better when it should be fought than any one could know as far off as City Point, Virginia."

The Cumberland Hospital, where I was then stationed, was located between the Harding and Hillsboro pikes, in the suburbs and directly south of the city of Nashville. It consisted of a number of wooden pavilions which were well constructed. They were a great improvement on the tents, which they superseded, and were as well equipped as possible at that time. They were light, cheerful and well ventilated. When I was ordered there, Dr. Clark McDermont, of Dayton, Ohio, was in charge. He was succeeded by Dr. B. Cloak, as fine a specimen of a genial Kentucky gentleman as it was ever my good fortune to meet. The hospital had a capacity of nine hundred beds.

When Schofield reached Nashville, Thomas at once set to work to entrench and prepare for the coming conflict. We were very much interested in these preparations, for we knew we were without adequate defense. I well remember one Sunday, when our men were busily at work in the trenches, that they had quite an interested group of lookers-on from the city. These were clerks and bookkeepers and employees of various kinds, and with their nice clean suits and polished boots they presented quite a contrast to our veterans at work. Suddenly, and to their great surprise, they were corralled by the corporal's guard and ordered to serve their turn with the picks and shovels which they had been watching with so much

interest. Two hours' work in the trenches cured them of their curiosity, and we saw no more of them.

We made preparations for the approaching battle by sending all our sick which would bear transportation to Louisville, and by sending to the front all able-bodied and convalescent men. The latter was not an easy task sometimes. There was something in the atmosphere which favored that tired feeling which is so hard to cure. Men lost their voices, and, of course, could be of no service at the front. But we "got onto their curves," as the ball players say. They were taken to the operating room for examination, a small quantity of ether was given, and they awoke from their semi-consciousness, talking as loudly as any one. Their words, then spoken loudly enough, were not always complimentary to the surgeons. The ruses of the malingerers were numerous and cunning. One strong-looking fellow had a very respectable limp and declared he was in no condition to leave the hospital. An examination of his shoes showed that he had raised the heel of one to produce the desired effect, and that there was no contraction of the tendons. Others again were badly ruptured, but the doctor could not see it. For several days before the engagement we had almost empty wards, but we knew we would soon have them filled. The inner line of works was not far from our hospital, and the outer entrenched line was on the brow of the hill but a short distance away.

The morning of the 15th of December, as I remember it, was a cool day, with a Scotch mist covering the ground and obscuring the distant horizon. We were early aware that the battle was on by the report of firing on our left as well as on our right. At first we could see the movements of some of

our troops on our outer line of works directly in front of us, but they were soon lost to view. Then we traced the progress of the battle by the volleys of musketry and the roar of the artillery. The deep tones of the heavy siege guns from Fort Negley, on our left, and the sharp report of the field pieces and rattle of the small arms resounded all day long, more or less intensely as the engagement shifted from place to place and as greater or smaller numbers were engaged at once. Now it was heavy on our left, where Steedman was pounding away trying to divert their attention to that point, while A. J. Smith, on our right, was steadily moving forward, pushing everything in front of him with an irresistible force. It was not difficult in the afternoon to tell by the firing that our army had advanced from the river beyond the line of the Hillsboro pike, on which our hospital was situated. There we of the staff of the hospital waited for the ambulances to come. It was probably about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the first ambulance entered our gate; but the procession continued all night, bringing wounded men of all ranks, officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, colored men and Confederates. I was in my quarters when the first ambulance entered, and heard a feeble voice through the thin wooden partition between the room next to mine say: "I am bleeding again." These words came from a soldier in whom I had taken particular interest, so that I asked the Superintendent to give him the empty quarters next to mine. He was wounded in the leg at Kenesaw, I think, and had been brought back to Nashville. We amputated his leg below the knee, but in consequence of the diseased condition of the stump, later on were compelled to amputate above the knee. He had had

several attacks of secondary hemorrhage, and I feared they might prove fatal, as he was very much exhausted. As soon as I heard these words I went to him, opened the stump, secured the bleeding artery (the femoral), and ligated it before I went to my ward, and did it without chloroform. He made an excellent recovery, returned to his home, and served as Postmaster for many years. I have heard from him occasionally ever since then through his wife, who was with him at that time. Last summer she wrote me that he had passed away, but her grateful heart had still many words of thanks for the services rendered.

My two wards were completely filled, and I had my hands full. Johnnies and Yanks were lying side by side now, but there seemed to be no enmity between them. Men with severe wounds and slight wounds were all brought in promiscuously. Five or six were shot through the chest, several of them through the legs and arms. One man had a bullet in the sole of his foot, and I did not leave him until I had extracted it. A similar case was brought into our hospital from the battlefield of Franklin; but the surgeon into whose care he fell did not detect it, and the result was, the poor fellow had lock-jaw and died in consequence.

All night long we worked until nearly morning, when we laid down for a short rest. On the next day the conflict began with a repetition of the echoes from the field, which we had heard the day before; but we were too much engaged to pay any attention to them. Our work was only a repetition of what we had gone through with since the first ambulance entered the hospital. During and after the battle our hospital admitted 597 wounded men, of whom fifty-seven were Confederates.

One interesting case was that of a Kentucky Captain who was acting as Major, and was mounted and commanding his regiment. He was wounded near the Granny White pike on the second day as his regiment was charging the works. The shot entered his mouth, struck his tongue and passed backward, carrying with it two or three of his lower incisors. He fell insensible and was carried off the field, but soon rallied. When I saw him he could with difficulty speak above a whisper. I extracted one of his teeth from the interior of his tongue, and as he was not bleeding, I passed on to other more severe cases. The next day he was comfortable, and there was no evidence of the bullet in or around his tongue. I told him that it was possible it had passed through the base of his tongue, had entered the oesophagus, and that he had swallowed it. I told him to be on the lookout for it, and the next day he showed it to me in triumph, it having passed entirely through his alimentary canal.

One Confederate soldier was lying with a gunshot wound through his abdomen, perforating the bowels. In those days we could do nothing for him, but modern surgery would have enabled us to open the abdomen and probably do something to save his life. Next to him were two more Confederates, both shot through the upper part of the thigh. One of them was a short, heavy-set man, belonging to the Thirty-third Mississippi, C. S. A. The ball entered the back part of the thigh and came out in front, a short distance below the hip joint. I did the amputation, and he got along very well for nearly two weeks, when he had a secondary hemorrhage. But this was checked, and he was in a few weeks forwarded to Camp Chase, and later on to his old home.



More than twenty years afterward a tall, lank fellow came into my office and asked if I was the Doctor Ayres who was in the army. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Well, you treated my brother-in-law at Nashville after the battle, and he made me promise to call and see you and return his thanks to you for your kind and skillful treatment of him. He says he will never forget you."

Another patient interested me very much. He came up with A. J. Smith's Corps, and was sent to my ward for epilepsy. He had been afflicted with the disease for a long time; but the attacks were now very severe, and grew gradually worse. In his lucid intervals I got his history. He was a foreigner, had been in the Crimean War, and was wounded through the head. There was a depressed wound over the left eye-brow. His scalp was quite bald, and there was a small scar on the top of his head. He died in a few days, and I examined the skull to determine the cause of the epilepsy. I found a collection of fluid under the membranes of the brain, and a very extensive fracture of the upper part of the skull, into which the membranes were firmly drawn. In my judgment, the bullet entered above the eyebrow and passed out of the top of the head; but the authorities at Washington, where the specimen now is, in the Army Medical Museum, disagree with me. Strange that a wound received in a great war in Europe should prove fatal ten years later in our own great war.

Soldiers are cheerful, even under adverse circumstances, if there is any chance to be so. One day we saw a novel parade. It seemed to start at the sutler's, where the boys were wont to collect on the bright sunny days, when they

were well enough to leave the wards. The one-armed and one-legged fellows wearing the blue and the gray concluded to have a dress parade of their own, and sending word to the different wards, soon all those who had lost an arm or a leg, and all who were on crutches, formed in line and marched past the officers' quarters. They cheered us, and we returned the cheer with a tiger.

It was in this battle that the colored man had a chance to show what kind of a soldier he would make. Thomas had strongly favored making a soldier of him, and he was now to give him a chance to prove to the world that he could fight. Van Horne, in his history of the Army of the Cumberland, in speaking of the attack made by Steedman, says: "Thompson's brigade of colored troops lost twenty-five per cent. of its strength in thirty minutes on the slope of Overton Hill." In his *Life of Thomas*, he says: "The colored troops displayed bravery and other soldierly traits at Nashville." When, riding over the field, General Thomas saw their dead commingled with the bodies of the white soldiers, he said: "This proves the manhood of the negro."

In looking at the Battle of Nashville now, we must concede that it was one of the turning points of the war. Very much was involved in it and in the retreat of Thomas's army to that city. Had Hood been successful at Columbia, or Spring Hill, or Franklin, he could easily have marched into Nashville, for that city was not prepared to resist such a force as he had. Nashville once in his possession, he would have started for Louisville and Cincinnati, and it would not have been a John Morgan or a Kirby Smith raid. It would have meant serious business, for the Ohio River States could not

have interposed a force sufficient to resist Hood's veterans.

Had such a thing happened, the March to the Sea would have been considered one of the most unwise and hazardous events of the war. It would have been criticised most severely, and on good grounds. Sherman took the flower of his army with him, and left two army corps with Thomas to resist an army which he had fought all summer with his entire force. Thomas, in a dispatch to Grant, says: "But too much must not be expected of troops which have to be reorganized, especially when they have the task of destroying in a winter's campaign a force which was able to make an obstinate resistance to twice its numbers in spring and summer." The successful invasion of the North at that time might have turned the tables against us in the opinion of foreign countries, and resulted in the recognition of the Confederacy. The almost panicky telegrams of Grant and his unjust strictures on Thomas, his sending a General to supersede him on the eve of the battle, and his leaving his own army and starting for the same point himself, show how seriously he regarded the situation. The defeat of Thomas's army would have inspired the Confederates with fresh courage, and Hood's anticipation of numerous accessions through Tennessee and Kentucky might have been realized. Sherman's army would have been incapable of helping either Thomas or Grant at least for some time.

But Hood's army was defeated and disheartened beyond recovery after the Battle of Nashville. Hood, in his "Advance and Retreat," in speaking of the second day, says: "Our line thus pierced, gave way; soon thereafter it broke at

all points, and I beheld for the first and only time a Confederate army abandon the field in confusion."

Hood is severely criticised by his own brother officers for his movements in this campaign. We can not reconcile his orders, except on the ground that he felt confident he could whip Thomas, and had he done so, history would have applauded him. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says: "Thomas's brilliant victory at Nashville was necessary to mine at Savannah to make a complete whole, and this was fully comprehended by Mr. Lincoln." Those in authority, who controlled and directed the great movements of the Union armies, were fully alive to the critical importance of the battle between Thomas and Hood. This fact may in a measure condone the actions of Grant toward Thomas. He, more fully than any one else, felt the supreme necessity of a victory over Hood's army, hence his great anxiety for our success at Nashville.

Colonel Henry Stone, of Thomas's staff, in "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," says, in speaking of the battle of Nashville: "At so small a cost, counting the chances of war, the whole Northwest was saved from an invasion that, if Hood had succeeded, would have more than neutralized all Sherman's successes in Georgia and the Carolinas; saved by the steadfast labors, the untiring energy, the rapid combinations, the skillful evolutions, the heroic courage, and the tremendous force of one man, whose name will yet rank among the great captains of all time."

Van Horne says: "The defeat, total and immediate, of one of the two great armies upon which the existence of the rebel-

lion depended, was now assured, and the reaction from the historic uneasiness which had obtained throughout the country with regard to the situation at Nashville, to the extreme hopefulness with respect to the issue and the ultimate consequences of the battle, was one of the most marked revolutions of opinion and feeling during the war."

All honor then to "Pap" Thomas, as his men affectionately called him. All honor to the man who stood like a rock at Chickamauga. All honor to the man who brought us safely through a most critical period, and who in his conduct of the battle of Nashville showed his superior generalship.

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## THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

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At the commencement of the war, the idea prevailed, at the War Department, that cavalry was an unnecessary arm of the service, and, in the early offerings of troops, tenders of cavalry were not accepted. The first Battle of Bull Run found the Army of the Potomac destitute of cavalry, with the exception of a few detachments of regular cavalry, which were utilized for videttes, couriers and headquarters escorts. But that terrible bogey, the "Black Horse" Cavalry, the very thought of which lent wings to the fugitive crowd in its scurry back to Washington, awakened attention to the need for cavalry, if not as an aggressive force, at least as a cover for infantry in retreat. In accordance with this demonstrated want, the government looked with favor upon the enlistment of cavalry regiments, and willingly received them into its service, so that at the time McClellan made his first "change of base" to the Peninsula with the Army of the Potomac, he had fourteen regiments of cavalry, besides a number of separate battalion and company organizations. In the aggregate this formed a very respectable force of about sixty-five hundred men, which, nominally, was constituted into a division, under General George H. Stoneman, and a cavalry reserve, consisting principally of regulars, under General Philip St. George Cooke. McClellan, however, had no better understanding concerning the employment of cavalry than he had of conducting offensive operations against an enemy. He

destroyed its efficiency, as an arm of the service, by distributing the regiments among the infantry corps, where the dismemberment process was continued further by breaking up the regiments into detachments as escorts for Generals and for scouting and outpost duty. Consequently the part performed by the cavalry in the operations upon the Peninsula merits but little notice. The rebels, possessing a cavalry force operating in mass, under the leadership of J. E. B. Stuart, swept along McClellan's lines with impunity, destroying stores and transportation, without let or hindrance from the scattered bands of Union cavalry. The only engagement in which the cavalry cut any figure at all was at Gaines's Mill, on the 27th of June, 1862. At the time when Morell's division of Fitz John Porter's Corps was hard pressed by the enemy, and Whiting's division of Stonewall Jackson's Corps was charging upon Morell's artillery, two hundred and fifty sabers of the Fifth United States Cavalry — about all that was undetached of the cavalry reserve — charged upon the advancing rebel infantry. Only about one hundred men returned. It was a heroic movement, a dash to almost inevitable destruction. The effect of the charge is still in dispute. Generals Porter and Morell held that it caused the loss of twenty-two guns, since the backward rush of the repelled horses through the batteries prevented their use, and secured them to the rebels, who followed close upon the heels of the flying horses. On the other hand, General Cooke and others maintained that but for the charge, all the guns would have been captured, the shock contributed to the enemy by the cavalry charge delaying him until the greater part of the artillery had been safely withdrawn.

The return of the Army of the Potomac to the line of the Potomac River, and its operations during the Antietam campaign, did not cause any change in the status of the cavalry, except that it augmented it in numbers by the addition of one brigade from Banks' army, under General Bayard, and one brigade from Pope's army, under General John Buford. When Burnside assumed command, November 6, 1862, and reorganized the army into grand divisions, he followed the example of McClellan in disposing of the cavalry, and parceled it up among the divisions. The force included a division under General Pleasonton, with Colonels Farnsworth and D. McM. Gregg as brigade commanders, and three separate brigades, commanded severally by Generals Averell, Bayard and Buford. General Bayard was killed at Fredericksburg. United under a suitable leader, a powerful offensive weapon was in the hand of the General commanding; but divided as it was, its strength was frittered away. Stuart, with his strong battalions, still rode at will and overwhelmed the squads of Union troops scattered here and there. Constant repetition of anything becomes monotonous. The alternative presented to the isolated Union cavalry, in most instances, was to surrender, die or run. It was not slow in taking hold of the latter horn of the dilemma on purely conservative principles. Our cavalry learned to get out of the way expeditiously, and it was a jest with the infantry that they took time by the forelock and made themselves scarce before any danger threatened. If the cavalry was proceeding toward the front at a good pace, it was jibingly shouted by the infantry: "Great cavalry movement; bound for a chicken roost." If the movement was toward the rear, the jeer was:



“ Did you see any Johnnies, or only hear a peacock scream ?” In this way came about the derisive utterance, “ Who ever saw a dead cavalryman ?” the meaning of which was that the cavalry never established a close enough relationship to the enemy to be in danger of harm. However, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which it labored, and the poor repute into which it had fallen, the records show that no want of valor was ever betrayed by it, when the possibility existed of valor alone making head against unfavorable odds. The graves of cavalymen slain in battle, all over the Peninsula, and Northern Virginia, at that time, attested their contact with the enemy in innumerable instances, a by no means insignificant number of which reflected credit upon the Union horsemen.

After Fredericksburg, a better era dawned upon the cavalry. The command of the Army of the Potomac fell to General Joseph Hooker, on the 26th of January, 1863, and he organized the cavalry into a corps, a compact force, that ever afterward was a power of which the enemy stood in wholesome awe. If Hooker did no more than this, he is entitled to the good-will of his countrymen, for molding into form the medium that finally compelled Lee's surrender, by cutting off his escape from Virginia. The command of the corps, which was made up of three divisions, devolved upon General Geo. H. Stoneman. The First Division was assigned to General Alfred Pleasonton, and the two brigades composing it were commanded by Colonels Davis and Devin. The Second Division was commanded by General W. W. Averell, who had Colonels Sargent and McIntosh for brigade commanders. The Third Division, under the command of Gen-

eral D. McM. Gregg, had three brigades, the First and Second commanded respectively by Colonels Judson Kilpatrick and Percy Wyndham, while the Third or Reserve Brigade was under the leadership of General John Buford.

The corps thus organized numbered eleven thousand effective men. It commenced active operations the 28th of April, 1863, when the divisions of Gregg and Averell advanced from near Warrenton to the Rapidan, the former moving by way of Stevensburg, and the latter through Culpeper Courthouse. Pleasonton's division was left with the Army of the Potomac. General Stoneman accompanied Gregg's division, which crossed the Rapidan on the 29th, and, passing around Lee's right flank, proceeded to the outskirts of Richmond, Kilpatrick's brigade penetrating to the second line of defenses. Lee's railroad communications with the rebel Capital were severed, important bridges and public works were destroyed, and stores of all kinds for Lee's army were cut off. This expedition greatly disturbed General Lee, and had it not been for Hooker's unfortunate hesitation at Chancellorsville, it must have brought great disaster to the rebel army. Stoneman returned May 7th. The division of Averell, having driven the rebel cavalry through Culpeper Courthouse and beyond the Rapidan, was recalled to the Army of the Potomac on May 2d from the vicinity of Orange Courthouse, and it performed good service in protecting the flank and rear during the withdrawal of the army from Chancellorsville. The division of Pleasonton rendered signal service during the battle of Chancellorsville. After the flight of the Eleventh Corps, and while Stonewall Jackson's legions were pressing on in the full flush of victory, their progress was arrested by

a charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry. This gave time for the arrangement in position of six horse batteries, twenty-four guns in all, that belched death and destruction into Jackson's advancing columns, which, being unable to stem the tide of metal poured out, gave way before it and desisted from further attack. Had not the cavalry thus opportunely interposed, the extent of the disaster, not alone to Hooker's right wing, but to the rest of his army, does not admit of measurement. In addition to the above service, the different columns of the cavalry, previous to the battle, picked up information, through captures made, that should have changed the fortunes of Chancellorsville had General Hooker chosen to profit by the important knowledge thus gained.

After Chancellorsville, General Stoneman's corps was very active in tracing the movements of the rebel army, under General Lee, which had passed over into the Shenandoah Valley preliminary to the invasion of Pennsylvania. On the 9th of June, while engaged in a demonstration against Culpeper Courthouse, the rebel cavalry corps, under Stuart, was encountered near Brandy Station, and a severe engagement followed, with a very considerable loss upon both sides. This was the first time the Union and rebel cavalry forces were squarely pitted against each other. No material advantage was gained by one over the other; but the Union cavalry gained important information of which it was in search, relative to the designs of General Lee, and considered that it had come off with the larger share of the honors. Besides it demonstrated that our cavalry was not inferior to that on the other side, although the latter was said to contain "the best blood of the South."

On the 17th of June, Stuart was again met at Aldie, and after a sharp fight, driven from the field. He again threw down the gauge of battle at Middleburg on the 19th, and at Upperville on the 21st. In both engagements the rebel cavalry was defeated, and, after the last action, was forced to make good its retreat through Ashby's Gap.

At Frederick, Maryland, on the 28th of June, when General Meade relieved General Hooker of the command of the Army of the Potomac, another change in the cavalry corps occurred. Gregg's and Duffie's (formerly Averell's) divisions were united into one, under command of General D. McM. Gregg, constituting the Second Division; while Stahel's cavalry division, from the Department of Washington, was incorporated as the Third Division, under command of General Kilpatrick, with Generals Farnsworth and Custer as brigade commanders. The First Division of General Buford had three brigades, commanded by Colonels Gamble and Devin, and General Merritt, while General Gregg's Second Division had for brigade commanders Colonels Huey, McIntosh and J. Irvin Gregg. The corps was thus made up of eight brigades, having an effective force of twelve thousand men, with General Alfred Pleasonton as corps commander.

On the 30th of June, 1863, Kilpatrick's division had an engagement with Stuart at Hanover, Pennsylvania. The latter was endeavoring to effect a junction with General Lee, but being repulsed in his attack upon the Third Division, he withdrew. Buford's division, forming the extreme left of the Union forces, occupied Gettysburg on the 1st of July, and opened the battle of Gettysburg. It resisted the advance of Heth's division of rebel infantry, greatly its superior in num-

bers, and with such skill did Buford handle his men that the enemy was for a time put upon the defensive, once forming his troops in hollow squares, en echelon, to resist a charge of cavalry. Buford's position was held against strong assaults, until General Reynolds was able to march his infantry columns to the relief. Buford remained upon the left, protecting the flank, and doing good service, in connection with the infantry, throughout the three days of that memorable battle.

Gregg's and Kilpatrick's divisions were posted upon the right of the Union line, for the protection of the flanks in that direction. On the 2d of July, Kilpatrick again met Stuart at Hunterstown, and foiled him in an attempt to break through to Lee. On the same day Gregg repulsed an attack by a brigade of Johnson's infantry, Gregg's men fighting dismounted. On the 3d of July, Kilpatrick's division was ordered to the left, and Farnsworth's brigade, in obedience to the order, moved off under the division commander, leaving Custer to follow. Over on the extreme left, Kilpatrick pushed in Farnsworth with the First Vermont Cavalry, in a mounted charge against infantry and artillery, in an attempt to turn the rebel right flank. The attack proved futile. Farnsworth lost his life, and the country lost a valuable soldier. Custer, however, had two of his regiments engaged in resisting a demonstration by the enemy, and these were in process of being relieved, in order to follow Kilpatrick, when a rebel battery on the Rummel farm opened up and proclaimed an attack in force. Stuart, with four large brigades of twenty-eight regiments, had appeared upon the field with the design of turning the Union right. Gregg, who had but two small brigades of eight regiments, Huey's brigade being at Westminster, to

guard against any movement from that direction, realized the danger, and retained Custer. The Fifth and Sixth Michigan Regiments were deployed as skirmishers, and, under cover of a hot fire, directed against the rebels by Pennington's and Randol's batteries, United States Artillery, the Seventh Michigan, in column of companies, made a gallant saber charge directly upon the enemy's artillery. Driving everything before it back upon the main body, the regiment pushed its way to within two hundred yards of the guns, when a high post and rail fence near the Rummel barn arrested its progress. Here, by a well directed fire from carbines and revolvers, the Seventh maintained itself for some time, but becoming assailed upon both flanks by swarms of the foe, it was forced to retire. At this juncture a heavy rebel column, composed of the flower of Southern chivalry, advanced to the charge, under the leadership of Wade Hampton and Fitz Hugh Lee. With sabers shining brightly in the sunlight and banners streaming in superb order, they galloped forward on their mission. Our batteries poured a furious storm of missiles into their ranks, cutting great gaps, which they closed up and kept on unchecked in their career. But foemen worthy of their steel were in waiting. The First Michigan, in column of battalions, led by the heroic Colonel Town and the intrepid Custer, galloped forth to meet them. The contact of these rushing columns smote the air with a concussion as though a giant tree had fallen. Horses in the front ranks were thrown complete somersaults, and riders were crushed beneath them. After the shock was over, steel met steel, and the ready revolver was well employed. Wade Hampton was severely wounded; the "Flower of the South" gave way

before the sturdy Wolverines, and fell back discomfited. A battalion of the Fifth Michigan, the broken squadrons of the Seventh, and detachments of McIntosh's brigade not otherwise engaged, fell in with the First Michigan, and pushed the victory home. His artillery silenced, his battalions shattered, Stuart withdrew behind the crest of the ridge, and the battle of Gettysburg was ended. This gigantic struggle, commenced by the cavalry of Buford, was well rounded out by that under the command of Gregg.

Stuart's movement was made in conjunction with the charge of Pickett's infantry, by which it has been overshadowed. Upon the success or failure of the former hung not less momentous issues than devolved upon the result of the latter. Had Stuart overcome Gregg, and swept down the Union rear while the terrific onslaught of Pickett was in progress, who can place a limit upon the extent of the disaster to the Union cause? The operations of the cavalry at Gettysburg have been accorded but scant notice. To all who fought upon that bloody field the country owes everlasting gratitude; but to none more conspicuously than to Buford and his troopers; to Gregg for his superb generalship, and to his two brigades; to the artillery of Pennington and Randol, whose guns were served marvelously well; and to Custer and his Michigan horsemen, a goodly proportion of whom, with the brigade and three regimental commanders, were of Buckeye birth, who bore the burden of the fighting on the right flank, and whose vigorous blows sent Stuart to cover. The loss of Custer's brigade was two hundred and fifty-seven in killed, wounded and missing, while the losses in the two brigades of Gregg were only fifty-six in killed, wounded and missing.

These figures show who were most prominent in the fray. One regiment of Custer — the Seventh Michigan — had casualties exceeding those of any other cavalry regiment engaged in the battle, losing one hundred men in killed, wounded and missing. Having four hundred and sixty-one present for duty, it suffered a loss of about 22 per cent. of mean strength.

Gettysburg did not end the campaign for the cavalry. Its work was but begun. Space does not permit a record of the marches and engagements. Suffice it to say that the cavalry hung upon the rear and flanks of the enemy, fighting every day, and often at night, until Lee had crossed the Potomac the night of July 13th, 1863. The results were thousands of prisoners and many pieces of artillery captured, together with the capture and destruction of a small quantity of small arms of all kinds, munitions of war and transportation trains. Kilpatrick's division struck the last blow of the campaign at Falling Waters, on the Potomac, on the 14th of July, where it captured fifteen hundred prisoners, besides trains, stores and arms.

With only a brief interval for rest, the cavalry was across the Potomac, dogging the heels of the retreating enemy. Minor collisions were of daily occurrence, but the only engagements worthy of record were those of Hickory Gap, July 19th; Kelly's Ford, September 13th; Culpeper Court-house, September 14th; Raccoon Ford, September 16th; White's Ford, September 21st, and Jack's Shop, September 26th. By this time Lee had settled himself along the line of the Rapidan, and for the first time in three months the Union horsemen had opportunity to rest and recruit a little.



On the 9th of October, Lee began a movement around Meade's right flank, which was promptly discovered by the cavalry, and an engagement occurred with the enemy near James City. Our infantry falling back by forced marches, in order to circumvent Lee in his designs, the cavalry protected the rear, and were continually skirmishing with the enemy, resisting his advance. At Brandy Station, on the 10th of October, Kilpatrick's division was completely surrounded by Stuart's corps, a formidable force of which had gained the rear and cut off access to the ford of the Rappahannock. The division was formed in three separate columns by brigades, the right led by Kilpatrick, the center by Pleasonton, the corps commander, and the left by Custer, and a grand charge was made, which cleared the way to the river, from whence the columns turned about and cleared the field for some distance to the right and left. Additional effect was contributed to this exciting series of movements by the brigade bands dispensing soul-stirring strains of patriotic airs, not in the best of harmony, perhaps, by reason of uncongenial surroundings, but with a volume of sound, which, mingled with the discharge of carbines and the roar of cannon, made music that must have impressed even the critical ear as being grander than mere cadence.

While the above was going on, the First Division, under that model soldier and gentleman, General John Buford, had fought its way over from Stevensburg, and unperceived, had drawn up in column of brigades, under cover of a wood to the right of Kilpatrick's rear, where it was biding its opportunity. Buford grasped it at the supreme moment, and launching forth his mass of blue, it swept the plain as though

an avalanche were passing over it. Across, back and across again, and the rampant chivalry of the South were no longer predominating features of the landscape. Some had bitten the dust, but the greater part had gone from sight, though not from "memory dear," and by dint of spur and whip, had lent enchantment to distance. The way to the Rappahannock made open and easy, our cavalry traversed it in peace.

The Second Division, under General Gregg, moved from Culpeper Courthouse to the Rappahannock at Sulphur Springs. It was also closely beset by the advancing enemy. At the ford, the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, of this division, a regiment with a record for gallantry unsurpassed, was drawn up under shelter of some timber as a protection for the rear guard in crossing. It was here that it cast its ballot for Governor of the State from whence it came. Mounted, in line of battle, as it was, with drawn sabers, in readiness for active participation in the conflict, the officers appointed to conduct the poll rode along the ranks and received the ballots. With their left hands these sterling patriots bruised the heads of the hissing copperheads in the rear, while in their right they held "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," with which they were shortly to smite the armed traitors in their front. The result of that ballot you all know. It carried joy to the heart of that noble patriot, John Brough. Out of the whole number, if recollection serves, there were only three who were "wishing for the war to cease," and voted for Vallandigham. Having discharged the obligations resting upon them as citizens, the soldiers of the Sixth Ohio tightened their grasps upon saber hilts, charged out with ringing cheers upon their country's foes harassing the rear guard, sent

them scurrying backward in great disorder, and, having secured a number of prisoners, the regiment wheeled about, crossed the river and rejoined its division.

Preceding the cavalry, the Fifth Corps, commanded by General George Sykes, crossed over to the north bank of the Rappahannock. General Sykes, seeing that the enemy was massing in Kilpatrick's rear, with true soldierly instinct dispatched a courier to that General, asking if he wished some of the infantry sent over to clear a way for him. Kilpatrick impertinently replied that he could oblige him best by marching his "footpads" out of the way of harm, the farther away he could move them the better. On the receipt of this message "Old" Sykes, as the boys were wont to call him, put his infantry on the "route step" instanter, and it is said that the language he indulged in brought on a thunder storm at a time thereafter not exceedingly remote.

From the 11th to the 19th of October the cavalry continued guarding the flank and rear. On the 19th it proceeded against the enemy, forcing him back, and after skirmishing from Gainesville to Buckland's Mills, a heavy engagement was had at the latter place with infantry and cavalry. Lee falling back to the vicinity of the Rapidan, the cavalry was not engaged in any action of note until November 19th, at Stevensburg, and the 26th of November, at Morton's Ford. The enemy having retired across the Rapidan, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac established winter quarters on the north bank of that stream. The winter was passed in picket and outpost duty, with occasional expeditions into the enemy's country, the most notable of which was Kilpatrick's raid around Lee's right flank to Richmond to release the

Union prisoners there confined, which proved a fiasco as regards the main object of the expedition.

The spring of 1864 opened auspiciously for the cavalry. Grant, as Commander-in-Chief, whose headquarters were with the Army of the Potomac, found a leader for the cavalry in the person of General Philip Sheridan of glorious memory. On the 5th of April he assumed command of the corps of ten thousand troopers, well seasoned, well trained, armed and equipped, and suited exactly to his ideas of what a force of cavalry should be. The first thing he did was to withdraw the cavalry from all outpost and picket duty, so that men and stock might be in condition for the work in store for them in the campaign approaching. Then he reorganized the corps. General A. T. A. Torbert was given command of the First Division, in place of General John Buford, whose untimely death from typhoid fever during the winter had deprived the country of an officer of exalted worth. Three brigades were assigned to this division, commanded respectively by Generals Custer, Devin and Merritt. Custer's command was transferred from the Third Division, where it was replaced by the brigade from the First Division, formerly commanded by Colonel Gamble. General D. McM. Gregg was continued in command of the Second Division with two brigades, under the leadership of General Henry E. Davies, Jr., and Colonel J. Irvin Gregg. To the Third Division was assigned General James H. Wilson, in place of General Kilpatrick, who was sent to Sherman's army. The two brigades of this division were commanded by Colonel T. M. Bryan, Jr., and Colonel Geo. H. Chapman.

On the 4th of May the army was set in motion for the

campaign of 1864, the divisions of Gregg and Wilson crossing the Rapidan and penetrating into the wilderness in advance of the infantry, while Torbert's division escorted the trains across the fords of the Rapidan. On the 5th, the Third Division pushed on beyond Todd's Tavern, driving before it the rebel cavalry, when it became encompassed by both infantry and cavalry, from which, after much hard fighting and hard marching, it was extricated by the advance of the First and Second Divisions. The 6th of May the cavalry formed the extreme left of the army, connecting with the Second Corps, and repulsed repeated determined assaults upon its front. In the evening it was withdrawn to the Furnace, by orders from army headquarters, based upon the misinformation that the Second Corps had been unable to maintain its position. This error led to very severe fighting on the forenoon of the 7th, in order for the cavalry to re-establish itself upon the territory of the day before. Sheridan was master of the situation on the left, and on the 8th occupied Spottsylvania Courthouse with the Third Division, while the First and Second Divisions were in easy marching distance. But, by orders of General Meade, these divisions were diverted, and by blocking up the roads over which the Fifth Corps was moving towards Spottsylvania, the march was delayed until the rebel infantry of Anderson had dislodged Wilson's division and taken possession of the strategic point. Had Sheridan been undisturbed in the management of his own force, the bloody battle of Spottsylvania, as well as many another sanguinary engagement, in all probability had not been fought.

Sheridan made a vigorous protest to Meade against this

disarrangement of his force without his knowledge, and its misuse by assignment to improper service, and was petulantly told by the latter that he could take his command and go where he pleased with it. Accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of May, the cavalry moved around Lee's right flank to create disturbance in his rear. On the same day, at Beaver Dam Station, two railroad trains, stores for Lee's army to the amount of millions of dollars, and four hundred Union prisoners en route to Richmond, with the rebel guard, were secured. The 11th of May, the rebel cavalry corps, under General J. E. B. Stuart, which Sheridan's movement had drawn after him, were encountered at Yellow Tavern, and defeated, with a loss of many prisoners and two pieces of artillery. The renowned Stuart himself was mortally wounded and died the next day.

On the 12th, at Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, a force of infantry and cavalry disputed the crossing of the stream; but it was effected, nevertheless, by Merritt's and Custer's brigades, and the enemy was routed with a heavy loss in dead, wounded and prisoners. Jeff. Davis himself viewed this action from a distance, and when he saw the bold riders of Custer and Merritt threatening the fortifications, Jeff. went back into Richmond, doubtless praying, more fervently than he ever did before, to be "let alone."

Up to the 17th of May the time was spent in ravaging the country and establishing communication with General Butler's army. On the evening of the 17th the cavalry started to effect a junction with the Army of the Potomac. In moving back, railroad tracks and bridges which were not on the line of the advance, were destroyed, together with stores of

all kinds, and whatever might be of use to the enemy. On the 26th of May the enemy was found in force at Hawe's Shop, and after a spirited engagement, was defeated, with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. On the 28th the rebel cavalry was again encountered at Hawe's Shop, where it received a severer drubbing than before, Butler's brigade of South Carolina cavalry being nearly annihilated. On the 29th, at Old Church, the enemy was again met and defeated with a loss of a large number of prisoners.

On the 31st of May, at Cold Harbor, a heavy force of infantry, cavalry and artillery was found strongly posted; but Custer striking them on the flank in a mounted charge, they were routed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. All that night the corps remained in position, sleeping on its arms. On the morning of June 1st a superior force of infantry made a number of determined attempts to dislodge Sheridan, but was repulsed with great slaughter. This important strategic point was maintained against Kershaw's and Hoke's rebel infantry until the Sixth Corps was sent to the relief by General Grant himself, Meade having ignored the situation of the cavalry and its need for support in occupying this position of vantage.

On the 11th of June, Custer's brigade, while on the march over a wood road from Louisa Courthouse to Trevillian Station, when near the latter place came upon the rear of Wade Hampton's division, which was charged, capturing Hampton's wagon train and many prisoners. Following the rear of Hampton was Fitz Hugh Lee's division, which in turn struck Custer in the rear, capturing his headquarters wagon and lead horse train. Hampton turning back and Lee pressing forward,

Custer was entirely surrounded, and there ensued one of the fiercest engagements of the war. Custer fought in a circle, charging upon his opponents at every point in the circle, and from every point was he assailed. Pennington's Battery M, Second United States Artillery, was charged repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, with the exception of two pieces, which were three times captured and as many times recaptured. A rebel battery was also as hotly contested for, and General Wade Hampton and Lieutenant Carver, of the Seventh Michigan, emptied their revolvers at each other over one of its guns, and though not separated more than ten feet, neither received a scratch. Finally Devin's and Merritt's brigades, and Gregg's division, arrived upon the scene of action, when the enemy skedaddled, leaving five hundred prisoners in Custer's hands.

The troopers slept upon their arms that night, and the forenoon of the 12th marched in the direction of Gordonsville. After proceeding some distance, the enemy was found in strong position, entrenched and well supplied with artillery. The corps fought dismounted, and charged the enemy's works, forcing a part of the line and making some prisoners; but, after a severe action, without much headway and having lost heavily, the cavalry turned aside and crossed the North Anna River.

From the 13th to the 28th the corps was resting, marching, destroying railroads, inflicting damage on the enemy in various ways, and escorting trains for the Army of the Potomac to the James River. On the 28th it crossed the James River on a pontoon at Deep Bottom, marched to Prince George Courthouse on the 29th, and to the vicinity of Ream's



Station on the 30th. This latter move was to succor Wilson's (third) division, which had been destroying railroad communications to the west and south of Petersburg. Wilson had been encompassed by rebel infantry, cavalry and artillery, but by the time Sheridan reached Ream's Station had extricated himself with the loss of all his artillery and a large number of his men prisoners; but Grant seemed well satisfied with the result of his expedition. He thought the damage inflicted upon the enemy much more than compensated for the losses of the Third Division. From Ream's Station the corps moved to Lighthouse Point, which was reached the 2d of July, where it remained resting and recuperating until the 26th of the month.

On the afternoon of July 26th the corps moved to Deep Bottom, crossed to the north bank of James River with Hancock's corps during the night, and on the morning of the 27th became engaged with the enemy on the New Market Road. Three divisions of rebel infantry, under Kershaw, forced back the cavalry for a time; but the force dismounting, and making a stand upon the crest of a ridge, the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. Then by a dismounted charge across the open, the cavalry put him to rout, with a loss of two hundred and fifty prisoners and two battle flags. Our infantry at the same time secured four pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners. This action is known as the battle of Darbytown, and was fought in conjunction with the Second Corps, all under the command of General Hancock.

