

WAR DIARY

(1862-5)

OF

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL

Joseph Stockton



First Lieutenant, Captain, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel
72d Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers—(First
Board of Trade Regiment.)

Printed for distribution by JOHN T. STOCKTON (son of the late General
Stockton), Rookery Building, Chicago, Illinois.

OCTOBER 1910

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE COMRADES ?



MEMBERS OF 72d REG'T ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS who attended "Campfire" at residence of F. A. Roziene, 4316 N. 43d Ave., Chicago, Aug. 20, 1910

Upper row, (reading from left to right) G. W. Gallaway, C. E. Shelhamer, Peter Reiter, J. Franklin, F. A. Roziene, W. H. Derrick, G. H. Headford, J. T. Stockton, R. H. Mason, C. A. Barnard, C. R. E. Koch, J. M. Vernon, W. Metzger, A. T. Hemingway. Lower row (reading from left to right), J. Brookbank, H. Blattner, J. H. Buck, E. Denny, G. W. Franklin, N. Shanks, H. Wille, J. M. Campbell, H. Bolte, G. W. Hopkins.

The following pages have been written for the purpose of completing my diary which was but poorly kept up during my term of service in the Army during the Rebellion. Most of the events are taken from letters written to my wife, who kept the same, and which I have since burned. Some day these pages may be of some interest to my children, and should his country ever need his services I trust my son may never hesitate to do his duty when called upon.

Lake View (Chicago), Illinois, 1885.

JOS. STOCKTON.

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CHICAGO, ILL., JULY 23, 1862.

Books were opened on this evening for the formation of a new regiment. to be enlisted under the auspices of the Chicago Board of Trade. After several speeches and songs, enlistment rolls were produced, and George Heafford was the first to sign, and myself the second. I trust I may never have occasion to regret the step, as I enlisted from a pure sense of duty toward my country and love for the old flag. Quite a number enlisted, and the company was called the "Hancock Guard" in honor of the President of the Board of Trade. Being disappointed in not getting into the service at the first call of President Lincoln, owing to the company I had enlisted in not being needed, I trust there may be nothing to prevent my going this time.

July 31, 1862. Until today I have been making my arrangements to leave; resigned my position at Clark & Co.'s, disposing of such things as I did not need, recruiting men for the Hancock Guard, etc. I received this morning my commission from the adjutant general (A. C. Fuller) of the state as 1st lieutenant "Board of Trade Regiment," there being no number assigned as yet to the regiment now forming. As I was riding to Camp Douglas on horseback I met Captain Christopher in a buggy with a lady and there on the open field he mustered me into the service of the government of the United States. I was offered the adjutancy of the regiment but declined the same, not having experience for such a position. We are now encamped in a grove near the enclosure of Camp Douglas, the men reporting there as soon as enlisted.

CAIRO, ILL., AUG. 25, 1862.

Since the last date I have been to busy to attempt anything in the way of writing. The Board of Trade Regiment was mustered into service as the 72d Regiment of Ill. Vol. on the 21st day of August, 1862, Fred A. Starring as colonel, Joseph C. Wright as lieutenant colonel, and H. W. Chester as major, the latter being captain of Co. A., to which company I belonged as first lieutenant. I was by reason of his promotion as major, made captain. Not being able to leave the camp my brother John and my sister came to the camp to bid me goodbye. I had no opportunity of seeing my friends who were kind enough to present me with a full uniform, sword, sash and belt. There was no opportunity for speech making, but I inwardly resolved I would not disgrace this friendship or dishonor the sword they were so kind to present me with. Marching orders came upon us suddenly, only two days after we were mustered in we received marching orders and on the 23rd of August embarked on board the Illinois Central train for Cairo, which we reached on the afternoon of the 24th. Everything is in confusion and we will from this time commence to realize a soldier's life, try to do a soldier's duty. God alone knows who will return, but I must not commence thinking of that, as it is a soldier's duty to die if need be. Our regiment is composed of fine material, five companies being composed of men raised under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association together with the Board of Trade. The commanding officers of the companies are as follows: "A"—Stockton; "B"—Curtis; "C"—James; "D"—Sexton; "E"—Holbrook; "F"—Williams; "G"—French; "H"—Prior; "I"—Barnes; "K"—Reid. Our Adjutant, Bacon, is a good soldier and well liked. Starring, a fine disciplinarian; Wright, a Christian gentleman who will make a fine soldier; Chester, who claims Mexican War experience. Quartermaster Thomas is a hard worker and Sutler Jake Hayward, a whole souled, clever fellow. His delicacies, such as ginger bread, canned peaches, cheese, etc., are relished by the men who still have some money in their pockets. This Cairo is a

miserable hole, the barracks are in a terrible state, filled with rats and mice and other creeping things. I prefer to sleep outdoors to sleeping in my quarters. Our time is taken up with company and regimental drill, weather very hot, no excitement except the passing through of regiments. We were ordered here to relieve the 11th Ill. who go to Paducah. Men are getting sick and I am anxious for marching orders.

PADUCAH, KY., SEPT. 11, 1862.

On Saturday morning about five o'clock we were ordered to be ready to march in twenty-five minutes. We soon learned our destination was Paducah. We embarked at Cairo on board the "Fair Play." This boat had been captured from the rebels. We arrived here in the night time and on Sunday morning disembarked. This is a beautiful place and much preferable to Cairo. We are encamped on the banks of the Tennessee river on a bluff about fifty feet above the river and on a sandy soil which soon dries after a rain. On our arrival I was appointed "officer of the day" and had to make the grand rounds, which means to visit all the pickets. I had to ride about fifteen miles in a drenching rain at 12 o'clock at night but I did not mind it as I was only too glad to have something to do. Men are all better satisfied at getting south of the Ohio River as they feel they are now in the enemy's country. We are kept busy drilling in battalion drill which to me is preferable to company drill. There are a great many secessionists in this place and no doubt but what our movements are made known to the rebel officers daily. I forgot to say that our surgeon, Dr. E. Powell, is one of the best in the service. 1st Assistant Surgeon Dr. Durham is only a beginner.

Sept. 14. Was again made "officer of the day." Have ridden on horseback about twenty-five miles today and feel very tired. Had a scare in camp last night. The long roll beat and the regiment was in marching order in a very few moments. It turned out to be a false alarm but it proved that the men were ready if necessary. An amusing incident occurred: Michael Myers of Co. F, was in bathing at the time the long roll beat and without waiting to put on anything but his shirt, ran to his quarters, put on his accouterments, shouldered his gun and took his place in the ranks in his shirt tail. I will bet he is a brave soldier. The 11th Ill. returned from an expedition into the country having a skirmish with the Rebs. The 11th has a good name and is well liked.

Sept. 16. Rumors are circulating that we are to be ordered away from here. I am glad of it as I like to be kept active. Still this garrison duty is necessary as it gives us all time to learn our business. There is nothing like practical experience; it is the best school one can have. Marching orders have just come and we leave for Columbus, Ky., in the morning.

SEPT. 19, COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.

Last Tuesday we received marching orders from Paducah. Wednesday morning about 4 o'clock Co. A with some fifty sick men were placed on board the steamer "Rob Roy," the balance of the regiment being on the steamer "Diamond." Rained hard; of course, we were all soaked. Fifteen miles below Paducah we got aground and stuck there until the steamer "May Duke" came along and took us off. I pitied the poor sick soldiers but could do nothing for them but let them see I was willing if I had the power. We arrived at Cairo and were transferred again to the steamer "Eugene," left Cairo about 9 o'clock and got here at 12. Left three of Co. A in the hospital at Paducah. We are encamped on a bluff some two hundred and fifty feet above the Mississippi river and overlooking the battle ground of Belmont, General Grant's first battle. We are encamped on what was the rebel drill grounds and right below us is the water battery. They have a steam engine to pump water up on the bluff. Nelson Townner is stationed here, on General Quimby's staff, which makes it pleasant for me.

Sept. 30. For the past ten days there was nothing of particular interest. Quite a number of men are sick. I was in the hospital today seeing my men and while there one of Co. C men was dying. He was delirious and wanted his gun that he might take his place in the ranks of his company. Poor fellow, before tomorrow's sun he will be marching with that country's host that have already gone before. Some six or eight others have already died but none as yet from my company. We came near having a large fire the other day, but owing to the exertion of the guard under the command of my 1st Lieutenant Randall, it was put out. He was complimented on dress parade for his courage. Some days we are required to go to church which is held by the men being drawn up in a square and our Chaplain Barnes discourses in the center. As we have a number of good

singers the music goes off very well, but there is a great deal of opposition to church on the part of the men, some being Catholics and one a Jew. In my company are two Germans who are atheists so there is quite a mixture. On Sunday last, sixty of the men marched down to the church in the city and took communion. Our camp life promises to be tedious in some respects but we are kept busy in battalion and company drills. Colonel Starring is very proficient in the formations.

October 15, 1862. Yesterday we had a very large fire here. About 9 o'clock a fire broke out on the commissary boat "Admiral." I was "officer of the day" and was just about to be relieved by Captain Prior. I hastened to the boat but found her so enveloped in smoke that it would be useless to attempt to save her. The fire soon communicated to the store ship "Philadelphia" which had on board a large lot of loaded shell and cartridges. They soon commenced to explode. General Dodge, Post Commander, soon came along and ordered all hands to commence moving boxes of shells and cartridges that were on shore. Soon the shells on the boat commenced to burst and fly all about; several of the men were knocked down. The danger was very great but most of the men stood it well. Both boats were a total loss. The other day when I was "officer of the day" I had charge of the prison in which were a number of rebel prisoners. No one had a right to enter without a permit from the Provost Marshal, the commanding officer of the post or myself. A sickly looking woman with a baby in her arms, a little girl about five years old beside her, came to me and said she had walked thirty miles to see her husband who had been confined two months on charge of being a guerilla. Her wan and dejected appearance confirmed her story and I escorted her to the sick ward where her husband was lying. The moment she saw him she rushed to his cot, threw her arms around him, the little thing climbed up on his bed, and such tears and exclamations of affection I have never heard before. At the same time another prisoner who was confined for the same offence and who was lying directly opposite, died. His friends crowded around his cot and they gave way to their tears and sobs. I could not but turn away and feel the hot tears trickling down my own cheek; there was not a dry eye in that room. I was the only Union soldier present and the wife turned on her knees toward me and begged that I would let her husband go home with her, that he was dying then, as he certainly was. He, too, begged me for his life, but I, of course, was powerless to act in the matter. The friends of the dead man crowded around and begged that they might be permitted to send his body home, which was granted. I was only too glad to get away from such a scene. I have more than my share of such duty as there are only four captains able for duty, all the rest being sick. Making the grand rounds at night, with an orderly for a companion, is not so pleasant when you have to ride through a dense wood for ten or twelve miles. It would be an easy thing for the Rebs to pick me off and I wonder they don't do it. I had a present from home of a box containing cake, preserves, etc., from several of my young lady friends. It was most acceptable.

Nov. 1, 1862. On the afternoon of October 23rd we left Columbus by boat on an expedition, destination unknown until we reached New Madrid, Missouri. The force consisted of Companies A, C, I and H. under my command and two sections of Captain Rodgers' Battery, 2d Ill. Artillery. At New Madrid we were joined by Captain Moore's Company of Cavalry (2d Ill.), the whole being under command of Captain Rodgers. We arrived at New Madrid in the morning, disembarked and at once proceeded on our march toward a place called Clarkson where there was a lot of rebels encamped. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone warm and pleasant. We marched about eighteen miles and it being the first march for most of the men, they had blistered feet, but they kept up well. We reached the beginning of the plank road that leads through cypress swamps and through sunken lands which were caused by a great earthquake years before. Although the day had been so pleasant yet it commenced raining at night, and as we had to go without fires it got to be very cold; toward morning it commenced snowing. We started at 2 o'clock a. m. To prevent any noise they left the artillery horses behind and the infantry pulled the guns with ropes while the cavalry led their horses alongside the road. Captain Moore had sent some men forward who had captured the rebel picket, and who, not dreaming of an enemy being so near, had gone into an old log house to keep warm. To me it was a romantic scene; although a bright night the snow was falling lightly, the bright barrels of the guns of the men shining; the quietness of the scene only broken by the tread of the men, the rumbling of the artillery wheels, the cracking of the broken wood caused by the cavalry horses tramping on it; and the danger ahead, made it all most interesting. We reached the town about daybreak and found the rebels asleep. The artillery was posted on the hill commanding the town,

while the infantry and cavalry were dispersed so as to surround it. All at once the artillery opened on the barracks and soon the most astonished set of Rebs you ever saw came tumbling out not knowing which way to run. They mounted their horses without any bridles, nothing but the halter, and soon came rushing toward the lane where I had my men posted. We gave them a volley which brought them to a halt and surrender. The fun was soon over and we commenced to gather up our prisoners, our Surgeon Powell doing what he could for the wounded, and the men catching horses, we were soon on our retreat. The artillery horses had been brought up and were hitched to the artillery. I never saw such a cavalcade before—the artillery going ahead, one of the cannons in a wagon, it having been dismounted by its carriage being broken. A company of infantry mounted on horses and mules, then the prisoners surrounded by a guard, then more mounted infantry and lastly, the cavalry. Several houses had been set on fire and women were screaming and crying because their husbands, brothers or sons were being taken away. We camped about ten miles from Clarkson that night, reached New Madrid the next night and Columbus the following day. An incident occurred at Clarkson that may not be to my discredit to relate. In firing into the barracks of the rebels a number of houses were struck by shells which frightened the women and children almost to death. I saw a number of them running out of a house, the children in their bare feet. I ordered my men to keep quiet and went to the women and told them I would help them with their children and lifted a couple in my arms; the poor things were frightened but I told them I would not hurt them; while doing this the shell from our artillery was falling thick around us, but I could not see women and children suffer without helping them.

Nov. 10, 1862. Still in camp. Battalion drill and guard duty the order of the day. Quite a number of men sick in hospital. We are, as all new soldiers, anxious for active service. Men want to be tried to see what they are made of.

Nov. 18. Marching orders at last. We are off for the front. Everybody busy packing up and sending home such things as are not absolutely needed. It seems hard to decide but I bring myself down to what a small valise will hold. "Now comes the tug of war."

Nov. 20. Left Columbus this morning about 4 o'clock on board the cars of the M. & O. Railroad. Men all in good spirits. Left a number in the hospital. Was sick myself but the prospect of getting into active duty soon cured me. Worked most of the night in getting tents, etc. ready. Arrived at Grand Junction on Memphis & Charleston Road on the morning of the 21st; ordered to LaGrange; arrived there by 2 o'clock, camped at LaGrange that night. On the 22nd was ordered to Moscow, a station twelve miles west of LaGrange. Owing to the roads being torn up we marched there, where we arrived at noon. Soon 30,000 troops were encamped in this vicinity and the rumors of an early advance are flying. Not yet brigaded.

Nov. 26. Companies A and F go on picket a few miles west of Moscow, Tennessee.

Nov. 27. This is Thanksgiving Day as ordered by the President of the United States. Spent the day in the woods on picket duty. My dinner was hard tack and ham; day exceedingly pleasant. Thought of friends at home but do not regret being where I am. We are brigaded with the 4th Minnesota, 48th Indiana and 59th Indiana—Colonel Sanborn commanding brigade, General Quimby's division, General Hamilton's corps, General Grant's army of the West.

Nov. 28. Left Moscow for Holly Springs, Mississippi, at nine o'clock, marched twenty miles, encamped in the woods, slept soundly until awakened by rain; wrapped my rubber blanket around me and went to sleep again—too tired for anything trifling to keep me awake. 4th Minnesota in the advance.

Nov. 29. Marched at 8 o'clock in the morning. General Grant passed us at about 10 o'clock; arrived at Holly Springs at about 11 o'clock; halted an hour, marched to Lumpkins Mills where we encamped for the night. Had to take off our pants, etc., to wade a stream to reach our camping grounds—found a splendid pond of water which was made good use of. Firing in the distance. I saw one of the grandest sights tonight. I had occasion to ride up on a high hill and in the valley below there were some 40 or 50 thousand troops encamped and going into camp—the thousands of camp fires, the cheers of the men as they were going into

camp, the tattoo of the regiments which had already gone into camp, some with bands of music, others with only the bugle, others with drums, all together made up a scene long to be remembered. I would not have missed seeing it for hundreds of other scenes at home. I staid on the hill for some time and at midnight not a sound was heard, all was as still as could be and the only things to be seen were groups of soldiers either lying or sitting around the camp fires.

