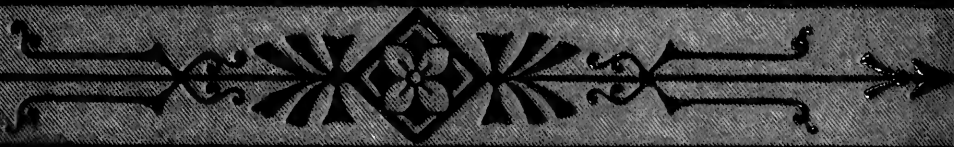
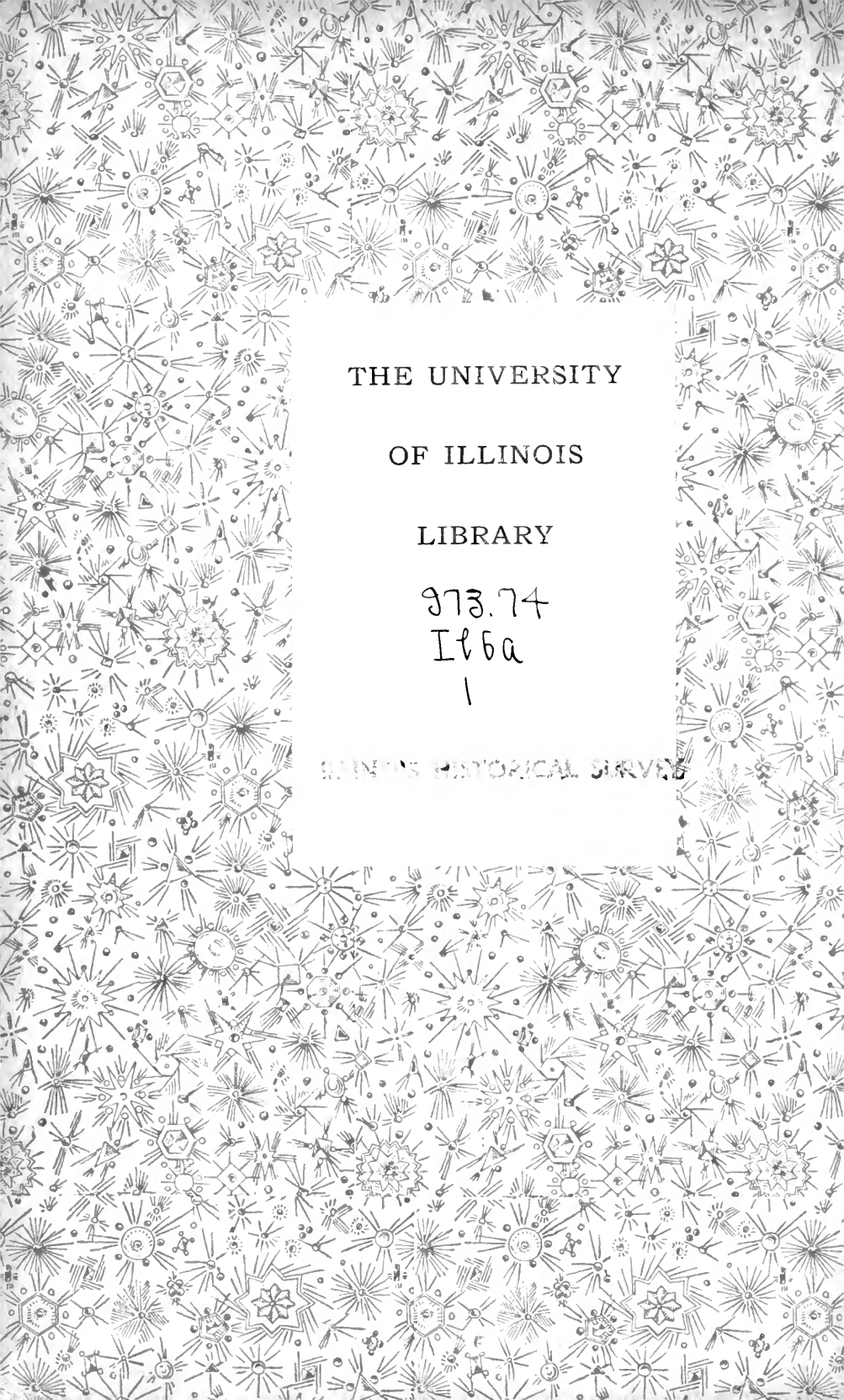


Reunions.
—of—
Taylor's Battery B,
First Ill. Artillery.

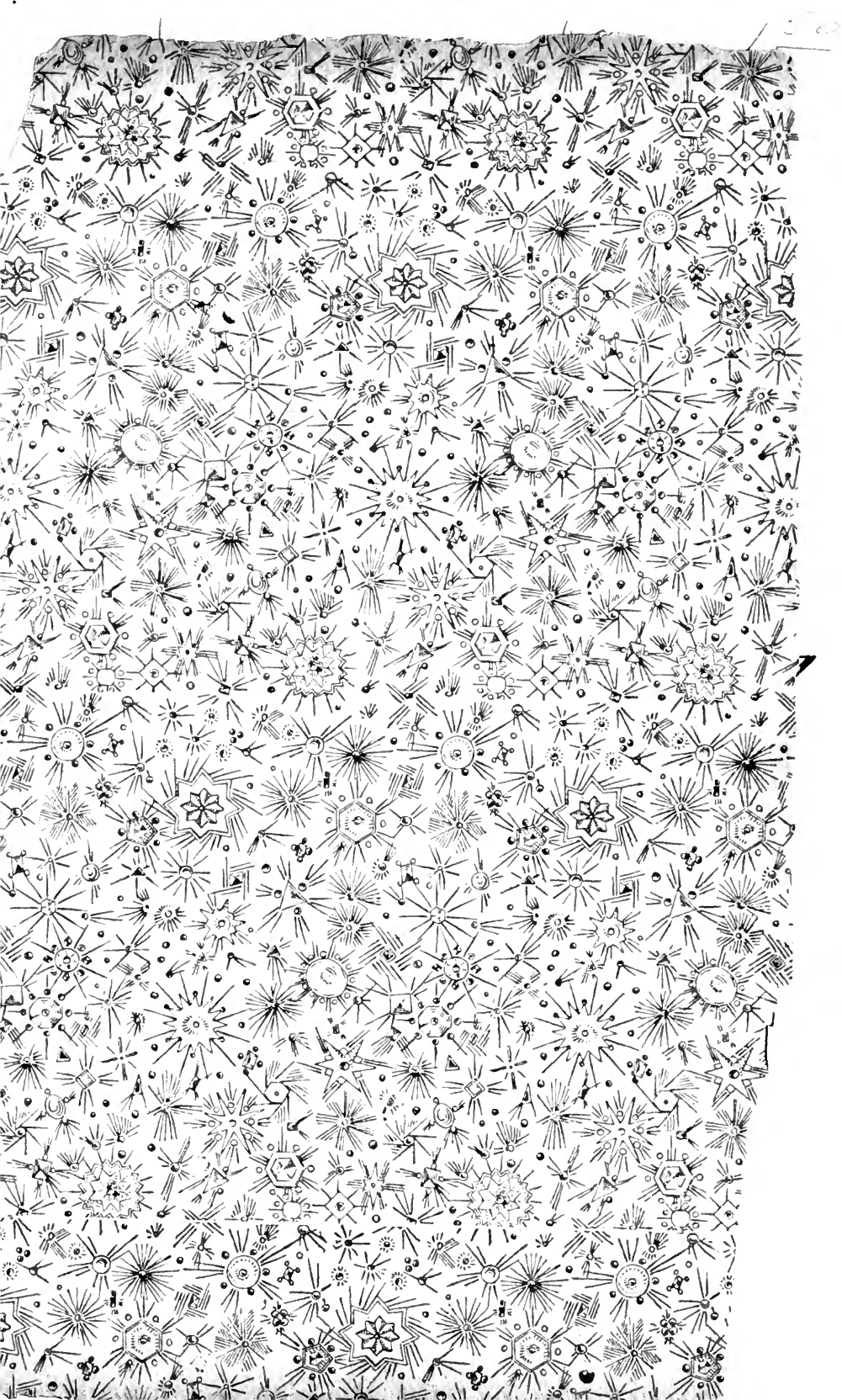


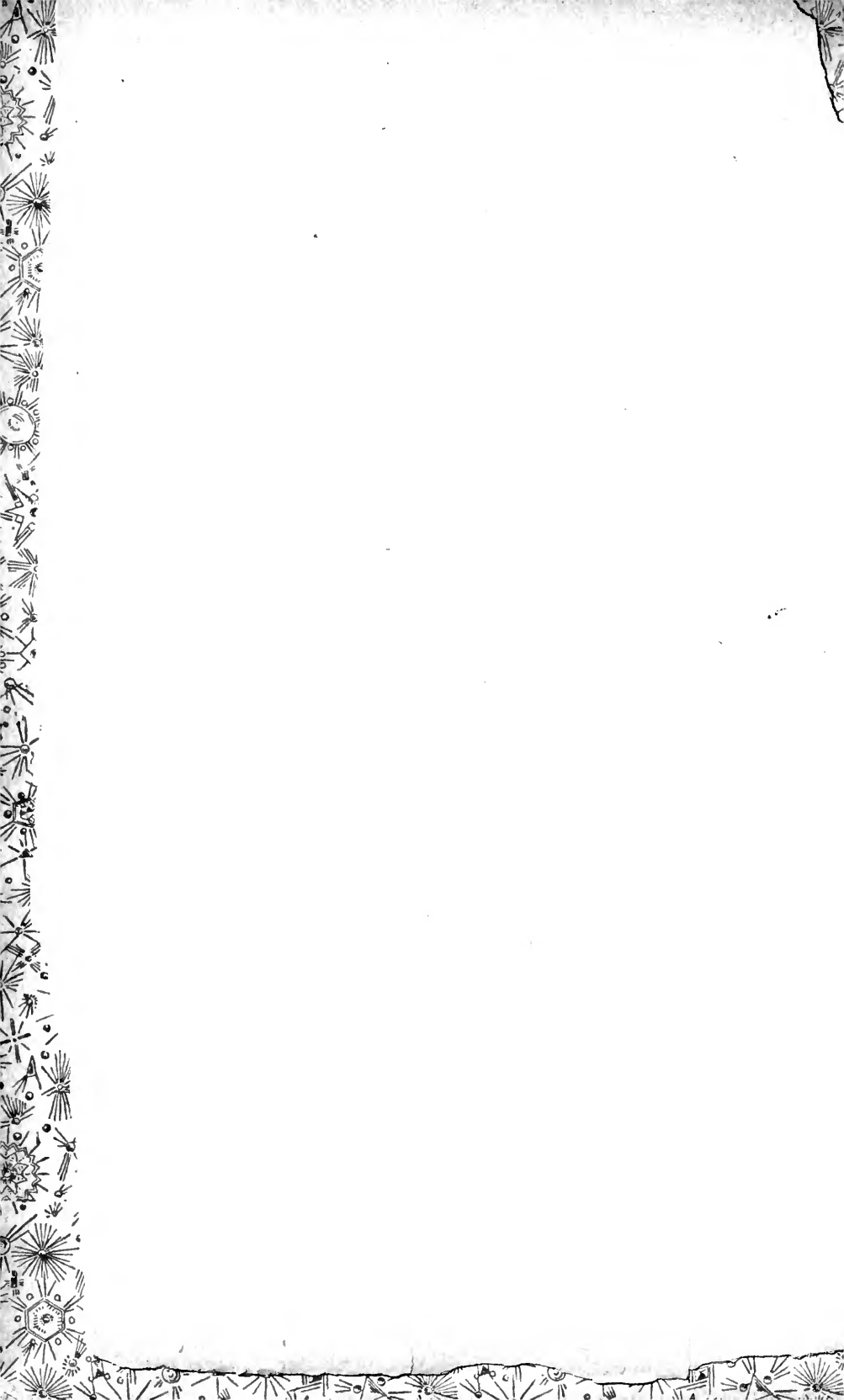


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B. I. ILL

TAYLORS
BAT'Y.
2d. Division



FORTY POUNDS



REUNIONS

— OF —

TAYLOR'S BATTERY,

18th Anniversary of the Battle of Fort Donelson,

FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

25th Anniversary of the Battle of Belmont,

NOVEMBER 6, 1886.



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“I die for liberty, boys: go back and
man the gun.”

—*Dying words of Oscar E. Beckers on the battlefield of
Fort Donelson.*



THE OLD FLAG.

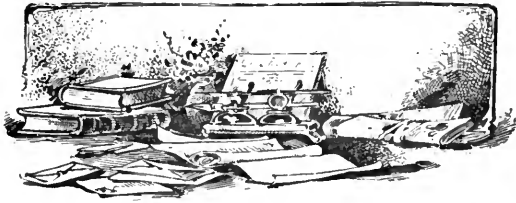
TO CELEBRATE
THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON.

RE-UNION
OF
TAYLOR'S BATTERY

AT THE
GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1880.

GENERAL EZRA TAYLOR, PRESIDING.





Capt. Ezra Taylor.



1st Lieut. S. E. Barrett.



1st Lieut. L. P. Hart.



2d Lieut. I. P. Rumsey.



2d Lieut. P. H. White.

OUR FIRST COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

. REMARKS .

BOTH EXPLANATORY AND APOLOGETIC.

DEAR COMRADE:

This book, which was at first intended to be only a report of the proceedings at the Reunion and Banquet held on the 18th Anniversary of the Battle of Fort Donelson, owing to the delay in preparation, is also made to include the proceedings at the Reunion and Banquet held on the 25th anniversary of the Battle of Belmont, seven years later.

It also contains a complete roster of the Battery; a list of the names and residences of all living comrades, so far as known, and photo-gravure copies of the officers and members of the Battery as taken at Memphis in 1862.

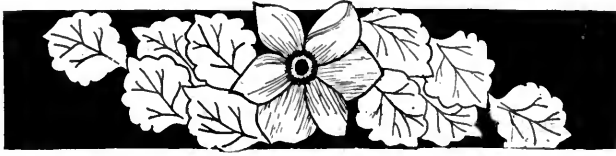
The apology for this delay which has been vexatious to many, is, that the copy was first placed in the hands of Comrade H. W. Dudley; after a lapse of some years, Comrade Dudley, feeling himself unable to ^{at}tend to the matter, turned the copy over to the subscriber; in looking it over, some parts were missing; much time was consumed in looking them up, with poor success; the copy was then arranged for the printer and laid away, but so safely, that several more years elapsed before it was found. Then it was decided to include the Belmont banquet proceedings, and subsequently the photo-gravure copies.

I am sure that the book in its enlarged form, and with the additional features mentioned, will prove a source of pleasure to all comrades, and will be prized as a memento of more value than its simple cost, and will tend to cement still stronger the friendship now existing between our comrades.

Your comrade in F. C. and L.,

C. W. PIERCE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1, 1889.



A TRIBUTE

—TO—

The Boys of Chicago Battery B.

BY MRS. MARY J. PECKHAM,
BATAVIA, ILL.



CHICAGO, Queen City of the West,
We hail thee with delight,
And thanks to thee most cordially
For the welcome here to-night ;
Where comrades once again can meet
Each well known face to see,
And clasp once more the friendly hand
Of the boys of Battery B.

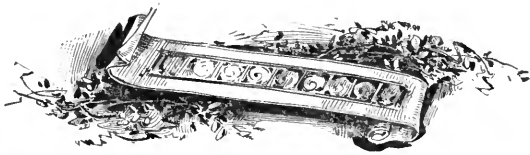
Long years have passed since last we met,
Bearing the colors true,
With canteen black and old knapsack
And our uniforms of blue ;
Which told the noble story
That artillery boys were we,
And belonged to Captain Taylor's
Chicago Battery B.

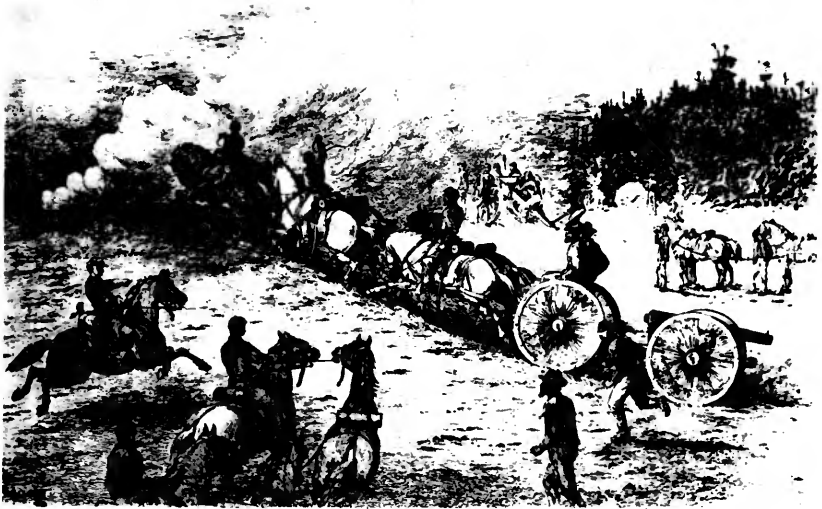
Our brave and gallant captain,
The man of will and might,
Who ever found a place for us
In the thickest of the fight.
And we never flinched from duty,
Whatever it might be,
And victory crowned the efforts
Of the boys of Battery B.

Three long years we fought together
In the great and bloody strife,
And to save our country's honor
We each laid down our life.
To defend our starry emblem,
The banner of the free,
None quicker rallied to her aid
Than the boys of Battery B.

Led on by Captain Taylor,
Who did the rebels face,
Was promoted to a Major,
Then Barrett took his place.
And so they climbed the ladder
Of Fame's most high decree,
And Rumsey last was captain
Of Chicago Battery B.

Our Colonel has crossed the river
In his frail and phantom barge.
Our ranks are growing thinner, boys,
From the great and last discharge.
And while we live upon the land
We struggled to make free,
Let's meet as long as there remains
A boy of Battery B.





Eighteenth Anniversary of the Battle of Ft. Donelson

Battery B
Artillery

Remin

Will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel
Chicago, Feb. 14th 1880

Your attendance at roll call 7 P. M. sharp
is respectfully requested.

Executive Committee.

B. E. McCarty.

J. P. Ramsey.

H. W. Dudley.

J. M. Veinon.

C. E. Alfeld.



ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

Reunion of Taylor's Battery,

HELD AT THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,

ON THE 18TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FORT
DONELSON, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

GENERAL EZRA TAYLOR PRESIDING.

VICE-PRES'T, MAJ. SAM'L E. BARRETT.

ROLL CALL.

Introductory Address, - - - Capt. I. P. RUMSEY.
Report of Taylor's Battery Ass'n, W. T. SHEPHERD, Sec'y.
Letters and Communications.

SUPPER CALL.

Prayer, - - - - - REV. G. R. VAN HORN
SUPPER.

TOASTS.

Our First Battle—Fredericktown, - G. R. VAN HORN.
Our First Retreat—Belmont, - JAS. F. WHITTLE.
Our First Wounded, - - - - D. F. CHASE.
The day we celebrate—Fort Donelson, - H. W. DUDLEY.

Our First Surprise—Shiloh, - - - - -	W. T. SHEPHERD.
Our First Brigade Commander—Gen. W. H. L. Wallace,	
	Capt. I. P. RUMSEY.
Our Swamp Fight—Chickasaw Bayou, - - - - -	J. M. VERNON.
The Work we did'nt storm—Arkansas Post, WALTER SCATES.	
Lake St. George, Raymond and Antimonial Wine,	
	C. W. PIERCE.
Our First Siege and a glorious "Fourth"—Vicksburg,	
	C. E. AFFELD.
Mission Ridge and Knoxville March, F. O. AFFELD and	
	CHAS. TURNER.
Resaca, - - - - -	C. J. SAUTER.
Dallas, - - - - -	WM. C. SCUPHAM.
Kenesaw Mt. and Mill Creek,	ARTHUR BURNAM.
Atlanta, - - - - -	JAMES W. PORTER.
Our Supplies, - - - - -	B. F. McCARTY.
Our Noble Dead, - - - - -	G. R. VAN HORN.

SONGS BY THE CHICAGO QUARTETTE CLUB.

TATTOO.

TAPS.

Proceedings were opened with singing by the Chicago Quartette of the "Soldier's Farewell."

The Bugler of the evening, M. LANG, of the 20th Illinois, then sounded "Assembly."

It was moved and seconded that we have a stenographer to report the proceedings.

Remarks by Messrs. DUDLEY, RUMSEY and AFFELD, and motion carried.

The introductory address was then delivered by Captain I. P. RUMSEY, which was received with loud cheers.

THE PRESIDENT: The next in order is the report of Taylor's Battery Association, by W. T. SHEPHERD, Secretary.

The Secretary, Mr. SHEPHERD, then read the report.

THE PRESIDENT: You have heard the report gentlemen.

It was moved and seconded that the report be approved; which was carried.

THE PRESIDENT: The next matter of business before you, gentlemen, will be letters and communications from our absent friends.

MR. C. E. AFFELD: I will state that these will take considerable time, and perhaps the gentlemen will think that it will be better to read them in the next room during the course of the banquet.

It was then moved, seconded and carried that an adjournment be had to the supper room.

The bugler then sounded supper call.

After the members were seated round the table, the Rev. G. R. VAN HORN offered the following prayer:

"Oh God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that so many of our lives have been preserved during all these years, and that we are brought together under circumstances of great mercy. We pray that in our meeting together, in all our deliberations, Thy blessing may rest upon us; that in the battle of life, we may make a success; that victory may crown all our best efforts and ultimately gather us together around that banquet in Thine own home and Kingdom. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen."

It may be noted that the banquet was served without anything stronger than coffee.

The colored waiters then marched into the room in single file, each bearing a tin plate with a piece of fried bacon and hard bread, set before each member, that being the first item on the menu, but known in army life as "hard tack" and "sow belly."

THE PRESIDENT: You will please keep one ear open to listen to the reading of letters from our comrades.

MR. AFFELD: I think we had better read these between the courses, if we can, because there are a great many of them, and they embrace a great many of the old members, and they have taken pains to answer, and of course they would like to know that their efforts are appreciated.

MR. RUMSEY: I move that the letters be laid on the table until we get through eating, I think the boys want to talk,—I know I do—and after we get through eating, we can read the letters, and hear what the boys have to say about them.

MR. SHEPHERD: I second that motion.

MR. TURNER: I move to amend MR. RUMSEY'S motion, that we delay the reading of the letters for, say 15 minutes, and

I think during that time we can do all the talking we want, say between the next course and the one that follows.

MR. AFFELD: I second the amendment.

THE PRESIDENT: It is moved and seconded that the letters be laid on the table for the present. Motion carried.

The Quartette then sang "The March," by Becker.

THE PRESIDENT: MR. AFFELD is ready to read the letters when you want him, so you have only to signify your wishes.

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from H. T. CHAPPELL, a member of Squad 3, which was read, amid great merriment, as follows:

DENVER, COLO., Feb. 10, 1880.

DEAR JIM: Your letter came yesterday, and I am delighted to think, that tho' I am not to be in at roll call, some one will answer for me, and report me as out on special service, but ready for duty at a minute's notice. I tried hard the other night to get my ideas in shape to send the boys, even went so far as to write a little, but was not satisfied with my effort by any means. If they are bound to hear from me, when my name is called, you answer for me Jim, and tell them please, that it will ever be a source of joy and pride—that I served with them in old "B" battery.

And making due allowance for all their little mistakes of judgment and taste, that while I remember the daring deeds of other squads, I do not forget that I was a member of squad 3. And when I consider that Ora McBride was one of that "3", no large word of pride sounds egotistical. For, was not Ora a hero? Did he not ride Nig down a steep slick bank in the mud. "Limber to the front." Peace to the name of Ora McBride!!

But you don't know, my dear boy, how very glad I'd be to join you, and look into the friendly familiar faces again. Does it seem possible? Its almost twenty years since Donelson was taken; since the brave and noble Oscar Becker received his honorable discharge. If he has any friends, kin folk, they ought to know how dearly his name is cherished by every one who knew him. If there is any mention of your reunion in the papers, please send me a copy. I'd like to read over the names, if nothing more. Oh I'd like to be there, for ever so many reasons.

Well! give any fellow that asks for me a hearty how, and be sure that if ever a battery man is needed, they can count on Your loving,

CHAPP.

MR. AFFELD then read, between the next two courses, the following letter from J. B. DUTCH.

CANON CITY, COLO., Feb. 9, 1880.

C. E. AFFELD, Esq., Sec'y, Etc..

DEAR SIR: I regret exceedingly, that I shall be deprived of the pleasure of participating in the reunion of the surviving comrades of

Taylor's Battery, to be held on the anniversary of the battle of Ft. Donelson, but absence from home, and the impossibility of reaching there on time, will prevent.

I trust that these reunions may be had annually, and that it will be my privilege as well as my pleasure to be able to attend every roll call.

Very truly yours, J. B. DUTCH.

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from JOHN W. FRAZER, from California, amid many cheers.

CALIFORNIA, Mo., Feb. 4, 1880.

MR. C. E. AFFELD,

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 28th, received to-day. It would give me great pleasure to attend the reunion of the survivors of Company B, but my health and circumstances make it impossible; disease, contracted in the Andersonville prison, has been gradually working on and undermining my health, until I am almost completely broken down: I am not able to work half the time, and but little then; it requires the strictest economy to support my family; have applied for a pension, but do not know whether I will receive it or not.

In spirit I will be with you on the 14th, what a pleasure it would be to me to meet all the noble, brave boys of Company B once more.

Give my kindest regards to all, and ever believe me

Your sincere friend, JOHN W. FRAZER.

MR. AFFELD. Now we have one that comes from Morris, Illinois, I will not read the name.

Mr. Affeld then read, amid cheers, the following letter:

MORRIS, ILL., Feb. 7, 1880.

C. E. AFFELD,

DEAR SIR: Your favor of Jan. 23rd received, contents noted. Nothing would please me more than to meet the Old Boys on the 14th, and in these "piping times of peace," talk over the old days of battle and march; but it is simply impossible for me to do so in person, so I can only be with you in spirit, and with stating that I am engaged in farming and auctioneering, and that my P. O. address is Morris, Ill., I am Yours truly,

JOHN GRAHAM.

MR. AFFELD then read letter from LEWIS F. LAKE, Rockford, Illinois, as follows:

ROCKFORD, ILL., Feb. 3, 1880.

C. E. AFFELD, Esq.,

DEAR COMRADE: Owing to ill health and unavoidable circumstances, it will be impossible for me to attend the Reunion and Banquet of "Battery B," which I regret very much. Be assured I will be with you in heart.

MR. SHEPHERD: Of Squad 3 McCoy was. He sighted the gun that blew down the chimney at Belmont. (Laughter.)

MR. RUMSEY: He was my Lieutenant. I will take him out of Squad Three.

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from NILES T. QUALES, M. D.:

February 13, 1880.

Regret that sickness in the family will prevent me from participating in the re-union banquet to-morrow night. With kind wishes, I remain,
Very respectfully, NILES T. QUALES, M. D.

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from CHARLIE STEVENSON.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., February 2, 1880.

CAPT. RUMSEY, AFFELD, AND ALL OLD COMRADES:

I regret to state that it will be impossible for me to attend your reunion on the 14th, but will think of all of my old comrades, and you may hear the echo of my gentle voice calling, "*Bravo, Squad One!*"

C. U. STEVENSON.

MR. RUMSEY: I would like to say that I have seen CHARLIE. He has a nice family and a fine wife; she is a splendid, hard-working, Presbyterian woman, and Charlie is doing splendidly; he is a noble, good citizen.

MR. DUDLEY: I would like to put in my word and say hurrah for the noble Presbyterian woman. [Cheers.]

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: I would say that Bill Bradbury is also at St. Joe. He told me that he had got a splendid wife. He was boarding with Charlie Stevenson and was about keeping house. He is a brakeman on the St. Joe and Council Bluffs R. R., working hard and earning a good honest living.

MR. PRESIDENT, I am getting a little dry, and I would like some coffee, and I would ask for the water call and see if it won't bring us something. I will ask the bugler to give us the water call.

MR. LANG: MR. CHAIRMAN, I don't believe that the boys have drank much water since they left the service. I haven't called the water call since I left.

A MEMBER: Make it any wet call.

MR. LANG then gave the "water call" and coffee was served.

THE PRESIDENT: We will hear some more letters if you like.

MR. AFFELD then read the following postal card from WILLIAM H. SANBORN, Junction City, Kansas.

JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, Feb. 8th, 1880.

FRIEND AFFELD:

DEAR SIR: I would be very much pleased to be with you on the 14th, but will not be able to get off from my work, even if I could, my circumstances will not allow me to leave home at present. Give my best wishes to all the boys. And I regret that I will not be able to respond to roll call. My home is at Wamego. I have as fine a pair of twin girls as can be found in Kansas. Will you please send me the address of Col. Taylor and Capt. Rumsey? If P. H. White should come west, give him my best wishes and tell him where I am; have not seen him for nine years. Kind regards to all. Respectfully,

WM. H. SANBORN.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: That is the first pair of twins we have heard of from Battery B, and we ought to give them three cheers. [Cheers.]

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from CHARLES F. STARK.

STARK P. O., CHICAGO CO., MINN., Feb. 2, 1880.

GENTS: Yours at hand, for which I cannot in words thank you for the honor to be called on, but the time is too short, and means too small at present, to have the honor to be present at the roll-call. I send the best respects to all my brave comrades in comp. B. I shall, on the 14th of Feb., use the same coat I wore at the battle of Fort Donelson; all the difference on it is, 4 spots in its shoulder strap. If possible, I would like to hear from you, how many of my old comrades responded to roll-call.

Very respectfully, your old harness maker,

CHARLES F. STARK.

ARTHUR BURNAM: That puts me in mind of Stark at the Battle of Belmont; you will remember that he was the harness-maker and he was in the rear, and somebody shouted "Get this Battery in position!" and he jumped up and shouted, "Mein Gott! how can I shoot mit dis blacksmith shop." [Laughter.]

MR. AFFELD then read letter from CHAUNCEY W. WICKER amid loud cheers.

WILLOUGHBY, Feb. 12th, 1880.

FRIEND AFFELD: I have just received your letter and invitation to reunion on the 14th, and should be happy to attend, but time is so short that I shall not be able to do so this year. If nothing prevents, shall make it a point to meet the surviving members at next roll call. And in the meantime put me down for my share of the expenses, and let me know amount, and will remit. Please don't fail to do this, and send me the paper with account of proceedings. Give my regards to Comrades.

Yours truly,

C. W. WICKER.

MR. AFFELD read the following letter from G. M. WILLIS amid cheers.

LOTS CREEK, IOWA, Feb. 2nd, 1880.

Messrs. B. F. McCARTY, I. P. RUMSEY, H. W. DUDLEY, J. M. VERNON and C. E. AFFELD, Executive Com., etc.: Yours of January 28th, inviting me, as one of the surviving members of battery "B," 1st Ill. Artillery, to be present at a re-union banquet on the 18th anniversary of the battle of Fort Donelson, Saturday, Feb. 14th, 1880, is received, and in replying to the same, I have to say that in both heart and mind I will certainly be present; but regret to say that I shall be unable to make a verbal response at the roll call of my name. And further beg to say that I ever have, and trust that I ever may, feel a lively interest in everything that tends to keep alive the memory of our late organization. And through your committee I wish to express to each one of you my strongest feelings of friendship, and to assure you that it would be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to be allowed to personally meet you all at the proposed anniversary meeting, and perhaps contribute something towards keeping alive the sacred and honored memory of those of our late comrades who laid down their lives that we might prosper.