On the 1st of August General Sheridan was sent to the Shenandoah Valley, and the First and Third Cavalry Divisions were detached with him, leaving the Second Division

with the Army of the Potomac, at Richmond. Halltown, near Harper's Ferry, was reached the 10th of August, where the army under Sheridan was concentrating. General Torbert was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps, and General Wesley Merritt succeeded him in command of the First Division, Colonel Chas. Lowell, Jr., replacing Merritt in command of the reserve brigade. A division of cavalry from West Virginia, under General W. W. Averell, was added to the corps, but it was shortly afterward placed under an officer who was not afraid to fight it — General Wm. H. Powell. From the 10th to the 16th of August the cavalry was scouring the country, and had numerous brushes with the enemy, but no actions of importance. On the 16th of August there was a lively engagement at Front Royal with the rebel cavalry and infantry, in which a large number of prisoners, horses and arms were captured.

From the 16th to the 25th the cavalry was moving about the country from Front Royal to Halltown, almost daily in minor actions with the enemy. On the 25th, on the march to Leetown, the rebel cavalry and Breckinridge's infantry were encountered, and a severe engagement ensued. Custer's brigade became separated from the rest of the command, and was enveloped by the rebel infantry. But after hard fighting, Custer extricated himself and crossed the Potomac near Sharpsburg, Maryland. From August 26th to September 19th the force was actively engaged in beating up the country in all directions, and was in daily collision with the enemy, but no important engagements occurred.

The battle of Opequan, or Winchester, in which the cavalry bore a conspicuous part, took place on the 19th of Sep-

tember. The corps set off for the Opequan River at 2 o'clock on the morning of that day, forced a passage of the stream in the face of a severe infantry fire, and captured the rifle pits, with a number of prisoners. About a mile from the stream, Breckinridge's infantry was encountered behind earthworks. These were charged by the cavalry, but without a lodgment being effected. The advance of our infantry, however, caused Breckinridge to abandon his position. The cavalry moving toward Stevenson's Depot engaged and put to rout Lomax's division of cavalry. Reinforced by Fitz Hugh Lee's division, another stand was made on the Martinsburg pike, about three miles from Winchester, from which they were stampeded by a saber charge of Custer. After running about a mile, they made another stand, when another saber charge put them upon the run again, and this time they did not stop until safe behind the infantry. This, in turn, was assailed by the corps, in conjunction with our infantry all along the line, and the enemy was put to flight in great disorder, with the loss of an immense number of prisoners, cannon, arms and stores of all kinds. Night alone put a stop to the pursuit, the cavalry bivouacking on the Valley pike, south of Winchester, three miles from the battlefield.

On the 20th the pursuing cavalry found Early in strong position at Fisher's Hill, from which Sheridan frightened him by maneuvering. The cavalry had engagements at Luray on the 24th, and at Port Republic on the 27th and 28th of September. About this time General Custer was assigned command of the Third Division, in place of General Wilson, sent to the West. The command of his old brigade fell to Colonel Peter Stagg, of the First Michigan.

Remaining in the vicinity of Port Republic until the 6th of October, the cavalry marched back to Strasburg, laying waste the whole valley as it proceeded from the Blue Ridge to the Alleghanies. On the 8th, at Tom's Brook, the enemy's cavalry under Rosser, having become very bold, was turned upon, routed and chased for twenty-six miles, until safe behind the rebel infantry. All the trains and artillery belonging to it, as well as three hundred prisoners, were captured. This engagement has been humorously styled the "Woodstock races." The force continued moving leisurely back to the north side of Cedar Creek, which was reached on the 11th, and where it remained, picketing and reconnoitering the country in all directions.

On the 19th of October the battle of Cedar Creek was fought. Before day the picket posts of the Seventh Michigan, to the right of the Union line, were driven in by the enemy in strong force of all arms. Our infantry on the extreme right had already fallen back, under a flank attack, and the cavalry found itself without support. It fell back in order, making a stubborn resistance, but after a time finding the foe and the sound of battle veering to the left, the cavalry took its position there, and when Sheridan came up he found a strong line, in order of battle, composed of the grand old Sixth Corps, a part of General Crook's command, and the cavalry on the left. It was a well-ordered, undismayed line of battle, against which the rebel strength was wasted, and it was only awaiting the order to move forward. There was no rout or disorder visible here; it was all some distance in the rear. In the advance upon the enemy, immediately ordered by Sheridan, the cavalry rode down the rebel infantry, making cap-

tures by the thousands, and only night saved Early from utter annihilation.

From the 20th of October to the 11th of November the cavalry was on the move all the time, and frequently engaged with the enemy, but nothing of moment transpired. On the 11th of November, Early put in an appearance on the north side of Cedar Creek, only to be driven back, with a loss of artillery and prisoners, which were taken in by the cavalry. The 14th and 15th of November the force proceeded to Mount Jackson, where it skirmished with the enemy in order to develop him and gain information, which having secured, it returned to the vicinity of Winchester.

The 28th of November, Merritt's division proceeded into the Loudon Valley and laid it waste, after which it returned to Winchester.

The 19th of December the cavalry moved off toward Charlottesville and Gordonsville, to wreck the railroads in those localities. The expedition was only partially successful, by reason of the enemy being apprised of the movement, and interposing with a large force of infantry and cavalry from Richmond. There was much skirmishing from day to day, and considerable of an engagement at Liberty Mills, on the Rapidan, where two pieces of rebel artillery were captured. The corps returned to Winchester and settled down into winter quarters on the 27th of December.

The 27th of February, 1865, General Merritt was appointed to the command of the Cavalry Corps in place of General Torbert, and General Devin succeeded to the command of the First Division. The force on that day set out to make a finish of Early in the valley. The 1st of March,

Rosser's cavalry was met at Mount Crawford, and scattered to the four winds. Staunton was reached the morning of March 2d, and moving briskly on to Waynesboro, Early was there encountered, and after a sharp engagement, all his force was captured except himself and a few officers who were fleet of foot and had a good start. Sixteen hundred prisoners, seventeen battle flags and eleven pieces of artillery were captured.

The cavalry roamed over Eastern Virginia, destroying everything which could give "aid or comfort" to the enemy, until the 25th of March, when it rejoined the Army of the Potomac at White House Landing. Here the old Second, or Gregg's Division, now under command of Major General Geo. Crook, was added to it. The corps moved to Harrison's Landing on the 25th, to City Point on the 26th, to Hancock Station on the 27th, and to the Weldon Road, near Ream's Station, on the 29th, and spent the night of that day, marching in the rain and mud, in the vicinity of Dinwiddie Courthouse. March 30th the enemy was found in force at Five Forks. In a severe engagement on the White Oak road, his cavalry was driven back to Five Forks, with a considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The corps was now marching and fighting day and night. On the 31st of March there was a sharp action at the intersection of the Dinwiddie and Five Forks roads. At break of day, the 1st of April, the cavalry commenced pressing Pickett's infantry towards Five Forks, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon he was driven within his intrenchments. Then ensued the battle of Five Forks, in which the cavalry scored such a signal success.

Before dawn of April 2d, the cavalry was after the rebels

again, capturing prisoners, wagons and artillery all the time, and night and day it was on the move rounding up Lee's army. On the 6th the Michigan Brigade struck a cross-road between Deatonsville and Appomattox, and interposed between the head of Gordon's and rear of Ewell's infantry, completely isolating the latter. This brought on the battle of Sailor's Creek, one of the hardest fought battles of the war, which resulted in the capture of Ewell's whole corps, with all its artillery and material of war. This was the mortal blow previous to the surrender of Lee, and but for the indomitable energy and pluck of the cavalry, could not have been delivered.

On the 7th the cavalry did not lag, but were on the move again, corralling the enemy and picking up everything in sight. On the 8th there was a spirited brush with the enemy at Appomattox Depot, where much movable property and material of war were captured. The rebel army was now completely hemmed in, and was kept from feeling that it was neglected by all-day and all-night skirmishing. This cheerful diversion was continued until the 9th, when the cavalry, being relieved by the infantry of General Ord, was transferred to the right, where, with the entire rebel army in full view, drawn up in order of battle, the cavalry formed its columns for a charge. But just as the bugles were sounding the advance, a few horsemen rode out from a wood nearly opposite, the leader waving a white signal of truce, which proved to be a towel fastened to the point of a saber. Colonel George G. Briggs, of the Seventh Michigan, spurred forward to meet the party, and learning, upon demand, that they bore a proposal to the commanding General for suspension of hostili-

ties, conducted them through the lines of his regiment to General Custer. Custer transmitted the request to General Sheridan, and suspended the charge until he could get assurances from an officer in authority on the other side that the proposal was genuine. For this purpose Colonel Whittaker, of his staff, and Colonel Briggs accompanied the truce-bearers back into the rebel lines, and the desire for an armistice being attested by Generals Longstreet and Gordon, hostilities ceased. The whole world knows the rest.

April 10th found the cavalry on the march for Petersburg, on the way to join Sherman in North Carolina; but having proceeded as far as South Boston, on the Dan River, which was reached on the 28th of April, the news of Johnston's surrender was there received, and the columns were turned toward Washington, whither a march was made to participate in the Grand Review.

Thus ended the career of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, which for service performed was unsurpassed by any other corps in the army. It captured in prisoners many times its own numbers, and wrested enough artillery from the enemy to have supplied the whole Army of the Potomac. The value of the trains, stores and supplies captured and destroyed by it is incalculable, and the damage inflicted upon the enemy in other ways is a tale that is told in Virginia to this day.

APRIL 4, 1900.



# THE REGULAR BRIGADE OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

By LEWIS M. HOSEA,

Captain Sixteenth U. S. Infantry (resigned); Brevet Major U. S. A.

[After beginning the preparation of this paper, I requested the use of data collected by Brevet Major William R. Lowe, Nineteenth U. S. Infantry. This he cordially gave, in the form of a narrative of which free use has been made. As our labors in this regard covered largely the same ground, it is but just to him to regard this paper as in a sense a joint production.]

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## INTRODUCTORY.

Among the first acts of legislation passed by Congress at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, in 1861, was one adding to the Regular Army nine or ten new regiments of infantry, having three battalions of eight companies each. The Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels and some of the Majors were taken from the old army; but the line officers were appointed from civil life.

These regiments were enlisted from the same material and were infused with the same spirit as the State regiments, and were, in fact, "volunteers," like all the rest. The Fifteenth Infantry was organized at Newport Barracks, opposite Cincinnati; the Sixteenth at Chicago; the Eighteenth chiefly at Columbus, Ohio, and the Nineteenth at Indianapolis.

They received no attention, however, from the States or other local authorities; and, according to the traditional custom of the "regulars" of that day, the official reports of the

commanding officers, as the war progressed, are as colorless and exact, within narrow limits, as photographs. It is not surprising, therefore, that their record of splendid service to the country has largely escaped attention and remained unwritten.

This paper is necessarily brief and confined to facts of a general nature only; yet every important statement is based upon contemporary reports and official documents.

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The "regulars" in the great central army of the Union, known as the "Army of the Cumberland" during the Civil War, never numbered more than twenty-five hundred men previous to December, 1862, at which time they were organized into the "Regular Brigade"—one battalion, each, of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Nineteenth U. S. Infantry, and Battery H of the Fifth Artillery, associated with the First Ohio, Fifth Kentucky and Sixth Indiana Volunteers, constituting Rousseau's Brigade of McCook's Division, Buell's Army.

Our volunteer neighbors used to make much sport of us during our stay at Green River, opposite Munfordville, Ky., (from December, 1861, to February, 1862,) because we were continually drilled, no matter how inclement the weather. Old Major Carpenter, commanding the Nineteenth Infantry, gave the cue when he said we would undoubtedly have to march and fight during bad weather, and therefore might as well prepare for it by drilling.

Officers were instructed in tactics and army regulations like school boys—and indeed many of us were so, and at that time knew scarcely the A B C's of warfare. Some, however, were men of many years' army experience, who were

untiring and almost tyrannical in their efforts to make soldiers of us. Our enlisted men were about as good, and certainly no better, than the average volunteer; but here and there was one who had seen service in garrison or on the "plains" before the Civil War, and, like the "little leaven that leavened the whole lump," their example was a most valuable factor. Some of these men afterwards became efficient officers.

Among the leaders of this early period were Majors John H. King, of the Fifteenth; Adam Slemmer, of the Sixteenth (of Fort Pickens fame); Stephen D. Carpenter, of the Nineteenth; Captains W. R. Terrill, Fifth Artillery; Peter T. Swaine, Fifteenth Infantry; Edwin F. Townsend and R. E. A. Crofton, Sixteenth Infantry; and Lieutenant F. L. Guenther, of the Fifth Artillery — all officers of previous training and experience, under whom the regular soldiers developed a sterner quality than their comrades of the volunteers. If this assertion be questioned, let the record speak, for it will prove that the "regulars" of the "Army of the Cumberland" were never repulsed in an attack they were ordered to make, and were never driven from a position they were ordered to hold. Their dash and persistence in attack were especially demonstrated at Shiloh, at Hoover's Gap, at Missionary Ridge, and at Jonesboro; while their steadiness, courage and tenacity in defense were equally proved at Stone River and at Chickamauga by the appalling figures of casualties, that show hard and desperate fighting.

#### THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Footsore and weary, Rousseau's brigade arrived at Savannah, on the Tennessee River, below Pittsburgh Landing, late

in the afternoon of April 6, 1862. From early morning on the march, we had heard the booming of cannon off to the southwest as we hurried in that direction. Rumor said the gunboats were shelling the woods; but by noon information reached us that our comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, encamped at Pittsburgh Landing, had that morning been attacked and driven back by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and that the help we were hastening to render was sorely needed. Each hour the roar of the battle grew more distinct; our pace was quickened; the ranks were closed up; the usual chaffing and jokes of the march ceased; and every one was seriously and earnestly animated by one overwhelming desire — to reach the battlefield before it might be too late.

At Savannah we were compelled, perforce, to wait for steamboats to take us to the battlefield, some miles above; embarking shortly after dark, by midnight our boats were tied up at Pittsburgh Landing. The masters of the boats, anxious perhaps to get back to a place of safety, insisted that we should disembark at once, but our officers refused, saying that, "as we had marched all day, we would be in better condition to fight to-morrow after a good night's rest under shelter, than if we stood out all night in the rain and mud." So, at early daylight, we marched up the bank of the river to the strains of "Benny Havens, Oh!" from the splendid band of the Fifteenth Infantry, stationed at the top, and playing with all the spirit of a Newport Barracks afternoon concert. As we were disembarking an excited officer dashed up and cried out: "Stop that damn noise; it will draw the fire of the enemy!" Old Major Carpenter directed the band to

continue, grimly remarking: "That's exactly what we are here for" — and the band played on.

Nelson's division, the head of our marching column, had reached the battlefield late on the afternoon of the 6th, and by the moral, no less than by the physical effect of its presence, was influential in staying the tide of disaster on the first day of the battle.

As we pushed our way in the dim light of dawn through the crowd of demoralized fugitives cowering under the bank, we were treated to about all the dismal prognostications the human mind is capable of; but in silence our men marched up the bank and out upon the timbered levels beyond, where, a short distance from the river, we found the remainder of our brigade, and with them General Rousseau, who made a ringing speech, that cheered us up amazingly. Here we were ordered to deposit knapsacks, which proved to be a permanent investment, for we never saw them again.

Moving forward through the woods in line of battle, with skirmishers in advance, we soon passed through camps from which the Union soldiers had been driven on the preceding day, leaving their dead behind. Tents were still standing, rent with bullet and shell, and near one of these lay a Colonel, evidently shot while in the act of dressing, his coat being half on.

Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions were at our left, and soon we were halted and ordered to load muskets. The battle began on our left, and the noise of musketry, deepening from the skirmish fire into the roll of the line of battle, crept nearer and nearer, and was finally taken up by our own skirmishers in our front. A few moments later they came in bearing their

wounded, and firing as they retreated, and following closely we saw battleflags amid the leafage of the trees, and beneath, the surging line of butternut and grey, which halted at about fifty yards and commenced firing. As the last skirmisher reached the lines, the ball opened on our side by command to "fire at will," and for an hour or more the whistle of the bullets about our heads was supplemented by the ear-splitting roar of our own musketry. Here and there men fell, and Captain Acker, a noble officer of the Sixteenth, was shot through the head; but in many cases flesh wounds were bound up and the wounded men returned to the lines and fought on. In time, although the firing had enveloped us with the stifling fog of powder-smoke, and we could see nothing but the flash of our own muskets, the angry buzz of whistling bullets became less and less violent, and we knew by a sort of instinct that the opposing lines were wavering and melting away. Thus the first attack was repulsed, but was soon renewed with greater fury, and again repulsed, and almost immediately we started forward after our enemies. We soon found them formed on a gentle ridge beyond, and again the battle went on with greater intensity than before, but with the same result. From that time on we felt that we had the advantage. By noon, after continuous fighting, we reached the Corinth Road, near Shiloh Church, and as we had far outstripped the general advance and were beyond our supports, we were halted for a time, as the cartridge boxes of most of our men had been long empty. We knew by the increased volume of musketry and artillery fire that the enemy had effected a concentration in our front, and were preparing for a final struggle against our column, that was being driven

like a wedge through the center of their battle line. Bayonets were fixed, and we advanced to the edge of a clearing, where the men were directed to lie down and be prepared to resist with the bayonet any attempt to dislodge us, while we waited for ammunition. Here Lieutenant Keyes, of the Sixteenth, another of our best officers, was struck by a musket ball, which shattered his shoulder and arm, and caused his death two days afterward.\*

Willich's regiment of Germans (Thirty-second Indiana) came up during this time, and without waiting for orders, marched across the Corinth Road into the clearing. The regiment was in a compact mass, closed by companies in the center, and with flags flying and drums beating, made a fine appearance. Half way across the open fields, however, they were met by a terrible fire of musketry and canister fire, and before they could deploy, were driven back in disorder. They rallied behind us, and, our brigade having meanwhile replenished its cartridge boxes, was ordered forward, and firing as we advanced across the clearing, after a most obstinate contest we charged into the woods beyond. Here the struggle became most intense and prolonged, and the enemy gave back slowly for some distance.† In the crisis of the fight, Guenther came galloping with a section of Battery H, and swept our

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\* Lieutenant Keys and the writer were standing arm in arm, the traditional *esprit* of the service not permitting officers to hug the earth as we came to do later. The force of the bullet threw us both down, and Lieutenant Keys died two days later.

† General Sherman, who was an eyewitness to the gallant advance of the regulars, gives a most vivid and complimentary account of it in his *Memoirs*, Vol. I., p. 239.

front by a diagonal fire of canister, and at about 4 P. M. the enemy were routed, and fled panic-stricken from the field.\*

In this last great struggle Lieutenant Mitchell, of the Sixteenth, was killed, and Wyckoff, of the Fifteenth, lost an eye. After the enemy finally disappeared from our front we were moved a short distance to the left rear, and bivouacked in line of battle for the night, ready to renew the contest in the morning.

Rousseau's brigade lost two officers killed — both regulars — and nine wounded, of whom seven were regulars. Twenty-seven enlisted men were killed, of whom fourteen were regulars; and two hundred and eighty-three wounded, of whom one hundred and forty-seven were regulars. The loss of the regulars — one hundred and seventy killed and wounded — was about twenty per cent. of those engaged, about double the average percentage of loss in Buell's entire army.

The "regulars" performed their full share of the picketing and skirmishing in the advance upon Corinth, to say nothing of building corduroy roads. But on May 26, when we had drawn quite near the works at Corinth, and the enemy, like a rat in a corner, was getting vicious, McCook's division was ordered to the front of Halleck's army to take a hill which commanded the enemy's works, Rousseau's brigade being placed on the right, directly in front of Sherman's intrenched position. Throwing forward our skirmishers, we pushed back the enemy in lively fashion. McCook says of

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\* Terrill's Battery had been operating with Nelson's division on our left; but Guenther, attracted by the heavy firing on our front, obtained permission to come to our assistance with his section.



this: "The firing at this point was so continuous and severe that I ordered Colonel Stambaugh's reserve brigade to the support of my right. While the Thirty-fourth Illinois was relieving the First Ohio, which up to this time held my center, my skirmishers, continuing to push forward on my right, drove the enemy across Bridge Creek over Serratt's Hill, and kept up the skirmish until 4 P. M., when the officers in charge of the skirmishers reported that the advance was in sight of the enemy's intrenchments and not more than two hundred yards from them." Serratt's Hill commanded the enemy's works at Corinth; and, during the night of May 28th, McCook brought forward the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and built a strong intrenchment four hundred yards long on and over it, behind which was placed Terrill's battery, supported by the reserve brigade, with Cotter's battery on a hill to the left, where a spirited engagement soon after took place. Our brigade maintained the advance position until the evacuation. The writer was in charge of our picket line close under the works on the night of the evacuation, and heard the drums and bugle calls of the enemy distinctly, as they assembled and marched away. At daylight of May 30th our pickets and skirmishers were in the works long before Nelson's troops, who claimed the credit. The occupation of Serratt's Hill precipitated the evacuation. (Ser. I, Vol. X., pp. 678-9.)

After the abandonment of Corinth by General Bragg, we marched eastward through North Alabama to Stevenson. When almost within sight of Chattanooga, our steps were turned northward, and for day after day, through stifling heat and dust, with little clothing and often without food — dirty,

tired and footsore — we marched, and grumbled at our Generals, and cursed Bragg, the author of all our woes. We arrived at Louisville, Ky., about the last of September, 1862, the raggedest, dirtiest, lousiest, and hungriest lot of soldiers ever on this continent.

Our first year of campaigning was over; we had marched fully a thousand miles, fought one great battle (Shiloh) and many skirmishes, and were now fifty miles nearer Washington than when we started, with an apparently endless vista of the same experience ahead. After a few days' enjoyment of the good things Louisville afforded, we again marched southward. On October 8th our brigade had quite a skirmish at "Dog Walk," but the affair was comparatively small, although for a time it looked threatening. We took no other part in the battle of Perryville, but our losses at "Dog Walk" were included therein.

On October 30, 1862, General Buell was superseded by General Rosecrans, and we became part of the Army of the Cumberland. Much to our delight, two battalions of the Eighteenth Infantry were added to ours, and together we constituted thenceforward the "Regular Brigade." The fine battalions of the Eighteenth Infantry pitched their tents beside ours, about five miles south of Nashville, on December 25, 1862; and Lieutenant Colonel Shepard, Eighteenth Infantry, took command of our brigade, the Fourth, of the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, under General George H. Thomas. Our old brigade commander, General L. H. Rousseau, was assigned to command the division.

Indeed, throughout, the officers of the Regular Brigade were capable men, for even those who at this time had had

only a short service were improved by the inspiring example of their more experienced comrades, and some of the brightest and saddest pages of our later history are adorned by their names. The brigade thus organized consisted of thirty-nine companies of infantry and one battery of artillery, and numbered in all but 1,568 officers and men. We had barely time to give to our comrades of the Eighteenth a hearty welcome when our cherished hopes of brigade drills, inspections, etc., in true "regular" style, were swept away by orders to move to the fateful battlefield of

#### STONE RIVER.

Time permits reference only to the crisis of this sanguinary and indecisive battle, at the point where the victorious hosts of the enemy were checked, and beyond which they could not force their way.

On the morning of December 31, 1862, the Army of the Cumberland was in line of battle about three miles northwest of and facing Murfreesboro, and embraced five divisions — Palmer's on the left, then Negley's, Sheridan's, Davis's, and Johnson's, in order — stretching three or four miles to the south. Wood's, Van Cleve's and Rousseau's divisions were not in line; the two former were preparing to cross Stone River to attack Breckinridge, while Rousseau's division was in reserve. The Regular Brigade was massed on the high cleared ground between the railroad and the turnpike, behind Palmer's division. To our front we could see the Confederate line of battle, about a mile off; and beyond, the steeples of Murfreesboro; while to our right, some three hundred or four hundred yards distant, was a cedar forest.

The battle commenced about 7 A.M. by the enemy attacking our right division (Johnson's) in force, and with great dash and gallantry. We could hear the firing, and almost from the very beginning disaster seemed to be in the air. By 9 A.M. it became apparent that the tide of battle was decidedly against our right. Responding to calls for help, our brigade started at once by the right flank, through the cedar forest, to the assistance of the right wing. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Infantry being in advance, passed through the cedars and formed line of battle. Guenther, seeing that this forest was not a suitable place for his guns, obtained permission to retire to the high ground between the railroad and the turnpike, and the battalions of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth followed the battery out of the cedar wood. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Infantry were thus left alone, and after a gallant attempt to rally the stragglers of the right wing, and stop the rapid and overwhelming advance of the Confederates, they slowly fell back, fighting, through the forest, and joined the rest of the brigade in line of battle. In this movement they lost many brave officers and men. Following closely, the Confederates issued from the cedar forest and started straight for our battery. We were ordered to hold our fire until the enemy was within one hundred yards; but the battery opened with its four twelve-pounder Napoleons and two ten-pounder Parrotts such a rapid, well-directed and deadly fire as tore the Confederate line into disorganized fragments, and drove the dismayed survivors back to the cedars for shelter. General Rains, who commanded this line of Confederates, was killed; and the flag of the Second Arkansas was left on the field, to be afterwards picked up by some men of the

Second Ohio Volunteers. After this repulse ensued a lull in the battle, for the Confederates had met their first great check; but our army was in a precarious situation; four of its five divisions had been driven from their positions; Palmer's alone held its ground, and unless a new line of battle could be formed, the battle was lost. For this new line, Rousseau's, Wood's, and Van Cleve's divisions were available, besides many men of the right wing, who had drifted to our position, humiliated by defeat, but still full of fight. But time was necessary, and must be gained for these divisions to reach their position in the new line — half an hour at least; for if the attack came sooner, there was little hope of resisting it. General Bragg saw his advantage, and to complete the victory already in his grasp, concentrated all his available forces to crush the left and center of our army.

General Thomas, after a hurried consultation with General Rosecrans, gave the order in person for the advance of the Regular Brigade, saying to its commander: "Shepard, take your brigade into that cedar forest and stop the rebels."

In modern phrase, we were "right up against it." Without our battery — for it could be of little use in that forest — we advanced in line of battle into the cedars. Here we were somewhat on an equality with the enemy, for the woods hid from them the smallness of our numbers; otherwise they would have run over us without stopping. We had just gained this position when the enemy came on; but none came nearer our front than fairly close musket range, for our men fired to hit, and our rifles dealt death and destruction. The Confederate line extended far beyond both our flanks, and this compelled us to throw back our right and left

battalions, and fight in three directions. Officers and men were falling all along the line, but not a man turned his back to the enemy; every one grasped the situation and strove to be worthy of the hope placed in him. General Thomas's order was literally obeyed. The enemy's onslaught on the center was repulsed, his victorious troops brought to a stand, and the key of the battlefield secured; but we still held on, and the massing of the enemy on our flanks rendered our situation more and more hazardous. The new line along the turnpike and railroad having been formed behind us, and the troops moved into position, the artillery posted, orders were sent to the Regular Brigade to retire.

[Major Lowe wishes here to place on record his personal recollection of the receipt of this order to fall back, he being in command of his company (A, First Battalion, Nineteenth Infantry). In the midst of the fight he heard the clear voice of Lieutenant Harrison Millard, of General Rousseau's staff, say to Major Carpenter: "The General directs the brigade to fall back to the railroad and support the battery." Major Carpenter replied: "Tell the General we can not fall back until we have repulsed this attack." "The order is imperative, sir," replied Millard, as he rode off to our left to deliver the order to the other battalions. This conversation took place within ten feet of Major Lowe, and he heard every word distinctly. It seemed a cruel order, and was a bitter disappointment to the men of the brigade. Had the order been to charge the enemy, it would have been obeyed more willingly.]

It seems necessary to be thus particular, because one historian of the battle says that the Regular Brigade was *com-*

*pelled* to fall back from this advanced position; but this is not true. We moved back in obedience to orders. Major Carpenter mounted his horse, and, ordering his battalion to fall back, rode at a walk straight to the rear. His battalion followed him, and the enemy, rushing to the edge of the cedars, had a fair shot at our backs as we retired. About one hundred yards from the edge of the cedars, this gallant old soldier fell from his horse, dead,—shot in the back while obeying an order against which he protested! No less than six bullets struck him. He was mounted, and a conspicuous mark for the enemy, for we could hear the bullets whizzing over our heads like the buzzing of angry bees. As we retired across the open field, we were subjected not only to the musketry fire from our rear, but to a tornado of artillery fire from rebel batteries off towards Murfreesboro. Our next position was in a slight depression, where we made a temporary stand, soon assisted, however, by other troops on our right and left.

General Thomas says, in his report of the battle: "In the execution of this last movement, the Regular Brigade came under a most murderous fire, . . . but with the co-operation of Scribner's and Beattie's brigades, and Guenther's and Loomis's batteries, gallantly held its ground against overwhelming odds."

Van Horne, in his History of the Army of the Cumberland, says of this stand: "The exultant enemy soon emerged from the cedar woods, but then fell under the musketry of Rousseau's division at short range. Colonel Shepard's brigade of regulars quivered under the onset of the enemy."

The "quivering" of the brigade, here referred to, was the

tragic death of Major Carpenter, which was seen by all, and for a moment produced a feeling which, with less disciplined troops, might have resulted in a panic; but the officers soon restored the wonted steadiness of a movement on parade, and the inspiring example presented by this well disciplined body, scarcely more than a regiment in numbers, gave courage to those who came forward to our assistance. The batteries were in the rear line on higher ground, and fired over our heads.

General Bragg, in his official report, says: "Our heaviest batteries of artillery and rifle guns of long range were now concentrated in front of, and their fire opened on, this position."

While our men suffered from this concentrated artillery fire, we paid little attention to it; but finally, reaching the railroad, roll was called, cartridge boxes inspected, reports made, and we began to realize the terrible loss we had suffered. We thought then that "some one had blundered,"—that our comrades had died in vain, and that the sacrifice had been useless; but General Thomas, when asked why he had sent the Regular Brigade—less than fifteen hundred men—into the cedars four hundred yards in front of the remainder of the army, and in the face of thirty thousand victorious Confederates, replied: "It became a necessity to do so." And General Rosecrans said: "I was compelled to sacrifice my regulars to save the rest of the army."

What was left of the brigade took its place on the right and left of the battery, and had no further active part in the fighting.

Rousseau's division in this battle numbered about 6,240



men. Our brigade numbered about one-fourth of the division.

The losses in the division were: Officers killed, nine, of whom four were regulars; wounded, forty-seven, of whom twenty-two were regulars. Enlisted men killed, one hundred and seventy-three, of whom ninety-four were regulars; wounded, nine hundred and twelve, of whom four hundred and seventy-five were regulars.

Total loss of regulars, as shown by the company returns, twenty-six officers, and five hundred and ninety-five men killed and wounded.

Scribner's brigade lost two hundred and eight, and Beatie's brigade two hundred and eighty-one, each brigade having about equal effective strength with the regulars. Our loss, therefore, was about three times theirs. The number missing was three hundred and sixteen, of whom only forty-seven were regulars. General Rosecrans' army at Stone River lost about twenty per cent.; the regulars, forty-one per cent.\*

#### HOOVER'S GAP.

After a long stay at Murfreesboro, the Regular Brigade — now the Third, of the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps,—on June 24, 1863, marched out toward Hoover's Gap, in what came to be known as the "Tullahoma Campaign." Many changes had taken place. Majors King and Slemmer

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\* For interesting references to the gallant part of the regulars in this battle, see Stevenson's book on the Battle of Stone River; Rosecrans' Campaign, by W. D. Bickham; Rousseau's Official Report, and the fine tribute of Pont Mercy, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

were made Brigadier Generals of Volunteers for gallantry at Stone River, and, together with Caldwell and Townsend, had left the brigade; and the battalions, now reinforced by recruits from the North, found brave and efficient commanders among the Captains, while Major Sidney Coolidge, of the Sixteenth, commanded the brigade during this advance.

The affairs at Hoover's Gap could hardly be called a battle, and yet in it the regulars proved what was stated in the beginning of the article, namely: "They were never repulsed in an assault they were ordered to make."

The charge of the Regular Brigade was directed upon the center and key of the enemy's position. The victory was easy, because, when the brigade charged at double quick with fixed bayonets, the enemy fired a volley with nervous haste and ran.

The regulars numbered less than one-third of the division, yet their losses were one-half, including all the officers lost but one:

|                            |         |                   |
|----------------------------|---------|-------------------|
| Men killed . . . . .       | 4, and  | 3 were regulars.  |
| Officers wounded . . . . . | 3, and  | 3 were regulars.  |
| Men wounded . . . . .      | 42, and | 19 were regulars. |

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Total . . . . . 49, and 25 were regulars.

The marches of the brigade over the Cumberland Mountain; our stay in Crow Creek Valley; our advance to Stevenson, where we had camped a year before, on the way from Corinth to Chattanooga; our crossing the Tennessee River, and the two mountain ranges (Sand and Lookout); the night march of September 18th, 1863, and the staunch defense of the Kelley farm — a point as famous in relation to the battle

of Chickamauga as Hougomont to the battle of Waterloo,—these are incidents of history, and the Regular Brigade did its part.

#### CHICKAMAUGA.

The Regular Brigade, numbering eighty-four officers and 1,429 men — only a few less than at Stone River — under command of Brigadier General John H. King (Major Fifteenth infantry), and constituting part of Baird's division (Fourteenth Corps), after marching all night of September 18th, 1863, and resting two hours at Crawfish Spring, went into action about 9 A. M. on the extreme left of the corps. From the start the division drove the enemy, and little by little got beyond the general alignment. At about 11 o'clock, in the midst of a dense wood, where the limit of vision was about fifty yards, they were ordered to change front to the right (east), and while this movement was going on, and the Sixteenth was lying down in front of the battery, a long battle line came upon them in a rush from the right flank and rear in overwhelming force, driving back the troops on the right \* in confusion, enveloping the Sixteenth and the battery. They made a futile resistance, for the enemy closed in on all sides, killing, wounding and capturing the greater part of the Sixteenth Infantry, and many from other battalions; also, more than one-third of the cannoneers of Battery H, Fifth Artillery. (Among the officers captured was Colonel Cochran, of this Commandery; and among the killed was Major Sidney Coolidge, commanding the Sixteenth.)

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\* Scribner's brigade, which lost its battery [Loomis'], and 743 men. Vol. 30, pt. 1, p. 276.

Captain Crofton (Sixteenth Infantry), who escaped, made the official report for the Sixteenth, in which he says:

“ We were immediately in front of the guns, and the men were ordered to lie down. Here, without any warning whatever, the rebels came upon our right flank and got right on us before any disposition could be made to meet them. Consequently nearly the whole battalion was either killed, wounded or captured, and the battery was also taken. Of the men engaged, about sixty-two escaped, some of them slightly wounded. This remnant was attached to the Nineteenth Infantry, and remained with that battalion during the succeeding day’s fight.”

General Baird says:

“ Complete destruction seemed inevitable. The enemy sweeping like a torrent, fell upon the Regular Brigade before it got into position, took its battery, and after a struggle, in which whole battalions were wiped out of existence, drove it back upon the line of General Brannan.”

On looking over the various reports, and comparing one with another, we are able to form a tolerably accurate picture of this thrilling and disastrous episode. The general advance during the morning toward the north had carried them along the front of the troops of Walker, Cheatham and Breckinridge, which were moving southwardly on the opposite, or east side of Chickamauga River, seeking a crossing. These troops crossed the river in the rear of the Regular Brigade, and forming lines of battle, swept northwesterly through the dense woods.

The front line, consisting of Liddell’s division, comprising

Walthall's and Govan's brigades,\* and Adam's brigade,† of Breckinridge's division (a total of about five thousand men armed with Enfield rifles), with Cheatham's division‡ in the second line in support, were lying down about fifty to one hundred yards from the point where the Regular Brigade was changing front. Rising up suddenly, they started forward with a rush, firing rapidly and completely overlapping and enveloping the Sixteenth and the battery. (Volume 30, part 2, page 252.) The Sixteenth could have saved themselves by running away, but they remained with the battery to the last, fighting until overpowered. The battery fired four rounds of canister, but there was not time to form a line and no one to give the orders, for Major Coolidge fell at the first fire, killed, besides four other officers killed and wounded. Sixty-five horses of the battery were also killed and wounded, making it impossible to move the guns.

Every regiment in the attacking forces officially claimed the credit of the capture, as will be seen from the reports of the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-ninth and Thirty-fourth Mississippi, constituting Walthall's brigade, and the Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Arkansas, and First Louisiana, constituting Govan's brigade. I do not find recorded the regimental reports of Adam's brigade, but find the claim of participation in Adam's report. The strength of these three brigades, as claimed by the brigade commanders, was: Walthall's, 1,827; Govan's, 1,500, and Adam's, 1,320, making a total of 4,647,

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\* Vol. 30, pt. 2, pp. 273-276.

† Vol. 30, pt. 2, p. 252.

‡ Vol. 30, pt. 2, p. 218.

which, with the officers, would carry the aggregate total to something over five thousand, in the front line of attack, besides Breckinridge's division in the rear line.

The Sixteenth had in action three hundred and eight total, of whom two hundred and twenty-seven were killed, wounded and captured. The battery lost two out of its three officers, and forty-one men out of one hundred and seventeen total. The loss of the enemy was also great.

The commanding officers of the other detachments of regulars, taking advantage of the delay and confusion caused by the concentration of the enemy upon the Sixteenth and battery, drew off their commands about four hundred yards back to Brannan's division, where they formed on its right and resisted the further advance of these same troops; and so vigorous and successful a resistance was made that Liddell, the Confederate division commander, acknowledged his repulse, and by way of excusing it, says he was up against the entire Fourteenth Corps, "on which even Breckinridge, who attacked later and was fresh, could make no impression." (Series I, Vol. 30, pt. 2, pages 218, 273, 276, etc.)

When seen later that afternoon, the survivors were the unhappiest lot that ever existed. With tears in their eyes, their pride touched to the quick and humiliated past endurance, they recounted the loss of the battery and the Sixteenth Infantry, and could not be comforted. The battery was afterward recaptured by the Ninth Ohio Volunteers, but abandoned by them, and later in the afternoon the Fifteenth Infantry went out and brought all the guns into our lines by hand. Within twenty-four hours the remnant of the brigade was destined to play a most conspicuous part and turn back

the tide of battle at a critical juncture, as at Stone River. At daylight on the 20th, the brigades took position on the left of its division, formed in four lines. Posted on a wooded ridge running parallel with the State road and about one-fourth of a mile to the east of it, and no force being on its left, the men constructed a barricade of fence rails, rocks and logs. General Thomas realizing that his left flank was "in air," and was both vulnerable and vital, made every effort to strengthen this exposed flank. In his report he says:

"I addressed a note to the commanding General, requesting that General Negley be sent to take position on General Baird's left and rear, and thus secure our left from assault."

But Negley's division never arrived.