Nov. 30. Sunday morning the regiment was ordered out on grand guard. Went up on hill some two miles from camp—heavy firing heard in the distance—McArthur's division in the advance and the rebels are falling back before him. As I sat on a log this morning about church time I thought of many dear friends wending their way to church and how the church bells were ringing at home, speaking of nothing but peace, while, in dear old St. James, many are listening to the glorious anthems and the litany of the church. I wondered to myself if any there give their thoughts to the absent ones who loved their country better than all the pleasure and comforts of home and are willing to die for it. How different here; everything speaks of war and desolation—foraging wagon trains constantly coming in, bringing cattle, pigs, chickens, turkeys, everything they can lay their hands on. On the other side of the creek are regiments marching forward, their colors flying, bands playing, men chewing, while in the distance is the sound of McArthur's guns or rebel ones returning their fire. I would not be in Chicago if I could.

Dec. 1. First day of winter; rained in torrents all night; we were without shelter and had to take the soaking. I kept one side of myself dry at a time by standing in front of large log fire—when my back was dry I would turn around and dry the front of my body. Part of the time I slept sitting against a tree with my rubber blanket over my head, while my legs got soaked. About 2 o'clock we saw a large light to the south of us which proved to be a bridge which the rebels had set on fire as our troops got up to it. This morning I had a daylight view of the different camps; the sun was shining, making the scene a beautiful one.

Dec. 2. Left camp at Lumpkins Mills at six o'clock this morning, the 72d in the advance. General Grant passed us while we were at a halt. I was sitting in a fence corner keeping myself warm with a splendid fire of fence rails. Nell Towner was with the escort; it did me good to see him. Encamped for the night on a cotton plantation. Fence rails, straw, chickens, etc., disappeared as suddenly as if they had been swept off by a hurricane. The men believe in making themselves comfortable. Skirmishing ahead, our forces cross the Tallahatchie river, having to take the artillery apart to get it across on a small flat boat that was found.

Dec. 3. Encamped in the woods after a march of eight miles; roads terrible, marching very hard.

Dec. 4. Did not march today. Got permission to go on to Sherman's army which was marching on our right flank to get in Price's rear, and compel him to evacuate the fort he had thrown up on the Tallahatchie and which was in Grant's front. Saw Will Stockton who was in Battery "A" Chicago Light Artillery. Saw a number of my Chicago acquaintances in batteries A and B. Took dinner with Will, spent an hour very pleasantly. Started home in a rain storm, got lost and would have gone I don't know where had I not met some of Sherman's bummers returning to camp with spoils. Had a very disagreeable ride back—did not see a soul for five miles, raining hard, got to be dark before I reached our camp. Very glad to get back safe—rained hard all night.

Dec. 5. Left camp at 6 o'clock. Roads in a terrible condition, mud knee deep, marching almost impossible; artillery stuck in the road, wagons in every conceivable condition. Crossed the Tallahatchie on a pontoon bridge of a very primitive build, being composed of trees cut down fastened together with ropes and tied to the shore with the ropes, small trees were laid crosswise and on this we crossed. The rebels had quite a strong fort here which would have given us a great deal of trouble, but Sherman's march on our flank forced Price to abandon it. The roads on the south side were much better and after a wearisome march of sixteen miles reached Oxford, Mississippi, at 8 o'clock p. m. I never was so tired and never saw the men so worn out and fatigued as they were on this day's march. We were kept over an hour before our camp was located and it seemed as if all dropped to sleep at once. I could not but think of those at home who are all the time con-

demning our generals and armies for not moving with greater rapidity, for not making forced marches and following up the enemy, when they know nothing about it. We made quite a parade going through Oxford as it is a place of considerable importance. Flags were unfurled, bands struck up, bugles sounded, and men for the time being forgot their fatigue and marched in good order. Nothing like music to cheer up the men.

Dec. 12. Was quite unwell for a day or so. Nothing of particular interest occurred. Foraging parties were sent out to gather all the provisions and vegetables they could, as scurvy was making its appearance in a slight form. Visited the University of Mississippi with Doctor Powell. Buildings were fine and well built, grounds handsome and I saw the finest astronomical apparatus, they say, that there is in the country; also a splendid collection of minerals purchased of a Mr. Budd in New York. Weather beautiful.

Dec. 16. Still in camp. Went to see Nell Towner at Grant's headquarters. Tuned a piano for a sweet lady—first woman I have talked to for weeks, it seemed like old times. Her voice sounded sweet even if she did abuse the North. She gave me no encouragement to call.

Dec. 18. In camp eight miles from Oxford. We cannot move our camps but a few miles distance from the railroad, as all our subsistence depends on our being able to keep the road open. Our camp is in a beautiful forest of splendid large trees, fine water, and I enjoy the large log fires we have, particularly at night when it is the only light we can have. There are a number of Germans in my company who sing very well and it is always a pleasure to me to have them come up to my quarters and sing. Days are warm and pleasant. Sent a few leaves of holly to Kate as my Christmas gift. Also sent some to St. James church for a Christmas wreath.

Dec. 21. Broke camp today. Left for Oxford on our retreat to where, I don't know, as the rebel General Van Dorn, through the treachery of Colonel Murphy, captured and destroyed all our supplies at Holly Springs and cut the railroad tracks. Reached Oxford in the afternoon and on alarm that the rebels were coming our brigade was called up and the 72d sent out as grand guard. I kept awake all night but fortunately the alarm was caused by the moving of some of our own troops that our scouts had taken for Rebs.

Dec. 22. Remained in camp all day.

Dec. 23. Started on our march; crossed the Tallahatchie and camped on our old camping ground. On guard again at night.

Dec. 24. Marched to Lumpkins Mills; weather very warm. Christmas eve I retired to my bed on the bare ground completely worn out with the day's march and the duty of the night before. I slept so soundly, did not dream of St. Nicholas and no vision of Christmas gifts disturbed my sleep. I was only too happy to get a soft place to lie down.

LUMPKINS MILLS, MISS., CHRISTMAS, 1862.

Passed the day in camp as Ross's division were passing on their way to Holly Springs. Weather beautiful. It made the day pleasant for our men. I had a pole greased and tied some tobacco and a dollar bill on top and the man who climbed it was to have it. It afforded a great deal of amusement and helped to make the day pass away agreeably to all.

Dec. 26. Started on our march to Memphis. Quimby's division are to guard a train of 600 empty wagons. The day's march was a terrible one. Raining and roads muddy, and cut by the wagon trains many of which were filled with sick soldiers taken from the hospitals at Oxford and Holly Springs. Several poor fellows died and were buried alongside the road, their winding sheet a blanket and no ceremony but the digging of the grave, the body put in, filled up and the burial party hurrying away to get to their position. Poor fellows, they died for their country as much as if they were killed in battle.

Dec. 27. Marched at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Weather beautiful; roads better.

Dec. 28. Marched twenty-three miles today. For the first time since I have

been in the South have I seen the Stars and Stripes waved from a house. An old woman stood in her doorway and waved the glorious banner, whether from loyalty or to save her chickens I do not know. The rebel cavalry are on our flanks and pick up all stragglers. There has been some skirmishing today but nobody hurt.

Dec. 29. Marched into Memphis, encamped in the southern part of the city near Fort Pickering—one of the meanest places we ever encamped in, no water or wood near. Glad to get a chance to lie down as our tramp has been a hard one. A snow flurry during the night.

Dec. 31. Struck tents early in the morning. Orders came in the night for Sanborn's brigade to move out on the Memphis & Charleston Road to escort a large train of wagons in. Weather beautiful and roads good.

Jan. 1, 1863. Encamped at Germantown, Tennessee, last night. Weather is grand and as I marched along at the head of my company I could not but think of the last New Year when visiting my friends and paying the compliments of the season, how different it was from today, yet I truly confess that I feel happier here in doing whatever duty assigned us, going wherever orders send us. As yet we have not had a real battle. I know the men long for the first big fight but I am contented to take it as it comes—it will come and from all appearances soon, and I fear those who most hanker after it will not relish it so much.

Jan. 2. Encamped at Lafayette last night and in the morning started back with the supply train. The march was as hard a one as I ever took. I have never seen the men so played out and such general straggling—but few companies came to a halt with a quarter of their men. Quimby gave us a tough one and the "compliments" paid him by the men would scarcely please his ears. I was out on picket with my company and did not get relieved until the whole force had started and then had to rejoin the regiment. I reached it about dusk.

Jan. 3. We encamped in a corn field last night, completely exhausted; in the middle of the night it commenced to rain but I slept through it until I woke up and found myself in two inches of water. I tried the top of a furrow but that was not much better, so gave up sleep as a bad job. We started about 10 o'clock on our march for a camp ground. The roads were the worst I have yet marched on; snow, mud, water, everything that makes marching disagreeable except dust. Marched a few miles and then filed off into some beautiful woods where I understand we are to camp for a while—good water, plenty of wood and a good chance for rations and mail to reach us, what more can a soldier want?

Jan. 5. Companies A and F received orders to move their camp about half a mile and throw up works to protect a railroad bridge from being burned. They built a respectable stockade and named it Fort Stockton. It will hold 500 men.

Jan 14. Guard duty is the order of the day. Companies A and F taking turn about. We had a very heavy snow storm last night and today it is still snowing. Oldest inhabitants say they have never seen such cold weather and so much snow. Thermometer 4 degrees below zero. We have only our tents and they are not much protection in such cold weather. We have to go on duty without fires and walk up and down in the snow in low shoes when it is a foot deep, no gloves and very scant clothing, so we can form some idea what our Revolutionary Sires went through.

Jan. 17. Evacuated Fort Stockton today. Marched into Memphis through mud nearly knee deep. Slept in an old building near the railroad depot. Heard today of Adjutant Bacon's death. He was one of the best soldiers I ever met. Our regiment has met with a serious loss, one that cannot well be replaced. "Peace to his ashes."

Jan. 18. Went into quarters in the navy yard at Memphis. Quarters very good. Men under shelter. The machine shop is used as barracks for the regiment. Officers use the offices around the yard. Weather very cold and hard work to keep warm. I use a carpenter's bench as my dining table and bed at night. Sheets are a luxury not to be thought of. Regiment goes on provost duty. Mail communications, my regular letters and papers are not following us around as on the march. We have not had any pay for a long time and all are very hard up. I got a draft for \$75 cashed and divided it among my men. They were all very grateful for it. Memphis is at present a hard place, filled with soldiers. I regret to say

many drunken officers are to be seen, while with the men it is almost too common to be mentioned. Orders came to destroy liquor wherever found and our regiment has destroyed a great many barrels. You might as well try to dam the Mississippi river as to keep the men from getting liquor.

Jan. 25. Went to Calvary Church today. Heard a good sermon on confirmation. First time I have been to church since I have been in the army.

Jan. 30. Guard duty is the order of the day. Private Wright of my company died the past week, the first of Co. A that was with the company. Give me marching and field duty at all times in preference to this kind of duty.

Feb. 9. Thank Heaven, we can soon move out of the city, having received orders to go into camp near division headquarters. Weather very bad, rain and snow mixed. Roads on the way to camp in a terrible condition.

Feb. 12. We have a splendid camping ground, plenty of wood and water. Made ourselves very comfortable. I feel so much better here where we can have battalion drills and dress parade.

Feb. 19. Left camp on the 16th on a scout to hunt up Blythe's forces. Orders came upon us suddenly to prepare two days rations and go in light marching order. Men strapped a rubber and one common blanket across their shoulders and were soon ready, all glad of the change as camp life had become very monotonous. Our force consisted of some 500 cavalry, 800 infantry (our regiment and part of the 11th) and two pieces of artillery. It had been raining for some time and the roads were horrible. Marched about twenty-one miles the first day. The rebels had burned all the bridges and we had to cut down trees to cross over the streams. Rained the first day. About 6 o'clock in the evening we went into camp, without any tents. Sleep was almost impossible. Reached Blythe's camp on the morning of the 17th, but the bird had flown. Company A were thrown out as skirmishers and moving forward in that way came upon Blythe's camp. They had been forced to retreat so fast that they had left all their camp utensils and provisions covered up with leaves and hid under branches of trees cut down. We destroyed everything we could find and commenced our march homeward, Co. A as rear guard. We kept skirmishing with the Rebs who would come just near enough to get a shot at us. Raining hard all the time. Marching terrible through a swamp when it was so dark you could not distinguish the men in front, we waded through water for an hour; when we came to Horn Lake river it was so swollen and deep from the rain that we could not ford it and as all the bridges have been burned down we cut down two large trees which fell across the stream and by the light of a single lamp crossed on these. We went into camp about four miles from the river but sleep was impossible owing to the rain. I sat on a log most of the night and tumbled off once in the mud from being asleep. I was a tough looking picture. Next morning we reached camp and all glad to get back. It was on this march that an incident occurred which was very amusing. We had halted and stacked arms at noon near a farm house where the men went for chickens, geese, pigs and everything eatable they could get, when all at once a lot of the men came rushing out of the yard yelling what was thought to be "Rebs." Men rushed for their arms—officers mounted, when it was discovered instead of Rebs it was bees. A lot of men in search of provisions had come upon a number of bee-hives and in trying to get the honey upset the hives and the whole swarm of bees set upon them. They were routed and fled, the bees attacked the horses and men so vigorously that we had to move the regiment.

Feb. 24. Received two months' pay on the 22nd. I may repeat here a little incident that occurred which was very pleasant to me. Through some accident for which I was not responsible, the first enlistment roll was lost and in making out a duplicate I had to guess at the time the men were enlisted (this was for my company.) As they got pay from the date of enlistment it made a difference of a few days with a number of men, so I refunded out of my own money all that they lost taking their own word for it. Last night I was surprised by having it all returned with the following note:

"Captain Stockton,

Sir:—As a slight expression of our esteem, and a debt of gratitude we hereby acknowledge for the fatherly care you have extended us since the organization of the company, caring for our interests individually and collectively, and for this

last act of generosity arising from that innate sense of justice dwelling in the human heart, sacrificing self for the good of others and believing in the Golden Rule of doing unto others as you would have that they should do unto you, we tender you the enclosed by the hand of our representative, Oliver Rice, Orderly Sergeant, and ask your acceptance of the same." It was signed by all I had paid the money to and was a most agreeable and happy surprise to myself. Colonel Starring said it was the best thing he had seen in the service.

Feb. 25. Was elected major of the regiment in place of Chester resigned. It was hard for me to give up my company, but I should not decline promotion, as my promotion will give it to others—I trust I may always be able to do my duty.

Feb 26. Gave a supper to the officers of the regiment. We were honored by the presence of Mrs. and Miss Sanger and Miss VanArman of Chicago. My cook managed to borrow dishes from a neighboring house and everything passed off pleasantly. Thanks to my cook, Joe Wheeler, who understands his business thoroughly, we had as nice a table and as good a supper as any one would want to set down to. All seemed to enjoy themselves and the presence of the ladies did more than anything else to make it pleasant. It was so refreshing to us all to be in the society of women again. It was a late hour before we broke up and a number of us escorted the ladies home in an ambulance. My brother officers were kind to me in their expressions of confidence, etc.

March 2. We struck tents yesterday morning and marched into Memphis, bivouacked on the wharf until dark and then embarked on board the steamer "Platte Valley." We will not leave until the whole division (Quimby's), has embarked. Our destination is Lake Providence. Fortunately we are the only regiment on board and are comfortably fixed. Was assigned to my duties as major. Our steamer went five miles below Memphis for wood. River very high and overflowing the country in many places. Raining hard every few days. Marching will be difficult.

March 9. On board transport "Platte Valley." We left Memphis on the 3rd as we supposed for Lake Providence, but when we got within twenty-five miles of that place orders came for us to disembark at General Woodfall's plantation and march through the country to Red River. After we had disembarked and taken everything off the boats, General Quimby and staff, together with the brigade commander, went out to reconnoiter the country and found it all under water and overflowed; they tried several directions, and some of the staff rode some miles from the river, but found it impossible to march more than a mile or so. We are encamped in a graveyard and my bunk is a flat tombstone; the men sleep on top of the graves to keep them out of the water. The division is encamped along the levee, as it is the only place that is dry. The whole division remained in camp on the plantation while General Quimby went down to Lake Providence for further orders. He returned on the night of the 6th with orders to re-embark on board the same transport and steam up the river for Helena. I understand that our destination from Helena is to go through the Yazoo Pass from the Mississippi to the Yazoo River, then down the river to the rear of Vicksburg and try to cut the railroad leading from Jackson to Vicksburg. Our pilots say it is impossible and impracticable, but we are bound to try. The Yazoo is considered one of the most sickly regions in the South. Its name signifies "River of Death," but I trust the high state of water may relieve it of its unhealthy propensities and spare us our men. We were glad we had not to undertake our march, as it would have resulted in using our men for no purpose, as progress would have been next to impossible. I rode out myself to see what the country was like and got mired several times. Once I thought I should have to abandon my horse, but after hard work he succeeded in extricating himself. Had he not been so powerful I fear he would have had to succumb. On Sunday, the 8th, we had religious service on board the transport in the cabin; there was a general attendance. Captain Whittle of G Company is the leading spirit with the chaplain in all religious services. He is a brave, good man.

March 10. Disembarked on a sandy ridge and pitched our tents. River very high and swift. Miserable place for a camp, surrounded on all sides by water.

