Byron Mac Cutcheon Papers
Autobiography
1883-1888
of Civil War
Experiences
1862-1865

Photograph, 1861

Engraving, ca. 1890
Autobiography
Some years ago, commencing in 1883, I began to write out from time to time in small bound volumes, my recollections of the events of my life. When I first undertook it, I had no idea other than to set down what I knew and what I had ascertained in regard to our family, from the earliest time to which I could trace them. I followed this plan until I brought the family genealogy down to myself, when, quite unexpectedly, I expanded it into a sort of autobiography, which, by fits and starts, I have brought down to the time I left the Board of Ordnance and fortification, in 1878. Incorporated in this history was a brief outline of my service in the Army from 1862 to 1865. This period of my life is the most vividly remembered of all, partly because it was so out of the usual that it made a deeper impression on my mind, and partly because for many years my boys, as they grew old enough to appreciate the romance and
Adventures of it, were accepted, every Sunday evening to demand a "war story," this began. I think as early as 1871 when Jemmy was seven years old, and when he cousin Theodore, some years older, was living with us. The story was still comparatively fresh in my mind, and I had no difficulty in recalling every day's march, every marching place, and every fight, big or little. During the war I had kept full diaries, which were all burned in my office in 1869.

But I was never deficient in my journals. As one boy grew up another came on the scene, and until it was not until I was first elected to Congress, in 1882, when I was only 8 years old, that the story telling habit was laid aside. It never seemed to me that there was anything especially heroic or thrilling in these stories, but I had most attentive listeners, and I presume it is safe to say that what interests a rational minded boy, may interest others also.
I have often thought that when leisure stopped, permitted I would write out, more in detail, the story of my experiences in the War of the Rebellion.

In fulfillment of that purpose this work is undertaken. I do not contemplate anything like a history even of the regiment in which I served, but only my personal recollections of what passed around me.

In permanent form, in the record of the Rebellion and in numerous histories will be found the authentic story of the campaigns of the war. This is simply a personal narrative. It broadens only as my field of operations and command broadened. It is not written in any sense for the public, but as it was originally told, for my own boys, and those who come after them. My grandfather was only a private in the Continental Army, and I append only a very poor writer, yet if in the years before he died he had written out his daily experiences and
reminiscences of the war of the Revolution, that invaluable it would be to me now.

The first year of the war had passed, and I was just closing my second year as principal of the High School at Gritnland, Mich. When the Rebel Commander at Richmond inaugurated that series of battles commencing with Mechanicsville and Savage Hill, extending through the seven days battles, and ending at Malvern Hill on the first of July. Then almost immediately came President Lincoln's Call for three hundred thousand more troops, succeeded by the act of the Second Later to raise their respective quotas.

Up to this time I had felt no particular call to enlist, because there were always more ready to go than were needed, and I felt that I must pay off the debt which I had incurred in getting my College education.

I was engaged to be married to my present wife, and I had waited for a more imperative call. But now, on the heels of their crushing defeat...
the path of duty seemed plain.

I had received some military training as a boy at Lowbroke H.S., in 1851, 1852, at the "Military Gymnasium", and that had been supplemented by some drill during my university course. In 1860, I had been first captain and then major of drills in "Semi-Military Campaign organization", at Ann Arbor.

I had organized the young men of my department in the school into a company and had drilled them in foot movements, though we had no arms, Austin Blair was then governor of Michigan, and I had a slight acquaintance with him. My brother Sullivan had been in the legislature for two years, and the Governor knew him well.

So when the call for three hundred thousand men came, it sounded the call of duty to me. I felt that the time for me to go had come.

My future wife was visiting in Chicago, where I had been to read law during the winter,
And I called upon her and told her my
fulness and the war willing to leave it all to
my conviction of duty.
It was understood that on the 15th day of July, 1862,
the Governor would issue his call for Michigan's
quota of the new levy. Military headquarters were
in Detroit, in a store just above the Michigan
Exchange Hotel, on the same side of the street.
On the morning of July 15, I took the first
train to Detroit, and arrived long before the
office of the Governor or the Adjutant General
were open. The call was in the morning for
six Michigan regiments, one from each
Congressional district, in their order, namely, the 18th
from the 1st outside of Wayne, the 19th from the 2nd,
the 20th from the 3rd, and so on to the 23rd from the
6th, and the 24th regiment from Wayne. The threat that
was not in the original call.
I was waiting at the door when the Adjutant
General came, and I went in with him.
Governor Blair came in, and I told him
I had come to offer my services to raise or command.
for the 30th district regiment. I told him of my experience in military affairs and of my present occupation since graduating, and at once he wrote out for me a commission as 2nd lieutenant with authority to raise a company for the 20th Michigan infantry. Immediately I went to the mustering office, which was about a block above, over the Merchant and Mechanics bank, and was mustered into the United States service as a lieutenant by Col. J. R. Smith of the United States army. That afternoon I returned to Ypsilanti and drew up my call for recruits, and put it in the hands of M. D. Mitchell, then publishing a local paper, but who became Captain of Co. H. of our regiment, and was killed at Hoopeville near Chippewa. Nov. 25, 1863.

I claim, and have always claimed, to have been the first man enlisted or mustered in Michigan under the "three hundred thousand call."

The following, though it does not pertain strictly to this story, will be of some interest.
White was in the governor's office. Henry A. Morrow, then judge of the Recorder Court of Detroit, came into the office and offered his services to raise a company for the First District Regiment. The Governor asked him if he had any military experience. Judge Morrow said he had served as an enlisted man in the Mexican War, and had been connected with the Detroit Independent Companies.

Considerable conversation ensued, during which was discussed the feasibility of raising a full regiment in Wayne County. Colonel Morrow was asked if he were willing to undertake the raising of such a regiment. He promised to answer the same day. And later in the day I saw him again, and he told me he had decided to undertake it. That was the genesis of the 24th Michigan, which he commanded throughout the war. In May 1864 we were together in hospital at Georgetown, D.C., he wounded at the Wilderness and I at Shiloh.
9. In less than two weeks I went into the
merciless camp at Jackson with more than a
cull Company, being the first Company to go
into camp and receive. I immediately secured
to assist me in raising the Company, Charles
T. Allen, who was a faithful in my department,
and had served in the 2nd Kentucky 3-Month
Regiment, and had been at the battle of Bull
Run. For orderly sergeant I secured
Penman H. Raw, another faithful, afterward
Insurance Commissioner of Kentucky, and
now a prominent insurance man.
Allen is now a Doctor of Divinity in the
Methodist Church. For second Lieutenant
I took Augustus A. Van Cleve, of Yorktown,
who had been an officer in the Light Guard,
and was a well drilled man.
The new commissioned officers were almost
without exception members of my school.
As fast as they assembled, I had them
quadrant at the "Newmarket" House. I drills
and we commenced drilling.
10. My recruits came mostly from four localities, 1st Chicago; 2nd Manchester, where Allen lived; 3rd Sharon, R. O. W.'s home; and Palermo, where I went personally to recruit.

It was a very fine company, the material was of the very best; splendid young fellows from the schools and farms. Many of them sealed their devotion to their country with their lives. There was very little variety in the camp at Jackson. It was a pretty steady round of drills and camp duties.

I thought I had the best company in the regiment. It was a steady round of squad drill and company drill in the morning, and of battalion movement and dress parade in the afternoon. It was some time before we received uniforms and lines, so as to look and feel like soldiers.

I rounded down town at the hotel, as did most of the other officers. Before we were mustered into the United States Service
Note. Referring to the sword and equipment mentioned on the opposite page, I would state that I wore that sword and revolver continuously until May 1864. And the revolver throughout the war.

The sword was a very heavy steel scabbard weapon, and the brass ring by which it hung were almost worn through. On my way to the Wilderness Campaign, I bought in Baltimore a new sword, which I wore as long as remained in the service. Both sword, and revolver were buried in my grave at Orangeville, Oct. 6-9, 1871. The revolver afterward need encountered, so it looked about as well as before.

The remnants of the two swords I still have in my possession as relics.

This note refers to the * on next page.
August 19, 1862. My company presented me with a fine steel-plated sword, a large bolt Navy revolver, and a long silk case. It was a fine gift indeed, as then everything in the nature of military equipment was very expensive. I had one leave of absence to visit friends at Yeatlands, and on the other hand we received many visits in camp.

It was originally intended that W. N. Wuthering of Jackson, who had been a Captain in the 1st Mich. three months regiment, should be the Colonel of the 26th, and A. W. Williams of Lincoln who had been Major of the 2nd Michigan, Capt., should be Colonel of the 17th. But for some reason which I have never understood, they were changed about, and Williams became our Colonel. When the regiment was organized, Capt. W. Huntington Smith was Captain of Co. A, but with the understanding that he was to be promoted to Major when it was mustered in, and it was so done. As I had been mustered in as Captain of Co. "B," this left one place needing Captain of the regiment at
At the start, and in the direct line of formation, the officer who was to become our Lieutenant Colonel was Captain Obeatt of the 1st New Jersey (-three years) who was there at the front, and our colonel was to take his commission to him, but before we reached Washington—perhaps before we had crossed the state line—he was killed in the battle at Groveton, commonly called the battle of the Second Bull Run.

All the new regiments were being hurried to the front, the 17th, 20th, and 24th to the army of the Potomac, the 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, and 28th to the western departments.

The order came that we should move to the front on Sept. 1, 1862.
Going to the Front.

On the morning of Sept. 1, 1862, we broke camp at Jacksonville and started for the front. A great crowd was present to witness our departure, and cheered us as we marched through the streets to the railroad station.

Co. H. was from Green Lake; Co. K from Chelsea; Co. D. mostly from Dexter; Co. A. from Ann Arbor; and Co. H. from Ypsilanti, all of our own points to Detroit.

At each one of these places great crowds were at the station to bid us good-bye.

I remember that at Ypsilanti more distinctly than any of the rest. I saw the faces of many old friends.

I do not think that the general feeling among the men was one of depression or sadness, but rather of excitement and elation that we were going to the front.

Of course we all knew that we would not all come back, but each one we doubted hoped that he might be one of the fortunate ones.
What a splendid thing is helpfulness in you! It is the seed that makes men strong and gives the victory. Where hope is gone, thought is gone, and energy perishes without enthusiasm.

It was the middle of the afternoon when we arrived at Detroit, and we marched up Jefferson Avenue and through some of the principal streets, and in the evening, then back to the Michigan Central dock, where we took the steamboat for Cleveland. Soon after daybreak the next morning we arrived at Cleveland and had breakfast. Wherever we passed we were cheered. That night we reached Pittsburgh, and were well fed by the enthusiastic and patriotic people. We crossed the mountains the next night, and next afternoon reached Baltimore, that was the third of September. The depot was a great amount of stores. The trains were still running. We lay on the street until midnight without shelter or food. The next morning of the 21st, we were loaded upon freight cars. They were transported to Washington. I made the trip most of the way on the deck or roof of one of the cars.
Near the Relay House the railroad was blocked with troops, and a long delay ensued.

A large lot of Dancy's Zouaves were on one of the trains, and they got a raw deal.

It was well along in the afternoon of Sept. 4th, say about 4 o'clock.

When we came in sight of the unfinished dome of the Capitol, even in its unfinished condition, surrounded with scaffolding and surmounted with braves, it was a most inspiring sight.

It seemed to clih the heavens, as if it were a vast balloon. We disembarked at the Baltimore and Ohio depot, close under the shadow of the Capitol, and were conducted to a long, rough board building close by, known as "the soldiers' tent." (This was still standing when I was in Europe, 1863-1864.)

Here we found a luxurious feast of boiled beef, soft bread and black coffee awaiting us.

Good appetites sufficed the place of delicate viands, and we had the best meal since we left Petersburg. After some delay, we got our marching orders, to proceed across the long bridge and Camp in rear of Arlington Heights.

As we were crossing the bridge we met...
A regiment of cavalry coming in from Lee. Pope's campaign, which had terminated so disastrously at Bull Run and Chantilly.

The road was deep with dust, and both men and horses were covered thick with it.

Soon after crossing the bridge we met a long column of infantry, just in front of our, and moving over to reach on the Maryland side, as it was understood that General Lee was about to cross the Potomac. These troops were a long, looking set, bronzed and dirty and dusty, their clothing stained and torn, while on the other hand ours was quite neat. They immediately recognized the fact that we were raw recruits, and as they fairly turned up in their dust, we were hailed with all sorts of jeers. Our men had very large and very full whiskers. These they named "government barrows." "Look out boys, Stonewall Jackson will get those barrows," "My boys, where did you get those new whiskers," and many other such remarks met us.
Following a road that wound up over the 
Arlington hill, a long bridge, a half or three 
quartermile from the present site of the National 
Cemetery, we found our first encampment place 
on the "friend soil" of Virginia.
Here we were, for the first time really "in the field."
We bivouacked that night, without tents or shelter.

Next morning, the fog cleared, and we were off, and having made 
our toilet at a brook that flowed down through 
a little valley, we had breakfast, and there were 
ordered to fall into line. Orders were received 
that we should halt, amuse, and march with 
pride and cheerfully. We were told that we were to 
(March out to the battlefield of Bull Run and) 
view the dead of the late battle.

(That battle was fought for the 29th and 30th of Aug.)
But the order was countermanded; and, instead of 
we were started toward Alexandria, with all our troops.

On the road we met more troops, marching toward 
Washington, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, the clouds 
of dust were overwhelming.
It was evident that a large part of the Army was being concentrated on the north side of the river. As we were attacked by no command, we had very little provision made for our comfort. We had no tents, no wagons, and no issues of rations. Most of us had no breakfast, and when we reached Alexandria there was a great rush for the bakers' and other places where food was sold. We halted for an hour at the entrance outskirt of the town, and after a while two wagonloads of butter and bread were brought out to us, but no meat, to guard it. Without better or anything else to guard it, it was better as dry ration. But it was better than nothing.

We crossed a wide arm of the Potomac, plant came in just below Alexandria, and passed up into a little hollow at the western foot of the hill on which stood (and I suppose still stands), Fort Lyon, and there we made our camp. Then was a small cluster of houses nearby.
but no other troops were near the fort. The men defended gaily for food and shelter. No regular Commissary supply had yet been established, nor had food been distributed, and the men had not learned to care for themselves. One evening just at dusk or a little later, a cow strayed into the camp. The boys did not realize that they were not in the enemy's country, and at once commenced a fusillade of revolvers, and I think some guns were fired.

General Joseph Hooker had his headquarters at Fort Lyon, and reporting that some attack had been made on us, the "long roll" boat and his forces around Fort Lyon stood to arms, expecting an attack. General Hooker sent an aide to ascertain the cause of the firing, and when he learned it, laughed. From all accounts, the air was pretty blue around headquarters.

The affair has been called in the history of the regiment as the "Battle of Cow Hollow," and a picture representing it is always kept up at...
our allowances. On the 8th of September we left
Fort Sumter, under order to proceed to Washington
Arsenal to exchange our canons for new Springfield
Muskets. We passed straight Alexandri'a and
about two o'clock beyond, when we were halted
and countermanded to the dock on the Potomac,
where we took a steamer boat, which landed us
quite near the Washington Arsenal. I
arrived at the foot of Seventeenth Street,
then we found the 17th Michigan and the
36th Massachusetts Regiment, also on the same
time marching up right in the Arsenal grounds.

The 17th was first served, and
before dark started on their march to join
the 2nd Army Corps, now where in Maryland.
The 36th Massachusetts was next formed,

And marched away in the last part of the night.

I should mention that it was here at the arsenal,
that we lost our first man. While we lay at
the arsenal, Arsenal grounds, a shot was fired
from a campfield which extended along the east
side, and one of our men was mortally wounded.

The ball was from a revolver, or small caliber
I am very confident that it was on this day—it must have been this day—that I went up to the White House to present a letter of introduction from my sister Anna to Maj. C. Stedman, one of President Lincoln's private secretaries. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Chas. J. Allen. It was afternoon when we arrived at the White House, and the Cabinet was in session. I left Lt. Allen on the portico while I went in. Maj. Stedman's office was on the North East corner of State. In going to his room I passed the door of the Cabinet room, where the Cabinet was in session. The day was hot and the door stood wide open. As I passed slowly I took a good look into the room. I readily recognized President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, General McClellan, and General Mansfield. I observed that the entire Cabinet was present, and other generals, but those are all unrecognized. I presented my letter and after a few moments returned. The Cabinet had adjourned, and while I still stood there the Postmaster General came out and engaged us in conversations about the war.*

*(See memoranda on President Lincoln)
A rifle shot was made at the Joint where the shot was fired, and tracks were found leading from the Commissary toward the east.

Tied to the fence, not far away, was a very large horse ready saddled. They at once assumed that there was some connection between the horse and the person who fired the shot, and he was at once "captured."

Major C. Huntington Smith, soon to be Lieut. Colonel, appropriated the horse. When we reached that night, and, as he had no horse of his own, he continued to ride that horse as long as he lived. On the 16th day of November 1863, Colonel Smith was shot through the brain, from the back of his horse, during the battle of Campbell Station, Tenn.

It was past midnight when we had encamped the troops, and filled our rations boxes, and changed our armament, and were ordered to march to join the 9th Army Corps, under General McClellan. He marched through the dead city and out seventh street, over the height, leaving the spring-pieces of the last line. Massachusetts, and on to the
I suppose that Colonel Williams knew, and had the order to march and join the division. I have since been informed by Gen. O. P. McLeroy, I was told by one who saw the order at the time, that when the order came Sept. 18, the day after the battle of Antietam, it directed him to March forthwith "without further unnecessary delay."

[Additional handwriting not legible]
At the vicinity of Leesport, Maryland, where often during the day we halted and bivouacked, we were still without tents or wagons, many without overcoats, and without proper or sufficient rations. Our quartermaster was James A. Durant, a jeweller, who had been afflicted because he was a good Republican and patriotic, and not because he knew anything about the duties of his office.

Colonel Williams was in Washington every day, trying to get tents and transportation, but with little success. We made temporary shelters as best we could, but the food was very insufficient. The men bought all sorts of food of peddlers who brought cans and jars into camp, and many of the soldiers became sick as a result. We remained here from the 10th until the 18th, and were considered as a "reinforcement regiment" in the field. Though assigned to Willard's division, we never marched until afterward. We drilled a good deal, and improved the time. While we lay
at this place, which, in the annals of the regiment has been known as "Cark's Manover," we heard the guns of the battle of South Mountain and Antietam, in which the 17th Michigan fought bravely as a bloody part, and in which we were never engaged. Had we started from the arsenal with them 24 hours earlier than we did, the 17th suffered very severely and there would have been many more cases of our regiment had we been there.

Suppose we ought to be thankful, that, without our fault, we were not there, and were prepared to share that bloody baptism. We were ordered to do better service thereafter.

On the 17th, while the great battle at Antietam was in progress, I was drilling my company in the skirmish drill, about half a mile from camp.

We lay down on the ground and counted the detonations of the cannon shots, sometimes they came in volley, several in a second, and averaged about a hundred shots a minute. It was our first experience of the sounds of actual battle.
Washington to Frederick.

We left an encampment, or bivouac of tents-
near Leesboro, Maryland, on the morning of Sept. 18
1862, and proceeded across country in the
most direct route to Frederick, Maryland,
via Rossville, Middleburg, and Marye's.

We spent Sunday the 21st at a point a
Couple of Miles west of Frederick. I remember
Sunday Sunday evening, with street Allen,
at a farm house nearly, with a family
of the name of Ramstead. We took supper with
them, and had beaker and orange.

They were very civil people, and extremely friendly.

Next morning we were on the road again,
and camped that night at the foot of
Mount Moriah, on the edge of the battle ground
of the 14th. We passed many graves
near the road and on the hillsides.

The village of Middleburg was converted into
one great hospital. It was a long
Climb over Mount Moriah, but by noon
of the 23rd we passed through Boonsboro, and then
descend through the village of Kendraville, leading...
Note: On the morning that we crossed the mountains, I rose quite early before sun-rise in fact, and climbed to the Summit of South Mountain. All the mountains were evidently been fought over only a week before and still bore the marks of the battle. Graves were
sunk in here and there. From the top of the mountain I saw the sun rise. The valley were filled with
a dense fog as white as milk! Out of this white were
the higher parts of the village of Middletown rose like
an island. Distant hills also shewed above it,
while South Mountain rose like a continuous
chain on which broke the silent waves of the
West. Her picture made an impression on my
Mind which remained distinct to this day.
the village of Sharpsburg, where the centre of the battle had raged, a little after noon of the 22nd.

All day long we saw the evidences of the battle. At Burnside there had been a cavalry fight, and the evidences of it were still plain to see. At Fredericksburg every house was filled with unwounded, and numerous hospitals and morgues were seen between here and Antietam Creek. We crossed the Creek on the Middlestone bridge, leading directly to Sharpsburg, passing McClellan's headquarters and Fitz-John Porter's office by the way.

The village of Sharpsburg showed the marks of shot and shell, there being few buildings that had not been hit. The plastered areas were highest part of the hill, where the cork came to the surface, and where the Confederate batteries had been placed, awaiting orders, after waiting here for a couple of hours we received orders and were guided to the location of the 9th Army Corps. To the south and west of
I revisited the battlefield of Antietam in May 1880. I have in one of my note books recorded my recollections of that visit, and to that I refer.
Shantyburg, in the vicinity of the old Aquia Creek works, I were assigned to the 23d Brigade, 1st Div.
2d Corps. The 2d Michigan joined at this
Berkley, and the Brigade was constituted of
the 9th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th Wisconsin, and the
9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th New York. Major D. W. B.
was commanding the Corps; the Division Commander
was Brig. Gen. L. M. Barnes; and the Brigade was
commanded by Col. B. C. Griffin, 57th Pa.
On the evening of the 23rd of Sept. 1862, we marched
into the lines of the army of the Potomac, as a
flourish of drum and fife in the face of a glowing fire
and disarray. We bivouacked that night in a
grove of splendid trees, not far from the banks
of the Potomac, and, without tents or sufficient blankets
or overcoats, slept the sleep of the weary. Navin by units
were mustered from brush and corn stack, -Navin the "Rough Riders,"
and a line of huts; -Navin the "Round Ponies,"
and a line of wagon teams.
Then Lee had been permitted to retire across the
Potomac, and was holding Harpers Ferry and
Bolivar Heights back of that line, with the main
body of his army encamped at Harpers Ferry.
This position was on the opposite side of the Potomac,
though at this time there was no firing between
the outposts.
It was at this point, along the Potomac, and a little above the first works that I did my first actual duty in the presence of the enemy.

I had my headquarters at a house which stood on the border of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and our picket posts were stationed along the bank of the canal, which was dry.

The canal gave as the means of communication along our whole line with perfect ease, without being exposed to the observation of the enemy.

After we had been here a day or two we were moved out of the woods, and placed along side a cornfield, and the men cut of the corn and made themselves cornstalk huts, with the help of boards and rails from the fence.

Our men were destitute of many things, and there was much sickness in consequence. But before we left this place—called Cornstalk House—on the 8th of Oct., our baggage—consisting of four blankets and a cot—was unplaced. The soldiers had been ordered to the regiment, and many of the private depositories had been suffered.

On Oct. 8th, the 9th Corps broke through and moved across Elk Ridge, the extremity of Antietam Mountain into Pleasant Valley, on the east side of the Mountain, and near to Napan Ferry. About the same time some of the other corps had moved across this.
Potomac and had occupied Harper's Ferry without much of a contest, and since the main body of our army was moved to the Potomac side once more. While here at Pleasant Valley, I went one Sunday up on Maryland Heights, and followed the crest to its outbound extremity opposite to Harper's Ferry. In fact, you looked down directly upon that straggling town, while the Chickopee and Ohiopelac wound almost directly beneath your feet.

There just across the bridge was old John Brown's "fort," where only about three years before the land made her stand against the whole state of Virginia, and only a few miles away, at Charlestown was the jail where he was confined, and where he espoused his offence on the scaffold. It may be almost said that his raid was the real beginning of the war.

I climbed down the precipitous heights, and passed over to Harper's Ferry, and viewed the scene which had been familiar to my story.

On the evening of October 14, while I was on pocket duty with my Company, orders reached me to return at once to camp and prepare to march. Our brigade was ordered to Nolan's ford, below Point of Rocks, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat.
of General J.E.B. Stuart, who had been leading a raid around the army of the Potomac, capturing
arsenals, destroying trains, &c.

We made a forced march, following the towpaths of the canal. At sunrise we were at Point of
Rocks, where we halted a short time for breakfast, and then pushed on to Dolley's Ford, only to find
that Stuart had deflected to a point five miles
beyond, and Army the night had safely crossed into
Virginia. We found here a fine peachy grove
on a large farm, and in an oak grove,
we buried ourselves with drill and study, and
put a small party to Sugarloaf Mountain 6 or 8
miles away to pick up any stragglers who might have
fallen out of Stuart's column. They found some, but
did bring in a Confederate cavalry horse, which,
after a time, fell to me. She was thin, very
tired, fleshly and rather demoralized, but when
well cared for and fed she put on flesh, and
made a really spirited saddle horse of which
I was quite fond. I called her "Old Betsy," and
rode her as long as I remained in the service.
Me remained at Holan's Ford until Oct. 30. When we marched to Point of Rocks and at a point just below there, our whole division then assembled, forded the Potomac to the Virginia side. The water was six feet high, up to the neck, and the current was strong. I should say, near a quarter of a mile wide. It was a great sight to see that whole division, most of them heavily armed, their limbers, and their teams of four horses, flying in and slipping upon the slippery, rocky bottom. We reached Waterford that night.

We camped at Waterford two days. This was a quiet little village of a few hundreds, composed mostly of Episcopalians who were a sort of quakers.

On November 2nd, with rest of our 9th Corps, we began the movement toward Richmond, up the Valley of Virginia, under General McClellan. The army was at that time divided into three "grand divisions." Each grand division was composed of two army corps, and commanded by a senior major general. General Joseph Hooker
Commanded the right grand division, General E. V. Sumner, the centre grand division, and General W. B. Franklin, the left grand division.

Our grand division consisted of the second and nineteenth corps, under Banks, at this time, and until November 8th.

On the latter date we were at Reelfoot Va., occupied on the top of a hill near the Manassas Gap Railroad. On that night came the order relieving General McClellan of command of the army and putting General Burnside in chief command.

By that change Sumner came into command of the centre grand division, and so remained until Burnside was relieved in February 1863.

The Army of the Potomac was at first time in fine condition, and thoroughly organized.

We moved steadily up the Valley of Virginia, while Lee was moving parallel of the Valley of the Shenandoah. McClellan's strategy was to interpose between Lee and Richmond,
and careful how to fight an open battle, probably somewhere between Reelfaxeau Station and Gordonsville. The object was to force the army to the South side of the Potomac.

McClellan himself crossing between White Oak Church and the railroad at Reelfaxeau Station. He would flank the headwater of the Reelfaxeau, which barred Falls at Fredericksburg, and would surmount the Potomac while it was yet an inconceivable power.

I was not at all a "McClellanite," and in fact shared to the full in the prejudice against him on account of his long delays. He was not a Grant, a Sherman, or a Sheridan, but he was a great organizer. He took the Army of the Potomac when it was pretty well unraveled out by the Seven days' fight before Richmond, and transferred it into Northern Virginia. Then took the fragments of Pope's army and from then organized the Army that won the battle.
of Antietam or Sharpsburg. Could he have brought up the reserves left back at Washington and put in Porter's line, which had not actually participated in the fighting since Aug. 30, at Fredericksburg, he ought to have practically annihilated Gen. Lee's Army. But he gave the Army a rest from the 17th of September to the first of November before he commenced his advance. Meanwhile Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton—particularly the Senators—had got out of patience with his delay, and demanded his removal. Chief among the Senators was Senator Chaffee of Michigan.

There was, no doubt, cause enough for his patience, but when the Army was in full tide of advance, fully supplied and splendidly organized, in full spirit, and confident of its success, it was an exceedingly unfortunate moment for a change of Commanders. Had McClellan been left to carry out his plan of campaign,
The terrible disaster of Fredericksburg would never have occurred. On the 8th of Nov. 1862 we were engaged in a race for Richmond, with our Army on the inside, later, and with every prospect of success.

General Burnside had never demonstrated his fitness for a large command; and my subsequent observation of him, both in the East and in the West, has fully satisfied me that he was in no place a great commander. That he was honest, loyal and earnest in his devotion to the Union cause cannot for a moment be doubted.

But a study of the battle of Fredericksburg and of the campaign from the time he took command, will, it seems to me, show that he was lacking in the fundamental qualifications of a successful commander. Had McClellan remained in command, I am satisfied that if Lee had got back to Richmond it would have been with a shattered Army, and with the Army of Potomac close on his heels, instead
of that army sitting all winter on the banks of the Rappahannock. Instead of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville there would have been one or more general battles to the Northwest of Richmond, and McClellan would have held the railroads in his rear and his bases at Masleburg and Fredericksburg.

Remember on the night of the 8th November seeing colored rocket's going up from Army headquarters a signal, no doubt, understood by those for whom it was intended.

The next morning we heard of the change of commanders. McClellan's old troops were much attached to him, especially his higher officers. The afternoon before I had seen him as he rode along with his aide-de-camp, passing the column in their march, and he was hailed with continuous cheers. McClellan was at that time about 37 years old, and had ranked among our brightest officers in the old army. He had been sent to Europe to study the state
of the art of war there, and probably was as well up in the theory of war as any one among our generals. His great failing was a lack of confidence. He seemed to shrink from beginning.

From the time we left Point of Rocks until we crossed the Manassas Gap railroad we had been marching at the east base of the Blue Ridge, and generally parallel with the Oomanockah River, while General Lee was always marched parallel with us, on the other side of the ridge and held possession of the several gaps after our right flank. His flank was held by the cavalry corps under General Pleasonton, and every day we heard the sound of one gun at the several gaps, as the two forces engaged for their possession. I have seen large armies in movement more than once, but I never saw one so large which moved so much like clockwork as McClellan's advance.

Some delay occurred the change while Burnside was getting things in hand and keeping his
hours, and we rested a day at Olustee. Then moved to Mattole, where we were encamped for some days. While here some snow fell, which lasted only a day. At Mattole Colonel Deaton ordered a search of our regiment to find who had old Michigan "wild cat" money. A good deal of it had been brought forward especially by the Rutland Creek company and a good deal of it was salvaged off on the prairie. The regiment was strung of ice hill and every mouth much more searched. But the "wild cats" had disappeared.

On the 13th we moved to Sulphur Springs, near Olustee, where the enemy appeared during the day on the opposite side and fired a few shots at us from a battery, doing no particular damage. Sulphur Springs had been a favorite Virginian summer resort, but at this time the main building had been partially destroyed and the whole town was in a dilapidated condition. We spent the day in guarding a forest of
the Rappahannock, and at about 9 or 10 o'clock at night, having built small campfires, we "silently stole away," and at morning we were at Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where we found up with the head of the Corps. He did not hurry; on the contrary we made delays. It was a part of General Bammister's plan, it seems, to cross the Rappahannock at or near Fredericksburg with pontoon bridges, and he professed to use the same pontoons which had been in use at Harper's Ferry. These were to have been transported to Washington and down the Potomac to Aquia Creek and thence by train to Fredericksburg, just above Fredericksburg, on deck defended to the whole length of the river, and just here it broke down; for the pontoons did not reach Fredericksburg until long after General Lee was on the opposite bank with his entire Army.

We left Bealton in the afternoon of the 18th, and late in the afternoon of the 19th we dropped our weight length through the ancient and
Went to the village of Shemansie on the north bank of the Delaware, and at dusk went into camp on the heights, about a mile back of the river and to right of the city of Princeton.
FREDERICKSBURG.

As I have said, it was the evening of Nov. 19, 1862, when our division marched up the hill from Malmaudt and halted on the site which had been occupied by General McDowell's army during the summer. It was no fit place for a camp. It was thoroughly inundated with the mire of a large camp which had been occupied for months; the soil was clayey, and muddy with the recent rains. No vestige of grass or turf had been worn away, and we stuck our tent down on the mud the best we could, and after a cold bite we lay down to sleep. Lieutenant Char. J. Allen and I occupied an "A" tent together, but we had neglected to detach the tent and drain it.

In the night we were awakened by the rain beating on the tent, and before morning Allen was lying in a pool of water. In the morning we found ourselves wading around in the reflect, steepest Mud of Mud, and the rain still falling. Quartermaster Dwight gave me once
barrel slaves with which I made a breast
and managed to get above the water-line.
Within a few days we were moved back to a
point on the Aquia Creek road, a half or
three fourths of a mile further from the river-front.
And entirely out of sight of Fredericksburg or
even the heights of beyond. Here, we entirely
pushed forward we made our breast.
The ground had been covered with a small
grove of trees, some of which the soldiers
used to make low walls for their tents, and
trunks for fuel. Their breast was named by
our regiment "Breast Laura Blair," after
the wife of Governor Blair.
After we left Jackson she had raised five
funds among the ladies of that city to become
a State banner for us. This was done after
forwarded to Washington, but not until we
reached Fredericksburg could it be forwarded.

On Christmas day, I think it was, the
26th, the banner was presented. The regiment
was formed, and the address of Mrs. Blair...
was read by Assistant Surgeon Abbott, and I delivered the eulogise, standing upon the top of a good stand of
fork barrel. This address was afterward printed in the "Union Vidette," which our Brigade issued at Lebanon, Ky., in the following April.

Here many of our men became sick, and quite a number of them died. Fever and ague were the prevailing diseases.

We had no proper or sufficient hospital accommodations, and no competent nursing. Many of the men avoided going to hospital when they ought to have done so, and some died in quarters.

Commencing as far back as when we were at Pleasant Valley, Maryland, the subject of the promotions in the regiment began to be agitated.

I did not dream, then, of such a thing as making Major Smith, but I am satisfied now that if I had done so, I would have stood a good chance of success. Adjutant Manver of Marshall made a strong push for it. He had been a drunk and debauchee in the 1st Corp. duty.
But he had resigned in the former January. At that time he stood closer to the Colonel than I did. I never knew what the recommendation of Colonel Williams was, but I knew that on Dec. 5th the Commission came to see,答应 from October 14th. What that date had to do with it, I never knew. Dec. 5th I accepted the Commission and was mustered in as Major. I continued to serve as such until Feb. 1864. Pvt. A. S. Allen preceded me as Captain of Co. B, and made a brave and excellent officer. He is now a "doctor of divinity," a Deacon in the Detroit Conference, and one of the leading Methodist Ministers of Michigan. New Cleve became 1st Lieutenant, and Sam A. Raw became 2nd Lieutenant.

