Admitted into the Union -

Clayton Jackson inns...


Mag. 11th - Gen. Harney took possession of the State.


Gen. Dayton wins a victory.


June 13th - Gen. Lyon issued a proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 14th - Gen. Lyon issued another proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 15th - Gen. Lyon issued a third proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 16th - Gen. Lyon issued a fourth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 17th - Gen. Lyon issued a fifth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 18th - Gen. Lyon issued a sixth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 19th - Gen. Lyon issued a seventh proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 20th - Gen. Lyon issued an eighth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 21st - Gen. Lyon issued a ninth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 22nd - Gen. Lyon issued a tenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 23rd - Gen. Lyon issued an eleventh proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 24th - Gen. Lyon issued a twelfth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 25th - Gen. Lyon issued a thirteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 26th - Gen. Lyon issued a fourteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 27th - Gen. Lyon issued a fifteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 28th - Gen. Lyon issued a sixteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

June 29th - Gen. Lyon issued a seventeenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 1st - Gen. Lyon issued an eighteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 2nd - Gen. Lyon issued a nineteenth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 3rd - Gen. Lyon issued a twentieth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 4th - Gen. Lyon issued a twenty-first proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 5th - Gen. Lyon issued a twenty-second proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 6th - Gen. Lyon issued a twenty-third proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.

July 1st - Gen. Lyon issued a twenty-fourth proclamation.

Retreated to the state of Missouri.
SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS IN MISSOURI


Aug. 10. 1200 state guards at Charleston, Mo. defeated by 300 Home Guards.

Aug. 29. 6 C.S. batteries at Commerce, captured by U.S. troops.

Sep. 2. C. S. troops. under Gen. Price, surrounded 2,600 men of Gen. Price after 3 days fight with 5,000 men from St. Louis to Jefferson City.


Oct. 25. T.C. Thompson with 4,000 state guards routed Fremont.


Nov. 3. Gen. Hunter ordered the army back from Springfield to St. Louis.


Nov. 10. Gen. Pope took command at St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 12. Gen. Price took command at Rolla, Mo.


Gen. Price r. S. Army moved up to the Osage.

Dec. 15. Gen. Price with 8,000 men took 1,500 C.S. horses from one at Milledgeville.


Feb. 6. 1862. Expedition under Grant, Count Rote, capture St. Henry.

Feb. 16. St. Donelson army to Grant, with 12,000 men. The C.S. evacuated Nashville.
Arrival at Fort Henry, Tenn. Feb. 9th 1862 — Sunday.

Feb. 7th — 50 days are transferred to the steamer "Memphis," start down the river. Pass Cairo during the night, arrive at Paducah on the Ohio.

Gopo ton by shell. We see where solid shot must through & through the logs of the soldiers' huts also the split flag staff. We see the devils on the gunboats where shot from the fort hit.
ARRIVAL AT FORT HENRY, TENN. FEB. 9TH 1862—SUNDAY.

Feb. 7th—Friday. 40 days are transmigrated to the steamer Memphis & start down the river. Pass Cairo during the night & arrive at Paducah on the Ohio river about 4 p.m. Feb. 8th-1862. Burnside's expedition against Roanoke Island.

Feb. 9th—Sunday. Arrive at Fort Henry on the Tennessee river during the night & tied to the bank. Around us are many small steamers, curts, anchors. I should judge, are black, bullock monsters with glowing furnace fires—these are the gun boats. On the shore in the woods camp fires blaze as far as we can see in all directions. We are now for the first time fairly down in the midst of a great army, we hear the great oar, feel the majesty of power of a great military movement.

Feb. 10th—Monday. Early this morning we are put ashore to form a camp in the woods some quarter of a mile back of the fort. I get permission to visit the fort which is on the edge of the river, which was taken by the gun boats 4 days ago. Feb. 11th. We can see the effect of the heavy shot on the embankments & on the guns in the fort. The blood stains of men crushed to pieces by shell shot is not yet dry on the gory battle work inside the fort. We see the bullet 64 to 80 gun. Also the broken 32 lbs. the 128 lbs. Columbian round shot nailed by being half filled with dirt from a solid shot striking in front of it. We see the sand bags knocked from the earth walls of the gate torn by shell. We see where solid shot went through through the logs of the soldiers huts. Also the split flag staff. We see the debris on the gun boats where shot from the fort hit.
UP THE TENN. RIVER. FEB 11TH 1862.

All these effects of heavy war are interesting to us, and feel that we are now part of an army.