March 14. The past few days have been attended with some excitement in various ways. In the first place, there has been a "revival" among the division,

the different regimental chaplains being interested in it, particularly an Indiana chaplain, who is a regular camp-meeting Methodist and understands his business. Quite a number have participated and I sincerely trust with good results. The men had quite a hunt for a large eagle that flew over our camp, but it was soon lost to sight. We embarked on board the transport "Empire City," Captain Hazlitt. The boat is terribly crowded, our own regiment and part of the 11th Ohio Battery on board. There was a disturbance on board by the latter attempting to take possession of the boat, but it was soon quieted. Last night one of the battery was drowned by falling off the boat as he was carrying a bag of grain on board. Poor fellow, he could not be saved; the current of the river was too swift. We are now on our way for the Yazoo Pass and now as far as Moon Lake.

March 15. We have had a wearisome trip through the bayou, it being very narrow and almost at right angles the whole distance; the trees overhang the boat and limbs sweep the deck; the boat's guards are smashed, while the troops are constantly forced to lie down on the deck to keep from being swept off. All enjoy it and think it fun, but the novelty will soon wear off. Officers are comfortably quartered in the cabin; several Pittsburgh acquaintances are officers of the boat.

March 16. Made about three miles today; the transports of the whole division are close together, and at times have to help pull each other around the bends in the bayou. The patience of pilots and engineers is sorely tried. It is certainly a tortuous way, and was it not that the country is pretty well overflowed the Rebs could harass us terribly, while we could do them but little harm.

March 17. Made one mile today; nothing of interest occurred.

March 18. Reached the Coldwater River today and disembarked the troops for the purpose of cleaning the boat and giving the men an opportunity of cleaning themselves and washing their clothes. I had quite an adventure:—Got our horses off to exercise them a little, and while riding along the bank of the river I wanted to give my horse a drink; the water came over the banks, but I did not know it, and the horse having more sense than I had hesitated about going deeper in the water than he was, but I gave him the spur, and over he went into the river. We went down, but came up again, and I turned his head for the shore and tried to make him mount the bank, but it was too steep. I threw the reins over his head, threw myself off and swam ashore. I then tried to get him up on shore, but he could not get a foothold. I thought he would drown, when General Quimby came along in a yawl, and by his assistance and with ropes I got him out. It was a narrow escape for both, as the water was very swift and we were liable to get entangled in the brush.

March 19. The regiment bivouacked on shore that night and the men all seem better for it this morning. As the river is much wider, we made about twenty miles today, which we considered good running. Passed several very fine plantations. Stopped at one last night, and the darkies told us where there was a lot of meat and sugar about two miles from the river, hid in the woods. Although it was raining I took about a hundred men, and guided by the darkies found, as they had said, lots of nice hams and shoulders. We helped ourselves to all we could and destroyed the rest. When we returned we passed the owner's house, and I never heard a man curse as he did at what were in the morning his slaves, but now free men. We took the darkies off with us, as the man would have killed them. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth when we left, and I feel assured that that man joined the rebel army, if he was not already in it, after we left. We passed today one of those scenes I dislike to see. A woman and children standing by the ruins of their burned home; one of the transports had been fired into from this place and the troops stopped and burned the house.

March 20. Reached the Tallahatchie today; navigation much better.

March 22. Still on board transport, which laid up at night, not knowing what we might run into.

March 23. Reached as far as we can go today, our progress being stopped by a large rebel fortification called Fort Pemberton, which is about two miles off. We disembarked and were assigned camping ground by General Sanborn, our brigade commander. It is on a clearing—our tents are pitched among decayed pine trees, which have been girdled for the purpose of clearing the ground.

March 24. Busy all day fixing our camp. Skirmishing going on all day. It is a busy day, as artillery, transportation and troops are arriving and disembarking.

March 25. Went out today and visited the pickets. Riding through the woods is fearful on both man and beast, as the gnats and mosquitoes are terrible, particularly on the horse. Firing going on all day with the rebel pickets—could see them distinctly.

March 27. 72d Illinois and 48th Indiana went out on a reconnoitering expedition; found two rebel batteries on the bank of the river; exchanged a few rounds from our artillery with them and then withdrew.

March 29. The mornings are lovely here. When it is cool and pleasant hundreds of birds are singing in every direction; mocking birds seem to be in great number, while once in a while you will see a bald-headed eagle soaring aloft and sailing beautifully through the clear air; but there is enough that is disagreeable to offset the beauties of the morning; the mosquitoes, gnats, flies, insects and reptiles are in abundance; snakes a common thing. At night it is almost impossible to sleep; we have had to grease our horses to keep them from being stung to death. Colonel Wright lost his beautiful horse, one he was very much attached to, by that cause. Last night we had a fearful storm of wind, which played havoc with the old trees and branches. They were blown about in every direction and our lives were in constant danger from falling branches and trunks of trees. In Ross's Division, just adjoining ours, there were five men killed by trees falling on them. I have never passed through a more trying or frightful scene. There was no chance of getting away, for one place was as bad as another. The rain poured in torrents, so we were in a bad plight.

March 30 and 31. Weather cold and wet.

April 1. Weather cleared off and very pleasant.

April 2 and 3. Firing going on all day, enemy shelling our works, our batteries replying to them. Have not heard of any serious casualties.

April 4. Regiment went out on a reconnoitering expedition on the Yallahusha Road, drew the enemy's fire, but nobody hurt.

April 5. Received orders to hold ourselves ready to strike tents and go on board transports. We are all sadly disappointed at not having a chance at Fort Pemberton, but our generals are much more sensible than we are. They know that we can't take the fort, as it is impossible to bring a sufficient number of troops to operate at once as the fort is almost entirely surrounded by water; the river is so narrow that only one gunboat can operate at a time. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson of General Grant's staff is here and sees for himself the impossibility of success and the utter uselessness of shedding blood where it would avail nothing. Worked all night.

April 6. Four companies of the 72d with the 4th Minnesota on board the steamer "Pringler"—the balance of the regiment with an Ohio battery on board the "Empire State." Started at nine o'clock on our return.

April 9. The Yazoo Pass expedition has ended and boats all back. Our return was monotonous, as we all felt dispirited at our failure. There was great rejoicing as we once more entered the Mississippi River, the men cheering, and a salute from the battery on board our boat. There were splendid chances to bush-whack us, and I wonder the Rebs didn't do it. There was a great deal of desolation caused by our trip, as many plantations were destroyed. During the trip we buried two of our regiment who died from sickness. Poor fellows, no headstones left to mark their last resting place. The transports are complete wrecks and it is wonderful how they got back. I learn one was burned, being unable to make her way back.

April 10. Disembarked at our old camping ground below Helena on the sand ridge. Await orders now from General Grant for our next move, which we understand is another route to Vicksburg.

April 12. Started again down the Mississippi, our destination being Milliken's Bend.

April 13. Laid up last night on account of a very heavy storm, the officers of the transport being afraid to run in such a storm, being so deeply loaded.

April 14. Arrived at Lake Providence and left for Milliken's Bend. River still very high.

April 15. Landed at Milliken's Bend. General Grant's army is here encamped under the immediate command of General Grant, and under him commanding corps are Generals Sherman, McClernand and McPherson. We are assigned to the latter corps. The camp grounds here are on the plantation, which are only protected by the levees and in the slightest rain are flooded with water. A great deal of sickness among the men, and numerous deaths. The only burial ground is the levee, and you can at almost any hour hear the drum and fife, whose simple music is the only dirge of some poor, brave soldier. I was permitted to go down on the commissary boat on which was General Grant and his staff to witness the running of the Vicksburg batteries of our gunboats. The night was a favorable one, but owing to everything not being ready they did not start. Volunteers were called for to man the transport, and several from our regiment volunteered, but Sergeant Simpson was the only one accepted; there were so many offered.

April 16. Went into camp, and a hard place it is; wood scarce and "water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink," except the Mississippi water, which is very trying on one's constitution. Tonight I witnessed one of the grandest sights I was ever permitted to witness. Through the kindness of some officers I got on board the steamer "Quincy South" and went down again to see the running of the batteries. The night was a pleasant one, stars shining brightly and not a cloud in the heavens, and yet not too light. I went down to within two miles of Vicksburg and could see the lights in the city and on the bluffs distinctly. About half past nine I saw some dark objects floating down the river so noiselessly that you could scarcely detect them; not a light was to be seen on them. The transports, with barges of cotton and hay lashed to them on the Vicksburg side, and cotton piled up around their boilers and engines to protect them from the cannon shot. I fairly held my breath; not a sound was to be heard; all was anxiety and suspense; my thoughts were with the brave men who were to undertake such a perilous voyage. I waited for the first shot; after about half an hour's suspense I saw all at once a brilliant light, which was the signal for the rebels, and then it seemed as if a hundred guns opened at once. The rebels built a large bonfire which lit up the river for miles. Oh, what a sight it was—the flash of the cannon, the bursting of shells, but above all the deafening roar, which was like peal after peal of the loudest thunder. How I trembled for the fate of those on board the transports, as they were not near so well protected as those on the gunboats. I saw one of the steamers which the officers on board said was the "Henry Clay" floating by the city, burning. How I hope all the rest have gone safely through the fiery path. I am to be envied, as I do not believe there is another officer in our brigade that has had an opportunity to see this scene. I await the news with great anxiety and refer those who read these pages to an abler pen than mine to do this heroic act full justice.

April 17. Today two brigades of our division were reviewed by Adjutant-General Thomas of the United States Army. Afterwards we were closed in "mass by divisions" and the general made a speech to us on the "contraband" question. They expect to raise negro regiments and expect to raise 20,000 in the West, who are to be officered by white men. He said he had the power to issue commissions to those who were desirous of becoming officers, but the rush had been so great that the applications had to be limited to sixty from each regiment; more than that number have applied, or will apply, from our regiment. General Sanborn, our brigade commander, told General Thomas as they rode by that our regiment was the best drilled of the new troops he had seen.

April 18. Received four months' pay, which was of the greatest service to the officers and men and put all in a good humor. Sutlers shops were patronized extensively and the express office crowded with soldiers sending money to the loved ones at home. On the other side, gambling is carried on extensively till the sharpers have fleeced the green ones out of their last cent. Officers try their best to prevent it, but the men will steal away whenever they can get a chance. It is about as hard to keep them from gambling as getting whisky, and where an officer could not get a drop men can get all they want.

April 21. Mustered out as captain of Company A and into the service as

major of the 72d Illinois Volunteer Infantry, to date from 14th day of February, 1863.

April 23. Left Milliken's Bend and had one of the hardest marches on account of heat we have ever had. The distance was only twelve miles, yet it was across a country devoid of trees, and in the middle of the day the heat was dreadful; water scarce—more straggling than ever before, except on one occasion. Reached Richmond, La., about dark. I was posted at the entrance of the town to post the men, as they came straggling in, where the camp was.

April 24. Detailed as provost guard at Richmond. This is one of the prettiest places I have yet seen. We are encamped on the property of a Mr. Anderson, a cousin of the General Anderson of Fort Sumter fame. Mr. Anderson voted against secession and for Bell and Everett, but is now a secessionist and says there is no such thing as a unionist in the South. Headquarters tent is pitched in his garden and surrounded by flowers which are in full bloom. It is so different from what it is at home. The air is so soft and balmy that I feel like resting all the time.

April 27. Still in camp. The men are drilled in batallion drill and dress parades are held regularly. I have ridden around the country and must say that I have never yet seen so many beautiful gardens. Assigned to the 6th division (McArthur's), 2d brigade (Ransom). Both are old Chicago friends, and I anticipate a much pleasanter time, as we were entire strangers in the old brigade and division (Quimby's and Sanborn's). We are ordered to remain here until McArthur's Division comes up.

April 30. Marched from Richmond to Smith's Plantation. It was the most delightful march we have ever had. The road was on the banks of a bayou. The moss hanging from the branches of the trees reached almost to the road; the birds were singing in all directions, no dust, and weather as pleasant as one could ask. I have never seen the men enjoy a march more, and all contented. We halted in midday, thus escaping the noonday sun. Reached Smith's Plantation at dusk and bivouacked for the night. We will probably stay here for a week or so guarding the road until the army passes on its way to Grand Gulf, when we will then strike to the rear of Vicksburg.

May 9. Received orders to move tomorrow. Our camp life at Smith's Plantation has been as pleasant as we could wish. Our time was spent in batallion and company drills and dress parades. Part of the time we were engaged in building bridges across the bayou for troops to cross on which would shorten the distance materially between Milliken's Bend and Grand Gulf, or Carthage, which is opposite. One of the wonders of the day was our men bringing a small steamboat through the bayou from the Mississippi with commissary stores and ammunition, something I believe was never done before. This plantation is a large sugar and cotton plantation and has several large sugar works and cotton gins on it. It is a valuable one, worth before the war many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but as the darkies have all left, there is no saying what it is worth today. I enjoy the morning and evening walks, as the weather then is delightful. I saw quite a number of acquaintances pass on their way to the front. Among them Batteries A and B, Chicago Light Artillery. We have heard of the battles in the front and that our armies have been victorious. One day quite a number of rebel prisoners passed to the rear. Our orders are to move in as light marching order as possible. I take nothing but what my saddlebags will hold, namely, a change of underclothing and tooth brush and comb. Captain James, with two companies, C and I, have been detailed some seven miles from the main camp to guard a bridge over a bayou. I rode down to see them and found them contented and happy, indulging in blackberries to their hearts' content. I enjoyed them myself. We heard the guns at the attack on Grand Gulf, which was a strongly fortified place, and which defied the gunboats. It was taken by troops crossing below and forcing their works. Companies C and I returned to the regiment last night.

May 10. Left camp on Smith's Plantation early this morning. Marched to Perkin's Landing, on the Mississippi River. Men on half rations; everything reduced to the smallest allowance possible.

May 11. Reveille at four o'clock; started on our march after a "hearty cup of coffee." Struck inland and marched around Lake St. Joseph, through one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw; the plantations large and residences elegant;

one in particular, Judge Bowie's, was one of the most elegant places in the South; the flower garden eclipsed anything of the kind I ever saw. Most of the men had bouquets stuck in their muskets. My horse had his head decorated with them. This elegant place was in ruins by the time we got there. The house had been burned, as were most of the residences around the lake, and all the cotton gins. Most of the owners had fled and left their houses to the care of the servants. I must say that the officers did what they could to prevent it, and General Ransom halted the brigade and said he would have any of his command severely punished if caught in the act of setting fire to any building, yet while he was talking, flames burst forth from half a dozen houses. Marched eighteen miles.

May 12. Started at 5 a. m. Marched to "Hard Times" landing, on the Mississippi, where we immediately embarked on board a transport and were ferried across to Grand Gulf. Visited the fortifications, which were most extensive and almost impregnable; our forces coming up in the rear forced the Rebs to evacuate them.

May 13. 72d Ill. detailed as rear guard. A large train of supplies and ammunition going out to the armies in advance. Roads terribly dusty and weather exceedingly hot. Met hundreds of "contrabands" going into Grand Gulf. No one can imagine the picturesque and comic appearance of the negroes, all ages, shapes and sizes. All seemed happy at the idea of being free, but what is to become of them—the men can be made soldiers, but women and children must suffer. Encamped in a beautiful grove; not having tents, we bivouacked in the open air.

May 14. Commenced our march at 4 a. m. Marched to the Big Sandy River, where we had quite an exciting time. A courier from the river rode by and reported that Richmond had been taken. There was great enthusiasm among the men. Marched about twenty miles today.

May 15. Weather warm and roads dusty. Marched over the battlefield of Port Gibson, where McPherson cleaned the rebels out most effectually. Twenty-two miles today.

May 16. Started at four a. m. Reached Raymond by ten o'clock. The churches were full of the wounded rebels and our men, for there had been quite a fight here, as well as at Port Gibson. We had cleaned the rebels out and our men were in the best of spirits. While resting here, heard firing in the distance. Started at quick time; men were drawn up in line of battle about five miles from Raymond, across a road, but the enemy had gone around us. Orders came to move forward in a hurry. Met some brigades resting on the road, but General Wilson of Grant's staff hurried us forward across fields and arrived at Champion's Hill just as the enemy fled. We were pushed forward to the front and slept on the field of battle. Dead rebels and Union soldiers were lying all around us. The enemy had fled across the Big Black River. Our victory had been complete, captured over two thousand men, seventeen pieces of artillery and a number of battle flags. Marched twenty-five miles today.