General Burnside's plan of campaign had miscarried. It all depended upon crossing the river at Culpepper and seizing the city of Fredericksburg and the heights beyond, before General Lee could bring up the main body of his army. A man with his base at Aquia Creek and a short line of water to Fredericksburg
for biscuits to Pohick and re-enforcement, he would rush Lee back to Chancellorsville, and move on Richmond on the same line which Grant chose in 1864, and which Hooker attempted in the Chancellorsville campaign in May 1863. But the plans had made the
for as impassable; the pontoons did not
arrive; and from the 17th of Nov. until the 11th
of December we sat idle and Axel Lee
fortify the hills. At least the pontoons arrived
and were landed in a hollow alongside the
Coeur de Lion road, back of our lines.

It seems curious, as I think of it, but I
have no specific recollection of the march of the
rest of our division on corps. Briefly, however,
they were there. I had not yet come to take
an interest in these larger things. My chief
idea was to do well my immediate duty, and
I did not go about much among the troops.

Colonel Hayden had been for some time on
leave of absence, and Colonel O. M. Poe of
the 2d Michigan was commanding the
brigade in his place. Gen. W. H. Dana still commanded
to the division. I knew very little of General Banks. After we left the army of the Potomac I scarcely ever heard of him again. What became of him I do not know. I had been an officer in the regular army and I think lately he may have gone back to it, or he may have been killed or resigned without my noticing it.

By the 11th Dec. all was in readiness for a forward movement. The batteries were in readiness to be thrown across the river; our batteries lined all the heights from Falmouth along the Stafford hills to opposite Deep Run. The Connecticut siege artillery was posted directly opposite the town and dominated everything as far as Marye's Heights.

Roads had been prepared for the advance of the artillery to the river; the place of attack had been decided upon.

The cavalry was to make a demonstration at Port Royal, twelve miles below, alarm the enemy for the safety of her right and clear and draw off as many of her troops.
Here, these sharpshooters were of Barterdale Virginia Brigade. I afterward knew Gen. Barterdale as a member of the House of Representatives.
As possible. Three sets of burners were to be thrown across the river. For Hooker's division, on the right, above the town, for Sherman'sGrand division, in the Center, just to the town; Corrals 2nd Corps above the railroad bridge, and Wills's 3rd Corps just at the lower end of the town; and McPherson's Grand division about half a mile below. The expectation was that the pontoon would be laid on the night of the 10th; that on the morning of the 11th the barrage would begin, and that by the 12th the decisive battle would be fought. But the enemy were not to be surprised. They had built a line there and filled the buildings on the bank with sharpshooters, and the engineers found it wholly impossible to lay the bridge.

Another delay ensued, until the 17th. I volun
ted to rush across in boats, and drive back the sharpshooters which was gallantly done. Early on the morning of the 11th (Monday) we broke cover, and
Waved his head from division column down toward the river. It gave us a chance to witness the cannonade.

It was a chilly winter morning, and a frosty mist lay in the valley. Three hundred pieces of artillery opened upon the town, and the fingers beyond, until the city was a sea of smoke. But we knew now how very little was effected by their cannonade, beyond reddening the houses of the town.

It was late in the afternoon of the 11th, before the troops began to cross, and not until the morning of the 12th that the crossing became general. We went back to reach that night and slept in an old breake.

But bright and early in the morning of the 12th our column wended its way once more toward the river, while the guns once more thundered all day and down the stream fortune beckoned.

It was a splendid spectacle to see the troops marching down from all directions
...like rivers of blood, erected at its fleet.
It made one think of Byron's
"Waves of living valor rolling on the foe".
In the battle of Waterloo.

We waited long on the first plateau back
from the river. While the troops ahead had
advanced across the river. Our guns commanded
completely the bridgeheads, and there was no
trouble about crossing, though now and then
a shot or shell reached between our heads
among the batteries on the north shore.

It was late in the afternoon of the 18th when
our division crossed, to the music of the
guns and the shrilling of the shells flying
back and forth above our heads.

We went just hill along the river bank.
Our regiment being stationed near the
point of land near the north bridge, our right
laying at the gas works. The dead sharpshooters
of Barksdale's brigade, still lay along the streets
and around the building on the dock, where
they had fallen the day before.
It was just here that I saw the first man actually killed in battle. It was right by our gun works. A shell came down from the heights and took off the head of a man of the 10th Texas. It was rather blood curdling for a beginning.

Numerous shells landed just over our heads, and some of them smashed into the river. I think they were trying to break up our bridge.

At dusk we moved by the left flank, under cover of the terraces which stretch from Hazel Run to the Mountain Crossing, and bivouacked for the night. It was terribly cold; there was a little snow on the ground, and it was impossible to sleep. I spent the night in a small ravine on the left of our regiment. During the latter part of the night, the came up a frosty fog, which covered all the trees and the hill back of it with a picturesque veil. It had been expected that the attack would begin at daylight, but the fog hindered it impossible. Accordingly we waited, but still no sound of battle, except now and then a faint bullet of small arms came up from the far left, where Mountain's troops had gone.
Practically the whole army was now over,
Hood's in the right, Sherman in the center, and
McPherson on the left. I think it was between
9 and 10 o'clock when the fog lifted, and
almost immediately from the far left,
Away towards New Berlin crossing came
the Battle of New Berlin and the boom of heavier
guns. But the sounds were shifted by distance
and the fog.

Our division was the connecting link between
the right and left wings of the army.
We were posted along the river bank, with
a wide plain in front of us, through which
ran the railroad and a telegraph road
which disappeared in the woods to the
left. Back of these rose undulating hills
of moderate height, one of which was a
large brick house, just on the right of our
division. Nagel Run came down through
a dark cut gorge on the east of Marge's height.
formed a depression of some extent.
their valley of Nagel Run was an old mill,
and other buildings, I think nearer houses.
*Note. I think it was in May 1864, that a Congressional excursion consisting of probably two hundred members of the two houses and officers of the army went from Washington to Fredericksburg. To revisit the battle ground. Many of them had been in the battle on opposite sides. Among the Confederates I especially remember Gen. James Longstreet, Col. Mc. C. Duster of Ala. and Col. William A. Herbst, afterward Sec. of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Standing in the National Cemetery on the top of Marye's Height, and overlooking the entire field, Gen. Longstreet explained the entire battle from her stronghold. Gen. John Newton, then Chief of Engineers U.S.A. explained it from the Union side. On this occasion we went over nearly the whole field, going first by rail to Headquarters Cemetery on its extreme left, and driving out from the city across the ground over which the 2nd and 3rd left advanced.

After seeing the actual situation, I cannot understand how Banks' army could have expected to succeed. It was what it actually proved to be, a watertight slaughter box.
The Coles Ferry Co. was stationed in the town as were also Getty's and Sharpe's divisions of the 9th Co. From about the center of the town a main road ran southward toward the hills, and what well outside of the town crossed a canal, and, at a brick house with a cluster of wooden cottages, divided, the principal branch bearing to the right, (S.W.) and wound up through a deep ravine or cut and went toward Hodge's Farm Court House. It was down this road that I came, wounded, on the night of May 11, 1864. The other branch of the road bore to the left until it reached the foot of the lofty terrace known as "Murray's Heights," where it ran along the foot of the hill as a sunken road-bed, bounded by a breast-high sunken wall on the side next the town.

I went over all this ground in 1884 with both Union and Confederate officers, and saw the site of that fearful struggle of Dec. 13, 1862. From the Canal up to the sunken road the ground rose gradually, with very little
moweress, and almost no opportunity
to gain cover from the artillery on the hills or
the musketry at the flank roads.
From our position in the center we could
see nothing of the movements on the left.
We could see the troops march away, and
disappear. But from my position in rear
of a battery near the Mountain Bridge, all
the crest of the hill from Hazel Reef to beyond
the Main road, above pleasing of, where is now
the National Cemetery) was in full and distinct
view, as was the line of the Suckern road,
and the deep slope leading from the railroad
up to it. The battle on the left raged for an
hour or more, from very half past the half
near noon, then it slackened. Now
came down to the crossing that Meade
had charged across the railroad, had
carried one of the positions of the enemy, and
had captured many prisoners. But the
battle on the left seemed to fall.
But now Brough's 2nd Corps, supported by the right division of the 9th Corps, moved out from the town up toward Orange Heights. They did not come in sight until after they had crossed the canal, and reached about the point where the black house stood at the division of the roads. From where I stood I could see these purchasers, line after line, and disappear in the powder smoke, while the volley crashed from the smaller road in front.

It was a thrilling and fearful sight to see flesh and blood dash in such destruction. The ground behind them was strown thick with the fallen; and as the day wore on it was covered more picturesquely still. Later still, Winder put in a part of her force still further to the right, in a futile attempt to turn the flanks of the brigades in the parallel road. It also failed.

Then there was a lull again. At last, when it was already getting quite dusk, and I could no longer distinguish the lines,
*Note. General Longstreet told me on the occasion in 1884 that he saw our Corps formed and realized perfectly what our front was. He said that in his opinion as a man of war could ever have reached the foot of the heights. He said he had 36 years—the position he described of which would have crossed every foot of the advance, which must have been not less than 3/4 of a mile. The Council of War, very favorably considers General Burnside, and orders the 9th Corps for practical execution.

It was an act of desperation of folly to have dreamed of such a charge. Our Brigade had the lead, and our regiment was close to the head of the Column. Had the order not been countermanded, it is probable that the Army would have rested at the Battle of Fredericksburg.
15th Humphry's division made a last attempt to carry the stone wall, but in vain.

Through the gathering gloom I saw the flashes of the successive volleys as they ran along the line of the broken road, almost like a continuous blaze.

With darkness came comparative silence, though an occasional gun sounded on until far into the night. That night our regiment was ordered forward across the plain nearly to the line of the railroad, where we remained in support of the works until daylight of the 14th.

The 14th was Sunday, and Benaude had declared that he would storm the heights, with the 9th Corps in front. The column of assault was formed in the valley of Wiegler Reins, and the divisions started to advance; but after waiting there from 7 o'clock until noon, the attack was given off, and we moved by the left to the same ground we had before occupied.

Our casualties for Monday, Dec. 15th, and that night, amounted to 8 dead, 117 wounded, and 102 missing.
Here ended the bloody and lamentable battle of Fredericaburg. Poor were about the most fortunate division in the army in the matter of losses. As all the sacrifice was made, we might well congratulate ourselves that our war was slight.
From Fredericksburg to Louisville, Ky.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec 12 - 14, 1862, the regiment remained in position on the north bank of the Rappahannock until the night of Dec. 15-16, when we recrossed to the north side, and returned to our former camp on the east of the Rappahannock.

Here we continued until Barnard’s famous "Mud March", which I think was Jan, 20th, 1863.

Then we broke camp in the rain, and started out for one of the fords above Fredericksburg, with the idea of turning Lee's left flank in the direction of Chancellorsville, the route that Hooker afterward took. The movement was found impossible. The rain poured down in torrents.

The horses could not haul the artillery, nor move the trains. It was the most perilous, disgusting and deplorable army I ever saw.

We returned to Fredericksburg, wet and drooped and weary. The ground where our feet.
Note. Here were some amusing incidents connected with pocket duty. The rebel pickets were on the opposite bank of the river and in their right, and it was a common thing for the two pickets to exchange compliments back and forth. Here is one of these conversations.

"Hello Johnnie," "Hello. York, what are you fellows going to do?" "Going to Richmond."

"Guess not. You'll find that you have a long walk to climb, a long street to pass through and two Hills to go up before you get there."

This war another. "Say, Johnnie, where's your overcoat." (Johnnie was wearing an old army blanket over his shoulders). "Johnnie. I left it at home. We don't wear our best clothes to slaughter men." Rather surprising under the circumstances, as this was after the battle.
had stood, and became worked up with the heat, and it took days to get them comfortable again. Many of the men were sick, and funerals in the regiment were of almost daily occurrence. Hospital accommodations were very wretched, and the men so dreaded to go to the hospital, which was only a tent, that a number of them died in their quarters. Smallpox nearly killed some. Despairing, badly cooked food, inadequate clothing, and insanitary surroundings, killed many.

During this period I had many of the pickets from ten to twelve days. Our picket line extended from the railroad bridge on the right to Franklin Street on the left. It included the old 'Washington Place,' where George Washington built the famous Cherry Tree. At the old 'Washington Place' I had my headquarters a number of times. We had but little drill, and picket duty was about the only service we had.
note. It is now a matter of astonishment to me that I remember so little about Brig. Gen. M. McCown who commanded our division from the battle of Antietam to Feb. 6, 1863. I do not remember to have seen him at all during the Fredericktown Campaign, except on the day I went to her head quarters to be mustered as Major. I saw him then, but I do not remember to have ever seen him again. No one seems ever to think of him as a factor in the 9th Corps. I think I must look him up and find out what become of him.
3. After the "Mud March" we relieved into a sort of slavery. Capt. A. B. Williams was about the most demoralized man in the regiment. He used to sit in his tent and croak and deplore. He declared that we could never conquer the South, and it was no use fighting any longer, and we had better make peace, divide on the line of the Rappahannock and westward. It became known among the men, and had a very bad effect. During this period many men were discharged for disobedience and sent home. Not long after the "Mud March," Durmaside was removed and Hooper put in his place. Hooper was known as "Fighting Joe Hooper." I don't know just when or how he gained the sobriquet. (About this date I received by post pay from the government.) Durmaside had organized the 5th Army Corps, and the corps was much attached to him. It was said that Hooper did not want the corps, and on Feb. 14, it was
Note Feb 6th - the orders came for the 9th Corps to proceed to Fort Mead and report to Gen. John A. Dix.

Gen. Geo. H. Gordon had been assigned to the temporary command of the 9th Corps and Col. Or. W. Mclloyd had been returned to the command of the 1st Division.

I recall the fact that all the field and staff of our Brigade went in a body to make a call upon General McClellan at Division Headquarters and to welcome him back to the old Division which he commanded at South Mountain. There were some informal speeches, made, and a pleasant hour was spent, and Gen. McClellan brought out a bottle of old wine which had been sent him by friends at Union. I think I was the only one who did not drink and got a good deal of hatred on my abstemious.
detached from the Army of the Potomac, and sent to Gen. John A. Dix, department of Virginia, and stationed at Newport News, Va.

There were three divisions commanded by Samuel D. Lee, Gen. H. G. Otis, Gen. O. M. Willcox, Gen. Stanley and others.

Our division—the Willcox division—was camped on the banks of the James River about a mile to two miles above Newport News.

The site of the camp was high and level, the soil porous, and the location healthy.

We had an abundance of good water, which gushed out from springs at the foot of the high banks which lined the river.

Our division was camped parallel with the James River. Nearly opposite our camp were the wrecks of the "Congress" and "Cumberland," sunk the year before by the rebel flotilla. Merrimac. Their masts rose above the water at an angle,
From the diary of Capt. Walter McCollum, March 6th, 1863.

"Camp of 20th Michigan under the supervision of Major
Culverin. Exceeding all the Regiment. Our Brigade will
be liked and regularly."
And when a new war we play away
with the battery of thewaves. Her we
made the most beautiful rung that our regiment
ever had. Her Colonel placed me in charge
of the Rank, and the Infantry features connected
with it, and the line officers, and were enjoyed
it and gave me much credit for it.

The streets were neat and regular. And in front
was a perfect parade ground, and near by in
the right of the Rank was a large field adapted
to drilling. Lieutenant Colonel Jones placed
a leave of absence to go to Michigan, and the Colonel
was not well, and still continued in the "duties."
and he turned the regiment over to me, except
after most parade. Colonel O. M. Poe of the
2nd Michigan (he had been appointed but not confirmed
Brigade General) was Commanding the Brigade. He
was a West Point Graduate, a fine drillmaster and
a splendid commander. He used to take an act
for Brigade Drill. And I had the handling of the
20th, and General Poe heartily complimented me
on my success.
 About this time the Colonel sent for me to come to his quarters, and told me in confidence that he contemplated resigning, and that he desired to see me before he did.

I think the fact was that he had become thoroughly sick of the war (he had been in prime the spring of 1861), and was anxious to retire.

He went out as a lieutenant major of the old Dr. Nott's service through the Bull Run campaign.

And during the winter of 1861-2 was stationed near Alexandria, Va.; in the spring of 1862 he went with McClellan to the Peninsula campaign, was in the operations at Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, and the long struggle from the Chickahominy to the James, known as "the seven days battle." They were in General Heenan's 'fighting' brigade." He was already a veteran with a long war record when he was promoted to be Colonel of the 20th.
7 But whatever may have been the colonel's wishes or intentions in regard to resigning and becoming my assistant as his successor, it was all frustrated by a movement among the officers. As I have said, Lieut. Colonel Smith was about on leave, and did not rejoin us until after we crossed the Mountains. There was very great dissatisfaction among the line officers, with the colonel. He seemed to have lost interest, and made the men spiritless. Many of the officers looked upon him as demoralized, and to stand in the way of bringing up the regiment to a high state of efficiency. Under these circumstances, a petition was started, stating what they regarded as the facts, in a very plain way, and requesting Colonel Williams to resign. The petition was on the 18th day of March, when by a committee of officers it was presented to the colonel at his tent.

The petition was signed by every line officer in the regiment from the captain to the lowest, except Captain W. D. Miller of Co. K. It was the
8 leader in the Movement. He was an educated gentleman, graduate of the Michigan law school, a brave and excellent officer.

Col. Williams was about sick already, and in an extremely nervous condition, and he flew into a towering passion. He at once ordered every man who had signed the petition under arrest for mutiny, confined them closely in their tents, and posted guards with loaded muskets over them.

The row began on the afternoon of the 18th, and continued all night until the morning of the 19th.

He Colonel sent for the officers, one by one. First he had sent for me and Dr. Kendall, the surgeon, and demanded to know if we knew anything about this mutiny. We both replied promptly to know nothing about it. Then he ordered us to remain in his tent until excused. He put on his full dress uniform and buckled on his sword, and arrayed himself in a sort of court martial. As I stood, he summoned his officers, one by one,
and threatened them with the most dire punishment, if they did not extinct and erase their names from the paper. He had a canteen of spirit of wine, from which he frequently drank. Sometimes he told them that they were liable to the penalty of death, and that their honorable dismissal from the service was the very leastpunishment they could expect. He plead with them, he begged with them in the name of his wife and children. He appealed to his good military record in the Old Second Regiment.

But I believe it was after midnight before the first name was erased. In one or two instances he ordered the adjutant, E. L. Pittner, to cut the shoulder straps from officers, and once I remember, in the case of Lieut. Shiverick, had it done. Before daylight the officers had all consented and agreed to withdraw the petition. Then they were released and sent to their quarters, and the colonel Corlissford.

During the night he had drunk, I believe a pint at least of whiskey. Immediately
*Note, Col. A.M. Williams rejoined the regiment late in April at Louisville Ky., but only nominally. Commanded in Kentucky, he conducted the regiment as far as Columbus Ky., but claimed he was unfit for duty, and did not go on the expedition to Monticello, and we saw no more of him. He was for a time detailed on duty at Louisville and Cincinnati on Capt. Mortill's, and then went to Michigan where he remained until November, when he resigned as invalid was discharged for disability.
The excitement was over, he sank into a comatose condition, and became insensible. His breathing was labored and phthisic. Dr. Bronch, who wrote all, had remained by the Colonel all night, because claimed fast he were thirteen with apprehension. He sent in haste for Dr. E. J. Bonnie, of the 2nd Regt. Acting Brigade Surgeon, who had known the Colonel from the beginning of the war. He came in haste, and made an examination, felt his pulse, examined the eyes, and smelled his breath. "Have you been drinking much during the night?" asked Dr. Bonnie.

"A good deal," said Dr. Bronch. "Dead drunk," was the verdict of Dr. Bonnie.

They gave him some remedies to restore consciousness. I do not know what, and he was left in care of Dr. Bronch.

This was the worst exciting night I had yet experienced. The battle of Fredericksburg
*Note: A storm of snow, rain and wind raged from the morning of the 19th until the 21st, during which we kept inside the Roads.

It was not until 3 P.M. of the 21st that we finally passed, about off Chesapeake Bay & Baltimore, at midnight the sea was so rough the Captain anchored at Point Lookout, until morning.
...did not complain with it. At times it was all I could do to keep from forcibly interfering. 

Perversely had we retired to our quarters on the morning of the 19th when orders came to move at once on board transports and proceed to Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Colonel was helpless, the Lieut. Col. absent and the command devolved on me. Transports were in waiting at Harford 

News, and by the middle of the forenoon we had broken camp and marched. We left that camp with regret, and it has always remained a pleasant memory, except that last night's nightmare.

The Brigade went on board next afternoon and that night we crossed Hampton Roads and ran up to the mouth of the river at 

Norfolk and took on board a raft of...
When I first wrote this chapter, I had forgotten the delay caused by the storm. I have since corrected my memory by several letters kept by officers of the regiment—especially that of my old classmate, Capt. [illegible] (now Lieut.) Walter M. Colburn. At Baltimore we learned that Gen. Burnside had been assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio, and that we were bound for this command.
12th. in order for the boats. There was no incident worthy of note on the passage, we cleared the Chesapeake Bay at 25 Baltimore, where we landed on 22d of March. I am not certain whether we left Baltimore on the 26th or 27th, and reached Nantucket on or in the morning of the 23d.

As we entered Baltimore harbor we passed historic Fort McHenry, where the "Star Spangled Banner" was born. We were loaded on trains, two divisions of men. Unless I am mistaken, the may were mostly placed in box cars, with hay or straw spread on the floor. The officers had rather debatable clay coaches. The passage through Maryland and past our old pumping place at Pleasant Valley and Maryland Heights, and Nantucket Ferry, and our first sight just opposite Annapolis from Mount, and so on up the Potomac was most interesting. It was now about half a year since we had been over that ground before, and much had happened meanwhile.
Most of the ground had been fought over at one time or another, for there had been a fierce struggle for the possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the beginning.

As we neared Cumberland City, we were disembarked from the cars to load our baggage and get refreshments, in a field alongside the railroad track. Great Hetties of coffee were cooking. And a long board table was spread, in a very primitive way, with boiled beef, bread, and coffee. I think we did full justice to their not very culinary spread.

That night, I think it was the 23rd of March, we crossed the mountains and lost much of the finest scenery, but after daylight we enjoyed it very highly. It was the evening of the 24th of March when we reached Petersburg.

No, on the Ohio River. Here Shermans were waiting to convey us to Louisville, Kentucky. That night we had got aboard, and
We had done the old's river from Petersburg to Richmond was one of the pleasantest experiences of my whole army life. The weather was lovely and the scenery picturesque and delightful. The river curved here and there, and especially at night our progress was slow. We were glad to get west of the Mountains and nearer to Missouri.
started down the Ohio River. The Colonel had left us at Baltimore on a "sick leave", on surgeon's certificate, and I had been in full command of the regiment. At Pansy's home of the brigade went out to see the town, saw too much of it, and got left behind. When daylight came, we were not very far above the city of Cincinnati. General Burnside had been transferred to the Department of the Ohio with headquarters at Cincinnati, and on arrival here I reported to him at the Burnett House, where he was lodgings. The nearer land had had their breakfast, and he directed me to disembark there, and march down to the market place, where breakfast would be served. I do not now remember how it happened, but I know that I had command of all the men on our boat, which included a regiment or part of a regiment besides our own.
There was much interest on the part of the people to see a part of the army of the Potomac, and great crowds lined the streets as we marched to and from the boat. On our return we halted on the east front of the Barnett house, and General Barnside made a short speech to the command. Then we embarked again and proceeded down the river. The sail that day was very lovely down the windings of the "beautiful river" and that evening we arrived at our destination, Louisville, Kentucky. (10 P.M. nearest)

Here Colonel Smith rejoined us, and resumed command of the regiment; but except for one day at Lebanon, Kentucky, in April, Colonel A.M. Williams never commanded the regiment again, though he remained nominally colonel until November following.
Gravelly to Horse Shoe Head.

I am pretty confident that it was the afternoon of 28th of March, when we sailed away from Newport News Va. and the evening of the 29th when we tied up to the dock at Louisville, Kentucky.

It may have been a day later. (*see next page*)

I remember little about the stay at Louisville. We marched through the city and out to a large cemetery, which I suppose to have been "Cedar Hill Cemetery". We remained here two days, waiting for transportation. It rained or drizzled most of the time, and our camp was muddy and unpleasant. That is all I remember about it.

On the third day, probably the 30th of March, we were marched to the depot of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, to take the cars to Bardstown, Shelby County, about 50 miles from Louisville. In Kentucky and Virginia we had seen very little of slavery, because in the sections where we operated, slavery disappeared.
In this case the precedence checked, I have corrected my dates by the diary of Lieut. Walter McCollum which came into my hands as historian of the regiment, in 1900. As McCollum was a very careful and intelligent officer I think the dates he gave are entirely reliable.

B. W. C.
2 before our Army. But at Louisville we saw plenty of it. Nearly all the Negroes seemed to be slaves. We lay on the street not far from the station, all the afternoon, and the blacks showed much curiosity in regard to us, no doubt because we came from the East. Our men did not hesitate to engage in conversation with them, and asked them many questions.

There was one very handsome and intelligent-looking Negro in the quadroon. She was light enough so that the sun shone on her cheeks. And the men were surprised when they found out that she was a slave. Our experience in Kentucky made a good many anti-slavery men in our division. It was evening when we had embarked on the train, and we had a long, tedious ride through the night. There were reports to be guerrillas along the line, and a train had been attacked recently, and we proceeded with great caution.
Purdew, county-seat of Nelson county, and only a few miles away is the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. I did not know it at the time or I would have tried to visit it, though I did not then have as high an appreciation of Lincoln as I have heard of late years.
3. We arrived at Bardstown in the morning, and went into camp in a beautiful oak grove east of the town, which I then understood to be on the estate of Governor Wickliffe. It was a very pleasant camp, but we had to be very careful of the governor's property. We were not permitted to burn rails for fuel, or to forage for anything. We were told that this was not the enemy's country; yet we were ordered to keep a chain of bullets out in every direction, for fear that some of John Morgan's raiders might pursue us.

The whole country had been overrun the fall before by the armies under General Buell (Union) and under Bragg (Confederate), but at this time it seemed to be entirely quiet and peaceable.

No incident worth narrating occurred while we remained at Bardstown.

We remained there until about April 25th. I cannot fix the date, when we moved to Lebanon, Marion County, via Springfield, a distance of 27 miles, and camped in our
of the field客车 of the train. The country through
which we passed was a fine agricultural country,
interspersed with handsome groves of oak and
dine. The country was finely rolling, without
very rough or hilly, and as morning was already
opening, it was very beautiful, and the weather
delightful. At Springfield we stopped over
night in the county fair-grounds, and occupied
some of the buildings as barracks. I think it
was 8 o'clock that we arrived at Lebanon.

Lebanon was occupied by two Kentucky
Regiments of Infantry, and a battery or two
of Artillery posted on a round hill commanding
the town and railroad station. Lebanon was
the terminus of that line of Railroad.

Soon after our arrival at Lebanon I was
detailed on a General Court Martial, presided
over by General Mason of Indiana. I was
the second in rank of the court, being Major,
and Captain Richard H. Boyle of the 8th North
5 was the other Member of the Court.
I do not now remember who was the Judge Advocate,
but I know he spoke German, and I think he
was of the 100th Penn.
At this time Gen. O.M. Poe, having failed of
Confirmation by the Senate, and having resigned
his Commission as Colonel of the 2nd New York,
and returned to his original rank of Captain of
Engineers in the Regular Army, we met him
again in the Tennessee campaign.
He had been succeeded for a time by Colonel
Morrison of the 12th New York, but he had
resigned at New York and went home.
He was succeeded by Colonel David Morrison of
the 79th New York (Highlanders), who was now
in command of the Brigade.

Our Division was widely scattered, a part way
I think at Frankfort, Ky., and where the
2nd Division was I cannot now remember.

Our Brigade at this time consisted of the
17th Mich.
2nd Mich. the 8th Mich. the 20th Mich. the 79th
New York (Highlanders) and I struck the 50th or 100th Penn. Both of these regiments belonged to me at times, and in reflection it seems to me that Captain Drummon of the 50th was the Judge Advocate of our Court Martial.

I served on this court during my entire stay at Lebanon, and we tried somewhere near 30 cases. They were almost all cases of desertion from Kentucky regiments during the previous autumn when Buell's army was falling back from Nashville to Louisville, and these men who had many of them been in the army for a year without seeing home, when they became widowed or had left 20 or 30 miles of their old residence dropped out at night and went home to see the folks. They all professed that they did not design to desert, but after visiting the folks to relay their commands. But privately knew they were classed as deserters, they feared to return, and remained away. So the sturdy they were latched by the Provost Marshalls and brought in...
And charge preferred for desertion.

Firmly believed guilty; in fact I think most of them did. We were pretty tight as most of them, giving them a few minutes strollage of hay, and in some of the worst cases 90 or 100 days hard labor on the fortifications at Nashville.

While we were at

just before leaving Lebanon, an episode occurred which was at the time exciting and might have resulted in bloodshed.

The 18th and the 22nd Indiana, which belonged neither to any Command nor to the Command of General Monroe, but constituted and independent column, arrived at Lebanon on Saturday night to take part to Nashville on Sunday morning. They were under the immediate command of Colonel Charles E. Doak, who of the 18th. It was referred to General Monroe, Commanding the Post, that these regiments had with them several slaves belonging to Kentucky owners, which they were about to convey from the State, and he ordered Col. Doak,
8 To leave these colored men behind & be
returned to their owners. Col. Doddsleit, with
out acknowledging that the men were slaves,
or that he was taking them out of the state,
declined to do. General Mansan forbid them
going abroad of the camp until they had done so.
Col. Doddsleit denied entirely, but General
Mansan had any authority in the matter, but
the latter preferred to enforce his command by
force. He sent for the 16th Kentucky infantry and
a battey of artillery to coerce the colored
men. Our Brigade was at sundey morning
on watch when Gen. Mansan rode from Due
to request Col. Morrison to bring up his Brigade.

Colonel Morrison perfectly called his attention
to the fact that he did not belong to the battey,
was not under his command, and that he
could not come. A good many of our brigade
went off on their own account. Col. Dosdellleit
had placed his two regiments behind the
Railroad embarkment, had loaded with full
ammunition, and awaited orders.

General Mansen seeing that he could not move
the division, telegraphed to General Bums to
perform instructions. After long waiting the answer
came to let the regiment depart, and he
would settle the matter on their arrival at
Nashville. And this was done. I do not now
know how the matter came out.

While we remained at Lebanon the officers
of our Brigade took possession of a disease
office in the town, whose owner was a
Cabal Army, and planted three members of
a small frog known as the "Union Violette"
It was the only unqualified unconditional
incident in Kentucky. I had the honor of
being one of the editorial writers, and furnished con-
diderable matter for its columns. Among these
were two articles on "Navy," the address on the topic of
the flag from the hands of Freedom at Baltimore.
*Note. It was on April 25th that Colonel Williams came off with the regiment at Lebanon. That night he held his last dress-parade of the Regt. He had bought with him quite a large number of commission and other promotions in the regiment and these promotions were announced at that time.

We left all the rest of the Brigade at Green River Bridge, to assist in constructing a bridge across that river while we pushed on to Columbus on the 39th, loaded baggage, camped on the 30th, made a rapid march to the Cumberland River at the mouth of Cane Creek."
'10 and a force "Nail Holy Flag," I had a
set of the Nidette until they were burned in my
house at Mancinster, Oct. 8th 1871. They were
form very interesting historical material.

After three weeks very pleasantly spent at Lebanon,
we marched on April 27th 1863. and moved to
Columbia, in a day county, forty miles south,
passing through Campbellville. The country through
which we marched was deciduous, but less
Cultivated than that between Bardstown and Lebanon.
We arrived at Columbia on the 20th day of April,
and camped to the east of the village.

I only suppose that the village at first
there had certainly been about a thousand inhab-
habitants. It was the home of Governor Morgan of
Kentucky. Here Governor of the State, I called upon him;
I have now forgotten the occasion, and had
a very interesting conversation on the situation,
Military and Political in the State. In the course
of the conversation I expressed a desire for a
Good man of the State, and he immediately presented me with one of their arms, which I carried as long as we remained in the State.

I have already mentioned before this, but just before we left Lebanon, Colonel Williams came up to the regiment and took command for a day. He held an armistice at which he announced the promotions of a number of lieutenants, some of them the very men where he had the law at Newport News.

Then he made arrangements for detached service on court martials, and again turned over the command to the colonel brute. Pleading ill health as the reason, he accompanied the regiment to Columbia, and started out with it on the march to Jamestown on April 30.

I think he went as far as Jamestown, but when we joined Col. Jacob's divisional brigade he turned back, and I saw him no more until we passed through Louisville, in June 6th.
Note. Referring to the opposite page General Milne's in 1898 residing at Washington D.C.

A Brigadier General (retired) of the Regular Army.

General Wm. Humphry in the State Accountant's office at Laramie, and Lt. Col. Lewis Dellenau is living on our orange plantation in California.

Col. Milneans died many years ago at Laramie.
Our way to Natchez, Miss. At that time I saw him at Gen. Butler's headquarters where he was on some military commissions, and then I saw him no more until the close of the war. At this time I do not know where division headquarters were, but I think at Frayser's Ferry, where General Milton was stationed, in command of a military district.

While we were at Lebanon Capt. McHarg of the 2nd Michigan was promoted to be colonel of that regiment, and Lt. Col. Louis Delman who had commanded the regiment, resigned and went home. Happily afterward he became the Brigade Commander.

Their brigades up to the battle of Horseshoe Bend, on the Cumberland, were first real fight.
The Battle of Rose Shoals, Ky.

On April 18th, 1863, the 77th Michigan Volunteers arrived at Columbia, Kentucky, not far from the Tennessee line. We had been posted there with our brigade, commanded by Col. Daniel Mosier of the 79th New York (Highlanders), for the purpose of guarding that border against an anticipated invasion of John Magrath's division of Rebel cavalry, which was expected from Tennessee.

On April 29th, we were detached from the rest of the Brigade, and attached to a provisional Brigade composed of the 9th and 12th Kentucky Cavalry, the 1st Ind. battery and the 20th Michigan, and marched to Brassy Creek ford, via the village of Jamestown (commonly called junction in still locality), where we camped that night. May 1st, we crossed the Cumberland by flat boat, and on the 2nd we reached Monticello. There the cavalry had a sharp conflict with the rebels, and when we marched through the town, a member of the dead still lay scattered along the streets. We passed through the town, and out a mile or so to the railroad and camped near the residence of General Coffey.