FEB. 11TH. TUESDAY. Cos. I. & H. have orders to be ready to march.

FEB. 12TH. WEDNESDAY. Co. I. & H. March to landing & get on board the steamer Illinois, which steams out & up the river. A wooden gunboat, the Tyler, accompanies. The river is said to be full of torpedoes but the water is so high there is no danger.

We go up the river to the crossing of the Memphis & Ohio where there was a fine bridge which the rebels have burned. The charred & smoking remains with the wreckage of some small burned steamers floats slowly past us. We finally land near some ware houses, but our pickets broke open the house & load the steamer with flour & tobacco. We cannot take it rolled into the river.

100 GUNS & SHELLS.

COLUMBUS MARCH 8TH.

Flint Hill

Ford's Bridge.

Ft. Henry.

Ft. Donelson.

Louisville.

To Nashville.

NOTE: From Columbus the steamer is taken.

Columbia River.

Flint Hill.

Ford's Bridge.

Ft. Henry.

Ft. Donelson.

Louisville.

To Nashville.
UP THE TENN. RIVER - FEB. 11, 1862

All these effects of heavy rain are interesting to us, and feel that we are now part of an event.

FEb. 11th. TUESDAY. Co.s I & II. Conestoga Tyler v. Lexington. Went on up the Tennessee 12 miles to the bridge and coming of the M. & O. R. R. reached by dark about 6. Some C.S. steamboats were on the other side 2 & mile trying to escape. They had closed the draw of the bridge & disabled the machinery. It took an hour to open the draw. The Tyler remained to destroy the R.R. The Washington & Conestoga chased the steamers which were abandoned first. There was a make me dew: the gunboats went on to Florence Ala. destroying 3 more steamers, returning thence to Donelson. The burning bridge therefore was the work of our own men, a m. dew not rebel made, but our own men's - when we must up the river on the 14th or 5 days afterward.

The object in destroying this bridge was to prevent reinforcements coming to Donelson from Columbus.
CAPTURE OF SCOW ON BIG SANDY, TENN.

One of the warehouses had been used for a hospital, & one of the cotton

sacks I had not taken time to dig up. We

brought trains of prisoners, & some of the

considerable army clothing, I secrued

coat which I sent to my uncle

and flags were captured here.

said that a considerable force

that also the fall of St. Heavenly

of about 10 miles, east of there &

The steamer stopped down the

in line on the steamer deck for

At the Big Sandy we learned

due up the stream. A party of

insuble of Co. H-I volunteers rode

capture the fort. We pulled

to a half - then we began to

in the creek, 10 men crouched in the bow of

gaffs; the others set ready

up or signs came from the

object ahead. Then the 4 rows as rapidly as possible. We

saw before crossing the moment our boat struck the fort. The struck

two pigeons. A canvas was stretched over barrels & oil

was fastened firmly on the canvas to keep it down with gun

Hornet's History of the War, by H. C. H. H. Feb. 4, 1862. Tuesday. The fleet of gunboats & transports

moved on the east bank of the river, 3 miles below St. Henry. Early

in A.M. the Essex went up to reconnoiter, & was joined by a 32nd shot from the fort. At night, Grant's troops

under McClelland & C. F. Smith landed at Bailey's Ferry

30 or 4 miles from the fort. Camped on a ridge.

About 3500 men were led by GH. Meade & St. Henry. The rise of water in the river flooded part of the fort.

made the entrenchment untenable by the Confederates.

Feb. 5. Wednesday. Grant ordered the attack for tomorrow.

I regiments under McClelland were to march to rear

of St. Henry & get on Dobbin river & to Donelson. 10 regiments

under C. F. Smith were to cross the river & move upon

St. Henry, an unfinished work on the west bank.

5 converted boats, the Essex, Carondelet, Cincinnati,

St. Louis, Conestoga, 4 small wooden boats. The Tyler & the

Lexington were to open fire on the forts. St. Henry had

Feb. 6. Thursday. The gun-boats took the forts. The

first shot fired at 12:30 p.m., 9 each at 1:30. All

the 7 guns in the fort were disabled. GH. Meade

400 men surrenders. The last shot to Donelson,

2000 men were killed or wounded in the fort.
One of the most houses had been used for a hospital, & one of the cot-day
a rebel soldier dead whom his comrades had not taken time to bury. We
left him there. There were trunks, clothes & private possessions strung
around here in abundance. Also considerable army clothing. I secured
a very good gray homespun uniform coat which I sent to my uncle,
Edward at Sheffield. Several small rebel flags were captured here.
Some people living in the neighborhood said that a considerable force
of rebels had been quartered here. But that upon the fall of St. Henry
they hurriedly marched to Ft. Donelson about 15 miles east another
morning. After destroying all as could here the steamer steamed down the
river to the mouth of the Big Sandy river & there tied up for the night.