General Baird says in his report:

"At about 9 o'clock the enemy in force advanced upon us through the woods, and attempted, by throwing strong bodies of infantry upon the Regular Brigade and Scribner's, on the left, to crush that portion of our line. This attack continued about an hour, during which repeated efforts were made to dislodge us from our position, but in vain."

During this attack an entire division of Confederates passed by the left flank of the Regular Brigade. Meeting no opposition, they reached the State road, and, wheeling to their left, advanced until directly in rear of the regulars. Here they were assaulted by Van Derveer's brigade and other troops of the reserve, and driven back around the left of our line. An hour later the Confederates made another and more desperate attack on our left; again their lines overlapped ours by a whole division front, and wheeling to their left, again enveloped the Regular Brigade, which at this time fought fac-

ing to the front and left and rear, and successfully withstood the assault and repulsed the enemy.

Had the little band of regulars, now less than one thousand in all, on the left of our line, proved less steadfast and courageous that day; had they given way when attacked in front, in flank and in rear, the reinforcements under Sherman and Hooker would have probably found the surviving remnant of the Army of the Cumberland north of the Tennessee River. General Thomas, seeing this second desperate attack repulsed, had no further fear for his left flank, and devoted his attention to the right. The glory of Snodgrass Hill has been described by others, and while the courage and determined resistance of the Regular Brigade made Snodgrass Hill possible, it bore no part in that splendid episode on the right. That glory belongs to our volunteer comrades alone.

After the second repulse of the enemy there was a lull in the battle. The four divisions (Baird's, Johnson's, Palmer's and Reynolds', around the Kelley farm, found themselves alone. The enemy seemed to have disappeared from their front. General Thomas had gone, and dense woods hid everything from our view. The four Generals commanding these divisions met, and it was suggested that, as none seemed to be left on the battlefield to give orders, the ranking officer present should assume command and order these divisions to retire from their isolated position. General Absalom Baird — be it said to his everlasting glory — replied: "No, we have repulsed two attacks of the enemy; he will try it again and we shall again beat him, and then the jig will be up with him." General Baird was the junior of these four Generals; his



division occupied the most exposed position ; but his courage and excellent judgment probably prevented a further disaster to our army that day.

A short time after this conference, the attack on Snodgrass Hill commenced ; then we knew where General Thomas was ! For three hours this attack was almost continuous, and the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry a mile in rear of our line was most disquieting ; but at 4 o'clock our attention was fully occupied by the third attack on our left flank.

General King says :

“At half-past 4 o'clock the enemy made an attack upon my front and flank, using both artillery and infantry. Notwithstanding all this, we held the enemy at bay and retained our position until 5 o'clock, at which time I was ordered by the division commander to fall back to the Rossville Road.”

General Baird says :

“At 5 o'clock an officer arrived from General Thomas with orders for myself and General Johnson to withdraw our troops and fall back in the direction of Rossville.”

General Baird's division was the last to leave its position, and the Regular Brigade the last of the troops to retire. The battalion of the Nineteenth, through some mishap, did not receive the order to retire, and remained in position till nearly all were killed or captured. The three officers and sixty men of the Nineteenth, who alone reached Chattanooga safely, were not in line of battle with the battalion when this last attack commenced.

The Army of the Cumberland retired to Rossville during the night of the 20th of September, and on the 21st, says General Baird, “ My division was again put on duty to defend

one of the main approaches to that position, and was, I believe, the only one that was attacked. I lost five men killed and wounded from the brigade of regulars." These were the last men killed or wounded in the battle of Chickamauga.

The losses at Chickamauga were unparalleled in modern warfare. Every brigade in both armies suffered frightfully, and the Regular Brigade led them all, its loss being fifty-five per cent. The average loss of the entire army was about thirty per cent. Our brigade was the smallest in our division by one hundred men; our loss was the greatest by one hundred men.

On the morning of the 22d of September, 1863, the remnant of the Regular Brigade reached Chattanooga, the grand objective point of the campaign.

The brigade, organized December 25, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee, with an aggregate force of 1,562 officers and men, in nine short months had lost in three battles as follows:

Stone River, December 31, 1862, six hundred and twenty-one officers and men; Hoover's Gap, June 26, 1863, twenty-five officers and men; Chickamauga, September 19-21, 1863, eight hundred and thirty-nine officers and men. Total loss in three battles, 1,485.

On September 24, 1863, it had present for duty in Chattanooga, seven hundred and sixty-three officers and men — fragments of five battalions — and in October, 1863, the brigade ceased to exist for a time as such, but formed a "demi-brigade," and with the Eighteenth and Sixty-ninth Ohio, Nineteenth Illinois and Eleventh Michigan, became the Second Brigade of the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. The demi-brigade of regulars was under the direct command

of the ranking regular officer present — Major John R. Edie, Fifteenth Infantry — while the brigade was commanded by General J. H. King. Our battery was detached and never served with us again. The regulars remained in Chattanooga during the next two months, enduring all the hardships and privations of the siege without a murmur.

#### MISSIONARY RIDGE.\*

In the magnificent assault of Missionary Ridge the regulars were in the front line of assault on the right of Sheridan's division. They climbed up the ridge and were on its crest among the very first troops of the Army of the Cumberland. The strength and losses of the regulars at the storming of the Ridge were as follows :

Present for duty . . . . . 42 officers and 762 men.

Killed and wounded . . . . 3 officers and 54 men.

#### ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

When at last the siege of Chattanooga was raised, recruits were hurried to us from the North ; and at the opening of the Atlanta campaign there were more regulars present than ever before,— seven battalions, aggregating sixty-five officers and 2,081 enlisted men.

One might truthfully say that the battle of Atlanta commenced on May 1st and ended September 1st, 1864,— four long months of almost continuous fighting, in which the regulars bore their full share. Men of the Regular Brigade were killed and wounded in the affairs at Tunnel Hill, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Pumpkin Vine Creek, Pickett's Mill, New

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\* Vol. 31, pt. 2, pp. 458-488.

Hope Church, Kenesaw, Neal Dow Station, Beech Tree Creek and Utoy Creek; and on the 1st of September, 1864, the regulars closed their fighting in the most glorious and satisfactory manner at the

BATTLE OF JONESBORO, GEORGIA.

In the advance of General Sherman's army from Chattanooga to Jonesboro, every attempt to assault the enemy, when protected by breastworks, had failed, and generally at fearful loss. Kenesaw Mountain cost the army three thousand men; but now Hardee's corps, intrenched on a wooded ridge, was confronted by the Fourteenth Corps (General Carlin commanding our division, and Major Edie the demi-brigade of regulars). A reconnoissance made by the regulars was strongly resisted by the enemy, but was pressed until a commanding hill was carried, from the front of which the enemy's works could be attacked. The batteries were placed on this hill, and the Fourteenth Army Corps ordered to assault the enemy's works.

At 5 P.M. the line moved forward, and the attack was vigorously made along the whole battle front, led by the regulars, who had gone over the enemy's works in advance of the corps, and clung to the position gained under a most gallant fire until the whole line, encouraged by their example, rushed forward and completed the victory.\* The entire rebel line of works was carried, with the capture of Govan's brigade of one thousand men, including one general officer,

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\* Van Horne's "Cumberland," Vol. 2, p. 144. General Davis' Official Report.

eight guns and seven battleflags. Thus was repaid the debt of Chickamauga!

The losses at Jonesboro were severe, but not nearly so great as at Stone River and Chickamauga. In the regulars it was as follows:

Aggregate number taken into the fight, eight hundred and eighty-four; loss in the fight, one hundred and seventy-four (about twenty per cent.).

Thus the regulars lost in their last battle (Jonesboro) the same percentage as in their first battle (Shiloh).

The regulars camped near Atlanta until September 29th, 1864, when they were sent to Lookout Mountain, and remained there until the war closed.

In the reports of losses in the Atlanta campaign, the loss at Jonesboro is included, making a grand total of seventeen officers and six hundred and seventy-six fighting men. The total losses of the Regular Brigade during the Civil War, in battle, were 2,435 officers and men, almost double its total strength at any time prior to the Atlanta campaign.

. . . . .

Such is the record; but it must not be forgotten that the "regular" of those stirring times was but a "volunteer" after all. Excepting a very few in the beginning who had served a term of enlistment in the old regular army, they were the same boys from the farms and workshops who made up the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois regiments. Their record is simply that of the average American volunteer under somewhat better training, and a strict business leadership free from politics.

The lesson to be drawn from it is expressed by General Sherman in his report of Shiloh:

"The well ordered and compact columns . . . whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined men."

It is simply justice, both to the dead and to the living, to say that the steadiness and discipline of this little body of men not only impressed themselves upon the enemy, but reacted in a most important degree upon our own men associated with them in line of battle.

Too few and too unpolitic to breed jealousy, they furnished an inspiring example which was noticeable wherever the strain of battle was heaviest. The pride of their volunteer comrades was stimulated, for their judgment said to them: "Are those not men like unto ourselves?" The sight of the little brigade of regulars moving in a battle charge with as true a line as on dress parade, or standing like a rampart of rock against which the wave of assault dissolved into harmless spray, nerved those to the right and left to emulate their courage.

The shock of assault against them always failed, because their coolness and discipline and their rapid and accurate firing gave the brigade a destructive power in action far beyond what is ordinarily due to numbers. The loss of life in its front was appalling, and the enemy came to know this and shrink from contact. Wherever the regulars stood in defensive battle, there was hard and desperate fighting; and when they charged in earnest, there was victory with apparent ease.

The affair at Hoover's Gap was significant in this latter

respect. The regulars charged in line of battle across open fields, directly against the center and stronghold of the enemy's position upon a ridge which gave them a full view of the advancing line. Our advance was directly in line of fire of the massed artillery of the enemy, prepared, as General Thomas has said, for "an obstinate resistance." The concavity of our line of battle brought the movement of the brigade into full view of our own comrades to right and left, so that the example of a steady advance across the open plain, and the double quick with fixed bayonets up the slope, inspired our own men and unnerved the enemy. The enemy saw that their guns were powerless to check us, for the ranks closed up the gaps and moved on without pause, and when, at close quarters, the double quick began and the glistening of bayonets could be seen, the artillerymen in consternation hauled off the guns in a gallop and the infantry lines fired their nervous volley and melted away.

It was Mission Ridge on a smaller scale; but there, the enemy taking warning from experience, placed opposing works at the foot, and half way up, to prevent a repetition of their discomfiture. But Hoover's Gap taught our forces the trick of successful charging. It was an object lesson that was but repeated at Mission Ridge; and the same lesson of courage made our men invincible at Franklin.

In comparisons of prowess between Northern and Southern soldiers in the West, it may fairly be noted that the persistence of attack shown by the Army of the Cumberland at Hoover's Gap, at Mission Ridge and in the Atlanta campaign, was never equaled by the Confederates. In charges by armies, in line of battle, as at Stone River and Franklin

(where the circumstances were reversely analogous), the Confederates failed to dislodge our troops; notably at Stone River, where the little brigade of regulars, with but partial assistance of two other brigades, successfully withstood the determined assault of overwhelming odds, and, as Van Horne, speaking as the mouthpiece of General Thomas, says: "Saved the center of the army."

And substantially the same may be said of Chickamauga.

Credit is not claimed for these regulars in any distinctive way as such. They were volunteers like all the rest,—inspired by the same motives, enlisted under the same circumstances, and entitled to the same credit. Their military record, however, shows the beneficial effect of systematic discipline, and of dealing with war as a business requiring a concentration of effort and strict attention to details. Cleanliness, order, regularity of habit, impartiality in assignments of duty, produced and maintained a soldierly pride that carried them through hardship without a murmur. Sickness was practically unknown among them, even where typhoid fever and other filth diseases ravaged neighboring camps. Our camp grounds were swept clean every day; tents were triced up and aired regularly; clothing and blankets sunned whenever practicable; camp utensils scrubbed clean after each use; sinks carefully covered each day; and all these things were systematically taught and practiced under rigid supervision.

Had this Government appointed some of the survivors of the Regular Brigade instructors for camps of rendezvous, there would have been no trouble in mobilizing troops for the Spanish-American War, and no epidemics of disease at



the Chickamauga camp or elsewhere. It took us years to learn the art of living on the ground in health and comfort; and had the lessons of our experience been made available in 1898, many lives would have been saved and much criticism avoided.

If I were asked to state the difference in fewest words between the volunteer and regular of those days, I would illustrate it by General Joe Johnston's remark upon General George H. Thomas. Some one said: "General Thomas never knew when he was whipped." "That," replied General Johnston, "hardly does him justice; I would rather say that he always knew when he wasn't whipped."

"He makes no fuss about the job,  
He don't talk big and brave;  
He knows he's in to fight and win,  
Or help fill up a grave.  
He ain't no 'Mamma's darling,' but  
He does the best he can;  
And he's the chap to win the scrap,—  
The reg'lar army man,—  
The dandy, handy,  
Cool and sandy,  
Reg'lar army man."

APRIL 3, 1901.

## THE ONE HUNDRED DAYS MEN OF OHIO.

BY BENJAMIN R. COWEN,

Late Major and Paymaster, Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V.

Not all the history of the eventful years of our Civil War was made in camp or on the battlefield. While the boys in blue were making history at the front, others, who were keeping the house in order and furnishing the sinews of war, were making history at the rear. We all know individual instances where it required as much patriotism and self-denial, at least, to remain at home as to go to the front. So that it is wide of the mark to pronounce all able-bodied men of military age unpatriotic or cowardly simply because they did not shoulder their muskets at the call of the President.

Some such feeling, however, seems to prompt those who affect to decry the service of that contingent of Ohio troops known as "the One Hundred Days men" of 1864, and to speak of them as a grotesque and superfluous appendage to the armies of the Union in our great struggle. Those who thus regard them can not be possessed of accurate knowledge of the circumstances attending the call nor of the character of the service performed by those troops.

It is my purpose to furnish in this paper certain facts in regard to that call, and, so far as the time will allow, to give some account of the nature of that service, to the end that our records may perpetuate an interesting and creditable chapter in the history of Ohio during the great struggle for the preservation of the Union.

The writer was appointed Adjutant General of Ohio by Governor John Brough in January, 1864, and it was under his administration that the "Organized Militia" of the State was reorganized into the National Guard and mustered into the United States service.

It may not be necessary in this connection, and in the presence of those who are presumed to be familiar with all that pertains to the general history of our war period, to recall in detail the military and political conditions which prevailed at the opening of the campaign of 1864; but as this is written for those who shall come after us as well as for those who hear it read, I shall refer to those conditions so far as may seem to be necessary for the present purpose.

Prior to May, 1864, the State of Ohio had furnished about one hundred and fifty regiments of all arms, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-nine regiments of infantry; twelve of cavalry; three of artillery, and twenty-six independent companies.

A short time previous the State had been called upon to furnish her quota, which was about ten per cent., under a call of the President, and the same not being promptly forthcoming in some of the districts, a draft was pending to supply the deficit. In several localities there were indications of organized and serious resistance to the draft, well calculated to create great uneasiness among the loyal element and to intensify the bitterness of the disloyal.

A large minority of the people were opposed to the further prosecution of the war, and did not hesitate to embarrass the Administration by all possible methods short of actual interference.

A secret organization formidable in numbers existed in this and adjacent States, whose well-known purpose it was to cripple the Government in its war policy, and thus put a stop to the war. Demands were made on Mr. Lincoln to withdraw the armies from the field, or at least to proclaim an armistice and open negotiations for peace.

One of the great political parties was organizing for a grand coup, and in National Convention formally declared the war a failure, and placed in nomination as Commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the nation a discredited officer who was generally regarded as chiefly responsible for that failure. The masses of that party, responsive to the declarations of their leaders, entered upon the political campaign of the year with unusual vim and vigor, and from every political hustings, and by every newspaper of that party in the State, the failure of our armies was proclaimed in unmistakable language, and the anti-war candidate received 205,568 votes, or forty-three per cent. of the total vote of the State.

The casualties of battle and the ravages of disease during three years of war had filled the State with mourners, and the habiliments of mourning cast a somber hue over all public assemblies.

At the front the armies, under the leadership of General Grant, the new Commander-in-chief, were being prepared to enter upon the fateful battle summer of 1864, which it was hoped would see the close of the war. General Banks was to be withdrawn from the ill-advised Red River campaign. Texas was to be abandoned, except the Rio Grande, and the troops thus relieved were to be sent where they could do

more good. Troops were to be concentrated, and all parts of the army worked together and toward a common center. Reinforcements were needed as never before; but the President, with his marvelous sagacity, hesitated to make new levies, fearing the temper of the people.

It was at this juncture that the offer of the services of the Ohio National Guard was made by Governor Brough to the President.

A few words as to the condition of the Ohio Militia in January, 1864.

There was an organization of the militia, but it was not deemed effective for active field service. The effort had been made to cover too much ground, with the usual result of such efforts.

There was an organization, so-called, of 3,724 companies, equivalent to three hundred and seventy-two regiments, with a nominal strength of 210,000 men. Of course, such an organization was absurd. The effort had been to organize all the citizens of the State of military age into companies, regiments and brigades. Camps of instruction were to be held, and a great show of business was made; but it was only a show, and a very ridiculous one at that. To have carried out the plans contemplated by the law would have beggared the State, and the advantage would have been nothing.

There was, besides this, an "organized militia," consisting of ninety-nine regiments and battalions, besides some cavalry and artillery organizations, with a nominal strength of forty-four thousand men, which, though superior in every respect to the militia, yet fell far short of being effective, with a few exceptions.

The inefficiency of the militia, as it then was, had been demonstrated in the Kirby Smith raid in 1862, in which "from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand," as the official record of that year "estimated," were called out. This was emphasized in the following year in the Morgan raid, in which fifty thousand were again called out, only to be scattered like sheep without a shepherd whenever the bold raiders came in sight.

With the hearty concurrence of Governor Brough, and with the intention of offering a certain number of the organized militia to the General Government for special duty, the Adjutant General, immediately upon assuming the duties of the office in January, 1864, entered upon the work of a more thorough and effective organization. As a preliminary to the work, our late companion, Colonel Len A. Harris, of this city, and Colonel John M. Connell, of Lancaster, Ohio, both of whom had served three years in the army, and were mustered out by reason of the expiration of their service, were invited to aid in drafting a bill which would promote the object in view.

Colonel Harris drew the bill, which was very promptly passed by the General Assembly, and under it the National Guard of 1864 came into existence.

The effort to maintain intact the organizations of the so-called "organized militia" was made, but the companies were in such condition that much pruning of unfit material was necessary, which rendered recruiting to fill the ranks essential to the best results. In the new law, to obviate the embarrassment of numbers on the militia rolls, the volunteer system was adopted; but in order that all persons of military age should be made to support the system, those who did not

serve in person were required to contribute annually four dollars as a commutation for personal service, the fund so raised to be used to support the Guard. From this source, in 1864, \$520,000 was collected, which was sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Guard for a year and leave a surplus of \$130,000. Thus was the new system made self-supporting, a feature worthy the consideration of those now interested in the support of an efficient militia organization.

Of course, there was vigorous denunciation of that four dollar commutation fee, as there would have been had it been but four cents, and as there was of everything that had for its purpose the strengthening of the military arm of the Government. So bitter, in fact, was that opposition to the insignificant fee that a demand for its immediate repeal was made a prominent feature in the platform of the anti-war party of that year, and the changes were rung on the oppression which that fee imposed upon an already tax-burdened people.

The elective system for the choice of commissioned officers being a constitutional requirement, was necessarily retained, but it was possible to mitigate many of the embarrassments arising therefrom by urging and promoting the election, so far as was proper and practicable, of honorably discharged officers and soldiers, many of whom had returned from the field. This element of experience and discipline proved a great assistance in preparing the Guard for muster, and also contributed greatly to its efficiency during its active field service.

There is not time to enter into a detail of the work of reorganization. Those familiar with the embarrassments

which attend that sort of work can imagine its magnitude and difficulty. It was done, however, with such promptness that about the middle of April the State had by far the largest and most efficient militia force of all the States in the Union, as the sequel proved.

Therefore, about the 16th of April I advised Governor Brough that I considered the National Guard ready for a call to active service in garrison duty, guarding supply posts, lines of transportation and military prisons, thereby relieving regular, disciplined troops for the more active duties of the approaching campaign.

Governor Brough at once visited Washington and laid the matter before the President, making the formal offer of thirty or forty thousand men for one hundred days.

Mr. Lincoln was much gratified with the proposition, but with that sagacity which ever characterized his public policy, declined to accept the offer. He frankly stated to Governor Brough that the acceptance of so large a force under such peculiar circumstances might be construed as an indication of our inability to raise new levies in the usual way, and of so desperate a condition generally as would not only discourage our friends, but encourage our enemies. He also feared that the acceptance of so large a body from a single State might be productive of jealousies, which he would prefer to avoid, if possible.

But Mr. Lincoln had no idea of losing the help of so large a force in the existing emergency. He therefore suggested to Governor Brough that he call a meeting of the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin "unbeknownst" to him, as he expressed it, who with himself should offer one.



hundred thousand men for one hundred days, but without revealing the fact that he had already offered nearly half of that number.

The meeting was held, the Governor of Wisconsin only not responding, and the offer of eighty thousand men was made April 21st, 1864, the quota of Ohio being thirty thousand; Indiana, twenty thousand; Illinois, twenty thousand, and Iowa, five thousand; the five thousand from Wisconsin making the eighty thousand.

After two days of diplomatic hesitation and discussion, the offer was definitely accepted April 23.

I never knew what steps were taken by the Governors of the other States to fill their quotas, but it is certain that but few troops were furnished under the call outside of Ohio, and Mr. Stanton intimated that such would be the fact in a telegram early in May, to which I shall have occasion to refer later.

The fact is there was no time to raise troops by the ordinary methods, and Ohio was the only State in a condition to respond to such a forthwith summons.

Late in the evening of Saturday, April 22d, Governor Brough notified me by telegram from Washington of the call, and added the general instruction: "Set the machinery in motion immediately."

The necessary orders were forthwith sent to each regimental and battalion commander, directing them to rendezvous their commands. The order was brief, but that it was thoroughly understood was shown by the fact that it was promptly obeyed. The general call was as follows:

"The regiments, battalions and independent companies

of infantry of the National Guard of Ohio are hereby called into active service for the term of one hundred days, unless sooner discharged. They will be clothed, armed, equipped, transported and paid by the United States Government. These organizations will rendezvous at the most eligible places in their respective counties (the place to be fixed by the commanding officer, and to be on a line of railroad if practicable) on Monday, May 2, 1864, and report by telegraph at 4 P. M. of that day the number present for duty.

“The alacrity with which all calls for the military forces of the State have been heretofore met furnishes the surest guaranty that the National Guard will be prompt to assemble at the appointed time. Our armies in the fields are marshaling for a decisive blow, and the citizen soldiery will share the glories of the crowning victories of the campaign by relieving our veteran regiments from post and garrison duty, to allow them to engage in the more arduous duties of the field.”

One week elapsed between the issue of the call and the date of rendezvous. As may be readily imagined, it was a week of unexampled pressure on the office. The correspondence by letter and telegraph, the personal appeals, protests and remonstrances were overwhelming in number, and a severe tax on officers and clerks, who had abundance of other duties. Few of the complaints, however, were from members of the Guard. They came from parents, employers and superserviceable politicians, who try everything by the question, “How will this affect my party?”

To give some idea of the character of these complaints and the probable influence they would have upon the Guard, some samples are cited.

The Governor did not return from Washington until the Guard was in rendezvous, and the Adjutant General had to sustain the full force of the attack unaided and alone.

Within two hours after the call appeared in the Columbus papers on Monday morning, a self-constituted committee, of which the late Governor Dennison was spokesman, called upon me, and protested in most vigorous terms against the call, declaring that the withdrawal of so many men from the State would be disastrous, not only to the industries of the State, but to the party in power, and that Mr. Lincoln would certainly lose the electoral vote of the State. He demanded an inspection of the Governor's instructions for the call, and when they were shown him, not finding any specific authority to call out the National Guard, he declared with considerable warmth that the call was unauthorized; that the Adjutant General had exceeded his authority, and he would advise members of the Guard to disobey the order.

Whether such advice was given or not I never knew. At least it was not given publicly, and if privately done, it had no bad effect, as the Franklin County Regiment (133d, Colonel G. S. Innis) was one of the first to be mustered into the United States service.

It is due to Governor Dennison to say that he was not long in recovering from his panic, and when he did so recover, he was loud in commendation of the call and the splendid results. At the reception which was given to the 137th Regiment, at Baltimore, by the Ohio delegation at the National Convention, Governor Dennison fully condoned all his criticism, and came very near claiming some of the credit for the call of the Guard into the service.

During the same week the late Elijah Glover, an earnest Union man, a Senator in the General Assembly from Scioto County, and Chairman of the Finance Committee of that body, came into the office of the Adjutant General with a formidable looking brief in his hand and a pretty large section of the law library in his arms, which he dumped down on the table, with the declaration, spoken with emphasis, that he had come to show me that the call for the National Guard was unconstitutional, illegal and void, and to demand that it be withdrawn or it would work irreparable injury.

Mr. Glover was an excellent man, genial, loyal and generous, but his trouble was that he was too technical a lawyer to flourish in war times. I knew as well as he did that there was no authority to compel the Guard to muster into the United States service. We were preparing it for muster, and intended to introduce it to the mustering officer. There our office would terminate. The muster was to be their voluntary act.

But it was not good policy to say as much to Mr. Glover, or to any one else, just at that time. He thought he had a patent on his discovery, and I was willing he should enjoy it up to a certain point. But I was not willing that he should ventilate his theory just at that time, before the Guard had been sworn in. So I said to him that as I was exceedingly busy at that moment, as he could easily see, for the office was crowded with suitors, that if he would come at some more suitable time, I would be only too happy to listen to his argument. With the greatest courtesy he assured me that he would conform to my wishes and come at such time as I might fix. Thereupon I fixed upon the day after the

close of the war, to open the argument. He was much disgruntled for a time, but long before the one hundred days' service expired he was able to laugh over the incident, and to see that he had narrowly escaped making a stupendous blunder.

Let one more incident suffice. A few weeks before the State Convention of that year the Senator from Stark County called upon the Governor, and said to him that a resolution would be introduced in the coming State Convention strongly censuring the Governor for calling out the Guard. The Governor sent for me, and, repeating Mr. Martin's threat and affecting great terror thereat, asked me if I was scared, for, said he, "you are into this thing as deep as I am." I told Mr. Martin that I was willing to stand all the censure that he or his could bring to bear if I might share the credit which would accrue when the boys came home. The Governor dismissed the disturbed statesman with some good-natured banter, and that was the last we ever heard about a censure.

These apparently trifling incidents are cited to indicate that even our political friends were by no means satisfied with the call, and that there was a sentiment abroad which might very readily influence the members of the Guard unfavorably. Singularly enough, they were not perceptibly influenced by anything of the kind then or thereafter.

During the week of preparation a few, and but a few, of the officers of the Guard asked leave to resign. One from this city offered me \$5,000 for the sanitary fund; another from Cleveland offered \$10,000 for the same fund if I would accept their resignations. They were men of large and prosperous business, whose absence from home so long a time

would entail heavy pecuniary loss. But all such applications were refused.

The late Senator O'Hagan was a private in one of the companies from Sandusky. He was a man of large business interests, and without any more stomach for fighting than Sir John Falstaff, whom he somewhat resembled in stature, for he was a man of enormous avoirdupois, but being a very genial and popular fellow, and likely to prove good company, his Colonel declined to release him. He called upon me while his company was preparing for muster at Columbus, and presented his claim to discharge. I at once discharged him for "excessive obesity," and he rushed off to his company exultingly, to exhibit his discharge to his comrades. Just as he reached the company the mustering officer was preparing to swear them in, but there was a delay, as the company was one short of a minimum, and could not be mustered until that one could be found. Whereupon O'Hagan being, as I have said, a good fellow, was persuaded to stand in line just to fill up, and took the oath. To his horror and disgust he learned when too late that his name was still on the muster roll, and that the discharge he bore was no longer of value, and that he was in for the hundred days. He served as creditably as so Falstaffian a soldier could be expected to do, but the joke was on him, and cost him a good deal then and thereafter.

One company, and but one, refused to muster. It was summarily disposed of in a special order of dishonorable dismissal. This course was deemed best for several reasons, not the least of which was that the refusal, though no doubt due to the cowardice of the officers, was but the exercise of a legal right, as we had no power to compel them to muster.

The day for rendezvous and report came, May 2d, and it was one of the most disagreeable and dismal days ever experienced in this latitude. Snow and rain fell upon every camp of rendezvous in the State, and it fell all day and all night. This seemed to be the culmination of the embarrassments and discouragements of the week, and greatly increased the chances of failure. The other officers of the Governor's staff predicted failure, and ten thousand was the highest prediction I could get from any of them as the number who would respond. Certainly, in the face of all these drawbacks, it would not have been surprising had the Guard largely failed to respond.

But the sequel proved the metal of the rank and file of the Guard. Each man had set his house in order, and despite the drawbacks and discouragements, had repaired to the appointed rendezvous. The hour for report was 6 o'clock P. M., and at 7:30 of the day of rendezvous I had telegrams from every regiment, battalion and independent company, which enabled me to telegraph the Secretary of War:

“Thirty-eight thousand (38,000) National Guards are in camp and ready for muster.”

You can readily imagine that it was with no little pride and exultation, under the circumstances, that the telegram was sent.

Then came the exasperating work of preparing the Guard for muster. The brigade and division organizations had been eliminated in the new law, so that we were spared the presence of all the ambitious but unnecessary general officers, a thing for which I was and have ever been devoutly thankful. Many of the companies were below the minimum strength

after the weeding-out process was completed, and as there was no time for recruiting, consolidations were our only recourse. The result was that wherever organizations were below the standard, company, battalion and regimental organizations were obliterated. By such a policy many deserving officers were necessarily set aside, which was well calculated to weaken the spirit of the men. But it was borne with much less complaint than was expected. Complaints of injustice galore in regard to consolidations came from all directions; but there was little time for investigation. That injustice was done and hardship imposed goes without saying. Such occurrences were unavoidable.

There was a mysterious delay in perfecting the work at one of the camps of the rendezvous. General A. McDowell McCook, who was at home on a short furlough, had offered his services to aid in the work in hand, and was sent to that place to investigate the cause of the delay. He reported that one of the Colonels was trying to organize a brigade for himself to become a Brigadier General. The lock was effectually broken by sending the ambitious Colonel to the front with his own regiment. At another time, at the same camp, after General McCook left, a similar delay occurred. I went to the camp one evening on a locomotive, to find that a Colonel who had been consolidated out was haranguing his men and advising them not to muster. The trouble was promptly settled by locking up the disgruntled Colonel, mustering his men and sending them off before daylight.

But in spite of all these and many other embarrassments, the first regiment left the State but three days after the day of rendezvous, and the last was ready on the 16th, but four-



teen days after the day of rendezvous. In those two weeks forty-one regiments and one battalion of seven companies, with an aggregate strength of 35,982 men, were assembled, consolidated, reorganized, mustered, clothed, armed, equipped and turned over to the United States authorities for assignment and transportation.

In all the details of transportation Governor Brough was master. Thoroughly familiar with the railroad systems of the State and with railroad management, to him was due the promptness with which the troops were forwarded.

May 10th I advised the Governor that we would have six or eight regiments more than our quota, and that none of them were willing to be sent home. This fact was communicated to Secretary Stanton, who on the same day had received from General Grant from Spottsylvania that celebrated dispatch announcing that he would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." In that dispatch Grant also said:

"The arrival of reinforcements here will be very encouraging to the men, and I hope they will be sent as fast as possible and in as great numbers."

Whereupon Stanton answered Brough's dispatch, above quoted:

"I will accept all the troops you can raise. The other States will be deficient and behind time. We want every man now. They may decide the war."

And they were sent.

Secretary Stanton gave his estimate of the value of our prompt response to the call in the following dispatch, under date of May 26, to Governor Brough:

"This prompt and energetic action of yourself and your

staff and the loyal people of the State exhibit an unmatched effort of devoted patriotism and stern determination to spare no sacrifice to maintain the National Government and overthrow the rebellion. You will please accept for yourself and the patriotic people of Ohio the thanks of the President and of this Department."

A word as to the *personnel* of the Guard. Ohio had already sent into the army about ten per cent. of her entire population. Many of them had served their period of enlistment, or been discharged by reason of wounds or other disability incident to the service. Many of these had enlisted in the Guard. The remainder was largely composed of substantial men, men of high social and business position and influence, whose whole history during the three years had been filled with deeds of loyal and helpful ministry to the needs of the Government, and of the families of those who were at the front. Looking at the history of the State in the third of a century which has passed since, and we find a large number of those who constituted the "Ohio Hundred Days Men" of 1864 filling honorable positions in public and private life.

The result of the sudden withdrawal of so many men from the active and enterprising population of the State, already so heavily depleted by similar drafts upon it, failed to verify the gloomy croakings of those who are ever ready with predictions of disaster. Our industrial and social conditions readily and promptly adjusted themselves to the shock, and the year was as prosperous in every way as any other year of the war. Neither did misfortune overtake the party in power because of the alleged monstrous usurpations.

It was interesting to note the rapid change of public sen-

timent after the Guard left the State. During its pendency the call was exceedingly unpopular. Many excellent citizens looked upon it as an outrage on the State to impose so heavy an additional burden upon those already so severely taxed. Governor Brough was abused without stint, and threatened with political oblivion; and protests were loud and deep from all quarters save among the ranks of the Guard.

The Guard marched away during the first half of the month of May, while the discontent referred to was at its height. By the 1st of June we began to receive reports from the regiments showing the most satisfactory spirit. Letters breathing the same spirit came into the homes of the soldiers, whose inmates caught some of the enthusiasm such precious missives carried, and all began to exult that their sons and brothers and husbands were a part of the Grand Army of the Union which was winning such renown; so that before the term of service had expired it was hard to find a man of any prominence who had not favored the call from its very inception, while the number of those who claimed to have advised the movement was not inconsiderable.

The service of the Guard remains to be spoken of. It was correctly and concisely summarized by Mr. Lincoln in the certificate which he caused to be given to each member when they were mustered out:

“The term of service of their enlistment was short,” he wrote, “but distinguished by memorable events in the valley of the Shenandoah, on the peninsula, in the operations of the James River, around Petersburg and Richmond, in the battle of Monocacy, in the intrenchments of Washington and in other important service. The National Guard of Ohio per-

formed with alacrity the duty of patriotic volunteers, for which they are entitled, and are hereby tendered, through the Governor of their State the National thanks." What a glorious record to be comprised within so brief a period!

The original proposition relative to the service of the Guard contemplated keeping eight of the regiments in the State on guard duty at the military prisons, and the remainder of them on garrison duty elsewhere. We were surprised to find that none of them would willingly remain in the State, and those that did remain did so reluctantly and under vigorous protest. The fact is that all, or near all, were clamorous to be sent to the front.

The service of the Guard proved far more onerous than any one could have anticipated. A raw regiment stands a poor show in active field service, either with or against seasoned and disciplined troops. Their spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. It is cruel to rush new levies into action when they are but a fortnight away from farm and workshop. The arduous march, the unwonted exposure, the forced and extra duty, the tremendous strain of battle, find them not enured or acclimated, and unfamiliar with the magic elbow touch which silently but eloquently imparts confidence to the veteran; so that in all respects they are at a great disadvantage.

But the Guard never, excepting in one instance, that I know of, claimed immunity because of their greenness. More than half the regiments were under fire in one or more engagements, and some of them lost heavily in killed and wounded. They formed an important part of the command which General Lew Wallace gathered so hastily, and with

which he fought the battle of Monocacy in July, 1864. The determined advance of Grant boded disaster to the Confederacy. To thwart his purpose to "fight it out on that line," Lee detached a heavy force under Early to make an attack on the Capital, the troops in defense of which had been largely withdrawn to reinforce Grant's army. Early's forces outnumbered Wallace's nearly three to one, and all were thoroughly seasoned by the battles and marches of three years. The attack was made by the Confederates early in the morning, and lasted until 5 P.M., when our forces withdrew without the loss of a gun or a flag.

It was this stubborn resistance for twelve hours by troops but a few weeks in the service, and never before under fire, to the fierce assault of three times their number of veterans, checking their advance for one day, which General Grant said in his report for that year "saved Washington."

The 144th Regiment (Colonel Hunt, of Wyandot,) lost fifty men at the battle of Monocacy and seventy-one at Berryville. The 149th (Colonel Brown, of Ross,) lost 130 at Monocacy, and General Wallace, in his report of the battle (Rebellion Records, Series I, Volume 37), said: "These men died to save the National Capital, and they did save it." It was of this regiment that General Tyler, the brigade commander, wrote in his official report: "It seldom falls to the lot of veterans to be more severely tried than was the Ohio National Guard at the stone bridge, and none ever carried out trying and hazardous orders better, or with more determined spirit, than did the 149th and the men associated with it."

General Sheridan says in his *Memoirs* (Volume I, page 458):

“General Ricketts’ division of the Sixth Corps and some raw troops that had been collected by General Lew Wallace met and held the Confederates till the other reinforcements that had been ordered to the Capital could be brought up.”

General Grant says in his *Memoirs* (Volume II, page 306):

“There is no telling how much this result (the saving of the Capital from Early’s attack in July, 1864,) was contributed to by General Lew Wallace’s leading what might well be considered a forlorn hope. If Early had been but one day earlier he might have entered the Capital before the arrival of the reinforcements I had sent. General Wallace contributed on this occasion, by the defeat of the troops under him, a greater benefit to the cause than often falls to the lot of a commander of an equal force to render by means of a victory.”

Without being in any way responsible for the strategical errors of the Hunter raid, which culminated in failure, the Hundred Days Men bore their part in that movement as cheerfully, and with little more apparent suffering, than was shown by troops that had been toughened by three years’ service in the West Virginia mountains.

At North Mountain three companies of the 135th Regiment (Colonel Legg, of Licking County,) were left in a block house, the order to retreat having failed to reach them. After fighting for five hours against a body of five thousand of the enemy with five pieces of artillery, they surrendered, were taken to Andersonville, where fifty-five — about half the whole number captured — died.

Ten of the regiments participated in the operations on the James River and near Petersburg and Richmond, all of which were under fire, losing more or less of their numbers, where,

as reports of brigade and division commanders bear witness, "they comported themselves like veterans."

As a whole, the service of the Guard was a revelation to old soldiers. The tiresome forced marches, amounting in several cases to hundreds of miles, on insufficient rations, were performed with the promptness and energy of veterans, and with comparatively light loss. The heavy drill and guard duty, the patrol and police duty in the Washington defenses, under the peculiar circumstances, were little less arduous than the more active field service.