The next two days were rainy, and we remained
May 5th the heavy rain ceased, and the enemy having fallen back beyond the Tennessee line, we broke camp and marched back to the Cumberland river, at the Horse Shoe bend, and camped on the South bank, awaiting developments.

The rains had greatly swelled the river, making it difficult to cross, either by swimming or half-submerging the horses.

The 6th and 7th were occupied in getting the cavalry across the river.

On the 8th, Captain D. D. Mottié asked Col. W.F. Smith, commanding the regiment, if he might take a hundred picked men, and go in search of a celebrated guerrilla by the name of Andrew Harper,Col. Smith, absent from the place, and that night after dark, Captain Mottié and his party started.

On the 9th the remainder of the regiment except companies "A," "B," and "C," under Captain Geo. C. Barnes, who were in pursuit at the Narrows, for a body of horsemen, had marched to the North side. It was near night, and nearly everyone had moved to the North side except Col. Smith and myself. When a courier arrived from the Narrows with the report that Captain Mottié and his
Party had been attacked and drawn back, and that a large force was then attacking Captain Barnes and his command, at the Narrows.

Colonel Smith at once directed me to go to the front and take command; and I mounted and rode as rapidly as possible toward the outpost.

On reaching the Narrows I met Captain Barnes and his command, about a hundred men, and a remnant of Captain Mottrie's Expedition, falling back toward the ferry. I was at once satisfied that the place to fight was at the Narrows, across which ran a high ridge, rather steep in the beaver bottom near the ferry and the river close at our back. I rallied the force and conducted them back to the Narrows and posted them along the ridge and about a large log house, called 'loffer's house,' in line to meet and repulse a brush attack which came just at dark. I found with Captain Barnes the greater part of Mottrie's men. Though some had been killed, Pvt. Lowenberg was wounded and left behind, and a considerable number had taken a boat and were floating down the Cumberland River toward the ferry.
That night we lay upon our arms, for my own part, without sleep, with heavy footsteps posted about the house and orchard. Early the next morning Colonel Scott rose up with the remainder of the regiment, increasing our total force to about 300.

The morning of the 10th, which was Sunday, Col. R. T. Searcy, of the 9th Kentucky, commanding the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, returned with a battalion of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, disembarked, about 200 men, armed with the heavy repeating rifles, a very formidable weapon. Before their arrival the enemy had made a strong dash from the woods which flanked the rear, and succeeded in seizing the "Effey house," so called, from the pike of the owner, and opened a harassing fire from the house, garden and orchard, and the fence along a lane leading back from the house, parallel with our line.

Our line was formed along a fence which skirted an extensive piece of woods, and along the front where we formed our companies the night before. The extreme right was occupied by Company "K," Capt. Walker, detailed as extending to the Cumberland river on that flank.
Next in order came Companies "K" (Capt. Condit) and "C" (Capt. Barnes) in close order on the right side of the road; and Co. "A" (Capt. Davies) and "D" (Capt. Grant), menaced behind the fence, on the left side of the road.

Companies "B" and "E" (Capt. Ashley and Capt. Moser),
Co. Company H (Capt. Bell) and Co. "G" (Capt. Montgomery) were in the following
extended the line to the left in support of a piece of Artillery of the 1st Army, which arrived about noon.

At the Time the enemy drove our outpost
they advanced with confidence to attack our main
line, and advanced out of the orchard and
over the fence along the lane, but were quickly
repulsed and driven back. A constant but
devastating fire was kept up all day until about
4 o'clock, when Col. Jacobs resolved to take
the aggressive. The were ordered to change
and take the house and orchard. I was assigned
Co. Command the four Companies which were
to change of the road; Co. "A" and "D" on the left
through the open field; Co. "C" directly of the road,
and Co. "K" on the right of the road, where there
was no fence, but the ground was somewhat
broken. Our our gun fired with a rapid
and well directed fire, upon the house, and
almost immediately the order came to change
Instantly the line charged forward, Captain Barnes and I leading, directly up the road, but keeping near to the "worn" rail fence which partially protected us on our left. Companies "A", and "D", climbed over the low fence along the road and rushed across the open field toward the garden and orchard, firing as they ran.

I had the good fortune (and the good legs) to reach the house first, with Captain Barnes a few yards behind me. The men of the two companies, "K" and "C", were coming close at hand. In a "flock" or "herd" some running others, yelling and firing as they ran. I threw myself against the door and tried to burst it in. Capt. Barnes was at my side in a moment and gave it a terrific kick with his heel, and it yielded. We saw the rebels flying out of the back windows and doors, and in an instant we had possession of the house, outbuildings, and garden. The distance charged was not far from 200 yards. Possibly 250. Our loss was 4 killed (including Lieut. M. Green who fell in the midst of the charge), 18 wounded. (Including Lieut. Longfellow) and 6 missing (including Lieut. H. Wright.) Total 28. Companies "B", "D", "F" did not join in the charge, but remained in
pursuit of their pieces of artillery.

As soon as the enemy rallied, heavily reinforced, and again charged with the entire brigade. We were forced to yield the ground we had gained by our charge, and fell back to the previous position. Thereby the limited efforts of the cavalry, artillery, and our regiment we held them in check until they turned our left flank, and we were compelled to fall back into the middle of the woods, where we again formed. Here we received more reinforcements, and though Morgan summoned us to surrender, he did not again attack. After dark we retired in the best order to the fever, leaving a picket line, and during the night formed across the river and took position on the high bluffs on the north side, where our guns commanded the battery on the other side.

At daylight the outpost withdrew, and only a few wounded were left on the opposite bank who were unable to move.

The total loss of the brigade was 9 killed, 35 wounded, 6 missing, total 50.

So ended the fight at Horse Shoe Bend.
The battle of Horse Shoe Bend was fought May 9th and 10th, 1863. After the fight was over, on the evening of the 10th, the 1st Provisional Brigade, commanded by Col. Richard T. Jacobs, Ky., retired to the Cumberland River, and during the night crossed over on a big raft which came floating down the river.

We climbed the high and steep bluffs that line the river at Gray's Creek ford, and before morning we posted upon the highland, while Morgan's men were keeping a short distance from our rifled cannon, and the Henry repeating rifles of the Federals early, early, early in the morning.

After breakfast, the first regular meal we had enjoyed in two days, we broke our line of march to Columbia, Ky. Where the rest of our Brigade was stationed, commanded by Colonel David Morrison, of the 79th New York.

The day was warm, and we marched pretty hard. The blue sky, and the clouds of dust which rose in the wake of our march. The clouds of dust which rose in the wake of our march were as black as ink, and it was almost impossible to see anything. The sun shining through the clouds, and the heat of the day, made it almost impossible to see anything. The sun shining through the clouds, and the heat of the day, made it almost impossible to see anything. The sun shining through the clouds, and the heat of the day, made it almost impossible to see anything.
...a chill, followed by a high fever.
During the four preceding nights I had slept upon the cold and wet ground, without tent, and during the last two, without blanket. By these means I had brought on a maternal fever, which turned into a tertianal fever, accompanied by the most intense discomfort at the frontal part of the head, and especially in and back of the eye. I am inclined to think it was what would now be called a very severe attack of the "flu" or influenza. On the following day, I was worse, and the doctor had me taken to a private house for nursing and quiet.

Two men of my regiment were detailed as nurses—Emmanuel Richards, of Hailcort, was one, and I do not now remember who the other was. But I think it was John Boyle, of my old company. I knew little of the people of the house, though I think they prepared such food as I required.

My faculties were not in floodlight, Culminating in the early part of the afternoon, gradually wore off towards night, and during the night I enjoyed the absolute bliss of freedom from fever. I do not think I ever dreamed or dreamed before, what an absolute luxury it is just to feel...
I was quartered with the village jeweller, whose name I do not now remember. I was confined to my room here for about two weeks, and I had just got about when orders came for our division to join Grant, then in front of Vicksburg. We left Columbia 11th June 4. I was sick just barely able to keep up the saddle, but preferred going by riding in an ambulance. We passed through Lebanon on the 5th, where we took cars to Louisville, where we arrived on the 6th. Here, while the troops were embarking, I received, entirely without and unexpected by myself, a "first leave" on Surgeon's appointment, to proceed to Vicksburg by way of Mississippi, Jeffersonville, and both the Ford as I supposed for Toledo, Ohio.

But when it was too late to change, I found that the railroad only went to Peru, where I had expected the mail the next day to the Horsholts. So, as it was Sunday night, I found myself elected to stay in Peru until Monday morning. It gave me a good chance to inspect the Missouri River, and to my steer hotel accommodations of about a dozen rooms. Monday morning I proceeded upon my way to Monroe, Md., where I found my two sisters, Harriet leading in the high school, and
A sister Anna about to graduate from Boyd's Young Ladies Seminary. From there I went on to
Graduate where I visited my brother and his
family, and to Ann Arbor and Dexter, to visit
my beloved wife, Manu Ammi Namur.
She had been professor of the High School
at Ann Arbor for three years, and her
School year was about closing, in the 19th
We soon decided that she should cease
teaching and that before I returned we
would be married. It was the 9th or 10th
when I first reached Ann Arbor, and we went to her home at Dexter. After conference
with her parents, we decided that we would
be married on Monday, June 22. She would
continue to teach until Sunday night, and
as my leave expired on the 26th, it would
not leave us much time for a honeymoon.
I spent much of my remaining time in Ann
Arbor, at my uncle Charles Griffi and uncle and
Aunt made it as pleasant as possible for us
to meet there. A part of my days I spent at
Griffi's and Saturday and Sunday at
my wife's parents at Dexter.
Friday the 19th. I spent at Ann Arbor, and attended the closing exercises of the High School, and saw her pupils take leave of my wife. She then went home to Dexter, but I believed I spent the Sunday 21st at Ypsilanti.

Monday June 22 - 1863 was our wedding day. It was a lovely June day, the roses were in full bloom, the air was full of the fragrance of flowers, and an occasional cloud of white fleecy fluflet across a sky of deepest blue. Hour after hour at every minute of a shower fell. Professor Estabrook of Ypsilanti - our old teacher married us. From Ypsilanti came Boston Sullivan and his wife, Josephine; Scotie Harriet and Anna were present; Uncle Charles, Ethel and Aunt Maggie, Mr. Mrs. Wamer, Uncle Dennis and his wife, and my sister, Sister, and I. While it was a lovely gathering, it was not altogether what could be called "merry," for it was so darkly for the war again in two days. After the wedding, a luncheon was served. We took the train to Ann Arbor, where carriages were waiting, and we drove to Mrs. Heloise, where my wife had lived for two years, where we held a reception.
for our Ann after friends. The weather had cleared, and the afternoon was beautiful, so most of my wife's friends came to greet her.

After an hour at Ann after, we proceeded on our way to Sheldovtsi, to my mother Sullivan's, where my wife was to remain until my return from the Army, if I returned.

This was our wedding trip. Professor Eletrovich, who had been an old teacher, performed the marriage ceremony, and his wife— who had been a fellow teacher before the war— was present.

The next day, Tuesday, June 23, I spent with my new-made wife, under the shades of the Chestnut on the morrow, and, on Wednesday morning, with my head-patchet and sidelines I started for Hicksbury, first, to rejoin my Command.

We did not permit ourselves to look much into the future in those days, but the chances of our meeting again were not much more than even. We went out into the future by faith and not by sight. Yet we have both been afraid these thirty-five years, and our family of grown-up boys are now around us,
After my marriage, June 22, 1863, I left Yeocutie on Wednesday morning, June 24, for Vicksburg, Miss. I reached Calamet Junction just about sundown, and changed to the Illinois Central, and drove thence before morning reached Chicago, City. My Brother Oscar was living not far from there, and my object was to visit him on my way. After breakfast at the hotel, I got a livery horse and a man to drive me out. I had never seen Oscar's wife, nor had I seen him for a number of years. It was a drive of about 10 miles, I think, to his farm, and I arrived while he was still about the house. As I drove up, I saw him cross the road to feed some hogs on a sty on the opposite side. I was in uniform and he did not recognize me, as he knew positivity of my coming, or that I was in that part of the world. He took me for a recruiting officer, and prepared to give me the cold shoulder. I said, "I guess you don't recognize me." "He said: "No, I don't."
I corden twine to the effect that he ought to recognize his own brother, and then he made up his mind that it was true.

Her oldest boy Theodore was a little boss-headed fellow, and his wife Jennie a delicate looking woman. I stayed and took dinner with them and then he hitched up his team, and wrote the whole family took me back to town.

I never saw either of them afterward. A few years later he was fatally injured in a mill by falling into the glob bit and dislocating the spine. Jennie died not long after.

I took the train the same afternoon, and the next morning arrived at Cairo, where I was to take a boat. I found the large steamer off Napoleon about to start for Memphis with hospitable offers, and I took passage on board her.

There were only two other passengers on board. "Mlle. M. Grant," brother of the General, and General Grant's old family physician, from Galena, who was on his way to visit the General.
I left Cairo sometime during the 26th. I do not remember what time of day. The three of us had a small table set for us in the cabin, and took our meals together. I can now recall nothing of the conversation, except that the Doctor and he had recently received a letter from General Grant on Tuesday, June 10th, and saying that he (Grant) was engaged in guarding thirty thousand prisoners of war, who were prisoners of war at Vicksburg.

It seems that the valorous finally gave out, and Grant had to evacuate Vicksburg for them.

The next day (the 27th) we reached Memphis, and were obliged to ogle there the larger part of the day. My brother Lewis was there in the store, in partnership with J. C. Frigo of New York, and was removing the best goods store in for plantation. It was a large store on about a mile below the city, and was garnished with colored roofs. I found them living over the store and with dinner with dinner.

They had two children, Norah, and Florence, two bright little girls. Norah died the next season at Vicksburg, I walked back to the levee, and occupied to another boat.
On the Imperial Road to go below the city by train. Coal. I think the new boat was the

As we came down the Mississippi, it was a new experience to me, and although strenuous was not without interest. I remember very little of the details. Some of the way we were preceded by what was called a "tub boat."

"Nuit."

"Nuit."

When we reached Lash Providence.

Next day, we found a fight going on between the Union Garrison of the place, and a part of General Marmaduke's Rebel forces. Plantations were burning forward near, down the river and inland from the river. Hundreds of colored people had taken refuge under the river-bank with their little belongings, and were in mortal fear for their lives. We had

in found the Second Avenue Battery. The gun on the deck below, and our boat lay along side the

There was a scene after the Rebel, who were half for three quarters of a mile away.
*Note: I have corrected the dates of the trip.

during the ﬂocks from a letter I wrote to mother Sullivan about a month later. I had forgotten about my opportunity to visit Memphis.
This was on the 28th. That night we ran into the Yagoo River and up to Old Nassawoody Bayou, where we awaited until morning to land. The Yagoo was a turbulent and muddy stream, and looked only fit for alligators to inhabit. On the morning of the 30th of June I landed, and by inquiry found that our regiment was stationed at Milldale, near Nannie Bluff, Old Nassawoody. Landing was General Frenet's base of supplies for the siege of Vicksburg, and many aboutboats were at that landing, and in the neighborhood all the usual commissariat of a military base. Meats, forage, wagons, artillery of all kinds, rice, and cotton, I walked from the landing to Milldale, as I remember it, some three or four miles. There I found the regiment encamped upon a flat bottom through which flowed a small stream, the bottom flanked on the east and north by a range of hills, bounded by rifle pits, which had been constructed by our engineers, but the regiment had been engaged to hunt Kiowas, some fifty miles off, when I found them. Lieut. Col. W. Beetleworth Smith was in command of the regiment, and Colonel Leasure, of the 100th Penn., commanded the brigade. While
General Thomas Shelah Commanded the German...to repulse any movement that might be made from that near in the direction of Jackson. A few days later the regiment moved to higher ground at a place called Flower Hill, back from the river and nearer to the Big Black. Many of the men had been bitten back from drinking the unwholesome water from a large spring at Milldale. Quite a number of them died and were buried there.

But those who were able to go with us to Flower Hill, and later to Jackson, mostly recovered. An abundant supply of Blackberries along the route had made to domesticate it, as well as better water. At Flower Hill we continued training up rifle pits, extending in the direction of the Big Black river, though we never had any occasion to use them for defense.

McCollum's diary says: "June 30 Regiment mustered for Maj. Major Cullison returned from Richmond."
It was manifest that the siege of Vicksburg was nearing its close, and it was expected that in the approaching fall of July, Grant would open all his guns upon the town. And after a thorough bombardade, would assault the rebel works. As I had two ordnance class mates in Grant's army engaged in the siege, I asked and obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visit there. Happily however to see something of historic interest, Lieut. A. A. Van Cleve, and I think A. F. Surgeon Clubb accompanied me.

I think it was about 8 miles to the post of the works on the east, and we made an early start in the cool of the morning. We found a pretty clear road until we came near to the lines, and wondered that all was so still, and that we heard no sound of bombardade. Where we were inside a mile or two of the works we were told that Vicksburg had capitulated. I have to rely entirely upon my memory, after the lapse of 35 years, but as I remember it, it was between 8 and nine o'clock when we reached the works.
I saw the flag of the Union was displayed upon the walls and over the city. I hurried forward to the Court House where General Grant had established his headquarters for the day; or rather where he was in consultation with his Generals. In one of the lower rooms I saw General Grant and some of his Staff and General McPherson and Lieutenant General Logan was also present. The Court House bore many marks of the siege, and a large shell had crashed down through the ceiling of the room in which Grant and his Generals were. I saw the last Brigade of Pemberton's Army March at six o'clock in front of the Court House, stack its arms and surrender its colors. This was the Prison Guard, which was relieved by a similar guard of Union Troops.

The Rebels were a dirty, unhealthy fellows looking list of men. The town was not as badly wrecked as I had expected to see it. There were few buildings, especially of the larger ones which had not been struck at least once. And some were badly shattered.
Yielding to the persuasions of Colonel Elliott, I played to take suffer with him, and it was late in the evening before I started for lunch at Flower Hill. I had obtained the best report and was able to pass the guards, but the night was dark and I had not gone far when I found that I had lost my way.

Every little while I was halted by pickets and guards, and it must have been near midnight when I found myself in the midst of a division of troops not far from Big Black River Bridge.

It seemed as though I would never be able to entangle my way, and it was daylight when I reached our old camp at Flower Hill. Only to find that the division had marched toward Jackson, the afternoon before, and the camp was deserted. I found some feed for my horse, and laid down in a cotton bul and took an hour's sleep, preparing to get out to join my command.

I found a little breakfast at a house near by, and was joined by a few others going in the same direction, and in the afternoon came up with the command, crossed the Big Black River.
It was a curiosity to follow the Rebel lines and see the cellars, caves, and dens in which the soldiers had sheltered themselves from our artillery fire. Every few feet along the line of their works would be the mouth or entrance of one of these caves. It seemed to me that the men had got to be about the same color as the carpet.

In the afternoon I climbed the tower of the Court House to see the fleet come down the river. The gunboats and transports had been lying in the Congos River, and they came down around the great base bow in a post of procession, the gunboats in the advance, and each firing a salute of a hundred guns as they came. It was a most thrilling and memorable sight.

With my classmate Col. I. N. Elliott of the 3rd Ill. Infantry, I rode to the seat of battle about the city. Mingled with the dejected Rebels, and visited General Hooker's headquarters. Here all was quiet and still.
The Jackson Campaign

The fourth of July 1863 fell upon Saturday, and it was Sunday afternoon when I came off with my regiment. Camped in the woods on the west bank of the Big Black River. Two things occurred here which impressed me. The first was the discovery of a tomb of a small coffin had small.

And the very remains. That gave it added interest was the fact that the name "copperhead" had been adopted to designate such northerners as were opposed to the war. It was a small affair and no one any harm.

The other fact was that here for the first time many of the men became infected with a minute sore, which burrowed into and under the skin especially of the legs and produced sores which were extremely hard to heal. Many of the men did not recover until fall, and some were actually discharged on that account. They were known as "Mississippi sores."

It took some time to construct a bridge across the Big Black. Which was done by tearing down an old cotton gin and lying the timbers and boards.
On July 7th we crossed the river on the bridge. The day was intensely hot. I think the hottest I ever experienced. For two or three miles our route lay across the Big Black Bottoms, where not a breath of air was stirring. The temperature was above 100° and in the shade, and what it was in the sun I do not know. A number of men were sunstroke, and some died from its effects.

Much of the time that afternoon we marched across regiments. The white men were all gone except the aged, and all the able bodied negroes had been run off to Alabama and Georgia to save them from the Yankee. That day we saw some very venomous rebel women, some of whom stood on their porches and cursed us as we passed. It was about the only occasion of the kind that I recall.

The black children and women gathered by the road side and called their eyes in astonishment as we marched past.

We marched that night until eleven o'clock.
After darkness came on, a thunder storm came up, and delayed us. The windows of heaven were opened, and the water poured to come down in great sheets. It was accompanied by a high wind, and the most terrific thunder and lightning I ever experienced.

The flashes of lightning were absolutely blinding, and between flashes the darkness was so intense that, literally, one could not see his hand before his eyes. I tried it again and again, to pass my hand a few inches in front of my eyes, in the direction where it seemed less dark, but it was absolutely impossible to discern when it passed. In the midst of this terrific display there came from the woods upon our right, the most blood-curdling cry of fear and distress that I had ever heard. I had heard of the wild shriek of wounded horses, and the cries of wild beasts in terror or pain, but I had never heard anything to compare with these. I think it literally made my hair stand on end, like quills.
"for the footful prowling." Presently with one calamitously shriek of terror and distress a large grey donkey dashed over the broken fence into the road, as if seeking companionship and protection. But I shall never forget that awful cry coming out of that Egyptian darkness.

That night we bivouacked at about midnight at a near Edwards Station. The next morning, the sun came up bright and flaming, we spread our blankets, overcoats, etc., out to dry before setting off.

Our march was through a fine country, rich in cultivation, but the able bodied people had all disappeared.

In the course of the morning we passed the plantation of Jo Davis, the brother of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

It was a nice house. I think what would be called a long and a half-dimension estate without blinds. There were two juncoos in the house.
and a fine library, embracing many classical
works. For the first time I witnessed vandalism
by our men. The books in the library were carried off.

The Indians were warned, and before we had
passed far, I saw a smoke ascending, which
I was told was produced by the burning of the
house and Colburn's canoe. It was said that
Gen. Jos. Johnson and his staff had been entertained
there the night before, but the accusation of
their destruction was the excuse that the water
launches had been poisoned, and many of our horses
and animals killed. That the horses died
and some died was a fact I suppose, but I
never always had any doubts as to the poisoning
of the Indians. There were no wells through
that region, but deep cisterns instead.

I must suffer greatly for want of water, and
at every cistern guards had to be placed to
prevent the bush and fighting to get to the
water. I got along without water by
cheerfully bearing from buckets, which relieved
thirst without much & health. Along the route
Also, there were many fine blackberries, which were an excellent stisk for the men in every way.

It was the middle of the afternoon, when we crossed a fine swell of land and came in sight of Jackson, about a mile and a half or so away. It was situated on a noble rise of ground, and between us and the town a beautiful and fertile valley swept away to the south and westward, through which ran a railroad. I believe the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Our Brigade occupied the extreme left of the line, extending in the direction of Pearl River north of the town. Our line of battle was formed along the swell of land I have before mentioned, in front of a road that ran nearly parallel with the railroad. The two divisions of our (24th) Corps, under General John A. Rawlinson, formed the left under Major General W. H. W. Loring, and 15th Corps, under the 13th Corps, formed the right under General Ord, the whole under the direct command of Gen. M. J. Sherman.

The day was lovely, the skies were blue, and the fields were "ablaze in living green."
As Brigade after Brigade came into line, with Colord un jurisled and Arms Shirley in the air, stretching away to the right for a mile or more, it was the most beautiful formant I would have ever witnessed. Presently, the line having been formed, the order to advance came.

We swept down through a large cornfield, with the corn standing higher than the men's heads, then out into a greeny meadow, and then on across the railroad, and into a small grove of woods beyond. The day was extremely hot, and the air was breathless. In the front of our regiment (which was commanded by Lt. Col. M. Harlington Smith, who being second in command), there was quite a railroad cut. A number of the men were

run struck here, and some of them never recovered. On entering the woods, I dismounted, and preceded on foot. It was impossible to

see the woods on our right, and our regiment became detached, and instead of moving to the right as directed, began wheeling toward the left, away from the rest. Col. Smith did not seem able to get in contact again, and it
we came out on a road, which proved to be
the center road. Here we wheeled to the
right and moved up the road toward the
town until we regained our place at the
file. The Second Michigan was sent to us
and the 100th Penn. and the 82d Michigan
and the 79th New York (Highlanders) made up the brigade
as I remember. We received a few discharges
from a battery above the State, some Asylum-
mi the rebels of the town, with but little loss.
Guiding on the right, we closed up and passed
the Asylum, and halted for the night.

During the night, batteries were fired up
on our left and in rear of the Asylum,
and our line of command the approaches, and next
morning July 16th we formed a new line to the
left of the road, and nearer to town. The intention
of the general command was to carry the
town by assault or at that morning.
After some command we were ordered forward,
and our brigade went down a slope on the
double quick, crossed a small creek or brook,
climbed a steep bank on the other side, and
went forward past a white house or a
Garden of roses, that stood by the side of the
Carlton Road. A few hundred yards in and past
was a battery that swept the road and grove
and Battery. We were ordered to lie down
and await orders to charge that battery.

As we bunched the ground, in a small grove of
Trees, the Commisster howled inaudibly over
us, burying down a shower of leaves, twigs and
branches of war. Every moment we expected
the order to charge. The Second Michigan, which
was forming our front as skirmishers, was
ordered forward, and made a dash, officers
the brigade war to follow; and carried the line
of the enemy's skirmish line, and of they had
been stopped then, I have little doubt we
would have gone into Jackson with morning.

But the wood did not cave, and the charge
was not made, and the Second Michigan
was obliged to fall back with very heavy loss in
killed and wounded. I have not looked at
the facts in your and with wholly few men;
but I think it lost about 30 per cent of
the men engaged.
The affair was an extremely gallant one, but it proved futile and fruitless. There had been some failure to advance on the right of the line, and our division was ordered to hold on, which we did. At one time it looked as if we were to have the hottest time we had ever experienced, one from which the chance of those in command of the enemy's out battery were small indeed. But it was determined to give of the assault, and that night we retired into a broom in rear of our batteries. From thence until the night of the 15th, we took our turns in shoveling up and coaling batteries, and holding ourselves ready for any emergency. We furnished our detail for sentry, which were posted on the extreme left extending to Pearl River, otherwise we rested.

Among the books that some of the men had brought from the Jo. Durii house was a history of Washington. We gave one the last volume of the set, and I busied myself with dictating and letters. I also had a chance to write letters home.
In the night of the 15th July General Johnson abandoned Jackson, and early on the morning of the 16th we took possession. Our regiment did not enter the town, but proceeded through it, and saw the Statehouse, which was crowded full of our troops. Baird's division occupied the town.

The same evening we marched to a ford across Pearl River, some miles above Jackson, to prevent the return of a regiment of Rebel Cavalry. We saw nothing of them. The next day we marched to Madison Station on the road, about 16 or 18 miles North of Jackson, where we commenced destroying the railroad, burning the ties and bending the rails.

I continued this that day and the next, which was Sunday. The 17th, we pitched our tents on a large plantation, as I remember it about two miles South of Madison Station, in a grove of noble oaks. There was a fine two-story plantation house in the place, with plenty of Negro women but no men in sight. Col. Smith ordered one of the planters' guards around the house to prevent the entrance of the soldiers.
I knocked at the door, but at first I could get no response whatever. After some hesitance the door was unlocked and two ladies—one young and handsome and the other older—stood inside, their mother-in-law afforded. Their eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and they evidently expected almost any outrage. It was plain they feared the worst. No "Yankee" army had been that way before. I introduced myself to them, told them I had posted guards for their protection, that they need have no fear of intruders nor that they could be in any way disturbed. They appeared to be greatly astonished and relieved. They seemed rather disappointed that they saw neither Negroes nor boys in my house. They dried their tears, and as I made some remark to this effect a smile even flitted across their faces.

They said the "men folks" had gone to begin and put the Negroes. It was not long before a young man, the husband of the younger woman, made his appearance from somewhere offstairs.

He had lost a boy, and was convalescent from the wound. He was a bright and educated young man, and had been a lieutenant.
on staff duty until unarmed. Not long after I returned to the house with Col. Smith where I understood we were invited into the parlor, and had a very amicable interview which resulted in our invitation to dine with them that evening, which we accepted, with the Adjutant and Surgeon.

We had an excellent dinner, a large ham baked whole, and the usual entertainments. Col. Smith did the honors of the occasion, and after dinner we adjourned to the parlor, where we had a good chat, and we had some good music until quite late in the evening.

I have never seen or heard of the people since that day, but it was a pleasant day, and has lingered in my memory as one of the bright spots during the long war.

That evening we returned to our old rooming place, and the next day (20th) we marched back toward Pullman. We had a long, hard, and dusty marching and many fell out by the way.

I had command of the rear guard, and it was a difficult task. On that day I had my first interview that I now remember with Capt. Burrows, now U.S. Senator, as he was acting as Provost to the brigade commander.
McAllister diary entry, July 23. Reached the new camp at Milestone at noon. McDermot was well sustained by the rest. Measles came back in good health and spirits, the total number which went to Goshen was 803, those who were left sick in camp numbered nearly 180, those who remained in camp improved slowly, and many of them died after our return. — I have always believed that if there had been any way to take the sick along, most of them would have got well. The location and the water at Milldale were deadly. We lost by diarrhea during this campaign were 2 officers and 13 men. — Mostly acute bowel diseases and those poor drinking water.
The bivouacked that night on the banks of a small stream, where many of the men went in bathing, I among the rest, with the result that I lost my pocket book and all its contents, leaving me wholly without money. The next day we reached Vicksburg, 21st. 

We moved to the Big Black, and on the 23rd arrived at Haines Bluff Bluffs on the Yazoo, or rather, I think an old camp at Milldale.

We camped near Vicksburg until August 3 where we embarked on steamer

...and waiting to take us up the river. Our regiment went on the steamer Monticello. We were crowded in anywhere, crowded on the hurricane deck and even in the floor of the cabin. I believe I had a spot for a half hour, some time that night we started up the Mississippi on a flat. The 21st and 17th were deployed on the steamer "Mississippi Belle." We advanced on a single boat. Many of the men and some of the officers were on the side of boat. So ended the first part we took in the Jackson Campaign.
The morning of leaving the Yazoo River in Aug 24 1863.
We made our way with difficulty up the river.
The water was slow and frequently our boat
stuck on the sand bars, and had to be
lifted off. Two of the officers died on the
Miss, Lieut. Lockwood, & Lt. and Capt. Payne.
We landed and encamped there at Helena
and remained until Thursday morning the 25th
of August. I recall almost nothing of
this trip, but I do remember reaching
Cincinnati and crossing the river to Covington,
where we put up in some filthy old
innacles infested with vermin, where we
remained a day and a night. The weather
was dismal, and the surroundings most
dreadful. A number of the officers procured
leave of absence to go to Nashville. Among
these Colonel Smith, which left me in command
of the regiment. From Camp Hill we took rail through Lexington to McMechen, and thence marched on to the Kentucky and a few miles into the beautiful blue grass country, where there was abundant shade and a copious supply of pure water. Here we made "Camp Parks" where the troops were to rest and recover from theicknesses contracted in Mississippi. It seems to me that a fourth of the men were really sick and the rest were ratherailing. At Camp Parks there was a beautiful rolling landscape, large native trees, and great springs of water gushing out of the underlying limestone rock.

We had a pleasant camp, and quite a number went home to have their union join them. I telegraphed my wife to meet me at the Barnett House in Cincinnati, on a certain day.

I secured a leave of absence to go and meet her, and incidentally to pette back to State Color to be of some use.
At Paris we met a train from Cincinnati, and just as our train was about to start, Senator Hammond called to me that my wife was aboard the other train. I quickly transferred myself to her train, and started southwestward. But having leave of absence, we did not go directly back to Chicago, but stopped at Lexington. We went to a quaint old hotel, I have forgotten the name. It must have been built near the beginning of the Century— with a large square dining room, and brick tile floor to dining room, and small round tables and cherry waiters.

It was a novel experience for me, for it was the first time in a long while that I had slept in a hotel, and the first time I had ever done to write my wife. We spent two very happy days there, drove around the city, and out to Ashland. Many Clay's residence, and visited Mrs. Clay in the beautiful mansion. The second day in the morning we took the train to Nicholasville and thence went out to Camp Parke. Aug. 27th (27th) 1883
I secured lodgings for my wife at a plain little farm-house just opposite to the hotel. We had a bed-room with an old-fashioned high bed, (though it had a footed bed) and one bed-room was an only sitting room. My wife spent a good share of her time with me at my tent, where I was in command until

Col. Smith returned. There were several other ladies in the hotel, so we got along quite well. I remained at Point Park about two days after my wife came, and then moved to Crab- Brooke's, further south, where there were mineral springs, which it was thought would be beneficial to the men.

There I secured quarters for my wife at a pleasant farm-house just in the outskirts of the little village, with a family by the name of Middelton. They were pleasant people, and had a large house. They were very kind to us. We had a large room with an immense high-post bed, so it was almost necessary to have a ladder and ladder to get into it.
then we remained until Sept. 7th. when we got
order to march to Cumberland Gap.

These were memorable days in which
we had our real "home-making" in the
midst of camps and rumors of war. We
led much together, and the evening I was
able to spend at the house.

Sept. 9th Came the order to march. and
in the 10th I started to take Annice back
to Nicholasville, to take the train for midyear.

We went in an old stage, and stopped
for dinner on the way. I recall the
flock of gorgeous peacocks that spread their
magnificent plumage at the wayside inbox where we took dinner. We reached Nicholasville
in the middle of the afternoon, and had to
remain there that night. There is nothing
that can be written of our last night together,
but we realized that it might be a lasting
forever. In the morning I put her
aboard the train, and took the stage
back to Hobart. Arriving at
same night.
The Corp had left the day before, I recall
that at Dickensonville we heard that
General Crittenden had occupied Chattanooga
and that Rosser was coming east with
his forces in front of that place for battle.
Next morning I mounted my horse, "old
Boney", and started to rejoin the Brigade.
I passed through Mount Roman and London, and
near London, came up with the rest.

On the 18th, the regiment had
remained for a day or two
on the 13th, we marched through London and
reached near Dickensonville.
We were now in the Mountain region.

There was one circumstance while we were at
Camp Park that I forgot to mention. According
to the opinion of Gen. Wm. Nelson, had been
killed in a personal altercation, by Gen. Jeff.
C. Davis, at the Salt House, Louisville.
And was buried at "Peach Neck Cemetery" there.