The alarm came which called us out in line on the steamer deck for
half an hour, but nothing came of it.

At the Big Sandy we learned
that a fleet boat was moored some 2 miles up the stream. A party of
8 men, of which I was one, under Capt. Campbell of Co. H. Volunteers
rode up the stream in the steamers yawl to capture the boat. We pulled
out in the dark, prowed silently a mile & a half - then we began to re-
commute a little & to go slowly. Finally, ahead in the darkness,
we saw a dim white object. Two men crouched in the bow of
the boat with cocked & projecting rifles & the others set ready
while it rowed cautiously. No sound or sign came from the
object ahead. Then the 8 rowed as rapidly as possible. We got
so as to spring the moment our boat struck the flat. The
steamer moved. A canvas was stretched over barrels & our feet
were firmly on the canvas to keep it down with guns
MARCH TO FT. DONELSON—FEB. 13—1862—THURSDAY.

We started points from here ready to shoot or capture the first man who retired. But no one stirred, and no one moved. The flag was deserted, we had our prize without a struggle. Then came several barrels of salt, a case of boots, some shoes, bales of cloth etc., also a bottle of apple brandy which was soon disposed of.

Then we paddled back to the steamer with our prize as rapidly as possible to get to bed about midnight.

FEB. 13—1862—THURSDAY.

Returned to St. Henry. Arriving about 9 a.m. Three more steamers steamed here, much movement, but the army had gone on to St. Donelson. Orders had been given for us to follow—without stopping for anything—next hour to go to camp, where our knapsacks were or—we were moved out on the road to St. Donelson. The day was warm, bright & lovely. The distance some 14 miles. The road good. The country proved diversified—pleasing. We did not know exactly what the programme was at Donelson, but surmised that it might probably be fighting. We moved along in a line. Then an orderly going to St. Henry from Ft. Donelson sometimes met our unfortunates passed by a mounted officer who seemed to have business. And we began to hear vague rumors of fighting ahead. We had never seen a real battle, most of us were rather curious to see one. We wondered if it was like St. Henry, would we ever get there. I think under this impulse of curiosity every one quickened his steps.

So we strode on, there was much talking by the way. We made our dispositions of personal effects with our particular friends, who we had to send back. The weather was fine, and as we neared the objective of our journey, we began to feel the effects of the battle. The ground was uneven, and our shoes sank in the mud. We paused to rest, and then moved on. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we saw a hillside to our left. The ground was uneven, and our shoes sunk in the mud. We were all conscious of a curious throb or pulsation in the earth, a sort of jar. It did not seem to come from anywhere in particular, but as we advanced, this jarring became a perceptible shock. By and by, it was a dull, indistinct sound, a sort of blur. We said: "This is the cannon." We had never heard battle cannon. Only the sharp crack of our rifles and the blunt bang of shot guns and muskets. We agreed that what we now heard was cannon. The matter now became distinct. Heavy reports of cannon were heard. Presently we could distinguish lighter reports from heavier ones, jarring ones. These we said, were field batteries; those, the gunboats, or footguns. We now moved quite eagerly forward. Presently we began to see teams moving on roads through the woods, in the distance. Two men met us who seemed to be going somewhere toward the sides on the right or left of the road. They were filled with eager questions as to what was going on in front. We were told that the "Ball was Opened this morning."

How great our pride when told by some, that the "Squirrel Tails" opened the ball, that the Sharp-shooters had driven the rebels from two batteries already.

Every one seemed to be loud in praise of what the Sharp-shooters had done. We were in the fight. Our friends still hard at it. We felt that we already belonged to a celebrated regiment. Our great anxiety was to get forward and have a share in the glory. We were now within some 3 miles of the battlefield. It was not long before we could hear musketry, I imagined that we could pick out the ring of our rifles. We passed a hospital on one side of the road—saw some wounded men and ambulances. This looked serious and made us think of the danger.

In the afternoon we arrived at the camp, and ground of our regiment and reported to the St. Col. Benj. S. Compton.