The Ohio National Guard in 1864 did far more than was expected of it when its services were offered to the Government, and, all things considered, I doubt if any body of similar numbers could have done better. Instead of guards at the rear, they became at once soldiers at the front, where, touching elbows with veterans of three years' service, the heroes of a hundred battles, they fought and died, nor thought of claiming immunity from danger or hardship by reason of anything express or implied in their contract with the Government.

There were those among our volunteer regiments who affected to sneer at the service of the Hundred Days Men, and some of them still remain. It was the same feeling which, at the beginning of the war, made the regular troops assume a superiority over the volunteers; but Lincoln and Grant and Stanton were not of the number. Grant thought and said that the reinforcement of forty-two regiments, so promptly sent him at the opening of the battle summer of 1864, enabled him to make that campaign the prelude to the closing scene at Appomattox. In a private letter to Governor

Brough, written about the 1st of June, 1864, General Grant said he had never seen a battery more promptly supported on the battlefield than he was supported by the National Guard of his native State in May, 1864.

Whether the Guard was on the alert in the intrenchments of the Capital, battling at the front with the veteran forces of the Confederacy, or skirmishing on the lines of supply with a wary and active force in the rocky defiles of the Alleghenies, each in his place did his duty manfully toward the achievement of the great and final victory which came a few months later as the direct result of operations in which the Guard have a part.

I have never doubted, and I know that Lincoln and Grant and Stanton did not doubt, that the services of the Hundred Days Men of Ohio in 1864 shortened the war.

OCTOBER 7, 1896.



## AN ADJUTANT'S RECOLLECTIONS.

BY CORNELIUS CADLE,

Late Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General Seventeenth  
Army Corps; Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

My paper is not historical; it is not critical; if it has any value, it is only for to-night, and for, I hope, a half-hour's entertainment. It will be of no use toward "making history," and I shall be surprised if the "future historian" finds anything in it that will aid in deciding whether Shiloh was a "surprise"; whether Halleck could have taken Corinth with less digging and in quicker time; whether it was good strategy for Grant to leave his connecting lines and fall upon Vicksburg from the rear; whether Sherman's strategical flanking of Joe Johnston's army in the Atlanta campaign, Johnston's masterly retreating, Hood's assaults after he relieved Johnston (and in these assaults he "buted out his brains"); whether Sherman's theory of his "March to the Sea," cutting the Confederacy in two, and doing afterwards practically the same thing in the Carolinas, were all in accordance with Halleck's translation of "Jomini's Art of War"; whether the Army of the Tennessee burned Columbia; whether our "Battle of Bentonville," the last fight of Sherman's army, was pushed to complete success;—and I had the honor to be in all of it.

Success is the criterion, and we succeeded. Whether success was from what we did, or what we did not do, will be decided by historians some generations hence.

In September, 1861, I enlisted as a private in Company H, Eleventh Iowa Infantry, then organizing, and was made Adjutant of the regiment upon October 30th following, and during the war I went through all the grades until I became Colonel.

My regiment, the Eleventh Iowa, and the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa, served together from the day after the battle of Shiloh until the end of the war. General Hickenlooper, who served with McPherson and Blair, (and he and I were much together in those days of glory,) commanded finally the "Iowa Brigade" — Crocker's Iowa Brigade — that glorious brigade that from Shiloh to the Grand Review at Washington was never defeated and never separated, and I had the honor to be its first Adjutant General, just after Shiloh.

I had an experience at Shiloh, a minor one. Upon Tuesday, April 8, 1862, when the thirty-five hundred dead were being buried and the fifteen thousand wounded were being cared for, an officer of one of the burial squads came to the camp of the Eleventh Iowa and said: "I have found the body of Lieutenant Cadle, your Adjutant." He was told that I was the Adjutant of the brigade, and was at the brigade headquarters. He came and showed me a memorandum book and a number of letters that he had found in the coat of a dead man in a First Lieutenant's uniform. The book and letters were mine. I rode with him to the spot, and there was a body with my best coat on, but with butternut trousers, and I knew at once that it was not Cadle. He had been in my tent on Sunday, and had "captured" my best coat, and had a bullet through my coat and his heart. It is

perhaps well that I left my best coat in my tent that Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, on the theory "that every bullet has its billet."

Just after the Corinth campaign I, yet a Lieutenant, was assigned as Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Sixth Division, commanded by General J. B. S. Todd, Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law. General E. O. C. Ord commanded the corps. One day General Todd said: "Write such a communication to General Ord." I wrote and submitted it. General Todd said: "Cadle, you have addressed this to General Ord. Major Placidus Ord is the Adjutant General."

I knew, but had forgotten for the moment, the ethics of the army regulations; but the mistake I made then was never repeated, and in later days I "went" for the Adjutants below me, who sometimes made the same mistake.

The Adjutant, if he "got there," was an important factor of the regiments, the brigades, the divisions, the corps, and the armies. He was the mouthpiece of the commander.

If we said, as an Adjutant General, to a commander of a regiment, a brigade, a division, a corps, "The General sends his compliments and directs that you do so and so," the commanders of the regiments, the brigades, the divisions, and the corps, while they might know that the Adjutant had not seen his chief for an hour — a day — would promptly obey. These commanders had the right to ask from the Adjutant a written order, but in all my experience as an Adjutant, from a regiment to a corps, I was never asked by an officer to put my directions in writing, whether on the battlefield, march, or in camp. I remember that sometimes when I gave an order to Ransom, Mower, Kilby Smith, Leggett, Force, Giles

A. Smith, Gresham, Fuller and others, they, knowing I had not seen my General for hours, and that he was in another part of the field, would go over the situation, and we would agree upon the right thing to do, the right attack or movement to make, and my order might be modified or not, as the condition demanded.

The Adjutant had two things to consider in order to succeed: First, to know his duty and to do it; second, to be courteous and keep his temper always under control. There was another factor, quite important: to let his office tent and papers go during an engagement, and to be himself upon the front line — an aid to the commander. He might get a bullet — many of us did — I did, — but all this added to his glory, and when he was mentioned in the official reports, he was ready for more glory and even more bullets.

I knew, of course, that the reports mentioned me as having done my duty; and the recent publications of the War Department Records of the Rebellion, where I was referred to, made me wish that I might “try it again” in our Spanish war. But I was too old.

On the 22d of July, at Atlanta, I was the Adjutant General of the Fourth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, commanded by General Giles A. Smith. During the battle we rode on the line where General Belknap was fighting, and where he was destroying, and did destroy, a regiment — the Forty-fifth Alabama — that had charged upon him.

The rest of the story I quote from a magazine article of 1885, entitled “The Battle of Atlanta”:

“General Giles A. Smith and his Adjutant General, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, then a Captain, rode up to Bel-

knap's position. Belknap said: 'Gentlemen, get off your horses; they are sending grape and canister over here by the bushel.' These gentlemen did not dismount. They talked with Belknap until they ascertained what he was doing, gave him some instructions, and nonchalantly rode away. It was an exhibition of coolness in battle, but I must say for truth's sake that their faces were whiter than the paper I am writing upon."

I remember this incident, and that before we were a hundred yards down the line there came across the place where we had been but a moment before a whirlwind of shot and shell.

One day, in the Atlanta campaign, the Fourth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, was in front of a strong line of Confederate intrenchments upon Nickajack Creek. The safest place in that campaign was usually close behind our works, and for that reason, perhaps, I was generally in the front.

A soldier of the Eleventh Iowa, the regiment in which I enlisted in 1861, who was a sharp-shooter, having a rifle with telescopic sights that he had been using with effect upon the opposite works, called me and said: "Get off your horse and take my rifle for a shot." He and I had often as boys hunted together at home. I took his rifle and aimed it at a Confederate soldier about three hundred yards away. The telescopic sight brought this man in gray apparently as close to me as the front door is now, and I had the sight aligned upon his heart. I did not pull the trigger. I handed the gun back to my sharp-shooter friend, got on my horse and continued down the line.

A little further on I came to an Ohio battery in action. The artillery fire on both sides was terrific. As "number one" was sponging his gun, just discharged, a bird alighted on his collar and hid its head in his neck. He handed the bird to me and I placed it in the breast of my coat. I tried to release it during a lull in the firing, but it refused to fly. I kept it until dark and then placed it in a tree.

Just after leaving the battery I was directed by General Giles A. Smith, commanding the division, to order one of our brigades to make a certain movement. To reach the commander of the brigade I had to cross or go around a deep ravine. I left my horse with my orderly, reached the bottom of the ravine, and as I started to climb the ascent saw a six-pounder shot coming down in my direction. This was what is termed a "spent ball." I knew of their potency for injury, notwithstanding their slow speed and harmless appearance. I grasped a small sapling, and as the ball came slowly down I swung to one side and gave it the "right of way." I had seen, a few hours before, the effect of a spent ball. Standing with one of our staff, a four-pounder ball came into sight, rolling as would a baseball at the limits of the field. The staff officer with me backed his horse into the line of its movement; the horse was down in a moment with a broken leg. Hence my not trying to stop the "grunder" in the ravine.

Since 1866 I have often endeavored to analyze our fighting experience; why we stood up to the bullets of an opposing force. I am not sure that it is bravery. I think that it may be a species of moral cowardice. We wanted to "go home," but did not dare to. We could not afford to "run." That

we wanted to do so there is no question. When a man says, "I was not afraid in battle," I conclude that he is a liar, or he was not there.

I have been asked: "How many battles were you in?" I can only answer: "I don't know. Shiloh; the Corinth campaign; Vicksburg; Atlanta, its four months; the March to the Sea; the Carolina campaign; the battle of Bentonville." If we calculate how many fights we were in during those fifteen hundred days and those many thousand miles of march, we would perhaps ourselves be astonished at the fact that we were in front of the bullets of our then enemy, hearing them and receiving them in our bodies, more than three hundred days — three hundred days of good hard fighting.

Here is another story:

Just after the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, 1864, General Sherman directed General Stoneman, with a force of five thousand cavalry, to break the railroad between Atlanta and Macon. Stoneman asked Sherman's permission to go further, and, after he had broken the railroad, to be allowed to proceed to Macon and Andersonville and release the Union prisoners confined there.

Sherman says in his report: "There was something most captivating in the idea, and I consented that, if he defeated Wheeler's cavalry and broke the road, he could attempt it."

Stoneman did not succeed in all his plan. He was surrounded by the enemy. He gave orders to about two-thirds of his command, who were in such position that the execution of the order seemed feasible, to "cut their way out," and he, with the remainder of his force and his staff, were obliged to surrender.

The force "cutting their way out" became scattered, and many were captured. For the capture of these scattered men, hounds, the yellow flop-eared dogs, known as "nigger-hounds," kept in packs by professional hunters of fugitive slaves, were used with success.

When we started on the "March to the Sea" orders were given to kill every dog of this breed that could be found, and to make prisoners, if possible, of their owners. That is my text for a personal reminiscence of the "March to the Sea."

Not many days after leaving Atlanta, and not far from Milledgeville, Georgia, Major General Frank P. Blair, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps, was advised that about ten miles from the next day's route of march there lived a planter, owning a large pack of hounds, that had done great service in the capture of Stoneman's men. General Blair directed Colonel Hickenlooper, the Inspector General, and the writer, the Adjutant General of the corps, to take a force of cavalry; proceed to the planter's house; capture him, if possible; kill his hounds, and burn and destroy all his property. We went, and reaching the place of course found the planter away. His dogs, some forty or fifty, were there, confined in high, open-top rail pens. A detail from our cavalry escort mounted the pens, and in a few minutes had shot every dog, and I may add that our escort was Captain S. S. Tripp's company of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's regiment. We then went to the residence, a commodious log-house, surrounded with stables, corn-cribs, stacks of hay and fodder, and a smoke-house well filled with bacon. We communicated our orders to the wife of the planter. She had with her three handsome, fascinating young



ladies. There were tears, invocations; *no* invectives. Colonel Hickenlooper and I were young then, perhaps impressionable, especially when good-looking girls were concerned. We had stood before the bullets of the enemy, but tears from young, blue eyes were more fatal.

Yet we did not surrender — we compromised; we told them to have moved all the meat, meal and corn that they could into their house; we would give them time for their negroes to do this, and we would then burn everything else. They thanked us! When we left, the log-house was standing, and the ladies were on the porch; everything else was burning.

We rode back to the line of march, reported our action to General Blair with some apprehension because we had not fully carried out his orders. His only remark was: "I knew, when I sent you young men to execute an order like this, that if there were any good-looking girls there you would not carry it out. I think that for such duty hereafter I shall send older men."

General Blair said, when he assigned me as Adjutant General of the Seventeenth Army Corps: "You are the Adjutant. Issue the orders and see that they are carried out. If any question arises, come to my tent and wake me; Hickenlooper and Steele and all the rest are right with you, and I think you boys will solve any ordinary problems of Howard's or Sherman's orders. That is why you are upon my staff: to do the work — and to be responsible to me." This was my instruction from General Blair, with this further instruction: "Keep a complete diary of every day's transaction in our movements, and write it up for my reports when they are to

be made." I did write the reports of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and they are published in the War Records.

This incident occurred in our Carolina campaign :

The Seventeenth Army Corps, General F. P. Blair commanding, had three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Mower, Giles A. Smith, and Force. On the march it was the rule that the division in front to-day should be in the rear to-morrow; the division second in line to-day, in advance to-morrow, and the rear division to-day should be the second in line to-morrow. The orders from General Sherman for the movement upon the next day were issued at night after we were in camp. They came to Howard's headquarters, and from Major Van Dyke, his Adjutant General, to me anywhere from 9 to 12 o'clock at night. I wrote the orders for the next day's march of our corps predicated upon these reports. One day Force was in advance, Smith next, and Mower in the rear. Owing to the condition of the roads, Mower's division did not get into camp until about 4 o'clock in the morning. Before issuing the orders I waited for Mower to encamp. If I left the divisions in the same order on the second day, it would give Mower's men about two hours more rest. So I made the order that the corps should move in the same "order as yesterday." Each morning, after the head of the column had started, I rode back down the line of march to see and communicate with the commanding officers. When I reached the head of the last division there was an explosion. Mower "went" for me and wanted to know "why you have kept my division in the rear again to-day." I explained that it was in order that his command might have two or three hours more rest. That did not

mollify him, and I said: "General Mower, General Blair commands the corps." "Why," said Mower, "everybody knows that Blair leaves the preparation of the orders to you; I know that he never sees them."

I ended the controversy by saluting and riding to the front, where I told General Blair what had occurred. He only said: "Cadle, don't worry. When you go down the line tomorrow, Mower will apologize to you and I shall not say a word to him. If he does an injustice, he always repairs it." The next morning I went down the line, as usual. Mower was in advance of his staff. He, seeing me, checked up until they were with us. I saluted as usual, and Mower said: "Captain Cadle, I did you an injustice yesterday morning in the presence of my staff. In their presence I now apologize to you, and want also to say that you were right when you said: 'General Blair commands the corps.'"

I thanked him and rode forward with him. When we were out of earshot of his staff, he said: "Cadle, I have made amends for my brusqueness of yesterday, but you know that I was right in what I said."

Mower was brave to almost recklessness; quick-tempered, irascible; but he was honorable and just, as soon as the matter that had irritated him had past. When in an engagement Hickenlooper or I had to carry an order from Blair to Mower, we had to go to the very front to find him; and I may say that in carrying orders to him we often thought that there was danger of General Blair losing his Inspector General or his Adjutant General.

On the Salkahatchie River, in South Carolina, Mowers' division was upon both sides of a straight causeway, the

river being crossed by bridges, a half dozen times within cannon shot. I went one morning down to Mower's position and said: "General Blair sends his compliments and asks as to the situation now." Mower said: "Come with me and you will see for yourself." The enemy had a small force and a vigorous howitzer planted in front. As we reached the causeway, Mower said: "I will jump across, a shell will come down the road, and you can cross quickly after it." It did, and I crossed, and we got back the same way, except that I jumped first, then the shell, and then Mower. I thanked General Mower, and said: "Don't give me any more object lessons; your verbal statement will be enough."

The following story describes an actual occurrence on the "March to the Sea":

We all know of General O. O. Howard's fame as a soldier and his earnestness as a Christian. It was General Howard's custom to have on Sundays, when we remained in camp, religious services at his headquarters. He would order from one of the army corps a chaplain, and from the other a band, to report for duty on Sunday morning, and there were always a large assemblage, either on account of the religious tendency of the Army of the Tennessee, or their love and regard for General Howard. You may take your choice. General Hickenlooper and I always attended these services; but the Sunday afternoons we spent in our own way — perhaps more profitably — for our army pay was small, and with us was Major Van Dyke, the Adjutant General of the Army of the Tennessee. It was pleasant to note that General Hickenlooper, Major Van Dyke and myself, staff officers of the Army of the Tennessee, at this third of a century, yet live, and live in Cincinnati.

Upon this special Sunday, General Howard ordered General Blair to have a chaplain report at his headquarters and General Logan to send a band. In our corps we had two chaplains, and they were sent alternately. It may seem extraordinary that the Seventeenth Army Corps, with forty or more regiments, had but two chaplains; but our three years' service in what we thought was the "Army of the Lord" rendered a greater number unnecessary. Besides, the army could not "swear terribly in Flanders" if too much hampered. It was known at General Logan's headquarters that General C. C. Walcutt had a regimental band. These bands were almost as scarce as chaplains. General Logan did not know how this band had been organized.

These are the facts: In passing through one of the Georgia towns a few weeks before, some of General Walcutt's foragers "captured" a full set of brass instruments. A band was at once organized, and without a leader or instructor, this band had mastered two tunes, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl."

The chaplain and General Walcutt's band reported. After prayer by the chaplain, General Howard directed the band to play, and they did play "Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl."

The assemblage was at once dismissed, their decorous behavior having been sadly interfered with by this incongruous tune. General Howard sent for General Logan, who, in his turn, sent for General Walcutt. A satisfactory explanation was made, but the Fifteenth Army Corps was never called upon for another band. I had the honor, however, for several Sundays afterward to order the chaplain from our corps to report to General Howard.

Here is a reminiscence of the Carolina campaign :

Sherman's army left Atlanta on its " March to the Sea " on November 14, 1864. Rations of coffee, sugar and salt were carried in wagons, and foraging was depended upon for other supplies. This foraging was completely systematized by General Sherman, and was a success. The foragers did their work upon the flanks of the moving army, and protected it. This system of foraging was continued through the Carolinas. In South Carolina several of our foragers, who had strayed too far for support, were beaten to death by the enemy, and left with cards upon their bodies carrying the legend : " Death to foragers." General Sherman, by a flag of truce, notified General Wade Hampton, who was in our front, that further barbarity of this kind would meet with retaliation. A few days after this, a soldier of the Thirtieth Illinois was found with his skull beaten in, and the card and legend on his body.

This order is found on page 649, Volume 47, Part 2, Serial No. 99, of the War Department Records of the Rebellion, and shows the official action taken :

"Headquarters, Seventeenth Army Corps,  
Thirteen Miles from Cheraw, S. C., March 2, 1865.

"Special Orders, No. 56.

" 1. In accordance with instructions from the Major General commanding the army, directing that for each of our men murdered by the enemy a life of one of the prisoners in our hands should be taken, Major J. C. Marven, Provost Marshal, Seventeenth Army Corps, will select from the prisoners in his charge one man and deliver him to Brigadier

General M. F. Force, commanding Third Division, to be shot to death, in retaliation for the murder of Private R. M. Woodruff, Company H, Thirtieth Illinois Volunteers, a regularly detailed forager, who was beaten to death by the enemy near Blakeny's Bridge on or about the first day of March, 1865.

\* \* \*

“ By command of Major General Frank P. Blair,

“ CORNELIUS CADLE, JR., Adjutant General.”

We had then under guard with our corps about two hundred prisoners of war. The Provost Marshal paraded his prisoners. The commissioned officers and non-commissioned officers were separated and marched away from the privates. As many pieces of paper as there were privates among the prisoners were placed in a hat. All were blank but one, on which there was a cross. This fatal paper was drawn when about one-half of the prisoners had passed by the hat.

I remember well the tragic moment. The man — a North Carolinian, over six feet in height, apparently about thirty-five years of age, a typical poor white — saw his paper. No explanation had been made as to the drawing of lots; but, intuitively, each man seemed to know, and this man threw up his hands and exclaimed: “ I have it.”

Fifteen minutes later, pinioned to a pine tree, he was shot to death by the detail from the regiment whose forager had been brutally clubbed to death two days before. And within the same hour a flag of truce conveyed from General Sherman to General Hampton the action that I have given. No more of our foragers were murdered. This simple, innocent North Carolinian was a sacrifice — a savior of our

foragers. He was buried where he fell. I did not see the execution, but was within sound of it, and sitting with the order before me as the shots were fired.

Upon the march the next day the commanding officer of the Thirtieth Illinois told me that the order signed by me had been pasted upon the man's headboard. I expressed my opinion of this in quite forcible language, and for several days acted with much care to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy, lest the order that I had signed might decorate *my* grave.

In speaking of his Army of the Tennessee, General Sherman said that he could find men capable of performing any required duty, whether it was legal, theological, medical, scientific or mechanical. Besides this ability, his men had the assurance to undertake any needed work. An example of this is told in the following true incident, in which the assurance of the writer is more apparent than his ability.

In the autumn of 1863, Crocker's division of the Seventeenth Army Corps was stationed at Natchez, Miss. I was the Adjutant General of the division. One day a minister of the town came into my office, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, and introducing him, said he was one of his parishioners who desired to be married that evening, but that he, the minister, could not perform the ceremony under the laws of Mississippi without a license, and as there were no civil officers in the county and the military authorities were in charge, he applied to them. I said to him that it was a very easy matter to arrange, and wrote the following order. I give fictitious names:



“ Headquarters District of Natchez, September 1, 1863.

“ Special Orders, No. 33.

“ The Rev. Dr. Jones is hereby authorized and directed to solemnize the rites of matrimony between John Doe and Mary Roe, and to make due report of his action in the premises to these headquarters.

“ Upon the close of hostilities and the resumption by the civil authorities of their duties under the rule of the Union, he will file this order in the proper office of the County Court as authority for his action.

“ By order of General M. M. Crocker,

“ CORNELIUS CADLE, JR., Adjutant General.”

The ceremony was performed, and a due allowance of cake and wine was sent to our headquarters.

There was a sequel to this marriage.

A few days afterwards a very good-looking young woman came to our headquarters and told me that about a year before the war she had been married to a man from Ohio, who, at the breaking out of the war, had gone north, and that she had not since heard from him, and that she wanted a divorce. I told her that it was impossible to obtain a divorce until the war was over and the courts were again in session, when she could procure it on the ground of desertion. “ Why,” said she, “ I want an order from you granting me a divorce.” I told her that it was impossible, and that I had no authority to give her such an order. “ Well,” she replied, “ you issued a marriage license to a friend of mine several days ago, and I don’t see why you can not give me a divorce.” I told her that marriages were recognized as a necessity and of a high moral order; divorces are not, and the army always

occupies a high moral plane in every respect, and that it was absolutely impossible for me to do anything in the matter. She made use of the usual feminine expression, that "I was too mean for anything," and left my office.

The Army of the Tennessee was transferred to Louisville after the Grand Review, May 23 and 24, 1865, in Washington, where 180,000 veteran soldiers passed the reviewing stand in front of the Executive Mansion. There our army was mustered out. I, of course, expected to be; but my order came from the War Department to report to Major General Wager Swayne, at Montgomery, Ala., for duty. I remained in the service with him until September, 1866.

My experience as an Adjutant General upon the staffs of Crocker, Ransom, McArthur, Todd, Giles A. Smith, Gresham, Mower, Fuller, Blair and Swayne would, were I a good delineator of human nature, enable me to describe their attributes.

A composite graphology of these soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, if it could be made, as are sometimes composite photographs, would show in its essentials gallantry, bravery, skill, firmness, kindness, courtesy, and an intensity of desire to do every duty toward the success of the Union cause. And in such composite graphology there would be no appearance of selfishness or jealousy.

I shall not apologize for the appearance of the Ego in my remarks. Sherman said to us often after our great war: "Use the personal pronoun 'I' whenever you can. Who are better entitled to do so than we who were soldiers in the battle for the Union for four long years."

OCTOBER 4, 1899.

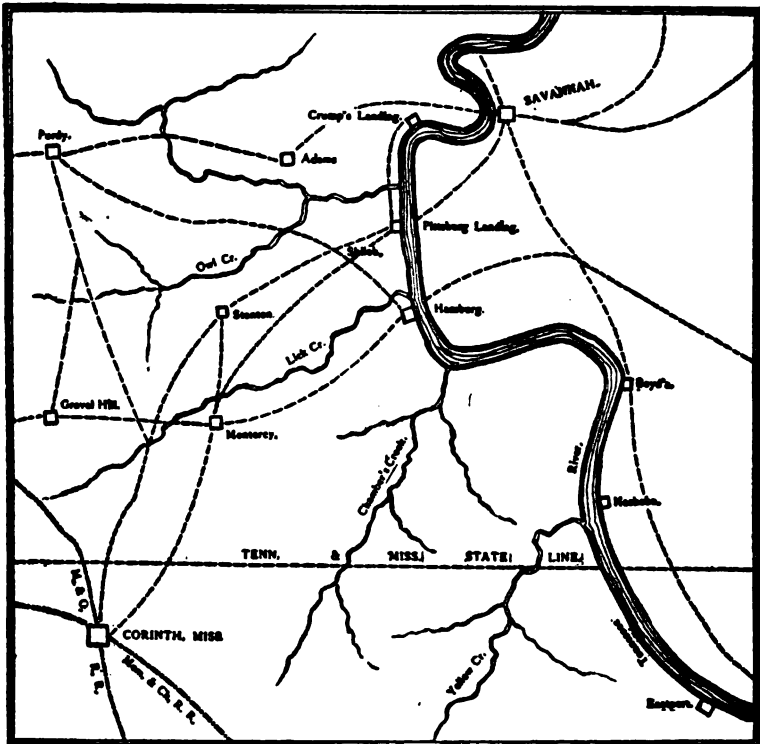
# THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

[IN TWO PARTS.]

BY ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,

Late Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Inspector General U. S. V.;  
Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V.

PART I.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE BATTLE.



“No great battle was ever fought under such peculiar conditions. No battle ever had so much history; and of no battle was so little truth known after it was over.”

So vividly have the scenes and incidents of that unparalleled struggle been impressed upon the minds of those who took part in it that it seems almost impossible to realize that nearly forty years have passed since the close of the Civil War; years that have brought with them a new generation possessing no other knowledge of its stirring events than that gleaned from the pages of history — history which is frequently written by those who have no personal knowledge of the events described.

It therefore appears that the surviving participants owe it to those who may follow in their footsteps to describe, even imperfectly, some of the principal incidents that came within the range of their personal observation; incidents that seem to them now not like memories, but rather like vivid dreams of a swiftly moving panorama, which affords occasional glimpses of some especially impressive scene or event such as the battle of Shiloh, which will for all time furnish food for thought, and be regarded by the students of military history as one of the most interesting of the great battles of the Civil War.

#### PRELIMINARY CONDITIONS.

In January, 1862, the southern limits of our military occupation extended no further south than the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The latter was closed by formidable batteries erected at Columbus, Ky., while the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, which entered the Ohio River near Paducah, Kentucky, only about twelve miles apart, but divergently extended far into the interior of the Confederacy, were effectually blocked by Forts Henry and Donelson.

Fort Henry was captured by the Army of the Tennessee, under General Grant, February 6, 1862, and Fort Donelson shared a like fate ten days later, thus opening two important waterways to the Union forces. Advantage was at once taken of this in dispatching General Sherman up the Tennessee with an expeditionary force, accompanied by the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, for the purpose of effecting a break in the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near Eastport, or about twenty-five miles above Pittsburg Landing. The flooded condition of the country between the river and the railroad defeated this purpose, and it was then resolved to concentrate all available forces at some point from which it would be practicable to advance upon Corinth, Mississippi, which was in itself an unimportant village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, but which had great strategic importance, as the junction or crossing of the Memphis and Charleston with the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

One of these passed southwardly from the Ohio River through Western Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico, and the other from the Mississippi River eastwardly to the Atlantic; so they were two of the most important lines of interior communication in the South. The importance of Corinth being fully understood by both Union and Confederate commanders, every effort was made by both sides to concentrate there, for aggressive and defensive operations, the greatest number of men in the shortest possible time.

Pittsburg and Crump's Landings, on the Tennessee, about two hundred miles above the junction with the Ohio, were selected as being the most convenient points of concentration from which to move upon Corinth, but twenty

miles distant. All the available troops of General Grant's army, supplemented by reinforcements drawn from State camps and other less active fields of military operations, followed the expeditionary force as rapidly as steamers necessary for their transportation could be obtained.

With the exception of General Lew Wallace's division, which was located at Crump's, the arriving troops were disembarked at Pittsburg Landing. This was an ideal camping ground under the conditions then existing, as it was a comparatively level plateau three miles square and about fifty feet above the then flooded river, and had its flanks protected by Owl Creek on the north and Lick Creek on the south. It was cleared about the landing, and some small patches, previously cultivated, were scattered through an otherwise densely wooded territory. This was cut up to some extent by numerous small creeks, of sufficient depth to interfere with ready communication between the various encampments, which were singularly established without any reference to a uniform rule, or defensive line. However, the divisions of Sherman on the right, and of Prentiss on the left, covering the two main Corinth roads, and Stewart's detached brigade of Sherman's division on the Hamburg road, being farthest from the landing and nearest Corinth, though separated by considerable intervals from each other, might be considered as together forming the front line.

To the left and rear of Sherman, but less than a mile from the river, McClernand's camp had been established, while the divisions of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were located near the landing, Lew Wallace's division at Crump's Landing, six miles distant, and three regiments of Grant's army and

Nelson's division of Buell's army were later encamped about Savannah.

About the same time, General Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the Confederate armies in the West, fully aware of the movements and purposes of General Grant, withdrew the forces that had been contesting the advance of General Buell in Tennessee, and rapidly transferred them to Corinth, supplementing them by additional troops drawn from garrison duty throughout the South, and such new levies as the Governors of the several Southern and Southwestern States could be induced to contribute. Having thus concentrated about fifty thousand men in the vicinity of Corinth, he assumed personal command March 24th, and on April 2d issued orders for an advance upon the Union forces at Pittsburg Landing.

#### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

General Sherman, in one of his masterly and eloquent addresses to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, said:

“History, with its busy fingers, is already gathering all these events and loading our shelves with volumes; but to us, the living actors and witnesses, how feeble seem the pictures they have drawn. Who but a living witness can adequately portray those scenes on Shiloh's field, when our wounded men, mingled with rebels, charred and blackened by the burning tents and underbrush, were crawling about, begging for some one to end their misery? Who can describe the plunging shot shattering the strong oak as with a thunderbolt, and beating down horse and rider to the ground? Who but one who has heard them can describe the peculiar sizzing of the

minie-ball, or the crash and roar of a volley fire? Who can describe the last look of the stricken soldier as he appeals for help that no man can give, or describe the dread scenes of the surgeon's work, or the burial trench?"

While many attempts have been made, with greater or less effectiveness, to describe a battle scene —

“ How they cheered, and how they rallied;  
How they charged midst shot and shell;  
How they bore aloft their banner;  
How they conquered; how they fell,”—

I concur in the opinion that no tongue can truthfully tell, written language describe, or artist's brush portray, the shifting scenes and varying phases of a great battle, covering an area of probably twenty-five or thirty square miles.

I shall therefore attempt no such hopeless task, but only, in plain and simple language, record the personal experiences and impressions of a young volunteer in his maiden battle; and from the subsequently compiled reports of others, prepare a condensed though fairly accurate description of its principal features, more especially those pertaining to the Sixth Division, commanded by General Prentiss, to which the Fifth Ohio Battery had been attached. Thus written it may not possess the charm of an interesting romance based upon the vivid imagination of one who, though possibly a talented author, never passed through the experiences of participation in the most bitterly contested and bloody struggle of the Civil War; but it will certainly record facts, and truthfully portray incidents that came within personal observation.

There was no battle of the Civil War that has been so



thoroughly discussed; no one wherein the actual conditions were so imperfectly understood; in which unavoidable disasters were so greatly exaggerated; in which generalship in the Union army played so small a part, or the incomparable personal bravery and valor of Northern troops was so little comprehended; and certainly there was no battle for which credit and blame were so unintelligently and unjustly applied as the battle of Shiloh.

It may not be uninteresting to insert here a brief sketch of the Fifth Battery, which was among the very first to respond to the President's call for troops to serve "for three years, or during the war." It was organized and originally designated as "Hickenlooper's Cincinnati Battery," under the special authority of General Fremont, then commanding the Western Department, and its members were, as rapidly as recruited, sent direct to the St. Louis Arsenal.

After nearly two months had been spent in trying to secure official recognition and proper equipment, the War Department decided that General Fremont had no authority for such independent action, alone vested in the Chief Executive of the State wherein the troops were recruited. This decision necessitated an application to the Governor of the State of Ohio, whose acceptance was secured; but because of this recited delay we had lost our proper numerical rating, and had to accept an assignment as the "Fifth Ohio Independent Battery of Light Artillery," with officers commissioned as follows: A. Hickenlooper, Captain; John H. Hollenshade, Senior First Lieutenant; A. B. Burton, Junior First Lieutenant; L. C. Sawyer, Senior Second Lieutenant; J. F. Blackburn, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Thus organized we were ordered to report at the St. Louis Arsenal, where some months were spent in drill and guard duty before we were ordered to Jefferson City, where I was personally assigned to duty under the following order :

“ Headquarters, Jefferson City, Mo.,  
October 31st, 1861.

“ Special Order No. 56.

“ Agreeable to instructions received at this Post October 30th, 1861, so much of Special Order No. 55 appointing Captain Mitchell Commandant of Artillery at this Post is modified as follows :

“ Captain A. Hickenlooper is hereby appointed to the command of the artillery at this Post.

“ Captain Mitchell will turn over to Captain Hickenlooper any instructions which he may have received in regard to the duties assigned to him as Commandant of Artillery.

“ By order of Brigadier General Thomas L. Price.

“ JOHN POUND,

“ Lieutenant Colonel and Acting Adjutant General.”

On the 6th of March, 1862, while thus serving as Commandant of Post Artillery, I received orders to re-assume command of the battery, and with it report to General Grant, on the Tennessee River. When these orders were received, Lieutenant Hollensshade tendered his resignation.\* The bat-

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\* When the firing began at Shiloh, Lieutenant Hollensshade retired to a steamer at the landing, and there remained until the battle was over and he had an opportunity of leaving via Paducah for Cincinnati. Being the first person to reach home direct from the battlefield, he created widespread consternation by reporting the complete anni-

tery went by steamer down the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers and up the Tennessee. This experience was so novel and new that it proved a most interesting one. The river was at flood height, bearing upon its swollen surface an immense fleet of steamers, crowded to their utmost capacity with troops so numerous that to my inexperienced mind they appeared more than sufficient to overrun the entire Confederacy. The weather was beautiful, the balmy spring air invigorating, and the utmost enthusiasm everywhere prevailed, finding expression in cheers and songs extending far into the night. The landing was crowded with boats, each anxious to force a way into the very limited space from which but indifferent roadways led to the bluffs above. Along these roadways teamsters, with heavily laden wagons and exhausted mules, were contending continuously, night and day, for the right of way.

We finally succeeded in disembarking, and occupied a temporary camp near the landing until Friday, April 4th, when, just after dark, we heard heavy skirmish firing at the front, and at the same time received an order directing me to report with my battery to Prentiss' division.

Leaving directions for the ammunition chests to be packed and shells capped, I started in search of General Prentiss, and rode through what appeared to be interminable camps, meeting regiment after regiment, and batteries innumerable, mov-

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hilation of the battery early in the morning; that every member of the command had been either killed, wounded, or captured, he alone surviving the slaughter. It was by such men, and through such agencies, filtered through the public press, that the first news of the battle was given to the world.

ing in every conceivable direction and apparent confusion, along narrow roads and pathways cut through woods and dense underbrush. The intense darkness was dispelled only by numerous camp-fires, which gave to the whole a weird and impressive appearance.

After nearly two hours' search I found General Prentiss' headquarters far to the front. He appeared to be a thorough, wide-awake soldier and courteous gentleman, who, after a few minutes' preliminary conversation, informed me that the flurry had been occasioned by an attack in considerable force upon our pickets; but that he thought it was but a reconnoissance in force by the enemy, who had retired, and thus ended the affair. He said that therefore I need not report my battery that night, but upon the following morning, when he would assign us a suitable camp.

While returning to my own quarters I encountered several detachments of troops escorting squads of prisoners, who, though indifferently clad and unkempt in appearance, generally bore a determined and defiant air, and who, in response to the taunts and jibes of our boys, sent back as good as they received. One such fellow, in response to the inquiry as to whether there were enough "Graybacks" — the favorite term at that time applied to our enemies — left out in the woods from whence they came to make interesting hunting, replied: "Yes, more than you'ns have ever seen, and of a new kind that hunts men, and if you all ain't mighty careful, they'll run you into hell or the river before to-morrow night." Nothing was thought of this forceful retort at the time, and yet in the light of subsequent events, how significant was its import!

On the following morning reveille was sounded before daylight, tents struck, camp equipages packed, and with the first glimpse of the sun's rays we were en route for our new camp, situated in a beautiful cedar grove adjoining General Prentiss' headquarters. The day was spent in pitching tents, clearing ground, digging sinks and erecting shelters for our horses, resulting before the close of day in our being comfortably installed in the most healthful and delightfully situated camp we had ever occupied.

It was one of those beautiful spring days, when all nature seems to conspire to leave its impress, "On earth peace, good will toward men." Streams and rivulets were murmuring a joyous welcome to recent rains, snowy daisies and bright violets peeped from beneath the velvet sod, while the cypress and the pine gave forth the peculiar fragrance of that Southern clime. And, as the evening shadows lengthened and the campfires brighter burned, the strains of martial music, the hum of many voices and the songs of happy soldiers filled the air with sweetest melody, and lulled to sleep those who little realized that the morrow's sun would light the way for the Confederate army, then crouching in darkness and silence in the adjoining forests, ready to spring upon a numerically inferior and unsuspecting foe.

#### OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

The bugle's cheery notes aroused the camp at the dawn of day; breakfast was over, and all was ready for an early morning drill, when the faint reports of distant picket shots were heard, and then came the pattering fire of the reserves, raised into prominence and then hushed again by the soft balmy

zephyrs from the south, followed by volleys on the right that told of swiftly approaching danger. Bugles sounded "Boots and saddles," drums beat "To the colors," and the "long roll's" ominous sound fell upon ears all unused to an interpretation of its fearful import; first faintly, and then louder, as drum after drum joined in that dread alarm.