Gen. Nelson had organized the first train
that went to the State of Kentucky and called
it "Peach Neck Railroad." It was determined
to remove his remains from Louisville
to Peach Neck Railroad, and I was
detailed with 600 men as a special escort.
from Middletown there and back.

It was a two days journey or walking it took
Two and a half days. We passed directly through
Couch Park, and the first night rested at
Couch Nelson, on the Kentucky River. We
had a glimpse of picturesque scenery on their
right. After the meal, we had a barbeque.

The Kentuckians entertained us with a
number of beef roasted whole on branches in
the ground. It was very only occasional of the
Mud. The distance was 26 miles; 52
Altogether. The road was very hard and
many of the men blistered their feet.

That night I occupied the tent of Gen.
S. J. Fry, at Couch Nelson.
The East Tennessee Campaign.

I think it was September 20th when we moved forward to Cumberland Gap. We had been in the mountains for some days, and had passed the scene of the battle where General Zollicoffer was killed in 1862. At noon of the 18th or 19th we reached Cumberland River, and after waiting some distance up the river we were halted at Rutledge. Here we met General Frasier, the late Confederate Commander of the fortifications and the garrison at the Gap, on their way to the war as prisoners of war. There were several regiments of these, probably from 1500 to 2000 in all. They were mostly drafted in Tennessee, and had the hollow and unhealthy look that most Confederates had — I think the result of unwholesome diet and habits.

That afternoon we passed through the Gap. We halted for an hour at the summit, to rest the men and enjoy the sight. The works were now garnished by union forces, but the steeple guns pointed down on a valley now in our possession.

The strongest of the works were planted on the
Mountains side and along the road. Near the very summit of the road and as the road was a square granite monument, perhaps three feet high, which marks the junction point of the three States of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Any one sitting on the top of this block, fits in three States at once. Not an imaginative. It is a sort of divided allegiance one feels under the circumstances.

On the north east side of the bath there is a high cliff called "Cimarron Rock". I climbed to the summit, and can never forget the magnificent view gained from that vantage ground. You stand at the juncture of three States, and look across upon the great mountains of North Carolina. I suppose no clearer day one could see the mountains of Northern Georgia, by the Tennessee line. It seemed like an ocean of mountains, great waves on waves, until they faded into the azure. That evening we descended into the valley of the Powell river and occupied the Powell House. The next day, the 22nd, we crossed Cimarron Mountain by a narrow and rugged gap — it seemed to me it was called "Iron women's gap", named from a (mis)identified notch in the mountain height. Not far from Bear station, one of that night reached Morristown on the Lewis and Nav. Railroad, and in the possession of our forces. Of course, well known that the future of East Tennessee, one of the most loyal portions of the Union, from the head...
* Note. A part of the regiment returned to Knoxville from Greenville the night of the 24th. But the part I was with marched one day, and then waited for the rest, and proceeded by rail.
of the Rebels was one of the most cherished projects of President Lincoln. He had urged that it be undertaken early in 1861. But military conditions did not render it possible. He fretted and worried over the cause of delay, while other projects were in execution, and the military authorities left this essential connecting link in the hands of the Confederates, facilitating their capital to the great food-producing region of the South, until late in the autumn of 1863. We finally took it, with very slight loss, when Rosecrans had once again attacked the Army. The Battle of Chickamauga and Chattanooga was the real contest for the control of the Valley of East Tennessee and the railroad connection between Richmond and the Southeast. Men shifted in to hold the Valley. It was a scene of expenditure of lives, which it was done; and East Tennessee from that day forth became a solid part of the loyal States.

On Sept. 23, we took rails at Morristown to Greenville, 33 miles north-east. This was the old home of Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee. We disembarked at the station, but engaged in no operations, and no one seemed to understand why we were sent there. The next day, we started to March back to Morristown, occupying two days in getting there. The March was leisurely and uneventful.
I refrain a careful reading of the Correspondence of Gen. Bemis, and at that time would declare the spirit of this expedition. Perhaps it was just to show the people that we were there. From Morristown we proceeded hastily on foot and partly by sail to Knoxville, where our regiment arrived Sept. 28th, and camped on the "East Side"—East of East Creek, in a grove which had been an old rebel camp. Near by this creek was the home of "Paxton Brownlow," the great leader of the East Tennessee Unionists. He had been many years Editor of the Knoxville Whig. He had been for many months an exile from his own state, wandering over the border from Kentucky. But he had returned with General Bemis's column, and was now once more settled in his own home at Knoxville. I do not know at whose suggestion it was, but a few days after our arrival, our division headquarters band gave the old Paxton a serenade, at his home. It was a memorable occasion. The Union men of Knoxville—those last already with the troops, were on hand, and a great crowd of our corps. I got a good standing place at the front from Brownlow, where I could hear every word. For fully two hours he poured out a stream of invective and retribution on us, such as I never heard before, and expect never to hear again. He gave a history of treason in Tennessee, of the manner in which the state had been dragged into...
the Union; he drew personal portraits of the leaders of the
procession at Knoxville; of his personal efforts to
prevent the conscription of their forces; of his
arrest and imprisonment in jail; of their negotiations
to give him his liberty on condition that he would
cease his opposition to the Union; and of his finally
being sent through the lines, or captured, to Kentucky.
For some time he was in hiding among the loyal people
of Rogersville way. I remember only a few of his striking
expressions. In reply to the terms which proposed that he
should cease his war against the secession movement,
he said: "I don't know; I've seen deeper in hell than
a hedge-lumber once fell in a thousand years." That
was the form of his desired pledge. Near the end of his speech
he said, speaking of his hatred of the secessionists, "I'd
wish there was a chute from Knoxville into hell, I'd
like to stand at the upper end and spit down
or words to that effect. It declared to my mind an
activity never before done, but only the premonitions which
the loyal men had endured, but also the depth of their hatred
of secession and their undying attachment to the
Union. It was a great pity that at about the
prime time that Grant made his advance into
east Tennessee at Scott Bend. A column could not
move ahead into east Tennessee, as Lincoln
desired, and saved much noble and loyal people from..."
to the presents, which they endured.

The same night, after persevering through

the toil of the toil of the house of House Maynard in the west suburbs of

ten, and heard a red-hot speech from him.

He was at the time a member of Congress from Knoxville.

He was a New England man by birth, a graduate of Harvard College,

Mass., and went West as a trapper and to study law.

He was a comparatively young man, tall, slender, of dark

complexion and black hair and piercing eye. His

Oratory was very different from Browne's, and less effective.

I do not now recall any of his words. I regret that

all my journals were burned of in my passage at Knoxville,

else I would have had ample details from which to

write.

Our regiment remained encamped at Knoxville

about fifteen miles on the west side of the river

for about 10 days. I think we moved bivouac, at the

grounds where our first camp was badly infected

with "gray backs," which the Rebels had left behind.

The climate was delightful and the weather fine.

The scenery about Knoxville was picturesque and

attractive. I think we made one expedition - a

Fort of reconnaissance out into Blount County, on

the south side of the river - the Holston.

The trip was shorter by with drill and drill line

and the men gained in health and spirits,

Nearly the first week of October, word came that
The rebel General Breckinridge, as "Fighting Joe," I do not know his real name—was advancing from the valley from about Greenville, terrorizing the Unionists, and anticipating a division in favor of Bragg at Chattanooga. About the days that we crossed Cumberland Gap and reached McMinnville the first time, the great battle at Chickamauga had been fought and lost. But Chattanooga, the great prize of the campaign, was held, until Grant came and relieved Rosecrans.

Breckinridge had been ordered to join Rosecrans, but had failed to do so. This pursuit of Jackson was doubtless designed to prevent such a junction, and to give Longstreet his opportunity to attack and crush Burnside at right at Lookout and Cleveland beyond.

On Oct. 8th, our division was put in line at Murfreesboro, and moved to Bellefonte, about 10 miles from Murfreesboro. We disembarked at dusk and bivouacked for the night. We were on the move early in the morning, and by the middle of the forenoon were drawn up in line of battle on the hills looking down on the village of Blue Springs.

I have among the very few letters written by me during the war which have been preserved, one written on the 12th, two days after the fight at Blue Springs, which gives a better account nearer detailed possibly as now. I will send a copy of it here.
East Tennessee Campaign—continued.

The morning after the fight at Blue ridge (Oct. 10) we found that the enemy had dispersed in the night and fallen back in the direction of Greenville.

At once started in pursuit, General Carter being put ahead around the left with the intention of coming up ahead of the Rebels at a point beyond Greenville, and bring them to a stand. We reached Greenville before noon and passed through the town. The loyal inhabitants turned out to welcome us and some patriotic scenes were witnessed.

One gray-haired old lady fell on her knees and thanked God that the old flag had come back again.

The old law-office of Andrew Johnson was pointed out to me. After passing through the town we halted near an academy or small college for a hearty dinner, and then pushed on again.

From time to time we could hear the sound of cannon in front, and suffered with the batterer was holding the enemy until we could come up. But for some reason, he failed to do so, and we had a "close
I now understand from reading official reports that Col. John W. Foster, of Indiana, who succeeded James H. Blaine as Secretary of State in the Harrison administration, was commanding the cavalry brigade, which failed to head off and hold the rebel column. He seems to think that his force was inadequate to the attack. But he should have remembered that our division was close behind, and all he had to do was to delay their advance a few hours.
Chase" until dark when we reached the village of Rhotown where we camped for the night. There had been quite a cavalry fight before we arrived, in which, however, we did not participate. Quite a number of the dead and wounded were still upon the ground when we arrived.

This was Sunday, and the next day, Monday, the 12th, we lay in camp at Rhotown, and wrote a long letter to Brother kellicam, referred to at the close of the last chapter.

On the 13th we resumed our march back to Morintown, arriving on the 16th. I remember very little about this march, except I remember how grand the mountains seemed all around us. The "Great Smokey" range of North Carolina stood like a jumble and gray wall to the eastward, and seemed but a few miles away. This range extended far to the southward until lost in the blue gray haze of distance. As our sight crossed the Cumberland Range
While the valley of East Tennessee lay like a cradle between. The scenery and the climate were lovely and inspiring. The people were almost entirely white, and slavery never obtained any considerable foothold there.

On the 16th we took the cars from Morristown to Knoxville, and arrived there the same day, only 27 miles. On the 20th we set out to march to Landrum's Mill from Knoxville, and arrived there on the 22nd. We crossed the Tennessee river on a pontoon bridge. We remained there on the south side of the river, scouting, cavalry grazing until the 29th, when we fell back to a point a mile east of Leoni Station, near the little Tennessee river, 14 miles from Knoxville. We were ordered to make a stand and we joined the idea that we were to go into winter quarters. We camped in a little grove, and proceeded to build huts and make ourselves comfortable. We did not then know that
Confederate general Longstreet had left Chattanooga and was approaching with the intention to crush or capture us. He had a large force of cavalry under the command of General Joines, a man famous in the Spanish-American War. (Whom I afterward knew very well in Congress) and a superior force of infantry.

We had been at Sennor about two weeks when we began to hear that Longstreet was coming our way. We had just moved into our comfortable quarters and were anticipating a long rest. When on the night of Dec. 13th we were roused out, and ordered under arms.

At first it seemed as though we were going back to Nashville. We were marched to the station, and lay waiting in column until late in the forenoon of the 14th, when General Breckinridge and his staff arrived from Nashville. Then we learned that Gen. Longstreet was threatening to cross the river five miles below Landover at Hughes Ferry, and to advance upon Nashville
It was said also, that Wheeler's Cavalry had given in the direction of Kentucky, with a view of getting on our rear and cutting off our communications.

About noon we started to march to Hough's Ferry. Our Division was now commanded by Maj. Edward Ferrero of New York, and the Brigade by Col. M. H. Humphrey of the 2nd Michigan. The Brigade consisted of the 2d, 11th and the 20th Michigan, and the 100th Penn., commanded by the Lieut. Col. Col. Humphrey being on duty at Cincinnati.

On our March toward London we met the Column of General Thomas White, Commanding a division of the 20th Army Corps, who had been holding London. He was joined about and marched back toward Hough's Ferry. It had been rainy, and the roads were in bad condition.

It was near dusk when we climbed the wooded hills which rise above Hough's Ferry. Long before advance was already across, and had occupied a hilltop in front of the town and place. Some skirmishing took place that night.
which we did not take part.
We had had no dinner and no supper, the troops not having followed us; and our close contact with the enemy's lines, Col. Smith, and I selected a little hollow close to the lines, and with a handful of hardtack corner for supper, with only our overcoats for covering, and the side of a log tree for a resting place, we spent the night cold, hungry, and wretched. Before dawn, we silently retreated from our position and began falling back toward Lewistown. It was about that time the neglect to receive lemon once more. Before leaving there I was left with our regiment to hold a cross road that ended from Brighton way, but by the middle of the afternoon was called in to Lewistown, and placed on the extreme left of our line, with the left flank extending to the river. Later we fell back upon the main line, extending in a semi-circle in front of Lewistown, where we lay in line until near morning, several times during the night the rebels tried our lines, to see if we were still
There, and were satisfied that we were. During this day (the 15th) we had almost nothing to eat, and no place that night. A cold, heavy, frosty fog settled over our lines toward daylight, and as we were not permitted to have fires, we shivered through the night.

It was between two and three o’clock in the morning, when we silently withdrew our lines, all but the pickets, to the vicinity of our old camp. Here was a small train of provisions, together with the headquarter wagons of General Julius White, of the 23rd Corps. I was ordered to take a detail of my regiment and destroy these wagons and their contents. I took Companies B and C, and with axes cut down the wheels and cut off the tongues. We built big bonfires, and what we could not get away with, we consigned to the flames. There were two wagons of ammunition, which we threw...
into the water. The men of the 36th Ohio
helped themselves to all the pork, bacon, sugar
and vinegar they wanted, or rather all that they
could conveniently carry away. Half a dozen
Company cooks filled their camp kettles with
these supplies and started up the railroad track
northward to Knoxville, intending to rejoin the regiment
before night. But they were stopped by the
enemy's Cavalry and sent to Andersonville prison
and I believe that not one tried to join
the command. Most of the men had filed
their Knapsacks at the railroad platform, as
ordered, that they might be transferred by
rail. It was a mistake. They were not loaded
on their ears, and they were left to the men.
I suppose they fell into the hands of the
Rebels. Daylight had come when our
brigade took the road toward Murfrees
Plateau. The mud was deep. Some more
wagons had to be abandoned. The men
were tired, sickly, hungry and almost worn out.
The Rebel were not long in discovering our withdrawal from Leesville, and we were hardly
on the road when they were in motion in pursuit.
They had three divisions of infantry beside
Wheeler's Cavalry. Our little brigade numbered
perhaps 750 to 800 men. We were ordered
to hold the enemy in check, and gain time
for the main body of our Corps to form.

General Burnside was in personal command.
Gen. Edward Ferrero, of New York (formerly
Col. of the 57th N.Y. Inf.) commanded the division and
Gen. Omer Newby of the 2nd Mich. Light, com-
mmanded our brigade.

The 17th Michigan Infantry covered the
rear, until we came near Jenkins Creek.

Then for some distance the 20th fell
behind. At least, I distinctly remember
that when we reached the top of the hill
in front of Turkey Creek, we fell back through the lines of the 17th, who were advancing toward the enemy, while we hastily fell back to Turkey Creek, and began filling our canteens. The 17th were the first to meet the enemy, and received a heavy fire which killed and wounded many of them.

On Jan. 1, 1864, I wrote a brief account of this campaign for the Detroit Tribune, which afterward was inserted in "Michigan in the War" at page 402. That account has never been written to soon after, while the events were

on fresh in memory is more accurate than anything I could reproduce from my memory, although it is pretty distinctly recorded here.

We were just in the act of filling our canteens when the first shots were fired. A considerable hill rose just back of the creek, over which the road wound.
3. Above the road was a dam, and an old mill. A third of the way up the hill, on the right of the road was a dwelling, at which Colonel Perrers and some of his staff had been getting a little breakfast. Just as the head of our column passed the house, Perrers came out on his horse and, as he mounted, paid his respects.

"Gentlemen; the bell is struck!" Perrers had been a churchwarden master at that point.

The 17th was falling back rapidly, pressed by superior numbers, and as we formed in line to the left of the road with two pieces of Perrers battery on our right, they forded the creek below, and passed around our left. A good many of the 17th had already come back wounded, and none were coming. The bullets began to fall in around us, and the heavy columns of the enemy's rebel division were constantly pressing around our left, and began to capsule us.
The second Brigade was on our right, and in the right hand centre of the field, and the 17th Mich.  
To our front on our left (facing to the rear), and in their order we retired in column, by regiments,  
through an open field, with considerable broom,  
timber, and high timber, which offered good  
cover for the Minutemen. Thus we passed  
over the brow of the hills, and the ground  
plopped down toward Campbell's Station.  

Both of this open field was a piece of open  
woods, and a rail fence dividing it from  
the open field. So that we hastily fell  
back, but in perfect order, Col. Humphrey  
deciding to make a stand at Point Ford.  

Behind this rail fence lay the 20th and  
17th, on the left of the road, while the 7th  
extended the line to the right.  
The artillery had gone to the rear, to  
face of a new position beyond the woods.  

Up to their heart Col. McKeating the Minutemen
Had commanded our regiment with great coolness and steadiness. As we took our position behind their picket fence, we were both mounted, Col. Smith on a very tall horse. We sat a few feet behind the firing line, directing and encouraging the men.

Panic. Capt. Dewey, Co. A, rode up and called out, "Col. Smith, you had better fall back a little further. There is a company of Rebel sharpshooters on our left, and they will pitch you off." Just at the moment a bullet whistled over the neck of Col. Smith's horse, and cut a small gash just in front of his saddle bow. Col. Smith remarked "That is getting pretty close," and drew rein to back his horse. As he did so, I heard a bullet strike, as at the instant another scoffed, his paddle. We sat within a yard of each other. As I glanced toward him, I saw his hand tremble, his eye glaze, and a little stream of blood trickle from under his hat, and down his beard.
He began to sink forward on his saddle
He never spoke or groaned or made a sign
except the tremor of his hand. The bullet head
passed diagonally through his brain, killing him
instantly. I sprang from my horse and
cought him as he was falling, and a
great stream of blood gushed out, covering
one from head to foot. I called near to carry
him to the rear; I instantly took command,
and the fight went on.

The regiment did not waver for a moment,
but we were being flanked on our left, and
Col. Humphry gave the order to retire in
line which we did. We had reached
the middle of the woods when the 17th received
a heavy fire in their left flank, and
began to break in disorder. Col. Humphry,
who was mounted on a white horse, rode
up behind them and shouted, "17th Michigan,
what are you doing here? Forward!"
at once the Standfield was staffer, the men faced about, and the word "forward" was heard along the line. At once the whole regiment, together with the left company of the 50th, sprung forward up the hill with a yell, and charged forward. The rebels were taken by surprise, and fell back to the edge of the woods. Dying the town regained, our line fell back in good order, into the open field. About this time, the other rebel division was attempting to force its way around our right, and get between us and Standfield's position. They were met by our first brigade and checked. We now retired to a point a short distance in advance of the village, behind the forks of the Longwood Road, where we remained for some time — until 2 o'clock P.M., we were now withdrawn to a little hollow ground by a creek, where we had some shelter, having been under fire.
for 4 hours, and lost 150 out of about 750 men. The action now became largely an Artillery duel, though Infantry charges were made several times. Our Artillery succeeded in breaking these each time.

Late in the afternoon we retired beyond the village of Campbell Station, and took up position on some high lands, where the road turns toward Knoxville. The infantry fighting was now over. About one half the loss was sustained by our little brigade. We held this position until after dark.

When we began a hard and tedious right march to Knoxville, which we reached at the break of day—almost completely worn out. I fell asleep in the saddle dozens of times, that night.

I do not think I was ever so sleepy, and very early we so tried and exhausted,
Siege of Murfreesboro.

Just at break of day of the 17th of November, 1863, the day following the fight at Campbell's Station, we reached the outskirts of Murfreesboro, and our brigade was conducted to the ridge to the southwest of the city, known as "White Hill" upon which stood the unfinished fort-petit, afterward christened and baptized as Fort Rucker. We were told that we could lie down for our hour. I tied my horse to a post, stuffed a board

from a fence, for a bed, and in two minutes was in a heavy sleep. I slept until awaked, perhaps an hour and a half late. I found that the troops were being conducted to positions by officers of the Engineers, where lines of breastworks had been marked out. In the course of the morning several hundred civilians were brought out from the city under guard of soldiers, and put to work with pick and shovel, digging entrenchments. All soldiers who could be furnished with any kind of tools were also put at work.
It was almost marvelous to see how fast the embrasures and battlements grew. Beginning at the river, on our left, they followed the highest crests, facing the enemy, and swept around the parts, west, and northwest sides of the house, until they once more reached the river, above the town. Batteries were posted in the most advantageous positions, both on the outer and interior lines, but Fort Sanders was the most prominent, as it was the most important work. The main road to London passed a few rods, perhaps 15 or 20, to the left of this fort, and between this and the fort was stationed the 100th Penn. which was not with us at Penfield's Station.

In this fort was posted Benjamin's battery of 20-pound Parrott guns, the Rhode Island battery of Brass Napoleon guns, and a part of Rohmer's New York battery of small rifled field guns. The 1st New York Infantry and Battery outside the fort, and there came the 17th Ohio, 2nd Wisconsin, Army along the trestle
on our right. Here, on the evening of the 17th, Gen. Pemberton rode along the lines with Capt. Poe, his engineer, who had laid out the works, and inspected and approved our progress.

Toward night the enemy began to make their appearance on the London Road, and to move along the ridge about 3/4 of a mile away, toward our right. At that time we expected an immediate attack, but it did not come.

General Saunders with a brigade of cavalry was holding the London Road, at the "Armstrong house," which commanded a prominent rise of ground about a mile in front of Fort Sanders. This was a large, fine looking residence with a square brick tower, and was afterward made a headquarters of some Confederate field officers.

Heavy skirmishing went on all the morning while the enemy deployed and got into position for carrying the hill. From our position on Fort Sanders (or Rudder) we were able to witness the whole scene, at a distance. We saw the rebels advance from the woods...
And saw them repeatedly refused; but at length, about the middle of the afternoon, our Confederate infantry made a determined charge, closing around the hill on which Savannah was posted, and swept our cavalry back, Savannah being mortally wounded. It was a glorious sight to see our brave fellows forced back, and thus ended the fighting outside the lines of defense. We worked diligently and successfully in strengthening our lines, and getting our new batteries in place. By the 20th we felt well prepared for the defense.

After dark on the evening of Nov. 20th the 17th Michigan made a sortie for the purpose of burning a brick house just below the hill on which Fort Savannah stood, and which had been occupied by the rebel sharpshooters. They went out without being discovered, and succeeded in burning the house, but on their return the rebel artillery opened on them, and Lieut. Billingsley was killed and several men wounded.
On the morning of the 24th Nov. the Second Michigan made the most brilliant sortie of the siege.

By that time the Confederates had extended their lines well around us, cutting off our communications on the north side of the river, and now they showed a disposition to close in and tighten their grasp.

On the morning of the 24th we discovered that they had extended a rifle pit from a piece of timber at the front, lying beyond the cleared railroad track, which wound around the foot of the hill on which Fort Sanders stood, just an open field, a distance of about twenty rods.

From that position their sharpshooters were able to pick off men moving inside our breast works, and to command the embrasures of the fort. General Sherman decided to dislodge them. It seems to have believed that it was only an advance post.

He directed Col. McCauley to move our brigade to send one of his regiments and
"Take the rifle-pit. He selected his own regiment.

They were quickly of us line behind the breastworks. They passed over the line directly on my right, in column of fours, and as Major Binny left commanded, passed me I asked what are you going to do? He replied, "We are ordered to take that rifle-pit," I said, "I don't envy you the job." These were the last words ever exchanged with him. The regiment numbered only about 160 muskets. They passed quickly down to the railroad cut at the foot of the hill, moved a little by the left flank, and formed in line along the cut. Most of the regiment were in their lines from where I stood. As soon as the first line was complete, in a single two-rank line, the word was given, and they went forward in the line. They seemed only a handful, and they began to fall rapidly from a flank fire from the woods. But they went on gallantly. Byington fell forward until they reached the rifle-pit and went over it.
But the hit was unfiled and swept by the flank fire, and they were compelled to set on the outside again.

Once retreated to the railroad, some were captured, but of the 160 who went in the charge, 83 were killed, wounded or captured.

Four officers were killed or mortally wounded, and two more seriously wounded. By right, died in the hands of the enemy. It was the charge at Balaklava over again. Then:

"What though the soldier knew none were left, there's not to reason why,

there's not to make reply,

there's but to do and die,"

Gallant two hundred.

For the time being the regiment was practically wiped out, and no one the better for it; for the rebels continued to hold the woods.

The next day, the 25th, was Monday morning, and the forenoon was rather quiet. But in
The afternoon there was a good deal of sharp shooting. In the latter part of the afternoon, the Confederates, who had laid a bridge across the river below the town, were attempting to carry a hill upon which we had placed some guns, on the south side of the moat. Although it was perhaps a mile and a quarter or more distant from our fort, we could witness the whole movement distinctly, and watched it for a long time.

I had retired with my little tent to write a letter, and Captain W. D. Mitchell of Co. A was standing beside my tent until watching the fight across the river, when a sharp-shooter, a full half mile away, fired and hit him off. The bullet penetrated his lung, and, with a groan he dropped just beside my tent. I assisted in bringing him off and as we did so several more bullets whizzed particularly near to us. We died the second day after. I had known him...
The following is from Capt. (Virtue twins) McCollum's diary: "The Captain felt from the first that he had received a fatal wound. He reported that it was not his privilege to die on the field instead of being cut down, as in such a manner. He exhibited remarkable coolness and self-possession. He instructed me with his effects, and instructed me in regard to the settlement of his accounts. He wished his son to leave his sword and with it fight for his country, ever it ever assaulted by ruin."

Nov. 27. The Captain was quite here. He left with me, his last message for his wife and for his Company, I remained about here until 4 P.M. He died at 11 P.M."

McCullum had "the privilege" to die on the field May 12th, 1864, a true and gallant soldier."
Before the war, I was at Ann Arbor and at Yale. I was a graduate of the law school, and when he enlisted he was attached to a small force at Yankton. He was one of the best soldiers in every respect, one of the best in the regiment.

The same evening Dr. Col. Considier of the 17th was picked off in the same manner. I aided in carrying him from the field, and never spoke with him again. He died the same night.

The 26th and 27th the enemy were posting batteries on the hills on the count side. Munro's troops 9 position, and preparing generally for the assault which we now expected every night. A part of each regiment slept on its arms, the bivouacs were strengthened; some buildings that afforded shelter to the enemy were burned, and cotton bales were placed on the parapets of fort Sumner, covered with green raw hides of animals slaughtered.
The rounded hill on which Fort Sumter stood had been covered with a growth of timber, here and there a large oak tree, interspersed with a pretty bushy growth of small pines. Their timber had all been chopped down. The smaller pines had been used for outbuildings and platforms for the fort, and the branches of the oaks had been cut off and sharpened at the small end, and the larger end set in the ground as a sort of a trench to form an obstacle or a mercur de prise. The fort which crowned this hill was designed as a "star fort," and was evidently designed by an educated military man. My impression is that it was commenced by the Confederates. If completed, it would have been a formidable work. The south front toward the river and the London Road was well advanced. The South west star, or fort, was quite
Complete. The west side was well begun, and the north and east was entirely done. Some work was done on it after we took possession, especially on the east side, which commanded a deep valley extending toward the Holston river, in front of College hill, as I remember. The breast-work on the south connected with the p.e. corner of the fort and extended toward the river. On the north, the breastwork connected with the n.e. angle of the fort, and swung away to the northward, following the head of the hill, toward the railroad station, and then back toward the river above. Just north of the fort were three small eminents in which were placed a part of Rowan's battery, which, I think, were six howitzers. Two companies of my regiment were in the n.w. angle of the fort, and the other eight companies extended to the right, between, in front of, and to the right of Rowan's guns.
3. The ammunition of the fort consisted of 28-pounder parrots, on the south and west angle; four brass guns of the first Rhode Island, on the east front, commanding the valley back of the hill, and the three guns of Rower's battery in the lunettes before mentioned, facing west.

The Garrison consisted chiefly of the 79th New York, about 100 to 125 men; 4 Companies of the 77th Mass., about 80 men; 4 Companies of the 2nd Michigan, about 60 men; and three Companies of the 20th Michigan, about 80 men.

This was the garrison at the time of the assault, on the morning of Dec. 29th, 1862. Day about 3:20 to 3:40 a.m.

As 1 hour before sun was due to appear for an assault since the affair of the 28th, and a part of the men slept on their arms every night, and all stood to arms before the break of day.

On the night of the 28th of November certain ominous movements attracted our attention; the movements of about the movements of the day.
Our streets were straightened and the right foot cut beyond the railroad cut. Certain houses beyond the track which might afford cover for the enemy were prepared for burning, and the half the men in the trenches ordered to be at the alert. I had not yet lain down when at about 11 o'clock, I think, a sharp firing began all along our skirmish line in front of the fort, and quite a number of our muskets were loaded for wire lattice primers. The firing lasted for some time on the right, and the buildings which had been prepared for burning were fired, and lighted up the scene quite brilliantly. The building behind houses and some other railroad buildings took fire and burned also. A large building, west of the railroad in front of the railroad buildings, at our right, which had been occupied as an Arsenal or Ordnance depot by the Confederates, also burned, and the explosions of shells and cartridges sounded like quite a battle. The butternuts on the southern side of the river opened on us, and the shells fell all
around us. By midnight matters had quieted down somewhat, and I sent out Lieutenants Clark S. Mortley, of Fort Smith, and C. C. Comstock, of Co. I, with a new detail of pickets, to restore the lines. They made their way down to the railroad, but found the Confederates just on the other side. There was no more sleep that night on our lines, unless the men slept sitting with their guns between their knees. So the night wore away. My position was a little to the right of Rooner's House. Perhaps 6 to 8 rods north of the foot, from which point there was an unobstructed view of the west front as far as the salient angle. A deep ditch surrounded that angle. And outside the ditch a telegraph wire had been run from stump to stump. About three-light, forming about three concentric lines of wire, quite irregular, but 

The night was cloudy a little frost.
A heavy white fog hung over all the valley and rose even to the fields. but
In the valley of the river and the deeper hollows between the hills it lay like a sea of milk. Above it rose the fort, the college, and college bell tolling and the highest parts of the town.

I was sitting behind the breastwork, just as the morning was getting gray, but while objects were still indistinct, hearing that the hour for the assault had come, when from down in the white fog, away at the foot of the hill in front of the salient, came the most curious sound of firing that I ever heard, accompanied with more or less yelling. It was not the usual crack-crack-crack of the rifle, but somewhat like the fog, it was just a pip-pip-pip, etc. Hardly seemed possible it came as menacing firing at all. Everybody was now alert, and stood by the breastwork, and every eye was turned in the direction of the firing and yelling.

Possumy out of the fog, which before had two or three feet of the hill, there came a line of battle, followed by a second and a
They were on an eminence of battlements, battlemented front, arms at trail, heads down, red yellow, no sneering, just a fallen, heavy mood, and a low "hef-hef-hef," as they came on at double quick.

Already the fort leaned with thirstreal and rawmister, but the moment their column showed itself out of the fog, the musketry poured from the hatches of the fort and from the breastworks right and left. The entire regiment was posted where they had an oblique flanking fire upon this column, almost without receiving a shot in return.

The moment the column came out of the fog the musketry opened from the fort and from the breastworks, right and left, forming a steady and continuous fire into front and flanks of the attacking forces. The ground was shown blood with those who fell, but still the column pressed on, with grim determination and falling bravery. These were Longstreet's
8:30. The flower of the Army of Northern Virginia, three picked brigades of the same troops also, on the ever memorable 2nd of July 1863, drove Schillers 3rd Corp of the Army of the Potomac from the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg. They were piecemeal white at Chickamauga, on the 20th of September, had braved Rosser's night, and forced it back in Chattanooga. They had not been accustomed to defeat or refusal. They had made their boast that they would take Knoxville. It was a fine sight to see them come on. They seemed to rise up from the ground out of the fog, and came on a dirty-gray mass of brute courage. There was no JAUNING or fathom, until they struck the telegraph wire. The tangle, as we called it. Her light was still dim and uncertain. I doubt if they saw the wire. But there the front line went down in confusion. The next line, passing on close behind, went down in like manner, and all
orderly formation was lost. Meanwhile both
big guns and musketry were busy getting
in their work and evermil the ground
wide the dead and dying. Through the
crackle of the rifle and the thunder of the
Artillery we could hear the shouts and
curses of the officers, and the shrieks of the
wounded. They rose up to stagger on for
a few inches, and then go down again.
Finally a few hundred of them loaded
into the ditch that surrounded the sedent.
They never got out again. In vain they
evermore to scale the stonnen parapet. One
man reached the top, and in attempting to
plant his flag, he fell dead to the bottom
of the ditch. A disorganized crowd
still stood outside the ditch, unable to
get over and prudently to retreat.
At least all who were able broke and
ran back over the brow of the hill.
10. During the attack, two companies of the 2nd Indiana, had gone into the ditch and made a number of prisoners. Capt. C. N. McDowell, for many years past a resident of Manchester, leaped from the parapet and demanded the surrender of those in the ditch. They answered him with yells and with a volley. His clothes were pierced in three places, but he was unhurt.

Sgt. J. N. Bujauné, commanding the battery, called an artilleryman to bring him some of those 20-pound shells with 5-second fuse. They were brought. Bujauné taking a brand from the fire that was burning in the fort steepled to the parapet, lighted the fuse of the shell, and threw it over into the ditch, when it exploded. At once there was a chorus of yells and screams, and cries of "We surrender, we surrender," Bujauné was a Vermont Yankee, with a decided New England twang. "You surrender today," could he. "There comes no here."

And presently they came in. 225 of them.
directly past the muzzle of Campenius's Shelled 20-pound Parrot, and threw their amm in a full, just inside the embrasure. Capt. Humphry, Lieut. Day, H. Bixby of my regiment, stood there and received their, directed there, where to throw their amm, and a guard marched there to the rear. Three rebel battle flags and 200 hands of amm were among the trophies.