We were sent out to the front at once. The camp was on the top of a wooded ridge about a mile. I should judge from the skirmish line. We marched down into some brush and open timber, passed an infantry line of battle standing in a ravine, and presently saw some members of our regiment ahead of us. They seemed to be slowly giving at something in the distant woods through which we were behind trees or logs or clumps of bushes. Some were actively moving around. We were halted and deployed a little, and then told to get a good place & shoot as we pleased. While moving up a few bullets whizzed over our heads. I was one of those who made no change. Three or cannon shots from in front followed by the rush of the shot which made every one of us duck our heads involuntarily. Presently we got scattered.
around found places. I crept next to some men I knew pitched down with them beside a log—asking to be shown where the rebels were.

My gaze was directed to an earthwork on a slight elevation in the distance. I should say nearly 3/4 of a mile. This was the main breastwork outside the fort, & a full half mile from it. In this breastwork here were more embrasures from which protruded the muzzles of cannon. Every once in a while a puff of smoke would blow out of a gun followed by a tremendous rumble & a report. Then the gun would roll back & we could see the arms of men, sometimes parts of their bodies as they reloaded the gun. At these men our strongest rifles that marked men would be thrown at the long distance, & do execution! After the battle we found our bullets embedded in the spokes of the wheels of these guns.

But our main firing was at men in the brush & in rifle pits, considerably in advance of the breastworks.

I remember an army magazine which stood just outside the breastworks, which served as a sort of cover for the rebel skirmishers to run from the breastworks to their pits & back again. We cornered two rebels at this magazine, & my first shot at a rebel in plain sight was at one just dozing to get near this magazine, & run from it to the breastworks behind. I shot at him just the same time I did. But whether any one hit him I knew not. There were a good many balls flying, & guns popping right & left. But the firing did not seem to be very brisk. Our Artillery behind us on a little line

Only now and then, or we ducked our heads as its shot flew over us, just as spontaneously as we did when the enemy's shot from the opposite direction came over. By the time we got so that we could distinguish by the sound which was our own cannon shot going from us, which the enemies, coming toward us.

The regiment was very widely scattered coming nearly the entire front of the line of battle. I did not see the entire regiment together until after the surrender.

We remained on the skirmish line until midnight. I had shooting and excitement enough. No one was protected by trees so no one in my immediate vicinity got hurt, though further on a man was killed severely wounded.

At dusk we more withdrawn to camp. We were hungry, thirsty and dirty. There was no food. Little water. We were tired. But there were no tents. No blankets. Some of the men did not even have their coats with them.

We learned tonight that we are formed into a Brigade with the 26th Ind., the 23rd and 14th. Making 3 Regiments in the Brigade. We are called the 11th Brigade of the 2nd Div. Army of the Tenn. Com. by Gen. U.S. Grant. Col. Jacob Leaman has Com. of the Brigade. Gen. E. F. Smith has Com. of the Div.

We have no regimental officers as far as I can see, & feel as if deficient in leadership. Gen. Fremont's removal from Com. has left us incomplete in equipment & organization. I presume regimental officers find it difficult to get their commissions.
Feb. 14, 1862, Friday.

We bivouaced last night. The weather changed. Rain came on fiercely and thoroughly. The ground tramped rapidly into mud. By morning the mud got into the mouths, the rain changed to snow. Fires were forbidden lest they show them artillery shots. The men matched enough.

In the morning without food or coffee, we moved around upon the chimney line again. It is freezing now. Our rifles feel readily to hand to load. We peg away rather cowerly at our work, I have nothing at all to eat all day.

The cook of my company sent me on an errand to the regimental camp, while there I crossed a road deeply cut by army wagons which were moving slowly in an endless line along the muddy way down in the mud saw the half of a hand tack which had dropped out of some wagon. It was covered with sticky mud. But I pulled it out. reached it off as well as I could with some snow, ate it with keen relish.

In the regimental camp I saw a man near an old tent who was said to be our Lieut. Col. He did not look like much of an officer, as I think none of the men knew him.

There was a fire there, and an old camp kettle boiling a beef bone for soup. I got a part of a tine cup full of very thin and savory soup. But it nuanced me. it does me. Having this charged my errand. I went slowly & unwillingly back down the dismal picket line. On the right we heard considerable firing, both musketry & artillery, but in our front in our rear.

The day wore away without marked incident. Around 10 p.m. the gun boats are reported to have had a broadside of 3 ships of 54 guns, hit the Works. At dark we were returned to a subsistence camp, driven back by the water & artillery.