Very respectfully your friend,

G. M. WILLIS.

MR. AFFELD: I believe the next one is the last one, and I will leave it until the next course.

MR. AFFELD then read the following letter from LIEUT. P. H. WHITE.

ALBANY, Feb. 9, 1880

CHARLES E. AFFELD,

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of January 28th, inviting me to attend the re-union and banquet of Battery "B," 1st Reg. Ill. Artillery, on the 14th anniversary of the memorable battle of Fort Donelson.

It would afford me great pleasure to be with you on that occasion, to once more see and take my old comrades by the hand and talk over the pleasures and hardships of the campaigns and marches of those never-to-

be forgotten days. It would be the work of supererogation in me to attempt to eulogize the gallant old Battery "B;" but my memory reverts back to the snow-capped heights of Donelson, a living monument of patriotism, and never while it lasts can I forget the daring and bravery of Battery "B." Amidst hunger and cold they fought the rebels in their strongholds, and were never known to falter and knew no fear when the Union's life and liberty was at stake. At Donelson the Battery's position on the bold hill exposed to the enemy's batteries on their right, left and center, recalls to mind the daring deeds of our brave comrades, among whom I might mention Becker, Blaisdell, Warner, Everett, William and Thos. Taylor, Putz, and Henrotin. I hope when you are enjoying yourselves at the banquet you will toast their memory. But it is some satisfaction for their friends to know that they died that their country might live. "On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread."

You must not think that because I was latterly connected with another battery that I have forgotten *old Battery "B."* In my home I have their picture hung up so that I can keep their memory ever green.

Although not with you in person, I am in spirit and wish you all a happy time.

Yours, etc.,

P. H. WHITE.

158 Clinton Ave.

MR. AFFELD: Now I wish to say, while I can, that if there is any member here who has an address from any absent member, I wish he would give it to MR. VERNON or myself, so that if we ever have another reunion we can obtain the addresses of the men.

The Chicago Quartette then sang "Peter Gray" in character, causing great merriment.

THE PRESIDENT: Where is McCarty?

MR. RUMSEY: You ask where McCarty is; I am as much surprised as you are that he is not here; he is the chairman of a committee, and why he is not here I do not know.

THE PRESIDENT; He might be useful in taking care of the mules.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY; I am afraid he is frightened off because he thought there might be some mules here.

THE PRESIDENT: Well, he never let the mules run round the camp loose.

The Quartette then sang "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

MR. AFFELD: I would like to ask whether anybody knows for a certainty whether Levi W. Hart was killed at Ashtabula or not.

MR. DUDLEY: Yes, he was.

THE PRESIDENT: While we are eating our dessert, I will give you our first regular toast. "Our First Battle, Fredericktown, G. R. Van Horn."

Response by the REV. G. R. VAN HORN.

MR. CHAIRMAN, the notes I hold in my hand are largely taken from my diary that I kept during the days of our war, hence I read them as if they occurred, as taken from diary.

This battle was fought Oct. 21, 1861. It is short, sharp, decisive. Only two guns of our Battery are in the engagement, yet the entire battery share in the glory. The "City of Louisiana" transports us in company with the gallant 20th Regiment to Cape Girardeau, where we encamp over night. In the morning we take up our line of march through Jackson to the miserable little village of Dallas, in the vicinity of which we camp. The following morning we move on, after being told we may expect a brush with Jeff. Thompson during the day. The day passes, but no brush. We camp near Fredericktown, and start out early in the morning to find the foe, but he has fled. His camp fires are yet burning. Col. Plumber, with troops from Scranton, now form a juncture with our forces, and already has possession of the town. A brief conference is held between commanders, and we push on, eager for the fray. A mile or so beyond the town we ascertain the enemy to be awaiting our approach. He is in ambush. His plan is good, but won't work. The blind are not leading the blind. The rebel Col. Lowe, with his forces are skirting the valley, entrenched behind that long row of worm fence. Their artillery is 800 yards in advance, over on that hill, shielded by the heavy timber. Their cavalry are off yonder on the right, in the timber. They anticipate that we will rush thoughtlessly into this valley, when we will be cut to pieces by a front and cross fire. Only five minutes and a line of battle is formed, to the right and left, with our battery in the centre. Squad three throws three shot into that timber on the opposite hill to wake them up. A puff of smoke, and then a ball tears up the earth at our feet. They mean business. So do we. Shot and shell fly back and forth across that valley with the wings of death. It is an artillery duel. Lieut. White mounts a stump, and as every

shot strikes home, shouts, "Good, give it to them boys!" Now the infantry open fire, and a shower of lead fills the air. The rebels break and run, the hillside is alive with the retreating Johnnies. We pour into their ranks, as a parting salute, a few shrapnel, to urge them on. Now Major Gavitt, at the head of his cavalry, charges down the hill on our right and disappears in the timber beyond, after the flying rebels. A few moments and he comes back across the horse he so bravely rode,—dead! The battle is over, the stars and stripes are victorious. The foe is pursued toward Greenville, but he is too fleet of foot. His dead and wounded are left on the field; among the number killed is the brave but mistaken Col. Lowe. Our battery has fired ninety rounds of ammunition, and, thanks be to God, we have not a man killed or wounded. The only damage sustained is the marking of a gun-carriage wheel belonging to squad three, in the most approved manner. We return to the Cape, and go into camp. Letters are written home; we talk the battle over; receive our pay; and are ordered to return to Bird's Point. We are received there by the boys amid shouts and cheers, and also receive the compliments of our most excellent Commander, Capt. Taylor. We have received our baptism of fire.

[Loud cheers.]

CAPT. RUMSEY: Since coming here this evening, I have heard that there is a lady, who, learning of this banquet to be held to-night has written a poem, and I understand that she is here. I would move that a committee be appointed to invite her to read the poem.

Motion carried unanimously.

CAPT. RUMSEY: I want to state further that she knew nothing of it until this morning; she is a niece of one of our members.

THE PRESIDENT: I will appoint Messrs. Barrett, Powell, and Whitfield. Now I will read the second toast. "Our First Retreat, James F. Whittle."

Response by MR. WHITTLE.

I had intended this evening to have referred to some papers and to have given a complete history, and perhaps taking in the Battle of Belmont, but was called away from home on Tuesday morning with the intention of returning Friday and securing

my papers and returning here to-day, but I have been disappointed in doing so, therefore, in what I have to say I shall have to be guided by my memory, which you know sometimes is a little treacherous in regard to dates, and if I should make any mistakes in that respect, I hope you will pardon me.

Before touching on Belmont I make these remarks. I took up my paper and read an article saying that the Government had called for 300,000 artillery, infantry and cavalry, and a lady said it was all right as far as the cavalry and artillery were concerned, but if they wanted more infantry they must send some of their soldiers home. In talking it over with my wife we concluded we would serve our country in that way, and we have now a little regiment of six in the Northern part of Wisconsin.

And now, gentlemen, if you will pardon me in following our camp life, which of course leads to our first retreat at the Battle of Belmont. It was necessary that we should pass through all we did there under the leadership of our officers who drilled us, which made us so successful in the battles which we fought, and remarkable incidents which passed in our camp life at Bird Point, and which will never be erased from my memory. As we went from home—we had but little experience in horsemanship, and I remember one man who wanted to become competent in horsemanship, and he rode my gray horse down to water one day. I told him one day—I shall mention no names—I told him one day, if he wanted to be a good horseman he must learn to ride bare-back with nothing but a halter; and he rode that way one day. It was a hard horse to ride and I noticed that he let go of the halter, and he kept going back and back and finally fell off over the rear. All these little incidents are interesting to me to remember, and before touching our departure from Belmont, I want to speak of this; and I repeat it with reverence. I remember it was in Captain Hart's headquarters, and you remember when we built our log cabins. The centre was for Captain Taylor, and on the right and left for Captains Hart and Barrett. Captain Hart had a little stove there, and quite a number of us thought it would be pleasant to follow our practice at home and meet once a week for prayer; and we never had occasion to build a fire in the stove—the weather being warm—but one evening being chilly, we built a

little fire in the stove and took the chill from the room, and just as we opened the exercises, one of our boys came in, and not seeing any seat, and not seeing any fire in the stove, sat down on the stove. He told me it was the hottest prayer meeting he ever attended. [Loud laughter.]

But, gentlemen, following down to Belmont, you all know how we received the news to go to the front. We had been six months at Bird's Point, but it was not lost; it was there we gained the knowledge to make the sure shot that knocked the chimney off that house that was spoken of.

In speaking of my own experience, as I have no notes, I know that old gray horse was what carried me into that fight, and I am not ashamed to own it, I think if I had been on foot my feet would have been apt to carry me out of it. But as we came to the front and plowed up the dirt we saw that one wounded and this one wounded, and all that feeling passed away, and what was left was a spirit of revenge as we pushed forward to the enemy and swept down into the enemy's camp, and each one of us of course had a desire to secure some trophy that we might send home to our wives, mothers, or fathers, and perhaps too many of us went into that kind of business, but it was not long before we were relieved, and we were told that the rebels had crossed over from Columbus and formed a line in our rear to cut off our line of retreat to our boats. And I speak of this incident because I think Providence guards each one of us. I remember that about the time we were ordered to make a retreat, I received orders from Captain Barrett to go with a message to Capt. Taylor because Orderly Everett was not on hand, and as I was about to go he came up, and you know he was fatally wounded, and you know that he possessed one of the finest minds in our Battery; he was a noble man, I loved him as a brother, he was a friend of my brother and he watched over him when he died; we all loved him. Why I speak of this is that each one of us as a battery man feel here to-day that there was an overruling providence in our destiny that we are spared to meet to-day to talk over these things.

Now, referring to the time when we were ordered to go back to the rear, I remember as we went back with our guns, as we went through the woods, we could see the rebels that cut

off our retreat. It consisted of the four guns of the famous New Orleans battery called the Washington Battery. He called for volunteers from our Battery to draw the guns back to our boats, and quite a number volunteered from his regiment, and we attached our horses, what we could spare from two of the guns, and I am quite sure we carried them back, for the Mercantile Battery had them in their battery afterwards.

Gen. Logan's personal presence cheered us on there, and with double shotted canister I think we cut a row through them, and we went through them pretty quick. Of course I cannot fill these remarks up as if I had the papers before me, but we went through them; and I remember as we cut past the enemy's line, as they filed to the right and left, and we came through with our guns and tried to get through two trees that grew too near together for a gun to pass, and we stuck in there; and then we had to push back and go through again. I remember seeing a mule a little way off, and as I got to him I saw the Confederate mark on him. I had lost my revolver that day in making our retreat, and I thought if I could secure that mule it would pay for my revolver. I caught him, and the mule was all of a tremble; and as we were making our retreat the mule went one side of a large tree and I went the other, and I forgot to let go of the halter, and I finally got the mule safe to our boats. A great deal of work was done, you will remember, in a short time; that battery was loaded about as quick as anything I ever saw. After we put our battery aboard of the boat we then dropped to the rear of the gun boat, and then was the time when this grand old shot of Comrade McCoy was put in; he stood by the boat and when we passed by the shore there was a house with a tall chimney, and he sighted his gun on it, and the next thing we knew the chimney went down.

But, gentlemen, we are here to-day to celebrate the event of the battle of Fort Donelson, to recall these things to mind, and we are here to-night to think and speak and live over our lives again for a short season, and I trust that in the future, as year by year passes, that we shall be spared, and that we shall come together to celebrate these things, and bring to mind these things. Whatever may be the future of our government, or the future of us individually, that we may have this to know,

that when we enlisted to put down this rebellion we had just one thought, that we loved our country, that we loved our flag, and that we went there to defend and protect it, and that we came out victorious, and if in the future there is anything to be offered, any reward to be offered to any class, it shall be those soldiers who were true to the old flag, and they should be rewarded, and only those. [Loud cheers.]

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: MR. CHAIRMAN, here is a telegram just handed me, it says:

"CAPTAIN J. P. RUMSEY, Battery B Re-union, Grand Pacific Hotel:
Regret I cannot be with you, remember me to all the boys.

GEORGE Q. WHITE."

He lost his arm at Belmont, he is a Belmont boy.

MR. W. T. SHEPHERD here appeared in the room in the old battery uniform, the same one he wore during the war, which elicited much merriment, and three cheers were given for the old uniform.

The quartette then sang "I cannot always trace the way."

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, let us rise.

VICE-PRESIDENT BARRETT: I have the pleasure of introducing Miss Hosford. She has composed a poem for the occasion which she kindly offers to read.

MISS HOSFORD then recited the following beautiful poem;

BATTERY B.

"Ho, my old comrade, come draw up your chair,
And have somethin' warmin'. Not any, old boy?
I guess you've changed off some, you didn't refuse it
When we were comrades together, in the old Illinois.

Say, cap, have you marked in your calendar to-day,
That it's just the anniversary of Donelson's war?
Sweet changin' of valent'nes o'er the ramparts that day,
Did we give the gray rebs, till they wanted no more.

Well, comrades, those years of hard fightin'
We'll never forget, and the campin'—no runnin'—why to me
It seems but a day since we camped at old Ca'ro,
Just after we 'listed in Battery B.

And our first skirmish with Jeff the guerilla,
You've not forgotten that: how brave we were then!
Why, war was just fun while Jeff kep' a runnin',
But for what was a comin' it made us brave men.

Then the taste of the fight at Fredericktown came,
 And two of our guns made some of 'em hum.
 Yet bravely and gladly we marched back to camp,
 As every one of us answered to the roll of the drum.

Then spoilen' for a fight towards Belmont we pushed,
 'Twas the first little brush for our brave U. S. G.
 He spoiled for the rebs their neat little game;
 For this and what followed they don't forgive him you see.

Then to be shaken and taken old Donelson came,
 And we meant it—we'd fight till 'twas done.
 For was'nt there with us the pride of his men,
 Brave Wallace? Then how could we run?

No woman's heart beat in his soldierly breast,
 He was loyal to his country—and at Shiloh he fell;
 But he mourned for his men who fell at his side,
 At Donelson's carnage—you remember it well.

With their brave leader they went to the field,
 A thousand hearts beating with hopes, but no fears;
 Three hundred alone came out from the fight,
 At their head came Wallace in tears.

Did we forget that as we stood by our guns,
 And waited for morning in the sleet and the rain,
 When the ramrods froze fast to the sides of our guns,
 With the cold so intense? No, they fell not in vain.

Soon Pillow and Floyd just dusted their heels,
 When they found they'd no chance to get clear;
 Leaving Buckner and Johnston to hold the white flag,
 While we marched to the fort we'd purchased so dear.

And Grant he was drunk! Did you hear the report?
 Well, its so good I must tell it again;
 How Old Abe, when he heard it, just sent back the word,
 "On this kind of whiskey keep both generals and men."

Shiloh means *peace*, I learnt when I was young,
 But there was'nt much peace for the rebels just then;
 Nor for us was much rest, as towards Corinth we pressed,
 Building our ramparts again and again.

Chickasaw Bayou—'twas up the Yazoo,
 And Sherman had command of our line.
 Then Arkansaw Post—you remember of *course*,
 'Twas there that our battery got its compliment fine.

REUNION OF TAYLOR'S BATTERY.

The siege of Vicksburg we can never forget,
 As we camped by the swamps round the town;
 'Twas here the brave lads to the fever gave in,
 And their lives with their useless old guns laid down.

And then do you remember that store on our way,
 We took with its drugs and other such things?
 Such a prize as we'd found in those bottles of wine,
 Why, they went off like magic, as if they'd had wings.

'Antimonial Bitters' it said on the card,
 But then it was wine by the smell;
 And it didn't go far from our little crowd,
 As we smacked it right off—Oh! Ah, yes, *pretty* well.

But get off the gun, we'll just walk a while,
 'Twas not very straight, by the way;
 Then how the boys laughed as we gave up the wine,
 In *such an illogical way!*

So Vicksburg we took with Logan our chief,
 And with our old general to vict'ry were led.
 There was cheer upon cheer as we took down the bars,
 And planted the stripes in their stead.

Mission Ridge, Lookout Mountain, soon followed in turn;
 Then our camp for the winter in old Larkinsville.
 All mention of home then, how our hearts they did burn,
 And with thoughts of our dear ones, our eyes, how they'd fill.

Atlanta? Yes comrades, that was the last,
 'Twas a bitter fight, though, to the end;
 But the rebs they know now of what stuff we are made,
 If with the Yanks they've a wish to contend.

Yes, comrades, it's over, and our Union was saved,
 Which our forefathers fought to obtain,
 And the South like the North will yet love it, I know.—
 Then will no hero's blood have been shed for it in vain.

The battle of life, comrades, we're fightin' it yet;
 For you an' me, cap, maybe it's most done,
 But we'll answer together, when we're both 'mustered out':
 From our post of duty we ne'er learnt to run."

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: MR. CHAIRMAN, I move you that a vote of thanks be given to the lady for her very beautiful poem.

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, you hear the motion, and I know there will be no noes to it, you will all say aye.

(Carried with three cheers.)



Nathan J. Young, Sydney Peckham,
Sergt. Wm. J. McCoy,
H. T. Chappel, Wm. D. Crego.



H. Cushing, H. S. Hebard, Isaac Watts
Francis Pond, Geo. E. Church,
Corpl. J. A. Moore.



Saml. T. Wentworth, Abel Ousey,
Chas. W. Stickney,
Horace Reed, Robt. J. Hunt.



Chas. Krause, Wm. C. Scupham,
Thos. E. Taylor,
C. W. Dumond, C. J. Sauter.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: I will ask the quartette to give the lady a song.

The quartette then sang "Farewell, my own true love."

CAPTAIN RUMSEY then presented Miss Hosford with a handsome bouquet of flowers from the banquet table.

THE PRESIDENT: The third toast, gentlemen, is "Our First Wounded," D. F. Chase.

Response by MR. CHASE.

I want to say that I deliver my sermon after the sermon was written, and not being much of a preacher, the sermon does not follow the text very close, and all the reminiscences which I am familiar with pertain more particularly to Squad 3, and Squad 3 is very poorly represented here to-night, and therefore very many of them will be perhaps almost unknown.

While the veterans are re-lighting the camp fires of the whole war and living over again the varied scenes and experiences of that eventful period, I trust they will excuse a brief reference to a few of the earlier, less exciting and least remembered incidents of the old by-gone days. I refer to the birth and infancy of our soldiery—the days when we met as strangers in the old armory on Adams Street—fresh and ignorant in the manual of arms, the duties of a soldier, and of the fate and fame in store for our future; of our "grand send-off" to the war, the good times and quarters we had in the old freight depot in Cairo—too good to last—and finally Bird's Point, which wasn't to be sneezed at compared with some we indulged in afterwards. What greenhorns we were at the start, and with all due respect for straps, our officers (with some exceptions) had but mighty little to brag of in the way of professional education. Some of our first drilling would hardly have passed muster as the production of the "diamond drill"—but the machine was of good material and when properly put in shape managed to make a pretty large hole in the blasted Southern Confederacy.

Who will forget the first "long roll," when some over-cautious sentry mistook a calf for a confederate, and shot us all into direful confusion—I believe if the Johnnies had then come for us I should have gone into action with one boot and bare-headed, saying nothing about other missing garments and things—and even then have been quite as well equipped as my com-

rades—but that never happened again. Those of us who participated in the expeditions to Paducah and Fredericktown will never smile at the importance they then gave to such small affairs—and when we returned from the latter place with our “First Wounded” and the glory of having been “under fire”—recounting and recounting the wonderful things we had seen and done. How soon the boys of the right and left sections learned to explain it all and show off with proper spirit our wounded wheel to the 10,000 and 1 who came to hear of our exploits and no doubt admire the heroes of so wonderful an engagement. If some of the ardent spirits of squads three and four were here (and perhaps they are) I would enquire if they could now tell the difference between “home-made apple jack” and moonshine whiskey, such as we found up near Fredericktown. But they paid the miserable Pukes next day for the bogus temptation left in their way.

I am afraid that the Paducah pig that got impaled on an artillery tooth-pick, while the owner was walked and talked off in quite another direction, will never be paid for, but it made us a very good dinner for all that. And I wonder if Lieut. White has forgotten how flat he laid on his back in the road up by the distillery after leap-frogging over my horse's head, while most accommodatingly teaching the subscriber how to ride a balky saddle horse. Anyhow the horse was at once condemned, sent back to camp and I got black Hamlet in his stead, that McCoy rode all through the war.

Then came our expedition to Belmont, prefaced by spending a dark night under the banks of the Mississippi, where Lieut. Rumsey, had he not been a “duck of a boy” might have missed participating in the battle of victory and retreat—for if Providence had permitted nine out of ten of the best of us to fall into the Mississippi river in full uniform, we could never have swam against the current, around the bow of the boat, and landed all standing, with not a particle of pluck washed out of us.

Belmont gave us our real “first wounded”—though but three of us experienced the first personal cruelty of war—it was more than enough. Many others passed through the trying ordeal afterward and none of them will ever care to travel the blood-stained road again. The experiences of the living wound-

ed are their own, and they only can tell them. But who shall speak for the wounded dead? Those who died with their glory fresh upon them. We have gathered them carefully and sacredly into a tomb dedicated as the peaceful resting-place of patriot heroes only, and let none be added but those well worthy of them, and the cause for which they died.

We all remember the pious promise of the Divine expounders, that death in so glorious and holy a cause should insure peace and happiness hereafter. Let us believe in their inspiration and that our heroic dead are now receiving their reward. And assuming that our patriotism was as honest and pure as theirs, let us hope that the value of that promise will lose none of its virtue through the accident of our having survived the perils of war, and that finally we too may thus be enabled to penetrate the pearly gates. [Loud Cheers.]

CAPT. RUMSEY: I would like to say, Mr. Chairman, in behalf of the Reverend gentleman who is to preach next Sunday, which is very near at hand, that he should be permitted to respond to "Our Honored Dead" now, as he is very low down on the list of toasts.

MR. SHEPHERD: Excuse me, boys, but here is the first shell that was fired from our Battery, this was fired from Squad 2 gun, at Fredericktown, across that open space, and went into a log in that open space, and in my researches I found it. This is the identical first ball that our Battery fired. [Exhibiting cannon ball.] [Cheers.]

THE PRESIDENT: In connection with that, I will say that I had in my possession, and I think I have it now, the twelve-pound shot that cut your wheel. I think it is on my premises to-day.

Gentlemen, you have heard the motion of Captain Rumsey, unless objected to Rev. Mr. Van Horn will now respond to the toast "Our Noble Dead."

Response by REV. G. R. VAN HORN.

I thank you, comrades, for this favor. I have a long distance to go to my home, and while many of you will rest to-morrow, I will have to do hard work.

OUR DEAD COMRADES.

I hold in my hand the death roll of 56 of our comrades. Read the roll, and they can be recapitulated in the following order:

Died from wounds received at Belmont, *one*; killed in battle at Fort Donelson, *one*; at the battle of Shiloh, *two*; at the siege of Vicksburg, *three*; before Atlanta, *six*; in Virginia, *one*. Total killed in battle during the war, *fourteen*. Killed in battle after the close of the war for the Union, *one*. Died from disease during service, *thirteen*. Died since the close of the war, *twenty-six*. Total now known to be on the death roll, *fifty-six*.

Battery B was in active service three years and three months and participated in sixteen battles, and some of them the most decisive and bloody of the entire record, and yet only fourteen of our comrades were slain in battle, and but thirteen died from disease during all those years of exposure and hardship. Here is a significant fact and worthy our most reverential thought. A kind Providence certainly watched over this Battery from that Sabbath day, May 28, 1861, when in a body we attended the First Presbyterian Church, and when the pastor Dr. Humphrey, called our attention to Psalm XCI and began to read:

1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2. I will say of the LORD, He *is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5. Thou shalt not be afraid for terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6. *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in darkness; *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noonday.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9. Because thou hast made the LORD, *which is my refuge, even the Most High*, thy habitation;

10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14. Because he hath set his own love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I *will be* with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Then devoutly and with much earnestness he besought God in prayer to be gracious to us, and to protect us while in camp, on the march, and in the field. Who of us to day will not say that the prayers of that pastor and his church were wonderfully answered, and that God was our "refuge and our fortress."

Looking back over the engagements this battery was in, and some of them of the most critical and hazardous kind, it would seem as if nothing but the Divine protection, saved us again and again, from being captured or entirely crushed.

Concerning our brothers who fell in battle, we have only words of praise to offer. They had counted the cost when they enlisted. They counted not their lives dear to themselves, if by surrendering their lives their country might be saved. They were true and valiant men. They died as only brave men die, —at their posts of duty facing the foe. The first to fall was our noble-hearted, gallant Charles W. Everett, A better Orderly Sergeant never drew a reign or called a roll. His death was sad indeed, and what seemed to us a calamity. He was the first of our number to establish a connecting link between our Battery and heaven. Belmont and Everett must ever remain associated in our memories.

At the battle of Donelson Oscar E. Beckers yielded up his life, and consecrated the soil with his precious blood. His dying words bespeak what sort of a man he was, "Boys, I die for

liberty, lay me down, go back and man the guns." Such a dying declaration is worthy to grace the pages of history yet to be written, and to serve as an incentive to us in the great conflict of life. Then there was that fearless soldier, Frederick Thompson fearless to a fault, who bid defiance to the leaden hail at the siege of Vicksburg, dies at his post so quickly that he has no time to close his eyes. He ceased at once to fight and live.

So we might mention others of our comrades equally brave, equally true, who only surrendered to death himself. Of our brothers who died in hospital, who could not show their valor as did those who died on the field, yet they too displayed heroism that was marked and even glorious. Wasting away by pining sickness, tortured by malarial fevers, they, without murmuring or regrets, patiently suffered as martyrs for their country's honor.

"May the heart never throb neath the heavens above
That thrills not to hear of their story,
And the arm be unnerved that would seek to remove
One leaf from the crown of their glory."

Nineteen years have passed and fifty-six of our number are on eternity's side. Year by year our numbers will grow less. But let us hope, and so live, that as our ranks become depleted on earth they may become repleted in heaven. And when our Great Captain shall order the general roll-call, may all the members of Battery B be there to answer "HERE."

NAME.	HOW DIED.	WHERE.
Lieut. Levi W. Hart	Killed	In Ashtabula disaster, Ohio.
Sergt. Charles W. Everett	"	Wounded at Belmont.
Sergt. Abraham Hart	Disease	Chicago.
Lieut. H. Nelson Towner	"	Chicago.
Lieut. Wm. M. Taylor	"	Chicago.
Lieut. Wm. Chandler	Killed	Accident, Cleveland, Ohio.
Capt. John A. More	Disease	New York.
Sergt. James P. Eason	"	Chicago.
Andrew J. Grant . . .	"	New Orleans, after the war.
Simeon Y. Prince . . .	"	Chicago.
Sergt. S. Curtis P. Bogue	Killed	Accident, Hyde Park.
Alex. H. Beidleman . . .	"	Front of Atlanta.
Zebina M. Ball . . .	Disease	In hospital, St. Louis.
Oscar E. Beckers . . .	Killed	Fort Donelson

NAME.	HOW DIED.	WHERE.
Lieut. Timothy M. Blaisdell	Died	Marietta, Ga.
Wm. Blakie	"	In Kentucky, after the war.
Sergt. Wm. Dudley Crego	"	In Chicago.
John Chatfield, Jr.	Disease	In hospital, Bridgeport, Ala.
Lieut. Howard Cushing	Killed	In Regular Army.
John P. Chalmar	"	Front of Atlanta.
Lieut. Wm. DeWolf	Wound	Washington.
Jacob Dealman	"	Front of Atlanta.
Charles Edwards	"	Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee,
Henry F. Henrotin	Killed	Seige of Vicksburg.
Sergt. Charles G. Henny	Disease	In Chicago.
Samuel Hadlock	Killed	Front of Atlanta.
William Hea, Jr.	"	At Stevenson, Ala., after the war.
Walter E. Hinman	Disease	Arkansas, after the war.
Charles L. Harrington	"	March from Corinth to Memphis.
Benjamin F. Johnson	"	In service on Tennessee River.
Frederick Johnson	"	Hospital at Memphis.
George F. Kingsley	"	{ Hospital boat between Ft. Donel- } son and Corinth.
Charles Krause	"	In Chicago.
Charles Kinsman	"	In hospital, Iuka, Miss.
Sergt. Wm. W. Lowrie	"	In Wisconsin.
Capt. Jonas M. Lembke	Killed	In Battle, at Helena.
John Mustard	Disease	In Hospital in Tennessee.
Ora McBride	"	Bridgeport, Ala., in service.
Wm. B. McIntosh	"	In Hospital, Vicksburg.
Douglas K. Newell	Killed	Seige of Vicksburg.
Albert J. Putz	"	At Shiloh.
Myron C. Ross	Disease	Toledo, Ohio.
Fred C. Russell	"	In Chicago.
Wm. R. Rogers	"	In Hospital.
Abner A. Rhodes	"	In Hospital, St. Louis.
Horace Reed	"	In Chicago.
Wm. J. Stephens	Wounds	Mound City, received at Shiloh.
Edward Spear	Disease	After service in New Jersey.
Walter Sherwood	"	In Chicago.
John F. Strangberg	Died	In Hospital at Atlanta.
Fred Thompson	"	At Seige of Vicksburg.
Thomas E. Taylor	Disease	In Chicago.
Samuel T. Wentworth	"	In Chicago.
Benjamin M. Warner	"	Hospital at Vicksburg.
Daniel E. Young	"	After service, in New Jersey.
Franklin Crampton	"	In Kansas, after service.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed or died from wounds received in the Battle of Belmon',	r
" " " " " " " Ft. Donelson,	1
" " " " " " " Shiloh,	2
" " " " " " " Vicksburg,	3
" " " " " " " Atlanta,	6
" " " " " " " in Virginia,	1
Total,	14
Killed in battle after the War for the Union,	2
Died of disease during the service,	13
Deceased since the close of the War,	27
Total known to be on the Death Roll,	56

The quartette then sang " Shall we meet beyond the river."

CAPT. RUMSEY: Now Mr, Chairman, I move you that as our dear brother and companion is pastor of the Michigan Avenue Methodist Church, that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet to-morrow evening at seven o'clock at the basement of his church, where we may form and go to church together once more and hear our companion and soldier preach. Now in voting on this, I would request that none will vote in favor of it but those that will go; that will decide whether there will be enough of it there to make it best for us to undertake it. I make that motion and I think it would be a very nice thing because you will remember that this is not the last day, the last terrible day of Donelson was to-morrow, the 15th. Motion seconded.

THE PRESIDENT: All those in favor of going to church will signify by standing.

Twenty-six members arose.

MR. VAN HORN: I thank you, comrades, for your compliment, I have no special sermon prepared for the occasion, but I will do the best I can, but we will reserve seats for you and do the best we can.

MR. TURNER: I have no doubt that many of our comrades here would have very much liked to have gone to-morrow evening, but previous engagements, as I understand, and some parties live out of town, which prevented them from voting.

THE PRESIDENT: Now the next toast, gentlemen, is "The day we celebrate—Fort Donelson." H. W. Dudley.