In the midst of the attack I was directed by Col. Humphry to send a company of the 92nd with into the salient, and instantly sent Company "C," Capt. Geo. C. Barnes, commanding, on the double quick, and they assaulted in force in the direction of the foremost fighting. Our loss was 19 killed wounded and missing. Nearly one third of the loss on our side. The sight from the front of the 20th was fearful. The ground was strewn with wide the dead and piled, dying, and in the ditch they were stacked one upon another. As soon as the flag
of fixed was raised, Gen Ferrero directed me to take a detail and remove the dead and wounded and deliver them in the picket line.

The ditch, at the angle, was filled three deep with the dead and wounded. In some cases we removed the wounded from under the dead. We took them in army blankets, and carried them down to the picket line and turned them over to their friends. It was a shocking sight. Many of them were shot through the head. Many and incidents come to my notice, some of which I may relate in another place. By the time the fog was all dissipated, the sun had come up brilliantly, the last of the retreating party had disappeared, and as we ran up the big Garrison flag on the staff in the first, it was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers all along the line. The battle was over.
Note, at page 402 of "Michigan in the War," is a long letter which I wrote to the Detroit Advertiser and Vindicator on Jan. 1, 1864. It gives a vivid graphic and picturesque history of the part borne by our brigade from Lenoir Nov. 14 to the close of the siege of Knoxville. While it goes little into details, it is correct so far as it goes. Written only about a month after the siege of Knoxville, it is more reliable than my memory---or that of any other man could be after more than a generation. I refer to it as a supplement to their account.
Some incidents of the Siege of Knoxville.

There were many incidents connected with the Siege of Knoxville, some patriotic, some sad, and some disastrous. I have already related some of these, in connection with the previous history. I have also stated only one man reached the top of the Parapet. He was understood to be Sergeant Major of a Georgia Regiment. He was a fearless young fellow, and with the battle flag of his regiment in one hand and a bayonet in the other, he climbed up the slippery slope, until he reached the top. He was able to plant his flag on the top. The next moment he was struck by an arquebuse at him by a bayonet of the 79th U.S., and rolled back into the ditch, and the flag was captured.

During the night a new embrasure had been cut for one of Benjamin's guns to the extreme front of the fort, and the cartridge boxes had been pushed into the ditch, partially filling it. In the early part of the assault, a Confederate officer attempted to lead an
pursuued it to the fort through this embrasure, leaping up the incline he made a dash to
pass the muzzle of the gun, with uplifted sword.
Chanting "Surrender!" At the same moment
 struck Benjamin gave the word "fire," and
he was literally blown in pieces.
After Benjamin had thrown the shell into the
ditch as a hand grenade, the rebels began to
file as through the same embrasure. Among the
first to come in was a dashing young Georgian
officer, a lieutenant, with coal-black hair
and flashing eye, who as he threw his sword
down on the pile, threw back his head in
an heroic attitude, and triumphantly exclaimed
"The fortunes of war, Gentlemen!"
I think I heard at this time that his name
was Gresham. Or perhaps it was Simsbury.

During the siege we were all in great terror.
Some of the Time not more than half ordinary mailers.
"Hard luck" were scarce—almost unknown.
Bread was out of the question. Under the
Circumstances, Gent. Pamplide saged several
Limes of bean and shrimp which he found at the mills at Newville, also several kgs of molasses in the wholesale greengrocer's; with these and some other ingredients, I put together a mixture which went under the name of "Bumside Short-cake". I do not believe it was very wholesome or nutritious, but several times it was eaten.

The men, who were given the order to set fire to the houses west of the railroad tracks, many of the men who had occupied them as outposts, bought away books and other articles, which would otherwise have been burned, to keep as souvenirs. Pvt. Geo. M. Duller, (afterward my law partner at Petersburg, from 1870-1880) was private of the 9th. When he came in from post duty, he bought a large fraction bed on his head, which he luxuriated in during the Clarenceville siege.

I have mentioned the Armstrong House, which stood on the hill, about a mile from the fort, as having a square brick house.
In the early days of the siege, Lieut. Benjamin had his attention called to the presence of enemies in the tower. He called one of the sergeants of his battery and asked him if he thought he could hit the tower. The sergeant said he could try it. They loaded up the favorite gun. I think they called her "Bess," and loaded it with deliberate care. At the word, the lanyard was pulled, and away sped the shot, I stood near the gun when it was fired. In a few seconds we saw a cloud of red brick dust leap from the corner of the tower, and when it cleared away, we saw that a musket was fired out of the corner of the tower. We afterward learned that one of Gen. Logan's staff was in the tower at the time making observations, and that one of them were wounded.

When we were engaged in removing the Confederate dead and wounded from around the fort, we passed them by the corner of blankets, and laid them down at theudget lane when they were received by their comrades and friends.
5th. On one of these sad trips, I was accosted by a
Kentucky Confederate Captain who wished me to look
up the ditch of the fort for an elderly man with
long gray beard, and the rank must of a Lieutenant
Colonel. We did so, and I saw the body.

He was a large, tall man, and must have
had a fine presence when in life. We laid him
in the blanket and carried him carefully
and delivered him to the young man. He
turned away his face, after a single glance, and
brushed away a tear, as he said, "He is
my father, and no braver man ever wore a
sword." He was Lt. Col. of a Mississippi regiment.

After Captain Mitchell was mortally wounded, I
visited him once in the Court Room which
was converted into a hospital. He was unconscious
but knew his loved ones alive. He was hearing a
wife and children at home. As he held my
hand feebly he said sharply above a whisper.
"But for my wife and family, I would have seen
regrets that I endured. I gave my life gladly."
On the morning of Nov. 29, while the assault was in progress, the Confederates opened upon us with their guns on the opposite side of the river, exploding our lines. The guns were only larger than 6 pounders, and did but little damage. Most of the shells went over and few exploded. One struck a pine tree that stood near my tent, glanced downward into the ditch near to my feet, but did not explode. Another fell in the trench not more than two rods away, with the first efficiently burning. Sergeant Martin G. Dawes, of Co. I, seized it in his hands and threw it over the breastwork. It was one of our bravest acts of that morning.

Many other incidents might be added...
After the Siege of Nashville.

After the unexpected refusal of the assault on Fort Sanders, there was talk that Longstreet would certainly renew the attack, and we continued to maintain great watchfulness each night, and the men stood to arms just before the break of day. But no second assault came. Meanwhile the advanced Carriers of Gen. Sherman had reached us from Maryville, by way of the southern side of the river.

To let us know that the ammunition and reinforcement were near at hand. I well remember the fact, though not the date, when General Sherman with General Burnside came up to Fort Sanders and looked over the ground. I was not near enough to hear what he said, but he seemed to take great interest in the explanations made to him. His advance was near at hand, and on the morning of Dec. 5, 1863, Longstreet had abandoned his plans, and the Siege of Nashville.

*See next page, please.*
Holt, from Capt. McCollum's diary, Dec. 2, 1864. 'The enemy massed their troops in front of the fort and an attack was confidently expected during the night. The enemy used signals in our front, and the men were at their posts all night. A ditch was dug in front of our line.'

Gen. Sherman's visit was late in the night.
I was a matter of history. Then for a day we were at liberty to go outside the fort, and go over the ground between the lines. I went down to the railroad and over to the spot where the 2nd New York had fought. Under the hill near the railroad track we found where the Rebels had burned many of their dead.

On the ground in front of the salient were still great quantities of blood where men had fallen, and in the bottom of the ditch were pools of water blood-red.

There was an irrepressible sense of freedom in being able to show your head without being shot at, and in walking about without dogs yelling from lever to lever.

But we had something to do besides looking about. On the little boxes were preserved to the utmost. Consisting of a quantity of dry flour, a few hard rations, and some fresh pork. The latter had come from the Union men in the country, and much of it had been floated
On the 7th we broke camp to follow Longstreet in his march of the valley toward Virginia. On the 9th we marched in pursuit, and on the 19th we reached and encamped at Rutherford 32 miles north east. At the same time the main body of the Army was engaged with the enemy at Bean Station. We did not participate in that action, but on the 18th we marched to Murfreesboro to protect the right flank of our Army from attack from the direction of Centraddle.

At Murfreesboro we had a slight skirmish at long range with the enemy. The enemy had a battery on the opposite bank and threw a few shells into our camp, without doing any damage. The next morning we were ordered back to Rutherford, where we joined the entire union corps in a retrograde movement to Blain's Cross Roads, at the lower end of Allure Mountain. At the latter place
...which we reached on Dec. 16, we formed line of battle, expecting a general engagement. General Sherman's troops, including Wood's and Halleck's divisions were posted on the north side of the Mountain, while the 9th Corps were stationed on the right or south side, with our left far up the side of the mountain, against the precipitous rock. Longstreet moved down and skirmished a little and finding us in order of battle, with our artillery all in position, he retired and fell back to Milmontown where he went into camp for a rest. Our first night at Milmontown Cross Roads was a most trying one. Our regiment was on the extreme left, and without shelter of any kind, and fires forbidden. It snowed on morning, and the wind blew very cold and raw. I spent the night for the most part in shivering about to keep warm, and the only sleep I got was half covered up in the lee of a big chestnut tree. We remained at this place for just a month, suffering greatly for food and clothing. Our rations had been cut off, and we were largely
Reduced to live on Corn meal, which we
procured to be ground at small grind mills in the
Country. The headquarters were near the stores.

On the night we were at Ainsley's Ford, the news
came to us that our (deceased) Colonel, where we
had not seen since were were at Columbus Ky.
in May, and we had been on detached duty at
Louisville and on leave in Michigan, had resigned,
and that it had been accepted to take effect Nov.
21, 1863. We had been without any official information
of the fact during all this time. This left me
the ranking and only field officer in the regiment.

As soon as we got settled at Davis's Cross Roads
on Dec. 20th all the line officers of the
regiment joined in a petition to the Governor
for my promotion to the rank of colonel of the
regiment. At the same time I joined the
officers in recommending Capt. Geo. C. Barnes
for Lieut. colonel and Capt. C. B. Grant of Co. D.
for Major. On January 15, 1864, my Commission
as Colonel was issued, but was not received
and accepted by me until Feb. 14, 1864 at Ennis
Station, near Knoxville.
I may as well add here that my command was
so reduced by the casualties of war, that, under the
orders of the War Department, I was never able to
mustering into the U.S. Service as Colonel under that
commission until after the close of the war.

After a fruitless attempt to muster, I appealed for, and
received in March, a commission for Lieut. Colonel,
which I accepted on 2, 1864, while in Arkansas
under orders. I bore rank as Lieut. Colonel
from Nov. 10, the day Col. Smith was killed.

Long after the war was ended, I received
my muster as Colonel, back to the resignation of
Colonel A. W. Williams, our first Colonel, who
went with us to the field.

To return to Blaine's Cross Roads. The events at this
place passed uneventfully, except for the suffering for
the want of food and clothing. We were soon moved
down from the mountain side, and my headquarters
tent was pitched in a small ravine, a little
brook flowing over a stony bottom directly in
front of the tent. Mess tent consisted of a
fly pitched back of my tent. And we generally
ate with hays and overrode on. We had no means for a fire, except out of doors.

Dec. 31st. I was made assistant officer for our Brigade to muster them for pay. The Brigade consisted of the 2nd N.C., 17th N.C., 24th N.C., and 100th Penn. Col. McPherson commanding. The day was inclement and the task disagreeable. There were a little more than a thousand men in the Brigade.

The 2nd N.C. was doing guard duty at Lee's Mills, at the foot of House Mountain, ten miles S.W. from Plum's Creek Road. After completing the muster of the rest of the Brigade, I was required to go to Lee's Mills to muster the Second. The road was very muddy from rains, and my horse sank at almost every step. The feet looked dirty. Traces of wagons from Cumberland Gap, were plowing along almost half-stuck in the mud. A few of these stalled. It was already dark when I reached Lee's Mills, and the rain was pouring down. After some supper with the family of Mrs. Lee, I mustered the regiment—about 175—by the door and family laund. Gliding myself inside a window connected with the Mill, I was invited to spend...
The night at Mr. Lees, and did so. It was a
very interesting family. I recall that there were
three brown, rosy-cheeked girls, and one or two boys.
They seemed much interested in me, and being anxious
to hear my conversation. Mr. Lee was a strong Unionist
man. He had been out of the state much of the
time while the Rebels were in control. He had a fine
property, but he said his children were growing up
without education or school system, and that as soon
as the war was over he was going to take what
he had and move north where his children
need not grow up in ignorance. We sat up
until midnight, and when we retired the rain
was beating on the roof directly over my head.
I noticed it was growing loud, and as I got
into bed I threw my Army overcoat over
the bed as an extra cover. Before daylight
I was awakened by being cold, and piled on
the rest of my clothes and shivered until time to
get up. I found a small snow drift on my
bed, and others scattered over the floor. There
the snow had sifted in through the slits of the
sheds. The water was frozen in the creek between the
As I rode back to Blenner's Cross Roads on that New Year's day, 1861, it grew colder and colder. Since abnormal cold wave swept down over that Southern Country, nothing everything in its icy grasp. Several times I dismounted and walked to keep from getting chilled. I met other riders from Cumberland Gap, rolling and rumbling over the frozen roads, as if on a treadmill.

I arrived at Blenner's Cross Roads in the middle of the forenoon, and was invited to take New Year dinner with Col. Boston.
10 of the 50th Penn. The dinner was served under an open sky; and we ate with heat and
desire on, and ought to have it.

The principal delicacy was oyster pie made
from strained oyster, bought from the Butler Store.
It was so cold that it was in danger
of freezing before we could eat it.

This was the beginning of the great year
of the war. The winter had now become
because of the fact that a supreme effort
must be put forth, and that war must be
the business of the Nation. Until peace came
through victory. The political generals were
now mostly in private life, and the educated
soldiers were in command.

We had become so accustomed to war
that we had lost our horror of its losses
and barbarities, and went into battle
with a fatalistic calculation of the chances.

While at Clarks Cross Roads the Second and
Eighth Michigan Regiments, Veteranized, and went
Home to Michigan. Also the Penn. Regiments.
East Tennessee to Virginia.

No finer exhibition of patriotism was ever seen than the reenlistment of the old regiments at Blount's Cross Roads.

A regiment which had been in service for two years had the privilege of reenlisting that it might be in the war, with a veteran furlough of 30 days. Those who reenlisted were transferred home as a body by the government. During their stay in the state, it was supposed that they would fill up their ranks with recruits. Those who reenlisted also received a "veteran bounty" of three hundred dollars. This was a good arrangement for the government, for one of these old hardened and disreputable veterans were worth at least three raw recruits. It was a sight to see the Second and the Eighth, their white and insufficient food, ragged as to uniform, and coves of dunce with raw hide mocassins on their feet, march away to God's land, as they called the North, for their veteran furlough. Their bloodiest year was yet before them.
McCallum diary - Jan 11. Brigade organized and

Annexed to 20th N.C. Maj. Eustace
36 Mass. Col. Bowers
79 N.Y. Col. Morrison (Candy Bag)

Jan. 14, 1864 we broke camp at Gaines Cross Roads, and marched north to Strawberry Plains, where the E. Tenn. Railroad crosses the Holston River. The enemy was making some movement as if to turn our right flank, and move a column to Knoxville. We occupied the sand or west side of the river, and the enemy the opposite bank.

There was much rocket firing on the 18th and 19th. On the 20th all our other forces were withdrawn toward Knoxville, and the 20th was left as a rear guard. Before daylight of the 21st we were also withdrawn, and fell back, with much skirmishing and some cavalry toward Knoxville. The night was exceedingly dark, the roads muddy and heavy, and many of the men worn out. During the night we came up with the rear at Flat-Creek, where a battery was stalled in the creek, and it became necessary to abandon it. It was blown up to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. We continued to fall back often forms in line of battle, until
Night, and slept upon our arms that night. In the morn. My only bed was a row of fence piles, and my only covering the sky.

Next day, Jan 22 '64, we continued our labor grade. Until we came in sight of the buildings of Knoxville, and again lay all night. The enemy did not press us then, but withdrew. Having failed to break on our action, I am under the impression that their main object was to leave a wider range of country to forage from.

We bivouacked on the 23rd on the ground where we were, and on the 24th moved through Knoxville, passing the now deserted register and out 8 miles southwest to Erwin Station on the railroad, where we made camp in a beautiful pine grove of fine trees, on a beautiful ridge of rolling land. 

Where we remained until Feb. 15th—enjoying rest and good nature and a new issue of clothing.
The railroad by Maltomogo had now been open for some time, and we had no trouble in getting up supplies. While at Enn's Station we had daily drills for the exercise of the men and to keep them in good condition. It was just the pleasant prank that I remember during my service. The ground was hilly and clear, the water pure and beautiful, the weather delightful.

The mountains of North Carolina were in full view; on the other side toward southwest, other ranges were in sight.

During our stay here I made a visit to Asheville, and to Fort Brander. The debris of the battle was still scattered around, and the blood-pools were still clearly marked.

A most interesting trip was one I made to the scene of the fight at Campbell's Station and Tidley Creek, with Col. F. M. Swift of the 17th Kentucky, and Lieut. Druj. Suffered of the same regiment. I went to the spot where the fight began in front of the creek, and traced it back to the spot where Col.
Huntington Smith was killed, near the salt

place. I found the very paper which was cut by

the bullet just before he was shot, and brought

off a piece which I designed to form into a

blueholder. I found a dismounted rebel

Cannon, with a piece of the muzzel split off,

and inside the bore a smallexpounded shell,

which I got out and brought away, and

which I still have. During their time, too,

we were sent to guard and operate a mill

a few miles west of Knoxville, when we

found a house with a piano, and a

Couple of young lades who could sing and play.

I organized a glee club, with Dr. Cheek, Leut.

Day, Capt. Allen, and others, and several

evenings we sang patriotic songs, with the

hymn, if not with the understanding. The young

lades were rank confederates, but they

had no Confederate songs worth singing.

Dixie, though a painted air, had no words

worth the name; "Maryland my Maryland" was

not of praise, "And the Bonnie blue flag"

Never got much hold. We had the great

Advantage on Sungo; I look back to this
6th at Erin Station as about the pleasantest episode in my campaigning. I had fully regained my health which had been injured in the Mississippi Campaign, and the whole command was greatly benefited.

I keep a warm place in my memory for East Tenn. Its scenery of evergreen mountains is most inspiring, its climate pleasant and health-giving, and its people loyal and warm-hearted.

On Feb. 24 1864 we once more broke camp and advanced through Knoxville, and on to Morristown. We were two or three days on the march. At Morristown Longstreet had been resting while we were at Erin Station. Many of his men had built shanties which we found shocking. Longstreet himself had taken up his march to join Lee on the Pahaska in Virginia. We never met a larger Rebel force than dealt administered at Fort Sanders in the morning of Nov. 29, 1863.

On March 2nd we fell back a few miles to Mosby Creek, where there were magnificent
Miss water sufficient to run a mill.

Here we remained until March 12th when we again advanced to Morris-town.

It was during this period at Morristown that my first boy was born at Dexter Me. I had in vain asked for leave of absence that I might be with my wife, but as we were in active Campaign it was refused. It was only through the great kindness of Gen. obl. Milburn, then once more Commanding the division, that I was at last enabled to get to Michigan.

During this period twice the Siege of Morristown we had undergone several changes of Commanders. General Burnside was removed from Command very soon after the siege. For a time Gen. R. B. Potter of the Second Division was in Command, as we knew from the orders, though we saw no actual change. Then General J. G. Foster, who had been in South Carolina came to us and assumed command, but he was not with us in the field, and I do not remember to have seen him but once. Our old general returned, and
In Colburn's diary, "July 24, Marched at daylight. "

Marched the Troops left Knoxville, going in the direction of Strawberry Plains. Passed the 23rd Army Corps, Gen. Schofield (commanding Dept.) and Gen. Stoff and several others passed the Troops. The 9th Corps occupied near Strawberry Plains, about 2 miles N. of the Big Emory. Marched 16 miles."

...
As was obliged to ask to be relieved, and
then about the first of March, 1864. General John
Mr. Schofield came to us. The first time I
remember to have seen him was on the
March from Mosby creek to Manassas, on
March 12. I saw him again on the 14th
as he rode with his staff past our column
as we advanced to the vicinity of the
Arlington Heights. General Schofield was a fine
horseman. He wore a long, flowing beard,
and had red cheeks. He was a little
and never met him
again. I never met him
personally until long years afterward, when he
was Commanding General of the Army,
and I a Member of Congress. After that
I served for nearly four years on the Board
of Ordnance and fortification, of which he
was Chairman, and came to know him very
well indeed, and to esteem him highly.

But back to 1864. The men used to
call him "Old Schofield", and if I
* Feb. 24.
James A. Garfield diary: Mar 14. Early this morning a squad of 9 rebel prisoners were brought into camp. From their guard we learned that a party of 120 charged on our cavalry picket post at Glen Dale, 4 miles out, and one was killed and mine captued - one of the latter wounded. The rebels press over the attack in order to get the coffee and sugar the pickets had. Again the Regt was ordered to march. At 11 AM the assembly commenced, an hour in the morning, the Brigade moved out towards "Chucky Knob", preceded by part of a regiment of cavalry. Gen. Sheridan and Maj. Gen. Scherfield also went out. Passed Glen Dale where the skirmishes in the morning with place, the 79th N.Y. remained at first place. The 9th Mass. and 36 Mass. went on as far as the "Chucky", where the 36 Mass. remained. The 26th turning off Hughestown went up the river a mile or more, crossed the mouth of Lick Creek, and formed in line of battle to drive out the rebels in front on a hill. The left three out skirmishers and firing batteries went up the hill, down a ravine and over two more sandy hills until they reached the rebel camp. Which had been hastily deserted. Scarcely, bread, flour and biscuits as bullets or the front were found. The skirmishers got lost a few shots, the Major driven out the rebel cavalry (save the 12th N.C.,) the Regiment returned to the remainder of the Brigade, and there to reach 7 miles back".
To read never next hand again forever come.
Paid that he was a man that 40 years of age.
But I knew now that he was a young one of only 33. There was the sound half-moon in regard to Bums on ice. I thought of him not a man of 50, at least, and yet he was yet forty. There is temerity that comes with high command and great responsibility which makes men seem older than they are.

On the 14th of March 1864 we started out for our last fight in East Tennessee. It was reported that the enemy was threatening our flank at the mouth of the Holston River, near it flows into the French Broad. Bright and early we left Morristown, our brigade in advance, and my regiment leading the brigade.

At first we reached the ford, and I was ordered to charge a bluff on the other side, where a Rebel cavalry outpost was encamped. The ford was somewhat more than three miles deep, but we got through it in the double quick, and never forward into line without halting.
A few bullets flew over our heads, but in a few moments, we were at the foot of the bluff, and scrambling up its sides, and made a dash into the hardly reach among the cedar. They had left so suddenly that they had abandoned most of their effects, arms, camp, horses, and saddle. I had a few men slightly wounded. I was killed. We returned to Morris’s town the same night. The next day, the 13th of March, I received a letter from my wife announcing the birth of my son Frank.

I think, too, it was on this same day that we received orders to proceed to Annapolis, Md., to rejoin the army of the Potomac.

On the 17th we reached Knoxville, and on the 20th I received orders from General O.H. Milroy to proceed to Kentucky in recruiting service. And on the 21st I separated from my regiment, and proceeded via Chattanooga, Nashville and Louisville to Detroit.
Back to the Army of the Potomac.

On March 21, 1864, I had good by to Knoxville and the dark and bloody ground of East Tennessee and started for Michigan, nominally as recruiting service, but really to see my wife and baby, while the regiment marched over the mountains, and proceeded by rail to Annapolis, Maryland.

I received transportation from the quartermaster's department, the road as far as practicable being operated under military control.

At London I found General Phil. H. Sheridan, where I personally met for the first time, and the "Old Ironsides" to Chattanooga. He was occupying a house on the top of a hill on the eastern side of the river, and not far distant from the railroad bridge. That morning I passed several familiar spots: Erin's Nation, Campbell's Station, Lenior, and London, all of which had been our battle grounds. That night we reached Chattanooga.
At that time it was a ramshackle, muddy,
demoralized little town—not in fact but
a great camp. The forts were still occupied by
roofs, and endless trains of wagons were
leading into forge, saltpeter, munition-works, and
moving out of the city toward the front, some-
where down toward Ringgold. It was all of intense
interest to me: Tannell Hill where Sherman
fought, Mission Ridge, famous for that wonderful
Charge; Lookout Mountain where Hooker fought
above the town. Every surrounding point
was familiar from reading and pictured
illustration. I mention of Col. J. S. Parkhurst's
head quarters, who was Roswell Marshall's foot.
I made a short visit with my old schoolmate
S.P., Henry M. Daffield, of Detroit. He was at that
time on Parkhurst Staff. It was near noon
of the 22nd when I left Chattanooga, on a
Government freight train with a messenger
coach attached. It was a rough road, and a rough
side. Our progress was very slow. There were quite a number of officers in the car with me, on their way north. Some had been wounded, and some were on leave. The only one whom I remember distinctly was Col. Carl M. Linn, 18th Med., who accompanied me all the way to Michigan.

We reached Nashville some time during the night of the 22nd, but as I recall, remained in the car until morning. Of course we had to get our sleep in a sitting posture. We could not leave Nashville until noon of the 23rd, and, meanwhile, I had time to look around the city. I went up to the Capitol, a fine building, and at one corner, I found my old college mate, John W. Homer, colonel of the 18th Med., acting as provost. I met some other of the 18th, but do not now recall distinctly. We left Nashville, which was one great scene, and Quartermaster Afton, on the afternoon of March 23rd. A short distance proceed to Detroit where I arrived. I think on the 25th, and took the first train to Dexter, after visiting to Colonel A. H. Well, then Adjutant of Recruiting for Michigan.
My memory was expectant, and I found my wife sitting
at in her room, with her body, then 20 days old, lying on
her lap. I have only a vague recollection of
my stay in Michigan. I married until April 20th.

And during that time I visited the forts where my
venerable duties were stationed, went to Detroit once
or more, to see col. Hill, visited Gov. Blair at Jackson.

On March 27th I was formally placed on
venerable service by Col. Hill and stationed at
Dexter, in charge of a Lieutenant and
four or five regiment. On April 2nd I received
and accepted my commission as 1st Lt. Col.
20th Michigan. Having been referred animate
on my former commission as Colonel.

I did most of my service through my
officers, and gave most of my personal atten-
tion to the young recruit at Dexter, whom
they named the Major, and his mates.

On April 15th I was relieved of voluntary
service by order of General Hill, and directed to
assemble my veteran officers and report to my
*Note. Extract from Capt. McCollum's diary.*

Apr. 23. Reveille at 4 A.M., all were ready at the

true officer's, but did not get plastered until 11 A.M. —

Marched through a level and pleasant country a distance

of about 12 miles and bivouacked after dark. It was

too late to pitch a tent so we slept out.

Apr. 24. Marched at daylight. About noon the

Column reached the Baltimore and Washington line.

Proceeded 3 miles toward Washington, and proceeded

near the Maryland Agricultural college, having

marched about 14 miles during the day.

No two companies of Indians in the 11th Ohio, chiefs

shooters were objects of great interest to the students.

Apr. 25. Marched at daylight. Waited a short time at

Bladesburg, five miles from Washington. x x x

Mrs. Peck visited in the parlors of the city, and

got into good shape and marched through the city in

column, by command, President Lincoln and Gen.

Douglas were on the balcony of Willards hotel;

Passed through the city and crossed Long Bridge,

and moved toward Alexandria 3 miles and

turned toward convalescent Runk on the R.R.

Towards Leesburg —
Regiment. It was not until Monday April 20th that I actually set out for the front. I left my wife at the home of her parents, at Dexter, where she remained for the ensuing year. There was as much of sadness as of pleasure in the visit and the journey, for we anticipated a very hard campaign, and we knew that the chances of meeting again were not great— at least the chances were great.

I reached Baltimore on the 21st of April, and Annapolis where the 9th Army Corps had been assembled, on the evening of the 22nd. I remember that I found my regiment encamped in an apple orchard, which was in full bloom,—six the outposts of Annapolis.

I relieved Major Barnes where I found in command of the regiment, and at noon of the 23rd the Corps slowly pulled out of its camp under orders to march to Grant's Army at the front, on the Potomac.

The 9th Corps had been filled up by the addition of new regiments, and recruiting the old ones, to about 24,000 men. It was now incorporated with the Army of the Potomac, but was known as the "Expeditionary Corps."
6. We were attached to the 2nd Brigade, Third Division, 9th Army Corps, but were before long assigned to the 2nd Brigade 1st Division, 9th A.C.

We marched that day until late at night as nearly direct for Washington as the roads permitted. The day was hot, the men for the most part in heavy marching order, and pressed to campaigning, and the marching was very great. In our brigade was the 1st Ohio Sharpshooters, in which was a company of Michigan Indians. They did not trust the march any better than the white men. At each halt it seemed as if each Indian would get out a battle of brack oil and camouflage using their long black hair. The next morning we resumed our march and that night we went into camp on the fair of the Maryland Agricultural College.

We had not been long in camp when there came a terrific rain storm, and as I had no tent, I got the best shelter I could under a quartermaster wagon, and after a while proceeded.
9, and getting into some quarters tent.

The morning broke bright and cheerful; the storm had passed, and after a late breakfast we got on the road again. The roads were very muddy, and the Forrest present. At Blodenshury, near Washington, the bridge was burned away and the men had to ford.

We soon came within the defenses of the Capitol, and somewhere about noon, halted on the Blodenshury field, near a great lovely

and cutting

creek. We then started across and were told that we were to be reviewed by the President and Secretary of War, and to make ourselves as presentable as possible.

Snacks sat on, twice, and roasted, and roasted and roasted. And on the next, and until, the Mud, as fast as it dried was brushed off, while were bald, and in the course of an hour, quite a transformation had been wrought.

My regiment was swell—about 325 men, but they were right out of active campaign.
were thoroughly drilled, and moved in splendid style. As we marched down New York avenue, to 14th street, there was no fewer officers in grand
in the corps. They moved as a single oar, while the last and party of Veterans, from New York Avenue we turned down 14th street toward Pennsylvania Avenue. On the narrow
balcony on the East front of Willard Hotel stood the President, Abraham Lincoln, the Secretary
of War, Edson M. Stanton, General A. E. Burnside
and Gen. O. T. Oilman; all with wreath on head.
As we approached I had a good look at them,
and never were more dissimilar types of men,
Lincoln tall, towed, can walk, benevolent;
Burnside short, broad, stern, and aggressive;
Burnside erect, solitary, handsome.

The regiment marched past in splendid form. With the marching salute, and that day
we once more crossed the Potomac and
Camped behind the hills of Arlington.
Near Tractomew's village, between the District of Columbia and Alexandria, or as it then was, "Contra-lateral Port," here we remained in camp until the 28th of April, during which time the troops were kept off. During this time our camp was "without form and void."

On April 27th, we took up our line of march once more for the front on the Potomac. As at Annapolis, it took a long time to set the troops and camp on the road, and it was after eleven o'clock that night when we turned off the road, and bivouacked at Fairfax Court House, Va. The night was dark and I thought the ground was the roughest I had ever seen. In the morning, I found that I had slept the night in an unpreened hospital graveyard.

On the 28th we passed over Centaville Heights, from which we looked out over the broad valley of Bull Run, and the Bull Run Battle ground, away to the right
Near the Manassas ford, crossing the stone bridge, and forming the axis of the battle of July 21, 1861. On the hill, two and a half or three miles beyond, was the little hamlet of Manassas, where the fearful battles of Aug. 29 and Aug. 30, 1862, were fought.

Rising off to the left, was a high swell of land where lay Manassas junction, the scene of much hard fighting during the Pope Campaign of '62. Down to the left was Blackburn's Ford, where the first battle of Bull Run was fought by the Second Nebraska, under Colonel Richardson.

It was a splendid panoramic view, and covered much historic ground. We remained for an hour on the heights, and at lunch, then turned to the left, forded Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and moved on through Manassas to Braddock Station, where we arrived for the night.
The ground afterward became familiar to me through study of the Fitz John Porter Case.

On the 11th night we camped at Cattetts Station, and the next day, the 18th, we arrived at Narrenton Junction, without any unusual incident, and went into camp for a few days. At Narrenton Junction I was mustered into the United States Service as Lieutenant, Colonel of the 10th Michigan. We had left all surplus baggage at Washington, and only awaited the word to go into the campfire of the Wilderness.

Up to the time we reached camp, I had careful estimate showed that our division had traveled 6,450 miles.
Through the Wilderness.

I come now to the most important as well as the most interesting part of my experience as a soldier, the Campaign of 1864. It can be little more than the story of a personal experience, and of individual observation. I did not at the time attempt to master the movements of larger bodies of troops than I was immediately connected with, nor have I since studied them up, to test the movements of our regiment or their proper position as a part of the Army. Many others have told the general story much better than I could possibly tell it. But this is the story of my own command, with just the essential points of contact.

The first day of May 1864 found me at Manassas Junction, Va., Lieut. Col. Commanding the 28th Ohio Vols., then mustering for duty about 325 Muskets.

Before the end of the campaign I had lost in killed, wounded and missing more than half the entire number. The losses fell well short when we broke that camp and crossed the river in front of us. Many of us would never re-cross it. But the fortunes of war are a lottery, and more
Each hoped that we might be spared. Yet we were prepared for either event. The apple orchards around were sweet and home when on the 4th day of May we struck our tents, to join Grant, returning on the Potomac, for the great decisive grapple of the Confederacy. We knew that battle and death were just before us, yet it seems to me that the regiment marched away as light-heartedly as I ever had known it. That evening we crossed the Rappahannock at the railroad station of that name, and continued on to Brandy Station. We at first marched on in line toward Culpepper C. H., but in consequence of orders from Gen. Grant, we counter-marched, and at about dark we bivouacked at Brandy Station.