May 17. Drove the enemy across the Big Black River, capturing quite a number, with artillery; built a bridge, taking the timber from cotton gins and houses in the neighborhood. The Rebs had burned the railroad bridge, as well as the wagon bridge. We were thrown across in advance and thrown out as skirmishers until the division could cross. There was a hard fight at this place, but nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our men; I never saw them in such spirits. Rations short and all are glad to get what they can. It was here an incident occurred which, had it turned out differently, might have affected my position in the army. While at Grand Gulf it was intimated to me by Colonel Wright that there had been an order received from General Grant's headquarters detailing myself, with two companies of the regiment, as provost guard at the headquarters of General Grant. It was entirely unsolicited by myself and unknown to me, but Colonel Starring thought I had a hand in it and felt very sore about it. I paid no attention to it as I did not want it, nor would I accept it could I get out of it. I paid no further attention to it until after the battle of Champion's Hill. As we were marching along the road to the front, General Grant and staff came along. General Rawlins, chief of staff, asked me why I had not reported with my companies, as ordered. I told him I had never seen the order and I had no opportunity of reporting until that moment. There was no

further time for talking as the road was crowded with troops, and all pressing to the front. That night I saw General Ransom, who was a friend of mine, and asked him to help me out of the detail. He said to come up in the morning to his quarters. I did so, and he gave me a note to General Grant, asking him to relieve me from the detail. I took it, rode to the front where the battle of the Big Black was going on, and found General Grant and staff watering their horses in a pond of muddy water. I presented the note to General Rawlins, who read it and then handed the same to General Grant. He read it and excused me. I asked General Rawlins if I could be of any service;—he said to hurry back and tell Ransom to hurry to the front, as there was a sharp fight going on. I did so, reported to Ransom with my instructions, and he marched the men harder than they had ever been marched before, but the victory was won before they got up. This incident I write to show that I would rather stay with my regiment than be on General Grant's staff.

May 18. Roads terribly dusty and weather hot. Marched quick time; water scarce, rations reduced, consisting of two pieces of hard tack and half rations of coffee a day since leaving Grand Gulf. Sherman's corps got ahead of us. Reached our long-looked-for destination at last, the rear of Vicksburg. We arrived about dusk a mile outside of the rebel fortifications. Sherman's corps marched to the right of the Jackson Road, the one on which we entered, their right extending to the Mississippi River (north of Vicksburg), McPherson's corps coming next, and Ransom's brigade being in the front, took position on Sherman's left, and McClelland's corps coming in on another road took position on McPherson's left, and at last we had the rebels hemmed in Vicksburg, the goal of our hopes for months past, the object of so many hard marches, the rebel stronghold in the West, the only point that kept the Mississippi River from being free to the North. The 72d Ill. was thrown out as advance guard that night and myself as officer of the guard. Although completely worn out I did not dare to sleep, but kept moving from point to point all night. At one time a party of cavalry came riding along the road on which I had posted some men, and although dressed in our uniform my men would not let them pass until they had sent for me. I recognized one of the officers and permitted them to go through. A large fire was burning in Vicksburg, but we could not discover what it was. We knew there would be bloody work for the morrow, as we would have to assault their works to get into Vicksburg.

May 19. The different corps had only taken such positions yesterday as they could in the dark, but today troops were constantly being brought forward and assigned positions as best they could. Our regiment was still in the front. Skirmishing commenced early in the morning. Company E advancing. I had charge of the skirmishers. They drove the rebel pickets in and took an advanced position. They were not strong enough, and I went back to the regiment and brought forward Company K, Captain Reid. They were advancing over a hill, when Captain Reid was shot through the wrist. He was taken to the rear and had his arm amputated that day. He was a brave man and a surveyor by profession, and should he survive would miss his arm and hand terribly. Two companies from Logan's Division relieved us and we rejoined the regiment. General Ransom ordered me to reconnoiter and see if I could not find a way to join the brigade to Sherman's left without cutting through the cane brakes, which were as thick as they could grow. I never had such work in all my life, climbing up and down ravines, my horse at one time getting so tangled that I was afraid I would have to leave him—through cane, over and under fallen trees, guided by the sound of artillery, until I found the artillery, which to my agreeable surprise was Batteries A and B, Chicago Light Artillery. I stayed but a few moments and hastened to report to General Ransom. Bullets were flying thick, but I fortunately escaped being hit. I had found a good road and led the brigade to the position assigned us; got into position at once and ordered to charge at two p. m. Started forward up a steep hill and across an open field, when the Rebels opened on us, killing and wounding twenty of the regiment in five minutes—one shell took a file clean out of Company D, killing every man. We could not reply as they were behind entrenchments. We sought shelter in a ravine, leaving our dead on the field until night. At night we had a burial party, buried them, and a hundred men were detailed to throw up rifle pits along the brow of the hill we had crossed. All worked silently; the Rebels would occasionally open on us with artillery and musketry, but no harm was done.

May 20. Skirmishing going on all day, the rebels' position being reconnoitered by our general officers and their staffs. Hot work before us. I climbed

a tall tree and could see over their works. They have formidable abattis in front and we will have to charge under every disadvantage.

May 21. Skirmishing, as usual. Quite a number of officers were sitting together just before dark eating their supper of coffee and hard tack, when the bugler of the regiment, who was sitting near, was shot through the heart and killed instantly. No one could tell where the shot came from. He was just raising his spoon to his mouth, when he fell over, dead. We buried him that night, performing a soldier's burial, but a number of the officers and men had service over the dead, and we all sang a hymn. Who knows who may be living tomorrow night.

MAY 22, 1863.

A day long to be remembered by those who participated in the events I now write about. We all knew we were to assault the rebel works, and that there would be bloody work. The day was a beautiful one, but very warm. We got breakfast early, and shortly word came that the assault would be made at two o'clock promptly, but that we would move at ten o'clock to take our positions. The ground had been reconnoitered as best it could by General Ransom and the field officers of the brigade the night previous. Early in the morning General Ransom and staff took seats near our quarters, where we had a good position, to see the rebel works. We talked and chatted, and Colonel Wright had a splendid field glass, and Ransom remarked jocosely: "Colonel, if you are killed I want you to leave that glass to me." "All right," said he, but I remarked: "Stop, Colonel, you forget you left that to your boy when you made your will at Memphis." "That is so," replied Wright. Poor fellow, a few hours afterwards he was carried off the field badly wounded. I climbed a large tree to get as good a view as possible, and reported to Ransom that they had no interior works but a single line of fortification. When 10 o'clock came we fell into line and the regiment counted; we numbered four hundred men. At the word "forward" we started in two ranks down the ravine and commenced to climb up the ascent on the other side, Company A in the advance. It was hard work climbing over and under the trees that the Rebs had cut down to impede our advance. We got within thirty yards of their works, creeping on our hands and knees, when four of Company A were shot, two killed instantly. Corporal Nelson and Private Harding, and Corporal Heberlin and Private Kassill mortally wounded; both died at night—four as good men as ever drew breath. We were ordered to change our position, and in doing so a lieutenant left his sword near the spot where the men were killed. I climbed up and got it for him and sent it to him with my compliments; got into our new position and waited for the word. Generals Giles A Smith and Ransom and other officers got together in the ravine and arranged their watches and how they should start. At last, at two o'clock promptly, the word came to "go." Up we started and rushed ahead with a yell, and were greeted with a most wondrous volley. Our colors were planted about fifteen feet from the ditch, but we could not go forward, the fire was too severe, men could not live; we laid down and only the wounded fell back, while shot and shell from the right and left and our own batteries in the rear, whose shell fell short, did terrific work. Men fell "like leaves in wintry weather." Colonel Wright was carried off the field terribly wounded, Colonel Starring incapacitated by a sunstroke, when the command of the regiment fell upon myself. General Ransom tried to have us go forward, but we could not do it. At last he gave the word to get back into the ravine, which we did, marching off as quietly as on dress parade, carrying the wounded with us, but leaving the dead. We reformed and then waited for further command, as we expected to make another charge, but thank heaven, orders came only to move up to our former position and hold the ground, which we did, and remained until midnight, when we were ordered back to our camp. What a night! Such a night I never spent before. About dusk there was quite a panic, but fortunately it was checked. The stench was horrible. Many of the men from being completely worn out fell asleep, but I could not close my eyes. None knew but what the Rebs might sally out, but they were only too glad, I guess, to stay where they were, having repulsed us. I cannot go into the details of the charge, but it was horrible, bloody work. Our loss in twenty minutes was one hundred and ten killed and wounded. Such was the 22d of May, 1863.

May 23. Busy all day in getting details of yesterday's work so as to report to brigade headquarters our losses, etc. Part of the regiment was detailed to build fortifications.

May 24. Our position being too much exposed, orders came to move back into the ravine back of our present location, but we are now inside of five hundred yards' distance of the rebel works.

May 25. The stench from the bodies lying unburied on the battlefield becoming so great a flag of truce from the enemy made its appearance and permission given to bury our dead. I did not go on the field, having no relish for such sights.

May 26. We have now commenced to make a regular siege. We have the rebels cooped in and intend keeping them there. Pickets are thrown out in front pretty well up to their works, and all day long the firing is steady, but without much damage.

May 27. Everything quiet. Visited the hospitals to see our wounded boys; some may get over it, but I fear many will die.

May 28. Heavy cannonading all along the whole line. The Rebs reply but feebly; they will not have much chance to rest.

May 29. Worked all night on a fort for Major Powell's Battery; as the position is too much exposed for work in day time, it has to be done at night.

May 30. Tremendous cannonading early this morning. I have never heard anything to equal it. It seems to be Grant's tactics to keep the Rebs busy all the time. There must have been over a hundred guns firing at once.

May 31. As corps officer of the day, I was up all night. Visited the different posts where men had been stationed as pickets. Made some suggestions to headquarters which were complied with.

Monday, June 1. Weather very warm. Men engaged in building roads through the ravines to connect the different camps. Our rations are now all right, getting them by steamer from the North to Yazoo River, and then teaming them across Chickasaw Bayou to our camps. Men in good spirits and prefer the spade and pick to charging breastworks.

June 2. A large fire in Vicksburg last night. An attack was made on our left, but easily repulsed.

June 3. I was much interested today in watching a number of Indians that belong to the 14th Wisconsin, acting as sharpshooters. Every day the best shots are detailed to act as sharpshooters to keep the enemy from using their cannon on our working parties and the riflemen from picking the men off. These Indians had fixed their heads with leaves in such a way that you could not tell them. They would creep on their bellies a little distance, then keep quiet, then move ahead until they could get the position they were after, which was generally a log, behind which they could lie without very much exposure. They silenced the rebel cannon in front almost entirely.

June 4. Messrs. Underwood and Seeley of the Chicago Board of Trade and Y. M. C. A., arrived from Chicago today. Visited the rifle pits with them. Battery A, Chicago Light Artillery, did some firing for them, throwing shells with great precision at the rebel works. A poor mule was killed at the distance of a mile by a shell.

June 5. Siege life can be made monotonous or otherwise, as you wish. A visit to the outworks is always interesting, and to see the devices the men use in trying to get a Reb to put his head above their works, is very amusing. Holding their caps on the end of their guns or fixing a coat so that the arm can be seen, and the Reb, thinking it is a Yank, blazes away at him while our boys go for him.

June 6. The navy have several mortar-boats in position on the Mississippi River, and it is a very interesting sight to watch their shells in the night time go sailing through the air, sometimes bursting way up high, and at other times just before reaching the ground. I never appreciated the words of our glorious National anthem until now, where it says, "And the bombs bursting in air," etc.

Sunday, 7th. Had religious service today. Men are pious when danger threatens, but somewhat lax when it is passed.

June 8 to 16. The usual cannonading; trench work and mining going on. Had a splendid rain on the 10th which was enjoyed by all. Weather cool and pleasant.

June 17. The siege is progressing slowly but surely. We are making gradual approaches and are now within one hundred feet of the enemy's works. The work is done by the men rolling in front of them a large gabion filled with earth so as to keep the rebel sharp-shooters from picking them off. They then dig a trench throwing the dirt up on both sides; at times men are killed; one of our men, a sergeant in Co. B, has just been brought in killed in the advance rifle pit. He was shot through the head and killed instantly. Such an occurrence makes the men careful but they soon grow careless again. The Rebs are throwing shells into our camp, pieces fall in close proximity to our quarters. Their sharp-shooters are constantly on the watch for a chance to pick us off. I was riding along the other day to see the works on our left and stopped for a moment, when a bullet struck at the feet of my horse's front legs and in a second more two or three others in close proximity. I changed my position. No one can form any idea of the extent of their works, reaching a distance of eighteen miles, completely encircling Vicksburg. Quite a number of our wounded men have died since they have left to go North. The severity of the wounds is proven by the fact that there were over fifty amputations of arms and legs in our brigade alone.

June 18 and 19. Nothing of importance or interest occurred.

June 20. Drawn up in line of battle at 4 o'clock this morning. Heavy cannonading along our whole line of works. I presume if there had been any chance for a charge we could have had it. Firing continued about an hour. A rebel deserter was brought into our lines yesterday and gave some information which may have caused the firing.

June 21. Paymaster Frazer paid the regiment to May 1. This made the men feel good and put us all in good humor with Uncle Sam. Sutlers are here now with the good things of this life in the way of canned fruits, cheese, butter, etc., etc., and are doing a thriving business. Many of the men send all the money they can spare to their families at home.

June 22. Having had some business with the Colonel of the 12th Wisconsin which is stationed on our extreme right in Sherman's corps, and as near the river as we can get, he advised me to go over to where the gun boat Cincinnati was sunk in the Mississippi and from where you could get a splendid view of Vicksburg. He offered me his field glass and off I started. There was considerable danger in going as you have to cross an open plain which exposed you to the fire of the rebel sharp-shooters if you were on horseback, but if you went on foot the rifle pits protected you. I went on horseback and was fired at several times but escaped. I was fully repaid for my trouble and risk and staid over two hours. The Cincinnati was sunk by the rebel batteries and lies partly submerged near the shore. I went on board of her and while there a rebel shell struck the water about ten feet from the boat. Vicksburg was in full view; there laid the city to gain, and which thousands of lives had been sacrificed, and doubtless thousands more before we could capture it. I could see General Pemberton's, the rebel commander's headquarters, their hospitals, the court house and other public buildings, and had a full sight of their water batteries. I started back home fully satisfied with my visit, dined with the Colonel and started for camp at once.

June 23 and 24. Weather very hot.

June 25. For some time General Logan's division of McPherson's corps had been mining under the rebel Fort Hill, one of the most prominent works and one capable of doing us a good deal of mischief. It was decided to explode the mine today and if the breach was sufficient, to go in as far as possible. We were all drawn up in line of battle to assist Logan or make a diversion in his favor if need be while all the batteries were to open on the rebel works to keep them engaged. He had 2200 pounds of powder in barrels in the mine but their fort was a strong one being at least twenty-four feet thick, of clay and sand. About four o'clock the mine was fired and was in a measure a success. There was no noise but an immense cloud of dirt, interspersed with bodies of men, thrown high in the air. At the same time firing from batteries and rifle pits was tremendous. Our men—the 45th Illinois—rushed into the breach which was made, but a partition of earth some three or four feet thick was blown up, over which our men fought all afternoon and night. Numbers were killed and wounded on both sides,

but they held their ground. At night our regiment was ordered out to the advance works in our front, and which was not more than 40 feet from their works, where we remained all night and had two men seriously wounded by their hand grenades. To rest was impossible, as shells from our own and rebel batteries passed over our heads every few minutes; sometimes the shells would explode prematurely and the pieces fly among us; our escape was miraculous. We were in direct range of the different batteries; for instance: There were batteries planted at four different corners and we are in the center and the firing at each other, beside the thousands of minie bullets striking all around us, can give one an idea of how we were situated. We (Ransom Brigade) are also mining a fort in our front and will soon have it done. We are some 30 feet under ground now.

June 26 to 30. Everything quiet; the assault was not successful. Regiment went out on picket duty on the 29th; out for 24 hours. Nothing occurred.

July 1. Regiment under arms all afternoon. Logan exploded another mine. He blew up quite a large portion of their works and a number of rebels—seven—lit inside our lines dead; one ducky was alive and says he was blown up three miles. No assault made. Our mine not yet ready. Everthing indicates another general assault soon. Rumor says it will be on the 4th of July. Weather exceedingly hot.

July 2. Nothing of interest but all hard at work on their mines and approaches. We are now under their fort and within ten feet of their lines. We have two pieces of artillery which was carried by hand up to our fort which is only a few feet from theirs. All are now expecting to assault.

July 3. Great excitement. Rebels hung out flag of truce and General Grant has gone to meet General Pemberton. All are on the qui-vive to know what the terms are and if Grant will accept or if Pemberton will decline to accept Grant's; if so, look out for bloody work. Rumors are that Grant has given Pemberton until tomorrow to decide on his terms.

July 4, 1863. Pemberton accepted Grant's terms which the reader of this must look to some history to see what they are. Orders came to hold ourselves ready to march into Vicksburg. Tremendous cheering along the whole line and well there might be, for forty-two such days I never hope to spend again.