No tents, nor blankets, nor fire, nor any food for us yet.
Feb. 15, 1862. Saturday—What a night last night was. In groups we were around the dismal little fires we made, whether or not. The regt. was permitted to move back a little to a ravine, where it was thought we would not endanger the camp. There we kept up sickly little fires of meagre sticks all night and around the fires half starved we sat, squatted or stood, some sleeping as they sat or squatted in the mud with faces all black from smoke. Little piles of water from the melting snow seeped on the face would make a white track over a cheek & leave us streaked as Jacob's cattle. Our clothing was soaked & muddy. Our hands powder & soot grime. Our rips most times were bulky & half dead. Some of the men constructed long huts of branches & leaves & crawling in close together would try to gather warmth enough to sleep. Every few minutes some one would come out & stagger to a fire & squat down. Spread out his shriveled hands to the smoke—when another man would crawl into his place. I crawled in twice & got some sleep, but would awake so numb & cold in my wet clothes as to make me glad to get out to the fire again. So found the long & dreadful night. Rain & cloud & snow arrived all night. No breakfast in the morning. But skirmish line again. The clouds rolled up some during the day & made it a little more pleasant but it is dreary at the best.

About 9 o'clock a furious firing breaks out on
our right, many of us run back up a hill to see what the matter is. We can see lines of rebels crossing over their own breastworks, advancing outside. Dresers battery of 20 the Parrott guns open on them, & we can see the shells strike in the rebel lines & create confusion. Biggers & the artillery batteries join in, there is a lively time. It looks sometimes as if the rebel line was pushing our line in the woods back. The firing becomes terrific & we become absorbed in the scene, when we are suddenly ordered back to our skirmish lines & told to clean up a rapid fire.

It is too cold & wet for us to do good work. The snow is about 2 inches deep, will turn to ice. The ice sunder the trees, the logs, the brush & all that we touch. Our fingers are numb & reloading our rifles very slow work. The rebels in our front seem also to have been ordered to the bay, & there does not appear to be many of them. Forward across the heavy firing on our right ceases, & we hear that a change is to be made on the rebel works in our left front. The 2d & 7th Iowa. The 14th Iowa & 26 Ind. i.e. our brigade mostly, is to change about 2 p.m. & we are to keep watch of the batteries in our front. We have moved our way forward to the left somewhat, & are in an open piece of rather heavy timber, with some brush behind us & fallen trees or bushes in front. About 2 p.m. the movement begins. The charging column is in slow motion moving up the hill toward the rebel works. The rebel guns open a furious fire both on the charging column. Our boys reply from our rifles. the work gets hot. We think we have silenced two of the enemies cannon. when
just then a battery appears coming from the right just inside
the rebel works. The men are trotting along rapidly, & are drenched
in blue U.S. Army overcoats. Our boys fire away at them,
when the officers call out to us to cease firing. Meanwhile
the charging column is running up the hill & toward the
breast works as rapidly as possible, the rebels are using
every exertion to keep them back. The blue coated battery
goes on & gets into position & opens fire directly into the
charging column. They have played a trick on us. A
now our men see it. They open with a vengeance on that
battery especially at its workings.
Now there comes a cheer from the hill & from the woods.
We can see rebels hurrying to one point, but it is too late.
The 2nd Iowa has reached the rebel breastworks & are
gone over. A moment more & blue coats cover the place
where rebels were. The rebel line is broken. The rebels
retreat. Non federal troops press up the hill to hold
the captured line. The victory on the left is complete.

Toward night we are relieved & return to our
encampment. No food yet. But a few crackers.
We learn that on the right Ogleby's Brigade, Maj. Wallace's
Brigade got out of ammunition & were driven back by the rebel
S. W. Dyer's Division. But that after Smith's charge on the left
with Wallace had come up with fresh troops & taken
Ogleby's former position, so that our lines are complete
Charge & Capture of Confederate Works on the Left
by the 7th & 14th Iowa & 23rd Ind., 2 p.m. Feb. 15, 1862.

The Western Sharpshooters — Known 1st as 14th Mo. Later as 66th.
Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner,

Who took command at Ft. Donelson when Floyd & Pillow fled, & who surrendered to Grant.

This is a photograph of him as he appeared in Milwaukee, Wis. - Oct. 20, 1864 - 34 yrs. after the surrender.