Before the break of day of May 5th the bugles sounded the reveille, and as early as we could we set to march; we were bound to the wilderness. The subordinate officer, whether he commanded a company, a regiment or a brigade, goes where he is led, and asks no question. We only knew we were going to join Grant and to fight him.
Grant was in the Army of the Potomac, at and about Culpepper C.H., on the North side of the Rappahannock, and Lee was at Orange C.H., on the South side, with the Army of Northern Virginia. These two great armies, the flower of the North and the South, stood eyeing each other, like two great athletes, ready for the grapple, after the frost of the Winter. Lee was on his old familiar ground — on the soil of his native state, — on ground familiar to his troops and their commanders. The generals and leaders under him were the same he had commanded from the beginning, and with the most perfect faith in his

Grant had just come from the west, from the valley of the Mississippi, to assume command of an army which he had recently seen, and generals whom he had previously met. The ground to Lee was unfamililar, and the traditions of the Army of the Potomac, from July 1861, to date, had been to go out, fight well, get defeated, and then fall back. Lee knew that, when Grant moved he would strike for Fredericksburg C.H., with the view of getting on the short line between
The Army and Richmond. From Orange Court House two roads led nearly due east—the McNeill road and the Jerusalem, and both cut short of Grant's advance. On the 3d March cavalry had moved down the river, and on the 4th they were across. On the morning of the 5th Grant's entire Army was, like ourselves, on the move, marching for the ford of the Rapidan. As mine Army left war gradually for Germanna ford, across country, by the shortest route. The day was warm but not oppressive. We marched very steadily, with brief halts, over hill and dale, until at about 11 o'clock we halted on the hills overlooking the Rapidan, at Germanna ford. Here we took a hasty luncheon, and then crossed that stream which so many brave men were fated never to cross. On the other side of the river the country was almost level and thickly wooded. Soon after noon our division crossed the river on pontoon bridges, moved out from there half a mile or three quarters of a mile, turned to the right on a road through the woods, met
We came in sight of an open field, then formed line facing the north west, threw out flanks, placed amm and waited. We were on the extreme right of the line of the army of the Albino,

Beyond us were the 6th corps, the 5th and the 2nd and the cavalry. We had cut loose from our base on the Orange and Alexander R.R.

Our new base was at Fredericksburg.

Meanwhile the battle was now menacing with more or less fury away to our left, there was little artill fire, and shot mostly of the cavalry, or a little after.

Along near Fungown there burst out, two miles to our left, the most fearful musketry fire that I ever heard. It was in front of the 5th corps near to Wilderness Tavern. At the moment Capt. Allen had called a prayer-meeting near the color in the centre of the regiment, but the men were

Completely drowned by the ever increasing roar that rose and swelled until it covered the final and made the heart stand still.

That night we bivouacked in line, but were not disturbed.
Next morning, May 6, at the earliest dawn the men were awakened. Coffee was made. The regimental fife and drum column, we retraced our path to the Germanna plank road and followed the column toward Wilderness Tavern. Yet all was still; the birds were twittering in the woods; it was clearly all woods—but we could hear that there was to be a day of battle, footing but uncertainty could prevent that. The question was which army should have right of way to Kelly's Ford. We marched with shiny and bright steps on the plank road as the light grew stronger in the east, and the day became warmer. Themselves thousands of blankets and overcoats lined the road, thrown away by those who were not willing to be burdened longer with them.

The sun was just rising from the summits of the eastern forests as the head of our division reached Wilderness Mem. As we approached that point we marched between rows of the dead and wounded of the battle of last night. Some under tents, some it seemed to me, in the open air.
In the woods and on the hills on our right, as we marched up, lay the 6th and 5th Corps. Beyond, to the south, the road along the Brock road, leading toward Spotsylvania, was Hancock's Second Corps. Between these was a gap of three quarters of a mile which we had to fill. Directly in our front, lay a meadow, lying fresh and green and mown for hay the morning before. Into this meadow our Corps poured in a steady column. The first and second divisions to the left; the third division to the right, and formed in close column of battalions. Right in front, there was no sound of drum or drum, but the colors were drawn from their lanyards and paraded to the breeze, and the bayonets and green barrels shone in the level sunrays. Thus the entire corps was closed in mass. After four 20,000 men. No enemy was in sight. No sound of battle.
as yet arose. But, presently, far off, down the Brook Road, in front of the second left. Came the crash of musketry, and the sound though not rapid detonation of artillery. The sound came nearer. It rolled up the line toward us like the buzzing of a gigantic herd of bees. Then the command was given, and our three divisions moved. It seems that engineers and fatigue parties had been opening roads. The heads of columns of the first and second division turned to the left toward Newcock; our column turned off to the right, to connect with Brigadier General Linn. Crossed the wilderness near a little bridge, passed through a dense line of growth for about a third of a mile, and came out upon an old farm-tract. Beyond it we could see, on higher ground, I think it was near the skirmishing house—a part of the rebel army. We could see ammunition wagons and abatis. It seems, that we were not to attack, but to hold that line. As at Fredericktown, in '62, we formed into columns between the right & left.
7. Gen. O.T. Milleux commanded the division; Col. B. C. Christ of the 56th Pa., commanded our Brigade.

Our old comrades of the Tennessee Campaign were no longer with us — the 2nd and 19th Mich. — and we missed them very greatly. Instead we had the 1st Ohio Sharpshooters (a new regiment), the 50th Penn., (from the Antietam again), veterans; the 50th Ohio, from Cleveland, — a new regiment. We had a very

Our old friends were mostly in the first Brigade. The 70th occupied the left of the brigade line just in the edge of the pines, so as not to attract at.

I did not become engaged, though at one time the enemy opened a battery on us. The enemy skirmishers were not far away, and once the Sharpshooters became quite hotly engaged. And some of their Indians were killed and wounded. But on front of Potter's Second division the fight raged. Toward noon one of our brigades was shaken, and some of us ordered to reinforce Potter, until Milleux had only our brigade left. Milleux had his headquarters
in war of the night of my regiment, and I was near him a good deal. He was extremely uneasy, and fretted about pulling his hair away. We were fortunate not to be attacked, as the fight was severe both right and left.

In the course of the Monday, word came down the line that Gen. Wardmore of New York (of the 6th) had been killed. It was between two and three o'clock when orders came for the regiment of a new brigade also to withdraw and go to the support of the left. We withdrew at once, moved back to the meadow, crossed the creek, turned up the hill to the left, and entered the woods where Potter had been fighting. It seems to me that the Ninety-Two had not made connection with the second, but that Potter's left was refused and in the air. We passed up a wood road, which seemed to run nearly parallel and just to the rear of our line of battle, and took position on the left of the troops who were already there. For half a mile, it seems to me,


we Marched between the ranks of the dead and dying. The woods were full of them. It was a ghastly sheeted, and a poor preparation for valiant deeds. But I do not mean that it convinced anyone. Our Brigade formed in the line of battle, extending to the left, and fortunately, as for the morning, the 20th had the left of the line. We were in the midst of the woods; there was a good deal of underbrush; it was impossible to see the Brigade beyond. I cannot state the order of the regiments, but I know that the 50th Penn. Regt was on our immediate right. And that we outflanked the Rebel line, so that my regiment received almost no direct fire. Col. Christ rode along the line, and ordered us to fix bayonets. He gave Cheers to let the hard-pressed troops know that we were at hand. "Row, boys," said Col. Christ, "throw off your headcloths, and go on quick, give them hell!" We charged on the double quick, down the hill, pf amoudin, with but little opposition. While the 50th on our right
which practically ended the day. A little later as it was getting dark, I discovered a rebel column moving to our left to flank us. I ordered Major Barney to take a

degree more and support a chain and check them. While I went to Gen. Miles for a rearguard to extend the left.

Promptly the 9th N.H., followed by the 2nd N.Y. (my native town)—relocated to rear, but the movement had been checked, and their service was not required.

The ground where we lay on our arms that night had been fought over two or three hours before, that day, and the ground was covered forty yards wide dead, and some of the Rebel wounded were still present for.

I gathered up quite a number of the dead and moved them to the rear, before we lay down. The lines were almost in contact, and all slept upon their arms, with strong

shen. with line cut in front.
During the night the woods were
furnishing, and the moans of the wounded
could be heard from the darkness.

One poor fellow, a rebel adjutant, was lying
in rear of our line. And he begged for
some one to pray with him. Dr. Chubb
performed the office of chaplain for him, and
before morning he was out of this earthy
sphere.

The 7th of May was a quiet day. There was
no fighting on our front. We buried the
dead, gathered up any wounded that had
not been found in the darkness, collected
hundreds of pounds of corn, both Union and
Confederate, and late in the day changed our
position, to shelter and straighten the line.

That night after dark the rebels made
several demonstrations, doubtful to certainty
if we were withdrawing. And a part of
the first sharpshooter, who lay in a second
back of an opened fire, and wounded some of
our men.
Before daybreak of the 8th, we were housed, and told that the enemy was withdrawing, and we were to move. In the dim light just before the break of day, we made our way out of that bloody wilderness, down into and across the meadow near Wilderness Church, and halted directly in front of the latter.

Me lay there when the sun came up. There I saw Gen. Grant and staff, and Gen. Meade and staff. We suffered that we were repeating the traditional retrograde movement of the army of the Potomac.

Just inside the fence was Capt. W. V. Richardson of 17th Md. Art. on Gen. Meade's staff, and an old college class of mine. We came down to the fence where I sat in my paddle. I asked him where we were going. He said, "Howard, Richmond."

Presently, I was directed by Gen. Meade to take command of the 3rd, 6th, and 50th Penn., with a section of Parmer's battery as rear guard, of the army.
It must have been about 8 o'clock (it was
Tuesday morning) when we left Wilderness
C.C.C. for Chancellorville. The rebel cavalry
chasing our rear, and once a while attempt
ed to pass us. But there was no real fighting
and no casualties. At noon we reached
Chancellorville, having crossed the scene of
that fierce fighting of the year before. The
debri of battle was still scattered all
through the woods, including portions of skeletons.
Stock of muskets, parts of knapsacks, canteens &c
At noon we were relieved at rear
guard, and took our place in column.
We were wonderfully hand in the battle of
the Wilderness; while regiment close by us
suffered heavily. But the regiment, as
always, did its full duty, and did it well.
To My Father and Mississippians.

At twelve o'clock noon of May 8, 1864, we reached Chancellorsville heights, having passed over the scene of some of the heaviest fighting of May 3, 1863. We saw the bloody trenches where the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were attacked and demoralized by Stonewall Jackson's attack. The woods still showed the scars of battle. Many of them almost seemed of the back by bullets, and branches of the larger trees torn away by Artillery fire. The lines of the old Chancellorsville Church, which had been destroyed, remained. We cleaned at the Chancellors House was not as great as I had supposed, and was practically surrounded by forest on all sides. After an hour next, we took our place in the division column, and moved after the road south-east, toward Plastic Bridge Church, and the Gordonsville and Chancellors.
Until dawn. We moved in three parallel columns, the artillery in the rear, the cavalry on one side and the infantry on the other. It looked like a river of blue, crested with steel, as far as the eye could reach, and I never thought Byron's description of the March to Waterloo as applicable as these:—A fiery mass of living color, rolling out before All the afternoon, as we pushed along, the crowds of refugees came to our cars, telling of the cavalry battle that was raging to the south and west of us. It was dusk when we halted and bivouacked for a small grain of sun. Sheltered by a fence from a farm and orchard, in which the cavalry corps was going into bivouac for the night. I soon learned that the cavalry of the Weller's Brigade was among them, and went over and called on some of the
four of the 6th Cavalry—Col. Kidd, Capt. Power
and adjutant Hammick, all of whom had
been pupils of my classes at West Point in
1860-1 and '62.

The bugle called us at the earliest break of day
on Monday, May 9. Coffee was born, and
breakfast eaten—a very simple breakfast it was.
And before six o'clock we were up in line and
ready for the word to move. The First Line
Sharpshooters were to lead the division that
day, and our division led the corps. But when
the time to move out on the road came,
they were not ready; and Colonel Smith rode
up to me and said, "Colonel, are you ready to
move?" To which I replied, "All ready." "Very
well," said he, "lead out." Martin and Maintie
the head of the regiment had turned into the
road, headed toward Strasburg. But we had
not gone 30 rods, when the
head of a Shenandoah Cavalry cut across our
line of march. And I was ordered to give
twice the night of war. For more than an hour we stood there, while regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade filed past us, going to our right. Sheridan was that morning starting on his great raid to Richmond, resulting in the battle of Yellow Tavern, and the defeat of the Confederate cavalry, and the death of its commander General J.E.B. Stuart. That night Sheridan cut Lee's line of supply at Beaver dam, capturing great quantities of supplies and cavalry stock.

As soon as the cavalry had passed, we resumed our march eastward, until we turned into the Fredericksburg plank road, and changed direction to the Southwestward. The road was now good and good, and we marched wrote case. We went out of the unbroken wilderness. Horses now became frequent, and as we were nearing the enemy, by orders, I threw out an advanced guard, and followed on the right of the column. General Wilcox rode with me at the head.
of the column a good share of the Mummy.

It was between 10 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon when we arrived upon a wide-looking eminenc, from which the ground fell away to the valley of the N Y river.

On the left hand side of the road was a fine log house, with its appurtenances. I think it was one of the "Bennett" houses. and a little further down, on the west side was the "Harris House," of which I was to hear more.

On the other side of the river were the land more or a gentle swell, to a height. I should estimate of 40 or 50 feet above the stream, which swept away around to our left and disappared away woods. A halt was called for the men to rest, and General Willcox, Col. Christ and myself rode into the grounds surrounding the house. Beyond the river were several houses. One large one in an orchard prose way back, on the left hand, and I think two or three old weather staved dwellings, look on a ledge on the right. Where we stood I suppose they were three quarters of a mile
Away, Gen. Milford ordered up a large smash gun, and sent a shell into a squad of rebel cavalry who occupied the road at the top of the opposite hill. The shot was a good one, and the cavalry retired up the road toward Fuller's, which was perhaps a mile and a half away.

Milford now directed me to send forward two companies of my regiment as skirmishers, cross the river, and carry the opposite hill. Support my men with the rest of my regiment. Commanding our Brigade, Col. Christ was directed to support me with the remainder of the brigade, and to march quickly to the opposite erect and hold it.

I quickly held off Co. H. Capt. McCollum, and Co. K. Capt. Carpenter, one on the right and the other on the left of the road, and they went forward briskly down the hill, deploying as they advanced. They quickly crossed the stream, the regiment following close after on the road, and the rest of the brigade not far behind, as soon as the skirmishers had crossed the
Stream, they advanced at the double-quick toward the crest, and we did the same in column in the road. When about half-way up, we reached the side road which led up to the large house on our left. The road, for a distance, was sunk near perhaps 2½ to 3 feet, and Colonel Christ directed me to throw my regiment into their own right way, which I Uglyly did. Mean while the Confederate had become engaged with those of the enemy, and had advanced to a sunken fence at the farther side of the field on our left, while those on our right had deployed along the edge of a ridge on our right.

The 60th Ohio was immediately behind me, and the moment I took the sunken road, they went at just me on the double-quick.

Toward the crest. It was at this time, I first experienced real close fighting. The 50th Penn, was turned off the road, and advanced to a line opposite the 20th, and advanced to a line occupied by my skirmishers. The First Michigan Sharp Shooters, were deployed
On the left of the road back nearer to the river, and were advancing across a sloping field, its skirmishers relieving mine under McCalhoun on the left. And the regiment occupying the line of the sunken fence, where our skirmishers had been.

These were the dispositions when an entire brigade of rebel infantry at least of battle bent out of the woods, not far beyond the sunken fence which bordered the field where we were, but extending on both sides of the road.

The fire was intense, hot and heavy up the road where the 60 clink was posted, and a good many of their wounded were coming back, and quite a number who were not hurt at all. I threw a squad of my men into the road and checked their tendency to go to the rear, and but those who were hurt.

At this moment I perceived a rebel regiment was making for the large house in the orchard on the left—which I knew was another "Bemis" house. It was a regiment and com-
Mandingoo arrived, and threatened to burn our fleet.
I instantly detached Lieut. C.A. Leonebury, with 24
men, to go on the line and, if possible, block
their movement until a part of the next brigade
could take that house and hold it.
Leonebury did his work well, but lost one quarter
of his men. The 79th New York came up on
the line and took possession of the house on
which the house stood, over the orchard, and
Leonebury was relieved.
Meanwhile, the rebels were pressing too hard
on the right. I was directed to go on the
double-quick and support of the 50th Penn. on the
right. About 15 or 20 rods perhaps, more in
front of them was a high and strong rail fence,
behind which a rebel regiment was advancing.
Our duty was to get it first. It was a close
race. My regiment moved like a machine,
at the word "Left," went in the rear past the rear
of the 50th — a part of whom were covering —
became in line of battle by the left flank, and
without an instant's pause, hurled themselves
forward to the fence on the front fence.
try to save it and drive the Confederates back into the woods. By this time the whole division was in the front. The first rush S.S. through my battalion and of an order of Col. D. Kelly had hurriedly fallen back before the advance of the enemy line of battle, breaking badly, and losing many men. The 7th, 8th, and 9th Quigley had come up the road to the support of the 60th and had formed on the right and left. The 57th Penn, 61st N.J., 62nd and 64th. Harrods repository, came up on the right of the 70th and prolonged our line. In this order we occupied the crest and threw up entrenchments the same afternoon. We were nearer to Hollywood than any other part of the line. There was much fighting to our right beyond the woods, but we could see nothing of it. Although in our regiment was the battle of N. River, we were the first to cross, and the first to attack. We were again fortunate for having very small losses in killed and wounded.
Hospital Experiences

May 10, 1864. Gen. Grant was getting ready for a

general attack on Petersburg. He considered an

improvement of our line. Col. R. C. Grant having

been overcome on the 9th, Gen. J. F. Hartranft was

assigned to command our brigade. His old regiment

the 51st Penn. occupied more on the right, and I

was directed to take command of the two regiment.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when a

Circular came from Corps headquarters notifying

me of a general advance at 6 o'clock that evening.

The signal from the center was to give the signal for

the movement. Our line where it crossed

the road was in the shape of a V, bending

backward on either side. The 8th Michigan was

on the left of the road, the 60th Ohio in the road,

and the 50th Penn. 20th Irish, and 51st Penn. on

the right of the road.

As the line approached the men were gotten ready

and everything prepared for the assault. A

battery had been placed on the ridge near the road,

and a rebel battery was nearly in our front. At

our right of the road. The moment we got

the word to go, our men went over the
Col. R.C. Chist was originally a mining capitalist in the Pittsville Pa. Anthracite Coal region. He was already past early middle life—about certainly pay least 50, already grey-haired, and not capable of great endurance.

The 4th of May 1864 was a pretty warm day, though not at any time offensive, and it was said that Col. Chist was sickened, or prostrated by the heat. The Col. Chist was a man who indulged freely in the use of liquor, and I have an impression that his liability to prostration was increased in that way. I have the impression that he returned to duty again and was with the Command at Bethesda Church June 3rd but of 20, he was again invalided, and went before any retreat. I never saw him again after for May 9th, the day before I was wounded, and of course never again took orders from him.
part with my regiment above, and the batteries opened a lively fire. The guns descended a few feet as we advanced, and the projectiles of both batteries were falling to our right, passing only a few yards above our heads. As we advanced the line began to crowd heavily toward the left, on account of the two shots, before mentioned, Major Geo. C. Barnes was on the right wing and I was on the centre. The right wing. The "guide" being on that side. I do not seem to remember anything about seeing the 50. Peers. or the occasion, but I do remember seeing Col. Ralph Ely of the 8th on the left. I had my right arm raised pretty high, signalling with my hand to give off to the right, when a shell exploded directly in front and behind. It killed thirty to forty feet away, and the fragments flew all around. One small fragment struck me in the elbow and wrist, and another and larger piece struck the same arm two-thirds of the way to the elbow.
To the ame hit, on the under side, passing between the arm and the body. I had my sword tied to my wrist with a leather sword hilt, as I guess, but it did not act as it should. The ame fell helpless and reached to my side, bleeding profusely. I knew that at that moment my rosseum was cut, and the ame was nearly severed—a great mistake, but plant was the feeling. I grasped the right wrist with the left hand and raised it, and said aloud, "goodbye right ame." Satisfied, I must leave the field. I ran down to where Major Barnes was, told him tocommand, and started to the rear. We were about 10 or 12 rods in front of the breast work that wounded me. Much more, the same shell almost severed the leg of Sergeant Cleveland of Co. "I from his body, and he was carried to the rear. Dr. Chubb, an assistant surgeon, who stood in the breast work, I saw the place where I was hit, and met me at the breastwork, and assisted me down into a little hollow where there was a spring. I was bleeding freely, and feeling faint. The doctor tore open the shirt, staunched the blood, and bound up the wound, and
Write me back to the field hospital, at the
Mrs. House. Here I was laid on a sofa in the
hallway, while Sgt. Cleveland was laid on the
operating table in the Redan on the right.
He died before the operation was performed. I spent
that night on that sofa, while the operation went
on, only a few feet away. In the morning I
was removed into an orchard back of the house,
where there were tents and tents of their
wound was dressed, new bandages applied, and
the inflammation alleviated. The wound proved
to be a badly contused and lacerated flesh wound.
The arm was greatly weakened from the
hand to the neck. In the grounds back of the
Chase, I found several where I knew, among
them Col. David Morrison of the 99th N. Y. who
was wounded in the hand. On the morning of the
11th I rode in an ambulance up to the front to
see my orderly, and Maj. Barnes. I found the
residents almost exactly where I left them.
They had thrown off new breastworks, and
had experienced little loss after I was wounded.

By the middle of the day of the 11th
it had begun to rain and by the middle of the afternoon the rain was coming in torrents, Grant was straightening and shoveling his lines, and troops were forming not far from the farm house. Orders came to remove all the pickets and wounded to the rear. A long column of Ambulance came to the hospital and in the midst of the flood of rain we were loaded in.

It was getting dark when we started for Fredericksburg. In the ambulance with me were two wounded men. One of them suffering very greatly. I have no other recollection of that night aside. With my arms wrapped with a flannel, but jotted and jolted about, extremely jangled, and apparently becoming more swollen and inflamed, we floundered through a nightmare of Egyptian Darkness.

It must have been past midnight when I felt that we were descending a long and winding hill, from how I had a feeling that we were descending the hill of Mary's Heights. Where Hooker charged in Dec., 1862, and such proved to be the case. Soon we turned off from the road into
...What seemed to be a rough open field, and the Ambulance crew went into action. A few times prayers had been around the nurses, lifted the curtain of the Ambulance to ask if anything could be done.

I cannot remember whether I slept at all that night, but if so it was only a little fitful doze.

It grew colder in the night, and by morning was raw and chilling. As soon as it was light, I raised the curtain and climbed out. We were parked on the plateau at the foot of Mary's Heights. And our Ambulance was backed up almost directly against the monument to Mary Magdalen.

We had little to eat the day before. No supper, and no refreshments during the night. I began to be hungry. Along about the usual breakfast time, we drove down into the city, but nowhere could we get food. At last at an old tobacco warehouse used as a hospital, and crowded with the wounded from the Wilderness, we succeeded in getting a tiny cup of strong coffee, and a slice of baker's bread, without butter. This was our breakfast.

We then crossed the Potomac, and our old camping ground of Dec. 1863, and...
wenty on the way to Aquia Creek to take boat to Washington. We had no food during the day.

The journey was without incident, except that for some time some rebel guerrillas hung on our flanks with a notion of capturing the train, but made no actual attempt. It was well along in the afternoon when we drove down the hill to the boat landing at Aquia Creek, and saw the steamer waiting for us.

Among the first men I saw was my old teacher, Professor Joseph Delabrot of Taftville, who was peculiarly hard hit to the wounded and hungry soldiers. He actually made sure that I had all that I needed. I was soon passed on board the boat, and given a place to lie down on the floor. Before dawn we were on our way up the Potomac, and at daylight, or soon after, were tied up at the dock at Washington.

Ambulances were on waiting, and nurses with coffee and wine and stimulants. And at once we were made to realize that we were out of the Midsummer. It was near the 13th of May. I was
at once ordered an ambulance to the 
Georgia Semi-military Officers Hospital. The very first 
thing I did was to write a dispatch to my wife. 
I think it read "I am out of the wilderness, slightly 
wounded. Will be all right tomorrow." and sent it to the 
telegraph office.

All day long in the 12th. While we were marching 
on our way from Goodnight's to Aquia Creek, we heard 
the terrific cannonade of the great battle at 
Fisher's Island. It began before it was daylight, as 
we lay in the ambulance near Mary 
Washington Monument. Sometime to nine all 
day long it would break out afresh, sometimes 
almost like distant thunder, and then dying away to 
extinguishing shots. That was the worst day the 
20th ever saw. It went into action with 
about 300 men, and lost more than a hundred 
and twenty killed and wounded beside the missing. 
The total loss was upward of 1400, pretty near 50 per 
cent. Among the killed were Captains McCallum 
Acreelft, and among the mortally wounded were 
Lieutenants Avisworth and Bragg. 
There was a good deal of hand to hand fighting 
that day.
In the Seminary Hospital I was given a cot in a long room which I think had been the chapel. My cot was on the west side, and not far from the rear door which opened into a garden with a fine grass plat.

In the cot next to me was a captain of an Indiana regiment, who had lost an arm.

The next day Mr. Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the House, came to call on the captain and had some talk with me also.

Colonel Henry M. Morris of the 24th Indiana was in the same hospital. He had received a severe wound in the thigh at the Wilderness. I called on him about every day. He and I rehearsed the same day and it was some hours.

July 15, 1862. While at Georgetown I was able to go out, and went up to the Capitol and saw Congress, and to the White House, and to Brady's Photographic gallery, and had my picture taken. With the exception of a very poor picture taken in a shot at Fortress Monroe, March 1863, the only military picture I ever had taken.
On May 17th I was ordered to report to the officers hospital at Annapolis Md., in order to make room in the Georgetown hospital for the more severely wounded those arriving from the front.

At Annapolis I found the U.S. Naval Academy converted into a hospital. The situation was delightful on the Severn river, an arm of Annapolis bay, and the grounds were all that could be desired as a quiet retreat.

Here I was placed in a ward which had formerly been one of the professors' houses, at the front of the grounds, about midway of the row of buildings. In the same ward were my classmate, Col. [M. N.] Bradle, of the 12th Ohio; Capt. [K. H.] McDorman, who had been confined with a long attack of typhoid fever, and Capt. Geo. M. Buller, of my own regiment, who was also left at Annapolis post.

While I was there, sometime in June, there came to the hospital the first boat load of exchanged prisoners from Libby Prison, Richmond, and Belle Isle. They were the most horrible mass of living skeletons I ever saw. It was enough to give one the right more to run down. Our men brought off the boat dead when it arrived. Our men died the next day.

A Commissioner from Washington came over to examine into their condition.
I accompanied the members of our commission through the different wards, and saw such frights as I must never to see again. If punishment had been drawn on skeletons, it would not have looked more ghastly. Two or three of the most helpless cases, all commissioned officers, were placed in the same room with me. When they arrived they were not able to walk, but it was wonderful to see how fast they recuperated under the influence of nutritious diet, good nursing, and proper medical treatment.

I only remember one of these officers—capt. Roderick Callahan of the 1st Kentucky cavalry. He was taken prisoner in the operations about Chickamauga, and was greatly reduced. He was in bed, being unable to stand, suffering from a gangrenous wound, from which he was still suffering. I became very well acquainted with him, and he became a good friend. He was a strong, sound, worthy, and seemingly fellow of about my own age, well educated, and naturally bright. It seems he is still alive, and engaged in some literary work.

A leave of absence for 20 days was offered me, but as I had left home only six months before, and I was in hopes soon to return to Texas by my regiment, I declined it. My wounds healed very slowly.
Note. Among the experiences in hospital, which were agreeable, I made the acquaintance of one or two lady nurses — ladies of culture and refinement. One of them later became known to Saint Damasus Hoyt, yet to his wife, Nellie Hoyt, and subsequently became his wife, Nellie Hoyt, after the close of the war became Saint Damasus Hoyt's daughter-in-law and was continued for twelve years. Her left arm was shattered and she always carried it in a sling. For the last nine years we have resided in the same street and at the same block. But Judge Hoyt died last February. I have no doubt as to the results of her army service and captivity from wounds. Mrs. Hoyt still lives in the old home with her sons. The Liberty prisoners, when they had released some of their strength and spirits, made much amusement by giving us examples of the way they killed the time in prison with songs, stories and dramatics — we celebrated the 4th of July in the house near the Monument. The Orator was a very esoteric officer, I think a lieutenant by the name of Smallman of Philadelphia. The Liberty prison fellows made a lively firing by calling out constantly, Hey! Here! Stand back, give them air! Give them more air. KEO.
After a good deal of suffering, the doctor said that my digestive system must have been in a low condition. The fevers passed slowly away, while day by day we watched the progress of the army. Not only at Antietam, but at North Anna, at Bethesda Church, and at Petersburg, on June 17 and 18, the 20th underwent a baptism of fire. On the latter day, Major Barnes fell mortally wounded in the assault on the lines at Petersburg, and Major Grant became the Commander of the regiment. As soon as I saw the news, I made application to be sent to my regiment, but it was then denied. On the 5th day of July I made written application to be discharged from hospital, and it was granted; though my larger wound did not heal before the battle on the Midland Railroad, Aug. 21, 1864.

Passing through Baltimore, I took boat at Washington, and arrived at City Point on the evening of the 6th, and took a private train on the Military Railroad, to Meade Station, opposite the city of Petersburg, Va., and there reported to General D.B. Milroy's headquarters. And on the 7th resumed command after an absence of 67 days.
[In Front of Petersburg.]

On the evening of July 7, 1864, I found my position in the trenches of Petersburg, on the Harpers Ferry road. Just at the left of what was known as the "horse shoe" a fort on our line where our brigade had fought and held the ground on the 18th of June. A little brook made its way down through our breastwork, first at the right of our regiment, and passed out again and back into the rebel lines. Beyond this brook the ground was in a gradual slope for 3/4 of a mile. A railroad ran from just below the horse shoe or "horseshoe." The Confederate line at this point was between 250 or 300 yards distant, and between the lines was a cornfield. To the left of this fort the Confederate lines turned back on the edge, but again approached our line at Jerusalem Plank Road, a half to 3/4 of a mile further west. A railroad ran back of our lines at that place, from which all sign of ties and rails had disappeared.

On the east of this brook there were hills, 30 or 35 feet high, rose quite a hill, on which had been constructed a square fort, known as "Battery Hoffman."
Along the face of the slope, was a railroad cut, which our regiment charged on June 18th, or near which Major Bamer fell. The men were lying in "dug outs," along and just back of the trenches, a part of which being blown out from the side hill, which sheltered the rear, and a piece of flint shot lodged over it. Boulders were imprisoned in various ways, to keep them off the ground.

The regiment had suffered terribly, the losses being over 500, aggregating over one thousand men. But other losses had been gained from hospitals and from "marching," so that the strength of the regiment was about 130. Changes had been made in other ways. The men were a part of the 23rd Brigade. 

June 19th, A. C. Col. Christ was disabled, and the Second Michigan had been transferred to our brigade, and Capt. Murphy was now in command. His headquarters were in a narrow belt of pine woods just back of Battery Moton.

He was an old friend, as we had served together in East Tenn., and I was glad to have him once more in command. Many of the officers and men who were with the regiment were new ones.
"...I have already mentioned Capt. Collen of N.; Carpenter of K.; Airwroth of D.; and Gueret of C."

The gallant Major Barner, was dead, and Capt. Dewey, of H, was also killed on the 18th of June. Capt. Allen of B, my old Company, was wounded at Shafftouren and never returned.

In the ill-fated charge of June 18, the regiment lost about one half of the entire number engaged.

At Bethesda Church—near Cold Harbor—on June 2nd and 3rd, it lost 1 killed, 86 wounded, and 13 missing, total 95, about 33 per cent of the number engaged. The regiment had lost so many of its best officers and men that it was never again what it had been. Many of my most intimate friends were gone, and many of my most trusted and bravest officers. And this regiment, never again the same to me.

I relieved Captain (soon Major) C. B. Grant of Co. D, of the Command, immediately resumed full duties, and from this time until Jan. 1, 1865, I was not off duty for a single day, and constantly in point of duty laboring.
Major Grant, on Aug. 3, was ordered to advance on Cemetery Parson, at his own discretion, on which he continued until Oct. 19, 1864.

I think his principal “comit” was similar to the one I mentioned on March 12.

We remained in the trenches without change or special incident until July 25, when we were withdrawn and marched about 3 miles to a position on the near line, where the men could rest, bathe, and prepare for more hard work. On the 29th, we cleaned enough, but almost before we could get settled, we were marched back to a position near Genl. Millet’s headquarters, on near the battery Morton. The Brigade now consisted of the 125th, 7th, and 17th Michigan Infantry, and the 5th New York artillery.

The latter was a German regiment from New York City, and composed of very poor material. I never knew them to behave decently while I commanded them. Most of the men could speak but little English, and they had been drilled in their native tongue. It had been assigned to take the place of the gallant 79th N. Y. (Nighthawks) which had mustered out after Shiloh.
A rebel fort, directly in front of the 'horse shoe,' had been mined by the men of the 48th Penn., by running a tunnel or 'chute' from the bank of the little creek mentioned, under the fort, a distance of about 133 yards. We were aware that the mine had been charged with about 8,000 pounds of powder, and that everything was ready for the explosion. We were now informed that the mine was to be blown up at daylight, and that our brigade was a part of the storming party. With this pleasant anticipation we lay down a while before midnight, and those who were fortunate enough to fall asleep were awakened 'at cockcrow on the morning of July 30.' The dawn was already near at hand when the Company looked around with hot coffee which was poured to the men, and then our whole division defiled into the 'Zig-Zag' covered-way, which led down by the left of Battery Motar, to the front lines.

It is not my purpose here to go fully into the details of that most unfortunate and disastrous episode, but only to record my personal experiences, and
What I knew of the action of my own command.

In 1860 I dictated an account of what I saw of the fight for Amos J. Canaday, then a member of the House of Reps., and correspondent of the New York Sun. That account was at the time printed in the Sun, and a copy reproduced in the Reed City Clarion in attached to my sketch of my notes in Vol. 2 of my journal, at page 16. I do not know that I can add anything to that, or materially improve it.

Large numbers of troops had preceded us to the lines during the night, and were massed behind our breastworks. Lee's division, the 1st, was massed on the left, nearly in front of the railroad fort. Polk's division on their right, and extending from the center to our advance, on the north.

Our division, 3rd, remained ready in the second way, waiting for the explosion, and for the other regiments to advance and get out of our way. The mine should have been exploded at about half past three, but through the failure of the fuse, it did not take place. It was a tragic occurrence. Meanwhile the sun had come up and the day began to get warmer.
It must have been about five o'clock when the explosion came. I stood where I had a perfect view. First a shock of the earth, and a low rumble like an earthquake; then a heaving of the fort and hill; then a monstrous tongue of flame, with a vast volume of white smoke like the discharge of an enormous cannon; then a great shout of the enemy flying into the air, with men and guns, curtains, shears — every kind of debris — ascending, whirling, rattling, falling with great concussions to the earth once more. It was a grand and terrible sight.

The whole Confederate line was scattered. Our guns opened a volleys after their batteries, to keep down any fire, but they awakened slowly. Almost before the smoke had drifted away, Liddell's division began to advance over the broadwork, but it seemed to me that they were slow.