July 5. On the morning of the 3rd when the rebels hung the flag of truce from their fort on the Jackson road, word soon passed along our whole line to that effect and soon firing ceased and the works on both sides were lined with the soldiers of the different armies talking to each other. It must have astonished the Rebs to see we were so close upon them. In front of our brigade we could almost shake hands with them. How anxiously they and we felt as to what Pemberton's reply to Grant would be, and when about half past nine on the 4th we saw the stars and stripes float from the fort we had stormed unsuccessfully, the air was rent with cheers and how relieved we all felt. Orders soon came for us to get ready to march into the city. Logan's division in the advance and the 45th Illinois in the advance of the army owing to their gallantry in storming Fort Hill. The day was a terrible hot one. We packed knapsacks and were soon ready to march. It was hard work but soon we got on the Jackson road and were inside the rebel lines. We marched through long rows of arms, stacked on both sides of the road and their late owners sitting or standing quietly by them. There were no cheers as we passed through these men but the salutations were "How are you Yank?" "How are you Reb?" "Give us something to eat Yank," when our boys would throw them hard tack, coffee and what else they could spare. The march was a terrible one and notwithstanding that it was marching into Vicksburg. I never saw so many men affected by the heat. When we reached the Court House I saw our glorious banner floating from its dome where only in the morning the rebel flag had been waving to the breeze. Our men could restrain themselves no longer and gave one long, loud cheer. We marched around the Court House, which is a fine large building, and then halted, stacked arms while waiting for further orders. They soon came to us to march back to the fortifications and halt on the inside. We did so; reached them about dusk and bivouacked for the night. Captain Dickey of General Ransom's Staff soon came and ordered me on duty as "officer of the day" and to post guards for the night along the fortifications to keep the prisoners from escaping. I had a hard time of it but no one can appreciate my feelings of the satisfaction I had as I rested

on a cannon which but a few ours before was shotted against us. The night was a beautiful one and in making my "rounds" I would come across groups of rebel prisoners who would be sitting by a fire discussing their fate. They were anxious to know what was going to be done with them, whether they would be sent North, which they feared; or paroled. They spoke of the incidents of the siege and of the assault on the 22nd of May and how they slaughtered us with so little loss to themselves. As I had eaten no dinner and but a cracker for supper, I was glad when morning came and I was relieved from duty. I slept during the morning as I was completely exhausted, and in the afternoon visited the rebel works opposite our front. I was amazed at their strength and, after we got in, how they could have slaughtered us. You must look to history as to the amount of war material and men surrendered. I was surprised to see their men so well dressed and looking so well. I asked some of them about their rations of mule meat and they say it was issued once, which was more for effect than anything else, as they told me themselves they could have lived several days longer without being starved on what they had, but many of them said they were afraid of what we might do on the 4th; well they might, for in the morning orders had been issued for a national salute of 34 rounds, shot from every gun in position around Vicksburg, and several mines were to have been exploded blowing up their forts. Taking it all in all, it was well for both sides as many thousands of lives would have been sacrificed on both sides in the assault.

July 6. Had a terrible storm of wind and rain. Moved our camp to a bluff overlooking the Mississippi river.

July 7. Weather very hot. Our men and Rebs mingle fairly together; they frequent our camps, eat with our boys.

July 8 to 11. McPherson's army corps guard this place (Vicksburg) while Sherman has gone after the rebel General Joe Johnston who is reported as being in the neighborhood of Jackson, Mississippi, with an army. The prisoners here are to be paroled and sent into the Confederacy. My time is taken up with visiting points of interest, particularly the caves in the sides of the hills where the citizens took refuge when they had a bombardment and where many of them slept at night. Many houses show the marks of shells, some being completely riddled, yet I am surprised to see so little damage is done. Some of the caves were made very comfortable, people living in them almost altogether during the whole siege.

July 12. Received orders today to embark for Natchez. Ransom's brigade is ordered there. March to levee and embark on board steamer "Lancaster No. 4."

July 13. Left for Natchez at 4 a. m. Quite a fleet of boats. I understand our object is to capture large droves of cattle that the Confederates have been moving across the country from Texas and crossing Natchez. Arrived about 4 o'clock p. m. Our trip down was a pleasant one, the plantations along the river not being destroyed like those above Vicksburg. We disembarked immediately upon our arrival and marched on to the bluff where we bivouacked for the night. The good people of this place were very much surprised and disgusted at the idea of their city being occupied by the Federals. It is a beautiful place and as yet there has been no destructions of property. I received orders to take four companies of the regiment and cross the river at midnight.

July 14. This has certainly been one of the most exciting days I have spent in the service. We crossed the river on a transport to the Louisiana shore and commenced our march at 4 a. m. My orders were to capture all the horses, mules and cattle I could, together with all arms and ammunition. The country is a beautiful one, splendid plantations just blooming with cotton, the first I have ever seen in such an early stage. I mounted my men as fast as I could. The march was a perfect ovation from the darkies who first time in their lives saw Yankee soldiers and knew they were free; they rushed to the road, fell on their knees praying with all the fervor and feeling of their race. "Glory be to God, freedom's come at last," etc., etc. They brought us fruits of the finest kind, butter, milk, eggs, chickens, in fact all they could get—so happy to know they were now free. Captain Whittle with a few men pushed in advance of the main body and captured a large lot of guns and ammunition, pressed a number of teams into service, brought back what he could and destroyed the balance. Lieutenant Mason was sent off on another road and captured an old planter who was just starting for

Texas with all his slaves, mules, horses and wagons; in fact would have gone in five minutes more but those five minutes were fatal to him. He had to turn his face the other way; his negroes were nearly crazy, so glad were they to escape. We marched about fifteen miles into the country and then, as ordered, started back on our march toward the river. Such a sight as met my gaze. All along the road were the negroes with their families, household goods, everything they could gather in the short time, piled up in their immense cotton wagons as high as they could get them. There must have been thousands, no end to the children; such a happy set of beings I never saw before. They were to use their own words, "Going to freedom." They knew nothing else, cared for nothing else, they were now free, what they had looked forward for, for years, had come upon them in a moment, nothing could induce them to stay on their plantations. I told them our provisions were short; they cared not, they could find something to eat, they cared not if they died, they were now free; they sang and danced, kissed each other and all the extravagant demonstrations of joy you can imagine were carried on. We marched to within five miles of the river at dusk when we encamped for the night. We took supper in the house of an overseer of Colonel Davis' plantation, who was boasting that his darkies would not leave him, when all at once one of the men came and whispered something; he jumped out of his chair and exclaimed "Good God, you don't say so, are they all going?" "Yes," says the darky "All going, Massa, and so is I," and he darted out of the room. Our officers could not but help laughing, and the oaths of the overseer were frightful. At night all was quiet but the singing of the darkies, which music was certainly remarkable for the joyous tunes and remarkable words.

July 15. Returned to Natchez and reported to General Ransom, who was delighted with the result of our expedition.

July 16. General Ransom ordered me to keep a small number of soldiers at Vidalia, the town opposite Natchez, and to oversee them for the present. There is every probability of our remaining here for some time.

July 17. Visited some relatives I knew were living here in Natchez. Some met me kindly and some coldly. We could not find a more delightful place to be encamped. All are delighted with our quarters; vegetables, fruits and such things as a soldier longs for can be found here and the people are ready to exchange for our army rations.

July 18. Nothing of importance occurred. Visit Vidalia daily to look after the negroes encamped there.

July 19 to 25. We are now having an easy life of it; nothing of interest beyond daily guard duty by a detail from the regiment. Our regiment has delightful quarters and the best of food is furnished. The citizens are very sociable but the war is the topic which fills their hearts as well as our own and many discussions take place, but nothing personal. Weather is hot in day time, but nights lovely.

Aug. 4. Heard of the death of our brave Lieutenant Colonel Wright at his home in Chicago. At an election of officers I was elected to fill his place but cannot be commissioned for some time.

Aug. 10. Broke camp today having received orders to march some fifteen miles in the country and guard a lot of cotton. I was glad of the change as camp life was getting tedious. Men are glad to get out, as they call it, for a lark.

Aug. 17. Returned to our old quarters, the cotton being all teamed into Natchez and safely received. I had a pleasant time and met some very pleasant people in the country. Heard of the death of my partner in business, John Bennett, which will necessitate my going home for a while. Have made application for a leave of absence.

Aug. 21. Leaving Natchez for Chicago. I will not attempt to write anything of my visit home as it cannot be of any interest to any one.

Sept. 22. Leaving for the regiment tonight via St. Louis. During my stay in the North I have through the kindness of my old and valued friend, Keller Leet, now a captain on General Grant's staff and who has charge of the office in Washington, been ordered on to Washington and after spending a couple

of days there was permitted to visit the headquarters of the army at Cedar Point. I visited Fortress Monroe and found General John Tanner, a valued friend, lying very ill at the hospital here, so ill that his life was despaired of. Met some army friends quartered in Fortress Monroe and had the opportunity of thoroughly inspecting the works. After spending a day here, took a steamer for City Point, General Grant's headquarters, where I met several intimate friends. My observations were that the men of the Potomac Army were better fed than our western men, they being nearer the base of supplies and having the whole East through the Sanitary and Christian Commissions to provide for them. Still I do not complain as they doubtless have had hard fare, at times, as we had.

Sept. 23. Arrived at Memphis last night. My trip down the Mississippi river has been exceedingly tedious, the steamboat tying up almost every night on account of low water. Had pleasant companions, among them was Captain Bowers of General Grant's staff.

Oct. 6. Arrived last night "at home," I may say, for where the 72d Illinois is, there is my home for the present. Found the regiment encamped on the bluffs at Natchez and the rumor is that we will move back to Vicksburg. I regret this as I have made several pleasant acquaintances among the people of Natchez and have been the recipient of a great deal of their hospitality. Many pleasant reminiscences will ever be connected with my stay here, but they will do to tell and not to write.

Oct. 11. Left Natchez this afternoon for Vicksburg. Had the band play "The girl I left behind me" and many personal regrets were expressed by citizens that we had to leave, although they were candid enough to say that they wished all Union troops would leave.

Oct. 13. Arrived at Vicksburg, disembarked and bivouacked for the night on the levee.

VICKSBURG, MISS., OCT. 14.

Moved camp to the Baldwin's Ferry Road. I was detailed on general court martial for the corps. I do not like this as it will keep me from active duty.

Oct. 19. We are at present in the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 17th Army Corps, General McPherson commanding corps, McArthur's division and Kilby Smith's brigade.

Oct. 22. General Dennis relieved General Smith as commander of the brigade. The court martial has been organized and comprises the following officers: Colonels Belknap, Potts, Sanders, Brook, Major Foster, Captain Robinson, Lieutenant Colonel Ed. Cooke, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, myself, Captain John Pullen, Judge Advocate.

DEC. 31, 1863.

Regiment still at Vicksburg. During the past two months there has been nothing of particular interest occurring. I have been on daily duty on the court martial and have tried deserters, cotton stealers, officers of all grades for almost for every conceivable offense and have had to vote at times where duty over-balanced mercy. The weather has been lovely. We have had one daily dress parade and guard mounting, which I have tried to make as interesting as possible by having the brigade band play for us (in addition to the regiment's drum corps), the men always looking neat and clean and their interest kept up by the crowds that would attend the show. This kind of duty does not suit me and I have made several applications for duty at the front, but I was not permitted to leave the regiment.

JAN. 1, 1864.

Made several calls today on officers and citizens. General John McArthur gave a grand ball in the evening which was well attended by the families of officers in Vicksburg and of Vicksburg citizens. The weather was intensely cold but the warm hospitality of the General made up for the coldness of the weather. Music by the brigade band and supper by Denechaud as good as could be had at home.

Jan. 8. The regiment was reviewed today by Major General David Hunter

and brother officers. After the review I invited them into my quarters where I had a good lunch set out. All seemed to enjoy it. General McPherson told me he was glad I done as I did, as I was the only officer that entertained them.

Jan. 10. 3d brigade under 3d division under command of General Leggett go up the river to clean out the rebel batteries which annoy our transports. Made application to go with them but was not successful.

Jan. 11. The 46th Illinois go home today on "veteran furlough," most of the men having re-enlisted as veterans. They seemed to be a happy set of men.

Jan. 14. Some time ago I made a promise to the men that I would offer a silver medal to be shot for, the best marksman in the regiment to have it. It arrived today. As soon as weather is pleasant enough will commence firing.

Jan. 16. General Sherman arrived here from Memphis; expedition of the 3rd brigade returned but the birds had flown.

Jan. 17. Terrible rain and thunder storm in the afternoon. This will doubtless make a change in the weather.

Jan. 18. Weather beautiful. Ice disappearing in the river. Commenced shooting for the medal today. Private Cox "A" Co. made the best three shots. Rice, "A" Co. the best single shot.

Jan. 19. Shooting for medal continued. Private E. W. Curtis, "E" Co. made the best two records and awarded the medal. Distance 300 yards.

Jan. 20. Having been appointed as one of the judges to decide which was the best drilled regiment in the 3rd division, General Leggett commanding, he having offered a beautiful regimental flag "Excelsior" to the best drilled regiment and best camp, I started early in the morning out to the Big Black river to review the 1st brigade. The drilling was very fine. Decided the 124th Illinois was by far the best drilled. Returned home at night after a very pleasant day. As the committee made me secretary I had to write my report in the evening.

Jan. 21. Reviewed the 2nd brigade, 3rd division. Committee decided on the 78th Ohio as the best drilled regiment. Dined with General Leggett, division commander.

Jan. 22. Reviewed the 3rd brigade, 3rd division; 17th Illinois was decided to be the best drilled regiment of the brigade.

Jan. 23. Today was the grand trial between the three regiments, 124th Illinois, 78th Ohio and the 17th Illinois, as to which was the best regiment in the division. In the morning the committee rode through the camps of the 2nd and 3rd brigade and a rough ride it was. In the afternoon a drill took place on a level piece of ground on the banks of the river, a splendid piece of ground for maneuvering troops. The ground was crowded and it took a strong guard to keep the crowd back. The drilling of the three regiments was magnificent. It was hard to decide which was the best but the judges finally decided on the 124th Illinois. The Excelsior banner was presented to them amidst the cheers of the two other regiments. The weather was magnificent the whole time.

Jan. 26. Regiment received two months' pay which made all feel very kind toward Uncle Sam.

Jan. 27. Troops commence to arrive from the North for General Sherman's expedition to the interior of Mississippi.

Feb. 22. A magnificent day. Had a grand review by day—ball at night.

Feb. 23. Two of Company "H" men died of the small pox in the hospital.

Feb. 26. Detailed fifteen men as guard to prisoners being sent North.

March 4. Troops and wagon trains continue to return from General Sherman's expedition, which marched as far as Meridian doing great damage and completely devastating the country. They had no battle but some skirmishing. Negroes followed them in by thousands and a grotesque crowd they were. The men were held at the Big Black River and recruited into regiments while the women and children were permitted to come into Vicksburg where they were

furnished such quarters as could be found. Most of them had to take the open air for their cover and take such food as they could get. Poor things, they will die off rapidly.

March 7. The government having offered a furlough of 30 days and extra bounty for the re-enlistment of soldiers whose term of service is about to expire, the soldiers have as a general thing re-enlisted in great numbers and several regiments have started home on furlough.

April 3. Nothing of importance has occurred since my last entry. Camp life is about the same, only changed with personal incidents of no importance. Received orders today for an expedition to go up to the Yazoo river under command of General McArthur. I go in command of the regiment. Orders read: "March 5 o'clock in the morning, two days' rations in haversacks, eight days' rations in wagons, no tents or extra clothing. Regiment to move in as light march-order as possible." Our brigade consists of the 11th, 124th and 72d Illinois under command of Colonel Coates of the 11th.

April 4. Regiment moved promptly at the hour named. The command started about 8 o'clock. Roads very dusty. Halted for dinner at Clear Creek. Bivouacked at Bear Creek, marched 24 miles. The country is deserted and desolate, being marched over by the forces of both sides many times.

April 5. Started at 5 a. m. 72d in the advance. Many of the men's feet are terribly blistered from the hard marching of yesterday. Passed through a place called Mechanicsburg, only a few houses, mostly deserted. Marched 22 miles. After having gone into camp orders came for the regiment to move forward as grand guard, skirmishing lively with the enemy's pickets.

April 6. Broke camp at 4 o'clock. Water scarce, roads terribly dusty. Marched 18 miles.

April 7. Started at 4 o'clock without breakfast; marched fast. Drawn up in line of battle two miles from Benton, Mississippi. Scouts reported the enemy coming up in our rear. Remained in line of battle for an hour when orders came to move up in quick time through the town. While our artillery was engaging the rebels, orders came for the 72d to move forward through a dense wood with two companies thrown out as skirmishers. I ordered out Companies A and F under command of Lieutenant Pomeroy of F Co. Shells and solid shots passed over our heads. A shell exploded over our regiment. A piece struck Lieutenant Pomeroy in the leg; he was a little in advance of the regiment. I reached him first but could not remain with him. He was carried back to the hospital where he died in the evening. There was not a better officer or braver soldier in the regiment. We buried him in the churchyard in Benton. We kept on advancing through the woods until we came to a large open field where we were ordered to support the 7th Ohio battery. The Rebs soon retreated when they were pursued by our cavalry and we were ordered back to Benton for the night.