FREDENKSTOWN

BELMONT

DONELSON

SHILOH

CORINTH

CHICKASAW BAYOU

ARKANSAS POST

LLOYDS BALLET

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| Wm. J. Stevens | B. M. Wimer |
| Z. M. Bell | Chas. Knappan |
| C. L. Harrington | John Chaffield Jr. |
| Fred. Johnson | John McQuade |
| A. A. Blevins | Ira McBride |
| Chas. Krauss | J. S. Sumpfinger |
| Wm. R. Muflesh | Isaac Carringer |



T. M. Blaisdell, A. L. Jacob Dolman
 C. M. Everett, I. San. Sam'l. Hagedorn
 O. E. Beiders A. H. Beckman
 A. J. Pezz J. P. Chapman
 D. K. Newell S. C. P. Bogata
 Fred Thomas G. A. Kingsley
 H. F. Hargold Wm. R. Rogers
 B. F. Johnson

COMPANY
 AUGUST 27
 MASSACHUSETTS
 REGIMENT
 1861-1865

Co. B, 1st Reg. Ill. Cav. Artillery

1861 FOR LIBERTY BOYS,
 COBACK AND MAN THE GUN!
 O. B. JEDDONS SON.

Organized April 1861

TAYLOR'S BATTERY MONUMENT.

ROSE HILL CEMETERY, CHICAGO.



Response by H. W. DUDLEY.

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.”

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES:—In rising to respond to the toast you have so kindly assigned me, permit me to thank the committee for the high honor conferred upon me in the selection of my subject, for, who of us does not remember with an intensity of recollection, the scenes directly connected with the battle, and the associations which cluster around Fort Donelson.

While it was not our first battle, for Fredericktown and Belmont had been stamped upon our experience, and the incidents and excitements connected with the capture of Fort Henry were ours, it was the first battle of gigantic and national proportions in which we had been called to engage, and in which victory was so completely with our arms that the news of it caused a thrill of joy to vibrate through the length and breadth of our north-land.

It was also, I believe, the first great success which had thus far in the war, crowned the efforts of our armies, and while to those of us who were actual participants, its results were exhilarating in a remarkable degree at the time, and its memories are so woven into the texture of our being that they cannot be obliterated, so did it furnish to the nation a watchword and rallying cry, which stimulated them to renewed efforts and sacrifices for the accomplishment of the grand purposes for which the conflict was waged.

As only a reminiscence is expected of me, I invite you to return with me in memory to the 11th of February, 1862, where in the morning, within the outer works of Fort Henry we were quietly in camp awaiting orders, which we felt impressed, must soon come for a forward movement. At 4 p. m. they did come, and our brigade under the lamented Genl. W. H. L. Wallace was soon upon the march, in the direction of Fort Donelson. Proceeding about four miles we went into camp, and although without tents, passed a not uncomfortable and restful night. Early on the morning of the 12th we were again upon the march and at 11 a. m. came in sight of the enemy's pickets.

I distinctly remember how, bearing off to the right, up hills

and down ravines we followed after the brigade of General Oglesby which was in the advance from this time, until after many halts and much weariness we reached a position not far from the centre of the field of operation, and at ten o'clock wrapped ourselves in our blankets and within easy range of the enemy's guns, retired for a time from the consciousness of wars or rumors of wars, until the morning light brought back to us its sad realities. Soon after daylight of the 13th (Thursday) the firing on our right indicated to us that work was to be done, and soon receiving orders to proceed in that direction, we took up our line of march and at ten o'clock went into position on the open ground of a commanding bluff, where we soon began giving the "Johnnies" a taste of both our music and metal.

Here it was, I remember, where Sergt. Whittle and Corporal Lilly were wounded, and here also fell our brave and noble Beckers, leaving to us memories not only of his genial and manly nature, but those inspiring words which he uttered while being carried to the rear and as his life blood ebbed away, which come up before us even now at every whisper of his name, "I die for liberty boys, go back and man the gun." Noble words from a brave and patriotic soldier, and eminently fitting was it that they should be, as they were, chiseled in granite at Rose Hill. Let us ever rejoice that it is ours to cherish his memory.

During this eventful day I recall the changing of our position from time to time as the necessities of the case seemed to demand, the attempt of Col. Morrison on our left, with three regiments of infantry, to charge a portion of the rebel fortifications which resulted so disastrously, the catching fire of the leaves on the track of the charge which burned some of the wounded and dead left on the field, and I also recall, although it seems hardly necessary that I should mention it, as it must be vividly impressed upon each one of your memories, the very great change in the weather which occurred, turning from a pleasant morning to a cold rain and sleet storm before night, which found us without tents or shelter, and for fear of drawing the enemy's fire we were allowed none, and so the night set in, bringing to us, to say the least, a very uncomfortable prospect. It was also upon this night and under these circum-

stances that at about ten o'clock picket-firing on our right called us to face the storm and stand by our guns until midnight, when we were allowed again to seek whatever shelter we could find until morning. This night I personally remember and always shall, as the one in which I suffered more than upon any other occasion of my life, and I cannot but think that my own was the experience of many of you.

Friday was passed I believe without any participation on the part of our Battery in the engagement, we having been ordered in the morning to a ravine in the rear, where we were under cover from the rebel guns, and where we awaited with deep anxiety the result of the attack and severe bombardment of the river batteries by our gunboats. I remember here the temporary feeling of gloom which ensued upon the news reaching us of their failure and withdrawal from the contest, and also with great pleasure the cheering words of some of our boys which acted as a tonic upon us all, stimulating us to a forgetfulness of the dark and a looking forward only to the bright side of our situation.

Late in the afternoon we were ordered up to the brow of the hill that we might be ready for action in the morning, and seeking the retirement of our blankets we awaited in visions of deep sleep the uncertainty of the morrow.

Awakened on Saturday by the early compliments of our rebel friends, in the shape of thickly falling shot and shell in our very midst, we hurriedly and without waiting for our regular "hard tack and bacon" got our guns into position over the brow of the hill and began to return the enemy's fire. I remember that for some time this was what we used to call a hot place, as in addition to those in our immediate front we were subject to a cross fire from some rifled guns the rebels had on our left. At this time and place it was that our horses suffered so severely and where our Battery guard, Company D of the 11th Illinois Infantry, also were called to suffer loss. Fighting was continued with great severity along the whole line, and before noon Gen. Smith's Brigade on the left had succeeded in carrying a portion of the enemy's works, while on our right the conflict raged with great fury, until finally the enemy, leaving his entrenchments, massed his forces under

General Pillow, against our extreme right, with the evident purpose of doubling us up and if possible of making his escape. I cannot but recall, as you doubtless all do, how at this time our brigade was called upon to suffer, and especially so the 11th Illinois Infantry under the brave and lamented Col. Ransom, who was among the wounded. With this regiment we had been more intimately associated than any other, and their loss in killed alone reaching considerably over sixty, was a severe loss to both them and us. I recall with what sorrow I stood around the grave which received them all, on the day of the surrender. But to return to the conflict, our right had been slowly crowded back; until the ammunition of our infantry giving out, the Brigade of General Oglesby and our own were compelled to fall back, with the rebels pressing us as closely as they could. Just here an incident comes to my mind which will bear repeating, bringing to view as it does the soldierly qualities of our lamented comrade, Corporal Henny. The retreat had become general on the right, and as the troops passed the gun of Squad 4, still in position, with no orders to retreat, Corporal Henny being, in the absence of all other officers, in command, (Lieut. White had gone for orders) he was importuned by numerous officers as they passed to fall into the line of retreat, as they stated the rebels were near at hand and would certainly take us and our gun, but the only answer he gave to them all was he had no orders to retreat and without them he would not move a step. He too is now, I regret to say, numbered with the great army of the brave dead, but his heroic virtues we still cherish.

Our retreat was only for a short distance, when after crossing a deep ravine, two of our guns were ordered into position covering the retreat and being soon joined by two guns of Battery A under Lieut. Wood, and well supported by fresh troops we awaited the appearance of the enemy. He soon showed himself in our immediate front and was saluted with a severe storm of lead and canister from our wall of guns and troops, which not only stopped the pursuit, but after some terrible fighting compelled him to retreat, in which he was so closely followed up by our troops that he was obliged to leave the artillery captured from us in the morning and make the best of

his way back to within the shelter of his entrenchments again. During this exciting afternoon it was that Mason and Machin were wounded. So ended the severest day's fighting of the siege, with the rebels discomfited at every point, and with our troops generally in the best of spirits. At night our brigade was ordered to a new position near the centre, where we, wrapping ourselves in our blankets for the night, closed our eyes in the full expectation that the morrow would reveal bloodier scenes than we had yet witnessed, but the morning light disclosed to our joyous eyes the white flag of surrender waving from different points of the enemy's works, which provoked cheer after cheer as the news flew from regiment to regiment till the woods and hills fairly rang, filling us all with an enthusiasm which beamed from every face and was the burden of every voice.

Very early in the morning the enemy had intimated to our commander his desire to arrange a basis for capitulation, at which time he received that well remembered message in return, "Nothing but unconditional surrender and I propose to move immediately upon your works," which was followed at once by a full compliance with the demand. From this day was the U. S. of our commander's name invested with a new and to the people of both North and South the more emphatic meaning of unconditional surrender.

I well remember with what eagerness we awaited the order on this beautiful Sabbath morning to march, and with what added feelings of pleasure to us all, came the order to take the post of honor in the fort itself, and salute with thirteen guns the dear old flag as it was given to the breeze for the first time over the ramparts of Fort Donelson.

Thus ended a siege which was not only prolific in tangible results, but gave to our armies a key which unlocked to them a vast territory, the possession of which threw consternation and gloom into the armies of the rebellion. The capture of nearly 15,000 prisoners, 63 pieces of artillery, with a large amount of small arms, stores, etc., thus early in the national conflict, was no inconsiderable gain to us or loss to them, and the moral power of the enthusiasm created at the north by this victory it was impossible to estimate.

In conclusion, let me remind you that to the soldierly bearing of the members of our battery and to the good work done by it during these days of battle, the official reports of our brigade and division commanders bear ample testimony and the presentation to us on the part of the citizens of Chicago, at the hands of a committee specially sent to us, of a beautiful banner, attested anew their interest and pride in us as their representatives not only, but their appreciation of our services in this special campaign. [Loud cheers.]

MR. VAN HORN: Comrades, I will ask you to excuse me. I will state that our services commence to-morrow evening at half past seven o'clock, at which time we shall be pleased to see all who can come, at our Michigan Avenue Church.

The Quartette then sang "John Brown's Body."

THE PRESIDENT: Our next toast, gentlemen, is "Our First Surprise—Shiloh, W. T. Shepherd."

Response by W. T. SHEPHERD.

BROTHERS AND COMRADES, I don't know how I can get along with this little matter of Surprise. Some of our leading men, referring to the great surprise, said we were not surprised. Well perhaps we were not surprised.

A VOICE: We were astonished.

MR. SHEPHERD: Thank you; that is a better word perhaps; we were astonished, and so we would have been astonished if our commissary had presented us with this beautiful banquet, and so we would be surprised if we woke up in the night and found our wife had landed us on the floor. I would say in the words of one of the poets of the regiment, "For certainty we were surprised." Now would we be surprised if Tom Ashbrook, in scraping on his old fiddle, should break into the old "Arkansaw Traveler?"

Well, it was pretty well settled that we were surprised, and not only surprised but astonished on that morning. This occurred on the morning of the 6th of April, at about half-past seven o'clock, 1862. You all know how we were in camp at Shiloh church, that peaceable place, but it proved to be a pretty sharp place before we got through with it. You remember we found a spring of cold water, which was, I think, the finest spring of water we found on the whole trip. At seven thirty

in the morning we could see the "rebs" on our left, and a little while after we could see them coming over that little open space, the cavalry and infantry and artillery as if they were going to swallow us all up, and they were very near doing it, and before we got out of that spot, the bullets were flying on all sides. We had repulsed them twice, and only when we were forced to go back did we retire at all. Right at this point I should speak of our friend and comrade Jerry Stevens. He received a cannon ball in the side of his knee, and as we carried him and put him into the ambulance, I could see the distress on his mind, not because he was hurt, but because he was obliged to be carried off in that way.

After a terrible fight of two or three hours we were forced to fall back. Our next position was at the outer edge of that open space. There is where the artillery duel occurred, and of all the hot places in our experience, I think we may say that was the hottest. When you get two batteries face to face and work them together, it means business and nothing else. I don't recollect in my own mind how long it lasted, but surely it was long enough. One of our number, A. J. Putz, was killed, and I think five were wounded, among them Ramsdell and Edwards. I haven't the data to show. General Taylor tells me that Captain White's horse was shot from under him at that place. I don't doubt it, for it was almost impossible for any living thing to stand there very long. The rest of the day, I think, after that bitter time, was spent in falling back to the river, slowly we went back, not in a rush or run like some of those men—perhaps you will remember of one of them; I think it was some civilian, who got near that corner of the open space nearest the landing, and he rushed along with his coat-tails flying and shouted out all the way there: "I am coming." And who do you think it was who was in his way at the time? Nobody else but General Grant and his staff. You will remember how, as we took our station under the hill that night, after the artillery line had been formed, under General Webster, that we were crowded into a very small space. It was a terrible night. During the night the gun boats kept piping away at the enemy, throwing a terrible fire of shot and shell into the rebels—into their camp. I re-

member that one of our boys saw the next morning, six rebels at the foot of a tree killed through one of those shots. Of course through that night there was but little rest, we all felt that our position was a critical one, but of course we were looking with great anxiety for General Buell's forces, who were said to be coming. I have had the cold chills running down my back, but never before with such a severe feeling of thanks to God that help was near, never before have I felt anything equal to that moment when the relief came, and with fresh troops to those who were left, and we started in the morning with an earnest endeavor to save the day which had been so terribly and fatally lost. The next morning was the rush and roar of battle, and how it held out with unceasing severity until noon, when we rested in our uncomfortable and poor way. We were almost knee deep in mud at the river bottom in that terrible place, but at noon time the orders came to proceed and take the front once more. Do I not remember with what misgivings we started out, and thought it was to result as it did the day before, and that our efforts would be in vain, that we would go into the fight with barely a possibility of ever coming out, but as we moved along across to the rebels, we found no enemy, they were retreating, and our advance began almost to be a rush, and the news came to us before we had reached the old camping ground, we found that the enemy had retreated and that the day was still ours. I remember as we crossed that ground we could see the effects of the terrible day's fight, and that morning, I don't think that of all my war experience, I ever saw anything that showed so terribly the horrors of war as that battle. I noticed in that space the dead and dying, the artillery horses and caissons and baggage wagons, and all the paraphernalia of war strewn all over the ground. It showed the terrible day that had passed over that ground. I don't think we could have stopped in a camp under any circumstances, where the scenes and horrors of war were so deeply impressed in our minds, as they were that night. When we went into camp that night, we could count at least 300 dead and dying, I think some of our boys remember our endeavor to get a good night's rest, some of them rushed into a tent for straw, and found a dead rebel, and I think they said that rebel didn't have much rest for at least an hour.



Edwd. Terry, Peter McGee,
Sergt. W. W. Lowrie,
Jno. Graham, J. D. Loomer.



Wm. W. Breckbill, Edwd. Rook,
Corpl. D. P. Young,
Chas. F. Jackson, Jno. A. Brown.



Jno. F. Stranberg, Thos. Ellis,
Godfrey Johnson,
Jno. P. Chalmon, Fred Johnson.



S. P. Coe, Chauncey W. Wicker
Orderly Sergt. T. M. Blaisdell,
F. C. Russel, B. M. Warner.

After we took that camp we were looking around for something to eat; and I know we found a sutler's tent that had been captured the day before by the rebels, and given up, and again captured and recaptured by us, and we helped ourselves to canned tripe and oysters and crackers and sweet cake, and the next day we buried those that lay on the field. I remember how we buried fifty or sixty in one grave, and in several places, from ten to twenty-five. Our Corporal, Jim Moore, was there, and I remember how he saw and buried a rebel officer, who was found sitting up against a tree with a testament in his hand. I am sure we can't but say that many were the sad feelings that must have passed through his mind as he sat there and gave up his life, surely thinking that his was the holiest cause of the war, and how mistaken we may all be sometimes in our experiences of life, and make mistakes, as he did, unintentionally, I have no doubt, and we all know those rebels were just as sincere, some of them, to save their rights, as we were to serve our country.

I am sure that this surprise resulted to us in a victory. The number of men engaged on our side, was larger than many battles in the war, and the results, as shown by the records, were surely the greatest to us of any battle that preceded or followed it. It broke the back of Beauregard's army and I think he acknowledged if he lost that battle his cause was lost.

I can hardly go through with this because it is late. I have not written out any set speech, I am only saying what comes into my mind.

I hope, in conclusion, that when the great trump shall sound, the bugle sound shall come for us all, we may not be surprised, but I hope that all shall be ready. I hope that while we are here, fighting the battles of life, we shall not surprise our friends by anything that we do, except in doing good; I hope that while we make errors, they shall be of judgment and not intentional; and I hope that our entire life shall not be a surprise to anyone, but we will endeavor to do, every day and every year of the whole of our life, up to the end, as we ought to do, and be ready to give an account of what we have done honestly and earnestly in the cause of right and freedom. [Loud cheers.]

THE PRESIDENT: The next regular toast is "Our First Brigade Commander—General W. H. L. Wallace."

Response by CAPTAIN I. P. RUMSEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES:—I shall say but little, although at the mention of Gen. Wallace's name, my heart beats faster, and I feel sad. But I would like to hear from every comrade to-night, and therefore as the hour is getting late, I will say very little, although it is not justice to that noble soldier and great friend of Battery B, General Wallace. He deserves a great deal of time; he deserves our greatest love, as he, with his noble and great heart, loved this, "Taylor's" Battery.

I was chosen by him to act as his assistant adjutant-general, for a time. I considered it a great compliment to this battery, as I felt my great unworthiness and unfitness for the position; but it is one of my most precious memories, that I was honored with that position, and was permitted to sleep under the same blanket with that noble man, from the time we left Bird's Point, until that dreary night when he laid in the rain, mortally wounded, on the cold ground among the rebels, while I laid in the tent where, the night before, we had slept together.

We saw the tenderness of his heart when, as we started from Cairo, he received the news of the death of his youngest brother, an officer in the Fourth Cavalry, who was drowned from their boat as it laid at Cairo, but still the man and the soldier went bravely on with present duty.

As we proceeded up the river, he was always looking after the welfare of Taylor's Battery. His first act was to give one of his best companies,—the Rockford—to support and help Battery "B." At Donelson—that terrible night—as we were stationed there in front of the rebs, (as comrade Dudley has mentioned), notice came from the picket to General Wallace, that there was a good deal of motion and noise in our front, and that the enemy were probably moving out from their works.

Gen. Wallace and I were lying in a tent when the report was brought. He instructed me to order the Brigade into line, remarking, "It is too bad to turn the boys out of their blankets." How well we all remember that night, with its sleet and snow. I obeyed orders, but by the time I returned to headquarters my teeth were chattering from cold and nervousness, and I was

very angry with myself lest the good General should think I was shaking with fear.

Nothing, however, developed in our front, and after one hour, I again passed along the line, with orders to lie down.

On the next day—eighteen years ago to-morrow—as MacArthur's Brigade had broken, and Oglesby's Brigade was falling back, the rebel bullets began to come along between us and our troops, paralleling our line, showing that they were working around in our rear; I made the remark, "They are flanking us and will get around in our rear." He was a man of few words, and made no immediate reply, but presently said, "Rumsey, you go to McClernand, tell him that MacArthur has broken, Oglesby is breaking, and it is necessary to withdraw and change our front, and form a new line to the left and rear."

I found McClernand, and repeated what the General had told me, that it was necessary to withdraw and change our front, and try to hold the enemy while Generals Oglesby and MacArthur rallied. He said, "Tell Gen. Wallace, if it is absolutely necessary, to withdraw and form the new line." Gen. Wallace then gave me the order to move the troops by the left flank and form the new line, changing front to the right. I did so, and he immediately started for the right where Gen. Ransom, with the 11th Ill., were fighting hand to hand with the rebels.

He then sent Davis, of his staff, with word to Lew Wallace, who was lying to the left and rear with fresh troops. Capt. Davis finding Gen. Lew Wallace, gave him Gen. W. H. L. Wallace's message, to which Lew Wallace replied, "I would be glad to see Wallace, and any suggestion he has to make will be gladly received and acted upon." Receiving this answer, W. H. L. Wallace rode rapidly to Lew Wallace, (ignoring Gen. McClernand, his Division Commander,) and pointing out the situation, suggested what seemed to him necessary to save McClernand's Division, and perhaps the day; which was, that he—Lew Wallace,—should bring his fresh troops to our front and hold the Rebels, while we replenished ammunition, and Generals Oglesby and MacArthur rallied.

Forward they came, filed into the right, about twenty five yards in front of our Brigade; also one section of Battery "A,"

commanded by my brother, which Col. Taylor placed on the left of our Battery; they had no sooner unlimbered, than the rebels reached our lines and the leaden hail flew wickedly, but found more ready ammunition than they expected. Mark the power of comprehension, the cool, clear generalship of our hero, Gen. W. H. L. Wallace.

Soon after this, Gen. J. D. Webster, (Gen. Grant's Chief of Artillery,) came and told us that Gen. Grant's orders were, to prepare for a general charge along the whole line. Lew Wallace taking the right; W. H. L. Wallace's right resting on Lew Wallace's left. This would compel us to charge over the terrible field which the 45th and 48th Ill. Regiments, under command of Col. Haynie, (of 48th Ill.,) charged only two days before, and were repulsed with heavy loss, and in front of the Fort which they were not able to reach.

In our front lay a German Regiment of fully 1,000 men and officers, who could hardly understand English. I said to Gen. Wallace, "We cannot move forward until those Germans are removed." He replied, "I will move them when the time comes."

No order came,—thank the Lord!—for a charge that night, and as the light of day began to fade, I felt relieved.

Afterwards alluding to it, Gen. Wallace said, "Do you remember that German Regiment? It was a good one to have in front of us if we had received orders to make that charge."

After dark that Saturday night, Feb. 15th, we received orders to move back to the rear and left, camp for the night, and count up our forces.

Sunday morning we expected a general charge, but report came that the enemy had surrendered. Gen. Wallace ordered me to form the Brigade, and move it forward down the road toward the enemy's lines, while he went forward to satisfy himself as to the truth of the report. When I met him at the enemy's works, he said, "Rumsey, *it is true*; their arms are stacked, and they stand behind them," and the look on his face showed a feeling far deeper than words could express; seldom have I seen a more expressive face than his.

At the head of our brigade, Gen. W. H. L. Wallace moved through the works, and on toward the River Fort, when

several staff officers were sent to him trying to halt him; one with great assurance and pomp, rode up in great haste, and saluting, stated that he was from Gen. Smith, who ordered him to halt his brigade; Gen. Wallace moved on with great dignity, remarking to the officer, "Gen. Smith is not my commander," and to me he said, "I am going to the Fort; I commenced this battle, and it is my right."

I need not tell you that he *did go*, and took our battery with him to fire the salute from the high and strong River Fort, when the gun boats came steaming up the river, firing their salute.

I remember well at this time his remark, his face, glowing with satisfaction, as we sat there on our horses—"Rumsey, this is glorious;" to which I replied, "Yes General, but my heart aches as I think of the many comrades, and true soldiers lying on the field, who, forty-eight hours ago were with us," to which he replied, "Yes, but they died in a noble cause." So, all through that dreadful three days battle, he showed his tender heart, and loyal soul.

From Donelson to Savannah, and Savannah to Shiloh, he showed the strong tenderness and attachment to his old Eleventh Ill., and an equal love and admiration for our battery. Only a few days before the battle of Shiloh, April 3rd or 4th, W. H. L. Wallace was transferred from his pet brigade to the command of Gen. "Paducah" Smith's division, taking with him, as personal aide-de-camp, Capt. Dickey and myself; also Geo. Church, whom he admired very much—and who helped in the attempt to carry the General off that field of carnage after he had received his death wound. His division was stationed in the rear, near the landing.

Saturday, April 5, after talking the situation over, I, in company with my brother, of Battery A, rode around the lines, that I might know the roads in case it became necessary for us to move to the front. As I came back and reported the condition of our front, and the presence of the enemy plainly to be seen in the woods before us, Gen. Wallace seemed to be cast-down, and didn't rest well that night. Pardon me, if I diverge here, to give a little written history on a subject upon which so much has been written; was Shiloh a surprise?

On that Saturday's reconnoissance, some of you may remember my riding into the battery's camp, and telling you what I had seen of rebs outside our lines; soon after, I was introduced to Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, commanding your division and in front of Newhope church.

When I told him of the enemy's cavalry I had seen in front of our picket lines, he replied, "Yes, yes; and they have been up and fired three times on McDowell, commanding our right flank, but I have got positive orders to do nothing that will have a tendency to bring on a general engagement, until Buell arrives; have you heard anything from Buell?" to which I answered in the negative; "strange, strange," he said; "he ought to have been here ten days ago;" and in his nervous manner he pulled down his map and showed the route Gen. Buell had to march, repeating, "he ought to have been here ten days ago."

Now comrades, this convinces me, that the enemy's close proximity to us at Shiloh was known, but the generals hoped by not provoking a general engagement, that we would be reinforced by Buell before a general battle.

On that memorable Sunday morning, April 6th, 1862, while we were eating breakfast, we heard you begin firing. The division was soon moving in column for the front. We took up position between General McClernand on our right and Gen'l Prentiss on our left, filling a gap which had occurred by Gen'ls Sherman and McClernand falling back; soon we were heavily engaged; the right of our division was commanded by Gen. Sweeney, he rode to Wallace and reported that *he* had broken the enemy's center, and wanted support. I rode to the right to find his brigade *broken and demoralized*, he having acted without orders from Gen. Wallace. By this time Gen. McClernand had carried his left far to the rear of our right, leaving our right entirely exposed to the enemy. I rode to McClernand and urged (and "more too") that he move his left forward, but could not move him—we were at right angles with Gen'ls Prentiss and Hurlbut, whose lines of battle faced north, and Gen'ls Wallace and McClernand west; seeing the perilous condition of our right I rode very rapidly to report the second time to Gen. Wallace, our peril; as I reached him, he and Gen. Prentiss were sitting together, their staffs around

them, watching the heavy fighting which was centered upon Gen. Hurlbut; just then Gen. Hurlbut's division broke to the rear; Gen. Wallace spoke to Gen. Prentiss, then turned to his division, and as I asked him what orders, he ordered the artillery limbered to the rear and moved back to Gen. Hurlbut's old headquarters; these are the last words I received from him. Gen. Wallace soon after received his death wound; Gen. Prentiss was captured, and after his exchange he told me what Gen. Wallace said to him as they separated, it was,—“Prentiss, you wheel your division to the right; I will about face mine, and we will charge the enemy on their flank.” This might have been practical if Gen. McClernand had protected our right.

He was cool and collected until the last, displaying such generalship as to attract the admiration of the enemy's generals, as will be seen by the following article sent from the Confederates, it is called “Souvenirs of a Hero.”

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., JUNE 27.—The Governor to-day received a letter from Mr. Trunno, of Savannah, Ga., who would seem to have been an officer on the staff of the Confederate General and fighting Bishop Polk, transmitting a number of letters from the person of Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, the old Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois, who was killed at Shiloh. Mr. Trunno says on the afternoon of the first day's fight at Shiloh, a Union officer attracted the attention of Gen. Polk by approaching very near the Confederate lines, and endeavoring to stop his men retreating. The brave act elicited from Gen. Polk a desire to know who the officer was, and, as he fell, the Governor's correspondent rode up and took from the body the private papers which he now returns, whereby the identity of Gen. Wallace was ascertained. The Union troops next day recovered the battle-ground and possession of the body. Mr. Trunno sent the papers to his home, then in South Carolina, and only lately recovered them. He now wants Gov. Cullom to send them to the relatives of the gallant officer. Gen. Wallace was a son-in-law of Judge (then Col.) T. Lyle Dickey, of Chicago, and a brother of Judge Wallace, of Chicago, and will be remembered by many Illinois officers. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace died April 9th, from a shot received April 6th, which passed entirely through his head; his remains were brought home, and now lie buried in the private ground at Ottawa, Ill.

As he said of those that fell at Ft. Donelson, he “died in a noble cause,” but in his fall the nation lost one of its greatest generals, and Taylor's Battery its best friend, whose memory we shall ever cherish.

THE PRESIDENT: The next toast is "Swamp Fight—Chickasaw Bayou."

Response by J. M. VERNON:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES: If you will let me have my own way, (and you know I always have it), I will start this little story from the 25th of December, 1862, when we were on the way down the Mississippi River, on the steamer "City of Memphis." It was Christmas, this 25th day of December, and all our thoughts ran back to our kind friends at home. I almost begrudged them their bountiful dinner, for we only had hardtack and raw bacon. I remember writing home and how they cried over it, but I was not to blame, I would have liked the turkey, etc., etc., just as well as they, but it wasn't there. But to business. On the 26th we were on our way up the Yazoo, and landed late in the afternoon. After dark we began to unload, and got all through at 3 A. M. of the 27th. The reason it took us so long was that our wagons, caissons and gun carriages were most all taken to pieces and put in the hold. You will remember battery "A" was on this boat too. We marched on this day, (27th,) and could hear heavy artillery firing on our left, but we saw no fighting and took no part in it. After dark we started with Gen. David (Burch) Stuart for a guide: got lost, and were fired on by our own men, who took us for rebels. A party was sent out to see what the trouble was, and it was soon fixed up and the firing stopped. Then we advanced again into holes, on stumps, and against trees, the teams and limber going between two trees and the gun refusing to follow, unlimbered, hauled the gun around, limbered up and went ahead, only to find ourselves lost again. Scouts were sent out and after half an hour we advanced again, and found what was called our brigade, and were put in line of battle so near the rebs that you could see them quite plainly at their picket fires. I was detailed to issue feed for the horses, and kept the last sack as it would do for covering, and no blankets could be had. The ground was very wet so I took a small log to sit on, and another for my legs, I was soon fast asleep, as it was late and there had been hard marching. It rained all the balance of the night, but when I retired there was no water on the ground. I was called very early in the morning—long before

daylight—and when I started to get up, I thought of poor old Rip Van Winkle, I was so stiff and sore; I put my hand to the ground to help, and it went into six inches of water. When I did get up, how I did shake, and how my teeth did chatter. I never was so cold since God made me. I believe I should have died if I had not found relief. I found relief. It was hanging on the limber in a canteen. I was soon as well as ever. The boys were around shaking and chattering. They asked me where I slept, I showed them, and they asked how I kept dry, I told them I was not dry, but found they all were, and the canteen was soon empty. I went up to the front and took a look: could see three or four rebs around their picket fire.

I remember we had a dog, a yellow and white cur, mangy perhaps, but with T. B. branded on his hind quarters. He had the respect and admiration of all the division. The rebs. had a dog with them; T. B. started over to make a call, perhaps he did not have the countersign, perhaps he believed in whipping rebels, anyway there were some words and a tearing of hair, and T. B. came back to them that loved him, a whipped cur. Sad omen of what was so soon to happen to us all. I went back to the guns and found everybody getting ready for the fight. We had orders to load with spherical case, and to cut the fuse as close as possible. Our men were soon ready and the fight began. If ever you saw fire put out those rebs. did it. In an eighth of a second not a spark could be seen as all our guns were pointed at the picket fire. I hope the dog was killed for he was the cause of all our misfortunes. The firing was kept up some time without any answer, but after a while there was a flash that did not look out of range, and then the shot came tearing through the tops of the trees. Every gun was fired at the flash. Gen. Stuart said, "I will give the man that silences that gun five dollars." Col. Malmborg raised him five dollars. The general saw him and went five better until twenty dollars was offered to any man that would silence that gun. The shots from the rebs came nearer, and at last one struck in the mud, sending mud all over Gen. S——. Dave—— got behind a tree with his hands over his eyes saying, "This is dreadful, this is dreadful." (How did I know? well, I was be-

hind the same tree and wanted him to get away and give me a fair show.)