"Battery assembly" was quickly sounded, followed by the sharp commands, "Harness," "Hitch," "Mount," "From right into column," "Forward," "Trot," "Gallop," and the Fifth was en route for the front. Its pounding guns and beating hoofs, every moment growing louder and louder, signaled to the waiting and impatient infantry the battery's advance, for no defensive line can be so quickly steadied as by letting loose these loud-mouthed dogs of war. They inspire a feeling of stability and security, and by their defiant notes from bronzed throats relieve the nervous strain and tension of the waiting soldiers, soothed by the coming into view of six horses to each gun and caisson — eighty in all — with officers and sergeants mounted on spirited horses, with conspicuous red trappings flecked with foam. All come under lash and spur, dashing wildly forward over obstructions that make the guns jump in air, and careen from side to side, as though in momentary danger of destruction; but not a horse slacks his speed or soldier loses his seat. Suddenly the Captain's raised sword and the bugle's ta-ta, ta-ta, ta-ta, checks the mad rush and restores order to the mass of mingled men, horses and guns. Another bugle blast, and without a halt the course of each gun is diverted from the column, and the six teams come into line facing the enemy; another moment, and another signal, and all but the guns are wheeling to the

rear, and again facing to the front. Quickly each man and officer takes his assigned position; the "minies" buzz and sing about their ears, but neither they nor the wicked shell interfere with the regular pulsations of the machine as it begins its work of destruction, until a gunner drops from his place and another fills the gap; and thus the work goes on with a system and regularity marvelous in its perfection.

It was thus the Fifth Battery met and assisted in checking the first determined onslaught of the enemy, giving nearly two precious hours' notice of approaching danger to the still slumbering army far in the rear. Soon the banshee-like scream of the hurtling shell, the crash of timber, the volleys of musketry and the cheers of the charging regiments, all blended in one mighty rumble and roar, told in no unmistakable terms that the battle of Shiloh was on.

Several times the enemy essayed to move out from the shelter of the woods across the intervening thickets, but each time our guns — double-shotted with canister — tore great gaps in their ranks and drove them back to cover. During one of the temporary lulls in the fire on our immediate front, which we erroneously interpreted as a complete repulse of the enemy, and owing to the attack growing heavier on our right flank, General Prentiss personally ordered a "Change front to the right," a difficult movement to execute in a woods filled with dense undergrowth, and especially so while under fire, with horses rearing and plunging and dropping in their tracks. This was a mistake, of which the enemy at once took advantage by a direct charge from the front upon our now exposed and defenseless left flank.

## BATTERY FORCED TO RETIRE.

On they came in three lines, which reached as far as our field of observation extended. The supporting infantry, consisting of but portions of three regiments—the Twelfth Michigan, Sixteenth Wisconsin and Twenty-fifth Missouri—which had been lying under the protection of a slight swell in the ground along the edge of the timber, arose from their recumbent position and fired a volley, which caused the enemy to hesitate for but a moment, and then answer with a “rebel yell,” that caused an involuntary thrill of terror to pass like an electric shock through even the bravest hearts.

From out this fire that kills the white smoke slowly rises, and we again see the lines of glistening steel moving forward like a mighty and resistless ocean wave, slightly wavering, but with steady and determined movement, as though conscious of its mighty and resistless force. Once more the supporting forces pour into the advancing lines a deadly fire, that causes a momentary halt and hopeful confusion, but it is only for a moment. Again they close up their regimental colors and move steadily forward.

Realizing the hopelessness of our position, I have but time to order “Limber to the rear,” when there comes a crashing volley, that sweeps our front as with a scythe, a roar that is deafening, and the earth trembles with the shock. Every horse in our left section goes down in one heterogeneous mass of struggling horses, wounded men and defenseless guns. The supports break and give way in wild dismay, leaving the wounded, the dying and the silent dead on ground enriched by loyal blood.

My own favorite, Gray Eagle, falls upon his knees, rises



again, trembles for a moment, makes one or two ineffectual efforts to maintain an erect position, and then again plunges forward and rolls over upon his side, throwing me heavily to the ground.

A darkness comes upon me; the smoke, dust and confusion for a moment numb my sensibilities, as does the fall, from which I arise with a frightened wondering as to what had happened. Consciousness quickly returns, and hastily taking my revolvers from their holsters, I turn to aid Lieutenant Burton — who has also been dismounted — in efforts to extract the remnant of the battery from an appalling wreck. Casting a look toward the advancing lines, I see but the faces of men blackened with powder smoke, lightened up by revengeful fury and flushed by the promises of victory.

#### BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

Barely in time to escape the touch of bayonets, over ditches, between trees, through underbrush, over logs, every rider lashing his team, we gain an opening, when the bugle's "Battery, halt," again brings order out of apparent confusion, and the shattered battery has a chance to breathe for the first time since early morning.

It seems an age, and yet but two, or at most three, hours had elapsed since we passed to the front with all the pomp and pride of conscious power. Slowly we moved backward, saving ourselves from capture only by bringing the remaining sections alternately into action, until we reached the color-line of our camps, upon which an effort was being made to reform our disorganized forces.

While thus engaged there came trotting up the road from the front a riderless horse, which I soon recognized as my supposed dead Gray Eagle, his beautiful white neck and breast stained crimson with the blood of as noble an animal as man ever rode in battle. With a look of recognition and a glad "whinny" he halted at my side. While thus wounded and no doubt suffering with pain, the greatest kindness was to care for him by again taking my place upon his back, and thus he served me through the remainder of that eventful day.

This was our battery's first baptism in blood, and my own, and our boys' first experience under fire, and nobly they responded to the crucial test. Blackburn bravely performed his whole duty, and cried like a child when his section was lost, while Burton was the same cool, calm and collected soldier he had always shown himself to be under less trying circumstances. Various are the views expressed as to one's sensations when first subjected to an enemy's fire. As I recall my own, it was not one of fear, neither indifference to danger, but rather an elimination of all personality; amidst the quickened activity and excitement of the action I only realized that I had a duty to perform, an example to set, and an object to accomplish.

#### THE "HORNETS' NEST."

Slowly we retired from one defensible position to another, and at each receiving the heavy fire of a well-served opposing battery, until we finally reached a roadway which ran at right angles to the one upon which we had been moving, appropriately termed the "Sunken Road," having been cut for some distance through a low hill.

Thus Nature had here providentially supplied that which our commanders had so singularly neglected to provide, a defensive line upon which to rally, with a prominent knoll upon which to place the battery, and a protecting parapet only a few inches in height, but enough to partially protect the infantry, with front covered by an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush.

When the battery reached this position I was brought into closer touch and more intimate relations with General Prentiss; had more time to contemplate his restless energy and terrible earnestness; saw the long line of determined men extending to the right and left as far as the eye could reach; observed regiments moving to the front instead of to the rear; heard the quick, sharp commands as troops were hurried into position, and felt the influences of the death-like stillness that prevailed throughout the command. I realized that it was the end of fighting by detachments, and that there was being made a systematic concentration for a mighty, and possibly conclusive, struggle between the whole of the contending forces, in which we would have to accept and bear our full share of its burdens and responsibilities.

For this we had not long to wait. Soon the shells gave warning, and the skirmish fire grew stronger and deeper. Then came long triple lines of bristling steel, whose stern-faced bearers, protected and yet impeded by the heavy undergrowth, came pressing on, until our cannon's loud acceptance of their challenge and the infantry's crashing volleys caused the assailants to hesitate, break in confusion and hastily retire. We hoped they had gone for good, or at least long enough to enable the survivors to count the cost and care for the

wounded, with that singular feeling of self-congratulation and brotherly affection which is born of the smoke of battle and dangers passed through together.

A stillness pregnant with meaning was soon broken by the rumble and roar of assembled batteries on the distant hill, which again belched forth their rain of shot and shell, that indicated a renewal of the struggle.

There were inquiring glances, thoughtful countenances, blanched faces and trembling hands; but there were also evidences of readiness for a display of reckless courage and the performance of daring deeds that subordinated nervousness to pride, and by apparent light-hearted disregard of consequences encouraged the less courageous to brace themselves for another test of soldierly endurance.

This temporary defeat of the attacking forces had given time for caring for the wounded and for the hasty strengthening of the defensive line; it had also allowed the smoke to clear away, thus affording a better view of the Confederate lines as they again moved forward in a charge of increased impetuosity.

The ear-piercing and peculiar "rebel yell" of the men in gray and the answering cheers of the boys in blue rose and fell with the varying tide of battle; and with the hoarse and scarcely distinguishable orders of the officers, the screaming and bursting of shell, the swishing sound of canister, the roaring of volley-firing, the death screams of the stricken and struggling horses, and the cries and groans of the wounded, formed an indescribable impression, which can never be effaced from memory.

Quickly came the orders sharp and clear: "Shrapnel," "Two seconds," "One second," "Canister." Then, as the enemy made preparation for their final dash, "double canister" was ordered delivered with such rapidity that the separate discharges were blended into one continuous roar. Then the supporting infantry, rising from their recumbent position, sent forth a sheet of flame and leaden hail that elicited curses, shrieks, groans and shouts, all blended into an appalling cry. Vainly courageous Confederate leaders attempted to rally their rapidly disorganizing forces; but the task assigned was too difficult for human agency to accomplish, and their lines first wavered, halted, gave way, and finally made a mad rush for cover, leaving each gun's line of fire marked by a windrow of dead and dying, whose resting place was to be unknown and unmarked, except by sun-bleached bones.

Again and again, through long and trying hours, this dance of death went on, at frequent intervals, from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, thus gradually sapping the energies of these heroic men, who had borne the heat and burden of the fateful day with a courage unparalleled in the annals of the Civil War.

#### ONE-THIRD HORS DE COMBAT.

In hastily responding to the early morning call, all but the gun squads had been left in camp, and as the tide of battle shifted back to and through them, these men naturally drifted back toward the landing. One-third of our fighting force had been placed *hors de combat*, and some there were, no doubt, who in the confusion sought safety in flight; but those boys

who remained with us in the "Hornets' Nest" were of the stuff out of which heroes are made.

General Force has so fully and forcibly described the incidents of this portion of the battle that little remains to be said further than that we had not long to remain in doubt as to the intentions of the enemy. Charge after charge was made and repulsed; the subsequent cannonading was terrific; one of our guns was disabled by a solid shot, and a caisson exploded by a shell; but because of our comparatively sheltered position, our loss in men was not correspondingly serious.

Not until Lieutenant Burton had his leg shattered by a minie ball, about 3 P. M., and was carried away to the rear, did I feel in the least downhearted or despondent. He was not a man apparently capable of intense self-sacrificing personal friendship — one who would ever shine in society, or even become a leader in the civil or political ranks of life — but he was every inch a soldier, cool, calm, self-possessed, brave to a fault, and at no time restive under the restraints of military discipline. He had proven to be not only an efficient subordinate, but a companion and friend, in whom I placed implicit confidence. The work of the morning had made a severe draft upon my physical strength and nervous vitality, but this was not a time when we could stop to shed a tear over the loss of even our dearest friend.

#### GENERAL PRENTISS SURRENDERS.

The day wore on, gradually weakening our powers of resistance; the line was slowly melting away; our ammunition, several times replenished, was nearly exhausted, and

the rebel lines could be plainly seen crossing the "peach orchard" in our rear, toward the only road over which escape seemed possible. It was then General Prentiss informed me that he feared it was too late for him to make the attempt to withdraw his infantry, but that I must pull out, and, if possible, reach the reserves, or forces forming in the rear. I bade the General—as brave a little man as ever lived—good-by, and, under whip and spur, the remnant of our battery dashed down the road, barely escaping capture. He remained with his devoted followers, and with them accepted captivity rather than abandon the position he had been ordered to hold to the last.

He remained a prisoner of war for nearly a year, and, though our personal acquaintance was limited to that one day's association, he evidently retained a kindly remembrance of that experience, for in his official report, written after his return from captivity, he said:

"Captain A. Hickenlooper, of the Fifth Ohio Battery, by his gallant conduct commended himself to general praise."

And, sixteen years later, during the political canvass of 1879, he wrote as follows:

"KIRKVILLE, MO., July 21, 1879.

"General A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Dear Sir:—I address this letter to you for information, you being a candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio.

"Please inform me at once if you are the same Hickenlooper that commanded a battery at Shiloh, and rendered such efficient aid to me in holding the rebels in check in Sunday's fight. My reason for seeking this information is

that if you are the same man, I shall take great pleasure in doing what I can to help you; and if it were not for being in ill health, I would at once proceed to Ohio and give at least one month's services in behalf of one I have always remembered since the 6th of April, 1862, as a most gallant, brave and efficient officer, all of which applies to the Hickenlooper whom I knew so well on that eventful day.

"Yours truly,

"B. M. PRENTISS,

"Late Major General Volunteers."

THE END OF THE DAY.

The road over which we retreated passed by the left flank of a line being formed by General Sherman, to whom I reported. That he believed the battery did effective work while thus temporarily attached to his command is evidenced by the following quotation from his Memoirs:

"But about 4 P. M. it was evident that Hurlbut's line had been driven back to the river, and knowing that General Lew Wallace was coming with reinforcements from Crump's Landing, General McClernand and I, on consultation, selected a new line of defense, with the right covering a bridge by which General Wallace had to approach. We fell back as well as we could, gathering up in addition to our own such scattered forces as we would find, and thus formed the new line. The Fifth Ohio Battery, which had come up, rendered good service in holding the enemy in check for some time."

The only misunderstanding this distinguished soldier apparently had of the situation was in supposing that the battery which came to his assistance when so sorely pressed,



was one which had been brought fresh from the recently arrived reinforcements at the landing, and not one that had already been subjected, for nearly ten consecutive hours, to the hardest work and severest hammering ever experienced by a battery in any battle of the Civil War.

The troops with which we thus became associated gave evidence of a degree of nervousness not observable in those at the Hornets' Nest. There was an absence of that confidence in comradeship which gives unity of feeling and co-operative action. While there was no direct evidence of a panic, they appeared to be impressed with the idea that they had played their last card, and further effort would be unavailing; that there was nothing more to be done, and "they might as well start for home." Singly and in squads they were walking away, regardless of the threats and pleadings of their officers, who were finally forced to give orders to retire. It was, however, gratifying to feel that we were, in the meantime, able to do some effective work before falling back and taking our final position in the line of reserve artillery near the landing, which has been universally credited with rendering such valuable assistance in repulsing the last assaults of the Confederate forces. What we there did was creditable, but in my judgment greatly overestimated.

Thus was the fateful day closed by cannon's flash that illumined the early night, and then gradually fell away in darkness and silence, broken only by the pitiless storm, the plaintive cries of the wounded, the thunder's roar and the booming of the "Tyler's" guns, that did little more than serve to mark the wearily passing hours and hurl defiance into the faces of the so far successful, but not victorious, hosts of the Rebellion.

Such depressing conditions were mitigated only by the encouraging strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the welcome cheers of the heroes of the Army of the Cumberland as they crossed the swollen Tennessee, and moved through the pouring rain into positions ready for the second day's struggle. Their appearance and enthusiasm were, I am happy to say, in striking contrast to the nervous, depressed and spiritless condition of those who greeted their deliverers with anything but words of encouragement.

Many of these were undoubtedly constitutional cowards, who had disgraced the uniforms they wore; but there were also there, mingled with these, many brave and gallant men, physically weakened and mentally depressed by ten consecutive hours of the severest open-field fighting the world has ever known. There were there, too, many whose comparatively slight, but disabling, wounds bore testimony to their valor; and still others who had bravely faced the enemy at dawn, and remained with their organizations until the shades of night closed down upon the awful scenes of carnage. With few exceptions they were men from regiments but recently formed, hastily organized, and indiscriminately assigned to brigades whose commanders were totally unknown to their subordinates; a heterogeneous mass, representing various degrees of courage, from reckless daring to ignominious fear.

There had been no order or system in camping; no relation of one command to another; no defined front or known rear, except an impassable river. There was no common directing head or superior officer beyond the rank of division commander placed on the firing line, whom all would recognize and promptly obey. There was nothing to give to

the whole a cohesion and unity of action, which would have resulted in the judicious use of reserves and the shifting of positions to counteract partial reverses. The night before had been passed by the Union troops in merry-making until the camp sank into a peaceful slumber, from which they were aroused by the roar of musketry and the booming of the guns of the Fifth Battery.

Universal was the feeling of security before the battle; every one was in total ignorance of its meaning when it began; all was confusion during its progress; and all was conjecture and rumor after the day's fighting had ceased, and darkness had cast its mantle over the disordered and confused remnants of two large armies, in which the losses had been heavy — twenty thousand killed and wounded — the straggling fearful, and the confusion insurmountable.

It was a private soldiers' battle, fiercely fought by unskilled, uninstructed and inexperienced volunteers, supported by the indomitable energy, desperate courage and marvelous staying qualities of the rank and file. There was no battle plan, no strategy, no tactical maneuvers, and but few commands — certainly none that had any important bearing upon the final results.

Let us not, then, too hastily criticise these men, for none but those who have had the experiences of personal participation can realize the demoralizing effect of being suddenly aroused from sound slumber by the roar of artillery, the crashing volleys of musketry, the explosion of shell, and the cheers and yells of excited combatants. It was under such conditions these men — many of whom had never before heard a hostile gun fired — were suddenly aroused and hastily

formed in line, without food, water, or even an adequate supply of ammunition, and who were thus moved forward until suddenly confronted by the veteran regiments of a vigorously pressing and determined foe.

Such an exceptional concentration of stragglers as that witnessed at the landing undoubtedly presented an appearance of demoralization which had no real existence in the fighting forces on the firing line. Ours was at that particular time a beaten, but by no means as a whole a defeated or demoralized army. And on the pages of history, side by side with Dessaix's reply to Napoleon on the field of Marengo, "The battle is lost, but there is yet time to win another," will stand out in letters of living light Grant's reply to General Buell, when the latter inquired what arrangements he had made for retreating: "I have not yet despaired of whipping them."

Even so distinguished and experienced a soldier as General Nelson — who, it is said, so profanely and scathingly commented upon appearances at the landing at the time of his arrival with the advance of Buell's army — must have failed to consider that the entire area of the ground covered by our army when the battle began was less than three miles square; that Shiloh Church was but two and a quarter miles, and the "Hornets' Nest," where Prentiss stood from 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, was substantially the same distance from the landing.

And that, though constantly confronted by superior numbers throughout an entire day of the most desperate, open, stand-up field fighting, our lines were forced back less than two miles, with a sustained loss of one-third of the troops

engaged. Also, that in every army the difference between the "present for duty" and "aggregate present" is seldom less than twenty-five per cent., and in our army this difference was on the morning of April 6, 1862, 7,726 men, and in the Confederate army 20,122.

#### CONGESTION IN THE REAR.

A small army of musicians, teamsters, quartermasters, cooks, hospital attendants, civil employees, sick, and detailed men of every kind, all reinforced by the less severely wounded of the day's battle, together with fully one thousand army teams and ambulances, gradually and properly drifted with the tide of battle back to the landing, until all this vast impedimenta was concentrated within a space of less than three-fourths of a mile square. There were undoubtedly some, and perhaps very many, at the landing who should have been at the front, for in every battle there are many who will insist upon reinforcing the rear. Taking into consideration the peculiar features of this battle, our wonder is not that there were so many, but that there were so few.

While such evidences of demoralization in our army will ever remain a source of regret, it is some satisfaction to know that it was no greater than that in the rear of the Confederate army, as is evidenced by General Bragg's message to General Beauregard on the day succeeding the close of the battle:

" My Dear General:

" Our condition is horrible. Troops utterly disorganized and demoralized. Roads almost impassable. No provisions and no forage. Our artillery is being left all along the road

by its officers; indeed, I find but few officers with their men. "It is most lamentable to see this state of affairs, but I am powerless, and myself almost exhausted."

When I reached the landing, hungry, weary and worn as I was, I determined to make search for Burton, first among the hundreds lying exposed along the bluff, and next among the steamers assigned to hospital service at the wharf, a task made difficult by the numerous and constantly shifting steamers engaged in ferrying Buell's army across the river. I finally found him late at night in a comfortable berth, but with wound still undressed. The surgeons in charge, worn out with their hard day's work, had retired for needed rest; but I finally found one who placed his professional services at my command, informing me that when Burton was brought on board they examined him, and decided that amputation was necessary to save his life, but that he had refused to submit to the operation. I at once saw Burton, presented the facts, and endeavored to obtain his consent, but without avail, he assuring me that he would rather die with his leg than live without it. And so I regretfully bade him good-by, never expecting to again see him alive.

Again climbing the bank amidst the mass of newly arrived troops of Buell's army moving into line, I again reached the battery just as the first glimpse of returning daylight appeared in the east, and the scattering skirmish fire ushered in another day of toil and sorrow.

Under orders, the tattered and torn remnant of our battery promptly moved to the front with the reserves under General Sherman's personal command, as a support to the

now more actively engaged forces of Buell's army. As steadily, step by step, the Confederate army was forced backward, how appalling appeared the change wrought in a day!

Fences had been leveled and fields of sprouting grain trodden under foot; thickets were on fire; trees torn and shivered as if by a mighty storm; muskets and implements of war broken and trampled into the blood-stained mire; tents overturned, artillery abandoned, horses disabled, and the dead and dying scattered everywhere; while the plaintive cries of the wounded, whom the surging billows of battle had left upon the field, sent a thrill of horror through the stoutest heart.

The work which had been left undone the day before was swiftly accomplished, and before the sun had reached its zenith the battle of Shiloh was won.

We again reached our old camp just as the shades of night were closing down upon this scene of death and desolation, a sad, dispirited and dejected remnant of the jolly, happy crowd which but forty-eight hours before had encamped upon the same beautiful spot.

#### BLUE AND GRAY TOGETHER.

In my own tent, left standing, had been placed by rebel hands two desperately wounded soldiers, one a Confederate and the other a Union boy. Side by side they had lain throughout that terrible night, but with the first blush of morn death had come to the relief of one, leaving to still suffer a youthful soldier, clad in blue. As I raised his head and placed my canteen to his parched and bloodless lips, the last faint rays of the setting sun came struggling through the

pinetrees and illumined, as with a halo, the face of that dying lad. With silence unbroken, save by the cries and groans of the wounded, came fainter and fainter the labored breath, and more feeble the clasp of that little hand. Suddenly arousing himself, in whispered accents he said: "Tell mother where you found me, on the front line." Vainly did I try to catch from his parting lips the cherished name of that mother. Gently I laid him down, and regretfully left him to a soldier's burial and a nameless grave.

Yet what were his brief sufferings compared to that mother's, who, ignorant of his sad fate, for months, and perhaps for years, waited, wept, watched and prayed for his safe return to that distant Northern home, which never again would be cheered by his ringing laugh or boyish pranks.

From this sad scene I passed out into the chilly night, which had woven a misty veil of sulphurous smoke. The chilling dampness prompted me to take the exercise, and charity the labor, of extending a helping hand to some who might still be saved by timely succor; but all too broad the field and great the task. With nerves unstrung and physical endurance at an end, I turned again to find comfort, even in such companionship, and sank to rest—the living with the dead.

#### FATHERLY DEVOTION.

It was during one of these temporary lulls after the first attack that General Grant and staff, surrounded by a detachment of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry as his bodyguard, approached our position. His presence was interesting to me, but incomparably less so than the unexpected appearance in the escort



of my father, whom I supposed was, as he should have been, at our old Ohio home. We had but time for a moment's recognition before they rode away, and I turned to again join in the serious business of the day.

I afterwards learned that when informed of the receipt of orders directing the transfer of the battery from Missouri to the Tennessee River, he, though sixty-five years of age, prompted by that unaccountable intensity of love and devotion of a father for a first-born and only son, declared his intention of joining the Cincinnati cavalry regiment, then being formed and destined for the same field of operations. He had the hope that he might thus be near to render assistance to his boy in case of wounds or sickness. It was a foolish resolution, but one which he was permitted to carry out through the favoritism of his long-time personal friend, Colonel Taylor.

After the battle was over, my first feeling of anxiety was of course for his safety, to learn whether he was numbered among the dead, or still lying wounded upon the field, unable to move, vainly appealing for a drop of water to slake a thirst that always accompanies such conditions, but which was in this case mitigated to some extent by the downpour of rain and the pitiless storm, which raged with fury all night long.

I soon learned, from some members of his company I chanced to meet, that he was safe, but very much exhausted by the labors and exposure to which he had been subjected. I made several ineffectual attempts to find him, as he did me, but owing to the prevailing confusion, neither was gratified for several days. Without saying anything to him about my intentions, I soon thereafter made a personal appeal to Gen-

eral Grant, through Colonel McPherson, of his staff, with whom I had become intimately acquainted while serving in Missouri. I related the circumstances of his leaving home, and my desire that he return. The General at once ordered his discharge.

## WAR'S HAVOC.

On the morning of the day following the close of the battle I rode over to view the scene of the recent heavy fighting at the "Hornets' Nest," in front of which there were everywhere the evidences of the terrible struggle of two days before, the intensity of which may be realized from the fact that one Confederate regiment alone — the Sixth Mississippi, of Chalmers's brigade — lost 300 in killed and wounded out of an effective force of 425 engaged. Death was there presented in its ghastliest and most abhorrent forms. It was a most hideous and revolting sight. But few of the severely and none of the mortally wounded had been removed during the preceding night, while the ground was thickly strewn with the unburied Confederate dead. It was a sad, silent and impressive picture of grim-visaged war, with its implacable, unyielding and unalterable horrors.

While I have seen every battlefield of the Army of the Tennessee from Shiloh to Vicksburg, Vicksburg to Chattanooga, Chattanooga to Atlanta, Atlanta to Savannah, and from Savannah to the surrender of General Joseph Johnston's army, "where for the last time was played the Bonny Blue Flag, and the Confederate cause passed away forever," never have my eyes rested on such a scene of human slaughter, of which General Grant has since said:

“ I saw a field over which the Confederates had made repeated charges, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across in any direction stepping on dead bodies without a foot touching the ground.”

In the tangled brush, cut down by leaden hail, half burned by fire, mercifully quenched by the storm of Sunday night, and trampled into the blood-stained earth, lay uncounted dead and desperately wounded men. The gray-haired veteran and the beardless boy, the poorly clad private and the neatly attired officer, piled upon each other, or mingled together in inextricable confusion; headless, trunkless, and disemboweled; some scorched by fire or burned beyond the hope of recognition; others, without visible wounds, lay stark and stiff in ghastly shapes, with glassy eyes gazing toward the blue vault of heaven; others insensible to pain, but limbs still moving from muscular contraction, or chests heaving with labored breathing; others there were who, with that display of strength that comes before final dissolution, were nervously moving in a dazed and helpless condition, mutely appealing for that help which none could give. Not yet had familiarity with such sad scenes of human agony blunted our sensibilities or steeled our hearts against feelings of sympathy for the loved ones of the dead and dying men, whose souls but recently thrilled with all the finer sensibilities of human nature, whose funeral dirges had been sung by whistling bullets and bursting shell as their spirits departed in the din of the terrible conflict, and whose mangled remains would soon be consumed upon funeral pyres, or be cast into shallow trenches, with naught but soiled and battle-stained garments for winding-sheets.

“Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the judgment day —  
Under the laurel the blue,  
Under the willow the gray.”

AN OLD LETTER.

Some years after the close of the war and my return home, I came across an old letter written home by my father a few days after the battle, inserted here for the purpose of presenting another's impressions of that historic event:

PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 11th, 1862.

My Dear Family:—Andy and father are both well, which you will be glad to hear. We both went through a severe ordeal on the bloody field of battle on last Sunday and Monday, from 6:00 A. M. until dark of both days, and a bloody field it was.

Poor Andy acted gallantly all the time, and lost two of his guns, a large portion of his horses and all his personal effects, papers, etc. He has no clothing but that he has on his back, as all our camps fell into the hands of the enemy. Our forces were gradually driven back about four miles to less than a mile from the river.

About 4:00 P. M., on Sunday, all appeared lost, and it seemed to me it was Bull Run over again. While many gallant men freely shed their blood for their country, a large portion—say, 10,000—ingloriously fled back to the river, and no entreaties could prevail upon them to return. They sheltered themselves under the steep hillside next the river, where they were out of the range of shot and shell.

Colonel Taylor, early on Sunday morning, detailed a Lieutenant and a portion of his command to act as a bodyguard to General Grant, and I was one of the number. We continuously rode along the line of battle, through the hottest of their fire, for the whole distance of about five miles. The battlefield was about as large as a township in Ohio, say five or six miles square, and a greater part of it wild forest land with thick underbrush, and occasionally a small field of cleared land.

Andy had fifty-nine horses killed in their harness, all within a few minutes of each other. I was at his camp yesterday; his battery wagon has two six-pounder shot and sixty-five grape and canister shot through it, and is shattered all to pieces.

Strange to say, I have never been able to see Andy since the battle, although I have all the time hunted for him, and I know he is well.

The last time I saw him was on Sunday, in the forenoon, on the field of battle. He was riding a white horse, whose back, neck and forelegs were all covered with blood, it having received three bullets in its neck without killing it. As we were all driven from our camps, and had to rally where we could, it was impossible to find each other.

I never tasted anything but a few picked-up crackers to eat from early on Sunday morning until Tuesday morning; stood both nights in the rain and mud, protected only by my jacket, all of my clothing having been stolen while we were absent from our camp — my overcoat and poncho with the rest.

About 4 or 5 P. M., when all seemed lost, General Buell's forces appeared upon the opposite side of the river, crossed over as fast as they could, and moved up the hill right into action, which changed the fate of the battle.

Although hostilities were renewed early in the morning, and fought obstinately all day, we gradually and steadily drove them back a distance of six miles, when, about noon, they were completely routed and abandoned the field. It was too late to pursue them far, and the next morning they were beyond our reach, and we got back into our camp.

Many of the dead are not yet (Friday morning, the 11th) buried, and many never will be. Of the number killed and wounded I have no means of estimating; it must, however, be very large, as the field of battle was heavily timbered, and five or six miles square, and twice fought over, with dead scattered everywhere.

From what I saw of the field of battle yesterday I never want to contemplate another.

Your husband and father,

A. HICKENLOOPER.

Following the battle, with its incidental exposure, physical weakness and mental depression, came days and weeks of sickness and suffering. More than half my command was unfit for duty, and there were not enough well men to care for the sick, who were retained in camp for the reason that no general or field hospital service had been provided. I was myself scarcely able to mount my horse; in fact, too weak at times to stand without support. Great difficulty was experienced in procuring an adequate supply of rations; it was impossible to secure any kind of vegetables or suitable food for the sick; and the only procurable water being tainted and poisoned by the decaying bodies of man and beast, brought on a scourge of camp dysentery, producing results which were simply appalling, and hence all were delighted when orders came to move to the front for participation in the siege of Corinth.

Notwithstanding the surgeon's statement to me that unless Lieutenant Burton submitted to an operation he would certainly die before the steamer reached Paducah, I soon learned that he had reached his home in safety; and was greatly rejoiced when some months later, though still suffering from his wound, he courageously returned to duty, and succeed to the command of the battery, from which I had been relieved a few days after the battle by the following order:

“Headquarters Sixth Division, Army of the Tennessee,  
In the field, April 10th, 1862.

“Special Order No. 20.

“Captain A. Hickenlooper, Fifth Ohio Battery, is hereby

appointed Division Commandant of Artillery, and will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

“ By order of General McKean.

“ W. T. CLARK, Colonel and Acting Adjutant General.”

Thus was my new command and attached responsibilities enlarged by adding thereto the Third, Fifth and Tenth Ohio; Company F, Second Illinois, and the Third Indiana Batteries, necessitating my being relieved from the command of the Fifth Battery, with which I was not again directly associated during the war.

The nation and the State are now unitedly engaged in perpetuating the memory of the heroic deeds of her citizen soldiers, who upon that fateful day gave their lives in defense of their country. The trackless wilderness through which the contending armies fought has been transformed — through the supervising agency, good taste, and sound judgment of Colonel Cadle — into a beautiful National Park, in which the State has erected suitable monuments to commemorate the services of each participating organization.

In addition to these evidences of thoughtful remembrance, the General Government in 1866 established a cemetery, in which have been reinterred the remains of 3,600 Union soldiers, of whom 1,240 are marked “ Unknown.”

“ Let us offer a prayer for the hero  
 Who lies unnamed — ‘ Unknown ’ ;  
 The private soldier lying  
 Beneath no costly stone,  
 Who fought where the foe was strongest,  
 And after the day was done  
 Was merely reported ‘ missing,’  
 With resting place ‘ Unknown.’ ”

FEBRUARY 4, 1903.

## THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,

Late Lieutenant Colonel and A. I. G., U. S. V.; Brevet Brigadier  
General U. S. V.

### PART II.—GENERAL REVIEW OF REPORTS OF THE BATTLE.

It is not my purpose to rehearse all the multitudinous details of that memorable and sanguinary struggle, of which General Grant says in his *Century* article :

“The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought on Sunday, April 6th, has been perhaps less, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and Confederate troops during the entire rebellion,”—

but simply to supply reliable data bearing upon the particular object I have in view, which is to see that Prentiss' Sixth Division is fairly given credit not only for what *it did*, but also for what it *prevented the Confederates from doing*, and thus defend the reputation of the commanders, officers and men of a division in which I feel an intense interest and a personal pride.

I am fully aware that I will subject myself to criticism for incidentally criticising those who subsequently demonstrated their great military ability, and thus endeared their memories not only to every soldier of the Army of the Tennessee, but to every loyal citizen of our country. It certainly would be personally more agreeable could I consistently omit from this review every incident that may have a tendency to mar the harmony of such relationship, rather than call attention to the disregard of the foundation principles of military science



which imperiled the safety of an army, came within an ace of causing the loss of a great battle, and the transfer of the scene of active hostilities from the banks of the Tennessee to the Ohio River. But truthfulness is the gem that gives history its greatest value, hence in writing it one should adhere strictly to the promulgation of facts alone, that must be placed with discriminating care upon the evenly balanced scale of Justice. I especially desire to disclaim any intention of unnecessarily or improperly reflecting upon the soldierly ability or military reputation of any of our old commanders, for each and every one of whom I have the highest regard, and who are endeared to me not only by four years of varied experiences and intimate association, but for personal kindnesses, which I shall never forget.

I do not, therefore, propose to condemn or extol, to adversely criticise or excuse, but simply present evidences of errors and candidly state facts, without any reference to the bearing they may have upon the personal interests or military reputations of any one. In other words, "hew straight to the line, letting the chips fall where they may."

#### THE FORCES AND POSITIONS.

On the morning of April 6th the Union forces encamped at Pittsburg Landing consisted of five divisions, commanded respectively by —

|                                    |                   |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| First, McClernand . . . . .        | 7,028 men         |
| Second, W. H. L. Wallace . . . . . | 7,564 men         |
| Fourth, Hurlbut . . . . .          | 7,302 men         |
| Fifth, Sherman . . . . .           | 8,830 men         |
| Sixth, B. M. Prentiss . . . . .    | 5,463 men         |
| Total . . . . .                    | <u>36,187 men</u> |

including the detailed, sick and temporarily absent, usually numbering about twenty per cent. of those present, leaving 28,950 on active duty; with sixty-one regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and twenty-one batteries of artillery, exclusive of the Third Division, commanded by General Lew Wallace, at Crump's Landing, seven miles below, numbering 7,564 men, not engaged in the first day's battle.

General Grant, by his order of March 17th, issued from his headquarters at Savannah, virtually invested General Sherman, though not the ranking officer present, with full authority over all troops at Pittsburg Landing:

"I have ordered all troops here to report to you immediately, except McClelland's division; organize them into brigades and attach them to divisions as you may deem best."

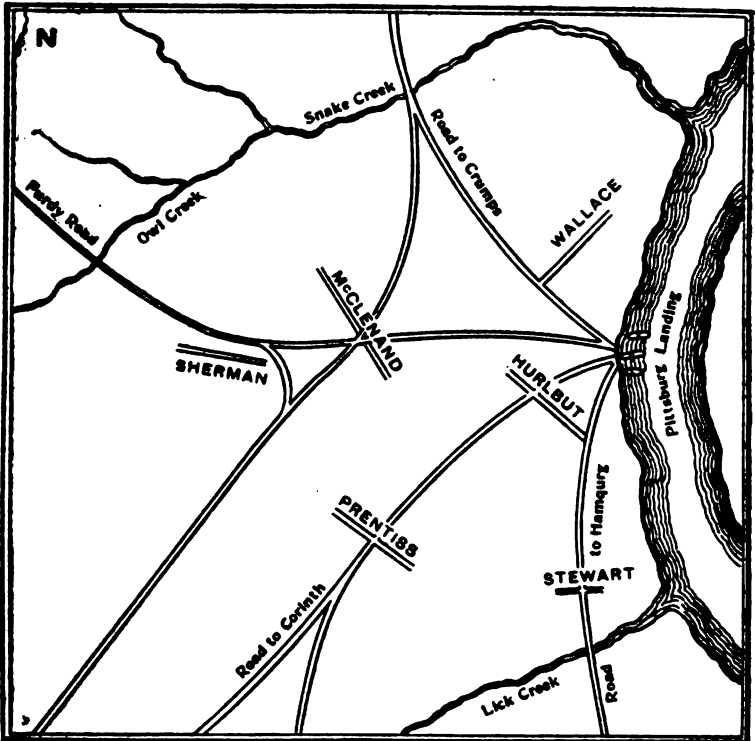
He was, therefore, even to a greater degree than General Grant, responsible for the conditions at Pittsburg Landing previous to, and at the time of, the attack on the morning of April 6th.

General Prentiss' Sixth Division,— in the process of formation and organization — to which the Fifth Ohio Battery had been attached only the day previous, consisted of two brigades. The First, commanded by Colonel E. Peabody, who was killed during the first fierce onslaught of the enemy, embraced the Twenty-fifth Missouri, Twelfth Michigan and Sixteenth Wisconsin.

The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Madison Miller, who was captured with the remnant of his command at the time of General Prentiss' surrender, consisted of the Eighteenth Missouri and Eighteenth Wisconsin, subsequently reinforced by the Eighth Iowa and Twenty-third Missouri.

In harmony with the views and orders of Generals Grant and Sherman, the troops as they arrived were not encamped upon, or in relation to, any defensive line, but each division, brigade, or even regimental organization, was permitted to select its own camping ground within prescribed limitations.

A few days after the battle General Halleck arrived, and assuming command, had his Chief Engineer, Colonel George Thom, prepare a map of the battlefield, and thereon locate the positions of the several divisions as they were at the time of the attack on the morning of April 6th, all substantially as represented on the accompanying map.



Hence, when the long-roll sounded on Sunday morning, the five divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, commanded respectively by Generals Sherman, Prentiss, McClernand, Wallace and Hurlbut, were encamped as follows :

Sherman's division was west side of Purdy Road, facing due south, with its left at Shiloh Church, two and one-third miles due west from the landing.

Prentiss' division faced southwest on main Corinth Road, three-fourths of a mile southeast of Sherman, three-fourths of a mile west of Stewart's brigade, and two miles southwest of the landing.

McClernand faced southwest, one-half mile in rear of Sherman's left, and one and one-half miles from the landing.