April 8. Remained in camp at Benton. A rebel bearer of dispatches was captured and on his person copy of dispatches were found from General Lee to the rebel government stating that the federals had been driven back with terrible slaughter to both sides, but the federals rallied and by the help of God they (the rebels) had held their own. We could not believe that General Grant had been whipped. There was a false alarm about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the men sprang to their arms with great alacrity; in three minutes the line was formed. Picket firing was very brisk all day long. General McArthur with a strong escort went to Yazoo City, distant about twelve miles. We must have marched about twenty miles yesterday, but today's rest did us a great deal of good.

April 9. Remained in camp. The rebels made a demonstration on our advance regiments but were easily driven back by our artillery and cavalry. Benton is a small place; it was sacked by our troops, everything eatable taken, some houses burned and all horses and mules confiscated. I must confess my abhorrence of a great many acts of depredations committed by our troops, yet the men get so incensed by the way the people treat them that they do not stop at anything.

April 10. Heavy showers of rain. Marched a short distance; it is being re-

ported the enemy is advancing. It was nothing but a few of the enemy driving in our cavalry pickets. The artillery shelled the roads when we returned.

April 11. Nothing occurred.

April 12. Left camp at 5 o'clock. Marched 18 miles in a circuit; went out for the purpose of having a fight. But the rebels did not care about it. We marched through a fine country, the best we had seen. Came to a large house where there was a fine breakfast set out which the ladies remarked was for our soldiers, but we learned it was for confederate officers who had to run at the approach of our officers. The soldiers helped themselves to a quantity of ham which they found hid. We were marched very fast and the men suffered severely from their feet, the hot sand blistering them badly. All were glad to get back to camp. The march was the hardest we had for some time.

April 13. Left camp early in the morning for Vaughn Station. Commenced skirmishing about 10 o'clock. A large force of the enemy showing themselves. We were ordered to take positions in an open field; the 46th and the 76th Illinois were ordered to move toward the woods where the enemy were posted, which they did in "column by division," our cavalry charged on their flanks when the enemy fell back; the 72d Illinois and the 11th being in reserve. We then all moved forward to where the Rebs had made another stand. Our force was displayed as follows: the cavalry on the flanks, the artillery in sections between the different regiments which were drawn up in line of battle, skirmishers thrown out well forward of our whole line. We advanced, skirmishers and artillery firing. It was a beautiful sight. The Rebs fired several rounds and then retreated, wounding a few of our men, when they again retreated. They must have lost a number in killed and wounded as the people said they took several wagons to carry them off. All the cotton gins were burned along the road. We marched to within a mile of Vaughn Station when the cavalry dashed in and burned the depot and other buildings. It was exciting, yet a hard day's work. Marched about twenty miles.

April 14. Marched back to Benton, went into camp at our former camping grounds. Saw a large drove of sheep in a field, sent some men—drove them in and fared sumptuously on mutton that night.

April 15. Left Benton about 8 a. m. for Yazoo City. Marching very hard as it was over an old plank road. Sun very hot and water scarce. Reached Yazoo City about 3 p. m. The gun boats and the marine brigade had been there two or three days so we had no trouble. Yazoo City is a beautiful place but intensely secessional. The court house was set on fire shortly after our arrival. The 11th Illinois had been driven out of the place last March, a great many people firing on them from their houses; they swear they will burn the place down. Two companies of the 72d Illinois have been detailed to provost guard duty under command of Captain Whittle. We encamped about a mile outside of the city in a pleasant grove. Another carrier was captured today with copies of despatches from General Lee, claiming a victory for their side, but we got papers which gave us the glorious news of Grant's success. How anxious we have been for news.

April 16. A large fire in Yazoo City last night. Three or four blocks of the business portion of the place were burned down, also several private dwellings.

April 17. Remained in camp. Everything comparatively quiet.

April 18. Broke camp about 5 a. m. our faces toward Vicksburg. Commenced raining hard making the roads very muddy, making it hard for the transportation. Our brigade in the rear, marching was very tedious. Marched about fourteen miles and encamped on the ground at Liverpool Heights. The enemy about a thousand strong had occupied it in the morning. Passed through several magnificent plantations, or the remnants of them.

April 19. Left camp about 5 o'clock. Struck the Yazoo valley road about 9 o'clock. Marched about fifteen miles, encamped alongside of a small creek; made good use of the opportunity to bathe which was greatly needed.

April 20. Left camp early in the morning, our regiment in the rear, which made it terrible marching on account of dust; reached Haines Bluff about noon, went into camp about 3 o'clock.

Vicksburg, April 21. Started early in the morning; only one halt between Haines Bluff and Vicksburg, a distance of twelve miles. Men in good spirits and anxious to get back in old quarters. The regiment immediately put on provost guard. Thus ended the expedition. The object was to make a raid into the confederacy in this section and keep the enemy from reinforcing their army in the North. There being no other field officers with the regiment I did not leave it for more than half an hour the whole time. I never saw less grumbling, yet it was one of the hardest marches we ever had. We became terribly ragged before we got back. Had no tent and slept under my blanket every night.

July 10. Since our last expedition we have been doing provost duty at Vicksburg and nothing of special interest has occurred. Yesterday we received marching orders to move this morning at 4 o'clock with five days rations in haversacks and ten in wagons, destination reported to be Jackson, Mississippi. Troops comprising the force consists of twelve pieces of artillery, 2000 cavalry, Hawkins division of colored troops; the 58th Ohio and the 72d Illinois—all under command of Major General Slocum. Left camp at 4 o'clock; the day intensely hot, many of the men had to fall out. Lieutenant Beegle had a sun stroke; made a good many halts to rest the men.

July 11. Reveille at 3 a. m. Started at 8 owing to the colored troops not getting ready earlier. Crossed Big Black River, our brigade being in the rear. Weather intensely hot. Crossed the same ground we did when we entered Vicksburg last year and the men were constantly pointing out spots they recognized. Did not get into camp until 8 o'clock when just as we stacked arms a violent rainstorm came up and forced us to take shelter in negro quarters, stables and sheds, where we slept; the result was we were almost eaten up by fleas. I never suffered more from insects in all my life and acted as if I had the St. Vitus dance.

July 12. We moved forward at 4 a. m. The marching, owing to the rains of the night previous, was not very good; our having to build bridges and repair roads. The advance was slow. Skirmished a little with the enemy; halted at a place called New Auburn, comprised of a store and two or three houses. While marching in the afternoon a perfect tornado of wind and rain passed over and for an hour we marched through as heavy a storm as I ever saw. We got all soaking wet. About 4 o'clock we went into camp and dried our clothing. At night it commenced to rain again and rained all night; not much chance for sleep.

July 13. Rear guard again. General Slocum fearing an attack on our train and not having as much confidence in the colored troops as in the two white regiments, kept us in the rear all the balance of the march. Crossed the Big Sandy creek where a year before on our way to the rear Vicksburg, cheered at the news of the fall of Richmond, which afterwards proved to be premature. The men remembered it also and joked about it. Encamped at night at a little place called Rock Springs. Pickets had a skirmish with the Rebs.

July 14. Reached Port Gibson, one of the prettiest villages in Mississippi. Did not get into camp until 12 o'clock at night, completely worn out. The Rebs made a dash at our rear guard but seeing them prepared retreated as fast as possible.

July 15. Left Port Gibson about 9 o'clock, started for Grand Gulf. Had to ford or rather swim across two bayous. Reached Grand Gulf about 6 o'clock.

July 16. Kept quiet all day.

July 17. Sunday. Was called up early in the morning to repel an attack. I went up on a little hill to get a look at the surrounding country so as to have the regiment advance when the Rebs opened fire and some twenty bullets struck within a foot of me. Skirmishing brisk all along the line. Killed and wounded some twenty Rebs. At 12 o'clock at night embarked on board the steamer "Madison" for Vicksburg and arrived there 4 o'clock next morning, completely worn out.

July 24. Appointed on court martial much to my disgust as it is tedious work.

Aug. 18. Nothing of interest. Received leave of absence to visit home on account of business. Arrived in Chicago today.

(NOTE: During this period the regiment was ordered to join General O. O. Howard with Sherman's army before Atlanta, but before this could be done Sherman had started on his march to the sea.—J. T. S.)

Nov. 11, 1864.

During my absence from the regiment I visited Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, City Point and had a very pleasant time. As this has nothing to do with my active army life I pass it by. Reached the regiment today. Orders had been received to embark on board the steamer "Imperial" for Nashville. During my visit home we heard of Will Stockton being wounded in the thigh at Fisher's Hill. News reached us October 3.

Nov. 13. Had a pleasant sail on the Cumberland River. Reached Nashville at night.

Nov. 14. Received orders from General Geo. H. Thomas to march to Columbia, Tenn., a small place about forty miles from Nashville. Our original orders were to join General Sherman, but as he has started on his march to the sea we cannot reach him. I do not know our future destination.

Nov. 17. Reached Columbia, Tenn., on the evening of the 16th and encamped on the outskirts of the town. March not very pleasant owing to the rain. This place is the home of a great many Southern celebrities, many of them in the army against us. General Pillow lives about a mile from our camp. We are on his sister's plantation. General Hood is reported about twenty miles from here, marching this way. We may expect lively times.

Nov. 20. Raining most of the time.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DEC. 4, 1864.

Two weeks ago today we heard that Forrest was advancing on Columbia with ten thousand men. We had about twenty-five hundred, so had to concentrate. On Tuesday troops commenced to come in from the different posts, and in the course of a few days we must have had about fifteen thousand men at Columbia, under the command of General Schofield. Word came that Hood was advancing with thirty thousand men and was trying to cut us off from Nashville. The 72d had been brigaded with some other regiments under the command of Colonel Strickland, 3d Brigade, and assigned to General Ruger's Division, 2d Division of the 23d Corps. For two or three days we had hard skirmishing, and then in the night evacuated Columbia. The 72d was the last regiment to leave. On Tuesday, the 29th, we were ordered to fall back from the railroad bridge across Duck River, which we had been guarding for three or four days. We burned the bridge. About noon we halted for half an hour, giving the men an opportunity of making their coffee. Orders came to move quickly forward, as the Rebs were in our advance. About four o'clock we formed line of battle, threw out skirmishers, and advanced that way for three or four miles. The skirmishing was hot and we had a few men wounded. Orders came to move back into the road, and in an hour or so back again into the fields by the right flank, where we ran into the Rebs. The 50th Ohio, in our advance, received their fire and lost some eight or ten killed and wounded. We gave them a volley in return, and they fell back into the woods. We followed them until we came to a very short distance from their line and halted. It was quite dark, and we lay perfectly quiet for an hour within a few hundred yards of the Rebs. Our pickets could hear them distinctly talking. The extreme darkness of the night was all that saved us from destruction. Orders came again to fall back into the road and march on to Franklin, which place we reached about nine on the morning of November 30. We immediately commenced throwing up works, and about two o'clock the skirmishing commenced on our side. The Rebs did not throw out any skirmishers but came on in "line of battle" a mile and a half long and several lines deep. One of our brigades, thrown out in our immediate front, was forced back in great disorder and came tumbling pell mell over our works, preventing us from firing until the rebels were right upon us. Our men fought hard, but the rebels got close up to our works, and it was a hand-to-hand conflict. The regiment on our left flank gave way and left our left wing exposed; still the men fought on until many were killed, wounded or captured. We had been fighting a little time, when I suddenly fell forward on my face. I thought I had been knocked down by the force of a shell passing by, but feeling some blood trickling down

my neck, I put my hand up and found that I had been hit by a side shot through the back of my head, making a painful but not dangerous wound. The wound was at the base of my skull, half an inch deep and clear across my head. I got up and walked a little distance, and kept growing weaker from the loss of blood, when fortunately I came across Dr. Bucher of our regiment, who tied up the arteries and sent me to the rear. I found the field hospital of our division, where I had my wound properly dressed, and waited for further developments. I knew our men were holding their own from the fact that rebel prisoners were constantly passing me. About seven o'clock we were ordered to be put into ambulances and hurried to Nashville. The ride was a rough one, as there were some eighteen more wounded men with me, but I was only too glad to get safely inside of our lines. The Christian Commission was on hand and did what they could for me, and wanted to write home for me, but I told them I thought I would be able to do so myself soon.

(NOTE.—The battle of Nashville was fought on December 15 and 16, 1864, after which the regiment marched via Clifton to Eastport, Miss., and from there was taken by boat down the river to New Orleans.—J. T. S.)

Feb. 23, 1865. During the interval from the last entry to the present time I was not in active service. I was taken to the Officers' Hospital in Nashville, where I was made as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. My regiment was badly cut up in the battle of Franklin. Major James was shot, and the command devolved upon Captain Sexton. We had nine out of sixteen officers killed and wounded, and many of the men. John Denniston, afterwards my brother-in-law, came for me, and I was taken to Pittsburgh, where I was most kindly cared for. On the 7th of February I was married to Miss Kate E. Denniston, and after a short trip I started back to join the regiment, which I reached on March 4, encamped on a plantation called Chalmette, eight miles below New Orleans and a short distance from the famous battleground where Jackson gained such a victory over the British. It is the worst camping ground I have ever seen. Mud, mud, mud, and the nastiest kind of mud.

March 11. Welcome news. Orders came to break camp and march to the levee, to embark on a steamer for Mobile, I presume. May I never experience such a camping ground again. At night toads and lizards would run over your face, and insects and reptiles of various species worried the life out of you. All glad to get out of it.

March 12. Embarked on board the steamer "Guiding Star." Five regiments on board, about 2,500 men—a great outrage, as the men have not room to sit down. Reached the Gulf of Mexico about 6 p. m., but could not pass over the bar at the mouth of the river. Passed Forts St. Philip and Jackson about 4 p. m. A hard day's work, and on Sunday.

March 13. Laid at anchor all day. Great discomfort among the men.

March 14. Rained hard all day. Better than the intense heat.

March 15. Got under way about 9 a. m. Steamed over the bar and anchored outside and waited for the steamer "Fairchild" to bring out the 124th and 81st Illinois. Weighed anchor about 4 p. m. and got under way for Mobile Bay. Gulf rough and many sick.

March 16. Arrived at Dauphin Island, inside of the bay, about 6 a. m. Disembarked about 1 p. m. Marched four miles and bivouacked on the beach for the night.

March 17. Transferred to the 1st Brigade of Carr's Division, comprised of the 72d Illinois, 95th Illinois, 44th Missouri and 33d Wisconsin. Went into camp with our new brigade.

March 18. Broke camp at 9 a. m., embarked on board steamer "I. D. Swain." Landed at Cedar Point, Ala., about five miles from our last camping ground on Dauphin Island. A party of rebel scouts were seen on shore. A gunboat threw a few shells at them which made them scamper up the beach. First man ashore, regiment soon disembarked; deployed two companies as skirmishers and moved forward; found their works vacated.

Also found a number of torpedoes buried at the end of the pier. It was a great wonder they were not exploded, as the whole brigade marched over them.

March 19. Sunday. We marched about five miles, skirmishing all the way. No one hurt.

March 20. Marched about three miles. Skirmishing very hard, but the enemy kept falling back. We gave them every chance for a fight, but think they had not force enough. Reached a small stream called Fowl River and halted. One of the heaviest rainstorms I ever experienced came up. All got soaking wet.

March 21. Remained in camp all day.

March 22. Returned to Cedar Point and embarked on gunboat No. 44 for Fish River; reached the mouth, where we laid up for the night. Men had a great feast of oysters, which abound in great numbers.

March 23. Started at daylight. Reached Smith Mills about 9 o'clock. Disembarked, went into camp about half a mile from the river.

March 24. Remained in camp and threw up earthworks by order of General Canby.

March 25. Thirteenth and 16th Corps moved forward, 72d detailed to guard commissary and ammunition train. My horse arrived, which was a great relief to myself.

March 26. Train moved forward at 8. Roads bad owing to the nature of the soil, which was a sandy loam. Wagons would break through the crust and sink up to their hubs. Marched part of the time through a forest of pine trees, which were very large. Reached the village of Montrose about 4 p. m., a beautiful little place on Mobile Bay. The view was a beautiful one. Monitors were moving toward Spanish Fort.

March 27. Joined the main body of the army with the train. Reported to General Carr, who ordered the regiment to the front, took position between the 95th Illinois and 33d Wisconsin. Heavy firing and skirmishing all day. We are now in front of Spanish Fort, a strong earthwork thrown up by the rebels to guard Mobile. The monitors are at work on the water front and the army has it surrounded in the rear. It is bound to fall; only a matter of time.

SPANISH FORT, ALA., MARCH 28.