We fired a while longer and as the mist of the morning cleared away we could see, a mile and a half or two miles in front of us, a long and high line of hills, and on these hills was the gun that made the flash. Our six pound guns would not reach half way to it, so the firing was stopped and the guns moved back out of musket range.

I have heard it said that our brigade commander was drunk. As privates' testimony is worthless, and officers never testify against each other, I will not testify, but I did hear Major Hammond, or one of Gen. Sherman's staff, ask Gen. Stuart where his line of battle was. He could not tell him and called Col. Smith of the 54th Ohio and asked him. He answered, "My regiment is over there—I don't know where the line is." He (Stuart) did not know what battery he had with him or the difference between a forge wagon and a six pound gun. Still I have seen it over the signatures of colonels, majors and captains that he was not drunk. Was Simpson drunk with his "Hurrah for Ca' Hell," at camp Sherman? Were the boys drunk that took that load of manure to Gen. Sherman in Memphis? No! Well then I will withdraw the remarks and only say that he was in the same condition they were. We were relieved at ten o'clock in the morning and moved back to the caissons, and were not in action again that day.

I remember an incident of our comrade Herrick. John was putting a bridle on one of his mules when the mule put his foot down on John's toes. John snatched a small stick and let the mule have it between the ears. The mule laid down, but soon got up and stood shaking and trembling before him. Just then Lieut. Rumsey came along and asked John what was the matter with the mule. He said he did not know, but he thought he had the blind staggers. The lieutenant, after expressing much sympathy for the poor mule, asked John what was good for them. John said he thought about half a pint of whiskey was as good as anything; so the lieutenant took John up to head-quarters and got about half a tin cup full of whiskey. He took it and walked over to where the mule was, looked this way and that to see if there was any lieutenant in sight, then he

drank the last drop and wiped off his mouth with his coat sleeve looked at the mule and said, "D——n you, I have a notion to knock you down again." The mule was soon better and John was no worse.

29th: I think it was on this day that Morgan L. Smith was shot, but am not certain as to the day. You will all remember that he was wounded, and was never the same freehearted and jovial general afterwards. All day of the 29th we were firing off and on at the reinforcements that were being received by the rebels. The fun was all one way until about four in the afternoon, when our old friend opened on us from the hill. The first shot took the top out of the tree just over us, and in no time, I saw nine of our boys behind one tree. "The boy! O where was he?" Well, I was behind a much larger tree, just to the rear. Our boys fired a few more shots, but the rebs got the range too close, so we ceased firing and were soon after relieved by a rifle battery. On the 30th, you will remember the 6th Missouri volunteered to cross the Bayou, and charge the works, and lost thirty or forty men in doing it. I have always thought that justice has never been done them, as it was as brave and heroic a charge as was made during the war, so far as I know, and few regiments would have done it, and none better than the bloody 6th. It rained all the night of the 30th. Our sergeant (Purinton) thought he would go back to the caisson and have a good night's rest, so he left his blankets there, and after everything was quiet, started for the caisson only a few rods away. It was so dark, a black cat would look white. He lost his way, and after wandering about for a long time, found three Irishmen of the 6th, who had a very small, smoky fire. They were telling such stories as George ought not to have heard, but he went into camp with them and sat in the smoke and rain all night, and in the morning found himself within four rods of the caisson he was looking for. He looked like a drowned rat, was smoked as brown as a Chinaman, and was as dirty as a blacksmith. So much for not staying up at the front. He did not swear out loud, but he was full of cuss words inside.

On the 31st we dug some breastworks to cover our left flank. This was the day that some of the boys had a truce

with the rebs and traded knives and buttons. We were mustered for pay, and as we were looking for shot from the rebels any minute, each man left the ranks as soon as his name was called.

I know I made up my mind that if there was ever another war, and I had as much influence as I had in this, I would have every muster roll commence with Z and end with A, but after the roll was finished, and I got behind the breastworks and my back against a log, four feet through, I thought that if we had another war I would stay at home. I was down at the landing in the afternoon and saw regiment after regiment go on board of the steam-boats, and saw them bringing up our siege guns, and made up my mind that we would not stay much longer where we were. Still I was surprised when about eight or nine o'clock at night, we got orders to move out as quietly as possible. We ran the limbers and guns back a long way by hand, and then hitched the horses on and marched to the river, found our steamer and began to load. I went out to the fire and sat down with Dickinson, Bancroft, and a friend of Bancroft's from the 13th Ills. They had a canteen. I was there a short time when I got awful tired and sleepy. I don't know whether it was the Yazoo water, the night air, or what, but I wanted rest. I helped carry some part of a caisson and wagon down into the hold; there I saw a pile of coal two feet wide. I climbed on top of it, and if you will leave me there to pleasant dreams I will bid you good night. [Cheers.]

THE PRESIDENT: The next regular toast is "The Work we didn't Storm—Arkansas Post."

Response by WALTER SCATES.

COMRADES, I shall have to beg your forbearance on this occasion, as I am not prepared with anything to offer you. Several days ago, while lying sick, I received a communication from friend Affeld, stating that they wished to hear from me on this occasion, on the subject of some battle or march, and wished me to notify him of my selection. At the time I received that note I was suffering a good deal of pain and quite sick, but the reception of that note added very materially to the pain that I was suffering then, in the form of an old reminiscence of camp life which used to attack me at times early in the

morning just after reveille had sounded, and the time the boys were getting out of their bunks for roll call, I was very frequently attacked with what they call the "gripes," and I had a very severe attack of it again, and I felt like sending back word after friend Affeld came, some such remark, as I used to hear occasionally down at Bird's Point while studying the art of war, the remark was frequently heard, "I pass." If I had not been so sick, there are a great many reminiscences of the war, which it would be a great pleasure to me to go over, but as regards the work we didn't storm, I certainly didn't storm it, because I had left the Battery at Memphis, just before we went down there, and as I didn't storm this work on that occasion, I would have had to occupy my time very assiduously in reading up, and as I cannot offer you anything original, I will read a few lines which I found in a paper the other day, and sent them to Affeld, thinking they might be of interest here, and he requested me to read them on this occasion.

THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
 Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
 And true lover's knots, I ween;
 The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss.
 But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
 We drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
 And sometimes apple jack, fine as silk,
 But whatever the tippie has been
 We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
 And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
 And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
 From glasses of crystal and green;
 But I guess in their golden potations they miss
 The warmth of regard to be found in this—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blanket and tent together,
 And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
 And hungry and full we have been,
 Had days of battle and days of rest,
 But this memory I cling to and love the best—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
 With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
 Upon which my faint spirit could lean,
 Oh, then I remember you crawled to my side,
 And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
 We drank from the same canteen!

THE PRESIDENT: The next regular toast is "Lake St. George, Raymond and Antimonial Wine."

Response by C. W. PIERCE.

MR. PRESIDENT: Antimonial Wine? It seems to me I have heard that name before. But why am I thus uncerimoniously called upon to respond to such a peculiar sentiment? Am I expected to soar into the realms of the *Materia Medica* and expound to this *learned* audience the uses and abuses of that useful article? I patronize the Homœopathic School, and they do not prescribe that remedy. If I was called upon to dilate upon the virtues of belladonna, coffea, aconite, or podophyllin, I *might* be able to throw a little light upon the subject, but Antimonial Wine, completely lays me out. Now, Mr. President, do you know anything about Antimonial Wine?

Gentlemen of the Committee of Arrangements: Do you know anything about Antimonial Wine? Comrades of Taylor's Battery, here assembled: Do you know anything about Antimonial Wine? "If so, speak, or forever after hold your peace."

I—am—*quite*—sure that I have heard of such an article before; a vision of long ago seems to dimly pass before my eyes; I am vaguely reminded of a little circumstance—an adventure—as it were,—a—a—Ah!! I have it,—like a lightning flash it comes to me; it was about—that size,—so big,—and—"thereby hangs a tale."

It was during the fall and winter of '62-3 which found us, with the balance of the Grand Army of the Tennessee, making vain attempt after attempt to gain the stronghold of the "Hill City of the South"—Vicksburg. The Yazoo expedition to Haine's Bluff, followed by our endeavors,—through six long and weary days and nights of almost incessant rain, and mud, mud, mud everywhere—to cross the miserable Chickasaw Bayou in the face of the enemy,—proved a failure.

The Sunflower expedition, carried out for the same purpose,

failed also; during all this time Butler's Canal across the neck of land above Vicksburg, was prosecuted with as much vigor as the long range gun of the enemy, on the opposite shore of the river would allow, with the hope that high water would enable the gunboats and transports to pass *through* and *below* the rebel batteries. During this time, our Battery was encamped at the head of this canal, until the aforementioned long range gun requested us to move, which we proceeded to do without any "back talk." In due course of time old "Mississip" commenced to rise, and it continued to rise, until it became necessary to construct a *dam* of sand-bags at the place where the canal cut through the levee, with the expectation that the rising waters would be held within bounds;—vain expectation—the windows of Heaven were opened, the rains began to fall, the "Father of Waters" continued to rise, and between them both on one black and stormy night a "wee sma'" hole was made, thro' which the waters trickled, slowly at first, but with greater increasing volume as the breach was enlarged, till, with a sudden and irresistible rush, the whole structure gave way with a mighty surge of the boiling and seething torrent;—the morning dawned, and, where the *dam* was to be seen the night before, nothing was now left but an immense hole, and a damsite—more water pouring through it than the whole army knew what to do with; we were again requested to move, and we obeyed. Butler's scheme was dead. In due time another, and a more successful scheme was put in operation; gunboats and transports were put into shape for defense, were manned by brave and resolute men, and one dark and starlit night, you all remember how they passed down the river, looking,—in the darkness—like great black mountains, outlined against the starry heavens; how we watched with breathless anxiety for the first gun announcing their discovery by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg;—what a thrill went through us as the first flash told that the rebels were on the alert;—then another, and another in quick succession;—then the instant illumination of the heavens by immense heaps of burning combustible materials, till the whole line of bluffs for miles was one mass of light, and a vast line of roaring artillery. Most of the craft passed the trying ordeal, though many a noble life was lost—many a brave and fearless volunteer met

his death, and a watery grave,—but the key of the situation was then obtained, and Vicksburg was doomed.

The *army* was now required to carry out the program, but the flood of waters over the low country was an impassable barrier. At the end of forty days a dove was sent forth to survey the situation, it returned without finding where to rest its weary body; again it was sent forth,—it returned with an olive branch; it was sent forth again, but it returned not again, which assured Uncle "Billy" that the waters had abated from the face of the earth, and we started on our tramp for the rear of Vicksburg, crossed the river at Grand Gulf, slowly made our way through the "sunny South"—where, I might here remark, "Oranges grow all the year round,"—and in due time reached Raymond, Miss.

You all remember Raymond, so I need not dwell on the beauties of that delightful spot. Now, Raymond is no "great shakes" of a place, anyhow, Mr. President, but as I have heretofore remarked, thereby hangs a tale, and a "right smart" tale too. It happened, as you all well know, that there were certain good and well meaning boys in Taylor's Battery, who were extremely fond of a "night cap," and a day cap too, as well as their "11 o'clock in the morning," and at all times of the day, —when they could get it; well, when couldn't they get it, Mr. President? Like the waters which gushed from the rock that Moses smote, a plentiful supply of "Mountain Dew" was always at hand, when their voices were lifted up, like Hagar's in the Wilderness. The "contraband" was to be found in divers shapes—in the guise of canned peaches, two peaches and a quart of "forty rod"; brandied cherries—three cherries, and the balance "dew." The "dew" was absorbed, but the balance—of cherries—was discarded; the invigorating blackberry cordial—a pint of "tangle foot," diluted with the juice of four berries; and so on *ad libitum, ad infinitum*. On this special occasion, a "baker's dozen" of good and true soldiers were thirsting for "goah," or any other stimulant that would quench their insatiable thirst. This band of Sherman's "bummers" was headed by a stalwart son of Missouri. His eagle eye discerned the enemy afar off, intrenched between the four walls of a modest country drug store; it was but the work of an in-



Ira Peasley, Chas. D. Dana,
 W. S. Stebbins,
 D. K. Newell, H. F. Lines,
 Corpl. W. T. Shepherd.



G. M. Willis, Danl. Sweeney,
 Frank Marion,
 Chas. B. Andrews, W. H. Sanborn.



Otto Klemm, Edwd. R. Williamson,
 A. J. Grant,
 M. C. Ross, T. J. Ashbrook,



Jno. Mustard, Chas. G. Siller,
 Jeffrey Beck,
 John Beck, Ora McBride.

stant for this brave man to decide what course to pursue. With one long, loud and terrific yell, "Hurrah for Cahill!" the fierce charge was made, a breach was effected, and this noble band confronted the enemy. Bottles to the right of them, bottles to the left of them, bottles in front of them, stared and wondered. The fierce gaze of that gallant leader met that of an unpretentious "Little brown jug," bearing the legend in letters of "gleaming gold," Antimonial Wine. What cared he of the *brand* of wine?—whether the Sweet Angelica, the acidulous Hock, the sparkling Verzenay, or "Ladies' Wine." "His not to reason why, his but to do or die." Wine, wine, or death, was the battle cry,—and with one fell swoop the jug was seized and borne off in triumph by those heroic men. They retired in good order from that deadly breach—"all that was left of them," and, upon reaching a secluded spot, gave thanks, with uplifted hands, for their safe deliverance. The jug was "drained to its dregs;" yes, not to its dregs alone, but dregs and all. Ominous smackings of lips, and rubbings of waistcoats might have been heard, and the shattered remnants of that gallant squad retraced their steps to camp, where they were met with shouts and acclamations by their joyous comrades. "We have met the enemy, and he is ours!" cried the leader. Yes, and a troublesome enemy he proved to be, Mr. President; a veritable Tartar. A bountiful supper awaited their arrival, prepared by the sable hands of a dusky son of the "15th Amendment." The seductive "hard tack" served on the richest of plated ware—tin plated; luscious and juicy rashers of "sow belly," served a la Marion, on a chip; and rich, aromatic Mocha, brewed in a gorgeous sheet iron camp kettle, were chief among the viands set before them, and they were invited, with one accord, to "stick their legs under the mahogany," and partake. Somehow or another these men didn't seem to take hold of those viands "worth a cent." They weren't hankering for any just then; they didn't appear to feel hungry. I don't know why it was, but there seemed to be a remarkable oneness of feeling among them; a sort of coolness had come over these men, an indisposition—so to speak—to avail themselves of the hospitalities tendered them. Cassius-like, they had a "lean and hungry look," but, Mr. President,

their looks belied their "true inwardness." One by one, as the summer roses fall, they hied them to their several tents, and, in a short space of time the whole camp was thrown into the utmost consternation by strange gurgling sounds, as of the "rush of mighty waters," mingled with wails and groans, as of those in sore distress, coming from all quarters of the camp. The Spartan hero who led that "forlorn hope" seemed to suffer the greatest agony. Because why? Doubtless, because he had the "lion's share" of "Ladies' Wine." I spare my hearers a further recital of the harrowing details. Suffice it to say, that after throwing about 24 hours' rations to the four winds of heaven, all recovered their normal condition, sadder, if not wiser men, and it was satisfactorily proven to these misguided men, that it is practically unsafe to "crawl outside" of *much* antimonial wine. MORAL.—Leave it in the "little brown jug."

THE PRESIDENT: Our next toast is:—"Our First Siege, and a glorious Fourth.—Vicksburg."

Response by C. E. AFFELD.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—A proper reply to the sentiment includes about six months of the history of the war, or about one-sixth of our time of service. I will therefore not attempt more than to recall some of the many incidents of our camp life that are not found in the published histories and newspaper accounts. Our first efforts against Vicksburg commenced at what is known as Butler's canal, where we disembarked on the 22nd of January, '63, bidding adieu to the 'Chancellor', which had housed us a week. I well remember how glad we were to get on land and into camp. How pleasant and cheerful the beautiful "burg" looked, and how forbidding the forts and breastworks looked down upon us. The work on the canal was to us at all times interesting,—because we did not belong to the detail,—and we enjoyed the canoe and boat rides, and the excitement occasioned by the steamers and gun-boats arriving; the arrival of the "Chillicothe," "Queen of the West," and other boats memorable in history. I can not help quoting from my notes of Feb'y 2nd, when we were awakened by the music of the Vicksburg cannon, occasioned by the ram "Queen of the West," an ordinary transport guarded by cotton bales, starting at about

6 o'clock, a. m., defiantly running the gauntlet of the entire fortifications, until she came opposite the steamer "Vicksburg," when she rounded to, ran into her several times, and put a shot through her wheel house. There was a lull as this piece of audacity was being performed, the rebels thinking the boat was coming to, but they renewed their fire with increased energy, if possible, as she passed swiftly by without ever noticing the many salutes paid her. She subsequently destroyed three steamers below Vicksburg, and captured one laden with sugar and molasses—a sweet termination of so gallant an exploit. While at Young's Point we were visited by many of our friends from home, and the river communications being open brought us many luxuries. On the 25th of March the rams "Lancaster" and "Switzerland" attempted the same feat so successfully performed by the "Queen of the West," but with quite different results. The "Lancaster" was blown up opposite the city, and the "Switzerland" was so disabled that she floated down stern foremost until picked up by the "Albatross" below the canal. But the crowning effort of blockade running was done April 16th, preparatory to a movement on Vicksburg, via Grand Gulf. It was necessary to have transports below Vicksburg in order to cross to the Mississippi side, and all will remember the night, as at about 11 o'clock, 7 iron-clads, led by Admiral Porter in the "Benton," with three transports towing ten barges, succeeded in escaping damage, excepting the "Henry Clay," which was burned and illuminated the whole river, as did also the houses set on fire on the other side in order to see what was passing. On the 22nd, at about 11 P. M., another batch of steamers ran the blockade. This was better advertised, and we were out to watch the performance. The rebels were determined to sink every boat if powder and shot would do it, and over 500 rounds were said to have been fired at the steamers "Tigress," "Empire City," "Cheesman," "Moderator," "Horizon," and "Anglo Saxon," of which all but the first got through successfully. The "Tigress" sank at the other end of the canal. On the 28th we loaded on the "Argonaut," to be divided up the next day for a trip up the Yazoo in order to make a feint on Haines' Bluff, one section going on the "Chancellor," one on the "City Belle,"

and one on the "Commercial," the iron-clads "Choctaw" and "De Kalb" taking the lead. This lasted until the 2nd of May, which brought us back to Milliken's Bend, where we only stopped until the 7th, when we moved on towards Richmond, La., via Roundaway Bayou. On the 9th we marched along Lake St. Jo, crossed Douglass bridge and encamped at Mrs. Ogden's plantation. Here we saw the alligators sunning themselves like turtles, and their bull-like roar became as familiar as the music of the frogs. On the 10th we passed Bowie's mansion and cotton houses, considered one of the most elegant houses in the parish; passed Gordens, and camped at Haller Nutt's plantation, about two miles from Hardtimes Landing. It was on the way to this place while crossing a temporary bridge over Phillip's bayou, that one of the 8th Mo., and one of Blair's headquarters wagons was upset, and it was fun to see the 8th Mo. and others, rescue the wicker-covered baskets and other suspicious packages for the good there was in them. We had elegant beds made of ginned cotton at from 50c to \$1 a pound, spread out on the green clover under a shading orchard, and a picturesque sight it was when we left in the morning, the ground being covered with vegetable snow on a field of green. On the 11th of May we crossed over to the Mississippi side, at Grand Gulf, the chimneys and cisterns being about all that is left of a former habitation. On the morning of the 12th, as we climbed the 50 or 60 ft. bluffs that rise from the river, we entered one of the finest groves it has ever been our good fortune to see. There were magnolias of from 75 to 100 feet in height, all in full bloom, emitting a fragrance which is unequalled by anything we had ever experienced. We also found another species of magnolia, with its 3 and 4 ft. leaves and immense white flowers, though not as fragrant as the evergreen variety. I leave the further description to other hands, and commence on the narrative of our movements towards Vicksburg. An incident is well worth recalling here: As we stood in the road at Champion Hills, while General A. J. Smith was near our guns, some soldiers were inspecting the hives at a house to the right of the road, too closely, when there was a hasty movement from the house, and one man was clawing his hair, with a swarm of bees

around his head, and running with all his might for the pond near by, into which, without a moment's hesitation, he plunged head foremost, to the intense amusement of those in line. If he could have had the liquor which the General could not comfortably carry, it would have been a better antidote than even "Antimonial wine," as I have found out by actual experience in later years.

On the 14th we passed the Mercantile Battery at Auburn P. O. We again heard of the capture of Richmond by Hooker very circumstantially reported, and there was a feeling about this time that we were invincible, and were only anxious to get at them to finish the business. With this feeling we crossed Black River on rubber pontoons, and it was a very picturesque scene as the troops filed over the bridge by the light of pitch pine knots and camp fires. On the 18th our section fired the first gun at the rebel works in the rear of Vicksburg, commencing a siege of a month and a half, which we expected to finish in a day or two. I will not endeavor to describe the charge on the 19th of May. Suffice it to say it did not succeed, though the colors of some of the regiments were actually on the enemy's breastworks, it was impossible to get over in any force, and they had to be withdrawn under the friendly cover of darkness. On the 20th we were still in position on the right of the main road. It was a disastrous day to us, as we had to mourn the death of a brave and intelligent young member of Squad 6, D. K. Newell, who was thumbing the vent—in the place of C. W. Pierce, who was detailed at the caisson—as the messenger of death sped through the embrasure and struck him on the top of the head, passing through, as his head was bowed to keep below the embrasure. Dan Young was wounded on Squad 2 gun also. On the 22nd we were in position pretty well protected by our earth works, provided we did not show ourselves above them. The memorable charge of the 22nd had been made and failed again, with a large sacrifice of life. We were firing along the whole line, and the guns were getting warm so that we had to wet the sponges. It was about 5 P.M., and we had been discussing the absolute necessity of keeping out of sight, and loading in the smoke of the guns, when Fred Thompson, who had taken Newell's place

as No. 3 on the gun, was thumbing the vent, the foreordained bullet struck him through the heart, and he fell backwards in the arms of his comrades, a sacrifice to useless display of bravery, as he considered it cowardly not to stand up straight while on duty. He was one of our most reliable and thorough soldiers, always on hand when wanted, and when danger was near, and had been in the English army during the Crimean war. The 26th brought another sacrifice in the person of Henry Henrotin, one of our original members of 1861. He was a young man, and was struck while accidentally raising his head above the level of the breastworks. Battery "A," on our right was called to mourn the loss of George Whittier, one of its brightest young men, a sacrifice to the deadly aim and accuracy of the rebel sharpshooters.

After these unsuccessful attempts to storm the works, it was decided that pick and shovel had to assist in reducing them, and I doubt whether the history of the war will show a more elaborate system of saps and mines, than those of the Union army in the rear of Vicksburg. It kept the soldiers in good health, and kept them busy during the day, cutting cane and limbs to back and strengthen the earth works at night. But we were not allowed to take part in this work long.

On the 26th of May, at 8 P. M., we let our guns down the side of the hill with prolongs, and by 10 o'clock turned our backs on Vicksburg and moved out on the Chickasaw road and bivouacked 4 miles from Snyder's Bluff, and at 4 A. M. the next morning we were on the move with General Blair in command of the expedition, consisting of 3 brigades from Sherman's and 3 from McPherson's corps. The march up the valley, between the Yazoo and Big Black, will linger long in the memories of the participants, and Nellis', Harris', Heart's, Partie's, and Roache's plantations have all contributed their share to the comfort of the soldiers. Besides veal, mutton, poultry, and beef, that these generous planters contributed, we had milk and honey, and the woods provided mulberries, plums and blackberries in profusion. This rich bottom was luxuriant with corn, which the necessities of the war had compelled them to plant, and our horses revelled in a superfluity of fodder. After arriving at Mechanicsburg,—

22 miles from Yazoo City—we returned partly by the road we came, camping on the 31st near Haines' Bluff, on the Yazoo, having accomplished little more than draining the country of cattle, negroes and mules, and destroying cotton and cotton gins, and such other things as might prove of comfort or shelter to the enemy. After a rest of a day or two we received orders to go with General Mower's command, consisting of one brigade, viz: 8th Wis., 11th Mo., 47th Ill., and 5th Minn., and cavalry; on another expedition, and by 12 P. M. of the 3rd of June, we were on board the "L. M. Kennett," with the "Madison" and "Sam Young" following the "mosquito" gun boats up the Yazoo, on our way to Satartia. It was our first trip up the smaller rivers since Donelson, and the overhanging moss and tropical foliage, cultivated fields and glimpses of a plantation through the woods, made a most enchanting scene, the enjoyment of which was somewhat marred, after passing the mouth of the Big Sun Flower, by the narrowness of the stream, when the branches of the trees would bend from our smoke stacks and sweep the decks, and the knowledge of the fact that we could not turn around even though it were desirable to do so. The booming of cannon in the distance, and the occasional musket shot, made us anxious to get to our landing, which we reached at 8 A. M. on the 4th, and moved on to Mechanicsburg, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the river. About two miles from the town we came upon the enemy, fired a few rounds from one of our guns, and then moved on the town. We took position in the road, fired about ten rounds apiece, and then the cavalry and infantry followed them up. We saw nothing of them but the dust they made while retreating. Here we met General Kimball's 2nd brigade, consisting of 43-61-106 Ill., 12th Mich., 40th Iowa, and 37th Wis. At this place many of you will recollect the novel sight of a man sitting astride of a rail, carried by his comrades, with a string in his mouth, attached to a board hanging on his back, marked "Coward." His comrades of the 11th Mo. found him at the landing, and thus summarily punished him for running away. He must have been a coward or an idiot not to have resented such indignity.

On the morning of the 6th, after standing in line and harnessed

up all night, we moved out at about 10 A. M. on our return. It was an excessively hot day, and as many of those in the lead had not marched much in this climate, the jackets, overcoats and surplus baggage, began to line the road: The baggage wagons and ambulances were filled with exhausted men, and the surgeons were administering to sick and sun-stricken soldiers under every tree by the roadside, and it is a mystery to this day why we were marched as if life or death depended on our getting back. We camped 12 miles from Haines' Bluff, but were awakened at 2 A. M. so as not to march in the heat of the day, though we did not get under way until 6 A. M. The cavalry was busy with skirmishers in the rear, and we reached Haines' Bluff Sunday the 7th of June, after one of the most exhausting and ill managed marches we were ever on. The beautiful cistern on Roache's plantation, covered by a large roof, and containing a yawl boat, will be remembered for its size and refreshing shelter, on this excessively hot and sultry day. We were getting ready to make ourselves comfortable, when we heard of an attack on Milliken's Bend, and that "the colored troops fought nobly," nevertheless, on the evening of the ninth, we were ordered to load on board the steamer "Black Hawk" for Young's Point, where we landed on the morning of the 10th at 2 A. M. Hauling the guns up the steep bank, and getting them into position on the levee was the work of the morning, and when completed we enjoyed our breakfast in a pouring rain. A squad of 12 or 15 deserters from Vicksburg, were sent here to stay with the 130 prisoners camped near by, and kept the camp supplied with rumors for the balance of the week. There were many visitors down this way about this time. The Newells were looking after the remains of their lamented brother, and relatives of the soldiers from Chicago were always welcome guests in our camp. We all remember the visit of a party from this city, among which was Frank Lumbard, and of his singing patriotic songs in the evening, within a stone's throw of the rebel works, and the cheering from both sides along the line; these incidents all helped to keep our minds occupied when the guerillas or rebel cavalry would let us rest, but owing to the annoying raids from the direction of Richmond, La., it was decided to take the place, and so we got ready

early Sunday morning, June 14th, to move down river with Mower's Brigade, and about 120 of the 10th Illinois cavalry. While waiting to start, about 12 steamers came down the river with General Burnside's Corps, and it seemed odd to hear of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York regiments in the western army. All the boats passed to the lower landing. We kept on the levee to Duckport, where the canal had been dug, and there we met the dredge Hercules, and a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile farther on, at Mason's plantation, the dredge Louisville, where they had worked their way in high water and were now high and dry, about 30 feet above the river in the timber, with the channel partially filled and overgrown with weeds; a mystery and a surprise to us all, they were familiar and busy objects in the early spring. At 5 P. M. we reached Mrs. Ames' plantation, a large brown mansion with store houses and negro quarters, all having been recently occupied and hastily abandoned. When I think of the widow Ames, it seem as if I knew the good lady and her interesting family. As her well selected library furnished Shakespear, Irving, Cowper, Dickens and other standard works, and her china and silverware were cherished as mementoes to the close of the war; her name became as familiar in camp as household words.

On the 15th, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Richmond, we formed in line with General Elliott's marine brigade; we had a clear view, and could see the enemy getting a battery into position; we had a pretty fight and had advanced 3 times until reaching Bushy bayou, over which the bridge was burning. The cavalry and infantry followed; from the wounded left in the town, we learned they had 2 brigades, (7 regiments) and 4 pieces of artillery, in all about 2,500 men—our forces must have been 3,200 in all. We had a dinner of the best the town afforded and after destroying Richmond so that it would afford no shelter or sustenance to the enemy, we started back to Young's Point, having successfully captured Richmond the first time trying—I must not forget to mention that this was the first engagement of *Captain* Rumsey, whose promotion was formally announced on Saturday, June 20th, at roll call.

On the 23rd of June the Battery moved down to the lower landing or near the Butler Canal, and an hour before dusk, two

guns of the left section were sent with a detail of infantry, to what was known as De Soto Point, directly opposite the city of Vicksburg. A place was made for our guns in the levee, about 500 yards to the right of a 20 pound Parrott and a Dahlgren gun in charge of the Marine Brigade. All those who had the opportunity of visiting the point, will appreciate the uncomfortable position of those who had to be with the guns. We were directly opposite the Prentiss House, whose sign could be distinctly read, and a mill that was grinding corn, was an object of attention to the Parrott gun to our left; about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up the river were the mortar boats, dropping their shells every now and then into the town, and beyond them was a hundred pound Parrot gun, occasionally taking a shot at one of the guns in the fort when they got too lively. We had to dig a pit near our guns, in which we could jump when we saw the smoke of the enemy's guns, which gave us some little time to hunt our holes before the shot would strike. They were full of toads, and when we jumped in they would jump out. It had been rumored that the enemy was trying to cross the river in skiffs, and that was the occasion of our being ordered there with some infantry as support.

The Parrott gun on our left commenced firing the next morning on the mill, and the forts would answer from a half dozen places, throwing ring grape, cannister, 24 and 32 pound solid shot, 7 and 8 inch rifled shot and shell all around us, but without much damage. Here, if anywhere, the saying that it takes tons of lead to kill an artillery man, was verified, as there was but one man killed in all our stay, though the casemate of the guns to our right were plowed into several times; I must say that our greatest and most annoying enemy, were the mosquitoes.

All the changes and movements of troops were made after dusk, as we were close enough to be annoyed occasionally by a long range rifle. Our infantry, by a well directed shot, often made the mules step around lively that came down to the levee to water. We did no cooking and our breastworks were covered with brush, so that the number and exact position of our guns should not be known. On the 25th of June many of us visited the mortar boats which kept up an incessant fire at from 10 to 15 minute intervals.