They were sent in at but little fire, and the line was carried with ease. Instead of deploying anderying the line to
the right and left of the Crater, as it seemed
or one they ought to take, they all seemed to
make for the Crater itself, until it was filled
full. Some attempt was made to organize
the brigades and advance beyond, but it was
not a success.

As soon as ledlie's division advanced, ours
moved forward and took its place in rear
of the works. Nathenoff's 1st brigade on the right
Cory (Cory), on the left. Our left rested near
where the little stream came in through the
breastwork. Soon after ledlie's advance
Pallor division was sent in on the right
of the Crater, nearly a thousand or three hundred
yards of the line toward the north. But they
did not advance far beyond the rebel line.

Then Ferrero's division of colored troops went
over our breastwork, in a column by fours.
They began to one a great and radical misfortune.
They went across the intervening space in line
in order, and disappeared beyond the
Crater. I saw nothing more of them until
I got to the breastwork myself. It seems is one and which later it must have been half past seven when the order came to our division. I saw Mantuaft's brigade go in, directly toward the Boite, which was already crowded with men, disorganized and helpless. Every additional regiment only made matters worse.

Our brigade deployed behind the breastwork according orders. When the orders came, I led the regiment over the works through the Boite and across the field. It was a short run on the line we stood, about 150 yards and was quickly made. We were just rushing through the Boite in front of our own line when a charge of Confederates swept through the ranks, cutting down several. We struck the rebel line about 50 or 75 yards to the left of the Boite.

And reported some 30 or 40 prisoners when we went back to our line. Among them were two commissioned officers, but one of them fell by the fire of his own friends, just after getting out of the rifle pit.
'10. At were nearing the line when the colored troops, 
broke and the stampede began. Gen. Nathanael 
felt me word to move to the crater, and help 
stop the stampede, I did so. It was a pitiable 
spectacle. The only time I ever saw a jam
It was not confined to the colored troops alone. 
For the crater was crowded with disorganized regiments. 
After doing what we could to check the stampede 
Gen. Nathanael and General Griffin and myself took 
position on the outside of the crater, toward our 
line. We were pretty well protected on the left by 
an immense mass of clay thrown up by the riflemen, 
A half a dozen buried gun-carriages lay there. 
A part of my regiment was with me, and a part 
had gone into the interior of the crater. I only 
had 110 muskets when we started in, and quite a 
number of them had fallen.

In the course of the fight one of the Confederates 
attempted a counter charge but it was repulsed.
Again about one o'clock another attempt was 
made but it did not succeed, in front of the 
crater. Major Grant was with me and one or two 
other officers of the 78th. The rest of the men were
"...just over the crest inside the ditch. None of us on the outside got some tools and began to dig a ditch back toward our lines, but we were constantly under fire both of mortar and small arms. He was powerful, sharp, and did not proceed. By half past one our men were mostly out of ammunition, it was evident the rebels were gathering for an attempt to retake the line. By ten o'clock, our order had come from General Meade to withdraw and reoccupy our old line. He had a conference, and General Hartmuth and Eppes thought it best to attempt to hold on until night. But we must have ammunition and sandbags. With the approval of General Hartmuth, the only senior officer of my division present, I proceeded to run the gauntlet to our works and get up ammunition and sandbags and tools.

Underneath my sword from the belt and tying it to my right hand. I made the men and headed our lines through a shower of bullets."
I could not find either my brigade or division Commander. I was told they were in Battery Monet. I found Col. Joseph commanding a colored brigade, in a house just rear of the breastwork, and rear the mouth of the mine. He kindly placed one of his aids at my disposal, and by line I sent a message to General Hiram, back at Port Monet. While I was awaiting his return, I heard a great rebel yell, and heavy cannonading along that line. I knew the end had come. I shovied to the breastwork and saw our troops, disorganized and without order, pouring out of the crater and running for our lives. Among the foremost I recognized General Nathaniel and Major Grant. In fact there was nothing else to do. Several hundred men who were scattered about the crater, among fence-roots and ravines and blind corners, were taken prisoner. Out of our 110, I lost 6 killed, 27 wounded and 20 missing, about 50 per cent.

Among the prisoners were Lieutenant Barnard, Sargent, and the color guard.
The great assault was over, and was the most disastrous affair of the whole war, and most depressing upon the army and the country. It was especially unfortunate for the morale of the entire army before. We felt that we had utterly failed — had missed a great opportunity.

There was no lack of heroism or courage.

We had lost in killed 52 officers and 423 enlisted men; wounded 124 officers and 1,522 enlisted men; missing (prisoners) 79 officers and 1,277 men; total 3,425.

The losses on the 17th and 18th of June in the 9th Corps had been: killed 29 officers and 148 men; wounded 100 officers and 1,851 men; missing 15 officers and 554 men; total 2,703.

Between these dates, during the investment from June 20 to July 22, the loss was: killed, 12 officers, 231 men, wounded, 64 officers and 851 men, missing, 12 officers, men. A grand total of 7,528 from June 17 to July 30 inclusive.

For my own part I confess very that the nearest fire I ever passed through was where I saw the gamut let back to our works that afternoon.

Again and again I felt the scathe of the bullets in my face. But my time had not yet come.
On the morning of July 7, 1864, I once more found my regiment in the trenches in front of Petersburg, to the eastward of that city. They lay just at the left of the road known as the Norfolk road, or “Baxterwood,” and to the left of that salient of our lines known among the soldiers as the “horseshoe,” being a point where our Brigade had fought on the 18th of June, and passed our line closer to the enemy’s works than at any other point.

A small brook, known as Taylor’s Creek, made its way down through our breastwork from the front, just at the right of our regiment, and, after running near our lines for two or three hundred yards, or more, passed out again dead back into the Rebel lines below the “horseshoe” or salient.
In Confederate line, at first junct where
our regiment lay, was perhaps 200 or 300
yards distant, and between the lines was
a field of green corn.

So the left of that junct the Rebel lines
running back on the ridge for several hundred
yards, but again approached our line at
the Jerusalem plank road, a half or three
quarters of a mile to our left.

A railroad roadway - the "Norfolk and Petersburg"
are parallel with the creek, along the
hillsides back of the fort line, and
passed through the rebel line about half a
mile to the right, so the eastward of the
Creek the ground rose into quite a hill,
along the slope of which the railroad formed
a somewhat deep cut, where our regiment
had suffered severely in the charge of the
18th of June. On the crest, back of this,
had been erected a large 12-pounder
battery Commanding the valley and slope.
in front, and afterward known as "Fort Mott." The enemy's breastworks were within very short rifle range, and hardly a day passed without more or less being killed or wounded.

The men were lying in "dug-outs," along and just back of the trenches, a sort of cellar being excavated from the side hill, which sloped to the rear, and a piece of shelter-hunt: pretent to over them. Rations had been furnished in various ways, to keep the men off the ground.

The regiment had suffered terribly. The losses since May 5, aggregating nearly 300 men. But other men had been gained from "Missouri in action," and four hospital and special duty, so that the strength of the regiment was about 130.

Changes had been made in other ways. We were now the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division; Gen. A.C. McPherson, of the division, having been changed.
Colonel Christ of the 50th Penn., who commanded the brigade at the opening of the campaign, had been disabled, and we saw him no more. The second Michigan Volunteers had been transferred from the first brigade, and Colonel ... headquarters were in a belt of pine woods, just back of Fort Mottet. He was an old friend, as we had served together in Mississippi and in East Texas, and I was glad to have been once more in command. Many of the men who were with the regiment when I left were now gone. I saw them no more.

I have already mentioned Captain McCallum of Co. H, Captain Carpenter of K, Lieut. Shinn of D, and Sergt. of C. — all killed in the bloody fight at Portageville, May 12. The gallant Major Barnes was dead, and Captain Deaver of A and Lieut. Hicks of C — all killed in the railroad cut on
the 18th of June, Captain Charles J. Allen, who preceded me in command of Co. B, was severely wounded at Shiloh; and never returned.

In the ill-fated charge of June 18th the regiment lost three officers and 12 men killed, and 54 wounded — nearly 50 per cent of those engaged.

At Belvadere Church, on June 2nd and 3rd, it lost 47 killed, 76 wounded, and 13 missing, total 136, about 33 per cent of the number engaged. The regiment had lost so many of its best officers and men, that it was never again more than a shadow of its former self. So many of my best friends were gone, that it never again seemed like the old regiment to me.

I relieved Captain (Your Name) — C. B. Frank, Co. D, of the command, and immediately resumed full duties and for this time until June 1st, 1865, I was not...
off duty for a single day, amounting to
a pound of a rebel bullet.

I remained at the trenches, without change
or special preservation, until July 25th, when
we were withdrawn and marched to a position
about 3 miles east of the rear line, where
the men could rest, take off their clothes, bathe,
and prepare for more hard work. I suppose
that few of them had removed their electricity
except to change it, since we crossed the
Rahovian, May 5th.

On the 27th July we
once more changed camp, but almost before we
could get our tents pitched, the bugle sounded
the "general," and once more we were marched
back to the fort line, and at 9 or 10 o'clock that
night bivouacked on the plain near General Miller's
headquarters, on right of Cemetery Hill, and the
Rebel works.

Our Brigade at this time consisted of the 1st Mich.
Sharfshooter, the 2nd Mich. 20th Mich., 50th Penn.,
60th Ohio, and 46th New York. The latter regiment
was a German organization, from New York City, and made up of very few men. Most of the men could not speak a word of English, and they had been drilled altogether in their own language. I never knew them to reflect any credit upon themselves, their commanding officers, or their adopted country. They had been assigned (to take the place of the gallant 79th New York Highlanders) which had Ibrahim out after Port Hudson. Directly in front of the "horse shoe" and "Fort Marion," upon a well of ground rising some 30 or 40 feet above Taylor's Creek, was a rebel fort, mounting four pieces of artillery, and manned by Regnier's Battery, supported by a regiment of infantry. This fort formed a salient in the Confederate line, thrust out beyond the general course of the line, and we who had occupied the "horse shoe" during the month of July were well aware that a breach had been made from the breach of Taylor's creek, within our breastworks, under their fort. The work had been commenced very soon after we occupied that position, and it was common to speak of it as the "ruined fort."
The length of the tunnel was about 500 feet. At the farther end two lateral tunnels had been made, and the whole charged with about 8000 pounds of powder in eight magazines; and on the 29th everything was in readiness for the explosion.

When we reached our bivouac the night of the 29th, we were informed that the mine was to be sprung at dawn, and that our brigade was to form a part of the storming party. With this pleasant anticipation for the morrow, we lay down some time before midnight, and those who were fortunate enough to fall asleep were awakened at 3 o'clock of the morning of July 30th.

The dawn was already near at hand when the company-cooks came up with hot coffee which was served to the men, and then our whole division fell in and defiled into the 219-220, covered way which led down by the left of Battery Morton.
9; to the front lines. The other two divisions of the corps had already preceded us, and were massed behind the breastworks, Selden's first division to the left of the mined fort, and Potter's second division to the right. The troops of the 9th corps had been relieved in the front line by the 18th corps, so as to leave our entire corps free to make the assault. Ferrero's (colored) 4th division was massed in reserve, in the belt of woods back of Battery Morton. Hartman's 1st brigade had preceded ours, and was massed in column of battalions, behind Selden's division, in the valley of Taylor's creek. Such were the dispositions of the troops at 3:30 A.M., when the mine was to be exploded. The dawn was already breaking, and the slight mist of the night was dissipating so that we could make out the enemy's works, when the moment arrived.
But we waited in vain. No explosion came. Then followed an hour and a quarter of most intense�
silence, while we waited.

The fuse had been lighted at the proper time, but it had gone out at a point where it was splashed. After an hour Col. Pleasant's, who had charge of the mine, called for volunteers to enter the mine and relight the fuse. At about half past four, two volunteers went in and found the break and relighted the fuse.

It was now 4:45 and the sun was
just about rising above the horizon, and the garrison of the fort and the men along the lines could be seen moving about.

The sky was cloudless and an ominous
stillness reigned everywhere, yet not
less than 45,000 men lay within
half a mile of the mined fort, ready to
spring up in an instant, and move to the
assault.
I may say here that it is not my purpose to go into the details of that most unfortunate and disastrous day, nor to give any history at large of the Battle of the Louter, but only to record my personal experiences, and what I
heard of the action of my own Command.

The rebel bugles were sounding the reveille, when at 4.15 the explosion came.

Our Brigade still lay in the covered way, and I stood where I had a perfect view, perhaps
50 rods away. First there came a shock and trembling of the earth, and a
deep rumbling like an earthquake; then a
heaving of the soil and the hills; then a
monstrous tongue of flame that 200 feet
or more into the air, and an immense volume of
white smoke, like the discharge of one
enormous cannon, then a great puff or
fountain of red andurate flew into the
air to a great height. Mingled with
Men and women, timbers and flanks, and every kind of debris, ascending, spreading, whirling, scattening, falling, with great concussion. On the earth once more. It was a grand and terrible sight, such as I never saw before and expect never to see again.

Then a vast cloud of smoke and dust petted over the hill, and for a time hid it from our view.

But scarcely had the great fountain of earth petted when our batteries opened, from nearly a hundred guns, upon the rebel lines, at all points, whence our artillery fire was likely to come.

The whole Confederate line seemed stunned, and they advanced slowly. Most of Lee's army was about north of the James river. So our front was the division of Lee, Bushrod Johnson, extending to the Jerusalem Creek road, in front of the 5th corps, and beyond that was the division of Lee.
Mr. Lincoln. It seems to me that for the space of fifteen minutes precisely a shot was fired from the Confederate line.

Before the smoke of the explosion had drifted away, Lee's 1st division climbed out of our breast works, and advanced in column up the slope to the breach made by the explosion. The "crater" was about 120 feet long, by 60 feet wide and 15 to 25 feet deep. The pit was surrounded by immense piles of red clay which had been lifted out of the pit and fell for many yards around.

Beyond the crater, and to the right and left, the ground was cut up by bomb-proof, traverses, ditches, covered-ways and excavations of all sorts, until it was a veritable labyrinth, over which it was literally impossible for march troops and retain formations, I saw Lee's regiments go up.

In climbing out of our breastworks and
getting through the abattis they were considerably disordered, and in running up the slope the lines opened out and more or less mingled. Sedgwick's division consisted of ten regiments, divided into two brigades, and numbered not far from 3,000 men. These ten regiments poured into the Crater and its immediate surroundings, and were inextricably mingled and confused from the very start. Their Commanders fought in vain to reform them and lead them beyond the crater. At one time, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a few hundred of them were got into line on the slope beyond, but only to be driven back in confusion.

Between 5 and 5 30 Patten's gallant division, of fourteen regiments—all but 3 from New England—went over the works to the right of the Crater, and sweeping across the field, seized the Confederate line for about 300 yards to the right of the fort.
As far as a ravine that came down through the rebel line. On a small rise beyond this ravine was Wright's rebel battery of four guns, which exploded on our line, doing fearful execution. On some parts of this line, the rebels occupied outside of the works while our men held the other.

By this time the Confederates had recovered from their surprise and panic, and began to concentrate a destructive fire upon the breast, battle of Artillery and Musket.

When Lee's division advanced, our division, Millet's, moved up and took its place directly in rear of the breastworks. This was not long after 5 o'clock, and here we lay until about 8 o'clock, closed in mass by regiments.

Soon after the advance of Lee's first division, and before it was known that
They were stopped in the crater. Hartman's first Brigade of our division was ordered up to siege the line just at the left of the main fort; but in moving up they received a severe fire from the left, and obliged to fall right to get cover from the face of the ground, and from the crater itself.

So that brigade only added to the mass already filling the gorge.

Now followed a long wait while efforts were making to get the first brigade, already up, to reform and charge to the crest some 300 yards beyond; but without result.

About 7:30 the division of colored troops, Herrero's, was brought forward, with orders to form beyond the crater and charge the crest. Our brigade was lying in column of regiments, awaiting orders to advance, when the black division formed just as a column of four. They were well closed up, and seemed
full of enthusiasm. They went up on the
rare, under a pretty heavy fire, stringing
out somewhat as they did so. They also moved
to the right, and passed over the works
and out of sight beyond the Rebel line.
The time had now come for our brigade,
and immediately after the last of the Rebel
troops had advanced, we were ordered forward.
About 375 yards to the left of the crater,
the "Dexter" road passed down through our lines
and perpendicular to our line. Just beyond this
road was a two-gun battery, situated quite
a little lower than the crater.
We had usually called it the "Dexter Road Battery."
Our Brigade of seven regiments was divided into
two parts. The 1st Mich. Sharp Shooters, the
2nd Mich. and the 18th Mich., were ordered
to move in line across the field to the left
of the crater, and carry the line of breastworks
as far to the left as our line would extend.
The other four regiments, the 46th New York, the 56th Penn., the 60th Ohio, and the 24th New York Cav. (dismounted), were to charge in column, diagonally to the left, and assault and carry the Suffolk Road Battery, and silence the guns which were then enfilading our line. The regiments did not go out simultaneously. The movement began on the right, the 1st S.S. going out first, followed by the 2nd. As soon as I saw the 2nd clear the breastwork, I sprang upon the parapet and called upon the 20th to follow. We only numbered about 115 all told, and as I sprang down on the outside and cleared the breast, I turned to see the regiment coming over the works in good shape. Just at that moment a charge of Conister from the two-gun battery swept through my line, whiting a road of dead and wounded. But the rest came on
without pausing, and though a score of bullets that whizzed around me, we went
at a run to the rebel works, about 100 yards distant. It was a short run and
quickly made. I suppose that somewhere near a hundred yds reached the line.
I think they line about 50 or 75 yards
to the left of the crater. The extreme left of the
fort was not destroyed by the Explosion.
I captured some 30 or 40 prisoners, including
two commissioned officers, whom we ordered
back to our line. One of them fell just
outside the breastwork, hit by a bullet
from his own side.
From this position I could see two lines
of the colored troops beyond the Crater, and
they were beginning to advance toward the
Crest, where a brigade of Confederates spring
up from a shallow ravine which extended
across in an oblique direction of the right part of
the mined fort. Almost instantly the
Black troops gave back, losing but a great number of their officers, all of whom were white.

There were some white regiments of Porter's division also attempting to advance beyond the crater, and these were borne back with the colored troops. Many hundreds of them, not clothing until they were once more within our original lines. It was a genuine chance and triumph—the only one I ever witnessed.

The rebel brigade which made the charge was Mahone's Virginia Brigade. I saw them as they came on, I do not think that one of them came within a hundred yards of the crater, but most of them obliged off to our right, and took shelter in the ravine.

A part of them reached the works between the fort and the ravine, and until after noon, they held one side of the works and Porter's men the other side.
at the time of the stampede, General John J. Hartrauft, who was the cavalry officer of our division at the battle, called on me to bring my men and assist him in checking the panic. I therefore moved my command along the rifle pits to the left or down end of the ruined fort, where I remained during the rest of the forenoon. My regiment was the extreme left regiment of our army that charged and reached the rebel line.

But it is now time to go back to the morning and see what became of the other four regiments of our brigade.

As I have stated, they were to charge to the left oblique and carry the Suffolk road battery and silence its guns.

The 46th New York had the lead of this column, and was to advance as soon as any regiment cleared the works. Accordingly, as
Soon as we were well started on our charge, they climbed out of our breastwork and started toward the battery; but before they got half way, the leading regiment, the 46th N.Y. came into the little hollow dome which the Suffolk Road runs, and there they lay down, and the charge came to an unfortunate end.

Little by little, these four regiments returned within our works, and took no further part in the attack. This failure through the cowardice and bad behavior of the 16th New York, occurred at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and I have always believed that if a good Michigan regiment had been in the place of the 46th, the two gun battery would have been taken, the 5th left armed have come up upon our left, and the breast would have been cleared. At any rate it might have been. The first rebel charge which stampeded the colored troops took place at about nine o'clock. Before noon another one was made, which was in like manner repulsed.
Some time about noon I found myself with General Hartrauft, General J.R. Griffin of Patterson's division, Major Grant of my regiment and several other officers, in a recess formed by the left face of the earth thrown out of the crater.

While there we received an order from here, Drummond directing a withdrawal to our own lines. General Hartrauft called us around him and read the order, and a consultation followed as to the time and manner of withdrawing. We decided that if possible we ought to hold on until dark, as it would certainly sacrifice a great number of lives to withdraw by daylight.

By this time the river had become a red slaughter-heap, and the fort itself and all its surroundings were filled with the dead and dying. The sun was blazing hot from a cloudless sky; the temperature must have been near 100° in the shade, and we lay upon the banks of red red earth, without a particle of shelter.
The water in the men's canteens had long since been exhausted, and many of the men had used their last cartridge. Under these circumstances, they seemed to lose all regard for death, and the living and the dead lay side by side.

If we were to hold on until night it was imperative that we should have ammunition and sand-bags to strengthen our position; for the rebels were manifestly gathering for a fresh assault. With the approval of General Hartranft, my only senior officer in the division present, I undertook to renew the gauntlet to our works, plant our division commander, and get up the needed ammunition and sand-bags.

Awaiting until a squad of colored soldiers, Commissary Running back had drawn the fire, I attacked my preparations, and made the best time I could made back to our lines. Before I reached them, the bullets hissed around me at every step, but I arrived unhurt.
I could find neither my brigade or regiment Commander. I was told that they were over at Battery Morton. Colonel A. J. Fox, commanding a colored brigade, placed one of his aids at my disposal, and by him I sent a message to General Milroy.

While I was awaiting his return, I heard a tremendous great rebel yell, and a great cannonading along the lines. I knew well that the end had come. I sprang to the breastwork, and saw our troops, disorganized and without order, pouring out of the craters and shouting for our lines, every man for himself.

There was nothing else to do. So I remained there to be sacrificed. About a thousand men, scattered about the crater, with the fire, and in the bomb-proofs, traverses and covered-ways, did not get the order to withdraw, and finally surrendered. It was fully 3 o'clock before the Confederates finally got possession of the crater.
Out of the 110 enlisted men of the 20th Michigan that I took into the fight, I lost 6 killed, 27 wounded and nineteen men and one officer missing, total 53, = 48 per cent of the membership of the regiment. And 50 per cent of all those who actually advanced from our breastworks.

Among these missing were Lieutenant Barlow and Breight, and the Color guard.

The great assault was over, and proved the most disastrous affair of the whole war, and most depressing upon the army and the country. It was especially most unfortunate for the morale of the Ninth Army Corps.

We felt that we had utterly failed, that we had failed where we ought to have succeeded and might have succeeded had we been better directed and led. There was no lack of sacrifice, and there was superabundant sacrifice. We had lost in killed 50 officers and 473 enlisted men; wounded 124 officers and 1622 enlisted men; missing 79 officers and
1277 men. Many of the missing proved to be
killed and wounded, making a total loss
in the 9th army corps of 3,675. These were the
figures of the reports immediately after the battle.
The corrected figures increased the number
of the killed and wounded and diminished
the number of the missing.
The losses of the Corps upon the 17th and 18th of June
were killed, 29 officers and 348 men; wounded, 106
officers and 1851 men. Missing, 15 officers and
554 men. Total, 2,903. Between these dates,
during the investment from June 19th to July 30th,
our loss was killed 12 officers and 231 men; 
wounded 44 officers and 851 men; Missing 12
officers. Aggregate, from June 19th to July 31st, 7,528.
Killed

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Men</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>1002</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Wounded

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Men</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>274</td>
<td>4,224</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Missing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Officers</th>
<th>Men</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>1,277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>1,843</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Incidents of the Battle of the Crater.

The night of the 30th of July 1864 was one of the damnest the regiment had ever seen. While we had not lost as many men and officers as at Pohotomac on May 12, or at Petersburg June 18th, we had been共和国, had lost our colors and our color guard, besides a large percentage of killed and wounded. The Color guard, under the charge of Lt. Alexander Bush, were in the Crater and undoubtedly saved to get the order to withdraw, as did hundreds of others. The whole surroundings of the fight were so cut up with bomb proof, ditches, etc., etc., that there was no way of communicating orders to the whole body.

When I attempted to get my command together that night, there was not enough left to make a decent company. I think that not more than 100 remained to roll call that night.

Megastand at rear of the breastwork, which had been occupied during the day by most of the 18th, and when they moved out, we were stationed nearly in front of the crater, from which we had started.
Before passing from this melancholy subject, I wish to
record my impressions of the cause of the failure.

1st. I believe that if General Ramsdell’s plan of attack
had been adopted it would have been a success.

Everything was concentrated at the Crater until it was
gorged and glutted with force, which could not move or
be reorganized. It became a slaughter pen. It was
easy to concentrate gun and mortar fire upon it.
The slaughter became monotonous until it ceased to
horripilate.

2nd. While one brigade should have been sent over
the craters, or by pass around its sides, a column
of at least a brigade each should have been sent
against the small fort on the Norfolk road, about
350 yards to the left of the craters, and which swept
our front and enveloped the breastworks after we
captured them; gunfire should have been
concentrated on Wright’s rebel battery a third of a mile
to the right of the Crater, to become effectively kept
down its fire. The whole battery of works between
the Norfolk road, battery and the Crater, on the left,
and between the Crater and Wright’s battery on the right,
should have been carried by a simultaneous attack
nearly directly upon the explosion. It could have been done
without much difficulty.
With these two batteries silenced, the way would have been open to the east, and die 5th Regt. on the right, and die 18th Regt. on the right, and have been thrown forward, and Sterling arms have been in our rear an hour of the explosion.

The troops were without commanders on the ground, were authority to change flags or to coordinate the movements of the parts of different divisions and brigades. It was bold and bungled and belated from the beginning.

I saw nothing of my brigade, division or corps command after we left the breast-work, though I believe that Col. Humphry was of the battery at some time.

Before passing to what followed, I will notice some of the small incidents connected with that battle.

Some time between midnight and daylight preceding the movement, as we were lying rolled in our blankets on the ground, the night being warm— I heard some unearthly soldier, not far away, begin to sing the Sacred Song.

"Just before the battle muster, thou dost thus demand:
"While upon the ground I'm lying, with the enemy in view,
"He did not get far or die song before his voice failed,
and the song died out."

While we were lying behind our breastwork awaiting the order to charge, a shell from one of our own.
...my regiment, and only a few feet from Major Goodenough. 
and took effective aim of one of the boys of Co. F. - I did not 
hear his name was Myron Parker. He was at one point 
in a shelter and clearly heard from the field. I saw him no more.

Just before we charged, I went to the left, to 
get a better look at the ground over which we 
were to advance. The 146th N.Y. was on that flank.
At an angle of the corner I came upon General 
Liddell and a number of his staff, bracing up with 
"duvet buoyage" from a flask. His command was there 
in the craters, but he was a good way from it.

After the ground over which we had to advance there 
had been a small gravel of some kind, like Alders.
This had been cut and the tenants projected 
true to 6 or 8 inches above the ground. As we 
charged across, I lurked at one place to cheer on 
my men, caught my heel on one of these plates, and 
fell full length. Some who saw me from the 
beastworks thought I was killed, and the report went 
back to that effect. But I was off in a moment, 
and went on, constantly feeling the wind of bullets 
which "flewpoof" just my face.
While Major Grant and I were working in our ditch we saw a mortar shell apparently coming straight for us. It seemed to vary neither to the right nor left. I threw myself forward in the ditch as far as I could, and Grant did the same. The shell struck about two yards of our parapet the breadth of earth and exploded, pretty near burying us. There was no difficulty in seeing mortar shells. We had located the battery, and when we heard the dull boom of the mortar we knew just where to look for the shell. The day was clear, and the sky was milky white. We very quickly learned to decide whether the shell was coming our way or not, and could usually face it with it struck.

It was about noon and the sun had blackened. Many of our men had exhausted their ammunition. A large, able-bodied man—I think he belonged to the 77th Michigan, being out of ammunition, lay down on his back on the clay only a few feet from Major Grant and me, with his gun across his arm, and his large felt hat pulled down over his eyes, and afternoons went to sleep. Not long afterward, a mortar shell
I seem to think it was about a four-inch shell—impressed, striking her partly in the breast and exploded under her, literally blowing her in pieces. Both Grant and I were shattered with her blood.

Some of the bravest acts I saw that day were performed by colored men. At the time of the Sterndeck, I saw a colored sergeant standing on the box of the mound, which formed the east side of the crater, holding back white soldiers at the point of his bayonet. The fact, I saw little difference between white and black, except that when the braves became famished, they took less account of the danger of going to the rear than the white soldiers did.
After the Battle.

At midnight of July 30-31, 1864, while the remnants of my regiment which remained, with the few officers still left, were huddled in Consolation in rear of our breast works - not enough at all to make a good company - I was notified that I was attached division officer of the day, for the ensuing day.

During the remainder of the night I visited the division line, to see if there were indications of attack, and cautioned all to be especially on guard just at the break of day.

I found necessity of special orders to refer to the division Commander, General Milroy.

All that night, very many of our wounded, both white and colored lay between the lines.

and their moans and groans and then, and for "water," arose to our wieder in the breastworks, and the enemy's fire was kept up all night,

But a scattering fire was kept up all night, and the distance was so small between the lines, that it was well nigh impossible to rescue them or afford them aid.
During the night however, quite a number of our men crawled out on their hands and knees, at the risk of their lives, and recovered some of our comrades. When they could be moved with due help as they earnestly gave, they were assisted to crawl back to our lines.

The next morning came clear and hot with a luminous sun. Early in the morning Major P.M. Lydia, of General Burnside's Staff, came at the point of a flag of truce, which he described as one of our breastwork. After a time a similar flag appeared from the Confederate lines at the crater, and Major Lydia, with a communication to General Lee from General Burnside, advanced to the middle of the space between the lines. By his interpretation, an officer of the day on that part of the line, accompanied him.

It was well known that the object of the flag of truce was to obtain permission to bury the dead and remove the wounded between the lines, and to receive and
my the dead with the Gates, and surrounding works. We ascended from this visit to the field that many of our wounded were still living. Most of them in great suffering. During this first trip to the field we were not permitted to administer at all to the suffering of our men. In a few cases, near at hand, we were permitted to erect shelters with covers of shelter tent or blankets over those who lay in the blazing sun.

But, before long, permission was obtained from Gen. Lee, or some other Confederate Authority, to go into the field, and administer water and stimulants, put up shades, change the positions of the men, yea, but not to remove any from the field.

The day was intensely hot, and before noon the bodies of the dead were becoming extremely offensive. There were more than two hundred bodies lying between the lines. Most of them had been dead for more than twenty-four hours.
The sights we witnessed were too horrible to describe. The dead and the wounded, amputations, the debris of the explosion were all mingled together. Already maggoty, they stank and were revelling on the corpses of the fallen, and by the next day, Aug 1, the odors had become almost intolerable. It was near noon when the reply came to General Bemis's communique, declining a hue and tint the request comes from the General in Command of the Army, but, as I have before said, permission was given to assist our wounded. Several surgeons then went upon the field, with medicines and stimulants, and I assisted for an hour or so in doing what was possible to alleviate the sufferings of the living. Many of the most severely wounded had died since morning. I think I was on the field that day four times viz all the last time long after dark.

The second request, from General Meade was also declined, because he did not control
the force in front of Richmond. Messengers were sent to City Point to General Grant, and it was long after dark when under the flag of truce we delivered our message to the Confederate officers at the Bridge. My recollection is that it was the morning of May 7, when Lee answered our signal, received, and white flags were displayed along the whole line, and the men on both sides stood up along the breastworks, and took a good square look at each other, a thing they had not done before since the 18th of June.

On July 31, item, the firing was entirely suspended during the time the white flag was up; and in fact, along our part of the line, all day.

During the day I was feeling very ill, partly from the strain of the previous day, the heat, and perhaps the smell of the battle field. I went to General Wilson some time during the afternoon and asked that he relieved. But he asked me to endeavor to go through my tour, and I did
Aug. 1st. we buried the dead. A long trench was dug nearly in front of the Crater, about six feet wide and perhaps three feet deep. In this the dead were laid横, sides by side as closely as they could be laid. They were wrapped in blankets, in which they were carried and deposited, and then the earth was shoveled back, leaving a long, low mound several hundred feet long. The colored soldiers were placed at one end and the whites at the other. The wounded were by that time dead, or very few exceptions.

That night, or early in the 2nd we were withdrawn from the trenches and stationed in an open field near General Milner's headquarters. Here we pitched our shelter tents upon the bare ground, where there was scarcely so much as a blade of grass, and here we spent almost two weeks of the most depressing experience of the whole war. Aug. 3rd. I was able to master a little more than 80 enlisted men, and about 8 line officers. After a few days I was able
Note. August 1st 1864 was appointed by the President as a day of fasting and prayer. A copy the following from his diary of September 5th:

George Washington Steward, Dr. H. T. Coffin. "Every 3rd Yesterday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Jane Smith held here during the evening by our Chaplain assisted by Dr. W. Lee of the American Commission. The order of service was prayer, followed by the Chaplain's reading, then followed a prayer by Colonel Carlin and Dr. Lee, and lastly Chaplain Jones. Closing the service, I thought it very impressive and appreciated it very much."
7 o'clock a hundred men, and then I reorganized the regiment into three permanent

companies, with just line officers to command them.* Here Major Grant officer was placed on

premature service, which left one the line

field officer with the regiment. The surgeon

Dr. J. S. French, and the Assistant Surgeon

Dr. C. P. Cluff, were on duty in the Division

and Brigade hospital. I remember very little

about their stay, beyond this reorganization, and

the fact that while here we were laid off.

The men laid in their tents most of the time.

And finding other by myself, it was a sappy

time. We remained in reserve until Aug. 14
when we again returned to the trenches, and

took up our old duties at nearly the same

point where I had found the regiment on my

return, July 7. There were the usual incidents

of the line. The daily firing, the nightly alarms,

A man killed now and then, and some one hit

almost every day. So it went on until the 18th.