Heavy cannonading going on by both armies. My quarters are in a bad place, being in the rear of a battery on which the rebels are constantly playing. The rebel fort, Eugene, another earthwork across the bay, has been throwing shells and completely enfilading our camps. One shell killed and wounded a number of men in the 33d Wisconsin.

March 29. Firing still continues. A number of narrow escapes from bursting shells.

March 30. The rebels shelled us furiously all day; quite a number killed and wounded in the army. I had several narrow escapes, a piece of a 100-pound shell fell within three feet of where I was standing. The rebel fort, Eugene, and their gunboats have a good chance at us, and keep us busily engaged in watching them. Reports reach us that two monitors were sunk in the bay by torpedoes and that one of our corps, marching by land to the rear of Mobile, are out of rations some distance from here. First Division, 13th Army Corps, have been ordered to march to their relief with a train of supplies. This is the fourth day of the siege. There was an alarm last night; a party of Rebs made a sortie on a working party of the 13th Corps, but were repulsed. Rained hard. Had the regiment in line in case of any demonstration on the part of the Rebs. Men worked hard. Sergeant Smith of F Company wounded in the arm.

March 31. Fifth day of the siege. The game was not all on the rebel side today. A battery of our thirty-pound Parrot guns opened on their transports and sent them flying up the river. They engaged their water battery, which prevented them from shelling our camps. The day passed off more quietly than usual. Several men in the regiment wounded today.

April 1. Sixth day of the siege. Same routine, shelling and musketry. Mortar practice very good. One of Company H's men had his arm shot off.

April 2. Seventh day. A captain of the 33d Wisconsin was killed today by

foolishly exposing himself. Our troops have also invested Fort Blakely. Cavalry brought in a number of prisoners. An "Iron Clad" was sunk by the rebel torpedoes. The rebel gunboats disappeared up the river. Rebs threw a number of mortar shells into our rifle pits. Several men in our brigade wounded.

April 3 and 4. Heavy cannonading both days. Regiment in the works. Lieutenant Burkhart slightly wounded; one of F Company severely. Weather very fine. A few prisoners are brought in daily. Five deserters from Spanish Fort came in today.

April 5. Went to the extreme right of our line and got a good sight of Mobile.

April 6. Eleventh day of the siege. Progressing, as usual.

April 7. Twelfth day. Raining. Heavy firing on our right; supposed to be engaged.

April 8, 1865. Thirteenth and last day. Everything was quiet during the day. A stray shot once in a while assured us the enemy were still in their works. At half past five a general cannonading took place along the whole line. Later, the 3d Brigade of our Division made a charge on the extreme right and were successful beyond all our anticipation. Our brigade was ordered to their support. The rebels kept falling back when we were ordered to our old position and storm their works. We did so but found the enemy had retreated but their guns still in position. It was a beautiful sight. The moon had now risen (about 10 p. m.) and the reflection on the bright barrels of our infantry as they marched in to take position, the signal officers with torches signaling the gunboats that we had possession, the rebel transports in the distance steaming up the bay, made it a scene long to be remembered. A large shell from a gunboat stopped within a few feet of the regiment but fortunately did not explode. So after two weeks' time Spanish Fort was ours and with but little loss.

April 9. Moved at 11 a. m. toward Blakely; marched about three miles, went into camp. Blakely was ours, had been captured by Granger's army. Heard the glorious news of Richmond being evacuated.

April 10. Regiment remained in camp all day. I took a ride with Dr. Powell to Blakely. The fortifications are most extensive, the ground in front of them being planted with hundreds of torpedoes. The loss was very heavy in capturing it.

April 11. Changed camp. Moved about two miles to get out of range of Fort Truax. News of the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg confirmed.

April 12. Mobile is ours; being evacuated. We have orders to move in the morning.

April 13. Marched eighteen miles, 72d in rear.

April 14. Marched seventeen miles, destination supposed to be Montgomery.

April 15. Marched fifteen miles. Went into camp about 3 p. m. A hard place, killed a number of snakes; one was the largest rattlesnake I ever saw, about six feet in length.

April 16. Easter Sunday. Started at 2 p. m. Rumors came thick and fast of cessation of hostilities and peace. God grant it may be so.

April 17. Started at 7 p. m. Marched about fifteen miles.

April 18. Our brigade in advance. The country we have marched through since leaving Blakely has been almost a continuous pine forest. A poor country and still poorer people. Passed through a place called Burnt Cove Post Office.

April 19. As we were marching along today we saw an officer riding rapidly and waving his hat. As we were the rear regiment I halted to see what was the matter. He announced to us the surrender of Lee's army to General Grant. How the men cheered. The flags were unfurled, drums beat and all were exulting at the news as it meant the ending of the war and our getting home. The people along the route had out flags of truce made of anything white they had.

One house had a flag with these words "The United States they shall be preserved."

April 20. Had a pleasant march. Men all in good spirits.

April 21. Rained hard last night. Marching very bad, road very muddy. Reached Greenville, Ala., about noon, went into camp. Took supper with a Mr. Greely and heard some good music from his daughter.

April 22. Remained in camp. Took supper with a Mr. Ellsworth who had friends in Chicago. 200 guns fired in honor of Grant's victories.

April 23. Sunday. Marched at 1 p. m. Roads very rough.

April 24. Marched nineteen miles.

April 25. 72d regiment in advance. Reached Montgomery, Alabama, at noon. Marched through the place and encamped about three miles outside of the city and encamped in a beautiful grove. Heard the news of President Lincoln's assassination but could not believe it. Men swear that if it is true they will re-enlist and fight the thing out to the better end.

April 30. Sunday. Since the 25th we have been busy in cleaning camp and cleaning out the underbrush and stumps. Have had two dress parades. No boats as yet bringing in rations. President Lincoln's assassination confirmed. People all discussing it. Many confederate prisoner passing through on their way to their homes. They say the war is over.

May 1. Boats arrived from Mobile yesterday. No mail. Hawkins' division of negro troops arrived with them.

May 2. General A. J. Smith assumes command of the district.

May 4. Governor Watts and General Pillow came into our lines.

May 6. Report of General Dick Taylor's surrender received.

May 7. Received a large mail. Reviewed by Colonel Moore.

May 26. Arrived at Union Springs, Ala., where we had been ordered to take possession of the town, various regiments of our troops being scattered all over this country.

Union Springs, Alabama. May 28 to July 13, 1865. This is a pleasant little place. I am in command. Citizens quiet.

July 16. We are now again at Montgomery where we have been ordered preparatory to our being mustered out of the service. My stay at Union Springs was, in some respects pleasant, but soldiers with no duty are apt to make mischief and I have had my share of trouble. It is not necessary to go into details as they might not be interesting. Orders have been received to transfer the recruits to the 33rd Illinois infantry.

Aug. 2. Vicksburg. We marched from Montgomery here and have been mustered out of the United States service and wait transportation home.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUG. 15, 1865.

Home again. Regiment disbanded and men dispersed to their homes. Thank God.

History of the Regiment as recorded by the Adjutant Geo. H. Heafford.

The Seventy-second Regiment Illinois Volunteers was organized in Chicago, Ill., as the first regiment of the Chicago Board of Trade. Its first bills were put out for one company calling itself the "Hancock Guards," on July 23, 1862, and exactly one month afterward (August 23, 1862) the entire regiment was complete and mustered into the service of the United States for "three years or during the war." The day of their muster they were started off for Cairo, where they arrived on the 24th. Their strength at that time was thirty-seven officers and 930 men, and the following was the original roster of officers:

Colonel—F. A. Starring.
Lieutenant Colonel—Joseph C. Wright.
Major—Henry W. Chester.
Adjutant—Eben Bacon.
Quartermaster—Benj. W. Thomas.
Surgeon—Edwin Powell.
1st Asst. Surgeon—B. Durham, Jr.
2nd Asst. Surgeon—A. E. Beers.
Chaplain—Henry Barnes.

- Company A—Captain, Joseph Stockton;
1st Lieutenant, George B. Randall;
2nd Lieutenant, William B. Gallagher.
- Company B—Captain, Jacob S. Curtiss;
1st Lieutenant, David W. Perkins;
2nd Lieutenant, D. W. Whittle.
- Company C—Captain, Wm. James, Jr.;
1st Lieutenant, Glen C. Ledyard;
2nd Lieutenant, Clifford Stickney.
- Company D—Captain, James A. Sexton;
1st Lieutenant, Benjamin W. Underwood;
2nd Lieutenant, Nathan C. Underwood.
- Company E—Captain, W. B. Holbrook;
1st Lieutenant, H. C. Mowry;
2nd Lieutenant, Porter E. Ransom.
- Company F—Captain, Isaiah H. Williams;
1st Lieutenant, George W. Colby;
2nd Lieutenant, Richard Pomeroy.
- Company G—Captain, H. D. French;
1st Lieutenant, J. H. Smith;
2nd Lieutenant, J. H. Bingham.
- Company H—Captain, Edward C. Prior;
1st Lieutenant, J. W. Murray;
2nd Lieutenant, Hezekiah Stout.
- Company I—Captain, J. W. Harvey;
1st Lieutenant, Abner C. Barnes;
2nd Lieutenant, John W. Abbott.
- Company K—Captain, John Reid;
1st Lieutenant, Charles Gladding;
2nd Lieutenant, Edwin Small.

On the 6th of September, 1862, they were ordered to Paducah, Ky., where they were on post duty until the 17th, when they were sent down to Columbus, Ky., at which point they did guard and picket duty mainly until Nov. 21st. They were not, however, idle in this time, but in addition to the constant and thorough drilling which has since made them one of the finest organizations in the army, found time for two expeditions, one to Clarkson, Mo., on Oct. 6th, where they

dispersed a rebel camp and captured a number of prisoners, horses, etc., and the other on Oct. 21st, to New Madrid, which was not so eventful. On Nov. 21st they were ordered to join General Quimby's command, 7th Division, 17th Corps, at Moscow, Tenn., and with that command they arrived on Dec. 1, 1862, at Lumpkin's Mills, Miss., whence they accompanied Grant's army as far as the Yaconapatalfa River. Owing to the supplies being cut off at Holly Springs, the army was forced to return, after penetrating as far as the point mentioned, and the 72d was sent as guard to the wagon train, to Memphis, Tenn.

There, at a distance of about eight miles from the city, on the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, they went into camp until January 18, 1863, when they were sent into the city and quartered at the navy yard, to do provost guard duty. While making Memphis their headquarters, the regiment went out on an expedition to Horn Lake Creek, where they dispersed a gang of Blythe's rebel guerillas, capturing quite a number of them. On March 1st, the division, of which the 72d regiment formed a part, started down the Yazoo Pass, in steamboats, but finding Fort Pemberton in their way, and not being able to take it just then, went back. April 23d they landed at Milliken's Bend, La., on the Mississippi River, and from there marched up with Grant's army via Grand Gulf, Raymond and Champion's Hill, to Vicksburg. On May 16th they arrived at Champion's Hill, just in time to turn the enemy's left, and by that movement decided the fate of the day. That was their first battle, and, fortunately for them, their share in it, although a most important one, was not very severe. On May 17th they found themselves at Big Black River, in the rear of Vicksburg, and on the 19th this regiment was the first to open the attack on the rebel stronghold. In the desperate charge of the 22d they participated with the highest honor to themselves, losing some 110 of their number in killed, wounded and missing, but fighting bravely as men could fight until the last. From that time until July 4th, when the rebels capitulated, the 72d did its duty among the foremost in the siege, and on the capitulation were among the first to enter the city. On July 12th, the 72d embarked for Natchez, Miss., where they landed the succeeding day, taking possession of the town, capturing a large number of prisoners, pieces of artillery, Confederate Government stores, and 5,000 head of Texas cattle. Here they remained until October 17th, doing provost duty, with the exception of a couple of skirmishes at St. Catherine's Creek, Miss., on September 1st, and at Cross Bayou, La., on September 23d. October 18, 1863, they went on provost guard duty at Vicksburg, Miss., where they remained until October 30, 1864. During this year of comparative inaction, they went on two expeditions. The first of there was to Benton, Miss., on May 7, 1864, where they had a short but pretty severe fight with a body of rebels, and the second was to Grand Gulf, Miss., on July 18th. October 30, 1864, they were ordered to report to Major General Howard, commanding the Army and Department of the Tennessee, then with Sherman's army, and in pursuance of this order arrived at Nashville, Tenn., on November 13th. They there found themselves too late to join Sherman in his great "march to the sea," and they were ordered to Columbia, Tenn., to join Major General Schofield's command, which they did on November 21st. When Hood crossed the Tennessee River and seemed coming down "like a wolf on the fold," Schofield's army found it convenient to retire toward Nashville. On November 29th they evacuated Columbia, and the 72d was in a severe skirmish with the enemy at Spring Hill, on the road between Columbia and Franklin. On the succeeding day their arrival at Franklin and hastily threw up some slight earthworks. About 4 o'clock that afternoon Hood attacked them, and the battle raged from that hour until midnight with terrific fury. In that fight the 72d lost nine officers out of sixteen engaged, and 152 men who were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. That night they left their works and retreated toward Nashville, which they reached on December 1st, and here the 72d was thrown on the extreme right of the federal lines enclosing Nashville, under command of General A. J. Smith. On December 15th the whole Union army was moved outside its works to give battle to Hood; and on that and the succeeding day the great battle of Nashville took place, resulting in the complete whipping of the "Rebs." From that time until January 3, 1865, they were engaged in the pursuit of Hood's army, following it up closely as far as Clifton, but Hood managed to escape across the Tennessee River. From Clifton the regiment went by boat up the Tennessee River to Eastport, Miss., arriving there January 13, 1865, and there remained in quarters until February 9th, making in that time but one expedition, and that a fruitless one, to Iuka and Corinth, Miss. February 9th they started for New Orleans, where they arrived February 21st. Until March 12th they remained in camp eight miles below the city, and then they were embarked on the steamer "Guiding Star" and taken

out through the Southwest Pass and across the Gulf of Mexico to Dauphin Island, Ala., where they arrived on March 17th. The next day the brigade, which included the 72d, crossed over to the mainland on the western shore of Mobile Bay. Here they remained a few days skirmishing with the enemy, when, having accomplished the object of the expedition, which was merely a feint on Mobile from that direction, they rejoined the army at Fish River, near Smith's Mill, Ala. On March 26th, the corps to which they were attached moved, and on the morning of the 27th, appeared in front of Spanish Fort. From that time until the night of April 8th, the regiment was actively engaged in the siege. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, the Union troops were ordered into the first line of their works. The attack began, and at near midnight the 1st brigade (including the 72d) and the 3rd brigade, 16th corps, charged on the enemy's works and carried them, capturing the fort. The next morning they moved out on the road to Blakely, where their division was held in support of the other divisions charging the enemy's works at that place. The place having been taken, the command went into camp here until the 14th, on which date they moved forward on the road to Montgomery, Ala., marching over the two hundred miles to that place in exactly eleven days. At Montgomery they remained in camp until May 23d, when they were ordered to Union Springs, Ala., forty-five miles from Montgomery. There they remained doing post duty until July 19th, when they started on their homeward journey via Selma and Vicksburg. On August 6th they were mustered out of the service at Vicksburg, and thence came directly home via Cairo to Chicago. During their term of service they received some 450 recruits, and when ordered home they transferred 270 of these to the 33d Regiment Illinois Veteran Volunteers, at Meridian, Miss. They brought home 22 officers and 310 men, and the following was the roster of officers when mustered out:

Colonel—F. A. Starring (on detached duty).

Lieutenant Colonel—Jos. Stockton (Brevet Brigadier General), Commanding Regiment.

Major—Wm. James, Jr.

Adjutant—Geo. H. Heafford.

Surgeon—Edwin Powell.

Assistant Surgeon—Chas. A. Bucher.

Quartermaster—A. C. Gibbs.

Sergeant Major—Chas. V. Blake.

Quartermaster's Sergeant—D. Ford.

Commissary Sergeant—Geo. M. Curtis.

Hospital Steward—E. O. Gratton.

Musicians—B. B. Scott, E. B. Potter.

Company A—Captain, Roswell H. Mason;
First Lieutenant, Wm. Mohrman;
Second Lieutenant, H. A. Ward.

Company B—First Lieutenant, Wm. H. Black.

Company C—Captain, Henry J. Gleason;
First Lieutenant, J. Avey;
Second Lieutenant, J. H. Buck.

Company D—Captain, J. A. Sexton;
First Lieutenant, Wm. G. Mead.
Second Lieutenant, L. P. Twyeffort.

Company E—Captain, Wm. B. Holbrook;
Second Lieutenant, Jos. Strube.

Company F—Second Lieutenant, H. G. Furnald.

Company G—Captain, D. W. Whittle.

Company H—Captain, C. E. Thompson;
First Lieutenant, A. Burkhardt.

Company I—First Lieutenant, J. M. Smith.