The 100 pound Parrott gun on a scow above the mortar boats, kept up a healthy excitement across the river, and when it fired, we would run to the levee to see the shot strike. It seemed to do the most execution in the blocks behind the Prentiss House, and seemed to do more harm than all the mortars put together. We heard that the "Arizona" came up from New Orleans, bringing the news of the taking of Port Hudson. After supper we amused ourselves by asking and answering questions of the rebs; we could hear them plainly across the water; also the ringing of the Court House bell at 9 p. m. The Dahlgren gun to our left received a shot, bringing down the casemate, made of R. R. iron, but no one was seriously hurt. You will doubtless remember that we had a great many sick about that time, and Captain Rumsey was the only commissioned officer on duty, and it was difficult to find well men enough to relieve the section at the Point, every two days; the 20 pound Parrott gun had succeeded on the 28th in stopping the usefulness of J. M. Paxton's mill, as no smoke came from its chimneys. The batteries kept up a lively fire, directed mostly towards the guns above us and the regiment below us. We can also tell when the firing is lively in the rear of Vicksburg, as it can be distinctly heard, and it is said that in a charge made on the 27th, part of the stockade and breastworks were taken, but it was not policy to hold them. We notice that the friction primers of the enemy must be poor, as they waste from 5 to 15 before the gun goes off.

On the 30th, Lieut. Whittle came to the Point to see the town. It is rumored that McPherson and part of Ord's and Sherman's commands are to make an attack. We are having delightful moonlight chats with the rebs after dark. It is July 3rd, and the days are getting fearfully hot, and there is not much change from the monotony of camp life. We had heard the discouraging news from the East, and that General Lee was in Pennsylvania. Rumor has it that General Meade supersedes General Hooker.

The centre section relieved the right at the Point to-night. We received orders to harness, and there is a rumor of a grand attack on the enemy to-morrow, and we are to be prepared should they attempt to cross the river.

On Saturday, July 4th, at about 8 A. M., Lieut. Clifford Stickney, of the signal corps, stopped to inform us that Vicksburg had surrendered, and would be in our possession at 10 A. M. He informed us that at 4 P. M. yesterday, orders came to cease firing; that the rebs had asked for an armistice till 10 A. M., at which time they would surrender on condition that the officers be allowed their side-arms, and the prisoners be paroled in Vicksburg. Everything seemed to confirm this piece of news. The expected attack on the 4th was not made, and our boys of the centre section reported that wagon loads of ammunition were being thrown in the river, and the big shot rolled down the hill. I have among my notes, that we celebrated the day with a good dinner, ending up with a corn-starch pudding—one of Pierce's best efforts. At about noon the fleet fired a salute in honor of the day. The salute that was fired did not sound as if fired by very heavy guns, considering it is the Fourth, and that Vicksburg has been taken. It would have been reasonable to suppose that with the means we had at hand for a jollification and demonstration, more powder would have been consumed. We account for it by supposing Johnson is ignorant of the surrender, and that Grant will immediately fall on him with his whole force and demoralize him if possible.

So you see how the news that electrified the whole north, and set the loyal homes ablaze with illumination, and made the entire country wild with joy, was celebrated at the seat of war. I think, now, gentlemen, that I have taxed your patience long enough. I will not describe the number of prisoners, guns, and ordnance stores captured. These are accessible to you and everybody, but our doings and our part in the great drama are sacred to the old comrades and their families only, and it takes occasions like these to bring from their seclusion the impressions of youth stamped on the memory by the iron hand of war.

The impression made on many of us by seeing so many prisoners, in such lamentable condition, was one of mystery that they should so bravely suffer while they had so indefinite an idea of the object to be attained, but the ignorance of the rank and file, and the fact that they were defending homes more than country, no doubt will account for their sacrifice, which I can-

not help thinking was greater than ours on account of its utter hopelessness.

THE PRESIDENT.—The next toast is "Mission Ridge and Knoxville March." F. O. Affeld and Charles Turner.

C. E. AFFELD.—I will read my brother's reply, which he sends to me, to the dispatch, which Mr. Rumsey telegraphed, in response to the sentiment.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1880.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

As the incidents of the eventful and terribly exciting days of the 13th, 14th and especially the 15th of February, 1862, pass in review before me, the faces of those with whom it was my privilege to act in concert naturally turn up as the most prominent and interesting; and it will not be necessary to assure you that nothing would give me more pleasure than to greet them one and all to-night. But as that may not be, may I in imagination join you all on the hard frozen and snow covered hill (where we took our position just 18 years ago to-night), in a quart mug full of black but exhilarating coffee, before turning in for the night. Few of us realized until the next morning, and still fewer cared, that the angel of death was hovering over us in the form of round shot, bomb, and bullets, we crawled under our tarpaulins, drawn over gun and brush, and slept soundly until the enemies' morning guns exploded their shells about our heads, not figuratively but literally, for the tree by which we had lain all night was partially cut down by a solid shot, and McAllister's 24 pound howitzer was disabled before our eyes. It would however be presumptuous in me to occupy the few happy hours of your reunion with incidents of the last day's fight; the desperate attempt of the "Johnnies" to force their way through our lines; the hasty retreat where batteries right and left of us left their guns and scampered off with their horses; the awful moments when our gun team became entangled in traces and brush, so as to require unhitching before they could be gotten up; how infantry and artillery men without guns rushed by regardless of who might take the hindmost; how squad five bravely went into position on the hill above us, to protect us, and how finally, (in spite of Major Schwarz to the contrary) we got our horses up, and joined the retreat to the new line of battle where we awaited and gloriously repulsed the 'charge. All these incidents can be better recited by others among you than by me.

I will therefore conclude with the hope that at this evening's roll call you will be able to muster a full battery, and will enjoy your reunion as heartily as we enjoyed the tidings of the surrender the next morning, when we expected to be led to the front again.

Cordially your comrade,

F. O. AFFELD.

To Messrs. B. F. McCarthy, I. P. Rumsey, }
H. W. Dudley, J. M. Vernon, C. E. Affeld, } *Executive Committee,*
Chicago, Ill.

MR. CHARLES TURNER: I received a very short notice, I believe this morning I was requested to respond to this sentiment, and Mr. Chairman and fellow comrades, I will merely refresh your memories in regard to the battle of Mission Ridge, and our trip to Knoxville. No doubt it is impressed on your minds, as it is on mine, that that battle was one of the best that we encountered, inasmuch as we were not participating in it as fighters, but only as spectators. We pushed rather fast for two or three days, and then we were ordered to General Burnside at Knoxville. We travelled, if you remember, very rapidly so as to achieve the object on which we were bent, and when we arrived at Marysville, about fifteen or eighteen miles from Knoxville, we then learned that the siege was raised and General Longstreet had retreated into Virginia; we were then ordered to return after a day or two, and came back through another section of East Tennessee. I remember that as a beautiful country, and I believe that section was about as pretty as we have seen anywhere, and if you remember, we lived highly on that trip back, so much so that we might call it a feast nearly all the way, but we were very much short of provisions when we got within fifty miles of Chattanooga; so much so, that the horses and mules ate their own tails and manes and the overcoats belonging to the men, and when we arrived at Larkinsville we were in a rather dilapidated condition. I think we spent Christmas between Chattanooga and our resting place for the winter, Larkinsville, Alabama, and I believe we were short of rations, and the dinner which I ate that day, I shall never forget, it being Christmas day. We generally have a feast at home, but my dinner was three potatoes and two ears of corn; that is all the dinner we had that day; but after a while we were well supplied with provisions, and we wintered at Larkinsville, and there we had a good rest. This is all I wish to say, gentlemen, in regard to Mission Ridge and Knoxville.

THE PRESIDENT: I will say to you, gentlemen, that I had the responsibility of issuing the order to Battery B on this occasion to go to Knoxville to relieve Burnside. It read like this: "Two days cooked rations to last six." Well, we were gone a month and we didn't get any more rations all the way, so it must have

been good to them to get into the corn country, but what about the turkeys and geese? The boys used to come loaded into headquarters. Did we want anything to eat, and we couldn't find anything, we said: wait until Battery B comes into camp, then they will have some turkeys and geese hanging across their saddles, and all that sort of thing, you know. Excuse me for this interruption and I will give you the next toast. "Resaca," C. J. SAUTER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

After passing our winter months between Larkinsville and the Landing, everything was got in readiness by the latter part of April for the active campaign, and on Sunday, May 1st, we broke camp, moving toward the front, leaving the left section behind us at the landing, (where they had gone to man the guns of the centre section, when it was broken up) with the understanding that they were to follow us when relieved. Our march lay through Belle Fonte, Scottsboro, Stephenson, by Nick a Jack cave, Falling Waters, Whitesides, and through Lookout Valley, around Lookout Mountain, through Rossville, camping the night of May 6th at Lee & Gordon's mills. On Saturday we moved toward Gordon's Gap, of Taylor's Range, camping for the night about three miles from the Gap. Sunday we passed through Gordon's Gap, and that night went into position about three miles from Snake Creek Gap; the first skirmishing in our front having been done by the 16th Corps during the day. Monday morning the movement through Snake Creek Gap began; skirmishing commenced early and continued nearly all day. It took us nearly all day to get through the gap, there being only a single narrow road and the gap about 8 miles long; night found us about 5 miles from Resaca and 15 miles from Dalton, between the two places. We took position covering the Dalton Road, heard considerable firing to our left, indicating that the enemy had been found in force and that the memorable Atlanta Campaign had commenced in earnest. On Tuesday, the 10th of May, our corps took the advance with our division leading; skirmishing was kept up all day, although no general engagement was forced. This afternoon the left section and balance of our division came up, having left the landing four

days after we left Larkinsville, and making forced marches to catch up. We were all glad to see them, and felt better to be all together once more. We retired with orders to be ready to move at 2 in the morning, without noise, and anxiety and speculation was all the talk around camp. About three A. M. we moved back about two miles to near the mouth of Snake Creek Gap, formed in line of battle, our corps occupying the left of the line on very high ground, our right section going into position on a hill, the whole line being immediately fortified by breastworks. On the morning of the 13th we again advanced to near our former position of the 9th and 10th, covering the Dalton road. The cavalry started out early to reconnoitre toward Dalton and cut the railroad, but failed, leaving several wounded and one killed. General Sherman appeared on the field to-day, the first time we had seen him since we started, and it was taken as an indication that things would be lively on the morrow, and we were not disappointed, for early Friday morning, the 13th, the whole line seemed to be alive. The cavalry moved out early, taking the road toward Resaca, and not long afterwards an ambulance passed us with General Kilpatrick wounded in the leg. The general advance commenced about 9 A. M. The 16th corps on the right, our own next to their left, with the 14th and 20th to our left. The advance continued with continuous skirmishing until we were within easy sight and range of their works around Resaca, which had the appearance of carefully prepared, substantial works. We were ordered into position about 3 P. M., on an elevation commanding a splendid view of their works and the railroad bridge, and before dark fired a few shots at them. Although the firing was continuous nearly all day, no general engagement was fought, yet the losses were quite heavy, Lieut. John Rumsey, of Battery A, being wounded about dark, in the shoulder, by a piece of shell said to have been fired by some of our batteries. Our lines were all intrenched during the night, and by sunrise Saturday morning musketry and cannonading commenced, and before noon had reached a perfect roar of both large and small arms. Late in the afternoon the first brigade of our division charged across Lick Creek, and drove the Rebs off a ridge which they had occupied between our lines and their

own works. The charge was splendidly made, we adding our mite by dislodging a lot of skirmishers behind a pile of rails which we splintered, and started the squad from their shelter at a double quick, much to the amusement of our infantry, who helped them along with a volley. During the charge our men reached the crest of the hill and were there checked by the rebel artillery, which, by the way, had kept remarkably quiet until now. We held the hill, although they tried several times to drive our boys back, continuing the fight even after dark. During the night, breastworks were thrown up on the ridge last taken, and all laid down with the belief that the morrow was to see a hot time, particularly as it was Sunday. We were, however, disappointed, as very little was done more than skirmishing along the lines. Our battery was advanced to a position at the foot of the ridge, commanding the valley between us and the Johnnies. Late in the night they charged our left, but were repulsed, and about 3 o'clock Monday morning the railroad bridge was discovered on fire, and fell shortly afterwards. We, of course, knew that this meant retreat, and prepared to enter the town at daylight. They had left a large quantity of cornmeal, shell corn and beans, in sacks, besides 4 pieces of artillery, battery wagons, forges, etc. We noticed particularly the effect of our shot on the works of the town, and appearances indicated that they must have done good work. The loss in our division was stated at 180 in killed and wounded, and about 400 for the corps. Of this fight General Sherman says that McPherson lost his opportunity to destroy Johnson's army, by not pushing forward and attacking Resaca on the 9th and 10th, when it was only garrisoned by a single brigade; to which I will add my humble testimony that we did well enough as a starter.

THE PRESIDENT: Now before we go to the next toast I will tell you a little story. General Sherman and his staff stopped in a house, and the family were in the loft, we didn't disturb them and they didn't disturb us, but the old woman, as soon as she knew it was General Sherman that was in the house, came around and said, "I say, be you General Sherman?" Sherman says, "That is my name;" "Well, now, General, I will tell you what I want of you, I want two dollars and a half, and I want it right

away too, that is all there is about it;" "Well, my dear woman," says the General, "why should I give you two dollars and a half." "Well, I will tell you just how it was General, how it happened," she says, "here was we uns over on that side, and there was you uns over on that side, and they commenced fighting, and they fit and fit and fit, and they would'have fit till this time, only you come over with a critter company, and with that company knocked over my ash hopper, and it will cost you two dollars and a half." Well, they did knock the ash hopper to be sure.

The next regular toast is "Dallas," WM. C. SCUPHAM.

I am detailed by the committee of arrangements to recount our participation in the battle of Dallas, but shall venture to disobey orders somewhat, having no fear of extra duty before my eyes, by taking up the thread of history where Sauter has left off and dwell briefly on the incidents of the preceding march so as to give a connected account.

We had crossed the Oostenaula on the pontoon bridge on the 16th of May. Heard the distant thunder of Thomas' guns at Adairsville and Cassville, while we on the extreme right, peacefully threaded our way over some of the finest land in Georgia, with the brightest of skies overhead and all nature smiling serenely around us.

We remained three days on the banks of the Etowah near Kingston, while our great chief was perfecting communications in our rear, and gathering his forces well in hand, to so fling them against the enemy, that Alltoona, his second strong defensive position should fall before us.

Then when all was ready, we crossed the Etowah, marching on the Van Wert road, through an interminable pine forest most of the way, and chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of houses and difficulty of procuring water.

The morning of May 24th found us drawn up alongside of the road, on a wooded hill top, waiting to start. But we were to be in the rear, so we watched brigade after brigade and division after division file past, got our dinner, and then regretfully saw the snail-like wagon train lumber in ahead of us. Very regretfully, because by that time we well knew what it meant to be guarding the train.

Not till 5 o'clock P. M. did we draw out, and then commenced one of the most trying night marches of our experience. With dark it began to rain, adding to the interest of the situation. Our rate of progress was to move along for about ten or fifteen minutes, and then halt for half an hour; then just as we would conclude to improve the time by arranging some rails alongside a fire to snatch a nap and dry our clothes at the same time, on we would start again for an uncertain distance.

A striking feature of this march was that fires were built along the road the entire distance, the rail fences furnishing the ready fuel, presenting a weird and novel aspect when we reached an elevation and looked down upon the tortuous line of fire. By midnight we had accomplished $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, entering Van Wert at 3 o'clock we drew up for camp in an orchard, about 2 miles beyond, very moist, very hungry, and, it is needless to add, very sleepy.

After about three hours sleep and a hasty breakfast we were off again, comparatively happy in escaping from the wagon train. Shortly after noon our advance skirmished with a small force of the enemy, on Pumpkin Vine Creek, making us feel that there was soon to be work for us again. Towards evening we drew up for camp; but just as we had finished supper and, while looking for a display of heaven's artillery in a thickly gathering storm, we heard the unmistakable boom of heavy guns, in the direction of Dallas as we supposed, undoubtedly suggesting to our commanders the propriety of closing up more compactly, for we soon got orders to move out again, and on one of the darkest of dark nights, under a pelting rain, we marched about a mile further, stopping at 9 P. M. for the night, first putting our guns in position on a commanding height, in case the men in gray should call upon us, but every man of us, excepting our trusty guards, finding the soundest and sweetest sleep notwithstanding.

Next day, the 26th, we started out towards noon, our advance skirmishing from time to time with light forces of the enemy who fell back before us readily, though once, about a mile from Dallas, our whole division was deployed in line of battle.

We entered Dallas without serious trouble, and stopped within sight of it for dinner.

When we moved on again, our battery was well in the advance, with only the 116th Illinois and Morgan L. and Giles Smith and their staff ahead of us.

We had gone on about a mile to where the road turned off to the south approaching a wood, into which our advance was just entering, when suddenly there came a rattle of musketry from out the timber, a hissing of bullets around us, and the battle of Dallas had begun.

We all appreciated that we had narrowly escaped falling into an ambush. But the old 2nd division was not easily taken off its guard, and ere many minutes was deployed in line of battle along the edge of the woods, facing the enemy at all points, and our gallant captain had placed our guns in battery on an elevation on the side of the road. There we remained inactive, while the heavy skirmishing ahead and the occasional bringing of a wounded man past us, told of the serious work going on in developing the rebel lines.

After about an hour of this suspense, squad 1's gun was ordered to take position on the front to the left of the road, and soon, we in the rear heard our comrades announcing that Battery B was to take a part in the dispute, while the quick following cheer from the infantry testified their appreciation of our services.

We were wakened early the morning of the 27th by heavy volleys of musketry, and soon we had all our guns in the line of battle, on the left of the road in the woods, with the 6th Missouri supporting us.

In our front was heavy timber and dense underbrush, affording excellent cover for our own and the enemies' sharpshooters, who kept up an incessant popping at each other, making the bullets whistle around us very unpleasantly at times, while we were denied the satisfaction of talking back ourselves.

In the afternoon, one of these stray balls struck Charley Henny in the foot, and deprived squad 2 of the services of its efficient and popular sergeant from that time.

Osterhaus, on our left was heavily engaged, and away to the left we could hear the frequent booming of Hooker's guns, but on our front only constant skirmishing throughout the day occurred.

The morning of the 28th was unmarked by anything unusual in our position. I doubt if the term wilderness applied as fitly to the ground our eastern army fought over, as to our battle-field. The timber and underbrush completely shut out the view 50 yards in front of us, so there was little use for our artillery. It was eminently the place for the sharpshooter. Ours and the enemies' skirmishers were very close, watching each other keenly, and the well aimed firing was almost continuous.

On our right, the ground in front of the 4th division was more rolling. Battery H and the 1st Iowa Battery occupying two wooded hills. Late in the morning the enemies' artillery opened heavily on them, provoking quite an artillery duel, but you all remember the accuracy of H's 20 pounder Parrotts, which soon quieted the rebel guns, so that they only responded sullenly at long intervals, till about 3 o'clock P. M. when an ominous silence ruled along the whole front for a space. Suddenly about 4 o'clock, beginning on the right and rapidly spreading along the entire front, we heard the familiar rebel yell, quickly followed by volleys of musketry and the roar of the 4th division batteries. The battle thunder increased momentarily, and each one of us felt the awful solemnity of the impending crisis. In our immediate front the assault was delayed, but pretty soon our skirmishers came running into our line, when we commenced firing to the right oblique, where we could see the gray clad men occasionally among the trees, but I think we never got a good chance at them as a line of battle.

The brunt of the fight was borne by the extreme right, which it was evidently the intention of the enemy to turn. So fierce was the charge there, that they actually carried the hill of the 1st Iowa battery, and De Gresse, expecting to be attacked from there also, turned two of his guns on them. But they only held the line a few moments, when the 5th Iowa charged them, driving them down the hill with great loss.

We were momentarily expecting these scenes and experiences and every man was braced up and ready for the fiery ordeal, and there was really a feeling of disappointment with most of us when, after half an hour of incessant battle the firing virtually ceased, without our having a real good whack at them. For we

had the old tried 6th Missouri around us, and were confident the enemy could not come near. (You see this was some time before my Andersonville trip.)

I doubt if General Logan ever did better service than on this occasion. There was a spice of Sheridan at Winchester in him that day. Just as the battle opened he came galloping along past our caissons, where he encountered a lot of cooks and camp-followers in full skedaddle to save their precious necks. In his supreme disgust Logan checked his horse, and with a terrible volley of strong bible words, ordered them to halt and to lie down where they were if they were scared, which in their terrified awe some of them actually did.

Then you all remember how noble he looked as he rode along in front of the whole line, in the lull that followed the charge, when we were expecting it to be renewed, the enthusiastic cheers that followed him, and each of you personally felt the inspiration of the act.

We had a striking demonstration of the noise our Napoleons made in the effect upon some of the infantry who were forward of the muzzle of our guns, owing to the oblique direction of our fire: The violent concussion caused several of them to bleed at the nose, and many more were more or less deafened for long afterwards.

Another incident—You can probably recall the handsome team of iron grays that Powell was so proud of, they far eclipsed most of our travel-worn horses, but they had never seen work of this kind before, and when our pieces added their thunder to the increasing battle, while our plain old veterans stood with heads down, scarcely starting after the first discharge, Powell's stylish recruits commenced to rear and plunge, and finally bursting away, they ran till the wheel of the limber came up against a sapling, where the strong artillery harness held them, or squad 5's limber might have gone to a very unhandy distance.

There was a goodly number of prisoners brought in. Those we spoke to belonged to the Florida Brigade. They acknowledged they were very badly used up, and said they supposed we were preparing to fall back and expected to take us in the confusion of the movement. They had on knapsacks, blankets and everything ready to chase us clear back to Chattanooga.

About 11 o'clock P. M. the report circulated that we were to evacuate that line, to close up on Hooker's right about 4 miles away; and about 1 A. M. we were quietly awakened and told to pack up, but no orders to move came, so we returned to our slumbers again.

Sunday the 29th was characterized by the usual continuous skirmishing, but nothing eventful occurred till after dusk, when we again got orders to pack up, and about 9 P. M. had drawn out alongside the road, ready to take our place in the column, which was to begin from the right of the line. About 10 o'clock one brigade of the 4th division had passed us, also the 1st Iowa and Cheeney's Battery, when the firing we had heard faintly far on the left, swelled louder, reached the front of Dodge's command and rose to incessant thunder before Osterhaus.

Who of us can forget the anxiety of that moment? How we felt that we were unprepared? We feared our lines were so weakened by the withdrawn troops, that the enemy might break through somewhere and then the thought of foes swarming around us in the darkness, must have occurred to many of you, or it certainly did to me. But as we hurried back to our position, we heard the lusty cheering of our own men, that we had learned to distinguish, and hope rose again.

I doubt if any member of the 15th Corps, who was there, will ever forget the events of that night.

After the firing had died down, there was a period of quiet, when we began to get composed again, but soon we heard yelling indicating another charge, then a deafening discharge of musketry all along the front, and then Osterhaus' artillery made it seem a veritable pandemonium, the flashes of the guns lighting up the lurid scene to complete the resemblance. This was repeated at intervals all through the night. I have since understood that much of this was a waste of ammunition. The charging was mostly imaginary. But it seemed a certainty to us then, and we stood by our guns waiting and watching all the night through.

The event of the 30th was a visit from General Sherman. Old Billy had come in person, to see if it would be safe for us to pull out. With Logan and their staffs, they proceeded down the

road to inspect our front, and had not gone far when one of the stray bullets, so disagreeably numerous around our position, passed through Logan's sleeve and struck Col. Taylor, who was near Sherman, square in the breast, fortunately penetrating first a thick memorandum book, or our much esteemed first commander had ended his life there. As it was, it inflicted an ugly wound, disabling him from service till the close of the war.

Before daylight on the 31st, squad 5's gun, to which I belonged, was ordered to take position on the skirmish line. We muffled the wheels and pulled it carefully and noiselessly along the road to the advance rifle pits, there we masked the gun with brush, and daylight found us quietly seated behind the breastwork. I doubt if the battery ever got a position in closer quarters than we had then. The rebel riflemen were less than 50 yards away, screened and alert for every shot. To add to our discomfort the ground rose up behind us so there was no safety in lying low and creeping back if we wished to leave the gun for anything.

We saw many infantry men killed and wounded around us. One poor fellow was bringing dinner up for some of his comrades he was stooping but not low enough, for a rebel ball struck his breast with a sickening thud, and he fell dead across my feet.

Fortunately for us we did not have to expose ourselves. We were there in case another charge was attempted, when we could have had it hot and heavy; but as it happened we had nothing to do but take care of ourselves, which we did to the best of our ability.

We were glad indeed, when after dark, we got orders to retire our gun, and so we silently wheeled it back, our hearts rose with every step till we rejoined the battery, which we found once more prepared to make the long expected move to the left.

We were all ready and waiting before daylight on the 1st of June, but we learned that we were assigned the honorable and hazardous duty of guarding the rear of the movement.

We took up a position on a hill a little way back, and stood by our guns while regiment after regiment and battery after battery was drawn out from the lines and marched past. The trying time for our nerves was when we knew the skirmish line was be-

ing withdrawn. We fully expected the enemy would observe that, and follow them in with a charge. I can remember my sensations as I saw the straggling line appear here and there to the front of us, and heard the scattering shots still, back at the rifle pits.

As they approached us we commenced to move back in echelon, and did justice to our old time drilling by executing the movement very handsomely.

Fortunately no enemy appeared. I believe they were making a similar movement at the same time, though from the continual desultory firing, we thought at that time, that we completely fooled them.

Thus ended the battle of Dallas. The loss to our company was trifling compared with other engagements; but it was throughout a period of great anxiety and uncertainty. The continued attempt to get us away, made us feel that something was wrong, that perhaps "some one had blundered." And I think you will all agree with me when I say we were all very glad when we found ourselves safely out of it.

THE PRESIDENT: The next regular toast is, "Kensaw Mt. and Mill Creek," ARTHUR BURNAM.

MR. BURNAM: Before I commence, I wish some one would stand at the door with a club to prevent anyone from going out, as I know most of you will want to go out when I begin.

THE PRESIDENT: Make it short.

MR. BURNAM: It will be very short.

As a soldier must obey orders whether he wishes to or not, so I, in obedience to my superior officer, will attempt to tell what I can remember about Kenesaw and Mill Grove. If you will ask our friend, Jack Vernon, he will tell you there was one order I always obeyed promptly. When his melodious voice called "Dinner Squad Four," I never was the last at the "sow belly" pan.

We had been gradually driving the enemy back towards Atlanta, and the Graybacks they had left behind following out the pugilistic example set them by their former owners, did not take very kindly to ours, and hostilities were at once renewed, and only by superior strategy, were ours victorious, and we allowed

rest. I can remember how it rained the night before the advance on Kenesaw, and early in the morning, looking up to the top of the mountain which was veiled in a mist, thinking if we drove the rebels from there, General Sherman would have his hands full. The 55th Ills., who had just returned from a furlough,—having re-enlisted—were crossing over an open space, a shell thrown at them bursted, killing and wounding several. We had several severe artillery duels with the batteries at the base of the mountain, but they were finally driven back out of range of our Napoleons. Remember how we used to go over to DeGrasse's Battery and see his Parrots fire at the battery on the crest of the hill, as if it were only yesterday, and recollect how I used to hunt the butt of the largest tree when they replied. It was there Lieut. Blaisdell died. He would persist in going with us. I took care of him for a few days. Finally an attack was made all along the lines, and the 57th Ohio, who were on our right, suffered badly. You all remember we took quite an interest in them, as many of them had been detailed to serve with us at one time while we were short-handed, and were good men. The enemy were finally outflanked, and retired towards Atlanta, and we followed on towards the city. We were all congratulating ourselves that so far we had been pretty fortunate. Our term of service would expire in a few days, and as we had passed through some seventeen battles we were not like the Donnybrook man, spoiling for a row. As we lay camped near a creek we saw Capt. Rumsey mount that sorrel horse of his and start off. Pretty soon he returned with the order to "Hitch up." Then we knew trouble was coming. The whole line advanced, and in a few moments the skirmish of Nigger Jack Creek (or as we have it on our discharges, Mill Grove) took place. While it lasted it was as severe as many of the others. I can remember how I felt that day. Was with squad two then, as owing to sickness and losses in battles we had been cut down from a six to a four gun battery. Squads three and four had been divided among the rest. I was assigned to Squad one, and Simpson, the No. 2 on the gun, being sick, I was detailed to go in his place. I really believe I never went into a fight with more fear and trembling than I did that one, for as I have said before, our

time was almost out. None of us were anxious to be hit then, —or any other time. The day was very hot and at one time our gun was so warm that we were obliged to cease firing in order to let it cool. The artillery duel we had with the battery across the creek was lively while it lasted. After I had loaded the gun I could lay down on the ground and take up very little space, while their shells were bursting over us. They were finally driven from their position, and we advanced over the creek and the row was over. As we were crossing, we saw the major of a New Jersey Regiment being embalmed, having been shot through the heart early in the engagement. We still followed on after the enemy till we reached the Chattahooche River, and from there we first saw Atlanta in the distance. Then we were ordered to go to Marietta and start for Springfield to be mustered out. The 15 miles intervening were walked over lively; even our Sgt. Purinton, with his horse, could not get ahead of us, he having improved much in horsemanship since his Bird's Point experience with his Mexican mustang. Let me only say in conclusion:—"Boys, let us keep up these meetings and I solemnly promise you not to inflict any more reminiscences, so you can all come and have a good time."

THE PRESIDENT: Now gentlemen we proceed to, "Atlanta,"
JAMES W. PORTER.

MR. PORTER: Mr. President and Comrades, Atlanta is a serious and not a facetious subject, I must therefore ask you to let me tell you at our next banquet, not this morning, what I know, or don't know about Atlanta. (Cheers).

If I don't know how to make a speech, I know how to keep still as well as anybody.

THE PRESIDENT: Well, what about "Our Supplies," B. F. McCarty, where is he?

MR. TURNER: I move we adjourn.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: We have got to have tattoo and taps, before we adjourn.

THE PRESIDENT: The motion to adjourn is not seconded. Perhaps some of you have some suggestions to make about the future.

MR. DUDLEY: Mr. Chairman, I move you sir, that we now

adjourn to meet some future time to be designated by the old officers of the Battery, let it be in one year or in five years, as they think best.

MR. SHEPHERD: Yes, I think it would be a good idea to designate a day, any year ahead, or appoint a committee to designate the time that it shall be held, and that they give timely notice, six months is not too much, if we want them all there.

MR. SHEPHERD: I would move that the executive committee who have been in charge of this banquet, and its successful occasion, be appointed a committee.

MR. AFFELD: No. I object, I wouldn't serve again.

MR. SHEPHERD: Then I move you, that you appoint a committee to serve for a banquet two years from to-night.

A MEMBER: I move to adjourn.

Motion seconded.

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, you have heard the motion.

MR. SAUTER: I would like to move, that the present officers of Taylor's Battery B Association, be re-elected, until their successors be appointed.

MR. SHEPHERD: I second that motion.

THE PRESIDENT; Well, gentlemen, I don't know that I really understand that motion, unless it be—

MR. SAUTER: That the present officers of the Battery hold their offices until other officers are elected.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: We haven't time to go over our election to-night; these officers have held over for some time, and there should be an election of officers to-night, but as we haven't time I am in favor of Mr. Sauter's motion.

THE PRESIDENT: All in favor of Mr. Sauter's motion say aye. Carried.

MR. PIERCE: I understand that the bugler with us absolutely refuses to take any pay for his services, and I move that a vote of thanks be tendered to him.

Which motion was seconded and carried.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY: I now move that we have tattoo and taps, and adjourn to meet at the basement of the Michigan Avenue Methodist Church, tomorrow evening.

Motion seconded.

THE PRESIDENT; All in favor of the motion, signify the same by saying aye.

Motion carried.

Tattoo and taps were then sounded, and the re-union adjourned SINE DIE.



TO CELEBRATE
THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BATTLE OF BELMONT.