He was on the Democratic ticket for Vice President with Gen. Palmer of Ills., & lost. Gen. Palmer commanded a Federal corps during the war.
Feb. 16th 1862. Sunday. — Last night was no improvement on preceding nights. It did not rain or snow, but was very cold. We had a few hard hicks to eat, but no shelter. Forward morning I got a place in one of our brush huts & slept a half frozen sleep from which I was awakened in the morning by the order to fall in, to do so quickly. We supposed that we must go out to some point on the skirmish line. But more informed that the fort had surrendered, than that we were to march in with our brigade which had the honor of being the first to enter on the left.

During the fight the sharpshooters must fire much where they pleased on the skirmish line, some were on the front of McElrath's command, some as far to the right as the front of Wallace's command. Though the most of us were on the right of Smith's command. We marched inside the rebel breastworks about 9 a.m. We saw a long line of butternut colored men standing near the breastworks, hands in pockets shivering in the cold, with their muskets stacked in front of them about a rod. As far as we could see, to the right of the little road we marched in our thin line extended. These men too had only rude brush huts along the line of works, with ragged blankets, bits of canvas, all sorts of contrivances to shelter from the weather. Passing in we saw rude log huts with rude chimneys outside, which were the more permanent quarters of the troops. About 2 miles from the breastworks we came to the fort proper. It seemed to enclose about 3 sq. miles & was made of logs
gabions filled with clay, & coffee sacks filled with sand & earth. We were permitted to look around for two hours. Went down to the water batteries, saw there the great bronze guns with an English mark on it—also the heavy 32 lb. smooth-bore, & the rifles 64 & 65 which did such damage to our gun-boats. Went also to the rebel ordnance dept. & there saw for the first time New Springfield muskets. These were 200 entirely new & beautiful muskets from the Springfield, Mass., Armory. I had not seen such nice guns in the Federal army. Most of the muskets now had been more or less flint locks altered over. & what was still worse the clumsy Belgian musket with long bayonets about as reliable as a paneer. Some troops had Springfield muskets from England, & these with English ammunition were really good. The rebels had more of these than we did. How did the rebels get these Springfield muskets? We also found some sugar to eat, some flour to make pancakes of. We picked up a great many curious iron arrows & long knives made in blacksmith shops out of files—scythes etc. Some had wood handles, some merely the iron bent back & around after the fashion of a sword handle. They were from 1 foot to 1 1/2 feet long—some straight two-edged dagger-like. Others curved with a back like a saber. There were thousands of these around the camps. Heavy other things in general—but they might be ugly in a hand to hand fight. We supplied ourselves with blankets & cooking utensils from the rebel supplies. Conferred with prisoners—when our two hour meal was, we marched to the right about a mile & a half & formed camps a little outside the rebel lines, to the south of town on a side hill in some woods.
Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had the Confederate command in the west with its base at Nashville, from a city of some 5,000 pop. situated on the south bank of the Cumberland River.


After Ft. Donelson surrendered, the U.S. forces under Gen. D. Johnston, while carrying out their orders, were engaged and finally broken up by an Army gathered at Cairo, under command of Maj. Gen. H. Halleck.


As soon as Donelson fell, Gen. A. S. Johnston evacuated Bowling Green and Nashville, and fell back to the north. Gen. J. B. Buell, with an army of 36,000 men, moved down from the north and occupied these points.

The federal forces were organized under the General command of Gen. U. S. Grant at Washington as the first chief. At St. Louis, Gen. H. Halleck had general command of the most embracing Grant-Pope line, finally Buell.

The next objective of Gen. Grant was Memphis. The first move was to cut the Rye-istic. While Pope was moving down along it from the north, Gen. Grant was ordered to move up the river to Eastport and cut the Rye at Corinth. Jackson seemed to be his objective. He was ordered to start on the 1st of December.

Gen. A. S. Johnston had determined to defend Memphis by concentrating all the army at Corinth, and to move troops in the place—a garrison of 17,000 men. He sent from Nashville to Murfreesboro and gathered 10,000 men to move to Corinth with. Gen. Bragg came up from Pensacola with 10,000.

Grant collected his army at Savannah, on the Tennessee River. Gen. Buell was ordered to move from Nashville.

Gen. Grant organized his army into 6 divisions—one formed as an army of battle—


Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had the Confederate command in the West with Head Quarters at Nashville, Tenn., a city of some 15,000 pop. situated on the south bank of the Cumberland River about 120 miles from its mouth.