Wallace's division, on Crump's Landing Road, faced southwest, one and one-third miles in rear of McClernand, and only about one-third mile northwest of landing.

Hurlbut's division faced in the same direction, one-third of a mile southwest of landing, and one and two-thirds miles in rear of Prentiss.

Stewart's brigade, on Hamburg Road, faced southwest, one mile from Prentiss' left, and two miles south of landing.

Some twenty years afterwards General Sherman prepared from memory another map, the principal purpose of which was evidently to show that his division adjoined General Prentiss', faced southwest, and thus jointly, without any interval, formed a continuous battle front two miles in length.

And at one of the annual meetings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, held in Cincinnati on the 6th of April, 1881, he included in his address the following reference to the incidents of the battle :

"I have never been in battle but somebody was 'surprised.' A good many persons were surprised at Shiloh, but not one who had not fair notice to be ready for anything — for everything that might happen — and the report that anybody was bayoneted in bed has long since been exploded.

On the 6th of April, 1862, five divisions of the Army of the Tennessee were encamped in the woods back of Pittsburg Landing, on the Upper Tennessee River. Our numbers were about 32,000 men. We were attacked furiously by the Rebel army, ably commanded, composed of at least 42,000 men, and fought unaided during all that day: were beaten back step by step till at night we formed two sides of a rectangle, the right covering the Snake Creek bridge, and the left a ravine above the steamboat landing. We were not beaten or demoralized, but were abandoned by many of our comrades, and dreadfully exhausted, with 9,000 of our comrades dead or mangled on the field, mingled with an equal number of our foes.

That night we lay down on the bare ground in a heavy rain, after a bloody battle, to steal a few hours of rest, certain the next day to renew a struggle which, for better or worse, was to have a tremendous influence on the history of our race.

The final victory of that battle was one of the most important which has ever occurred on this continent. It dissipated forever that nonsense of one Southern man whipping 'a dozen Yankees.' It gave us the prestige which we had only to follow up, as we did at Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Columbia, and Raleigh,— yea, to the end of the war — to insure absolute success.

General Halleck, soon after the battle, came to Shiloh in person, with many able and experienced staff officers, among them Colonel George Thom, then and now of the Engineer Corps. He caused the battlefield to be surveyed, and his map is still the standard one. But as Colonel Thom was not present before, or during the battle, I am certain he has located on his map the several divisions incorrectly. I know such is the case in regard to my own, and believe so in regard to others, and therefore I have had prepared a tracing of his map, and have located the troops as I believe they were at the beginning and end of the first day."

In view of the well-known conditions and indisputable evidence presented, such a contention is an error of fact, and an error of judgment, which in no way weakens the evidence that Prentiss' Sixth Division, newly formed, raw, and numerically the weakest of all the divisions assembled, was thrust out on the main Corinth Road nearest the enemy, and there left without supporting troops within three-fourths of a mile on either flank. It is true that after the Sixth Division had been engaged for several hours and forced to relinquish its originally established lines, these intervals were partially filled by the reinforcing divisions of McClelland, Wallace and Hurlbut; but this fact has no bearing upon the question of how they were located when the battle began. Besides, the Union forces occupied the enemy's territory, in which every resident was a friend of the Confederacy, and a sympathetic or professional spy upon them, who at this period of the war had not been educated up to a realization of the dangers arising from this source of espionage. It is not only fair to assume, but it is now known to be a fact, that the Confederate commanders had through such agencies made themselves thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the irregularly encamped and unfortified positions of the Union forces, as is best evidenced by maps of our position placed in the hands of their subordinate commanders, and the clear and explicit orders for the formation of their lines and points of attack.

#### ABSENCE OF PROPER DEFENSES.

There is no more thoroughly established principle of military science than the necessity, the practice, and the prudence, when in the presence of an enemy, of encamping

troops within supporting distance of each other, and adjacent to a well defined defensive line, fortified to such an extent as may appear judicious under existing conditions. Such provisions were essentially necessary with an army composed, as ours was, of undisciplined and inexperienced troops.

Why such prudence was not exercised at Shiloh will always remain an unexplained mystery, for, notwithstanding General Grant's statement to the contrary, never was there a field of battle better suited to the easy construction of suitable intrenchments and fortifications, the existence of which it is now clear would have deterred the enemy from attacking, or in case they had attacked, would have enabled the Union forces to disastrously defeat them without material loss of life.

On this point, *Ohio in the War* says :

"The ground was well adapted for defensive works, yet not a rifle pit was dug — not even the simplest breastwork of rails and earth thrown together. Three miles in advance ran a stream which might well have been used as a defensive line, yet even its crossings were not watched.

And still the enemy was known to be but a little more than a dozen miles distant, and was believed to be in superior force.

However the dispute ought to be decided as to the responsibility for such errors at the outset, there can be no question as to the responsibility for their continuance.

To his honor be it said General Grant has never sought to evade it; let us gratefully add, that in all his varied career he has never repeated such a blunder."

General Sherman, in his Memoirs, describing the adaptability for defensive purposes, makes the following statement :

"The position was naturally strong. The ground itself admits of

easy defense by a small command, and yet affords admirable camping ground for 100,000 men.

At a later period of the war we could have rendered the position impregnable in one night, but at this time we did not do it, and may be it is well we did not."

General Edward Bouton, in his paper on "Shiloh," read before the California Commandery, April 11th, 1896, says:

"General Grant's paper on Shiloh, first published in the *Century* magazine, and afterwards appearing in his *Memoirs*, was looked forward to with considerable interest in anticipation of its clearing up many controverted points, but proved a disappointment to his many friends and admirers in the Army of the Tennessee, which was only accounted for when it was learned that the article was prepared by Colonel Badeau instead of General Grant."

It is true that General Grant did, at a later date, submit an explanation, insufficient and unsatisfactory as it was:

"The criticism has often been made that the Union troops should have been entrenched at Shiloh; but up to that time the pick and spade had been but little resorted to in the West."

He then follows with the very lame and unjustifiable excuse that the topographical conditions were not favorable to the construction of defensive works, and winds up with:

"Reinforcements were arriving almost daily, composed of troops that had been hastily thrown together in companies and regiments—fragments of incomplete organizations—with men and officers strangers to each other.

Under all these circumstances I concluded that drill and discipline were worth more to our men than fortifications."

I submit to any soldier possessing the slightest knowledge of military affairs, to say whether the reasons given for



*failure to provide* are not the most convincing that could be presented for the *wisdom of such provision*.

This is more true in view of the well-known principles of defensive warfare, that it is the duty to attack and attempt to destroy the advance forces of an invading army when first landed upon the defender's side of an unfordable stream, and especially so when the numerical strength of the defenders within striking distance exceeds that of the invading forces. Therefore, in view of the well-known concentration in and about Corinth — only twenty miles distant — of a formidable Confederate army, estimated and officially reported by General Grant himself to number eighty thousand men, or at least twice the strength of the Union forces at that time assembled at Pittsburg Landing, can any one consistently claim that it was not the first duty of a prudent commander to provide for the protection of his troops by constructing suitable intrenchments, or at least a properly located and well-defined defensive line, upon which to quickly assemble conveniently located troops?

In fact, the neglect of such precaution was in violation of General Halleck's order of March 20th, in which he said:

"Don't let the enemy draw you into an engagement now. Wait until you are properly fortified and receive orders."

And again he evidently supposed such orders had been carried out, as the day after the close of the battle he telegraphed the Secretary of War:

"The enemy attacked our works at Pittsburg Landing yesterday, but were repulsed with heavy loss."

Thus was neglected some of the most important precautions taught by the profession of arms, among which is,

“Never occupy an unfortified position with an inferior force, within a day’s march of a greater.” Thoughtlessly were ignored the well-known maxims of Napoleon, “Never attempt concentration within striking distance of an enemy,” and the still more forceful one, “Separate divisions of an army should always be encamped without intervals, and within helping distance of each other.”

And last, but not least, “*In the presence of an enemy, always occupy a defensive line and intrench every night.*”

Under such circumstances it is astonishing that the possibility of an attack by the enemy was regarded by both Generals Grant and Sherman as highly improbable, the former saying in his Memoirs :

“I regarded the campaign we were engaged in as an offensive one, and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong intrenchments to take the initiative when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained.”

WAS THE FEDERAL ARMY SURPRISED AT PITTSBURG LANDING?

As late as the day preceding the battle, General Sherman wrote General Grant :

“I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position.”

And on the same day General Grant advised General Halleck :

“I have scarcely the faintest idea of a general attack being made upon us ; but will be prepared should such a thing take place.”

And yet at the very time these communications were being written, the enemy had been three days on their march to attack, and were forming in line of battle within less than a mile of our picket line.

In fact, so fully were Generals Grant and Sherman impressed by this belief, that nearly three hours after the Fifth Battery had given warning of the opening of the battle, the former said, in describing his impressions upon reaching the scene of action :

“Up to that time I had felt by no means certain that Crump’s Landing might not be the point of attack.”

And General Sherman, in his official report, says :

“About 8 o’clock I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left, and became satisfied, for the first time, that the enemy designed making a determined attack upon our whole camp.”

General Badeau, in his *Life of Grant*, says :

“It has been repeatedly asserted that Grant was surprised at Shiloh, but the evidence to the contrary is incontrovertible. The preliminary fighting of the 3d and 4th of April necessarily put division and army commanders on the alert.”

And further :

“Although they did not really expect an attack, yet he knew the propinquity of a great army, and so far as he could be, was prepared to receive it — *except in the matter of defensive intrenchments.*”

Comrade John C. Ropes, in his paper on General Sherman, says :

“Grant and Sherman have always persistently maintained that they were not surprised at Shiloh; but the world has never been able to take their statements seriously. \* \* \* \* \*

They unquestionably said what they thought at the time. The battle began at half past 5 in the morning. General Grant did not reach the field till after 9. It stands to reason that such tardiness on the part of an army commander to arrive on the field of battle is susceptible of no more natural, and assuredly of no more honorable explanation, than that he was expecting no battle to occur.”

General Buell, who with his army made such a timely junction with our forces, says :

“So far as preparation for battle is concerned, no army could well have been taken more by surprise than was the Army of the Tennessee on the 6th of April.”

While it is thus in evidence that our commanders' minds were not burdened with thoughts of the possibility of an attack, it was an ever-present consideration in the plans of the Confederates, and the subject of solicitude upon the part of General Prentiss.

As early as March 2d General Beauregard wrote General Johnston :

“I think you ought to hurry up your troops to Corinth, by railroad, as soon as practicable, for here or thereabouts will soon be fought the great battle of this controversy.”

The correspondence between Generals Bragg and Beauregard clearly indicates that immediately after the first lodgment of our troops at Pittsburg Landing, General Bragg insisted upon attacking the Union forces, substantially as they subsequently did at Shiloh, which, had it then been done, might have proved successful, and thus changed the whole course of subsequent events ; but this plan was not carried into effect, in consequence of the absence of General Johnston.

They, too, gave additional evidence of precaution that troubled little the minds of our commanders, General Beauregard saying in one of his letters to Bragg :

“The great desideratum is to be thoroughly prepared whensoever and wherever required, on positive information only of the enemy's movements, and for which purpose you must have strong advanced

posts in every direction toward him, protected by a strong body of cavalry, thrown well forward, to watch the enemy and give timely notice of his approach."

Still further confirmatory evidence is found in General Lee's letter to General Johnston under date of March 26th, in which he says :

"I need not urge you, when your forces are united, to deal a blow at the enemy in your front, if possible before his rear gets up from Nashville."

#### THE MEANING OF THE TERM "SURPRISE,"

in its relations to and bearing upon the results of the battle of Shiloh, has been the subject of acrimonious discussion for many years, and appears to be still unsettled in the minds of partisans of military commanders whose reputations are affected by the interpretation placed upon it. We therefore submit the following :

Baron De Jomini, the most renowned of military authorities, says in his *Art of War* :

"To *surprise* an army it is not necessary to take it so entirely unawares that the troops will not even have emerged from their tents, but it is sufficient to attack it in force at the point intended before preparation can be made to meet the attack.

It is evident that the most favorable time for attacking an army is to fall upon its camp just before break of day, at the moment when nothing of the sort is expected.

For the same reason that advantage should be taken of all opportunities for *surprising* an adversary, the necessary precautions should be used to prevent such attacks; the regulations for the government of any well organized and efficiently commanded army should point out the means for doing the latter."

The *Century Dictionary*, now generally accepted as standard authority, defines *surprise* as follows :

“To come upon one unexpectedly; fall upon or assail suddenly and without warning; to capture one who is off his guard by an unexpected movement.

We are *surprised* at a thing because we did not expect it; *astonished* because of its remarkableness in some respect; *amazed* because we can not understand how it came to pass; *astounded* so that we do not know what to think of it.”

We were therefore “surprised” when the attack began; “astonished” at its forcefulness; “amazed” at being driven back, and “astounded” when we witnessed the immense number of stragglers congregated at the landing.

The two divisions — Prentiss’ and Sherman’s — encamped nearest the enemy were composed of new levies, and undisciplined troops, who had never heard a hostile gun fired. Of them General Grant says in his Memoirs :

“Three of the five divisions engaged on Sunday were entirely raw, and many of the men had received their arms on their way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before, and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual; and their officers were equally ignorant of their duties.

Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that many of the regiments broke at the first fire. In several cases the Colonels of regiments were constitutional cowards, unfit for military positions; but not so the officers and men led out of danger by them; better troops never went upon a battlefield than many of these officers and men afterwards proved themselves to be, who fled panic stricken at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh.”

In other words, there was a heterogeneous mass, in which personal courage was supposed to compensate for discipline,

enthusiasm for inexperience, and worldly wisdom for lack of military training.

Such was the general character of the troops which General Prentiss, himself an exceedingly brave but inexperienced officer, was, within the brief period of less than one week, expected to convert into veterans fitted to occupy the advanced and most exposed position of our army.

General Johnston, the Confederate commander, with not only the hope and expectation of attacking an inferior force before the arrival of any portion of General Buell's army, but of completely surprising the Union forces by attacking at daylight on the morning of the 5th, moved forward on the morning of the 3d with eighty regiments of infantry, twelve regiments of cavalry, and twenty-five batteries of artillery, embracing an effective force of 43,968 men, organized into four corps, commanded respectively by Polk, Bragg, Hardee, and Breckinridge, with General Beauregard as second in command.

The detailed orders of the Confederate commander provided that the formation for attack should be in three parallel lines, one thousand yards apart. The first or front line, assigned to the Third Corps, under the command of Major General Hardee, with 9,024 infantry in line, was ordered to advance on the Ridge Road, and to form with its left resting on Owl Creek, and extending southeastwardly to Lick Creek. The Second Corps, with 10,731 men in line, under command of Major General Bragg, was to form the second line, one thousand yards in rear of the Third Corps. The third line consisted of the First Corps, with 9,137 men in line, under command of Major General Polk, at the same interval. The

Reserve Corps, with 10,739 men, under the command of General Breckinridge, was first concentrated about Monterey, and subsequently formed the right wing of the third line. The cavalry and detached forces numbered 4,338. General Hardee's corps was subsequently reinforced by Gladdin's brigade, of Bragg's corps.

By 10 A. M., April 5th, General Hardee was far enough advanced to develop the position of the Union lines; but the recent rains, condition of roads, inexperience of the troops, and the improvident waste of rations, had seriously delayed the timely arrival and formation of the other corps, so much so that an abandonment of the attack and return to Corinth was seriously considered at a conference held that evening between Generals Johnston, Beauregard, Polk, Bragg, Gilmer and Breckinridge.

General Beauregard warmly and energetically advocated a relinquishment of the proposed attack, mainly upon the grounds that the unfortunate delay of a day had enabled at least some portion of Buell's army to reach Pittsburg Landing, and that while their previous information through scouts and spies was that the Union forces were totally unprepared for defense, it was now evident, through various indications of preparation, that the Union forces had been informed of the movement, and were then no doubt heavily entrenched, and that the "surprise" heretofore contemplated was out of the question.

Staff Officer Brigadier General Thomas Jordan says of this incident:

"General Beauregard was greatly disgusted with the delays and the injudicious manner in which a reconnoissance had been made with



such aggressiveness on Friday evening, as ought to have apprised any sharp-sighted enemy that an offensive army was not far distant.

Though it had been upon General Beauregard's earnest instance that the advance had been made, he did not hesitate to say that inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the enemy to be unaware of our presence and purpose, should we attack next morning we would find the Federals ready for us, intrenched to the eyes; whereas the whole success of the movement depended upon our ability to assail our enemy unexpectedly."

Of this conference General Hardee, in his official report, says:

"The storm of the preceding night rendered the roads so miry that the different commands were not placed in position until between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of April 5th, which rendered it necessary to postpone the attack until the next day. Some of the troops having improvidently consumed or lost their rations, the propriety of returning to Corinth without attacking the enemy was urged and considered, but the commanding General determined, regardless of all objections, to force a battle the next morning."

Colonel Jordan's account of this historic incident of the conference between the Confederate commanders late on Saturday evening is as follows:

"General Beauregard earnestly advised the idea of attacking the enemy should be abandoned, and that the whole force should return to Corinth, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible they would be able to take the Federals unawares, after such delay and the noisy demonstrations which had been made meanwhile. He urged that the enemy would now be found formidably intrenched and ready for the attack. That success depended on their power to assail them unexpectedly. And this was unquestionably the view of almost all present.

General Johnston having listened with grave attention to the opinions advanced, replied that while he recognized their gravity, he

nevertheless still hoped that the enemy was not looking for offensive operations, and that he would yet be able to surprise them."

General Polk, in his report of this same incident, says:

"General Beauregard greatly regretted the delay, as it would make it necessary to forego the attack altogether;—that our success depended upon our surprising the enemy."

General Preston says that General Johnston was anxious to attack on Saturday evening, or, as he expresses it:

"General Johnston was within two miles of Shiloh Chapel, and anxious to attack that evening for fear the enemy would discover his presence and be on the alert to receive him."

There is no question that the whole purpose, intent and expectation of the Confederate commander was to "surprise" the Union forces, an expectation based upon the then easily acquired information of the scattered condition of our camp, the absence of defensive works of any kind, and the feeling of absolute security which appeared to pervade the whole of "Sleepy Hollow."

General Beauregard, second in command of the Confederate army, says upon this subject:

"As it has been denied in the highest quarters that the Confederate attack on the 6th of April was of the nature of a "surprise," it belongs to the history of the day's operations to present documentary evidence; aside from which, or did none exist, the absence of all those ordinary precautions that habitually shielded an army in the field must forbid the historian from regarding it as other than *one of the most surprising surprises ever achieved.*

The first collision was in the quarter of Gladdin's brigade, on our right, with a battalion of five companies of the Twenty-first Missouri of Prentiss' division, dispatched well to the front by General Prentiss, of his own motion, as early as 3 A. M. But for this incident, due solely

to the intelligent soldierly forethought of an officer not trained for the business of war, the whole Federal front would have been struck wholly unawares, for nowhere else had such prudence been shown.

Exactly at 6 A. M. Prentiss' whole division was under fire, and the battle of Shiloh had begun in earnest. At 7:30 A. M. the battle was in full tide, as was evident from the play of artillery, and the heavy, continuous rattle of small arms."

General Bragg, the Confederate corps commander, who led the attack upon the Union forces upon the morning of the 6th, writing upon this same subject, says:

"Contrary to the views of such as urged an abandonment of the attack, the enemy was found utterly unprepared. Breakfasts were on the mess tables, baggage unpacked, and many were surprised and captured in their tents."

The forces thus marshaled for the attack were, unlike General Grant's army, largely composed of organized army corps, drawn from other fields, with subordinate officers skilled in the art of war, and led by commanding officers, nearly all of whom were not only experienced officers of the old army, but aggressively brave and enthusiastic in leadership, operating under detailed and comprehensive orders, that united the whole as a single unit.

William Preston Johnston says, in his *Life of Albert Sidney Johnston*:

"While the Federal army, strong in the natural advantages of its position, its prestige, and its stubborn, self-reliant courage, lay unaware of its mighty peril, the Confederate army had set itself down opposite the Federal camps, in battle array. It had reached its position, it is true, more slowly than could have been foreseen, but, according to all testimony, with almost the regularity of a drill or parade.

More could not have been expected. More could not have been

achieved under the circumstances. Thus the two armies lay face to face; the Federal host, like a wild-boar in his lair, stirred, but not aroused by monitions of an unforeseen danger; its foe, like a panther, hidden in the jungle, in wait to spring, tense for deadly combat."

THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE.

Before the break of day, without bugle-blast or drum-beat reveille, their men were quietly aroused to take a hasty morning meal, and the first rays of the morning sun found them in motion. The air was delightfully cool and bracing, with the impress of the freshness of spring everywhere visible, inspiring General Basil Duke to make the assertion that —

"When the lines began to advance, the wild cheer which arose made the woods stir as with the rushing of a mighty wind. Nowhere was there any thought of fear; everywhere were the evidences of impetuous and determined valor."

So absolute was the discipline and comprehensive the orders that General Boynton says:

"Everywhere were signs of the deliberation with which the enemy formed his forces. The routes by which each corps and division of the first line was to march to its position in the woods were blazed upon the trees, and the entire force of the enemy went into line for the attack wholly undisturbed, and with as much precision as if forming upon markers for a grand review."

Upon the other hand, never before had conditions been so perfectly arranged for courting disaster; and when the storm which had been thus invited suddenly broke upon the unprepared army, when our lines were being slowly but steadily driven backward, when divisions were melting away, and at every step swelling the hordes of stragglers; with the commander ten miles away when the battle began, and the battle

half over before he showed himself for a brief time upon the firing line, it was apparent to all that there was in the Union army a lamentable absence of a centralized, energetic, driving head, resulting in a lack of proper supervision, cohesion, and concert of action.

It therefore became an individualized contest of regiments, fragments of brigades and parts of divisions, each fighting in its own way and upon its own responsibility, resulting in a total lack of co-operative action, and the judicious use of reserves with which to preserve a continuous line of battle or counteract temporary reverses.

The Confederate forces were, upon the contrary, supplied with triple complement of brigade and division officers, and the whole front was constantly under the close personal supervision of the General of the Army, and four remarkably efficient corps commanders.

General Badeau freely admits that generalship played but little part in the game, saying:

“It was the personal qualities of the officers and men on both sides that told, for soldierly traits are of more importance than tactical skill, even in commanding officers, in such a struggle.

It was the fiercest fight of the war west of the Alleghanies, and in proportion to the number engaged, equaled any contest during the rebellion. I have heard General Sherman say that he never saw such terrible fighting afterwards; and General Grant compared Shiloh only with the Wilderness.”

General Prentiss' absence in captivity for a period of six or seven months, coupled with the death or surrender of many of his prominent subordinate officers, whose province it would have been to submit official reports of the parts taken by their

commands in the battle, and through universal confusion incident to the suddenness of the attack, made it extremely difficult to obtain reliable information of the movements and accomplishments of the various regiments and two brigades forming his Sixth Division.

Hence the smoke of battle had hardly cleared away before the most contradictory, absurd and slanderous reports of the conduct and subsequent fate of this division were put in circulation, not only by newspaper reporters and correspondents at the landing, but, I regret to say, by several prominent fellow commanders, whose forces had been driven back to the river, while Prentiss' division, which had heroically sustained the first shock of battle, was, alone and unsupported, still contending with the massed forces of the enemy.

As a consequence, the newspapers of the country followed with charges of surprise, cowardice, intoxication, demoralization and disaster, which first shocked and then horrified the loyal people of the North, and laid the foundation for criminations, recriminations and controversies, many of which have never been satisfactorily settled even up to the present time.

No less distinguished a writer than Whitelaw Reid, correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, was the author of the following:

"About dawn Prentiss' pickets were driven in, the first wild cries, and the few scattered shots which preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril. An instant afterward shells were hurling through the tents, while before there was time for thought of preparation there came rushing through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole front of the division camps, and bending down on either flank, the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy.

Such was the fearful disaster that opened the Rebel onset on the lines of Prentiss' division."

Even ten days later, when the truth should have been known and stated, this same author wrote :

"The men were completely surprised. Some of the officers were bayoneted in their beds, others were shot in their tents while sleeping, all were under heavy fire from an enemy fairly in their camps before they had an instant for seeking or grasping their weapons.

There may have been Spartan veterans who, under such circumstances would have stood to be shot down rather than disgracefully run, but I suspect that modern armies do not contain many such."

Some of such widely circulated reports have since been thoughtlessly adopted by historians of high repute, Headley saying :

"The onpouring thousands swept the camps of the front division like an inundation, and the dreadful spectacle of a vast army in disorderly flight, before it had time to form a line of battle, was presented."

In *Sherman and His Campaigns*, by Bowman and Irwin :

"On the left the day had scarcely gone so well. The weight of the enemy's attack was chiefly directed against this wing. The two brigades of Prentiss gave way early in the morning, and drifted to the rear as Hurlbut advanced to their support, and by 10 o'clock the division had melted away."

These are but a few samples of the many, very many, reports of like character, greatly exaggerated, but generally credited. It therefore appears but proper that the facts should be stated by those possessing personal knowledge, in order that such reports may not be perpetuated, to the discredit of the men who so gallantly fought and died on the bloody field of Shiloh.

It is greatly to be regretted that in place of candidly admitting and truthfully explaining the actual facts, every effort was made by those high in authority and command to deny, in toto, the reports thus circulated.

General Halleck promptly dispatched the Secretary of War:

"The newspaper accounts that our divisions were surprised are utterly false."

And again on the 15th of June:

"It is not my object, in this communication, to offer any comments on the battle beyond the remark that the impression, which at one time seemed to have been received by the War Department, that our forces were surprised on the morning of the 6th, is entirely erroneous.

I am satisfied, from a patient and careful inquiry and investigation, that all our troops were notified some time before the battle commenced."

And again on April 24th he dispatched the Secretary of War:

"The sad casualties of Sunday, the 6th, were due in part to the bad conduct of officers who were entirely unfit for their places, and in part to the number and bravery of the enemy."

The following would have been fairer and more truthful:

The sad casualties of Sunday, the 6th, were due in part to failure to anticipate such an attack; the encampment of troops without regard to consideration of mutual support; the neglect to provide and fortify a defensive line; or the issuance and enforcement of orders for the maintenance of grand-guards, pickets and outposts at a sufficient distance to give timely warning of an enemy's approach.

General Sherman, in defense of General Grant, and in justification of his own conduct, says:



"It was not then a question of military skill and strategy, but of courage and pluck. It was necessary that a combat, fierce and bitter, to test the manhood of the two armies should come off, and that was as good a place as any."

Of which Whitelaw Reid says :

"When the military student of another generation comes to read such words from the man who took Atlanta, in apology for neglect of pickets, lack of regular formation of line, and absence of the slightest defensive works against a foe supposed to be superior, he will find it as difficult to believe that the Lieutenant General Sherman of history wrote the excuse, as that he was guilty of the blunder.

He did not know that which he afterwards learned, and upon which his great renown was principally based, that great victories could be gained without sacrifice of life to test the courage and pluck of his men by a 'fierce and bitter contest.'"

In order that the reader may have a clearer, more comprehensive and impartial understanding than I can write of the character of the heroic defense of the position, subsequently designated in Confederate history as

#### THE HORNETS' NEST.

I shall present quoted descriptions from both the Union and Confederate points of view, compiled mainly from official reports and other equally reliable sources of information, first submitting one of the most graphic and interesting extracts from General M. F. Force's *Campaigns of the Civil War from Fort Henry to Corinth*:

"Here General Prentiss, in person, placed Hickenlooper's battery immediately to the right of the Corinth road, near its intersection with the cut road which General Prentiss' men used as a defensive line, which General Grant desired him to hold at all hazards. \* \* \*

The Confederates gave to this fatal slope the name of "The

Hornets' Nest." General Bragg ordered Gibson, with his brigade, to carry the position. Gallantly they charged, but the deadly line of musketry in front, and an enfilading fire from the well-posted battery mowed down his ranks, and the brigade recoiled from the attack. Gibson asked for artillery, but none was at hand. Bragg ordered him to charge again. The colonels of four regiments thought it hopeless, but the order was given. The brigade struggled up the tangled ascent, but once more met the inexorable fire that hurled them back. Four times Gibson charged, and was four times repulsed.

Hickenlooper's four guns, standing at the salient point where Prentiss and Wallace joined, sweeping both fronts, had all day long been reaping bloody harvest among the lines of the assailants that strove to approach. So near, and yet so far; in plain view, yet out of reach, the little battery exasperated the baffled brigades, while it extorted their admiration.

General Ruggles sent his staff officers in all directions to sweep in all the guns they could find. He gives the names of eleven batteries and one section, which he placed in a great crescent, pouring in a concentric fire, which was supplemented by the continued but desultory infantry attacks.

General Polk collected in front of the steadfast men of Prentiss and Wallace all the other troops within reach, and at 5 o'clock, with one mighty effort, surged against this line now being pounded by Ruggles' batteries. Being enveloped, almost encircled, the enemy having passed between them in their rear, Wallace ordered his command to retire and cut their way through. Tuttle gave the order to his brigade, which, facing about, opened fire upon the forces closing in behind. The Second and Seventh Iowa, led by Colonel Tuttle, charged, and, forcing their way through, reached the landing.

The Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, lingering with the Eighth Iowa, to cover the retreat of Hickenlooper's battery, were too late, and found themselves walled in. From this tornado of missiles Hickenlooper withdrew the remnant of his battery, and passing to the rear through Hurlbut's camp, reported to General Sherman for further service.

Prentiss, with the remaining fragment of two divisions, facing the fire that surrounded them, made a desperate struggle, but further resistance was hopeless and useless, so he, having lost everything but honor, surrendered with his little band."

Colonel Quinn, of the Twelfth Michigan, who escaped capture, as senior officer of the Sixth Division, in the absence of General Prentiss, made the following report under date of April 9th, briefed:

"They advanced furiously upon our lines, and we were forced to give way, losing two pieces of artillery. The division fell back about half a mile, very much shattered and broken. Here occurred one of the most determined resistances ever offered by an inferior force to an overwhelming enemy. The remnant of the division was posted to command the main road, leading from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing, on which was posted our four pieces of artillery. Here assault after assault was successfully repulsed. Our men were shot down at their guns, their horses killed in their harness, but the guns were moved to the front by hand, and through a gap in our battle line, added speed to the repulse of the enemy. This position was held from 9 A. M. until about 4:30 P. M., amidst the most dreadful carnage ever witnessed on any field of battle."

Colonel Madison Miller, commander of the Second Brigade, after his return from captivity, said:

"It has been asserted, time and time again, that Prentiss and his men were captured while in bed, or eating their breakfast. Let us, even at this late hour, have the truth, and thus do justice to those regimental and company officers and the men who stood with them throughout that long and eventful day, and let them have their share of glory, be it much or little, in staying the onward march of the then victorious Rebel army.

Shall no effort be made on behalf of the gallant dead? Shall the brave Peabody, who, with many others of his First Brigade, poured

out their life blood upon that fateful field, have no recognition? And shall all those of my own brigade who fell, shall they, too, be classed as only a portion of a disorganized mob, represented as having been captured with Prentiss in the early morn?"

He follows this with a detailed description of the part taken by his brigade, from the first shot fired on the picket line until the surrender, of which closing hours and incidents he says:

"The enemy seeming tired of such unavailing assaults, ceased firing, during which lull General Prentiss ordered a change of front. General Hurlbut's forces having withdrawn, I called General Prentiss' attention to the fact that the enemy was passing on our flanks, and our position would soon be untenable.

He replied, "Hold fast, for General Wallace is coming"; but in lieu of Wallace a heavy force of the enemy could be seen passing to our rear on the east, until they had united with a similar force coming from the opposite direction, with a battery playing upon our rear. I ordered a retreat by the left flank, but observing that General Prentiss had surrendered, I, too, gave up the struggle."

Report of Colonel Geddes, Eighth Iowa, attached to the Second Brigade:

"General Prentiss placed a battery in position immediately in front of my regiment, with instructions to defend it to the last. The precision of its fire, which was directed by the General in person, made great havoc in the advancing columns of the enemy. It therefore became an object of importance to them to gain possession of the battery. To this end they concentrated and hurled column after column on my position, charging most gallantly to the very muzzles of the guns. There a struggle commenced for the retention and possession of the battery, of a terrific character.

In this desperate struggle my regiment lost 100 men in killed and wounded.

About 3 P. M. all direct communication with the river ceased, and it became evident that the enemy were driving the right and left flanks of our army, and rapidly closing in behind us. At this time I could have retreated and probably saved my command from being captured had I been ordered back.

By General Prentiss' order I changed front conforming to his movements. We were now attacked on three sides by the Rebel forces rapidly closing in around us. To prevent annihilation I had to leave a position which my regiment had held for ten consecutive hours of severe fighting. With a loss of nearly 200 in killed and wounded, I perceived that further resistance was useless, and surrendered at 6 P. M.

I claim the honor for my regiment of being the last to leave the advanced line of our army on the battlefield of Shiloh, April 6th."

General Buell, in his interesting *Century* article, presents the following brief review of the earlier incidents of the battle. As his army was not engaged in the "opening exercises," he must be recognized as a credible and disinterested witness:

"With this question of 'surprises' I have little to do. I stop therefore only to remark that each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. Among the officers in the front division there was a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due heed to the presence of hostile reconnoitering parties, though they little imagined the magnitude of the danger that impended.

The enemy was known to be at hand, but no adequate steps were taken to ascertain in what force, or with what design. The call to arms was blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest, on the rising ground in front, flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, 'became satisfied, for the first time, that the enemy designed a determined attack.'

*Prentiss' vigilance gave the first warning of the actual danger, and in fact commenced the contest. On Saturday, disquieted by the frequent*

appearance of the enemy's cavalry, he increased his pickets, though he had no evidence of a large force. Early Sunday morning one of these picket guards, startled no doubt by the hum of forty thousand men half a mile distant waking up for battle, went forward to ascertain its cause, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, which it promptly attacked. It was then a quarter past 5 o'clock, and all things being ready, the Confederate General accepted the signal, and at once gave orders to advance.

Previously, however, General Prentiss, still apprehensive, had sent forward Colonel Moore, of the Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies, to strengthen the picket guard. On the way out Colonel Moore met the guard returning to camp with a number of its men killed and wounded. Sending the latter on to camp, and calling for the remainder of his regiment, he proceeded to the front in time to take a good position on the border of a cleared field, and opened fire upon the enemy's skirmishers, checking them for a while, but the main body forced him back upon the division with a considerable list of wounded.

This spirited beginning, unexpected on both sides, gave the first alarm to the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The latter promptly formed his division at the first news from the front, and moved a quarter of a mile in advance of his camp, where he was attacked before Sherman was under arms.

With the rawest troops in the army, his vigilance gave the earliest warning of the magnitude of the danger, and offered absolute resistance to its approach; that, though overwhelmed and broken in the advance, he rallied in effective force in the line of Hurlbut and Wallace, and firmly held his ground until completely surrounded and overpowered."

Colonel A. T. Andreas, who made a special study of the incidents of this battle, in his paper, read before the Illinois Commandery, refers to the important services rendered by the Sixth Division in the early dawning of that fateful day:

"The enemy had reliable information that Grant's army was scat-

tered over an area three miles square, and that not more than one mile of the three was covered by our troops. No intrenchments had been thrown up, in fact nothing done beyond the usual throwing out of pickets; owing to these facts it was decided to march stealthily, and if possible surprise the unprepared army.

I think it is now generally conceded that, but for the foresight of General Prentiss in sending Colonel Moore to the front, the Rebels would have reached Sherman's and Prentiss' camp before 6 o'clock. It is also conceded that the heroic fight made by Prentiss at 6 o'clock, in advance of his camps, was the most important event of the battle. He checked the enemy for more than an hour, and their heavy infantry and artillery firing made it so plain to the rest of the army that a battle was unexpectedly upon them, that they moved to its sound without orders."

Extract from paper on the "Battle of Shiloh," read before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee by Colonel W. T. Shaw, commanding Fourteenth Iowa of W. H. L. Wallace's division, occupying a position on the right of General Prentiss:

"Prentiss' division—or at least six regiments of that division, being all I could see—had held their ground, right in the center of our line, until 4 P. M., fighting continuously for over six hours without being surprised, demoralized, or thrown into confusion. The roll of musketry was terrific and continuous, exceeding anything I have ever heard before or since. There was no slacking up or break for six hours; no troops could have withstood that terrible fire for six hours without having fought bravely and stood firmly as a whole. They held their ground until entirely surrounded and compelled to surrender about 5 P. M."

When General Prentiss returned from captivity, about seven months after the battle, he made his official report under date of November 17th, in substance briefly stated as follows:

"On Saturday evening, in consequence of some indications of the presence of the enemy, sent to the front, as an advance guard, five companies of the Twenty-first and five companies of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, under command of Colonel Moore, and to the left flank one company of the Eighteenth Wisconsin, and also doubled the grand guard.

At 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, Colonel Moore was attacked in force, and stubbornly retired. I thereupon ordered the First Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, Sixteenth Wisconsin and Twelfth Michigan, to form and advance. Before 6 o'clock the entire line was under heavy fire, but the position was held until outflanked on the right. I then ordered the division to retire in line of battle to our color line. Being again assailed by an overwhelming force, at 9:05 retired to a position on right of General Hurlbut and left of General Wallace.

My battery, the Fifth Ohio, was posted to the right of the road. In this position we were repeatedly charged, and as repeatedly repulsed the enemy.

By this time my command was greatly reduced by reason of casualties, and because many men, who were for the first time exposed to the fire of an enemy, had become panic stricken and fell back toward the landing.

This position I held until 4 o'clock, when, in consequence of the troops on the right and left having been driven back, I was forced to change front with a view to fighting my way to the river, but finding the division completely surrounded, I deemed it wise, in order to save my men from useless slaughter, to surrender, with 2,200 men, at 5:30 P. M."

It is a commendable fact that, though undoubtedly greatly distressed by the maliciously false statements of the conduct of his division circulated by the newspapers of the country, coupled with unjust criticisms of fellow officers, who thus endeavored to find excuses for their own delinquencies, not a single harsh or unkind retort is to be found in his



whole report. Further than this, though appealed to time and again, he absolutely refused to "talk for publication," until twenty years later he was invited by the Cincinnati Society of Ex-Army and Navy Officers to be its guest of honor at a banquet given at the Burnet House, on the evening of January 12th, 1882, at which over one hundred of the most prominent military men of the country were seated.

The welcome address was delivered by Colonel George Ward Nichols, in substance as follows:

"As soldiers and sailors we welcome you, and our hearts beat strong with greetings to him who, on the fateful field of Shiloh, might have said, as did the Scottish chieftain —

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

Those who best serve must stand and wait until the passing years bring justice and recognition.

Let us then, here to-night as best we may, lay the laurel wreath of honorable fame at the feet of General B. M. Prentiss."