RE-UNION
OF
TAYLOR'S BATTERY

AT THE
GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1886.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

J. M. VERNON, CHAS. E. AFFELD, I. P. RUMSEY,

C. W. PIERCE, JAS. B. DUTCH.

In Memoriam.

All comrades who were present at the Belmont reunion, will remember the pleasant visit we had from Gen. John A. Logan, our old commander on many bloody battle-fields. The General was then temporarily stopping at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and, by request, came into the banquet hall to meet the boys whom he had known so well by reputation and long association during the war. His appearance among us was the signal for a grand ovation, after which, he honored us with a few remarks of a pleasant nature. This visit from the General was his last appearance in public, for very soon thereafter he was stricken with the illness that ended in his death. His memory will always be cherished by the Nation, and especially by those of us whose lives were so closely interwoven with his during those terrible years from '61 to '65. He was a brave, loyal, earnest soldier, and well merited the praise that has been bestowed upon him.

Great soldier! Noble man! We revere his memory. "Requiescat in pace."

ORDER OF EXERCISES
 AT THE
 RE-UNION OF TAYLOR'S BATTERY,

HELD AT THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
 ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
 BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Assembly, - - - E. E. REXFORD, Battery A.

ROLL CALL.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

March to Dining Room to the Music of the Bugle.

Presiding Officer, - - - MAJ. SAM'L E. BARRETT.

Introductory Address, - - - CAPT. I. P. RUMSEY.
 Song, - - - "TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND."

SUPPER CALL.

Report of Taylor's Battery Association, W. T. SHEPHERD.
 Letters and Communications, - - - C. W. PIERCE.
 "Our Honored Dead," - - - H. W. DUDLEY.
 Song, - - - "THE VACANT CHAIR."
 Address,—“Battle of Belmont,” CAPT. P. H. WHITE.
 Song, - - - “RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS.”
 Gen'l W. H. L. Wallace's Report of the Battle of
 Fort Donelson, - - - C. W. PIERCE.
 Song, - - - “KINGDOM COMING.”
 “From Bird's Point to Belmont,” CAPT. I. P. RUMSEY.
 Song, “WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN.”
 Consolidated Batteries A & B at Atlanta, LIEUT. J. B. DUTCH.
 Song, - - - “MARCHING THRO' GEORGIA.”
 Sermon—“Moses, take off dem boots,” H. T. CHAPPELL.
 Song, - - - “OLD SHADY.”
 Andersonville, - - - W. C. SCUPHAM.
 Song, - - - “TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.”

TATTOO.

TAPS.



Battery B, Artillery
 — Reunion and Banquet. —

*Will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel
 Chicago, December 6th 1886.*

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of the
BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Reception from 3 o'clock in Parlor 4th Grand Pacific Hotel.

Banquet at Seven o'clock P. M.

— Reception Committee —

*S. E. Barrett,
 Thos. Whitfield,*

*C. J. Sauter,
 H. W. Dudley;*

*P. Schmur,
 Walter Seates.*

*A prompt acknowledgement of acceptance or regret and
 any communication to be read at the banquet will oblige the*

— Executive Committee —

J. M. Vernon,

C. W. Pierce,

I. P. Rumsey

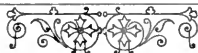
C. E. Affeld,

James B. Dutch,



The preceding page, representing the invitations issued for the banquet on the 25th Anniversary of the Battle of Belmont, is headed with a picture of one section of a field battery, in action behind earthworks. In connection with that picture there is a bit of history which will doubtless be of interest to all comrades, and we give it herewith.

The committee on printing, appointed for that banquet, in casting about for an appropriate heading for the card of invitation, found, in the August, 1886, number of the Century Magazine, this picture, entitled the rebel "Washington Battery of New Orleans on Marye's Hill" at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., in the autumn of 1862. Our committee had not forgotten that we captured the whole of the Washington Battery of New Orleans, at the battle of Belmont, twenty-five years previously, and that our battery, alone, brought off from the field two of the guns, and carried them on the transport with us to Cairo. We thought there could be nothing more appropriate than this picture, to head our cards of invitation for our banquet in commemoration of that battle, and we therefore procured the photogravure copy which is shown herewith.



INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY CAPT. I. P. RUMSEY.

MY COMRADES AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF TAYLOR'S CHICAGO BATTERY:

OUR PRESIDENT asks me to say a few words of welcome, but it is hardly necessary for any one to speak for the rest, as this is a meeting of welcome from each to the other.

Our hearts swell and beat faster as we greet honored comrades, and renew the friendship commenced twenty-five years ago and strengthened as we stood by our guns through the battles of Fredericktown, Belmont, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Holly Springs, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansaw Post, Champion Hills, Siege of Vicksburg, Richmond, La., and Black River—then coming up the Mississippi River with Gen. Sherman to Memphis.—The march with Gen. Sherman to Chattanooga, which march over the Tennessee Mountains with our artillery we remember well—then Mission Ridge—the forced march to Knoxville to the relief of Gen. Burnside, thence to Tellico Plain, Tenn., at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains, the troops resting there while the cavalry followed the retreating rebel cavalry over the mountains into North Carolina.

Returning to Chattanooga we were camped at Larkinsville, Ala. during that unprecedented severe winter of 1863 and '64, and where we received our new battery of Napoleon guns—then through the Atlanta Campaign and in the battle of Resaca, Dallas, and Nick-a-Jack Creek, and the terrible part taken by some of our number at Atlanta—all for what? Money or honor—no, dear comrades, but for our country, whose honor and preservation we loved, and as true american citizens thought more of than we did of our lives.

As we recite these scenes of hardship and danger we have survived, there is mingled with the joy of welcome the love and sadness for our beloved and lamented comrades who fell in the battle and by disease.

The first of our number who fell, and one who has not his superior as a man, a citizen, or a soldier, was Orderly Sgt. Charles W. Everett. He fell at Belmont, twenty-five years ago to-morrow, at about 11 o'clock, struck in the head by a bullet while riding from Capt. Ezra Taylor to Lieut. Barrett.

Soon after another of our best men—Sgt. David F. Chase, received a bullet which disabled him for life. We rejoice to be able to welcome him here to-night, though still carrying that Belmont rebel bullet in his body.

Another noble comrade who was No. 1 on Squad Three—Gen. Geo. Q. White still lives, but since the day of the battle on whose anniversary we meet, has supported but one arm.

We welcome each other, coming from different pursuits—from the pulpit, the bar, the manufactory, the paint-shop, the blacksmith's shop, the farm, the office and the store.

We come from our homes, where we have left our "better-halves" and our 134 children—accounted for—to talk over those days that have bound us so closely together, and we will return to our loved ones with a freshened memory of that from which the Lord saved us, with a keener appreciation of the blessings, for which may we ever praise His great name.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., Oct. 26, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE,

DEAR COMRADE: I cannot say no, and *will* say, that if I can so arrange my business, as to leave it for even a few hours Reunion with my old friends of Battery B, I shall do so. It will be something entirely unforeseen which will keep me from enjoying the occasion. If it would be of interest, I could bring a framed set of the Battery Groups, a Complete Uniform worn then, the Fredericktown cannon ball and some other trinkets.

Yours very truly, WM. T. SHEPHERD.

WAUSAU, WIS., Nov. 1, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR FRIEND: More deeply than words can express, do I regret my inability to be present at the reunion of our old comrades-in-arms in Chicago on Nov. 6th, the invitation to which is just received, with most heartfelt thanks.

Though I cannot then be with you all in person, rest assured I shall be with you in *spirit*, as then, in story and in song of camp and field you will again tell over in laughter and in tears, the thrice-told tales of privations endured, perils encountered, heroic deeds of daring performed, and of many a hard battle fought and won in that noble struggle that had for its object nothing less than the defense and preservation of our grand old Ship of State, which then so proudly rode the storm of civil strife, and which, under God's blessing at last, weather-beaten, storm-tossed and battle-scarred, gallantly and triumphantly made the port of an honorable, lasting and fraternal peace.

With my very kindest regards to all the members of old Battery B who may be present on that occasion, and with the hope that at some future reunion I may have the pleasure of taking each by the hand, and with them of living over again the stirring days of "Auld Lang Syne," believe me

Very regretfully, A. B. WILCOX.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE: I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Battery reunion on the 6th inst., and until within a day or two I have hoped to be with you on that memorable occasion, but circumstances do not favor and I can only send my regrets.

However, I have no particular occasion to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Belmont, I was a non-combatant on that day holding myself in reserve with (I think) the left section in anticipation of a possible attack in the rear. I did my share of shouting, and it might be said of me, as the "Times" said of a distinguished Chicago editor, that "Although he didn't fight himself, he eloquently urged everybody else to fight." My only services were in getting poor Charley Everett and George White to the boat, which I did with as much tenderness as the unusual haste necessary would admit of. Charley Everett and I were boys together in Springfield, Mass., and it was owing to this circumstance that I was appointed Q. M. S.

Perhaps it was fortunate that I did not get into the action at Belmont, as in that event the army might not have had my services at Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg and those glorious

victories might have "passed into history" as triumphs for the Confederate arms.

I recognize the faithful likenesses of Majors Taylor and Barrett at the head of your invitation, and the next time I am so fortunate as to "fill" I shall put enough aside in the "Kitty" to have the picture framed.

It is so long since I have seen any one connected with the glorious Taylor's Battery (except Mr. Machin) that I believe I should feel like a Rip Van Winkle if I found myself in company with my old Comrades. But "alleged" as I have read so much of history that my (alleged) mind is a little confused on certain things, I should like to cross-examine the old Battery members on certain points, in order to know just how I came to have such a wrong impression about certain events in which I was an unimportant actor. For many years I was certain that we were surprised at Shiloh, and although I know now that we were not, I should like to have corroborative proof from—say, Jack Vernon, Lowrey, Herrick, Jim Whittle and others who achieved fame on that bloody day, that they had known for months of the inevitable big fight, and with their cheese-knives in their scabbards were calmly awaiting, with folded arms, the opening gun which was to precipitate that famous conflict about which there has been so much dispute.

As I write, I recall so many of the faces of the old boys—Taylor, Barrett, Pat White, Hart, Rumsey, Chase, Blaisdell, McCoy, Dickinson, Heartt, Wyeth, Towner, Jack Moore, the other Moore, Purinton, Henrotin, Scates, Schnur, Putz, Affeld, Dutch, Dudley, Chappell, Bogue and many others.

Of all these, the only ones that I have seen for many years are Tom Boyd, who is not now visible on Broadway; Pat White, whom I used occasionally to see in Albany, Machin who tells me that he will be with you at the reunion, and Jack Moore who died eight or ten years since, and who for several years prior thereto attended a masonic lodge meeting five nights every week the year round.

Of the rest I was an eye-witness to the fact that some perished in action and I presume that many more are now under the sod, but it would be interesting to look over the roll and find "all present or accounted for."

The strongest friendships I have are for my old Battery comrades, and under any circumstances I shall always have the same cordial greeting for them. If any of "you uns" come this way, come and see me—"My latch-string is always out and I am always in." With kindest regards for all the surviving members of Taylor's Battery, both individually and collectively believe me, as ever,

Yours sincerely,

104 West 43rd St., N. Y., or 29 Park Row. T. P. ROBERTS.

BATAVIA, Nov. 4, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE,

DEAR COMRADE: On receiving an invitation to attend a banquet on the 25th anniversary of the Battle of Belmont, it stirs within me the old patriotic fire which has so long slumbered, only to be awakened by such pleasing occurrences as to meet again with the boys who have faced the dangers of war with me for three long years; when we left our homes and enlisted in the service of our country, we little knew or realized the perils and hardships we would encounter, but I believ  we met them unflinchingly, and discharged all duties that devolved upon us in a manner becoming our station, especially when we met the foe, we welcomed them according to orders from our great General Grant, in brilliant fireworks. Taylor's Battery were generally participants in the illumination, and long will we remember the missiles of death that laid low many of our number who, in early manhood gave their life for liberty and protection to our loved country, and as we assemble here to-day in honor of a glorious victory, and to meet brothers in war, it gives me great pleasure; it also recalls sad memories of those who desperately fought and fell, in achieving a victory that our nation is proud to honor, while they sleep in their mantle of glory, the sleep that knows no waking, unconscious of the laurels they helped to win.

We all remember the glad tidings that our term of service had expired, and that we would gaze for the last time on the once sunny South, then in the midst of a desolate war. Pen can never portray the joy of meeting home and friends once more, and the grand banquet awaiting our arrival. Twenty-two years have passed since then, and we find the sickle of death has not been idle; our loved Colonel has answered the

last roll-call, also many others, and the time will not be long when the summons will come to us, and while we live, that we may often meet in the bonds of a never-dying friendship, is the wish of your Comrade,
 "OLD DAD."

C. W. PIERCE, ROCKFORD, ILL., Oct. 26, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE: My time is so taken up with meeting the requirements of my large District, that I cannot be present at the reunion of Battery B. Please give the comrades my regards, and tell them I have not forgotten the duties of No. 2 on the gun, nor the mess table of Squad 4. I remember with pleasure the kindness of Lieut's Barrett, White and Rumsey. The aid the Affeld brothers gave me, when I was run over on the retreat at Belmont. The fatherly kindness of our then Capt. Taylor. Many events come freshly to mind of which I cannot now speak. Hoping the comrades will have a pleasant reunion. I remain yours in F. L. C.,

G. R. VANHORN.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 28, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE, Chicago,

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of the very kind invitation to attend the reunion and banquet of Battery B, November 6th, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the battle of Belmont. I regret exceedingly that I will be unable to be present, especially so, as I have every reason to feel a particular interest in that engagement. I hope that the gathering will be in every way enjoyable. I am constantly reminded of the pleasant time passed with the Battery, by having in my room several pictures taken at Birds Point, one being of Squad 3, taken while at breakfast.

Very truly yours, G. Q. WHITE.

ST. CHARLES, MICH., Oct. 30, 1886.

C. W. PIERCE, ESQ., Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR OLD COMRADE: I have delayed the acknowledgement of the invitation to the reunion and banquet of Taylor's Battery, hoping to say definitely, yes or no: I am yet anything but positive. But expect to be able to be with you; should anything prevent, I will write a few lines to represent my deep and abiding interest in all that pertains to our old soldier experiences. Very truly yours, D. F. CHASE.

YANKTON, DAK., Oct. 28, 1886.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Battery B, 1st Ill. Artillery.

GENTLEMEN: I regret that I cannot be with you on the occasion of your annual reunion to renew the friendship of honored comrades. Twenty-five years have passed, but our hearts are still drawn closely together by love of country, and by the remembrance of sacrifices which it was our privilege to share with each other for the common good.

May every old soldier by right living, command, and receive the increasing honors with which the passing years shall enrich their memories.

With great respect, your comrade, E. P. WILCOX.

ELGIN, ILLS., Nov. 2, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE,

DEAR COMRADE: Just received word that will take me to St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 4th, and cannot possibly return before next week. Kindly present my regards to all the boys.

Yours truly, J. F. WHITTLE.

GENEVA, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1886.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

Battery B, 1st Ill. Artillery, Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: Your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the old members of Battery B, to be held Nov. 6th next, duly received, with many thanks. I have delayed acknowledging receipt of same, hoping I could so shape my affairs as to accept, but find I cannot consistently do so.

Again thanking you for your kind remembrance, and with best wishes and kindest regards to my old comrades of the Battery, I remain

Sincerely yours, S. P. COE.

PEORIA, ILL., Nov. 4, 1886.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

Battery B, 1st Ill. Artillery, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR COMRADES: I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you on the 6th. I have deferred writing till this time, hoping I could arrange to be with you; but I find it impossible. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." I suppose there isn't a day in the year, that I do not think of my army life, and the old Battery boys; and, especially when attending the G. A. R.

meetings, where I meet a great number of the 17th Illinois and 8th Missouri boys. I never meet them without having some incident of our campaigns brought up; I find they haven't forgotten the old Battery, and seem to feel the same pride in it, as when they helped to pull the old gun off at Shiloh, or supported us at Donelson, Vicksburg, etc. I find also that about every old soldier in the western army remembers and reveres the name of Taylor's Battery; and the mention of the fact, that a person belonged to it, is an *open sesame* to their respect and friendship. I sing to-night for a G. A. R. entertainment, which will perhaps remind you of Moore, McCoy, Wilcox, Sherwood and others of musical turn, and of the songs of *yore*. With respects to all and a wish for your enjoyment of the evening.

I remain yours in Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,

G. T. HATCH

C. W. PIERCE, ST. ANTHONY, IOWA, NOV. 1, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE: I expected to be with you the 6th, but circumstances over which I have no control make it impossible. I cannot tell you how disappointed I am in not being able to meet with you.

Remember me kindly to all who may enquire after yours respectfully,

A. J. PALMER.

LA CROSSE, WIS., Oct. 27, 1886.

FRIEND AND OLD COMRADE PIERCE:

The invitation to the banquet on Nov. 6th next, (being the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Belmont,) duly received.

I shall surely be in Chicago to meet you and all the "Old Boys" whom the "Gods" have preserved so well.

Kindest regards to all who once composed "Taylor's Battery."

Your friend,

CHAS. TURNER.

FRIEND CHARLES: AURORA, ILL., Oct. 28, 1886.

I have received your kind invitation to attend the reunion and banquet, and will be very happy to meet the old comrades once more. We are few, and our ranks are growing less every

year. I can think of some that have passed away since our last reunion, it will not be many years before we will have all passed through the valley.

If nothing prevents I will try and be with you.

B. F. STEPHENS.

ESSEX HOUSE, NOV. 2, 1886.

C. W. PIERCE,

DEAR SIR: Have delayed writing to see if I could make the visit, but circumstances will not allow me the great pleasure.

Give my sincere regards and good wishes to the boys; tell them tho' growing old in years I have the same patriotic zeal for our loved land, and tho' not with them in person, in thought I will be there, and wish I could add my quota of reminiscences of the dreadful but glorious past.

Hoping to meet them all in the near future on some equally pleasant reunion, I remain,

Yours very truly,

W. H. BRADBURY.

DILLON, MONTANA, Oct. 31, 1886.

TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND ALL COMRADES
ASSEMBLED.

GENTLEMEN: I sincerely regret my inability to accept your kind invitation to be present at your reunion to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Battle of Belmont. Nothing would have afforded me greater pleasure than to have met my old comrades once more on such an occasion as that, but lack of time and the great distance between here and Chicago is the *only* reason for my non-attendance.

I trust that you will have a delightful and enjoyable time together, and also hope you will think of me, as well as I do of all those assembled on the evening of Nov. 6th. With the best and kindest of wishes for you all, old comrades, I remain as ever,

Your old Friend and Comrade,

OTHO KLEMM.

AMBOY, Ills., Nov. 4, 1886.

DEAR COMRADES: It is with the greatest reluctance that I deny myself the pleasure of this meeting, but though "absent in body I am with you in spirit," living over in memory those

days of privation, gladly risking life for our country. All honor to our fallen comrades.

Truly your comrade,

ABEL OUSEY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4, 1886.

MR. C. W. PIERCE,

DEAR COMRADE: The invitation to attend a reunion and banquet in commemoration of the battle of Belmont, is duly at hand. I have waited with my answer until now in the hope that I would be able to attend, but find that circumstances over which I have no control will prevent me.

With regard, I am, very truly yours,

NILES T. QUALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1, 1886.

C. W. PIERCE, ESQ., Battery B, 1st Ill. Artillery.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the notice of the reunion and banquet to be held by the old Battery boys at the Grand Pacific Hotel the 6th inst.

It is with profound regret that I am unable to be present on the occasion named, but two thousand miles and repeat is not so easily accomplished, even in these days of progress and rapid transit, especially when we have claims upon us at home. To my knowledge there are no other members of the Battery in this part of the country, and it would afford me much pleasure to represent the Golden State at the reunion.

How I should love to look in upon the "boys," hear many "chestnuts" that will be cracked, the thrilling speeches, the renewed pledges of Fidelity and Loyalty, and to clasp my comrades by the hands, bidding God speed to them all.

Please convey my best wishes for the health, prosperity and long life of each individual member.

Very respectfully and sincerely,

JOHN T. CUTTING.

SENECA, ILL., Nov. 28, 1886.

DEAR COMRADES:

It will be impossible to attend the reunion; my wife is sick and two of my boys have to be at home all the time. I regret

very much that I cannot come. Give my regards to all the boys, tell them I will be with them at some future time.

I have seven sons and one daughter. I live four miles east of Seneca, on a farm of 300 acres.

Yours truly,

JOHN GRAHAM, Commander of Seneca Post 324, G. A. R.

CALIFORNIA, Mo., Oct. 26, 1886.

COMPANY B, 1st Ill. Artillery.

DEAR COMRADES: With gratitude I acknowledge your kindness in remembering me, and desiring my attendance at the reunion to be held on the 6th inst.; although it will be impossible for me to meet with you in body, yet in spirit I shall be there. How fresh comes to my mind the scenes of that memorable day, and while (I think with pardonable pride) I recall those scenes, and the gallant conduct of our men under fire for the first time, yet, amid all the pleasant recollections connected with it, there comes a feeling of sadness as I remember that on that fated field fell one of Illinois' favorite sons—the gallant Everett; in the prime of early manhood, and with talent and ability to rise high in the esteem and affections of his fellows, he offered it all as a sacrifice on the altar of his country; gone, but not forgotten, his noble deeds, and the greatness of his nature, will ever live (as will the other noble dead of Company B) in the hearts of his comrades; although our numbers are growing less, let us so live, that when the roll call is sounded at the great reunion on the other side, we will be ready to answer to our names. With love and kind wishes to all, I remain as ever, your comrade and friend,

J. W. FRAZER.

OUR HONORED DEAD.

Response by H. W. DUDLEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES:

To me has been assigned the duty and privilege of responding to this toast, "Our honored dead." It would almost seem that the words in which the toast is framed were sufficiently expressive of our feelings, but the occasion warrants, and the promptings of our united hearts demand, that we should lay anew the tribute of our affectionate remembrance upon the

graves of those who, being not unmindful of their country's need, in her hour of peril, responded to her call, and as *our* comrades and friends, in the camp, on the march, or field of battle, filled up to the full, the measure of patriotic soldiers, and have been summoned by the great commander to the roll call above.

It is fitting and proper, that, gathered as we are around this bounteous board, we should recall those great hearts, to whom no sacrifice was too great in behalf of our beloved land, and who valued not even their lives when the call of duty came.

What a flood of memories crowd upon us as we call up the names of the departed, some of whom fell in the shock of battle, while others, grievously wounded, lingered in patient suffering until nature was forced to surrender and they yielded up their noble spirits. Still others, stricken by dire disease, resulting from the privations and exposures of camp life were called upon to suffer in rude hospitality, with no mother, wife or sister's loving voice and helping hands to cheer the weary hours, until in weakness, and while longing for home, they wasted into eternity. Others, more fortunate, were permitted to return to their homes and the hearts of their loved ones, to bask for a time in the sunshine of that peace which they were in part permitted to hasten and accomplish.

In view of the wide and long separations incident to our diversified lives, doubtless some of our number have encountered the scythe of the great reaper, without our knowledge, and in giving you the record which I do, it is with the desire that its incompleteness may be the object of your solicitude, to the end that so far as possible we may have a perfect roster of our dead.

The first of our number to be called was S. C. P. Bogue, who was killed in a R. R. accident near Chicago, while temporarily absent from his company, and before the full meaning of war was comprehended. Although he fell not on the field of glory, we doubt not that the spirit which prompted his offer of himself to his country, would have stimulated him to brave and heroic action in the day of battle.

Not long afterwards came the day and battle we to-night celebrate, when we were called to lay upon the altar of our country, one of our bravest and best. Who of us can ever forget the gentle, genial, and yet courageous and manly Charlie

Everett, who grievously wounded during the conflict, was brought in a special car, by the R. R. Co. which he had formerly faithfully served, to his home on the banks of our historic and lovely lake, here to linger a few days, and then to die, the first offering of our company to the God of battles. His was a noble nature and his future was bright with promises, but the call of duty came, and like a true soldier he leaped to its fulfillment, which involved the sacrifice we mourn.

Engraved upon the tablets of your memories, no less than upon the enduring granite at Rose Hill, are the last words, so full of patriotic fire and love of country, of him whose manly form and fresh beautiful face rises before us as we name the hero, Oscar Beckers. His was a devotion to country that found expression in the conscientious discharge of every duty pertaining to the soldiers' life, and was the burden of his thoughts while his life blood ebbed away at Donelson, as while being tenderly carried from the field by some of *you*, he coined those words which have been an inspiration to us, his comrades, through all these intervening years, "I die for liberty, go back boys and man the guns."

Who can estimate the value to coming generations, passing in review before the battery monument in our beautiful cemetery, which commemorates our fallen comrades, of these words of him who so early in life, and so early in our great conflict, proved the sincerity of his devotion to liberty, and left for us and the world, so immortal a heritage.

Hardly had the guns of Fort Donelson ceased to echo when on the Hospital Boat at the landing, the light of life went out for comrade Geo. F. Kingsley, who while not of rugged physical form, was ever faithful and true.

On Shiloh's bloody field was laid to rest the form of Albert J. Putz, whose vigorous manhood and quiet earnestness, in the performance of a soldier's duty had impressed us all. Faithful unto death was the record which he left, and who can ask a better?

Another of our number at the same time having lost, because of severe illness, the light of reason, walked without hindrance from the Hospital boat, into the cold and cruel waters of the Tennessee, and thus Benj. F. Johnson passed from our sight.

Early in the history of our soldier life there was called from our ranks, to official prominence in the eastern army, one, who during his brief experience with us, had entwined himself around our hearts, as perhaps at the time, no other had, because of his soldierly bearing, and active interest that pertained to the common good. We parted from him with mingled feelings of sorrow and gladness, sorrow at our loss, and gladness that his merit had been recognized in his promotion. We could not but consider him one of us, and watched his career with eager interest until in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, Wm. De Wolfe passed from mortal sight.

There rise up now before us the familiar features of three of our number, who during the historic Siege of Vicksburg, yielded up their lives, sealing, almost in the twinkling of an eye, their devotion to their country in their life's blood, as it rapidly flowed away. One of them, the fearless and faithful Fred Thompson, who in his adopted country, proved the same heroic soldier as when, unrolled under the banner of St. George, he had followed to victory the standard of his native land.

Another was the young, quiet and cultured Douglass K. Newell, whose lithe form and beautiful face were the envy of us all, while the third, Henry T. Henrotin, proved to the last his fitness to be enrolled a soldier.

Another of our company who was deemed fit for transfer into a higher field of action, went to the command of a battery of colored light artillery, and in the hotly contested battle of Helena, July 26, 1864, was numbered with the slain, a tireless and faithful soldier with us, Capt. J. T. Lembke proved capable and brave in his new field of action, doing with intelligent loyalty the work to which he was called.

Towards the close of the war was fought the battle of Atlanta, during which we were called upon to part with four more of those who through the previous years had stood by our sides in camp and conflict, doing well the duty which was imposed upon them, even unto the end, when in the storm of battle on July 20th, 1864, they answered the summons of the grim messenger, and panoplied in a soldier's garb, they passed to a soldier's reward.

To you, their comrades, it seems almost unnecessary to re-

call the names of Jacob Dealman, Alex Beidleman, Jno. P. Chalman and Sam'l Hadlock.

What shall I say of those who through pain and suffering went down to the grave through the portals of the hospital, before the dawn of that peace, for which they had striven during months and possibly years of sacrifice. Brave soldiers were they all, loving life, most of them with a passion born of youth and promise, and yet without complaint, yielding it up in the fulfillment of that purpose to which they had dedicated themselves, in order that their country might live. As we call up their names before us, we rejoice in the fellowships once had, and the memories which thickly cluster around them. All honor to Timothy M. Blaisdell, Chas. L. Harrington, Fred Johnson, Chas. Krause, John Chatfield, Jr., Chas. Kinsman, John Mustard, Ora McBride, Wm. B. McIntosh, Wm. R. Rogers, Abner A. Rhodes, Jno. F. Strangberg, Ben. M. Warner and Z. M. Ball.

“ Alas! how few came back
 From battle and from wrack;
 Alas! how many lie beneath a southern sky,
 Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
 And all they fought for won.
 Sweeter, I think their sleep,
 More peaceful and more deep,
 Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
 Could they but hear the grand triumphant strain,
 And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
 Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
 That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
 And in that joy, disdain the foeman's steel.”

In the years which have intervened since doffing the blue garb of the soldier, one by one, our remaining members have been summoned from the cares and responsibilities of earth, to take their stand before the Supreme Judge of nations and individuals, our eyes search in vain to-night for the familiar faces of those who gathered with us around the banqueting boards of the old Revere House, where, welcomed home by the city of our pride, in the midst of fragrant flowers, entrancing music, burning eloquence and toothsome viands, we renewed our pledges of patriotism and love of country, while resuming again our places in the ranks of her citizens.



Geo. P. Kenny, Peter M. Johnson,
Sergt. Geo. L. Parinton,
A. H. Biedleman, W. W. McLaughlin.



Michael Baner, Jno. D. Sattler,
Wm. Taylor,
Corpl. Chas. G. Henney, Jno. Herrick.



R. N. Hull, Jno. W. Frazer,
Jacob Dealman,
Corpl. Albert Dickinson, J. M. Vernon.



Vincenz Smith, Wm. B. McIntosh,
H. W. Dudley,
Jno. Chatfield, Jr., Arthur Burnam.

They have passed from our sight, many of them we have followed with mournful steps to the last resting-place of mortality, and with tender hands consigned them to their mother earth.

Others, having chosen their homes in distant places, have closed their eyes to the world surrounded by other than soldier comrades, mourned doubtless not less sincerely by those endeared to them by later ties. All of these names would I in tenderness bring up before you to-night, that they may fill in the niches of memory's walls, the places, I am sure your affection has appropriately reserved.

The tragic death of our Lieut., Levi W. Hart, who went down in that awful wreck at Ashtabula, Dec. 30th, 1876; of Corporal Wm. Chandler, who was thrown from his carriage in Cleveland and killed, of Howard Cushing, killed while an officer in the regular army in a battle with the Indians, deserve our special mention, while sooner or later the call came in one way or another to Wm. F. Jackson, H. Nelson Towner, Abram Heartt, Wm. N. Taylor, Thos. E. Taylor, Isaac Watts, Sam'l T. Wentworth, Dan'l P. Young, Walter Sherwood, Dan'l W. Sheldon, Edward Speer, Wm. J. Stevens, Horace Reed, Fred C. Russell, Henry F. Lines, Wm. Hea, Jr., Chas. G. Henney, Andrew J. Grant, Sim. Y. Prince, James B. Easson, Thos. J. Ashbrook, Wm. D. Crego, Wm. Blakie, Chas. Edwards, Jno. C. Hadlock, Walter Hinman, W. W. Lowrie, Myron C. Ross, John D. Satler, Walter Simpson, Walter Sherman, Wm. W. Breckbill, Edwin Bancroft, Sam'l D. Newton, Jno. A. Mason, Nelson Crampton, Frank Crampton. Almost last of all, and only a little over a year ago, our well beloved first commander, dear old Capt. Taylor, was wafted from the scenes of his long and heroic service in the battle of life, to the well-earned rest, we trust, of a heavenly home. Those of us who were permitted from time to time to meet the old hero, could not but observe for months his growing feebleness, and we felt that the wound, received in his country's service, coupled with the care and anxiety incident to the whirl of city life, were hastening him on with accelerated speed to the close of his earthly pilgrimage; and so he died, the noble old commander, leaving for us a bright example of lofty heroism, which I trust will prove to each an inspiration while life endures.