Maj. Gen. Henry Halleck had the Federal command in the West with Head Quarters at St. Louis. Gen. Grant was operating under the orders of Halleck. His base was at Cairo. Gen. Buell also under Halleck had base at Louisville. The Confederates were attempting to hold the Mississippi River and all territory east & west of it on a line with New Madrid. The line of the Ohio was their real northern line but not being able to hold it they took the line of the Tennessee. Cumberland, fortifying the Tennessee at Ft. Henry to prevent a Federal approach by that river & defending Nashville by the fort at Donelson. The fall of Henry opened the Tennessee to McClernand. The fall of Donelson opened the way for thimbots to Nashville. Gen. Johnston had a Confederate force at Bowling Green Ky. & another large force under Gen. Polk at Columbus just below Cairo.

Feb. 17th 1862. Monday—Put up some rebel tents for shelter today. They are pretty poor affairs but better than nothing. The day is a tolerable one. We go out to see the battle field on the right. It was in the woods & brush. The ground broken by hillocks & valleys. The brush was cut away & trees were backed by bullets from a foot above ground to 18 & 20 feet high. The breastworks were very good, & the ravines, hills in front of them much steeper & deeper than on the left. More pains had been taken fortifying here than on the left.

Our forces had no breastworks, & during the attempt to cut through the rebels had none. The fighting was in the woods outside, from the clipped brush we wonder that any one could have been there 5 min. & lived.

We saw dismounted cannon. Splintered & upset wagons. Muskets & equipment on the ground in the brush. Dead men almost everywhere. The mauling of bodies is indescribable. Shot strike anywhere. Some have heads torn open & brains running out. Others have bowels torn open & entrails protruding. Some have arm, or leg torn off. Many do not show where hit. Most all the dead have clothing bundled up as if by struggle. Some are on their faces & some on their sides. Some on their backs. Some in doubled up in a heap. It is a ghastly sight, sickening to see, & still more so to smell. The wounded have all been gathered up & cared for.
We went into the town of Donn. It is a small place with very poor
houses. Nearly every house upstairs & down on the main street had dead
rebels in it. The floors are bloody & stained with torn clothing, shoes,
hats, caps, boxes, & military equipments. We heard a piano playing
in a house down in. 5 dead rebels lay in one room & three in
another. There was no carpet on the floor, & blood was all around.
The chairs were broken. A piano stood at one side, one leg on
a box, as if an attempt had been made to lift it & take it away
& then abandoned. The piano left as it happened to come down.
A smoke grime. Black & greasy federal soldier sat on a
Cracker box playing the piano. He played old familiar airs
& a dozen men stood listening. The windows to most of the houses
were broken. Fences thrown down & yards covered with rubble.
There was not one pleasant, cheerful or happy thing to be seen.

We go back to our camp, satisfied that war is possible.

The capture of Ft. Donelson gave us 15,000 prisoners - their annu-
146 Cannons - 2 large
quantities of military stores besides opening the way to Nashville.
The Rebel loss at Ft. was 1238. According to Gen. Pillow - 200.

Ours - July 15th. Probably 2000. The Sharpshooters lost only 4 killed & a
few wounded.

perhaps only 1200
SCHEDULE OF EVENTS from Sep. 20, 1861 - to Feb. 28, 1862.

Oct. 8, 1861 - Skirmish on the Great Neer river - West Va.
Oct. 9, 1861 - Skirmish on Santa Rosa Island near H. Pickens. from Manassas Damages.
Nov. 2 - Fremont superseded by Hunter. 7th. US. Hunt by Halleck.
Battle of Belmont. Gen. Grant.
Nov. 8 - Masonville taken from M.B. M. Fort - by U.S. Totient.
Nov. 9 - Battle Pickton. Ky.
Dec. 6 - Beaufort, S.C. occupied by U.S.
Dec. 25 - Our battle with the Mules in the Lane.
Jan. 31 - Forts Hotte of 12 Gunboats carrying 126 guns completed at St. Louis.
Feb. 3 - The M.S.S. leave Sturgeon Lee. to join Grant's army.
Feb. 6 - H. Henry capture. - Burnside's expedition against Roanoke Island.
Feb. 9 - Confer. Stetilla on Albemarle Sound destroyed by Capt. Roman near Elizabeth.
Feb. 14 - Buell enters Nashville. (Columbus, Ky. evacuated by rebels.
Price completely driven out of Mo. by Gen. Curtis.
Feb. 28 - Forts on Florida & Ga. coast taken by com. Dupont & Quel Knight.
Feb. 18th 1862. Tuesday. We have no tents except our ragged rebel affairs. The
rain has come again. Cold. Soaking persistent. So we are kept wet through
all the time. And the rations are very poor & scanty. A severe attack
of bilious diarrhoea comes upon me. A Dr. calls & prescribes Opium,
Potash & mercury. It checks the flow a little. But I feel very
miserable. The other "boys" say they throw away the Dr.'s medicine on
trust to "luck" to get well. All they value in the Dr. is cure from "luck," so
that they can lie still.

yucks permission to go into a rebel cavalry regiment. Gen. Buell moves up opposite Nashville on the

President Lincoln's War Order No. 2 requires a general advance of all Union
Armies, Feb. 20th. McClellan in supreme command.