In responding to this earnestly expressed and heartfelt welcome, General Prentiss said:

"In response to the still general inquiry, 'Was our army surprised at Shiloh?' I can only reply for myself that I had not the slightest idea that a general engagement was to be fought on that day.

We were not prepared on the morning of the 6th of April, but admonished by the actions of the enemy on Friday evening, I had advanced and strengthened my picket line in my front, and placed it under command of the gallant Colonel Moore, from whom I received the message that the enemy was advancing.

The entire division was at once prepared for action, and lines established in front of our camps; and it was here, upon this trying

occasion, I became intimately acquainted with your fellow townsman, General Hickenlooper, as gallant a soldier as ever fought on any field.

After two and one-half hours of terrible fighting we were compelled to give way and retire to another position about a quarter of a mile in the rear, where nature seemed to have prepared an excellent defensive line in an old roadway, where, about 9 o'clock, General Grant congratulated me upon the position, and in a pleasant, cheerful way, commanded me 'to hold it.'

I did hold it from that hour until 5:30 P. M. against the most fearful cannonading and repeated assaults to which any troops have ever been subjected, so stinging in its effects that the Confederates named it the 'Hornets' Nest.' It was the only place in which I have ever witnessed a hand to hand struggle, and it was here, General Hickenlooper, you so gallantly sustained your position and elicited my admiration and respect, which have outlived the lapse of time, some twenty years, since then until now.

Let it not be said again that General Prentiss' division was captured early in the morning; but I have now no harsh words to utter, and have forgotten those that were applied to me."

It is therefore with extreme humiliation and regret I scan the official reports of General Prentiss' associate division commanders only to find that while filled with egotistical, and in many cases grossly exaggerated statements of their own accomplishments, nowhere is there recorded a just, generous, or kindly expressed recognition of the estimable services of General B. M. Prentiss, to whom, more than any other one man, is our country indebted for the final triumph of our arms at Shiloh on the 6th of April.

Even General Grant, while commending General Sherman's services in the strongest possible terms in his official report, only refers to the subject as he would to the least important incident of the battle, saying:

“General Prentiss was taken prisoner in the first day’s action, and General William H. L. Wallace was severely, probably mortally, wounded.”

And in General Badeau’s *Life of General Grant*, which our old commander is credited with having carefully revised before publication, we find the following unjustifiable adverse criticism of the heroism of General Prentiss :

“Hurlbut and Wallace were forced to give way, but Prentiss, whose division lay between theirs, was more stubborn, and although the line had retreated on both sides, refused to yield his ground. His obstinacy was not good generalship, for he was thus left exposed, his two flanks in the air; and the enemy quickly seeing this, surrounded him; he was taken prisoner himself along with four regiments. The men had behaved excellently all day, and their misfortune reflects no discredit on their gallantry.”

But in his memoirs, the *Century* articles, published long afterwards, he showed a better understanding and more generous spirit than he manifested in his official report,—saying in the former :

“At the close of the day General Prentiss’ division was gone as a division, many of its members having been killed, wounded, or captured; but it had rendered valiant service before its final dispersal, and had contributed a goodly share to the defense at Shiloh.”

And in the latter :

“In one of the backward moves on the 6th, General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, and enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2,200 of his officers and men. General Badeau gives 4 o’clock of the 6th as about the time of his capture. He may be right as to the time, but my recollection is that the hour was later.

But no matter whether it was 4 or later, the story that his com-

mand was surprised and captured in their camps is without any foundation whatever.

If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle, with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side."

In *Recollections of Half a Century*, by Colonel A. K. McClure, just published by the Salem Press Company, we find "history still repeating itself" in unlimited praise of General Sherman, but nowhere is the name of General Prentiss mentioned :

"Here General Sherman commanded the wing of the army that received the sudden and overwhelming shock of Sidney Johnston's attack. It was charged that Grant and Sherman were both surprised when Johnston delivered battle, but Sherman always denied it with great earnestness. I have heard him speak of it many times, and he always very politely refuted the idea that they were taken by surprise. He did not deny that the attack was unexpected at the particular time it was made, but insisted that they were as well prepared for it as was possible, but that they hoped the attack would be delayed until the arrival of the Army of the Ohio, under Buell, that was then hourly expected."

We therefore turn with more satisfaction to the Confederate Reports, the authors of which appear to have been actuated by a generous spirit, and soldierly desire to give credit when justly due brave men, though at the time enemies of the cause for which they were contending.

General Beauregard, in his *Century* article, says :

"The falling back of Sherman's and McClernand's troops left Prentiss, Hurlbut and Wallace in a strong, sheltered position, well backed

by artillery, and held with great resolution. They repulsed a series of continued attacks made upon them.

Gibson's brigade of Bragg's corps was employed in four unavailing assaults, when, finding himself unable to carry the position, he desisted.

As I have said, by 5 o'clock the whole Federal army, except Prentiss' division, with part of Wallace's, had receded to the river bank, and the indomitable force which, under Prentiss, still contested the field, was being environed on its left by the brigades from the divisions of Breckinridge, Cheatham and Withers. It remains to be said that Prentiss was equally encompassed on the other flank by a part of Ruggles' division, together with some of Polk's corps.

Thus surrounded on all sides, that officer, whose division had been the first to come into collision with us that morning, stoutly keeping the field to the last, was now forced to surrender in person, with 2,200 officers and men."

Colonel R. L. Gibson, commanding the First Confederate brigade of Ruggles' division, which made the first attack upon Prentiss, and followed it up to the Hornets' Nest, says in his report:

"The brigade moved forward in fine style. On the left a battery opened that raked our flank, while a steady fire of musketry extended along the entire front. Under this combined fire the line was broken, and our troops fell back; but they were soon rallied and again advanced to the contest.

Four times the position was charged, and four times the assault proved unavailing. The strong, and almost inaccessible position of the enemy, and his artillery skillfully posted and efficiently served, was found to be impregnable to infantry alone. We were repulsed.

In the first and second charges on this position I was near the left center of the brigade, and together with Colonel Allen and Major Avegno, twice rallied their regiments, which had recoiled, not so much from the infantry fire, heavy as that was, but from the severe

fire of a battery, on a commanding position, sweeping our line whenever we advanced."

Colonel Fagin, commanding First Arkansas, says in his report :

"Three different times did we go into this valley of death, and as often were forced back by overwhelming numbers entrenched in a strong position.

That all was done that could possibly be done, the heaps of killed and wounded left there give ample evidence."

Of the appearance of the field at this point General Grant says :

"Shiloh was the severest battle fought in the West during the war, and but few in the East equaled it for hard, determined fighting. I saw an open field in our possession, over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing in any direction stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground.

On one part bushes had grown up to the height of eight or ten feet. There was not one of these left standing unpierced by bullets; the smaller ones were all cut down."

Colonel William Preston Johnston, in his *Life of the Confederate Commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston*, says of the fighting at the position thus occupied :

"About 10 o'clock we met the most obstinate resistance of the day, the enemy being strongly posted with infantry and artillery on an eminence, behind a dense thicket. Hindman's command was gallantly leading the attack, but recoiled under a murderous fire. Here was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground.

This position was nicknamed by the Confederates 'The Hornets' Nest.' No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly

peril of assault upon this natural fortress, whose inaccessible barriers blazed for six hours with sheets of flame, and whose infernal gates poured forth a murderous storm of shot, shell, and musket fire, which no living thing could quell. Brigade after brigade was led against it, but valor was of no avail. Hindman's brilliant brigades, which had swept everything before them from the field, were shattered into fragments in the shock, and paralyzed for the remainder of the day.

Bragg now ordered up Gibson's splendid brigade, which made a gallant charge, but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered, and fell back with very heavy loss. Four times the position was charged; four times the assault proved unavailing.

Now was the time for the Confederates to push their advantage by closing in on the rear of Prentiss and Wallace to finish the battle; but on the contrary there came a lull in the conflict lasting more than an hour, from half past 2, the time at which General Johnston fell, until about half past 3 o'clock, when the struggle at the center, which had been going on for six hours with fitful violence, was renewed with the utmost fury. Polk's and Bragg's corps, intermingled, were engaged in a death grapple with the sturdy commands of Prentiss and Wallace, who had resolved to hold their positions at all hazards, hoping thus to save the rest of the army from destruction; and there is but little doubt that their manful resistance, which cost one his liberty and the other his life, so checked the Southern troops as to gain time, and prevented the capture of Grant's army.

While an ineffectual struggle was thus going on at the center, General Ruggles judiciously collected all the artillery he could find — some eleven batteries in all — which he massed against Prentiss, the center of all that remained. Polk and Hardee, having defeated Wallace, got in on Prentiss' right flank. Bragg pushed in on his left flank, and Chalmers on his rear, and thus intercepted his retreat.

While these movements were being executed, Prentiss determined on a bold course, afterwards condemned by his more fortunate superiors because it failed; but in the writer's opinion it saved both Grant and Sherman from capture. He formed his men to make an attack, but the Confederates closed in around him, and he found himself, after

a brief struggle, cut off, encompassed, and at the mercy of his adversaries.

With Hurlbut gone, and Wallace gone, Prentiss was left isolated; struck in front, in rear, and upon either flank, cut off in every attempt to escape, about half past 4 o'clock what was left of Prentiss' division surrendered.

*It was this division which had received the first blow in the morning, and made the last organized resistance in the afternoon.*

The Federal reports claim that they were flanked and outnumbered, which is true; for though fewer, the Confederates were probably stronger at every given point throughout the day, except at the center, called the 'Hornets' Nest,' where the Federals eventually massed nearly two divisions.

The iron flail of war beat upon the Federal front and right flank [Prentiss] with the regular and ponderous pulsations of some great engine, and these repeated assaults resulted in a crumbling process, which was continually and slowly going on.

Then Bragg ordered up Gibson's brigade, which made a gallant charge, but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered. Under a cross-fire of artillery and musketry it at last fell back with very heavy loss. Gibson asked that artillery should be sent him, but it was not at hand, and Bragg sent orders to charge again; and again they suffered a bloody repulse. The brigade was four times repulsed, but maintained its ground steadily until Wallace's position was turned. Cheatham charged with Stevens' brigade on Gibson's right, but was caught in a murderous cross-fire, but fell back in good order, and later in the day came in on Breckinridge's left in the last assault, when Prentiss was captured.

This bloody fray lasted till nearly 4 o'clock without making any visible impression on the Federal center; but when its flanks were turned these assaulting columns, crowded in on its rear, aided in its capture.

About half past 3 the contest, which had throbbled with fitful violence for five hours, was renewed with the utmost fury.

While an ineffectual struggle was going on at the center, a num-



ber of batteries opened upon Prentiss' right flank. The opening of so heavy a fire, and the simultaneous, though unconcerted advance of the whole Confederate line, resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy, and then in the death of W. H. L. Wallace, and the surrender of Prentiss.

These Generals have received scant justice for their stubborn defense. They had agreed to hold their position at all odds, and did so until Wallace received his fatal wound, and Prentiss was surrounded and captured, with nearly three thousand men.

*This delay was the salvation of Grant's army."*

Never were conditions more perfectly arranged for courting such an attack; and when the storm broke upon our unprepared army, threatening it with dire disaster; when other divisions were being slowly but steadily driven back and rapidly melting away; while a "rout" with its accompanying horrors and scenes of wild disaster was more than probable; while the landing, bluffs and river banks were crowded with demoralized soldiers, and the plateau above was covered with rows of wounded men; while the army of 30,000 men had dwindled until not exceeding one third of those who first faced the enemy were still upon the firing line; when, about 4 P. M., all seemed lost, and our wornout and dispirited forces appeared ready for surrender, it was the booming of the guns of the Fifth Ohio Battery, and the roar of the volley firing of the Sixth Division still far to the front, that revived the hopes, and encouraged the beleaguered forces at the landing to make a successful effort to repel the last desperate assault of the enemy.

By half-past 4 or 5 o'clock except General Prentiss' Sixth Division, all were pressed into a compact mass of disorganized men less than a mile square, of which condition one of General Grant's staff officers says:

"A tremendous roar to the left, momentarily nearer and nearer, told of an effort to cut him off from the river and line of retreat. Grant sat on his horse, quiet, thoughtful, stolid. One of his staff remarked, 'Does not the prospect begin to look gloomy?' 'Not at all,' was the quiet reply. 'They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night — it is too late; delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we will attack with fresh troops and drive them.'"

General Buell says of the conditions at the landing at nightfall, or when he arrived with the leading division of his army:

"Not more than 5,000 men were in the ranks, or available on the battlefield at nightfall on the 6th, exclusive of Lew Wallace's division of 8,000 men that only came up during the night; the rest were either killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in inextricable confusion for miles along the banks of the river.

It was the tide of defeat; how fortunate it did not set in an hour earlier, and strike in flank the disorganized forces of the right wing. How more than fortunate that the onward current of victory was obstructed for an hour longer by the unyielding tenacity of the remaining regiments of Wallace and Prentiss."

General Chalmers, whose forces led the advance of the enemy when the fighting ceased at the landing, says:

"One more resolute movement forward would have captured Grant and his whole army, and fulfilled to the letter the battle plan of the great Confederate General who died in the belief that the victory was won."

General Polk, the commander of the Confederate corps nearest the river, when the recall was sounded, says:

"Not for the first time did the fate of an army depend upon a single man, and the fortunes of a country hang as in a balance on the achievements of a single army.

We had one hour or more of daylight, were within from 150 to 400 yards of the enemy's position, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the most brilliant victory of the war but to press forward and make a vigorous assault on the demoralized forces of the enemy."

Colonel Johnston says:

"All the fruits of victory seemed within the grasp of the Confederate army, when the prize so dearly bought was suddenly snatched away. It was as in those dreams where visions of untold riches, power, and splendor loom before the sleeper, when a word rudely awakens him to the hard realities of life.

The Confederates saw Grant crushed, Buell retreating, the tide of war rolled back and pouring across the border; Kentucky and Missouri aroused and springing into the ranks with their sister States of the South; renewed prestige, restored confidence, increased credit, strength, peace, prosperity and independence.

But in the sad significance of the result, the fulfillment remained as obscure as the oracle was ambiguous; but it was only a dream — the spell was broken, the scene dissolved, all the fair promises of the future vanished into thin air, the baseless fabric of a dream."

Had Beauregard been given three or four hours more of daylight, is it not possible that he would have won the fight? Is it not certain that the Confederate advance was delayed for twice this length of time at the "Hornets' Nest" by the heroism of General Prentiss and his Sixth Division?

Had not Prentiss, without orders from his superiors, sent his gallant Colonel Moore by a night march far to the front; and had not the Fifth Battery, in thundering tones, awakened the slumbering camps in the rear; had not Prentiss held to the "Hornets' Nest" for eight long hours, repulsing repeated desperate assaults, is it not probable that General Johnston would not only have "watered his horses in the





Tennessee," but in the course of a brief period of time would have quenched his own thirst in the Ohio?

Similar devotion to duty upon the part of General George H. Thomas at the battle of Chickamauga gave him the credit of saving the Army of the Cumberland, and the enduring title of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

For identically the same reason, I claim for General B. M. Prentiss the title of

"THE SAVIOR OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AT SHILOH,  
APRIL 6th, 1862."

April 1, 1903.

WITH FREMONT IN MISSOURI.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

BY JAMES L. FOLEY,

Captain Company C, Fremont Body Guard, and Major Tenth  
Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry.

*PART I.—GENERAL REVIEW OF FREMONT'S CAMPAIGN.*

Colonel John C. Fremont was in Europe when the curtain rose on the first act in the great drama of the rebellion. In acknowledgment of an immediate proffer of his services to the Government, he was one of the four Major Generals appointed under an act of Congress passed in May, 1861.

It was impossible at that early day to foresee the magnitude of a conspiracy which was in brief time to involve the Nation. Among the few who realized the need of immediate preparation for that which promised to be a prolonged struggle was General Fremont. The necessity for procuring large quantities of war munitions without delay was apparent, and this he did on his personal credit. He received no aid from representatives of his Government then in London, though emissaries from the South, with almost unlimited credit, were scurrying through England and France, purchasing and shipping to Southern ports the most improved weapons of war then in use. These guns were to support a Southern faction, which had decided to force an issue with constituted authorities, and to establish a government whose corner stone would be the perpetuation of slavery.

Batteries of field guns and many thousands of small arms, secured by General Fremont under a personal indebtedness of

about \$200,000, were safely landed at New York, and quickly appropriated by the Government for equipping troops then being called into active service in the East.

Not a gun, large or small, of this purchase was used in the Western Department, the one to which General Fremont was, from choice, assigned, though he was urged to take command in the East. The Western Department included Illinois, Kentucky, and the territory lying west of the Mississippi River, extending to the Rocky Mountains. A section of this vast area had been the scene of General Fremont's exploits, and of discoveries of such inestimable value as to make his name famous throughout the civilized world before many of our generation came into existence.

General Fremont's position was unique. He was not only to command a great department, but upon him devolved the responsibility of raising, equipping, feeding and disciplining a vast army—a hopeless task it seemed, under the adverse conditions that confronted him. Headquarters were established in the city of St. Louis, July 25, 1861.

Prior to assuming command, General Fremont had been informed of the lack of equipment throughout the West, and making a hurried trip to Washington, before going to his department, he there presented his cause so successfully that he was given an order for a sufficient number of guns to equip a division. This requisition was never honored. A visit to New York, later, revealed the fact that all arms available at that date were in the hands of private parties. Upon examination it was found that the muskets thus held were not rifled. General Fremont, before making a purchase, sent a communication to Washington, and in reply was informed by



General Winfield Scott that no further instructions would be given, and that he would please proceed at once to his department. This order could be construed in no other way than as giving to General Fremont discretionary power with greatest latitude.

Outbreaks of serious character were occurring at short intervals in the northern part of Missouri; troops then available were assigned to General Pope in the hope of checking these disturbances. Union men throughout the State were hunted down, driven from home, their houses burned, their crops destroyed, and their live stock confiscated to the feeding of Price's army, which was making rapid, zealous preparation for active service. At this date we find General B. M. Prentiss stationed at Cairo, Illinois; General Nathaniel Lyon at Springfield, Missouri; the former with detachments of seven regiments, the latter with less than eight thousand men, of all arms, the greater part of both these commands being three-months' men.

The cry now went out for arms. They were sadly needed in the Western army, which was still in the embryo stage of organization. Neither money nor munitions of war could be secured. An order on the arsenal at St. Louis for muskets, obtained through the influence of the President, disclosed the fact that the number of available arms was less than two thousand.

But the tramp of an assembling host was heard daily on the streets of St. Louis, and thousands of strong-limbed, loyal Westerners were joining their fortunes with those of a man whose very name was a prophecy and promise of victory. But soldiers were useless without guns; and here was a force

of fifteen thousand patriots content to be put through squad, company and battalion drill with nothing in hand but sticks. True, a few rifles and smooth-bore muskets had been distributed, but these were antiquated, even for that period. It was a joke in certain regiments, which had been furnished with condemned Austrian and Belgian muskets, that they required no tents, the bore of their guns being sufficiently large to afford protection if they cared to crawl in.

General Fremont made repeated appeals to the several departments in Washington for funds and supplies. His requisitions not being honored, he addressed a letter to Mr. Lincoln, July 30, 1861, feeling that the critical situation in his department demanded the following report :

“Troops have not been paid, and some of the troops are in a state of mutiny. I lost a fine regiment last night from inability to pay them a portion of the money due. This regiment had been intended to move on a critical post last night. The Treasurer of the United States has \$300,000 entirely unappropriated. I applied to him yesterday for \$100,000 for my paymaster, Major Andrews, but was refused. We have not an hour for delay. There are three courses open to us. One, to let the enemy possess himself of some of the strongest points in the State and threaten St. Louis, which is insurrectionary. Second, to force a loan from Secession banks here. Third, to use the money belonging to the Government which is in the treasury here. Of course I will neither lose the State nor permit the enemy a post of advantage. I have infused energy and activity into the department, and there is a thorough good spirit in officers and men. This morning I will order the Treasurer to deliver the money in his possession to Major Andrews, and will send a force to the treasury to take the money, and will direct such payments as the exigency requires. I will hazard everything for the defense of the department you have confided to me, and I trust to you for support.”

The President felt deep solicitude for the safety of Cairo,

it being an important point in its relation to both sections. Anticipating this situation, General Fremont, with such troops as could be spared, occupied and fortified Cape Girardeau and other points, both on the Ohio River and the Mississippi. Rebel movements were under strict espionage. Roads and fortifications in Kentucky and Tennessee were carefully examined and mapped by Captain De Arnaud, a Russian officer, who came to General Fremont with such high recommendations that he was at once assigned to this important duty. The work was accomplished with dispatch, so that Memphis was visited, and conditions there reported upon before the 15th of October.

Through the instrumentality of this officer, the plans of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry were well understood, this information being an essential preliminary to the plan for invading that section after bringing Missouri safely under Federal influence. A change in the command of Cairo was therefore determined upon, General Fremont's inspection of the place having shown the necessity for putting it in the hands of an experienced officer, one who could be relied on should emergency arise. At this point a soldier appeared at headquarters who had not, up to that time, impressed army associates as being possessed of great fitness for any high command. This soldier found General Fremont a patient, interested listener to what he had to say, and following a brief interchange of views concerning the war, an order was made out assigning him to the command at Cairo. The soldier receiving this commission was Ulysses S. Grant, the man ignored by the War Department and by General McClellan, but destined to the distinction of the lofty military title

of General-in-Chief of the Army. General Grant quickly realized that there was a lack of all that was necessary to the making of an efficient army, and he at once joined in the strong plea for men and for supplies of all kinds. Less than four hundred men were sent by steamer to reinforce the small garrison of five hundred men at Cairo. So successful was the ruse of employing a number of transports to convey them down the river, and so misleading the conspicuous display of troops as the transports passed, that General Pillow abandoned his scheme of invasion and hastily fell back from New Madrid, his immediate force numbering nine thousand, with reinforcements to the number of eleven thousand hastening from Memphis, Tennessee, to his support.

General Grant also made a request for men sufficiently versed in military tactics to aid in molding into shape the raw recruits then pouring into the department. From Ironton, Missouri, General Grant proceeded to Cairo and relieved General Prentiss, who had been in command. It was my privilege and honor at that time to pay General Grant a visit, and to be invited to accompany him on an inspection of the earthworks at that post. Before starting upon this duty, he excused himself for a moment to put on a coat with shoulder-straps, and stated that he did this in order that he might receive proper recognition from the men on guard, who, not knowing him, would refuse to pass us without challenge.

Advices came from Washington emphasizing the inability of the Government to meet even the requisitions being made upon the Quartermaster General's Department by the Army of the Potomac. General Fremont was again given full power, and told that his Quartermaster, Colonel McKinstry,

must use his judgment and do what was possible towards meeting the wants of the department.

The following letter to General Fremont came from Postmaster General Montgomery Blair, under date of July 26, 1861:

"GENERAL: I have two telegrams from you, but find it impossible now to get any attention to Missouri on Western matters from the authorities here. You will have to do the best you can, and take all needful responsibility to defend and protect the people over whom you are specially set."

All responsible positions in the departments of General Fremont's general staff were filled by officers of the regular army, and the efforts of these officers to supply the needs of the army then rapidly forming were as untiring as they proved unsuccessful.

From out the host of men waiting impatiently to be fed, clothed and made ready for the field of duty, large numbers succumbed to sickness and disease. This added the expense of hospital and medical attention to a burden already discouraging in magnitude. A great State was in the throes of fratricidal war, and it seemed as if a great department would soon fall victim to rebel hordes, whose hourly gain in strength and boldness was largely due to failure upon the part of the General Government to protect its interests and to provide properly for its ardent supporters.

General Fremont never appropriated a dollar of his pay as Major General to his own use, but gave it in aid of the Western Sanitary Commission for the benefit of the soldiers in the field.

The demand for regular army officers in other directions

was gradually robbing the Western Department of service which it could not afford to lose. General Fremont received a letter from General Lyon, in which he expressed the belief that the orders from Washington stripping the entire West of regular troops largely increased the chances of losing that section. General Lyon pleaded for the money necessary to pay his three-months' men, these men having promised to re-enlist if given only enough to keep their families from starvation while they struggled to save their State from the ignoble act of secession.

A fair estimate of the rebel force then in the field gave 41,500 troops, divided among Price, McCulloch, Pillow and Thompson. These were, by concerted movement, to overpower the small force at Cairo, gain control of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, subjugate Southern Illinois, invade Kansas and overrun Missouri. The safety of St. Louis depended upon the maintenance of a strong Federal force at Cairo.

It was necessary for General Lyon, then at Springfield with seven thousand troops, to maintain his position in order to prevent another rebel invasion. An appeal to the three-months' men, whose term of enlistment had expired, was the only hope, and this appeal was successful only when General Fremont gave his personal pledge that they should be paid.

Facilities for transportation by rail were far short of the demand; this deficiency had to be provided for. The creation of a fleet of iron-clad gunboats, mortar-boats and steam tugs, to co-operate with the army in opening up communication with the gulf, was in progress. The wisdom of this provision upon the part of General Fremont was so heartily approved

by the Government, that immediate orders came for the shot, shell, guns and mortars necessary to the equipment of the fleet. That splendid soldier, General Asboth, was among the first to offer plans, which were adopted, for the building of these floating arsenals. Colonel Fiela, another officer of foreign birth, and Captain Eads, also gave valuable aid in designing and perfecting plans for this important arm of the service.

An order withdrawing the only two companies of regular artillery in the department now came from General Scott, so that new organizations for this service had to be created; but mustering officers were without funds necessary for this expense. The Paymaster of the department was appealed to for money; he was arrested for refusing to honor the order, but upon promising to honor future requisitions, was released. President Lincoln, through Montgomery Blair, indorsed General Fremont's request for authority to secure the services of competent men in forming a skeleton army. This request met the approval of Frank P. Blair, Jr., also, as we find in the following telegram to his brother, the Postmaster General:

"It is necessary, in order to facilitate the organization here, that Major General Fremont have power to commission officers, as Governor Gamble has neglected to accede to a request to do it, much to the detriment of the public service. If the President telegraphs that he will appoint the officers General Fremont commissions, it will remove a great stumbling-block in our path."

In answer to this message the Postmaster General wired that if Governor Gamble would not commission officers, the President would. This message being garbled in transmission, its meaning was not clear, so that the President himself wired this emphatic message: "I repeat, I will commission

the officers of Missouri volunteers." Postmaster General Blair, speaking for General Meigs, Chief Quartermaster General at Washington, wired the following message to General Fremont :

"Meigs begged me this afternoon to get you to order fifteen-inch guns from Pittsburgh for your gunboats. He says that the boats can empty with such guns any battery the enemy can make. He advised that you contract for them, directly, yourself, telling the contractor your ordnance officer will pay for them."

Now was issued the famous order of August 30th, 1861, in which the Commanding General assumed administrative power in his department, which meant the punishment of murderers and marauders, the suppression of all forms of crime, the protection of Union men and their homes, and the maintaining of peace at any cost. To do this it was necessary to declare martial law throughout the State of Missouri. We quote the following extract from the proclamation which went forth :

"All persons who shall be found with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and if guilty will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

This proclamation was written between midnight and day dawn, and at daylight was submitted to two friends for their opinion and indorsement. The comment of one of these friends was, that Mr. Seward would not allow the execution of such orders, his idea being to wear the South out by delay and not by blows. To this General Fremont replied that the



people of the North would have to decide between arbitration and fighting.

The proclamation was hailed with enthusiastic joy by the Union men of the country, while Southern sympathizers paused in their mad career to consider how far their interests would be placed in jeopardy should they disregard its warning.

This proclamation gave the Administration great concern. Mr. Lincoln remonstrated against it early in September. He questioned the wisdom of shooting prisoners, knowing that the Confederates would practice bitter retaliation. He so expressed himself to General Fremont:

"It is, therefore, my order that you allow no man shot under the proclamation without first having my approbation or consent. Second, I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating of slaves of traitorous owners will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us, perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own volition, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress, entitled 'An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes,' approved August 6, 1861."

A copy of the act referred to accompanied this letter, which said in conclusion:

"This letter is written in a spirit of caution and not of censure."

To this criticism of the proclamation General Fremont replied, September 8th:

"If upon reflection your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. The implied censure will be received as a soldier always should the reprimand of

his chief. If I were to retract of my own account, it would imply that I myself thought it wrong, and that I had acted without the reflection which the gravity of the point demanded. But I did not. I acted with full deliberation, and upon the certain conviction that it was a measure right and necessary; and I think so still."

The following letter will be of interest in this connection:

"JEFFERSON, OHIO, October 18, 1861.

"GENERAL J. C. FREMONT:

"*Dear Sir*—Amidst all your cares and perplexities, I am about to trouble you with a long letter.

"My intercourse with the people of the Northwest especially is pretty extensive, and I only write to express to you how heartily the great mass of our people approve of your late proclamation. There has been no incident, since this unfortunate controversy commenced, so thrilled the hearts of our people as did that proclamation. It placed you in their estimation immeasurably in advance of all our public men; it was the right word spoken at the right time, and will be remembered when your enemies and friends will be forgotten. The President may order a modification, but it is not in the power of Presidents or their Cabinets to modify the effect of the noble sentiments of that proclamation upon the hearts of the people. What your friends fear is that, harassed, thwarted and calumniated, you may be induced to retire from the position you have assumed, and from the field of action in which you are engaged. Let me assure you that all your enemies have yet been able to do has not in the least shaken the unbounded confidence which the people have ever had in you, and we all hope you will persevere in the course you have thus far pursued. No greater misfortune could befall the country than that you should retire at this period. Persevere, and as sure as God reigns, the Administration will have to come over to your doctrines. We can not, and we ought not, to conquer this rebellion on any other principle.

B. F. WADE."

The Unionists of Kentucky were growing restive under the dilatory tactics of the Government, prompt action being needed to check rebel encroachments in that State. General

Fremont met this demand promptly. He wired Captain I. A. Newstaedter to communicate with General Grant immediately, the result being that in brief time Paducah, Kentucky, was occupied by General Grant's troops. The wisdom of this move became apparent when reliable information came to General Grant, through Captain De Arnaud, that a large rebel force was advancing to occupy Paducah. De Arnaud had just escaped from the rebels and from death, having been captured by them, tried, and sentenced to be shot as a spy. The plans of Generals Polk and Pillow were completely frustrated by this strategic move, and by the occupancy of Paducah about six hours ahead of the time the rebel force had expected to enter and possess the town.

Those who were familiar with the situation in Missouri at that time knew of the powerful influence exerted in the State by the Blair family, and there was every reason for thinking that this influence would give its support to the General in command. The President expressed himself plainly as preferring John S. Phelps, rather than Colonel Frank P. Blair, to be intrusted with the duty of raising and organizing the Missouri regiments. A refusal to accept a commission in the regular army surprised many of Mr. Blair's friends; but this would have left vacant his seat in Congress, a thing to which he was stoutly opposed. Colonel Blair made an effort to secure for certain friends a contract for the complete equipment of nearly fifty thousand men, but this General Fremont refused, believing it unsafe to give so large a contract to one or two parties. This was a great disappointment to Colonel Blair, who, in company with his friends, presented himself at headquarters, contract in hand, desirous of closing the same at once.

General Fremont also declined to approve his appointment as a Major General of Volunteers. Colonel Blair's father urged this appointment, and in a letter suggested that "a co-partnership in the West" be entered into, and stated that he would do everything in his power to aid General Fremont. He added:

"In return I shall expect you to exert your utmost influence to carry my points. And now to begin. I want to have Frank made a militia Major General for the State of Missouri. This, I presume, Governor Gamble can do, and as Major General Frost nipped his military honors in the bud by turning traitor and absconding with Jackson, it would seem but a completion of what was gained, in substituting Gamble for the abdicating Governor, to make Frank, as the military man of the State, take the position deserted by General Frost."

General Price was actively bringing together troops and supplies on the Osage River, and rebels were on the alert in many parts of the State. Troops were hurried to the support of Lexington, but the want of transportation delayed their movements, and arms were still lacking to put them in fit condition for the field. It was now learned that General Price was concentrating at Warrensburg; also that there was a large detachment of rebel troops at Georgetown, these combined forces numbering fourteen thousand men.

The following telegram was received by General Fremont from Washington:

"Upon consultation with the President and heads of departments, it was determined to call upon you for five thousand well-armed infantry to be sent here without a moment's delay. Give them three days' cooked rations; this draft from your forces to be replaced by you from the States of Illinois, Iowa and Kansas. How many men have you under arms in your department? Please answer fully and immediately.

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

And this order was obeyed promptly, two thousand men going from St. Louis, two thousand from Kentucky, and one thousand from other points, although Washington was then being defended, as it had been since twenty-four days after the battles of Bull Run, by fifty thousand infantry, a full regiment of cavalry and six hundred and fifty artillerymen. The withdrawal of the above mentioned force from the Western Department compelled General Grant to contract his lines, and to withhold from General C. F. Smith, at Paducah, the aid which this General sorely needed. The rebels were growing more defiant daily, and the long lines of communication required troops to keep them properly guarded against an active enemy. General Fremont found it useless to wait longer for a better equipment of the troops, and a forward movement was determined upon.

Two regiments were sent to reinforce the command at Jefferson City. General Sturgis, then marching to the relief of Lexington, was ordered to take command of all the forces, and General Pope to move with his command of five thousand to the same point. Other forces were marching to the relief of certain other points that were threatened. A few disaffected officers began to communicate a spirit of insubordination to some of the regiments, and the conduct of Colonel F. P. Blair, Jr., was such that General Fremont placed him under arrest, and followed his action in the matter with this dispatch to Washington :

“ Information of such positive character has come to my knowledge implicating Colonel F. P. Blair, Jr., First Missouri Volunteers, in insidious and dishonorable efforts to bring my authority into contempt with the Government, and to undermine my influence as an officer, that I

have ordered him under arrest, and shall submit charges to you for his trial."

This prompt action checked further insubordination among the officers.

General Sturgis, on reaching the Missouri River, found the rebel forces commanding the situation, and, therefore, was unable to reinforce the Federal forces at Lexington in time to prevent its surrender. General Pope, with four thousand troops, had failed to be on time, though he had promised his arrival on the 18th or 19th of September. The surrender of Lexington took place on September 20th.

The coming of Major General Hunter to the Western Department was, it was understood, brought about through the influence of Postmaster General Blair. The Western Sanitary Commission was organized in September by order of General Fremont, its object being to enforce, under military authority, such regulations as the comfort and health of the soldiers required. Hospital cars were fitted with berths, also with conveniences for preparing food for the sick and wounded. These cars were the first of the kind ever used for such purpose.

The advance from St. Louis began September 26th, the immediate objective point being Jefferson City, and the main purpose to force Price into an engagement before he could join McCulloch, who was then in the southwestern part of the State.

The army was still without adequate means of transportation, yet creditable progress was made by some divisions. General Hunter's complaints on this point caused annoyance, and called forth remonstrances from General Fremont. In a report to the Secretary of War he said:

“I want the Secretary of War to put an end to that kind of action, which is impeding me by producing a want of confidence. I think General Hunter is not friendly to me, and, therefore, I have a right to demand that he be at once moved from my department. I think he has been purposely sent with the object that, being unfriendly, he would embarrass me. I ought not to have impediments; circumstances always being enough necessarily.”

The Fremont Body Guard, to which I belonged, had the honor of escorting the Secretary of War and the Adjutant General on their arrival at Tipton, the Secretary of War having come to that place to investigate charges made by the Blair faction, the chief one being that the army could not be moved successfully against the enemy for want of proper organization. These charges also included mention of large expenditures on useless fortifications, of failure to pay troops, of scarcity of arms, the need of wagons, and the inability of the Sanitary Commission to care properly for the health and comfort of the army. Adjutant General Thomas was untiring in his efforts to learn the truth of the numerous complaints.

General Hunter claimed that Fremont was unable to master the situation; that his own division was greatly scattered; that the forces there present were deficient in many particulars; that he himself required one hundred wagons; that he was ordered to march that day, and that his cavalry was deficient in equipment. (It may be added, in parenthesis, General Hunter failed to state that some time previous to this General Fremont had ordered him to draw in his advance column with a view to concentrating his division.) Complaints from General Pope were also filed at this time.

The absurd charge was made that encampments were supplied with five hundred half-barrels for holding water, and that there were contracts for five hundred tons of ice for hospital use. This charge was reported to the War Department by General Thomas, who failed to state, however, that the barrels were a donation, and that the ice was to be delivered only when called for.

A visit to headquarters by Postmaster General Blair, accompanied by General Meigs, the visit having the approval of the President, portended evil to the Commanding General, and a rumor to this effect quickly spread. General Fremont was fully advised as to the attitude of the Administration towards him. He knew that the Secretary of War was then in possession of an order to suspend him, and to place General Hunter in command. The execution of this order was delayed for the reason that the Secretary realized, from his own observations, and from the statements made by Adjutant General Thomas, that it was impossible for the army to move on account of insufficient transportation. The order for an advance brought forth severe strictures from some of the division commanders. In a letter to General Hunter, General John Pope characterized the order as "extraordinary," and referred to the disorganized condition of the army, brigades and divisions not yet having been formed and officers not being assigned.

Notwithstanding the reports of discontented officers, there were divisions which did move; and although the depots of supplies for the troops had been established at Jefferson City and Sedalia by General Fremont, yet the Sub-treasury, the Paymaster, the Quartermaster and the disbursing officers



received instructions from Washington not to honor the orders of any officers appointed by General Fremont. This was serious interference with a campaign planned upon the promise of support from Washington.

In spite of a down-pour of rain at Tipton, and the deep mud encountered for many days in consequence, there was no sign of discouragement or discontent among the forces at that point. They were cheerful and confident; and while rations had been reduced, both in quantity and variety, the two staples, beef and cornmeal, were to be had; so, with sufficient food for immediate need, the difficulties of transportation and the absence of United States regulation uniforms were regarded as matters too unimportant to be considered at such a moment. The one great hope and desire was to meet the enemy. There were men enough, and they were fairly well armed, notwithstanding the fact that some of the infantry carried discarded guns from Europe, and that the cavalry, though supplied with carbines or revolvers, were deficient in sabers. There was no evidence, on the whole, of hardship or suffering over and above that which the average soldier experiences in an enemy's country. This force, aggregating thirty-nine thousand men of all arms, was sufficient to defeat, if not to annihilate, any rebel force in the State. The opportunity alone was lacking. The general opinion was that the second battle of Wilson Creek would be fought, provided the rebels continued their line of advance in the direction of Springfield.

The Union forces consisted of five divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Hunter, Pope, Sigel, McKimstry and Asboth. The want of transportation still seriously im-

peded all movements, although all that was possible had been done, and was still being done, to gather the wagons, horses and mules that were needed.

An inspection of troops was made by the Secretary of War and Adjutant General Thomas, October 13, the former reviewing General McKinstry's division at Syracuse, the latter inspecting Asboth's division at Tipton.