At our last reunion, six years ago, in this very place, we looked into the eyes of many whose places are vacant to-night, and so the Reaper will come and go, until we all shall lay aside the implements of earthly warfare and take our places in the silent halls of death.

Be it therefore ours who survive to participate in coming reunions, to cherish with ever-increasing interest, as our numbers grow less, the memory of those, who one by one have been called before; and as from time to time in this pleasant way, we fight over again our earthly battles, let us each so live that in the last great conflict, we may attain unto the victory, which by right belongs, and has been promised to him, who, under the blood red banner of the cross, marches with fidelity and patriotic love, keeping step to the music of Heaven, while our hearts are enchanted by the bright visions of dear ones gone before, who, with eager faces and outstretched arms beckon us on to the delights of the heavenly home.

GEN'L W. H. L. WALLACE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE
OF FORT DONELSON.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND BRIGADE,
1ST DIVISION U. S. ADVANCE FORCES.
FORT DONELSON, Tenn., Feb. 17th, 1862.

MAJ. M. BRAYMAN,

Asst. Adjt. Genl., 1st Division.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade from the time of leaving Fort Henry on the 11th inst. up to the 16th inst. when the Federal forces entered this fortification.

My brigade as formed by order of Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding the district of Cairo, consisting of the 11th Ill. Infantry, Lieut. Col. T. E. G. Ransom commanding; the 20th Ill. Infantry, Col. C. C. Marsh commanding; the 45th Ill. Infantry, Col. John E. Smith commanding; the 48th Ill. Infantry, Col. I. N. Haynie commanding; the 4th Ill. Cavalry, Col. T. Lyle Dickey commanding; Capt. Ezra Taylor's four six-pounder field guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers, and Capt. E. McAllister's battery of three twenty-four pounder howitzers, (1st Ill. Artillery) the whole

constituting the second brigade of the 1st division, commanded by Brig. Gen. Jno. A. McClernand, and containing about 3,400 effective men of all arms.

About noon on the 11th inst. while in camp at Ft. Henry, I received orders from Gen. McClernand to put the infantry and artillery of my brigade on the march, and move out three or four miles on the "Telegraph road" towards this place. At about 4 P. M. the forces designated marched out and encamped on the road four miles from Ft. Henry. At sunrise on the next day (the 12th inst.) I was joined by Col. Dickey's cavalry and marched with my whole command by the Telegraph road toward Ft. Donelson, keeping up frequent communication with Col. Oglesby's 1st brigade, which was moving at the same time by the ridge road, Col. Dickey's cavalry thoroughly reconnoitering the country as the column marched. Soon after noon I came in sight of the enemy's encampment on the opposite side of a creek about a mile in advance. Having caused the road to be reconnoitered and finding the creek impassable on account of backwater from the Cumberland, I moved to the right up the creek and effected a junction with Col. Oglesby's brigade in the low grounds west of Ft. Donelson, where heavy wooded hills intervened between us and the enemy's position. Col. Dickey's cavalry was again thrown forward and reconnoitered the ground in front. Col. Oglesby's brigade moved up the Paris road to the south of Fort Donelson, while I threw my brigade by its front on to the heights, dragging the artillery up the steep, wooded hills. After further reconnoitering the brigade advanced and occupied a ridge south-west of the center of the enemy's fortification, with its right resting on the left of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Some slight skirmishing occurred here, and after resting in the position an hour or more, and further reconnoitering in accordance with orders from Gen. McClernand I moved the brigade by the right flank, following Col. Oglesby's brigade, across the valley, towards the left of the enemy's position. By this time it was dark, and Col. Oglesby's right becoming involved in ground which had not been reconnoitered, and which was very hilly and covered with a dense growth of underbrush, I was ordered by the General commanding the division to return to the position on the west of

the valley, which I did, moving by the left flank, when my brigade rested for the night.

At daylight on the morning of the 13th the enemy opened fire with his artillery from the middle redoubt. Soon afterwards, by order of Gen. McClernand, I marched the 11th, 20th, 45th regiments, and Taylor's battery, to the right across the valley, leaving McAllister's battery supported by the 48th Ill. on the ridge west of the valley, and ordered Col. Dickey's cavalry to move in rear, with detachments thrown toward the right to reconnoiter toward the Cumberland and Dover. Reaching the high grounds east of the valley, Taylor's battery was put in position on the road leading up to Dover, where the left of the enemy's line rested behind earthworks and intrenchments strengthened by strong abattis in front. The whole force continued to move steadily to the right, Col. Oglesby's brigade leading, the artillery of his brigade and Taylor's battery moving on the road, while the infantry was in rear of and near the road. Along this road the artillery advanced, taking successive positions to the right, and keeping up a constant cannonade on the enemy's works on the right and middle redoubt across the valley. The open space afforded a fine opportunity for artillery practice at long range, and Taylor's, Swartz's, and Dresser's guns, warmly returned by those of the enemy in the middle redoubt and the works on his left, presented a rare example of the use of that arm of the service.

About noon I was ordered by Gen. McClernand to detach the 38th regt. (Col. Haynie) to operate with the 17th Ill. (Maj. Smith's command) and the 49th Ill. (Col. Morrison) of the 3rd brigade, in making an assault on the enemy's middle redoubt on the hill west of the valley, supported by the fire of McAllister's guns. This force was under command of Col. Haynie as senior Colonel. They formed in line and advanced in fine order across the intervening ravines, and mounted the steep height on which those works are situated, in the most gallant manner, and under a heavy fire of musketry from the enemy posted in the lines of earthwork. They advanced up the hill, delivering their fire with coolness and precision. The line not being long enough to envelope the works, by order of Gen. McClernand, I detached the 45th Ill. (Col. Smith) to

their support on the right. This regiment advanced in beautiful order down the slope, across the valley, and up the opposite steep with skirmishers displayed in front, and were soon warmly engaged. These operations had given the enemy time to reinforce their position with strong bodies of infantry from his reserves in rear, and field artillery, which opened a destructive fire on the advancing line. The roll of musketry showed the enemy in powerful force behind his earthworks, notwithstanding our own forces charged gallantly up the heights to the very foot of the works which were rendered impassable by the sharp and strong points of brushwood in which it was built. All the regiments engaged in this daring attempt suffered more or less from the enemy's fire.

In the meantime the enemy began to show himself in strength in his entrenchments in front of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Swartz's battery was advanced along the road to within 300 yards of the works, but by being without cannister, they were withdrawn, and by Gen. McClermand's order I directed Capt. Taylor to throw forward two sections of his battery to that position. The position being beyond the right of my line, the infantry support was to be furnished from Col. Oglesby's brigade which was immediately in the rear. These sections took their positions under a most galling fire of rifles and musketry from the enemy's lines. The ground was covered with brush, and some time was required to put the guns in position, and during this time the enemy's fire was very galling, and Taylor's men suffered somewhat from its effects. As soon as his position was gained, however, the rapid and well-directed fire of the sections soon silenced the enemy. The coolness and daring of the officers and men of these sections, directed by Capt. Taylor in person, are worthy of high praise.

The 48th, 45th, 49th and 17th regiments having been ordered to retire from the hill where they had so gallantly assaulted the enemy's works, the 45th and 48th having resumed their positions in my line, and Col. Morrison, commanding the 17th and 49th having been wounded in this assault, those regiments were temporarily attached to my brigade and acted under my orders during the subsequent operations until noon of the 15th. The night of the 13th was one of great suffering and hardship to the

whole command. We lay within point blank musket and rifle range of the enemy's breastworks, and at dark a storm of rain, soon turning to snow, and accompanied by severe blasts, beat upon our unprotected ranks. The pickets of the enemy were out in strong force and a constant firing between their pickets and our own was kept up during the night. The spirits of the men, animated and encouraged by the conduct of the officers, never flagged, notwithstanding they were without tents or fires and exposed to the fierce storm and assailed by the enemy's shot.

During the night it was evident that the enemy was receiving large reinforcements, and when morning broke on the 14th, it showed that they had been busy during the night in erecting new works in commanding positions, and mounting them with guns. McAllister's battery was ordered from the other side of the valley and put into position on the road. During this day my brigade occupied a position a little in the rear of the road and under cover of the brow of the hill, the right resting on the left of Col. Oglesby's line and being within 300 or 400 yards of the salient angle of the enemy's works on his left. We lay in this position most of the day, the order of the regiments from right to left being as follows: 11th, 20th, 48th, 45th, 49th, and 17th--Taylor's battery was posted at the interval between the 17th and 49th, and McAllister's guns were distributed along the front. Dickey's cavalry was in rear and to the right, to observe the enemy and guard the flank. Under instructions from Gen. McClermand I commenced the construction of a small earthwork on the road to cover three or four guns. Mr. Trisilian, of the 49th regt., had charge of the work, which was completed during the night and two of McAllister's guns and a 10-pounder Parrott rifle gun of the 1st Missouri Artillery, were placed in it the next morning. During the whole of the 14th a rambling and irregular fire of sharpshooters was kept up, varied by occasional discharges of artillery. The enemy's shells and round shot fell at times thickly within my lines but the casualties were few.

At day break on the morning of the 15th the enemy threw a heavy force of infantry and cavalry, supported by field artillery and his batteries within the work, out of his entrenchments

and commenced a vigorous assault on the right flank of the whole line. The attack was continued with great spirit, and gradually drove back our extreme right. About seven o'clock A. M. the 11th and 20th Ill., on my right, became engaged with a heavy force of the enemy's infantry. They charged up the hill and gained the road in front of my position, but the moment the rebel flag appeared above the crest of the hill a storm of shot from the 11th and 20th drove them back in confusion. Again a new and fresh line of infantry appeared, and I ordered the whole line, except the 17th and the left wing of the 49th, to advance and occupy the hill. The 11th, 20th, 48th and 45th with a portion of the 49th, advanced boldly and in fine order to the brow of the hill where they were exposed, uncovered, not only to the fire of the enemy's infantry, but to a raking fire from one of the enemy's batteries of artillery across the valley. They opened fire supported by Taylor's battery and two of McAllister's guns (one having been disabled by a shot from the enemy's cannon) and for some time the conflict was strong and fierce. But at length the strong masses of the enemy's infantry gave way before the steady, well-directed and continued fire of the right of my line. They fell back, however, only to give place to another line of fresh troops who advanced to their support and who were also compelled by the steady unflinching valor of our men to give way.

In the meantime there were indications that the enemy were gaining some advantages on the right of the whole line. Reinforcements consisting of Kentucky and Indiana troops, had been sent forward past my position to support the right, but notwithstanding this, it became evident to me from the sounds, and from the direction of the enemy's shot which began to rake my line from the rear of my right, that the right of the line was giving way. My orders being peremptory to hold that position of the line occupied by my brigade to the last extremity, I sent one of my aides to Gen. McClernand with information of the state of affairs, and to express my fears that my right flank would be completely turned unless re-inforcements should be speedily sent to that quarter. Finding that no re-inforcements were within reach, and Gen. McClernand having left me discretion to withdraw if I found my position

untenable, and seeing that the enemy steadily advanced on my right flank and was speedily gaining my rear, and many of the corps having exhausted their ammunition, I gave orders to move the whole brigade to the rear up the road with a view of forming a new line of battle. Before this order was given, all our troops on the right of my brigade had fallen back except the 31st Ill., Col. John A. Logan, who occupied the left of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Immediately adjoining the 31st and on the right of my line was the 11th Ill., Lieut. Col. T. E. G. Ransom commanding. When the order to retire was given it failed to reach Lieut.-Col. Ransom who, with the 11th regt., was gallantly supporting the 31st against a fierce onslaught on their right. Rapidly as gaps were opened in the ranks by the enemy's fire, they were as promptly closed to the right, and the shortening front alone showed the destructiveness of that fire. Soon the 31st, their ammunition having failed, retired to the rear under a most galling fire, with all the coolness and precision of veterans.

In the meantime the order to retire was being executed in good order by the other regiments of the brigade, the character of the ground rendering it impossible for me to see the whole line at once, and when the 11th changed their front they were exposed to a fire in front and on both flanks, and the enemy's cavalry charging upon their flank they were thrown into some confusion and retired, but steadily and in comparatively good order. After falling back some half a mile I halted the brigade and as speedily as possible procured a supply of ammunition and formed a second line of battle. At this point Col. Ross of the 17th Ill. arrived on the field and took command of the 17th and 49th regts., and we were reinforced by some troops of Gen. Lew. Wallace's division, and with their aid and the assistance of Taylor's artillery, and some pieces of Dresser's and Willard's batteries, the advance of the enemy was checked and he was driven within his intrenchments, leaving a large number of his dead and wounded on the field.

At night my brigade was withdrawn to a hill between the valleys, so as to be within easy supporting distance of either wing, when I rested until morning. With morning (the 16th) came the news that the enemy had surrendered. The whole

brigade was instantly formed and marched down the valley into the center of the enemy's works, where we hoisted the Union flag upon the inner intrenchments of the fort and fired a federal salute from Taylor's battery. Dickey's cavalry were so disposed as to cover all the approaches and prevent the escape of prisoners, and rendered very effective service in securing and bringing in prisoners during the day.

Would that my task could end here, with the record of the endurance, bravery and heroism of our troops crowned, as it were with such signal success. The loss of my brigade has been heavy, as the annexed list of killed, wounded and missing will show. The right of my line was more widely engaged on the 15th than any other portion, though all were under heavy fire for hours. The 11th regt. being posted on the right of my line suffered more than any other regiment, having 67 killed on the field. The 20th regt. which stood next to the 11th was the next heaviest sufferer, having 18 killed on the field. The 48th, 45th, 49th and 17th suffered a considerable loss in the operations of the 15th. In my original brigade every Lieut. Col. of infantry was either killed or wounded on the 15th. Lieut.-Col. Wm. Erwin, of the 20th Ill., while nobly animating his men and adding new laurels to those he so nobly won at Buena Vista, was struck down by a cannon shot from the enemy's battery. Lieut.-Col. Thos. G. Smith, 48th Ill., had distinguished himself in the gallant attack of the 13th, he being in command of his regiment on that occasion. Col. Haynie, as senior colonel, being in command of the whole force detached on other service. Early in the engagement of the 15th Lieut.-Col. Smith, while leading his men up the hill to meet the enemy, received a mortal wound, of which he died in about an hour. Lieut.-Col. Ransom, commanding 11th Ills., was struck in the shoulder by a minnie ball; merely calling Maj. Nevins to the command till his wound could be temporarily dressed, he resumed the command and remained with his regiment throughout the day. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Maltby, of the 45th regt., while encouraging and animating his men, was shot through the thigh and severely, though I trust not fatally, wounded.

I cannot find words in which fittingly to express the debt of obligation and gratitude I bear to the officers commanding corps for the prompt, fearless, cool manner in which my commands were carried out. In every instance (except one, and that resulted from the stupidity of an orderly) my orders were perfectly understood and carried into effect with promptness and perfect order. I have already spoken of the part borne by the 11th Ill. under Lieut.-Col. Ransom. Both he and Maj. Nevins are deserving of the attention of the department. Col. C. C. Marsh, of the 20th Ill., exhibited the utmost courage, coolness and self-possession on the field, managing his men with all the order of parade. Maj. Richards of the 20th also acted with great bravery. Col. Haynie and Maj. Sanford, of the 48th; Col. John E. Smith and Maj. M. Smith, of the 45th; Lieut.-Col. Pease, of the 49th, and Capt. Bush, commanding the 17th Ill., all distinguished themselves by their bravery, and contributed by their example to the attainment of the brilliant result.

The conduct of Capt. Ezra Taylor, commanding Light Battery B, during the whole series of engagements, was such as to distinguish him as a daring, yet cool and sagacious officer; pushing his guns into positions that were swept by the enemy's shot, he, in person, directed the posting of his sections and in very many instances himself sighted the guns. Such conduct found its natural reflection in the perfect order and bravery that characterized his entire command. His battery of six pieces fired 1,700 rounds of ammunition during the engagement, being an average of about 284 rounds to the gun.

McAllister's guns did good service. They were three 24-pounder howitzers, without caissons, and with a limited supply of ammunition, and without a full complement of men. One of them lost a wheel, shot away on the 13th, but it was supplied from the limber. On the 15th the trail of another howitzer was broken, and it was rendered useless. They fired all their ammunition, about 50 rounds to the piece. The cavalry of the brigade (4th Ill., Col. Dickey,) did excellent service in reconnoitering and in holding the enemy in check on the right. Lieut.-Col. McCullough, Maj. Wallace, Capt. Rockwood, and Capt. Townsend are worthy of particular mention for services

rendered. The field music and bands of the several regiments and corps rendered very effective service in taking care of the wounded, especially in the 11th and 20th regts. The band of the 11th lost their instruments.

The surgeons and hospital assistants of the entire command performed their painful but important duties in a manner highly creditable. To Surgeon Goodbrake, acting brigade surgeon, I feel under especial obligation. Surgeons Kitts, of the 45th; Long, of the 11th; Asst. Surgeons Hunt, of the 11th; Luce, of the 4th cavalry, and Young, of the 48th Ill., also rendered valuable assistance. I wish also to return thanks to Surgeon Edgar, of the 32nd Ill., for attentions to the wounded of my command. Chaplains Pearson, of the 11th and Button of the 20th, were indefatigable in their attentions to the wounded and in collecting and burying the dead.

I wish also to call the attention of the general commanding the division to the conduct and bearing of my staff lieutenant, Israel P. Rumsey, of Taylor's Battery, aide-de-camp and acting Asst. Adjt. Gen.; and Lieut. G. I. Davis, 11th Ill. acting Brigade Q. M. and Commissary, also aide-de-camp; active, intelligent, ardent and brave, they were ever ready to render any aid in their power, riding to every part of the field amid the hottest fire, and by their daring and coolness contributed much towards the success of the day. Private Geo. E. Church of Taylor's battery who acted as one of my orderlies, is worthy of commendation for bravery and self-possession on the field. Many instances of individual daring occurred that are worthy of mention, but where all acted their part so nobly, comparisons seems invidious. I cannot forbear citing two instances to which my attention has been called by commanders of regiments. Corporal Smith, of Company E, 17th Ill., distinguished himself by great personal bravery in skirmishing with the enemy. Corporal Armstrong, of Company H, 11th Ill., when the color sergeant of the regiment was shot down and the colors fell, rushed to the spot, and seizing the flag, bore it from the field amid a storm of balls. The flag itself was riddled with shot.

In order to a due appreciation of the courage, endurance and fortitude of the men by whom this victory has been won, it

must be borne in mind that they marched from Ft. Henry without transportation or tents or rations, except what they carried, that they were exposed for three days and nights without tents and almost without fires, being so near the enemy's lines as to render fires imprudent; that the weather was extremely severe; two nights they were thus exposed, being accompanied with driving storms and severe cold; that during the whole three days they were under fire and were compelled to bivouac in line of battle with their arms in their hands. Added to this, most of them had never seen a battle and but few had ever heard a hostile shot. Under all these circumstances, it is certainly a just matter of congratulation that so long and fierce a conflict against an intrenched enemy, fighting on a position well known to him and unknown to us, and so greatly superior in artillery, has resulted so gloriously to our arms.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. L. WALLACE,

Col. Comdg. 2nd Brig., 1st Div.

————NOTE.————

It is with sincere regret that we are obliged to publish the incomplete proceedings of our Belmont reunion. Many of the responses were extempore and as no shorthand notes were made they cannot be recalled. A number of the manuscript responses have not been preserved and we are obliged to do without them, hoping that what has been preserved will prove interesting to many, if not all, of our surviving comrades.

Our reunions have each been very pleasant and we hope to have many more of them, feeling, meanwhile, that our ranks will continually grow less and each succeeding reunion will witness a fewer number of comrades convened together.

The list of surviving comrades we fear is incomplete both as to addresses and names, but it is compiled after diligent inquiry, and is the best we are able to make from the information at hand.

As many communications which are sent to comrades are returned, owing to change of residence, that each man will try and advise either Comrades Sauter, Affeld or Pierce of any change of address, so that the record may be kept complete.

We are indebted to Comrade Scates for the compilation of the complete roster of the battery.

Now, dear comrade, having reluctantly started on the work of compiling this book, we have continued it with many fears and misgivings, and close it with the hope that it will receive the kind consideration of our comrades, for whom it is especially made, and be viewed with charity by others into whose hands it may chance to come.



Robt. N. Finney, Chas. Martin,
 Wm. H. Bradbury,
 Sergt. Abe Heardt, Chas. Turner.



Jno. A. Peckham, Saml. D. Newton,
 Sergt. Walter Sherman,
 Peter Schnur, Wm. L. Heardt



Wm. H. Allanson, Wm. Hea, Jr.,
 Chas. U. Stevenson,
 Corp. Wm. Turner, Walter S. Hinman.



Michael Lynch, Chas. Edwards,
 Chas. Kinsman,
 H. R. Clark, Andrew J. Palmer.

ROSTER OF CO. B, 1st ILLINOIS LIGHT ARTILLERY, TAYLOR'S BATTERY.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF RANK OR ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.				
Ezra Taylor,	Chicago,	May 15, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Major, Oct. 23, 1861.—Colonel May 6, 1863.
Samuel E. Barrett,	"	Oct. 23, 1861,		Promoted Major, Feb. 25, 1863.
Israel P. Rumsey,	"	Feb. 25, 1863,	Aug. 15, 1863,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.				
Samuel E. Barrett,	Chicago,	May 15, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Captain, Oct. 23, 1861.
Levi W. Hart,	"	May 15, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sen. 1st Lieut., Oct. 23, 1861—Capt. Co. H, 1st Ill. Lt. Art. Feb. 22, 1863.
Patrick H. White,	"	Oct. 23, 1861,		Promoted Capt. Chicago Mercantile Battery, Feb. 24, 1863.
Timothy M. Blaisdell,	"	Feb. 25, 1863,	Aug. 15, 1863,	Promoted Sen. 1st Lieut. Aug. 20, 1863. Died near Mill Grove, Ga., July 5, 1864.
William W. Lowrie,	"	Aug. 20, 1863,	Oct. 6, 1863,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.				
Patrick H. White,	Chicago,	May 15, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Jun. 1st Lieut., Oct. 23, 1861.
Israel P. Rumsey,	"	May 15, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sen. 2nd Lieut., Oct. 23, 1861—Capt. Feb. 25, 1863
Theodore P. Roberts,	"	Mar. 1, 1862,		Resigned Aug. 20, 1863.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF RANK OR ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS. William J. McCoy,	Chicago,	Feb. 22, 1863,	Sept. 11, 1863,	Promoted Sen. 2nd Lieut., Aug. 20, 1863. Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William W. Lowrie, George J. Purinton, FIRST SERGEANTS. Charles W. Everett,	" " Chicago,	Feb. 25, 1863, Aug. 20, 1863, May 16, 1861,	Aug. 15, 1863, Oct. 19, 1863, July 16, 1861,	Promoted Jun. 1st Lieut., Aug. 20, 1863. Mustered out July 23, 1864. Wounded at Belmont, Nov. 7, 1861, and died at Chicago, Nov. 21, 1861.
Theodore P. Roberts, Timothy M. Blaisdell, Edward P. Wilcox, Q. M. SERGEANTS. Theodore P. Roberts, Benjamin F. McCarty,	" " Chicago, "	Dec. 1, 1861, April 15, 1862, Aug. 15, 1863, May 16, 1861, Dec. 1, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Jun. 2nd Lieut., Mar. 1, 1862. Promoted Jun. 1st Lieut., Feb. 25, 1863. Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864. Promoted 1st Sergeant, Dec. 1, 1861. Mustered out July 23, 1864.
SQUAD 1 Abraham Heartt, 2 Jabez H. Moore,	Chicago, "	June 16, 1861, May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861, July 16, 1861,	Discharged Jan. 28, 1863, for disability. Discharged Mar. 25, 1862, for promotion 1st Lieut. Co. L, 2nd Ill. Lt. Art.
3 David F. Chase,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged June 19, 1862, disabled by wounds received at Belmont.
4 George L. Purinton, 5 H. Nelson Towner,	" "	May 16, 1861, May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861, July 16, 1861,	Promoted Jun. 2nd Lieut., Aug. 20, 1863. Discharged Mar. 2, 1862, for promotion 2d Lieut. Co. C, 2nd Ill. Lt. Art.
6 James F. Whittle, 5 Bela H. Fluskey,	" "	May 16, 1861, Mar. 2, 1862,	July 16, 1861,	Resigned Sergeantcy Mar. 1, 1863, and M. O. as private, July 23, 1864. Wounded at Fort Donelson, Feb. 13, 1862 Discharged Oct. 14, 1862, for promotion 2nd Lieut. Co. M, 1st Ill. Lt. Art.
2 Wm. H. Prince, 3 William J. McCoy, 5 James B. Eason, William W. Lowrie,	" " " "	April 1, 1862, June 20, 1862, Oct. 14, 1862, Feb. 1, 1863,	July 16, 1861,	Resigned Sergeantcy Feb. 1, 1863, and M. O. as private July 23, 1864. Promoted Jun. 2nd Lieut., Feb. 22, 1863. Mustered out July 23, 1864. Promoted Sen. 2nd Lieut., Feb. 25, 1863.

SQUAD	NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE	DATE OF RANK OR ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
	SERGEANTS.				
1	Walter Sherman,	Chicago,	Feb. 1, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
6	Edward P. Wilcox,	"	Mar. 1, 1863,		Promoted 1st Sergeant, Aug. 15, 1863.
2	Daniel P. Young,	"	Aug. 15, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
6	Charles G. Henny	"	Aug. 15, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864. Was wounded at Dallas, Ga., May 26, 1864.
3	William D. Crego,	"	Sept. 11, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
4	Charles B. Andrews,	"	Oct. 19, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	CORPORALS.				
1	William N. Taylor,	Chicago,	July 8, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant, Major 1st Ill. Lt. Art., July 1, 1863.
2	William H. Prince,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 2, April 1, 1862.
3	William J. McCoy,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 3, June 20, 1862.
4	William W. Chandler,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Dec. 24, 1861, for promotion 2nd Lieut. Co. E, 1st Ill. Lt. Art.
5	Bela H. Fluskey,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 5, Mar. 2, 1862.
6	John C. Hadlock, Jr.,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Nov. 30, 1863, for promotion as Lieut. in 3rd La. Battery.
1	Walter Sherman,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 1, Feb. 1, 1863.
2	Justus C. McGrath,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 15, 1861,	Resigned Corporalship April 1, 1862, and discharged for disability, May 3, 1862.
3	John A. Moore,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Feb. 19, 1863, for disability.
4	Albert Dickinson,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
5	James B. Eason,	"	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 5, Oct. 14, 1862.
6	B. Franklin Lilly,	"	June 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 31, 1862, for disability. Was wounded at Ft. Donelson, Feb. 13, 1863.
4	Charles G. Henny,	"	Jan. 1, 1862,		Promoted Sergeant Squad 6, Aug. 15, 1863.
5	Jonas F. Lembke,	"	Mar. 2, 1862,		Discharged Nov. 30, 1863, for promotion.
2	William W. Lowrie,	"	April 1, 1862,		Promoted Sergeant Squad 2, Feb. 1, 1863.
3	William T. Shepherd,	"	June 20, 1862,		Resigned Corporalship Feb. 1, 1863. Promoted, Sgt. Mjr. 1st Ill Art. Feb. 18, 1864.
1	William Turner,	"	Aug. 1, 1862,		Resigned Corporalship, April 1, 1863. Promoted Artificer Oct. 19, 1863.