Feb. 24th. Monday. Regimental bands come up. Also our "poor-
old brass bands. They can't get a taste of this wet day.

Feb. 25th. Tuesday. We change our camp to a better location.

Feb. 26th. Wednesday. Rations improved. We get potatoes every 3 days.


I get the Col.'s negro boy to pick me up some more
potatoes & to get a whole cup of vinegar. This
refreshed me wonderfully. We had no Col.
but we called him preferring to have change of
the regimen for the time being col. Rine
was said to be our col. But I never saw him.
March From Fort Donelson. March 8, 1862.

For 28th FRIDAY. Our Regimental teams were reduced to 12. And our poor old grass band toots out its last miserable roll. It is sent home. The ghost of the army has moved somewhere, we expect to follow soon.

We have made ourselves tolerably snug in our new camp which is on a bare ridge of ground inside the breastworks, not far from the fort. We make the acquaintance of innumerable "graybacks" here.

March 9th, SATURDAY. Bad news. In camp.

March 10th, SUNDAY. Weather disagreeable. Columbus, Ky on Miss, evacuated by Confederates.

March 12th, MONDAY. In camp. Every thing stagnant. No news.

March 13th, TUESDAY. Some troops more. Wonder if we are left alone.

March 15th, WEDNESDAY. Orders to march. Baggage to be left for teams on the train.

March 16th, THURSDAY. Made a short muddy march to Metal Landing.

March 17th, FRIDAY. Flavor of green in water & mud to day trying to get a decent place to camp. The teams did not get in until midnight & the showers which fell early 15 mts. drenched us all night.

March 18th, SATURDAY. Try to get up our tents to day & move our camp again. But no, expect to go aboard a steamer soon & do not take much pains with any thing. Rations are poor & scanty again.

March 19th, SUNDAY. Do not get on steamer to day. Many other regiments are awaiting transportation here.

The ground is low & flooded with overflow water from the river. Only the tops of rail fences are visible in some places. Butlers have come in here & put up their tents.
in all available places. The space in front of their tents is always crowded. Men in ceaseless lines may be seen streaming along the tops of the rail fences, applauding the river to get a chance at the cutters. One had to wait two hours sometimes to get a chance to shake his U.S. corn or the cutter, a gallon for an orange, or a pickled pig's foot. Oranges are 25¢ each. Pig's feet pickled to 50 each. Bologna sausage in small links is 10 to 15¢ each. etc.

**March 10th Monday.** Rain. Waiting to get on a steamer. The river

Bank is crowded with steamers and troops all moving up the Savannah. The camp fires on land. The furnace fires on boats. The black smoke or

flakes of backs on the steamer. The crowds of soldiers all over.

The tops & decks make a very picturesque scene.

**March 11th Tuesday.** 12th. W 11° 15' N 11° 15' F 19° 15' S 16° 15' T 19° 15' W 20° 15' P.O. 12 miles.

**Pre-Lincoln War Order No. 3.**

*No. 3.*

**18th.**

**20th.**

**March 15th.** Gen. Buell's army starts from Nashville.

**March 21st Friday.** To-day we get a steamer—a small one—

the Lancaster, no. 1. It is crowded up the river to Savannah.

- N.A.H. There is a great fires of steamers & troops here. Our steamer is obliged to wait 2 hours for the river to get clear. We are glad to go ashore. The day is quite bright. The ground high & dry & the landing very good. It feels good to get feet on firm, hard ground once more.

The town is small. Money a river town or landing place with a few pleasant looking houses, yards in it, all of which seem to be occupied by white officers. Bought a half of a thin pork sauseter & 2½ doz. pickles. Also some small dry biscuits & fruit.

**War Order No. 3.**

The Army of Miss., Gen. Pope, was ordered to move from Vicksburg to the mouth of the Tennessee River. The Army of the Cumberland, Gen. Buell, was ordered to move from Nashville to the mouth of the Tennessee River.