On October 14, after a late start and an easy march of twelve miles due south from Tipton, a camp was selected for General Fremont's headquarters, and General Asboth's command, seven thousand strong, on an elevated position, which gave a commanding view of the surrounding prairie country.

On the 15th, camp was made after a march of twenty-two miles. On the 16th, a march of twenty-four miles brought the forces into camp a short distance from Warsaw. These dates and details are carefully given because of the statement made by Adjutant General Thomas, after his inspection of the troops at Tipton, that this army would be unable to move for want of transportation and on account of impassable roads.

In a letter, dated October 24, 1861, addressed to General S. R. Curtis, the President enclosed a communication asking that—

. . . "it be delivered to General Fremont with reasonable dispatch, subject to these conditions only, that if when General Fremont, of the United States Army, the present Commander of the Western Department of the same, be reached, he shall then have, in personal command, fought and won a battle, or shall then be actually in a battle, or shall then be in the immediate presence of the enemy in expectation of a battle, it is not to be delivered, but held for further orders. After, and not till after, the delivery to General Fremont, let the inclosures addressed to General Hunter be delivered to him."

Enclosed with this letter was the following:

"Headquarters of the Army,  
WASHINGTON, October 24, 1861.

"General Orders No. 18.

"Major General Fremont, of the United States Army, the present Commander of the Western Department of the same, will, on the receipt of this order, call Major General Hunter, of the U. S. Volunteers, to relieve him temporarily in that command, when he (Major General Fremont) will report to General Headquarters by letter for further orders.

"By command, WINFIELD SCOTT.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant General."

The 3d of November passed, still General Hunter came not. The situation was grave. Springfield was rapidly filling up with Union refugees from the surrounding country, who reported all kinds of atrocities on the part of the rebel forces—houses burned, crops destroyed and stock carried off, whenever suspicion of loyalty doomed a man. Excited appeals were made to General Fremont, by officers and men alike, to be led into action.

It was an eventful day at headquarters, one which stirred the deepest emotions the hearts of men could feel. When evening came, the impressive scene was intensified by bonfires and the strains of martial music played by regimental bands. Men indignantly and sorrowfully threw down their arms, and officers tendered their resignation. Bitter tears were shed at thought of being deprived of a leader whose ability and faithful labor had made it possible for them to meet the enemy and overcome him. Relief was given to this strain of feeling by assurances that if General Hunter did not arrive, an advance on the Confederate position would be made the next day.

Late at night, when quiet had been restored, when camp fires burned low, and a depressed army was lulled into fitful sleep by the promise of being led to battle, General Hunter reported, and was received by General Fremont, who turned over his command, made known all details of the proposed battle, and gave such information as he possessed concerning the rebel forces.

The departure of General Fremont for St. Louis was followed by the retreat of General Hunter and his army. With them went the Union men of Springfield, leaving the town almost deserted. This retreat brought untold suffering and despair to the loyal citizens of Southwestern Missouri, whose hope of protection depended upon the presence of an army which was now fleeing from a foe not more than half its own numerical strength.

The trip to St. Louis was uneventful; but upon General Fremont's arrival in that city an ovation was given him by loyal citizens which will never fade from the memory of those who witnessed it. The demonstration was one of indorsement, of love, of sympathy; and so vast was the multitude of people who thronged the streets and participated in the tribute to the deposed commander, that it was found difficult to open a passage for him on his way from the railroad station to the Headquarters building. On all sides he was cheered and greeted with enthusiastic choruses of welcome, and with flowers, to the end of the line of march. In anticipation of these testimonials of love and respect to General Fremont by the Union people of Missouri, the telegraph offices, the sub-treasury and the arsenal had been safeguarded by the

Government authorities. Why? Because there was fear that in the midst of this triumph, General Fremont would, as it had been rumored was his intention, proclaim himself dictator.

THE AFTERMATH.

"DETROIT, May 29, 1878.

"HON. J. C. FREMONT:

"*My Dear Sir*—In 1864 the political horizon was dark and threatening. I then (in common with most, if not all, prominent Republicans) decreed it of vital importance that you should decline the Cleveland nomination for the Presidency, and unite the party upon Mr. Lincoln. With this object in view, and in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Lincoln and the Chairmen of both National and Congressional Executive Committees, I visited you in New York. Suffice it to say, the negotiation was successful; the party became a unit. Mr. Lincoln was re-elected and the government saved. I then deemed the matter of vital importance. Mr. Washburne (late Minister to France), ex-Senator Harlan and Judge Edmunds, now Postmaster in Washington, were present with me at each and every interview I had with Mr. Lincoln upon this subject. It would afford me really great pleasure to aid you in any way in my power, but I doubt my influence with the present Administration.

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"Z. CHANDLER."

The New York interview, referred to in Senator Chandler's letter, took place in the office of David Dudley Field, who admitted that the administration of the war had not been conducted in the best manner, but that the assurance of a change was so guaranteed he thought it advisable, if possible, for him to throw his weight so as to unite the Republican party.

The political situation called forth a proposition from Mr. Chandler, who told Mr. Fremont that if he would with-

draw he would immediately be given active service with a high command, and assured him that those who had so long persecuted him would be placed beyond the possibility of militating against him in the future. Mr. Fremont's withdrawal as a candidate for the Presidency was prompt.

This act of self-abnegation can not be attributed to sinister, or ulterior motives. The tender of a high command was declined politely, but firmly.

“ When Marshal Narvaez was on his death-bed, his confessor asked him if he freely forgave all his enemies. ‘ I have no enemies,’ replied the dying Marshal, proudly. ‘ Every one must have made enemies in the course of his life,’ suggested the priest mildly. ‘ Oh, of course!’ replied the Marshal; I have made a great number of enemies in my time, but I have none now. I have had them all shot.’ ”

General Fremont triumphed over his enemies by outliving their persecutions.

WITH FREMONT IN MISSOURI.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

BY JAMES L. FOLEY,

Captain Company C, Fremont Body Guard, and Major Tenth  
Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry.

*PART II.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS.*

In the vast field of operations which characterized the Civil War as the most stupendous conflict of all history, the small corner which any company organization filled, and the insignificant place of any one individual among the mass of heroes who composed the army, lead one to feel that he undertakes an almost hopeless task when endeavoring to present an interesting narrative based upon what he himself saw and did. Yet few men passed through the great and tragic strife of the early sixties who did not bring out of it experiences well calculated to stir interest and wonder in all who may now or ever listen to their story.

One may justly plead for forbearance, and to be spared criticism in narrating events, the recollection of which has been dimmed by the passing of more than forty years — nearly half a century to be compassed in reviewing the ghastly drama, with its sad scenes on the field and in the hospital, where thousands of lives went out to the Unknown, a willing sacrifice that the heritage of a united country, cemented by the blood of heroes, might be ours. Yet some survived, and to-night about me stand those who just as willingly imperiled life and defied death on the field and in the prison-pen.

Fremont's Body Guard was organized at the special request of General John C. Fremont. In a telegram to Major R. M. Corwine, of Cincinnati, Fremont expressed a wish to secure a company of cavalry composed exclusively of Kentuckians. It is possible that the reputation of Kentuckians was the same then as it is to-day — men big in stature and much given to the use of powder and shot. This telegram to Major R. M. Corwine was placed in the hands of Bushrod W. Foley, then a citizen of Covington, Kentucky, with the request that his son, your humble servant, enter at once upon the work of recruiting men for such a company. Accordingly a recruiting office was opened, the 10th of August, 1861, and soon closed with the full complement of men. This company crossed the Ohio River, and was mustered into service by John D. O'Connell, Captain Fourteenth Infantry, United States Army, in a room on the third floor of a Fourth Street building, afterward known as the St. James Hotel. In the afternoon of the same day, the company left for St. Louis, and on arriving in that city, August 22d, went into camp at the corner of St. Ange Avenue and Hickory Street. From that date to the day of being ordered to the front, the time was occupied in drilling the men, on foot, and teaching them the use of the saber, the work often being carried on by moonlight. Having myself received an education in infantry tactics, it was not difficult to acquire a knowledge of cavalry evolutions. This, together with the high degree of intelligence of the men who had chosen me for their leader, and who felt pride in the work, soon brought about marked proficiency. The man of the company selected as First Sergeant had served in the Regular Cavalry, was an excellent disciplinarian, and an expert in sword play.



His services were valuable in bringing the crude material of Company C into good shape for work to be done at close quarters, for our carbines were Colt's navy revolvers, which, when once emptied, were useless in hand-to-hand contests. On September 26th, Companies A, B and C of the Guard shipped for Jefferson City on the steamer George W. Graham. Some years after the war, the captain of this steamer revealed his identity to me, and made this pleasing comment on the soldiers of that shipment: "Why, sir, I never saw such men! They didn't steal a thing!" Upon being asked why he laid stress on that fact, he replied: "Well, sir, when I carried a regiment of Illinois troops South, and landed them at Memphis, they carried off everything but the hull, cabin and machinery, and I was d—d glad to find they had left me that much."

The occupation of Warsaw occurred October 17, General Sigel's division being in the advance.

General Sigel applied his energies to gathering in cattle for beef, and pressing ox-teams for transportation; so that, when we took possession of Warsaw, his advance guard was on the opposite side of the Osage River. On the 19th of October the entire division had crossed and gone into camp, Generals Hunter, Pope and McKinstry still lingering in the rear, waiting to be supplied with wagons and army beans. The Osage, with its high and rocky banks, was a rapid stream, subject to sudden rises, and dangerous even for cavalry. It was found necessary to bridge the river, and five days were required to accomplish this. The materials for the construction of the bridge were taken from a near-by forest and from buildings in the town, the men who did the work being

detailed from the ranks. General Price, with a force of twenty thousand men, was at Stockton, grinding corn and preparing for a still further move southward. October 24th found us in camp twelve miles from Warsaw. It was here that orders were received to advance in the direction of Springfield, where a considerable rebel force, under the command of Colonel Price, brother of General Sterling Price, was encamped.

The movement was to be made quietly, with as little publicity as possible. Accordingly we moved out of camp about 8 o'clock in the evening. The total detail for the expedition comprised 172 officers and men — Company A, 54; Company B, 66; Company C, 52. It was a fatiguing march of fifty-seven miles; a severe strain on raw troops and new horses. This was particularly felt by the horsemen of Company C, who were not supplied with a mount until within a few days of the departure from St. Louis. Other companies had received horses a fortnight before. The temperature demanded warm wraps. As we did not have these, it was shiver and shake, officers and men alike, and the hours of the night passed all too slowly. At 5 o'clock in the morning we halted, after a march of twenty-five miles, at the house of a rebel sympathizer, who was "short" on bread, but, fortunately for our hungry beasts, "long" on oats, and they enjoyed a substantial feed and a much-needed rest, while the men partook of their one-course, one-dish ration—boiled meat. Comfortably the Captain of Company C curled himself down on a pile of hay in the barn, a bundle of sheaf-oats for his pillow, and knew nothing until aroused from slumber by the gentle touch of a brother officer's boot.

A march of seventeen miles brought the command within

eight miles of Springfield. The day was half spent when it was learned, through a foraging party which had been captured, that the small rebel detachment at Springfield had been reinforced by fifteen hundred men under Colonel Frazier. This gave the enemy, as nearly as could be estimated, a total of two thousand troops fit for duty. Major White, with two companies of the Third Illinois Cavalry, under command of Captains Fairbanks and Kehoe, and a company of Irish dragoons, under Captain Naughton, numbering, all told, 130 men, was ordered by General Sigel to push forward in the direction of Springfield, and to report to Major Zagonyi, who was to assume command when the two forces met. When Major White's column was overtaken by Major Zagonyi, Major White was found to be ill; and being too feeble to remain in the saddle, it was arranged that after a rest he should follow the troops by carriage and with a small escort. The plan as agreed upon before leaving Major White was that the troops should continue on the main road, which led directly into Springfield. With this understanding, Major White started at the expiration of an hour, hoping to overtake his battalion, now constituting a part of the column under Major Zagonyi, before the town would be reached. He was discovered by a rebel picket as he approached Springfield through woods which skirted the town on the north. He was subjected to great indignities, was robbed, and was saved from being murdered only by the interposition of a rebel officer, who stood sponsor for his safe keeping. Major White was finally consigned to the rebel camp, where he remained for a time a quiet spectator, directly in the line of the charge made by the Guard on the rebel force. His horse

was killed, and had he not been hurried off then by his honorable protector, he would assuredly have been rescued from his captors.

Before parting from Major White, Major Zagonyi sent messengers to General Fremont and to Sigel, reporting the number of rebel troops at Springfield, accompanying the report with the request that reinforcements be furnished, as Major Zagonyi expressed it, "to hold the place should I be successful, and should I be defeated, to have some troops to fall back upon with my wornout command." This appeal received a hearty response, Colonel Carr with eight companies of cavalry and a section of artillery being promptly dispatched to the support. Great solicitude was felt by General Fremont, who feared that an overwhelming force of rebels would be encountered. General Sigel wrote this warning against attacking the town :

" Watch the enemy, and attack him when he leaves the town, which he will do as soon as we approach Springfield. I do not believe the company or two of cavalry now under my command will be of great use to you, as they are not well prepared, and have no sabers. Two hundred men like yours can do wonders ; but to attack a town with cavalry only, when the enemy is prepared to receive them, is always a very critical thing."

The enemy had been informed of our advance, and awaited our attack with a feeling of perfect security. Their line of battle, fronting southeast, conformed to the outline of the dense woods, which protected their rear and both flanks, and commanded, also, a lane on the south, the only approach by which an attack could be made. The timber offered them safe refuge if forced to retreat, as it was impenetrable by mounted men. The ground in front of them sloped gradually for a short distance, and then, in places, declined abruptly to a

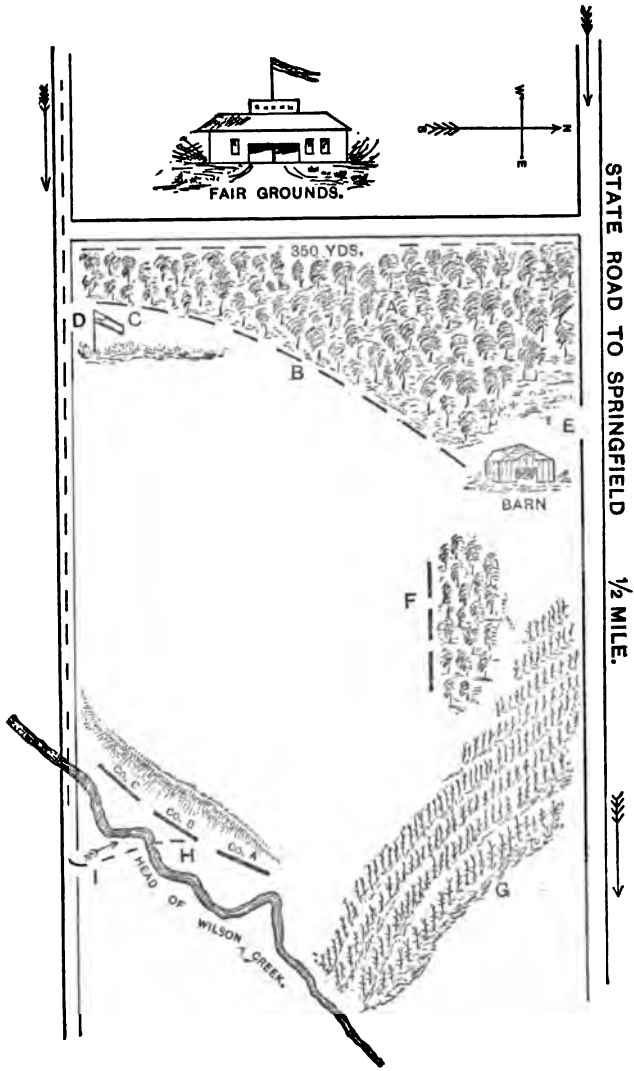
creek which crossed the field at the end of the lane. On the west bank of the creek the ground was extended enough in area to allow the assembling of our forces, which, when under cover of the bluff, were protected from their fire. Their cavalry occupied a position well to the front, on the extreme left. Their line of battle being at right angles to that of the infantry, their rear was likewise protected by a grove of timber. A small force guarded their train and stock, which were in the fair-grounds, concealed from view by a high fence.

The distance, from St. Louis, to the point at which there was a halt to give time for considering the situation now confronting us, was 325 miles. During our marches, Major Zagonyi related interesting incidents of his early life as a soldier. He had espoused the cause of Hungary, his native country, under General Bem, in her struggle for liberty. He told of desperate encounters, of dangerous wounds received, and how, finally, he was compelled to flee to America. He often expressed the wish that he could now have a company of Hungarian Hussars. I as often wished that his wish could be gratified, as the Hungarian Hussars were reputed to be fine horsemen and splendid soldiers.

This ride to Springfield was a ride to death—one which startled friend and foe alike. It was a bold, daring effort to dispel the cloud of despair which had settled down upon the heart and hope of the North. Sigel's retreat from Carthage, Missouri, July 5th; the inglorious calamity of Bull Run, July 21st; the disaster at Wilson Creek, Missouri, August 10th; the fall of Lexington, Missouri, September 20th; the slaughter of Federal troops at Ball's Bluff, October 21st; all these in one year—1861!

The gloom entailed by such continued disaster and defeat demanded to be offset by some glorious victory; but there were tremendous odds to be overcome! Three hundred against two thousand could hardly be expected to win the day! Yet not a man flinched when Zagonyi addressed the column, giving permission to any man, who so desired, to drop out before the fray began. Queer proposition for a foreign-born officer to make to an American soldier under arms in defense of his country! Later this officer learned, as the world has, that the American soldier is not given to dropping out in the presence of an enemy. With confidence in themselves, appreciating the magnitude of the work to be done, and eager for the contest, the column moved on, silent and gravely thoughtful. At a brisk trot the fair-grounds were passed without attracting notice from the small force of rebels stationed within. Down the lane the column moved rapidly along the timber which bordered the fence for some distance. Quite half the Guard passed the timber and into the cleared ground before the enemy opened fire by volleys, which told with serious effect on the head of the column. War in earnest was upon us before there was time to think. Just as Company C reached the end of the timber line, it was thought advisable to take the rebel position in flank. In short order the rail fence was thrown down, and then, with the coolness of veterans, the men forced their way through a withering fire far enough along the rebel line to discover the hopelessness of attempting to hold the position gained. The rebel front, at this point of the line, was protected by wagons, and when the enemy was driven into the timber by the vigorous assault of the Guard, they were safe from further pursuit by horsemen.

After forcing the rebels back into the timber, Company C withdrew, and dashing down the lane, joined Companies A and B of the Guard, which had taken position under shelter of the bluff bordering the creek, preparatory to an advance on the rebel front. No definite knowledge of the enemy's position had been gained up to this time, but it was the work of a moment to discover that something was to be done, and done quickly. A detachment of Company A assaulted the rebel cavalry. The remainder of the command hurled its effort against the rebel infantry. Once in motion, the advance was rapid; and after reaching the level ground, the Guard deployed in open order, and at a furious gallop struck the rebel center with such force as to scatter it in wild confusion. Wheeling right and left, the fight spread along the entire front, and became a series of hand-to-hand encounters which resulted in scenes it were wise not to describe. It was rebel muskets, shot-guns and rifles against Federal pistols and sabers. Four men of Company C fell at the foot of the rebel flag-staff, so close that a single army blanket would have covered them all. The flag was captured. The slaughter continued until the bodies of dead and wounded formed a line, showing where bloodiest work had been done. Many of the Guard were killed, many more wounded. The fight was too desperate to be of long duration, and the flight of the rebel cavalry was sudden and disgraceful. At the first onset of Company A, they scattered through adjacent cornfields, to be cut down as they fled, and in these fields their bodies were found many days afterwards. After the rout of the enemy became general, squads of the Guard pursued them, sometimes as small a body as four or five charging a large force



--- Advance of Guard.

A — Dense Woods.

B — Rebel Infantry.

C — Rebel Flag.

D — Where Foley lowered fence.

E — Where Rebel Infantry retreated.

F — Rebel Cavalry.

G — Corn field.

H — Fremont Body Guard.

I — Where Guard entered field.



of the demoralized rebels, who seemed to have lost all power or thought of resistance. We followed until it was a running fight through the streets of Springfield, with every disadvantage on the side of the fugitives.

Where the Guard rode that day there was ruin and death. The end came! Three hundred to two thousand, and the Guard had won!

In Springfield the greeting given to the Guard was an enthusiastic demonstration of long-repressed loyalty and joy over unexpected deliverance. The flag so dear to us all had been avenged, and was now being waved aloft by the hands of men, women and children on all sides. Three hundred to two thousand! Yet that brief and bloody conflict helped to save the Union! Association with Fremont had not made cowards of men! The spirit of his perseverance and heroism had communicated itself to his soldiers, and nerved them to win a brilliant victory, which, though it involved small numbers, yet sent a thrill of hope and encouragement through the very heart of the nation! It was but a breeze, a zephyr, a faint precursor of the mighty wind which later swept with irresistible power over the land, and purified its atmosphere of the noxious odor of treason!

Several of the Prairie Scouts accompanied my command in the charge, and displayed equal courage with the best troops on the field. Their death-roll speaks louder than words; all praise was due to their bravery, and it was unfortunate that a misunderstanding of orders diverted them from the main column in the charge on the rebel line. It would be grave injustice if recognition of their valuable service in another part of the field were withheld.

UNION LOSSES.

Company A, killed and wounded.....13 = 22 per cent.  
Company B, killed and wounded.....14 = 18 per cent  
Company C, killed and wounded.....20 = 36.6 per cent.  
The Prairie Scouts, killed and wounded. .31

Rebel loss, 116. Most of these bore evidence of having met death by the saber. Rebel wounded, unknown.

And what awaited the Guard from official headquarters at Washington while the country was ringing with their praise for work done in the field? They were assigned to their old quarters in St. Louis to freeze and starve in the midst of plenty; yes, reduced to the degrading necessity of begging bread to stay their hunger, hats and shoes to cover their unprotected heads and feet. With only saddle blankets to ward off wind, rain, snow and the chilling blasts of winter, they performed guard-duty at camp with unflinching heroism and forbearance, soldiers in all particulars save a just recognition of their service and sacrifice. Before going to the front, the Guard had been the subject of unstinted abuse, a target for ridicule and contempt. "Carpet Knights," "Kid-glove Dandies," "Parlor Pets," were some of the descriptive titles conferred upon them by the enterprising city papers. Their appearance would not have warranted the belief that they had ever seen the inside of a parlor, or that they ever would. But starved, half-naked, wornout and almost in despair, they were yet to suffer added humiliation. An order was received, signed by Major General Geo. B. McClellan, to muster the Guard out of service. Official information had reached him that members of the Guard had, at Springfield,

expressed sentiments which rendered their continuance in the service of doubtful expediency. This order also included Company D, which had never taken the field. To this order General Fremont replied :

“I am not informed of any expression of sentiments at Springfield by the cavalry known as the Body Guard, which should create a doubt as to the expediency of their being retained in the service of the country; while, on the contrary, the service rendered by the gallantry of their conduct on the 25th of October at Springfield justly entitles them to the favorable consideration of the Government. In view of this fact, I request the Commanding General to reconsider the case, if any severe measure has been directed against them.”

Under instructions from Washington, General Sturgis came to the camp of the Guard for the purpose of mustering them out of the service. He was accompanied by General Sweeney. The men were inspected, dismounted, as eighty of their horses had been killed or wounded in action. General Sturgis did not carry out instructions; he did not advocate the discharge of such men; the country could not afford to lose their services; he therefore asked for time to formulate some plan for retaining them. Later, a proposition came from General McClellan to raise a regiment of cavalry, retaining such officers of the Guard as might be acceptable. This was declined unanimously by officers and men. Repeated appeals made to Major Andrews, Paymaster, to have the men paid were disregarded. In desperation over this injustice, I myself sought an interview with General Halleck, then in command in St. Louis, and laid before him the distressed condition of the Guard. He received me with a soldierly bearing and courteous manner that impressed me deeply. A man of such large affairs and high place was overawing to a fledg-

ling of low rank; but General Halleck at once relieved the situation of all embarrassment by politely requesting me to be seated and make known my mission. This I did briefly by stating to him that Company C had been mustered into service in due form, and that the officers had been commissioned by the Governor of Ohio, which commissions were submitted, together with the company muster-roll, signed by the mustering officer. The destitution of the men was referred to, also the discontent occasioned by their having received no pay, and their humiliation in having to bear the unmerited insinuation that they had shown insubordination. And then a plea was made for the dumb brutes which had taken an important part in the Springfield fight, some of which were still suffering from their wounds, and for want of forage refused by the Post Quartermaster. "And they bear the United States brand on their left shoulder, General," I said; "this alone entitles them to be rescued from starvation and neglect, even if their riders are left to beg for food and clothing. The men are doing fairly well, for there are kind-hearted citizens who will not see them perish."

The following day the order was issued for the payment and discharge of the men, who returned to their homes, soon again to enter the army and do valiant service in other commands.

NOVEMBER 5, 1902.

## RESTORING THE FLAG AT FORT SUMTER.

BY DAVID R. HUNT,

Late Captain Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Many scenes and incidents occurred during the closing days of the War of the Rebellion which, owing to the surrender of General Lee, the assassination of President Lincoln and the change from War to Peace, were not given that publicity or notice which they would otherwise have received. I have chosen for this paper one of them: "THE RESTORATION; OR, RE-RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER FORT SUMTER, S. C., BY MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON."

In opening, I quote a telegram telling the thrilling story of the flag's removal:

"S. S. Baltic, off Sandy Hook,

April 18, 1861, 10:30 A. M., via New York.

"HON. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War, Washington:

"Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge walls seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames and its doors closed from the effects of heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions remaining but pork, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the Fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

"[Signed]

ROBERT ANDERSON,

"Major First Artillery, Commanding."

Major General Q. A. Gilmore was in command of the Department of the South, consisting of North and South

Carolina, Georgia and Florida, with headquarters at Hilton Head. Major General Chas. Devins was in command of the District of South Carolina, with headquarters at Charleston. Brigadier General John P. Hatch was in command of the Post of Charleston. I was Depot Quartermaster, in charge of Land and Marine Transportation; Disbursing and Purchasing Quartermaster of the Department, with headquarters at Charleston.

We had received notice that a number of steamers were coming from the North, which would bring many distinguished citizens, military and naval officers and persons in public life, who would be present to participate in the ceremonies and proceedings relating to the raising of the Flag over Fort Sumter. Steamers were to come from Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore, chartered for the occasion by the visitors, as at that time there were no private lines of steamers or transportation facilities, other than the Government steamers *Fulton*, *Arago* and *Quaker City*, which were employed in transporting troops and supplies from the North and Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas.

We had been in possession of Charleston but a short time. About February 26th, 1865, the rebels evacuated and our troops entered the city. We had scarcely commenced work upon the necessary repairs and rebuilding of the streets, depots, railroads and wharves. The city was in a dilapidated condition. Streets had been torn up, paving material had been used to construct batteries and works upon the bay fronts; trenches and earthworks surrounded the city, crossing the approaches and along the Cooper and Ashley Rivers; railroads had been torn up and destroyed; the depots, car-houses,

locomotives and all railroad machine shops had been blown up and destroyed by the Confederates as they evacuated the city. The streets were beds of sand. The portion of the city burned by the shells from the "Swamp Angel" during the bombardment was just as we had found it; so that the visitors would see this stricken city in its deplorable devastation, with few changes, as left by the Confederates when they evacuated Charleston.

My orders were to prepare for the reception, and care for the visitors, and to furnish quarters, land and marine transportation, and arrange for their entertainment.

The steamers were assigned anchorage in the bay. We had a large number of small steamers and craft which had been captured by the fall of Savannah and Charleston, and others which had been sent from the North, and had been used in the coast transportation service. Among these was the historic Planter, which Robert Small had brought through the lines past Forts Moultrie, Sumter, Wagner, and the forts and earthworks on Sullivan, Johnson, James and Morris Islands, and had turned over to Commodore Dahlgren, the naval commander. Small was placed and continued in command of this steamer until long after the war was over. I selected her for my personal use in discharge of my duties in connection with the Marine Quartermaster Department Service.

The reception, entertainment and services were to be conducted by and in charge of Brigadier General John P. Hatch and staff, and General Stewart L. Woodford, Chief of Staff, representing General Q. A. Gilmore, commanding Department.

The writer was selected as a member of a General Committee, which position, in connection with his duties as Quartermaster, placed him in close relation with all that occurred on that occasion.

There were no hotels open in Charleston at this time. Most of the visitors would remain upon their steamers for quarters; but the army and navy officials who came by the Government steamers were billeted on the army and navy officials, and became their guests in their several messes, according to rank.

Nearly all of the prominent and wealthy citizens of Charleston followed the Confederate army when it evacuated the city. Some had stopped at Summerville, Florence, Greenville and other interior towns in South Carolina, while others had continued on to Goldsboro, N. C. Many had removed their household furnishings and had abandoned their homes; others had left everything intact, in charge of their former slaves.

As soon as the city was abandoned, thousands of negroes had flocked there from the islands and surrounding country; many followed our army. When we entered the city, we found it practically in possession of the colored people.

The following notable dispatch from the War Department had been received by General Gilmore, and had been published in General Orders:

“Charleston was a city captured from an enemy who did not surrender. Everything in it was prize of war, to be so taken and considered.”

As soon as the legal department of the army, *i. e.*, the Provost Marshal Department, could make seizure, the aban-



done property was taken and turned over to the Quartermaster's Department. The better homes, with furnishings, were assigned by the Quartermaster to the commanding Generals and their respective staffs, and to the naval officers, as offices and quarters; other buildings, with furnishings, to the rank and file of the army and navy. Guards were placed over all abandoned property. Some few citizens had returned and had been placed in conditional possession of their homes. The Government was at this time issuing over twenty thousand rations daily to the destitute and starving white and black citizens.

These were the conditions when our visitors came to Charleston. I might with propriety here remark that from the entry of our army to months afterward many distinguished army and navy officials of our own and representatives of foreign governments, also citizens of the North and foreign lands, came to Charleston to examine the great defenses and wonderful engineering of the Confederate Government, made by General Beauregard at Charleston and upon the islands. At this time there was present quite a number of our own and foreign military and naval officials.

We had a limited supply of flags and bunting. I used all I had in my department; we had borrowed all not in use from the navy, and we purchased all the red, white and blue material we could find in the stores — a very limited quantity — and with it made quite a show, with decorations more prominent at the several headquarters.

There was an anxious excitement prevailing in the army and navy. The re-raising of the original flag that had floated over Fort Sumter, by the officer who had so gallantly

defended it, and who did not surrender troop nor flag, was an incident calculated to inspire extraordinary interest. Especially so, since the striking down of this flag and the fall of Fort Sumter formed the overt acts that fired the hearts of the loyal North and compelled the opening of the war. That this same flag was soon to float over Fort Sumter after four years' struggle, was, as I say, calculated to animate and excite every one who was to participate in the restoration. The festivities and rejoicings are beyond my power to describe.

At this time the war was not over; at least we had not learned that Lee had surrendered; but we were imbued with an idea and belief that this was to be one of the closing scenes of the great tragedy — that the war was soon to be over!

The army and navy men present had all seen long and active service; had been on many fields and in many battles, and had taken an active part in the great struggle since the flag had been hauled down from Sumter. We felt that the restoration was a fitting conclusion for such a commencement.

In my department I issued an order that every vehicle in Charleston must be placed at the disposal of the visitors.

I had every ambulance and army wagon, mule and horse team detailed for service; also mules and horses under saddles; and such a make-up as it was! It was a strange, conglomerate combination of two wheels, four wheels and what-not transportation.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of April 14, 1865, the military and naval escort was in line. The small steamers commenced to arrive and disembark the visitors, who were

placed in the vehicles, without much reference to distinction. The military band furnished marching music and the parade started. Regardless of conditions, our visitors were full of patriotism, and gave hearty cheers as we passed the many places of interest — East and South Batteries, old St. Michael, the Citadel Arsenal, Dry-docks, Official Headquarters, the race course, and the burned portion of the city, which had been destroyed by the “Swamp Angel.”\*

This portion of the route was of universal interest.

The last place of interest visited was the old Slave Market,

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\* When the Confederates found that the “Swamp Angel” could reach that portion of the city where the City Hospital was located, that building was selected as a prison for the United States officers who were prisoners of war. Strange as it may seem, though the firing never ceased, and though house after house was destroyed, no shot or shell ever struck this building.

About November 1st, 1864, when General Q. A. Gilmore learned that the Union officers and soldiers, prisoners of war, had been placed under fire of our batteries by the Confederate authorities at Charleston, he sent such information to the Secretary of War, and requested that three hundred Confederate officers and prisoners of war be sent to him for retaliative service and measures. This was done. General Gilmore, then, under flag of truce, informed the Confederate commander that he had confined in a stockade the aforementioned prisoners, and demanded that the Union men be removed to places of safety and beyond all danger of our bombardment; failing to do so, he would place the Confederate prisoners under fire of the Confederate guns. Shortly after this the Union officers, prisoners of war, were sent to Columbia, S. C. Companions Isham, Cooke, Cochran, Fox and Wilshire were confined in Charleston jail and Roper Hospital, and under the fire of the “Swamp Angel” until they were removed through General Gilmore’s influence.

building and pen, where all left the vehicles. The auction block, or dais, was just the same as it appeared when the last human being had been sold. Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison stepped upon it and made a speech, or prayer, I forget now which, followed by brief speeches by Henry Ward Beecher and others. After a short walk from this place we re-embarked and went to Fort Sumter.

The Quartermaster had provided a lunch, which was taken as we went to Sumter, where also the Quartermaster Department had made a platform, speakers' stand and rough seats for part of the company.

About 12 o'clock noon the services commenced with prayer by Rev. Martin Harris, Chaplain United States Army; reading of Scriptures by Rev. R. S. Storrs, followed by an address by Henry Ward Beecher; a poem, and other speeches; the Doxology by the audience, and closing with prayer and benediction by Rev. R. S. Storrs.

Major Anderson had been very sick, and was then far from strong or well. He read the General Order of the War Department, and making a very feeling, but brief speech, presented the original flag that had been hauled down Sunday, April 14, 1861. Seamen soon bent it to the halliards, and, too feeble to raise it himself, he held fast to the rope until the assistants had raised it to the mast-head.

An anthem, cheers, music by the band, and thundering guns from Forts Moultrie, Sumter, Wagner, Sullivan, Morris, Folly, James, Johnson and other island batteries, and from the land batteries in and around Charleston, saluted the flag. And Old Glory was to wave again and forever, sup-

ported and protected alike by North and South, a reunited country under one flag.

Major Anderson was carried to the steamer exhausted and in collapse.

Soon after the ceremony was completed, we learned of the assassination of President Lincoln and the surrender of Lee. While our flag had been raised in glory, our beloved President had been stricken by the assassin. Our happiness was overshadowed by gloom, our rejoicings by melancholy; our decorations gave place to emblems and drapings of mourning. Thus closed this incident of the war.

OCTOBER 5, 1868.

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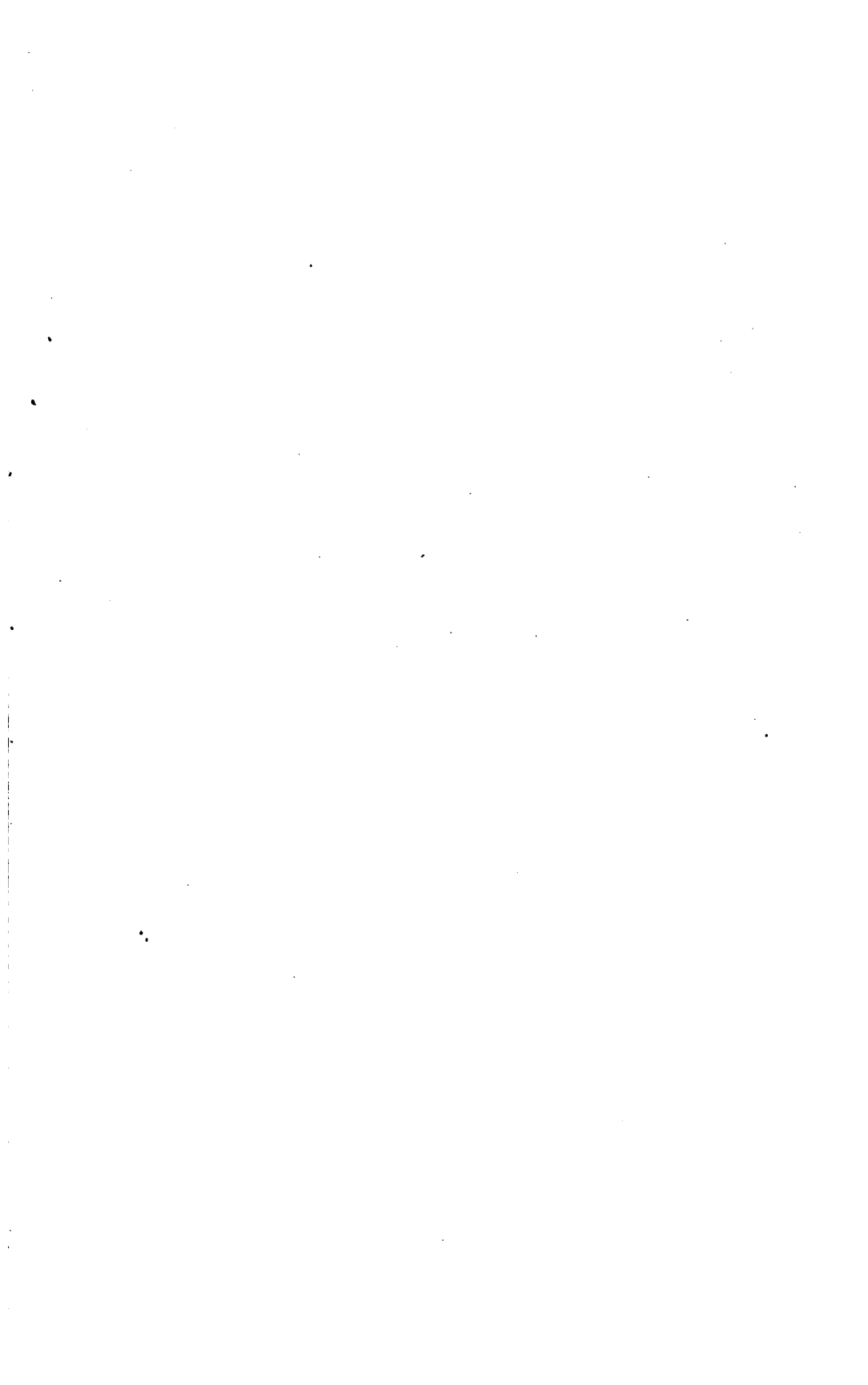
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