SQUAD	NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF RANK OR ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
	5 George T. Hatch, SERGEANTS.	Chicago,	Oct. 14, 1862,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	6 Benjamin F. Stephens,	"	Nov. 1, 1862,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	3 William D. Crego,	"	Feb. 1, 1863,		Promoted Sergeant Squad 3, Sept. 11, 1863.
	1 Peter Schnur,	"	Feb. 1, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	2 Edward Rook,	"	Feb. 1, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	3 Harmon T. Chappell,	"	Mar. 1, 1863,		M. O. Jan. 1, 1864, and re-enlisted as veteran Jan. 2, 1864, and reappointed Corporal same day.
	1 Schuyler P. Coe,	"	April 1, 1863,		Transferred to new Co. A July 12, 1864. Captured near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
	2 Daniel P. Young,	"	April 1, 1863,		Promoted Sergeant Squad 2, Aug. 15, 1863. Wounded at Vicksburg, May 20, 1863.
	4 John M. Vernon,	"	Aug. 15, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864, as private, having resigned Corporalship March 5, 1864.
	2 William W. Breckbill,	"	Aug. 15, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	3 Sidney Peckham,	"	Sept. 11, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	6 Charles E. Affeld,	"	Dec. 1, 1863,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	5 Valancourt E. Hathaway,	"	Dec. 1, 1863,		Transferred to new Co. A July 12, 1864.
	3 Harmon T. Chappell,	"	Jan. 2, 1864,		Discharged Mar. 10, 1864 for promotion 2nd Lieut. 3rd La. Battery.
	4 Arthur Burnam, BUGLER.	"	Mar. 5, 1864,		Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	Manning S. Poole, ARTIFICERS.	Chicago,	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Feb. 3, 1863 for disability.
	Charles B. Andrews,	Chicago,	July 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 4, Oct. 19, 1863.
	George E. Church,	"	July 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Dec. 19, 1862, as supernumerary.
	Charles F. Stark,	"	July 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Oct 17, 1863, for disability.
	Andrew J. Grant,	"	July 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
	Niles T. Quales,	"	Aug. 16, 1861,	Aug. 16, 1861,	Discharged Feb. 1, 1863, as supernumerary.
	William Turner, WAGONER.	"	Oct. 19, 1863,		Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
	Simeon Y. Prince.	Chicago,	May 16, 1861,	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
PRIVATE.			
H. Lon Adair,	Quincy, Ill.,	Sept. 6, 1861.	Discharged Mar. 1, 1863, for disability.
Walter F. Adams,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 31, 1862, for disability.
Charles E. Affeld,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 6, Dec. 1, 1863.
Frank O. Affeld,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864. Wounded at Kenesaw Mtn., Ga., June 26, 1864.
William H. Allanson,	"	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
John S. Anderson,	Rockford, Ill.,	Jan. 4, 1864.	Transferred to new company A, July 12, 1864.
Thomas J. Ashbrook,	Jacksonville, Ill.,	Aug. 17, 1861.	Transferred to new company A, July 12, 1864.
Theodore H. Aspinwall,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 26, 1861,	Discharged Aug. 5, 1862, for disability.
Zebina M. Ball,	"	July 25, 1861,	Died May 14, 1862, at hospital, St. Louis, Mo., of typhoid fever.
Edwin Bancroft,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Nov. 30, 1863, for promotion Lieutenant in 3rd La. Art.
Jeffrey Beck,	Iuka, Miss.,	Mar. 18, 1862,	Discharged Mar. 2, 1863, for disability.
John Beck,	"	Mar. 18, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Oscar E. Beckers,	Chicago, Ill.,	Aug. 29, 1861,	Killed in battle at Ft. Donelson, Feb. 13, 1862.
Alexander H. Beidelman,	"	Jan. 20, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; killed near Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.
Timothy M. Blaisdell,	"	July 25, 1861,	Promoted 1st Sergeant, Apr. 15, 1862.
William Blakie,	"	July 30, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 31, 1862, for disability.
S. Curtis P. Bogue,	"	July 16, 1861,	Died Jan. 13, 1862, at Hyde Park, Ill., from injuries received on I. C. R. R.
Michael Bauer,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Thomas Boyd,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William H. Bradbury,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
William W. Breckbill,	"	July 21, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 2, Aug. 15, 1863.
William D. Briggs,	"	Aug. 30, 1861,	Re-enlisted as Veteran, Jan. 2, 1864, and transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
John A. Brown,	"	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Arthur Burnam,	"	July 21, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 4, Mar. 5, 1864.
George B. Burns,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Francis D. Cammann,	"	Dec. 23, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
John P. Chalman,	Chicago, Ill.,	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; killed near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
Harmon T. Chappel,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 3, Jan. 2, 1864.
John Chatfield, Jr.,	"	Aug. 22, 1861,	Died Nov. 23, 1863, at hospital 15th A. C., Bridgeport, Ala.; of dysentery.
Charles H. Clark,	Dixon, Ill.,	Nov. 17, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Henry R. Clark,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Henry B. Cobb,	"	Aug. 2, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Schuyler P. Coe,	"	Sept. 17, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 1, Apr. 1, 1863.
James Corbet,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged July 31, 1861, for disability.
Franklin Crampton,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Nelson Crampton,	"	July 23, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
William D. Crego,	Chicago, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Promoted Corporal Squad 3, Feb. 1, 1863.
Howard Cushing,	"	Mar. 24, 1862,	Discharged Nov. 30, 1863, for disability.
John T. Cutting,	"	July 24, 1861,	Discharged July 7, 1862, for disability.
Charles D. Dana,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Apr. 20, 1862, for disability.
Jacob Dealman,	"	Aug. 27, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864, and killed near Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1864.
William D'Wolf,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Mar. 13, 1863, for promotion 2d Lieutenant, 3d U. S. Art.
Nathaniel D. Dexter,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged May 9, 1862, for disability.
Henry W. Dudley,	"	Sept. 1, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Cornelius W. Dumond,	"	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
James B. Dutch,	"	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles H. Eckert,	"	Aug. 9, 1862,	Discharged to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles Edwards,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 31, 1862, for disability; wounded at Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862
Thomas Ellis,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Robert N. Finney,	"	Apr. 9, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles Fleetwood,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged July 8, 1862, for disability.
John W. Frazer,	Wilmington, Ill.,	Aug. 29, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; captured near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Isaac Garringer,	Locust Grove, Ia.,	Apr. 2, 1864,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; wounded at Dallas, Ga., May 26, 1864; died May 25, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
John W. M. Gortney,	Iuka, Miss.,	Mar. 18, 1862,	Deserted near Corinth, Miss., June 6, 1862.
James Graham,	Ottawa, Ill.,	Sept. 16, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Samuel Hadlock,	Elgin, Ill.,	July 29, 1861,	Re-enlisted as veteran Jan. 2, 1864, and transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864, and killed near Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1864.
Melville Hall,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles L. Harrington,	Chicago, Ill.,	May 6, 1862,	Died June 25, 1862, in hospital at Lafayette, Tenn., of typhoid fever.
George T. Hatch,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 5, Oct. 14, 1862.
Valaucont E. Hathaway,	"	Sept. 28, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 5, Dec. 1, 1863.
William Hatheway,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged Nov. 6, 1863, for promotion.
William Hea, Jr.,	"	July 25, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 3, 1862, for disability.
William L. Heart,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; captured near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.
Horace S. Hebard,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William H. Henderson,	Springfield, Ill.,	Dec. 3, 1863,	Deserted, never reported to the company.
Charles G. Henny,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 4, Jan. 1, 1862.
Henry F. Henrotin,	"	July 16, 1862,	Died May 28, 1863, in field hospital, Vicksburg, of wounds received May 26, 1863.
John Henry,	"	Jan. 13, 1862,	Re-enlisted as Veteran Jan. 15, 1864, and transferred to new Co. A.
John Herrick,	"	July 24, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
George J. Hess,	Mishawaka, Ind.,	Aug. 27, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Friedrich Hennessee,	Chicago, Ill.,	Dec. 22, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Joseph S. Higgins,	"	June 18, 1862,	Transferred to Invalid Corps, Sept. 30, 1864.
Walter E. Hinman,	"	July 25, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Richmond N. Hull,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
David L. Humphrey,	"	Dec. 20, 1861,	Discharged Oct. 3, 1862, for disability; wounded at Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862.
Robert J. Hunt,	"	Aug. 15, 1862,	Discharged Apr. 19, 1863, for promotion.
Charles F. Jackson,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William F. Jackson,	Elizabethtown, Ill.,	Apr. 25, 1864,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Benjamin F. Johnson,	"	July 16, 1861,	Drowned at Pittsburg Landing, Apr. 7, 1862.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Frederick Johnson,	Chicago, Ill.,	Aug. 6, 1862,	Died Dec. 20, 1862, in hospital at Memphis, Tenn.
Godfrey Johnson,	"	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Peter M. Johnson,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
John S. R. Jones,	"	Aug. 1, 1861,	Deserted at Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 25, 1862.
George F. Kenney,	"	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William King,	"	July 22, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
John E. Kingsbury,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
George A. Kingsley,	"	July 16, 1861,	Died Feb. 21, 1862, at Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Charles Kinsman,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Died Oct. 28, 1863, in hospital at Iuka, Miss.
Otto Klemm,	"	July 25, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Charles Krause,	"	May 16, 1862,	Died Feb. 11, 1863, at Chicago.
Lewis F. Lake,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Jonas F. Lembke,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 5, Mar. 2, 1862.
Henry F. Lines,	"	Apr. 29, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Jasper D. Loomer,	Lockport, Ill.,	Sept. 18, 1861,	Discharged Jan. 28, 1864, for disability.
William W. Lowrie,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 2, Apr. 1, 1862.
William Lyle,	"	July 16, 1861,	Deserted at Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 12, 1862.
Michael Lynch,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Ora McBride,	"	May 22, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; died May 26, 1865, at hospital, Memphis, Tenn.
Benjamin F. McCarty,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Q. M. Sergeant, Dec. 1, 1861.
William C. McCormick,	"	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Peter McGee,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William R. McIntosh,	"	Aug. 9, 1862,	Died Mar. 2, 1863, in hospital at St. Louis, Mo.
William W. McLaughlin,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged May 9, 1864, for disability.
Charles H. Machin,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for promotion June 8, 1862; wounded at Ft. Donelson, Feb. 15, 1862.
Francis N. Marion,	"	Jan. 4, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles Martin,	"	Nov. 28, 1861,	Deserted at Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 20, 1862.
Lewis H. Martin,	"	July 26, 1861,	Deserted at Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1862.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Tyler A. Mason,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 18, 1861,	Discharged for promotion, Mar. 26, 1862; wounded at Ft. Donelson, Feb. 15, 1862.
Peter Morrison,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
John Mustard,	"	July 16, 1861,	Died Apr. 21, 1864, in hospital at Vicksburg, of acute bronchitis.
Douglas K. Newell,	"	Nov. 2, 1862,	Killed at siege of Vicksburg, May 20, 1863.
Samuel D. Newton,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Mervin R. Oliver,	"	July 26, 1862,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Charles Otis,	Barrington, Ill.,	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Abel Ousey,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 27, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Andrew J. Palmer,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Ira Peaslee,	"	July 26, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; re-enlisted as veteran Jan. 2, 1864.
John A. Peckham,	"	July 26, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Sidney Peckham,	"	July 23, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 3, Sept. 11, 1863.
Charles W. Pierce,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Francis Pond,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Oct. 31, 1862.
James W. Porter,	"	July 16, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; re-enlisted as veteran, Jan. 2, 1864.
John W. Powell,	"	Aug. 22, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Albert J. Putz,	"	July 16, 1861,	Killed at Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862.
Joseph Rasin,	"	Aug. 12, 1862,	Deserted Jan. 8, 1863, from steamer City of Memphis, at mouth of White river.
Alonzo Ramsdell,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, June 19, 1863; wounded at Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862.
Horace Reed,	"	Aug. 15, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Abner A. Rhodes,	"	May 12, 1862,	Died Feb. 22, 1863, on hospital steamer City of Memphis, of typhoid fever.
Henry C. Rising,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Isaac N. Roberts,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, July 8, 1862.
William C. Rogers,	"	Feb. 8, 1862,	Died Mar. 28, 1862, in hospital at Mound City, of typhoid fever.
Jirk Rodhauzer,	"	Feb. 8, 1864,	Transferred to New Co. A, July 12, 1864.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Edward Rook,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 21, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 2, Feb. 1, 1863.
Myron C. Ross,	"	Aug. 27, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Henry Rudd,	Marengo, Ill.,	Jan. 5, 1864,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Frederick C. Russell,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William H. Sanborn,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
John D. Sattler,	"	Aug. 24, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Charles J. Sauter,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Walter Scates,	"	July 27, 1861,	Discharged Nov. 12, 1862, for promotion 2d Lieut. Co. D., 2d Ill. Lt. Art.
Peter Schnur,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 1, Feb. 1, 1863.
William C. Scupham,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, 1864; captured near Atlanta. July 22, 1864.
Daniel W. Sheldon,	"	July 23, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William T. Shepherd,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 3, June 20, 1862.
Walter Sherwood,	"	July 27, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Charles G. Siller,	"	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1862; captured near Atlanta, June 22, 1864.
Walter Simpson,	Springfield, Mo.,	Mar. 24, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Robert C. Smith,	Marengo, Ill.,	Dec. 23, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Thomas Smith,	"	July 24, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Dec. 26, 1861, wound'd in drill, Bird's Point, Mo.
Vinzenz Smith,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 27, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1862.
Edward Speer,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Oct. 31, 1862.
Henry Speight,	Dixon, Ill.,	Nov. 27, 1863,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Walter S. Stebbins,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Oct. 31, 1862.
Benjamin F. Stephens,	"	July 26, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 6, Nov. 1, 1862.
W. Jerome Stevens,	"	July 16, 1861,	Died Apr. 16, '62, at Mound City hospital; wounded at Shiloh, Apr. 6, '62.
Charles U. Stevenson,	"	July 22, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Charles W. Stickney,	"	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
John F. Stranberg,	"	Aug. 5, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; died Oct. 15, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Daniel Sweeney,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
James L. Taylor,	"	Aug. 30, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Nov. 18, 1863.
Thomas E. Taylor,	"	Aug. 30, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; wounded at Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
William Taylor,	Chicago, Ill.,	Aug. 7, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Edward Terry,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; captured near Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.
John E. Thomas,	"	Aug. 28, 1861,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864; captured near Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.
Frederick Thomsen,	"	July 21, 1861,	Killed at siege of Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.
T. Charles Turlay,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Oct. 5, 1861.
Charles Turner,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
William Turner,	"	Aug. 6, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 1, Aug. 1, 1862.
Timothy Upton, Jr.,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Garrett R. Van Horne,	"	Aug. 29, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Feb. 1, 1862.
Charles Vanlandshoot,	"	Aug. 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, May 3, 1863.
John M. Vernon,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 4, Aug. 15, 1863.
Benjamin M. Warner,	"	Aug. 12, 1862,	Died July 31, 1863, in hospital at Vicksburg of congestive fever.
Isaac Watts,	"	Aug. 6, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Samuel T. Wentworth,	"	Aug. 11, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
George Q. White,	"	July 16, 1861,	Discharged for disability, Jan. 18, 1862; wounded at Belmont, Nov. 7, 1861.
Thomas Whitfield,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Hospital Steward 1st Ill. Lt. Art., July 6, 1863.
Charles Whitney,	"	July 9, 1862,	Discharged for disability, Oct. 31, 1862.
Chauncey W. Wicker,	"	July 25, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Albert B. Wilcox,	"	Aug. 18, 1862,	Transferred to new Co. A, July 12, 1864.
Edward P. Wilcox,	"	Aug. 18, 1862,	Promoted Sergeant Squad 6, Mar. 1, 1863.
Ernst R. Williamson,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Grove M. Willis,	"	July 26, 1861,	Discharged Dec. 11, 1863, for promotion Hosp. Steward; wounded at Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862.
Frederick Wright,	Cairo, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Transferred to Gunboat Flotilla, Jan. 30, 1862.
Mark S. Wyeth,	Chicago, Ill.,	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.
Daniel P. Young,	"	July 16, 1861,	Promoted Corporal Squad 6, Apr. 1, 1862; wounded at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.
Nathan J. Young,	"	July 16, 1861,	Mustered out July 23, 1864.

LIST OF NAMES OF SURVIVING COMRADES OF TAYLOR'S
BATTERY B, 1ST ILLINOIS LIGHT ARTILLERY,
AND THEIR ADDRESSES, SO FAR AS
IS KNOWN.

Affeld, Charles E.	174 La Salle St., Chicago
Affeld, Frank O.	873 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Adams, Walter F.	Clinton, Iowa
Aspenwall, Theo. H.	Kenosha, Wis.
Anderson, J. S.	Waterloo, Iowa
Allanson, W. H.	Murphrysboro, Jackson Co., Ills.
Barrett, Samuel E.	Randolph and La Salle Sts., Chicago
Boyd, Thos.	Seattle, Washington
Burnam, Arthur	822 W. Adams St., Chicago
Briggs, Wm. D.	136 Heine St., Chicago
Brown, John A.	814 Dania Ave., Chicago
Bradbury, Wm. H.	Council Bluffs, Iowa
Bauer, Michael	22 Lincoln Place, Chicago
Burns, Geo. B.	Austin, Ills., Box 107
Chase, David F.	St. Charles, Mich.
Church, Geo. E.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Chappell, Harmon T.	Harpsdale, Huarfano Co., Colorado
Corbet, James	200 So. Water St., Chicago
Coe, Schuyler P.	Geneva, N. Y.
Cobb, Henry B.	Wilmington, Del.
Cutting, John T.	San Francisco, Cal.
Cammann, Francis D.	Kansas City, Mo.
Dickinson, Albert	117 Kinzie St., Chicago
Dana, Charles D.	10 State St., Chicago
Dudley, Henry W.	2613 Indiana Ave., Chicago
Dutch, James B.	49 Board of Trade Building, Chicago
Ellis, Thomas	Engineer, Joliet State Prison, Ills.
Eckert, Charles H.	Emerald and 51st Sts., Chicago
Fleetwood, Charles	19 Randolph St. Chicago
Frazer, John W.	Levick Mills, Randolph Co., Mo.
Finney, Robert M.	815 W. Congress St., rear, Chicago
Graham, John	Seneca, Ills.
Hebard, Horace S.	Kankakee, Ills., Insane Asylum
Hull, Richmond N.	Challis, Idaho
Hatheway, Valancourt E.	Council Grove, Kansas
Hunt, Robert J.	217 Waco Ave., Wichita, Kansas
Heartt, Wm. L.	791 Leavitt St., Chicago
Hess, Geo. J.	Oxford, Kansas
Hall, Melville	Rockford, Ills.
Henderson, Wm. H.	Sioux City, Iowa
Hatch, Geo. T.	Peoria, Ills.
Jackson, Charles F.	49 N. Hamlin Ave., Chicago
Jackson, Wm F.	286 5th Ave., Chicago
King, Wm. B.	Boone, Iowa
Klemm, Otho	Dillon, Montana
Kingsbury, John E.	5138 School St., Chicago
Lilly, B. F.	1066 Wilcox Ave., Chicago
Loomer, Jasper D.	Nashville, Martin Co., Minn.
Lynch, Michael	American Express Co., Chicago
Lake, Lewis F.	1202 Chestnut St., Rockford, Ills.
Moore, Jabez H.	Geneva Lake, Wis.
McCoy, Wm. J.	503 So. Clayton St., Bloomington, Ills.



Lieut. T. P. Roberts.



Sergt. D. F. Chase.

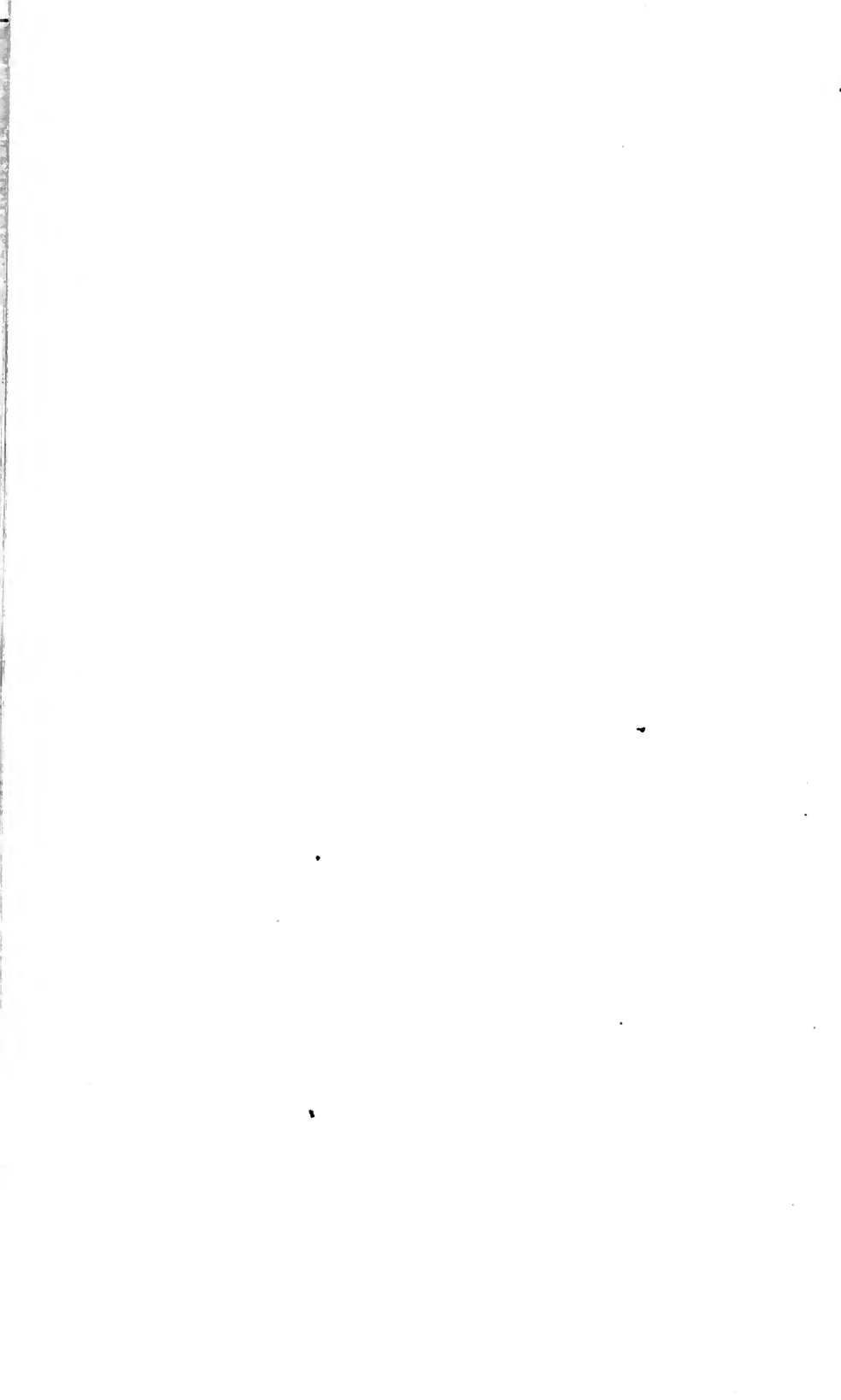


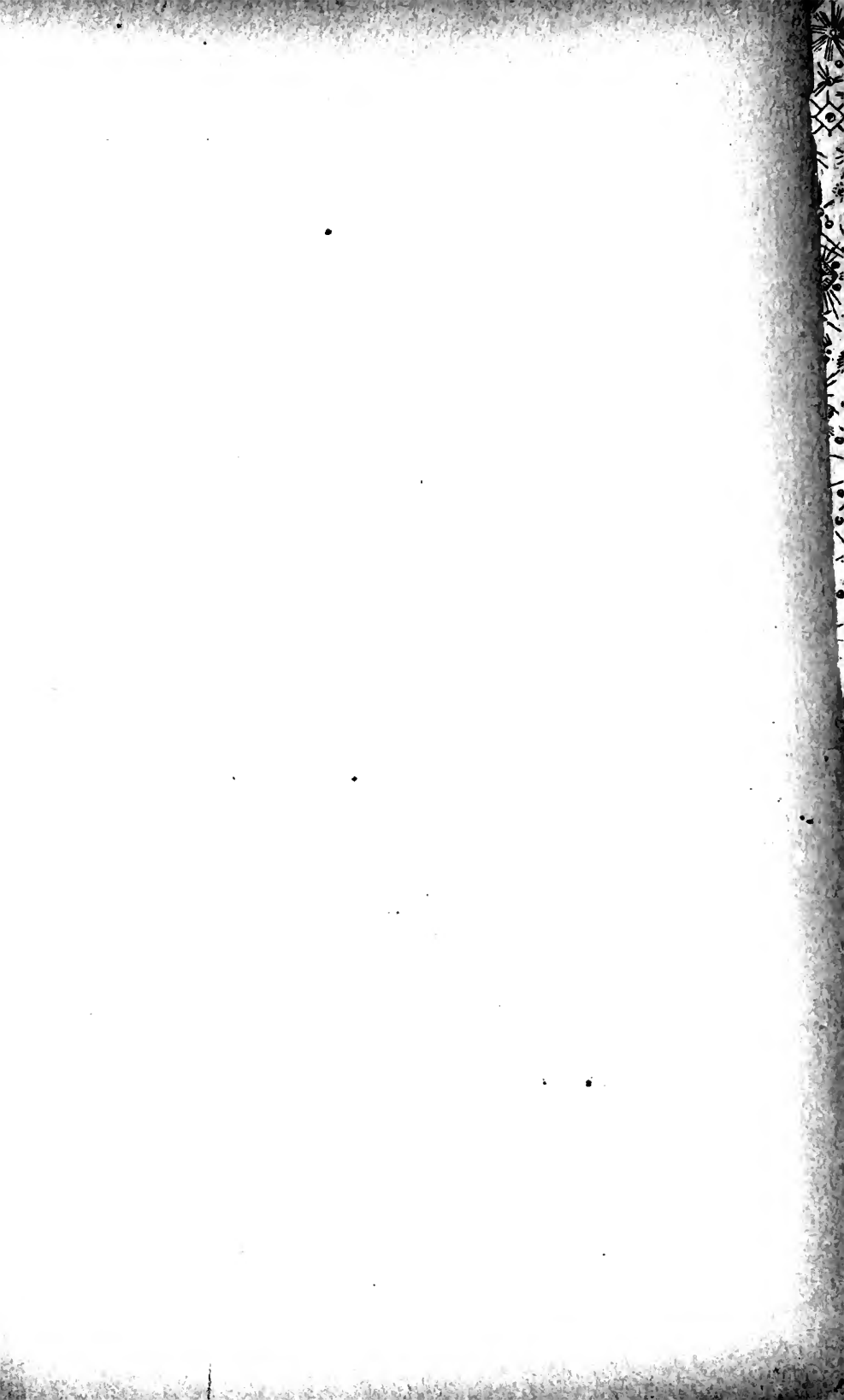
Niles T. Quales, Timothy Upton, Jr.,
M. S. Poole,
Q. M. Sergt. B. F. McCarty, S. Y. Prince.

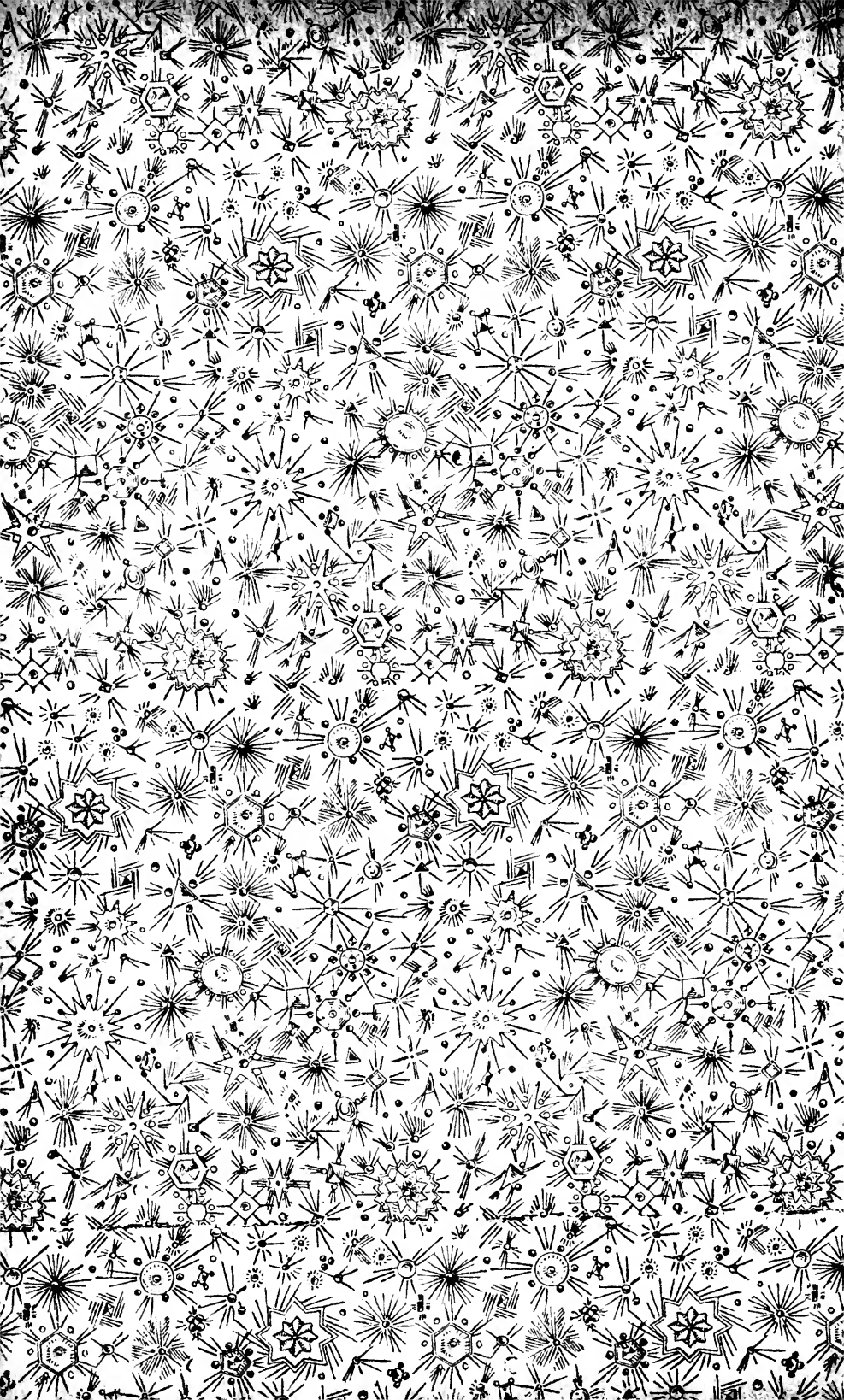


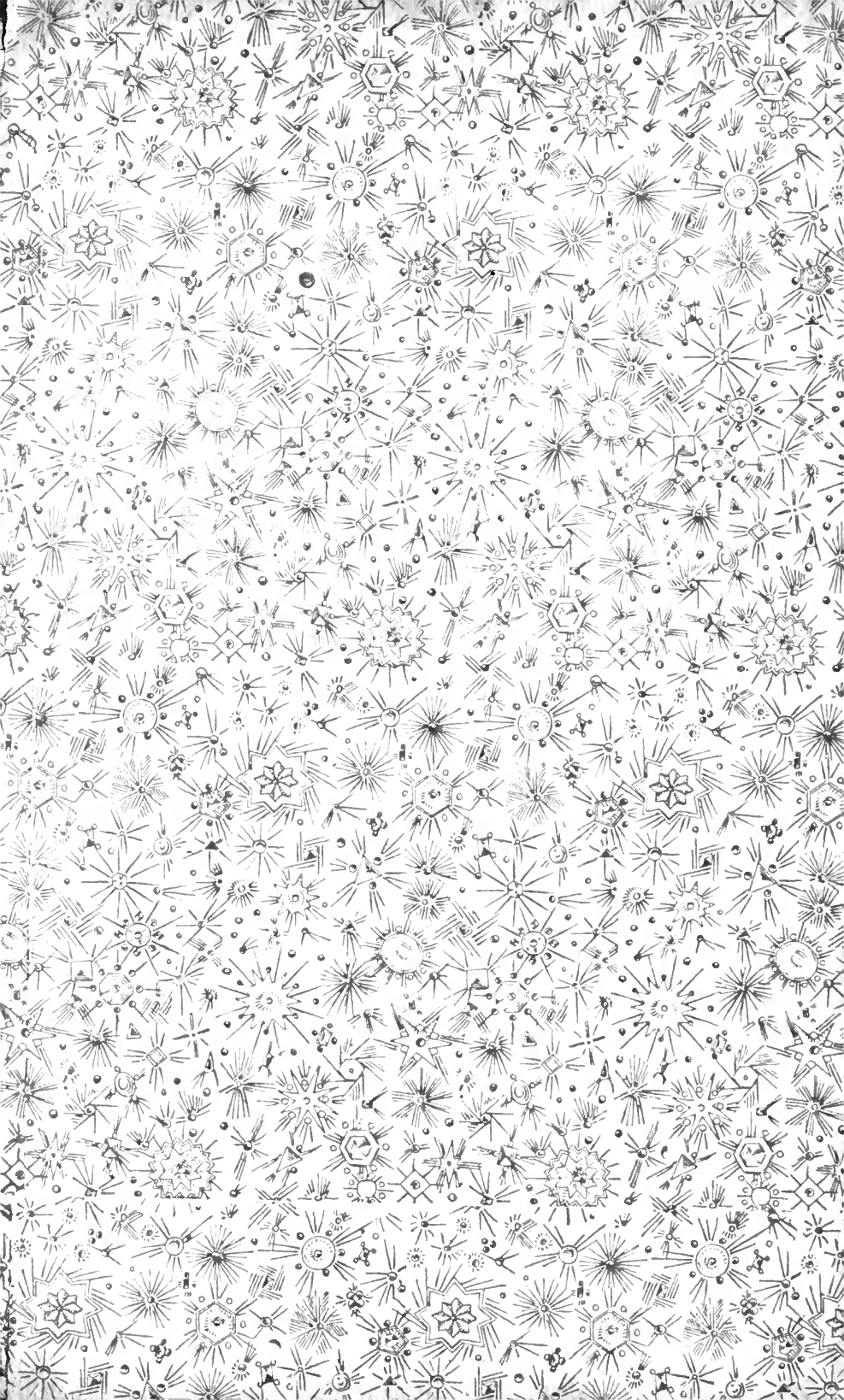
Orderly Sergt. C. W. Everett.

McGrath, Justus C.....	2534 La Salle St., Chicago
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Prince, Wm. H.....	506 Webster Ave., Chicago
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Pond, Francis.....	Hinsdale, Ills.
Peckham, John A.....	Batavia, Ills.
Peckham, Sidney.....	Middlebury, Summit Co., O.
Powell, John W.....	Open Bd. of Trade, Chicago
Palmer, Andrew J.....	St. Anthony, Iowa
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Shepherd, Wm. T.....	Anburndale, Mass.
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Stickney, Charles W.....	Antelope, Idaho
Siller, Charles G.....	77 Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago
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Smith, Thomas.....	Homestead, Alleghany Co., Penn.
Turner, Charles.....	La Crosse, Wis.
Turner, Wm.....	Dyersburg, Tenn.
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Wyeth, Mark S.....	San Francisco, Cal.
White, Geo. Q.....	St. Paul, Minn.
Whitfield, Thomas.....	Wabash Ave. and Jackson St., Chicago
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Wilcox, Albert B.....	Yankton, Dakota
Wilcox, Edward P.....	Yankton, Dakota
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