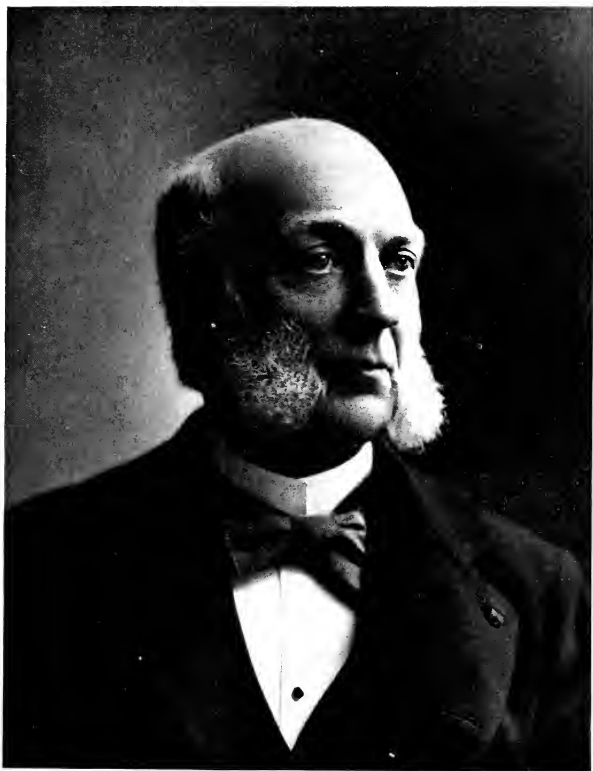
Company K—Captain, Elisha Morgan, Jr.;
First Lieutenant, L. Paramore.

In an attack upon some of the regiment by a gang of drunken rebels, at Yerger's Landing on the Mississippi River, on their way home, Private Levy Derby, of Company E, was killed and Sergeant Major Blake was so seriously injured by a pistol shot that his life was endangered.

The following table of statistics gives some idea of the regiment's service:

Number of officers belonging to regiment at date of muster in.....	37
Number of enlisted men belonging to regiment at date of muster in.....	930
Total	<u>967</u>
Number of officers returning with regiment.....	22
Number of enlisted men returning with regiment.....	310
Total	<u>332</u>
Number of officers killed in service.....	7
Number of men killed in service.....	178
Number of officers died of disease.....	3
Number of men died of disease, or wounds.....	130
Number of officers wounded.....	20
Number of men wounded.....	220
Number of officers taken prisoners.....	3
Number of men taken prisoners.....	76
Number of battles fought.....	7
Number of skirmishes	11
Number of miles traveled since entering the service.....	9,280
Number of days under the enemy's fire.....	145

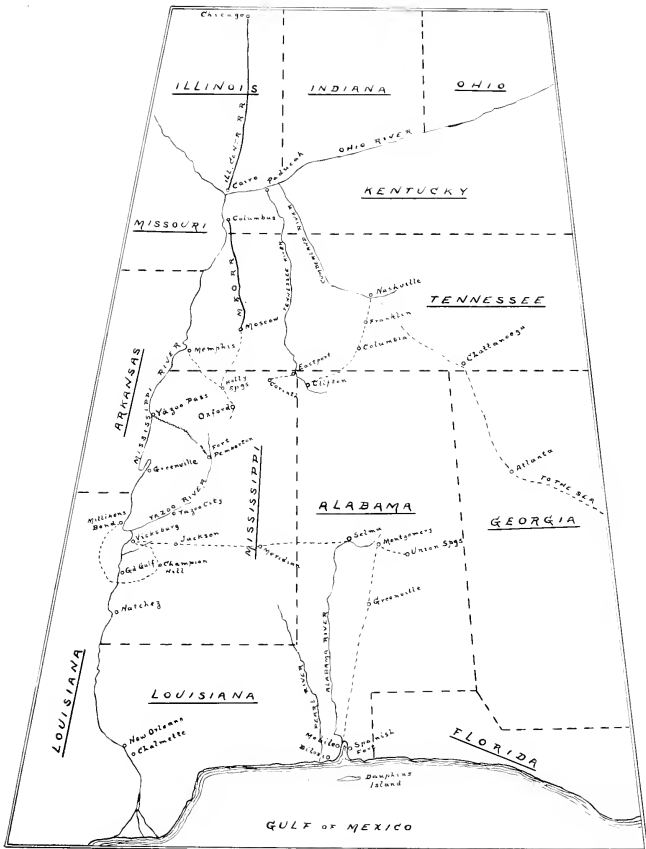




JOSEPH STOCKTON

(Citizen)

This photograph was taken about two years before his death at Chicago, Illinois, March 17, 1907.



This map shows the general scope of country traversed by the 72d Regiment Illinois Volunteers Infantry during its period of service—July 1862 to August 1865.





JOSEPH STOCKTON

Joseph Stockton was born at Pittsburg, Pa., on August 10, 1833, which, by coincidence, was the year of the birth of the great City of Chicago, in which he was destined to pass more than fifty years of an active life. He passed from life at Chicago on March 17, 1907, being therefore in his seventy-fourth year.

Bearing an exceptional record for service in the Civil War, honored with high military office for his devotion, fealty and ability, General Stockton is nevertheless most remembered for his achievements in civic affairs. A leader in Chicago's business life, he gave largely of his means, his time and his abundant energy to great public projects, to the advancement of the good of Chicago and the weal of its citizens.

Early Years in Chicago.

In 1852, at the age of 19 years, Joseph Stockton came to Chicago, making his home with his sister, Mrs. Michael Tiernan, in the then residential district immediately north of the river. He engaged in the produce commission business, shipping over the Fort Wayne and Lake Shore Railroads, then just built into Chicago, the goods to be disposed of in the eastern markets.

This work of forwarding agent brought young Stockton into close association with the officials and agents of railroads, and particularly with those from his old home city, who were connected with the Fort Wayne road. In 1856 these old friends persuaded Mr. Stockton to enter the employ of their company, as a clerk in the freight department in Chicago.

In his work with the railroad Mr. Stockton saw the great opportunities for fortune in the forwarding and teaming business in rapidly growing Chicago, and in 1857 he, in partnership with John Burnett, established a teaming business with five one-horse drays. By 1861 the business of the firm had grown until their stables covered half a block in Franklin street.

It was about this time that Mr. Stockton, to promote his business interests, joined the Board of Trade. The step was taken just before war came, and just in time to make Mr. Stockton one of the promoters of the Board of Trade regiment, with which his military career was identified.

Business Career After War.

With the fall of Richmond, closing the four years of struggling for national unity, General Stockton returned to the railroad work and in 1866 was appointed agent of the Empire Line, retaining his interest in the forwarding business, which, during his absence, had been in the care of his brother, John L. Stockton, who remained thereafter in active charge of the Stockton forwarding interests until his death in 1897.

The Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne were then separate roads. In fact, there was then no single railroad extending from Chicago to the seaboard. To promote through traffic, and give the shippers the service necessary to their business, the Empire Line was conducted over several roads to reach New York and other Eastern cities. In due time the Fort Wayne became an integral part of the Pennsylvania System, which also formally absorbed the Empire Line. In 1903 General Stockton reached the age limit of 70 years, and was retired on a pension established by the Pennsylvania System, after 37 years of continuous service. During the remaining four years of his life, however, General Stockton continued to give careful attention to the business of the Joseph Stockton Transfer Company, the business of which he had been interested in for fifty years.

Throughout his business life, General Stockton was regarded as one of the most progressive in the large group of men who in the years after the war built the foundation on which the greatness of Chicago's commerce was built. He was one of the organizers of the first trade extension tour ever undertaken by Chicago's united business leaders. That was the tour to San Francisco in 1869, upon the occasion of the opening of the Union Pacific Railway. General Stockton was one of the forty enthusiasts making that pioneer trip in the interest of a great commercial Chicago.

As an employer of labor, General Stockton was held in high esteem. An illustration of his inherent love of justice and consideration for workmen is found in an incident during a wage conference of employers. It was during a period of dullness in commercial lines, and one of the conferees suggested that the employers take advantage of conditions and lower the wage scale. Instantly came General Stockton's resentment. Jumping to his feet, the General announced his refusal to accede to any such move, adding that the men were being paid little enough, and saying that if any one present could suggest a way to increase wages he would gladly assist in its adoption. Such incidents, marking the consistent course of the General in his dealings with labor, led to his being generally recognized by all classes of labor in the great City of Chicago as an employer upon whose sense of justice and generosity all could rely. At times when wage scales were being drawn up his propositions to labor representatives were always accepted as the best that could be offered, and it was a source of great pride and satisfaction to him that throughout his long business career there was never a strike among his employes. He was scrupulously exact in protecting their interests, and in return he enjoyed the utmost loyalty of all his men.

Service to Public in Chicago Fire.

It was not until the great fire of 1871 that General Stockton gained an opportunity to add laurels to those he won in our great national war, but then he rendered service of such value as to be inestimable and beyond computation. In the early hours of the fire the court house was destroyed, and with it all the real estate records. Also the fire reached the Stockton barns before all the horses and drays could be removed. But with the teams that were saved General Stockton, his brother, and their employes removed from a burning building and saved

from destruction private records of real property which, after the fire, proved of tremendous value. These private records covered nearly every piece of property in Chicago and Cook County, and their being saved prevented an incalculable amount of confusion in the title records.

While the fire raged, General Stockton and his big corps of workers, laboring unceasingly, performed heroic service in removing to safety the valuables and personal property of people who were made homeless. And while thus engaged in the service of the city, caring for and guarding the realty records which meant safeguarding all investors and insuring the quick rebuilding of the city, two hundred fire refugees were being cared for at his home on Diversey avenue, just outside the devastated area. For six weeks following the fire the Stockton home was open to the homeless and remained a shelter for the woe-worn and penniless fire sufferers.

Founder of Lincoln Park.

There is no measure so fitted to determine the value of a citizen to his community as that encompassing his activities in behalf of progress for all the public. No course of human action is so noble as that which adds comfort and bestows happiness upon one's fellows, and when such a course is followed until future millions are assured a benefaction of beauty and health, as has been done for future Chicago by the establishment of Lincoln Park, man's civic service becomes immortally memorable.

Shortly after his return from the Civil War, General Stockton, foreseeing the great growth of the city, conceived a plan of saving to the people of Chicago the beautiful shore property stretching northward from North avenue, and in his mind designed a playground for the people, to be named, in fitting recognition of the memory of the Great Emancipator, **Lincoln Park**. With a few other public spirited men, General Stockton began the movement which resulted in the creation and dedication to the public of the great park now the recreation place of thousands daily, and destined to be the basis of the vast north park system planned for the future beautiful Chicago.

Chicago's people have largely forgotten the struggle that was necessary before General Stockton's dream of Lincoln Park became a reality. There were formidable barriers, both legal and sentimental, to remove. Night and day, month after month, he with his followers in the park agitation labored to make possible a realization of their plans. It was necessary to obtain legislation from the State, and the opposition to this legislation was strong and active. The legislation, once obtained, required many amendments, but finally, in 1869, the law creating the Lincoln Park district was passed, and General Stockton, in recognition of his long labors for the cause, was named by the Legislature as a member of the first Board of Commissioners to administer its affairs and develop the property acquired.

General Stockton was always foremost in advocating improvements for Lincoln Park, and it was the adoption of his ideas, sometimes after great controversy, that made the park one of the most beautiful and convenient in America. When the park property was acquired there was only one driveway, that along the lake. He advocated a western drive as most convenient to many travelers. The majority of the

Board opposed it, and in derision called it "Stockton's Drive" when it was finally created. Eventually the wisdom of the drive was proven, and the name given in disdain to the driveway was formally adopted in the records of the Board of Commissioners. Another creation by General Stockton was the lagoon, which is so beautiful a feature of the big north shore playground. His suggestion for that improvement, inspired by his desire to protect children and make the use of rowboats and like pleasure craft safe, was also derided. For years the improvement was delayed, the opposing commissioners referring to the proposed lagoon as "Stockton's Lake." When the excavation was made, however, it not only gained instant popularity, but the Board obtained \$25,000 from the sale of the sand excavated. General Stockton served as a member of the Lincoln Park board for twenty-two years, devoting a large part of his time to this honorary service, and gaining recognition of his name as among those entitled to be enrolled high among those who planned, worked and persisted yesterday in the civic patriotism making for a Chicago beautiful today and in all the future.

Leads Chicago's Great Parades.

The friend of Presidents, and known intimately to the public men of the entire nation as well as of his own city, General Stockton was frequently called upon to direct those great demonstrations of popular will which take the form of parades. He was known as probably the best and most efficient organizer of parades in the United States, and for more than thirty years served either as marshal or chief of staff of every great parade demonstration held in Chicago. One of the first parades which distinguished General Stockton as an organizer and director of marching bodies was that of 1869, when Chicago's people set out to celebrate by a parade the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad. Many thousands turned out to participate in the celebration, but the plans made for directing the marchers were awry, and the celebration came to the edge of disastrous failure. At the last moment, however, General Stockton took control, marshaled the various bodies of citizens, brought order out of chaos and saved the day. What threatened to be a great failure reflecting discredit upon Chicago as unable to carry out such a demonstration successfully, was by General Stockton's ability made a triumph.

When General Grant returned in 1879 from his tour around the world, Chicago arranged a great parade in his honor. The demonstration was to be under the nominal direction of General Sheridan, but the general fell ill and the organization and management of the parade devolved upon General Stockton as General Sheridan's chief of staff, who carried his duty so well as to be accorded high praise by the guest of honor. Two years later a great memorial parade was held following the death of the martyred president, Garfield, with General Stockton as chief of staff in active charge. In 1892 he directed, as chief of staff to General Miles, the great parade at the dedication of the World's Fair. So perfectly were the arrangements carried out under his direction, and so impressive was the control by General Stockton of the many thousands of marchers, that resolutions thanking him were passed by the World's Columbian Exposition Company, the World's Columbian Com-

mission, in control of the fair for the government, and also by the Woman's American Protective Association, which for that parade originated the feature of a living flag composed of 5,000 school children.

General Stockton's breadth of view and popularity was attested in 1895, when on Memorial Day he was chosen by men from the former army of the Confederacy to direct the parade attending the dedication of the Confederate monument at Oakwood Cemetery. Resolutions thanking him for his assistance in that event were passed by the Monument Association. In 1896 General Stockton was chief marshal of the Sound Money parade, which was the greatest parade ever given in Chicago. That parade was participated in by over 75,000 men, being the greatest number of citizens that ever marched in the streets of any American city. In 1898, upon the occasion of the Peace Jubilee parade, which was reviewed by President McKinley, the direction of the marchers was given to General Stockton as chief marshal, and two years later, when Admiral Dewey was welcomed as a returning hero by the people of Chicago, the duties of assistant grand marshal at the parade were performed by General Stockton.

Perhaps the most notable parade, from a personal standpoint, in which General Stockton took part, was that given as a memorial to the memory of President McKinley in 1901. When the news of the fatal work of the assassin's bullet reached Chicago the proposal was made by General Stockton for a parade upon the day of the funeral of the martyred chief executive. Within a few hours the success of his plan was assured, and when, forty-eight hours after the plan originated, the parade was held, upwards of 20,000 sad and silent Chicago marchers were doing reverence to the memory of the murdered president. The McKinley parade was the last notable affair to which General Stockton could give his energy and assume responsibility of success in the many details to be cared for in connection with parades. Advancing age compelled the General, loved and honored leader of the people's great armies of peace, to relinquish his honorary duties as parade chief. The City Council of Chicago voted him resolutions of thanks for his splendid handling of the throngs making up the McKinley Memorial parade.

Among the miscellaneous activities of General Stockton during his connection with the Lincoln Park board was to greatly aid in securing for the park the Grant monument, which was dedicated on Oct. 7, 1891, in the presence of Mrs. Grant and many distinguished visitors. The parade on that occasion was one of the largest military and civic parades ever held in Chicago. In acknowledgment of General Stockton's services in securing the monument the Board of Trustees of the Grant Monument Association presented him with a handsome testimonial, beautifully engraved. General Stockton acted as chief of staff under General Miles, commanding the military forces participating in the parade.

Besides his other public activities, General Stockton found time to devote to many humane and charitable projects. He was a director of the Illinois Humane Society for a long period. When the Daily News Fresh Air Fund was established he became one of the commissioners to administer the fund, and was an officer of the Half Orphan Asylum. On first coming to Chicago he became a member of St. James Episcopal

church. He was a member of numerous army organizations, including the Grand Army of the Republic, Union Veteran League and Loyal Legion. General Stockton was long a member and prominent in the affairs of the Union League Club, and was widely known among the Masonic fraternity, in which he was a member of the thirty-second degree.

Upon General Stockton's death mourning was widely extended, and telegrams of sympathy were received by his family from all parts of the country. Numerous resolutions of sympathy were passed by public bodies, including the Chicago Board of Trade.