Meanwhile on the 16th I was detailed as
President of a general court martial, at Gen. Milford's head quarters, Major H. Belcher of the 8th Michigan was the other member of the court, the third member I do not now remember. We met on the 17th. And third several cases. Mostly connected with the battle of the 30th July. We sat again on the 18th with part
from but were constantly disturbed by petty annoy
commanding on the left, in the direction of the
of the railroad. Some time during the afternoon
we received orders to report at once to our regiment,
and prepare to move. We did so, and before dark
my command was all hasted up and ready to march
at a moment's notice. It was late in the
12th, when we were relieved, and started
for the rear of the covered way. The enemy
with one gun got an intrenchment that a movement
was going on, and opened a battery upon us.
As we were going up the 28th covered way,
where we were hardly exposed. I stooped a little,
when a three inch shell came within three feet
of my head, and buried itself in the embankment.
When our division had all been withdrawn, we were assembled on the field near Heads Station, where we lay until morning. When we took off the March to the left, where General J. H. Warren with the Fifth Corps had been engaged on the 18th. Marching nearly parallel with the Confederate line, we were under cover of the woods, and our right flank well protected by skirmishers, a little before noon we found ourselves near the scene of the former days fight in front of Yellow Tavern or Globe Tavern on the Weldon Rail Road, where Warren had his head quarters. There had been recent fires, and the swamps were well filled with water. Our division closed up and formed in columns of Regiments by brigades, and started arms, to get dinner. But what followed will open a new chapter.
After the Battle of the Breckinridge,

At midnight of July 30, 1864, while the remnants of my regiment and the few officers left were huddled indiscriminately in rear of our breastworks, not enough all told to make one company, I was notified that I had been appointed "division officer of the day" for the 24 hours ensuing—run midnight to midnight.

During the remainder of the night I visited the division line, to see if there were any indications of our attack, and continued all to be especially on guard at the break of day.

All that night very many of our wounded, both white and colored, lay between the lines, and their moans and cries and calls for water came to us within the breastworks. But a desultory fire was kept up by the enemy all night long, and the distance between the lines was so small, and the ground was...
on account by our fire that it was well nigh impossible to rescue them or give them succor.

During the night, however, quite a number of our men crawled out on their hands and knees, at the risk of their own lives, and succeeded some of their comrades. Whenever they could be moved with such help as they could give, they were assisted back to our lines.

The next morning (July 31.) came clear and hot, with a burning sun. Early that morning, Major P. W. Lydiq., of General P. R. E. B.’s staff, advanced at the point with a flag of truce, with a communication from General P. R. E. B. to General Lee.

Major Lydiq. displayed his flag from our breastworks, and after a time a similar flag was exhibited from the Confederate line at the Crater, and Major Lydiq. advanced to the middle of the space between the two lines. As officer of the day on that part of the line I accompanied him.
It was well understood that the object of the flag was to obtain permission to bury the dead and to care for the wounded. No moment was to be lost in burying the dead without the crater and in surrounding works. It was ascertained from this visit to the field that many of our wounded were still lying, most of them in great suffering.

During this first trip to the field we were not permitted to administer at all to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded. In a few cases, near at hand, we were permitted to put shades with pieces of shelter-tents or blankets, supported on rifles and the bayonet stuck in the ground.

But before long permission was obtained from General Lee, or some other Confederate authority, to go upon the field and distribute water and administer stimulants, put up shades and change the positions of the men, &c., but not to remove any from the field.
The day was intensely hot, and before
noon the bodies of the dead were becoming
extremely offensive. There were more than
thousand bodies lying between the
lines, and most of them had been dead
more than 24 hours.

The sights we witnessed were too horrible
to describe. The dead and the wounded,
arms, accoutrements, the debris of the explosion
were intermingled in confusion everywhere.
Already maggots by thousands were scurrying
over the corpses of the slain, and by the next day,
Sept. 1st, the odour had become almost intolerable.

It was near noon when the reply came
to General Burnside's communication, declining
to grant a truce until the request came
from the general in command of the army;
but, as I have before said, permission was
granted to assist our wounded.

Several surgeons then went upon the field
with medicines and stimulants, and
I assisted for an hour or more in doing what was possible to alleviate the suffering of the living. Many of the most severely wounded had died since morning, and by the time permission was given to remove the wounded, there were few living to be removed. I think I was on the field four times that day, the last time long after dark. The second request, from General Moore, was declined as Burnside had been, for the alleged reason that he did not control the forces in front of Richmond.

General Grant was at City Point, and it was necessary to dispatch a messenger to him, and it was long after dark when we delivered his communication to the Confederate officer in charge at the Crater. My recollection is that it was the morning of Aug. 1, when General Lee's answer was finally received. It may have been during the night.
White flags were displayed along the whole line, and, for the first time in six weeks, the men of both sides stood up along the breast-works and took a good, square look at each other.

June 30th, the firing had been suspended while during this time the flag of truce was up.
Along our part of the line.

On August 1st we buried the dead.
There were 473 of the Ninth Corps, besides 31 of the 10th Corps, next to Parmer division, making an aggregate of 504.
Of these probably 400 were left upon the field and within the Rebel works.
A long trench was dug about 6 feet wide and 3½ to 3 feet deep; in this the dead were laid side by side, as closely as they could be laid. Many were draped in blankets, in which they were carried and deposited...
in the trench. The colored soldiers were placed at one end and the whites at the other. The ranks were then shovelled back clearing a long, low armed several hundred feet per length, obliterating midway between the lines.

And here the curtain must be hung down in this greatest tragedy of the war. It can hardly be called a battle.

It was a slaughter.
The great sacrifice brought no corresponding advantage. There was no bright pride to the disaster; but these same troops, a few minutes later, lived to participate in the final capture of Petersburg, in April 1865.
The first Union colors displayed in the city were those of the 5th Maine, breastplates, and the 20th Michigan became the Pavilion guard. And the Band of my old Brigade,
organized by me, was the first to make the streets of Petersburg ring and echo with the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner."

But more than 35 years have gone by since the bloody summer of 1864, and the sounds of war and the rights ofannie have ceased from the land. It is almost impossible now to realize that the great war was a dreadful reality and not a horrible dream. But there are still too many widows and orphans, too many of the maimed and the crippled, to leave any chance to flatter ourselves.

But the precious blood was not shed in vain. It became the precious cement which joined a reunited country, so that in these later days the sons
of the North and the South marched shoulder to shoulder under the same flag — the "old glory" of our Union.

Joe Wheeler and Roosevelt and his Rough Riders together climbed the slopes of San Juan Hill, and Brumby of Georgia stood beside Dewey of Vermont on the deck of the "Olympia," at Manila Bay.

Thank God that the dead did not die in vain! Now the old flag blossoms over the hills of Petersburg; but none of us who stood it will ever forget the bloody Path from the Wilderness to Petersburg, in the battle summer of 1864.
It was just 12 o'clock of the 19th of August 1864, and we had just arrived near the Meldon Railroad at Globe Tavern, and the men were drinking coffee. When of a sudden, from the woods to our front and right, that is, toward Petersburg, there came a rattle and crash of muskets.

On the day before, Warren had gained possession of the railroad, and had to some extent entrenched himself there, and had been able to maintain his position in spite of the attempts of the Confederates to dislodge him. General Crawford's division was holding a position on the right of the railroad, with the right of his division nearly in front of where we were. I will not undertake to give any of the larger movements of the day, but only such as came under my personal observation.

When the first alarm our division fell to and formed, our line facing toward the enemy, or about due north.
We were posted in a large clearing, about half a mile north east from "Yellow Tavern" wrote extending through the Harman's brigade on the right, a rifle house, and with Humphry's (our) brigade on the left, in a large open field, bounded by heavy timber on the north. Not long after, Harman's brigade advanced into the woods and soon became warmly engaged. We could see motting of dust, but could only judge from the firing that a part of our line, at least, was falling back. Presently, out of the third grade of fire came the 8th Maryland, broken and demoralized. They had received a heavy fire and had lost about thirty in killed and wounded. Four men came past me bearing in a blanket a dead officer, and as they passed, I recognized my friend Major Belcher of the 8th, who had sat with me on court martial the day before.

Nearly every commissioned officer was killed or wounded, so they were falling back almost
directly upon my regiment, I went to the front and directed them and formed them, for the time being, on the right of my line, until the first brigade came back out of the woods, when they retired to General Harrast. General Willcox and his staff were not far off when this occurred, and the General remembered it to my credit.

It appeared that at the time of the attack, General Lyell's brigade of Crawford's division was taken by surprise, and a large part of them were swept off and taken prisoners, leaving a bad gap in our line.

The duty was assigned to General Willcox of restoring the foot of the line. After being held in reserve during the afternoon, and witnessing the disaster of Crawford's division, we were later moved by the left flank and to the edge of the woods in which Lyell's brigade had been posted. It was just getting a little dark in the woods, when we formed for the attack in two lines. My regiment fell into the second line.
Our orders were to retreated the rifle pits.
At the word we went forward through the woods which were often, at our best speed, and yelling to the best of our ability.
We carried the rifle pits with a dash, forming a regiment or two, some colors, and relating many of the arms and equipment of every brigade. It was very handsomely done, and the enemy had a chance to fire only a single volley, and that went high, and our loss was very light.

That night we laid upon our arms, with our feet in the muddy ditches and water up to our neck or two deep, while the warm rain poured down upon our tents.

Repeatedly during the night the enemy felt our position, to see if we were holding it in place. As a matter of fact, my regiment was very quiet, so that I had about one man every five or six feet. But we had gathered off a large number of good Springfield rifles, which
had been left by Lydell Brigade, and every man in the line had from 3 to 6 of these all ready loaded. When the enemy attacked, my blazed away with these reserve guns, producing the impression that we had a very strong line.

So we held the line until daylight came. The 20th was quiet and I pushed out pickets to the edge of the woods, to give warning of any body of troops that might approach, but did not pass without any attack.

That evening just before dark we were advanced beyond the woods and across a field, up the division of Pettit's, where I took up my headquarters in a farm house. We formed a straw stack, and had just prepared for a comfortable night, when we were ordered back to our former position. It was really a hammering.

The first part of the night was quiet, but after midnight I heard troops moving into position in my front, near enough to start we could hear the rattling of footsteps.
And the words of command. There was in effect a "grand jockey," I do not know where the rest of the Brigade was, but I suppose we reserve back near the edge of the woods when we came in. I communicated each new move or sign to General Willcox that he might be prepared for events. It seemed to me that a division of troops was forming for attack on our front, but daylight of the 21st came and the attack had not been delivered.

Then came an orderly from Col. Humphry to be ready to be relieved. An order obeyed with alacrity. Presently Captain Matthews of Col. Humphry's Staff appeared at the head of the 60th Ohio and as they filed in, I moved up by the flank to the rear and go back to the reserve in the rear of the batteries. According to my memory it was about 9 o'clock and I had gone down to a little brook to bathe and dress my arm, which was boring me, when the anticipated attack came.

Gen. Lee had brought down two entire Corps. With the determination of actually the Weldon railroad. The attack on Warren's position came from two
...orders nearly at night along with each other; the first directly from my former position, toward Petersburg, and the other from the south west, from beyond the Southern Railroad. The 60th Ohio suffered pretty badly, and soon came out of the woods disorganized. I was glad that my regiment had been relieved.

A division of troops, in two or three lines of battle, came out of the woods, and attempted to force their way through a wide forest that had been made during the night. But we offered a line, three wide, three or four battalions of artillery, and the line quickly melted away, and never succeeded in getting within forty rods of our line. The infantry only opened fire at long range. On the right, if the railroad, Hay's Louisiana Brigade attempted to charge, on the entrenched line south of Yellow Tavern, but were easily repulsed with much slaughter, and the remnant of the brigade surrendered. We felt in a small measure revenged for...
the disaster of July 30. It was a beautiful
Saturday morning; and at home, we doubt
the church bells were calling so modestly;
but it seems to me that we felt nothing
placidious or reflectant in our passing over
the fields drawn white with the Confederate dead
and dying. It is one of the ends of war that
we become hardened to suffering and death, especially
if it be the enemy.

We now commenced the work of extending our
fortified line from the old works at the break-in
Dyke road to and beyond the Weldon Railroad,
of which we never again let go. This regiment
was stationed just east of the "Steele House" about
a mile east of the Weldon Railroad, where we
built the breast of works near Fort Howard.

While stationed here on the 28th of August
General Hancock with his grand force went
south of the railroad at and beyond Reeder's
Station, five miles south of Yellow Tavern.
Here the enemy came down with shells and
artillery; Corps to drive them off.
Near our position the battle which preceded seemed not far away. The sound of every cannon shot, and even the roll of musketry were plainly audible, and of course excitement was high. We were at dinner when the order came for our division to move in light marching order. If they would have permitted us to move directly down the Holden railroad we could have struck the enemy's flank in an hour and a half. But instead, by General Meade's orders, we took a broadcut road by the williams house and fordmen's flint road, and then across country fully twelve miles to Ream's Station. It was near night when we approached the battle field, and the fighting had been fierce all the afternoon. Presently we began to meet the wounded, the ambulances and the parisons of the guns which had been captured. The fight had been a costly one to Hancock and his corps.

By order of General Willcox I displayed my regiment
across the road to take shrapnels and four
then on line. In this we were advanced to a
small stream where there was a bridge, and
we saw the head of Gen. Hancock's troops
withdrawn from the battle field.
I was present on the road when Gen. Milroy
met Hancock and his staff. There was still
a good deal of firing growing on beyond the
woods and Milroy proposed to Hancock how
the fight had gone. "Looked like hell," was
Hancock's reply. Our Brigade heard that
road through the night, lying upon our
amunition, the rebel might follow,
but they did not. Though victorious, their success
had cost them dear.

It was daylight when we came within
our rear line of works at Fort Stevenson,
and lay down to sleep. I loved sleep in these
days when tired, whether it was daylight or
dusk. After rest, we moved back to our
camp near the Citizen house, to enjoy a
month of temporary rest.
It was August 24th when we came back from the field of Ream’s Station and resumed our position on the left of Fort Howard near the Creek House. The ground where we were encamped was rather low and level, but the soil was fertile, and the health of the men was good.

The strength of the regiment had increased to about 200, and still remained divided into three companies. Major Grant was still in Michigan, and I continued the only field officer in the regiment. The men that I had were all veterans, and we were down to the bone and sinews of the command. We had now been in the field for two years, and the men had learned how to shoulder and take care of themselves. There was no better regiment anywhere. What there was of it.

While we were encamped here, I had a visit from my brother Sullivan, who had come down on business with General B. F. Butler,
Commanding the army of the James, and wrote him,
I went over the battlefield of the Miles railroad,
and took a half day and rode with him
along the lines to General Butler's headquarters
at Bermuda Hundred, near City Point.
It was a pretty long ride, and it was
late at night when I got back to camp.
I joined out to Sullivan the scene of the
Battle of the Crater, and of the 16th-17th and 18th
of June. I also took him up the James
from plank road to show him "Fort Hell."
Exposing ourselves a little too much, we
got a cannon shot uncomfortably near.
Sullivan remained at General Butler's head
quarters and I returned alone.

General Milcox's headquarters were at
the "Aiken House," or our home always
thought of it as the "Aiken House."
Though our line of work was about half a mile in
advance of that house.

It was a quiet and peaceful five weeks
we spent here. We spent these five war
Constructing fortifications on the rear line; fort Davisin being one of the forts we worked upon.

We had a negro division (the 4th) attached to our Corps, and they were also working on the fortifications by relief. They were genuine "down south Negroes," mostly former slaves, who had come with our lines, chiefly in Virginia and North Carolina. They exhibited the usual good nature and highheartedness of the Negro, combined with their strong religious and emotional tendencies. The work went on through the night, and while they worked they sang plantation melodies.

Those who were not at work held religious meetings, similar to the "down south camp-meeting." They lead natual preachers among their sons who presided and operated, and they all sang with a sort of wild abandon.

Some times they would become wildly excited and get the power so that they would fall down in a trance, and be carried off by their comrades, as if dead.

The evenings were moonlight, cool, pleasant, and I have seen as many as a dozen in a single evening, laid out on the grass in a
Croatan condition, I had never seen anything like it before, and it was an interesting phenomenon to me.

When General Lee lost the Weldon Railroad by the battle of Aug. 19 & 21 he was obliged to haul his supplies by a roundabout way, over the Boydton Plank road, entering Petersburg from the west.

General Grant having strengthened his position and fortified his rear, now prepared to besiege the Boydton Plank road also.

At the evening of Sept. 29 I rode over to the camp of the 16th Indiana, Col. Norval E. Welch, commandant, and look dinner with Col. Welch. Col. Welch, whom I had known at Occoquan during college days, told me that the move would probably begin the next day.

During dinner he had told me of the manner in which he had been denied mental stimulus, and as we stood in front of his tent, as I was about to mount, he said "the next night I get into, I am going for a star or pay feet of ground." I remembered it the next day and have never forgotten it. When I reached reach that night I found orders awaiting me to be ready to move at 3 o'clock next morning.

We were up and ready at the appointed hour
but the army was slow getting after the road after it 
long before, and it was fully seven o’clock when 
my column passed the headquarters at the creek 
house. There I saw our Brigade Commander, Col. 
Mrs. Humphry, martinet, but without sword or shoulder 
straps, and headed for the rear, I hailed him 
and said, “Hello, Colonel; what’s the matter, ain’t you 
going with us?” And to my astonishment he replied, 
“I have mustered out, my time being up.” 
We shook hands and parted, and I did not see 
him again until after the close of the war. I 
believe the next time we met was in the summer of fall 
of 1863.
We crossed the Golden railroad at Fort Wadsworth, 
a very large star fort, one of the safest I saw 
during the war, and pressed on, two miles directly 
westward, to Pelham Springs Meeting House.
Our left corps led the advance. The right corps 
following slowly, hindered by artillery and ambulance 
trains. About the time we reached the church 
house came some heavy firing from the right. 
There came some heavy firing from the right, 
where the fifth corps had turned in. There 
was little Artillery, but heavy musketry firing.
The horse in, half a mile beyond the church,
Crosset a small stream flowing south, came to
A large farm at the right, and turned in at
A wide farm gate into a large, smooth field.

Just after I had passed through the gate, I
met four soldiers carrying an officer on a blanket,
Supporting him by one of the corners of the blanket.
The legs from the knee down were flexed, and
I saw both boots and gray furneau trousers, such
As I had seen Colonel Welch wear the night before.

I spoke to the men, and asked if he were
Not Col. Welch of the 16th Maine. He replied with
Patience affirmative. "Dead or wounded?" I asked. "Killed"
was the answer. So his prophecy of the night before
Came true. Welch was always brave; on this
Occasion he was fearless. Ordered to take a
Small earthwork, he personally led the charge,
And to the top of the first line of the parapet, to clear
His men on, was almost inevitably killed.

I never saw him again.

The Ninth Army Corps, under Gen. John G. Parke,
advanced across the Rebel farms. Porter's 2nd Division,
On the right, Miller's 1st Division on the left.
On reaching the farmhouse, we formed
Line facing nearly due north-west, toward the
Boydton, which was in plain sight, beyond a
valley and a small creek. General John F. Hartnack
was commanding our brigade. My regiment
occupied the extreme left of the line, and was
ordered by Gen. Hartnack to protect the left flank.

The second division, on our right, was out of
sight in the woods. We crossed the Bristow house.

Crossed a road, and reached a low crest, where
we looked down into the valley of Oldtown Creek,
where we saw the enemy line of battle advancing.

We were ordered forward to engage them,
and were advancing in fine style, when
we heard heavy firing to the right and
rear, and perceived that the enemy had broken
through Bolling's line on the front of Carter's
brigade, and was enveloping us with both
fire and a small battery of artillery.

At about the same moment a regiment of
Cavalry came out of the woods on our left
and threatened our left flank.

There was nothing to do but fall back.
Immediately on our left was a trusted reserve; and having been thrown out to the left further than any other regiment, in falling back I found myself lead my little regiment out of front the rest by this fault.

Here we all came near being captured. Adjutant Jacob E. Leiber was killed by my side; Capt. O. P. Blood was mortally wounded, and died the same evening, and a number of my men were killed and wounded. We got through the trenches the best way we could, and I rallied what was left of my command on the other side, and reported to General Hartranft on the new line where we had been able to make a stand, just where fort Welch was afterward built. My loss was 2 officers and 31 men killed, wounded and captured, the most of whom were captured.

Two days later, we again advanced and took the ground we lost, and established our second line at the little crotch overlooking the valley of the creek. In that vicinity we were destined to remain for nearly two months. But of that hereafter,
October 2nd, 1864, the Ninth Corps, here stationed on the "Peeler farm," two and a half miles west of the Selma Railroad, advanced its lines to occupy the ground which we gained on September 30.

Our Brigade, still under the command of General Hartman, again had the extreme left.

In the advance, General Hartman gave me command of an arm regiment with the 16th U.S.

The latter was a German regiment, and as I found had never been drilled in English, and when they got into confusion, I found it difficult to make them understand. We did not come into conflict with the enemy, and I think had no casualties this day. The position where we halted was just to the east of the sunken road we got into on Sept. 30. Here we were in sight of a Rebel artillery on the left, beyond the farmhouse.

Presently, Byron R. Pierce's Brigade of the Second Corps came in, and turned down into the woods on our left. Their battery I have mentioned, was, I think, known as the "Dabney House battery."
woods at a charge on this battery. The charge was
decidedly fable. The sun was, I suppose, 200 or 250
yards, and the ground somewhat uneven. But
though the fire from the battery was not heavy, and
but few men fell, yet the charge failed out before
it reached the enemy's works, and was not renewed.
From where we were the whole field was in
plunder view, from beginning to end. If it was a spirit,
I do not understand why it was made. If it were
a real attack, I cannot conceive why it was not
repeated with more vigor.

We were now withdrawn to a new position near the
Center of the Rebel lines, a little north and west of the
old plantation house, nearly a signal tower. Here we
remained without any interruptions until Nov. 28th, 1864,
when we moved to the extreme right of our line, on the
Belfort, below Petersburg. Here we enjoyed the first
season of drill and rest we had since we crossed
into Virginia, in April. The enemy lines were far
enough away so that we did not hesitate to
leave the woods and wander about with freedom.

A bullet at any time might reach us, or a
shell from a battery might pass over us, but
yet it was the quietest time we had seen.
3rd. Fences had all been removed, and two or three farms thrown together, and made the finest place for battalion or brigade drill I had yet seen. And we improved it to the full extent.

It was about Oct. 7th that General Haysan was detached from our Brigade and assigned to command the Colonel division of the 4th, and in the absence of all Colonels the command of our Brigade fell to Lt. Col. D. C. Newberry of the 2nd U.S. Cavalry, (dismounted)

Early in the morning of Oct. 8th we started out on a reconnaissance in force, to discover the enemy's position and force in the direction of the Boydton plank road.

We moved before daylight, on the road leading due west, until we reached a woods and reached road half a mile west of our camp. Here was an outflap of the Confederates, at a house which we knew as the "Smith." At about two miles away from this road, I was directed, if possible, to surprise and capture the outflap, but daylight came on so suddenly that they got away from us and made for the woods which were close by. We lost no casualties. We pushed on into the woods, until we came out to a clearing in the farther side, and could see the enemy's line, when we were
withdrawn to our former position, my regiment acting as rear guard. My recollection is that we lost no men on this day. We followed about three weeks of rest and drill. The weather was fine and the health of the men was excellent.

The Presidential Election of 1864 was then approaching and there was considerable discussion of the political situation in the regiment. About 45 or 50 of the men, and almost all the officers, voted for Lincoln: a few went for Mc Clellan.

On Oct. 16th Colonel Newberry took his departure; I am not certain whether on leave or resignation. I know I did not see him again during the war. On the same day I was ordered to take command of the Brigade, which I did, and never again possessed the command of the 70th Regiment, although it remained in my Brigade, and under my direction.

On Oct. 17th 1864 I went to my new headquarters, which were to remain my home so long as I continued in the service. The headquarters were very pleasantly located on high ground near the Signal tower, on the lines with the works where Col. H. C. Melchior fell, and a quarter of a mile from the Beatty house. My Staff consisted of Major Mathew, 17th March, A. J. Sec.
A week or ten days after I took command of the Brigade, I was "division officer of the day," and made an inspection of the camp, i.e., of every regiment in the division. Harris's brigade was posted in the right of mine. I found the regiments in pretty good condition except the 13th Ohio (dismounted) cavalry. Both the men and the camp were in a most deplorable condition. I made report in writing to that effect. Before the next Saturday I found them assigned to my brigade, and transferred to my line. I suppose this was Harris's way of getting even with me. But I accepted the situation, and at once went to work to improve their condition.

I called them out and gave them a thorough personal inspection of their kit, clothing, and arms. I called the officers together and gave them strict instructions. I had repeated instructions until men, uniforms, and carts were in condition commensurate to the rest of the brigade. I took especial care with them on brigade drill. I ordered a school of officers of the regiment. I never see a regiment improve more rapidly, and when they were ordered to City Point to be mustered, the officers called in a body to thank me for the improvement of the command.
And Capt. B. H. Safford, of the same regiment, Md. C.

At about this time Capt. O. A. Sturbridge, of the 20th

was assigned as Asst. on my staff, Surgeon E. J. Brownie

of the 2nd New York Brigade Surgeon.

The Brigade consisted of the 2nd and 70th N. Y. Inf. 5th

the 1st, Michigan Sharpshooters, the 46th U. S. Inf. (Women)

the 50th Pa. (Veterans) and the 2nd New York Cav. de la

Morlette. Many of the regiments had been recruited
up since the battle in August, so that I had

about 2000 Men for duty in the Brigade.

During our stay here I had Brigade drill three

Times a week, and took great pleasure in handing

the Brigade. Except for a while at Reelfoot Dec., in

the winter of 1862-3, it was the only time we ever

had Brigade drill. It was during this time that

I witnessed the only military execution I had

ever seen. A man in Porter's division had

been convicted of desertion to the enemy. He

was a 'bounty jumper' that is, he enlisted to secure

the large bounty offered, and then deserted
to the enemy, expecting to get through their lines and

away to Canada.
Directly in front of my headquarters there was a hollow or basin. Around three sides of this, the brigade to which the Condéward belonged, was formed in a hollow square. In the middle of the four sides was placed the firing line box which was the man's effect. The firing squad consisted of about 8 men. One half the guns had bell carriages and one half blanks; but the man knew whether his was ball or blank. Accompanied by a priest on one side, and his brother on the other, the Condéward Marched around the three fronts of the hollow square, to the dead March. He was then seated on the effui, facing the firing party, and his eye were fixed. The firing party stood as they read, about two rods distant. At the signal from the Presid Marshall, they brought their rifles to their shoulder, and at the drop of a handkerchief, fired. He fell back upon the effui, dead.

I had seen a great many men killed in battle; but this shooting a man in cold blood was a different matter. It was the only public execution I ever witnessed in civil or military life.
Late at night on the 26th of October I was called to Pope's headquarters, Gen. Porter commanding, and was present at a consultation of all the division and brigade commanders; the only one I ever attended. A general movement was to be made the next morning, to turn the enemy's right flank at Nathe's Run. Our division, Miller's, was to lead the movement, and my brigade to lead the division. The colored division, Nathanael, was to turn in on our right, parallel with the rebel works, but not to engage. Brinker's corps was to move from Yellow Tavern, by a road some distance to the south, and strike for the bridge across Nathe's Run where the Boyd's Farm road crossed it. Warner, with the 5th corps, was to move by an inter- mediate road and deploy 20 or 30 to connect with Hancock on the right left and Pope on the right. Hancock was to march up the Boyd's Farm road, in rear of the enemy's works, and make their evacuation; then the 5th corps, and the 9th, Corps, successively, were to
9. Divi'd ai, take the works in their front, and turn to the right and more up toward Petersburg, extending our left flank toward the adjoining hills, until we could seize the northside railroad.

Such was the plan which came very far from fulfillment. It was about midnight when I returned to headquarters, and at 3 o'clock my brigade was in my column, ready to move. Potter's division remained in rear to hold the old line.

We moved out on the same road to the west that we had reconnoitered on Oct. 8, and paused back the enemy's skirmishers until in the middle of the forclison, we confronted the enemy's breastworks, about a mile to the right (east) of the bridge on the plank road. Newcomb was already attacking, and his massed line was not far away.

Here we lay in the edge of a piece of pine woods, beyond the house called the Clements house, with a partly wide plashy 

General Willcox ordered me to deploy a regiment as skirmishers for the plank road, and, at the signal, to be ready to charge the works.
and carry them at all hazards.

I deployed the 2d Michigan, under Col. J. Chamberlain, with Capt. F. Schneider commanding the 2d Minnesota, and the other regiments, formed in two lines, the 20th firm on the left of the front line, and then fell down to await orders.

A light battery, stationed half a mile on our right, opened an enfilading fire upon, and began to get the range for comfortably close.

I was seated on my horse, a little in rear of the line, when a shell came zipping through the trees, which the ground a few feet away, and ricocheted, passing under my horse's belly, piercing up the ground and reflecting a slight wound on one of the men of the 20th immediately shifted his position and sat down in the furrow made by the shell, with the remark, "there there won't be any more shell struck in this shot today". It was a new application of the doctrine of chances.

While I was still waiting, expecting each moment the order to charge, listening mean-
the left, General G. H. Warren, commanding the 5th Corps, came rapidly up the field from our left. His skirmishers had formed junction with mine, but had not become engaged.

"What command pei due," he asked, addressing me.

I replied: "Seeds Brigade, first division, 7th Corps." "Who pei pei command?" "I am, General." (I was only Lieutenant Colonel, though long since commissioned a Colonel.) "What are your orders?" was the next question. "Do assault these works and capture them." "When is your division coming?"

"Back at stock log house." "Who's he?" "Gen. O. B. Miller." "Hold on a minute until I see him.

And be galled foined rapidly back to the clewsman near, where Miller was. Presently the two generals returned together, and reconnoitered the position.

I learned that Hancock was not materially the expected headway at Hatcher's Run, and it was not designed that we should charge until he had crossed the bridge, and turned the flank. We lay there in line all the afternoon. But the order to charge did
Not came. We lay on our arms that night in a drizzling rain, without sleep or rest, and all night long the demoralized men of Hancock's Corps were streaming along our front line, and took the road we had come out on, back toward Petersburg. Hancock had suffered a defeat and repulse, but our loss had been very slight. Next morning, with very slight skirmishing, we withdrew to our old breastworks at Peabody Farm, where we continued, doing picket and rocket duty, until November 28, 1864, when we moved to the right as heretofore stated, and I took up my headquarters at "Fort McGlorey," where the main line of our works rested on the approaches below the city of Petersburg.
The winter in the Petersburg trenches.

The End.

The month of November, 1864, passed at the Peeler farm very much as the month of October had done. About once a week I was Corps officer of the day, and wrote a Staff Officer Code and instructed the entire Corps line, which was a long one.

Our fortifications were enlarged and strengthened, for the line could be held by a comparatively small force. We had no active operations, but drills continued; the President's division received, and convalescents and recruits continued to come up. Nov. 27th, our division received orders to break touch and proceed to relieve the 4th Division of the 2nd Corps.

We marched on the morning of the 28th. The distance was about ten miles. My brigade relieved that of Gen. Wright, and I moved into his former headquarters, in a ravine just in rear of Fort McPherson.

General Milroy relieved Gen. John Gibbon, whose headquarters were at the "Friend House," and Visit early by invitation, Gen. Milroy and I dined at Gen's.

A peculiarity interested me, attracted to this place because it was my last station while I
remained in the service. I occupied those headquarters at "Flee Mc'Gillen," as I named it, until I resigned from the Army, March 6th, 1865.

Fort Mc'Gillen was named after a lieutenant of artillery, who was killed near its site, on June 16th, 1864, during the first assault. It was a large, square work, sufficient to accommodate a regiment. I placed the 50th Reg. near the fort; the 20th Mich. on a smaller enclosed work on the line of the city Point railroad, named as Battery 9; the 2nd Mich. on the works on the left of Battery 9, extending to the foot of the hill on which Fort Standford stood. The first Mich. Sharpshooters extended from Fort Mc'Gillen to the Apartments river. The 160th N.Y. occupied Battery 5, for a short time, until they relieved the 2nd. Co. A, Jacket of the Apartments, from Battery V to C.

Broadway landing, near Bermuda Hundred. The 4th was sent to City Point to be manured, and I saw them no more. My entire brigade line, including the Apartments Jacket line, was of about five miles long.
On the left and to the river bank our line and the enemy's were not more than 200 to 250 yards apart, but beyond "Harminit Creek", which clashed into the stomachy between Fort McGilvery and Battery V, the broad river intervened, and there was no firing as a rule.

Opposite our left was a part of Rawson's division of Gordon's Corps. I afterward met both those generals as members of the United States Senate, from the States of North Carolina and Georgia, respectively. Opposite the centre, at Battery V, on the North side of the river were two mortar batteries, which frequently opened on our line, especially at night; they seemed to have the range of my headquarters, and when they opened up for the display of fireworks was too beneficial for one to stay in the boat. On such occasions we strolled out on the open fields, where we could see each shell as it came, and change position as circumstances might require.

Below the mortar batteries, on the
On the opposite side, was a heavy battery of English field guns, which we knew as the "Baxterfield battery." I suppose from the name of the County in which it was located. This battery was so placed as to enfilade our lines from the river to Fort Steadman, at the top of Young Hill.

The shells which this battery fired were the finest I had ever seen. We had artillery to compare with them. They were of fine steel, smoothly turned off, and the fuse-flaps were of fine brass.

The boys in battery 7X had a turning lattice, and they used to find these shells, extract the fuse-flaps, and cut them up into rings and other things, which they sold to visitors as souvenirs.

I had there the best headquarters I had ever had. My tent had a floor and a chimney. For this I was indebted to Dr. Gayle.

Oct. 1st I received my appointment as Brevet Colonel of U.S. Volunteers, which was made on the recommendation of my superiors in the field. On the 29th of the same month I was assigned to duty in my brevet rank, by order of the President.
But in the mean time I had been appointed and commissioned as colonel of the 27th Michigan regiment, on the recommendation of General Milcox. There was some trouble in the 27th about promotions; and there was no officer in that regiment that Governor Blair wished to make colonel. On the other hand, General Milcox was especially anxious that I should be made a full colonel; and, if possible, a Brigadee general, so that I might be retained in command of the Brigade. There were two full Colonels who belonged to the Brigade, but neither one was liable to return, and General Milcox was not willing to see the command pass into their hands.

Dec. 6th. He wrote a letter to Governor Blair asking that I be appointed colonel. On the 14th my commission as colonel of the 27th was signed; on the 19th I received it and mustered in; and on the morning of the 20th I reported to my new regiment, which was soon in the first brigade of our division. I spent that day in investigating the condition of affairs.
And on deciding what measures to recommend.

I had an understanding with General Wills that I was to remain in command of the brigade, for that was one of the main objects of the affair. Before night I received an order from Wills to report back to headquarters, and resume command of the Second Brigade, which I did.

Everything being now quiet along the line, I began to think of applying for a leave of absence, a thing I had never before done. When I went home in June 1863, it was on Surgeon's leave, and in the Surgeon's recess

Mandate, not on my afflication. When I made my trip to Medical camp March and April 1864, I was sent by General Wills on recruiting service.

I had made some changes on my staff. Major Matthews had been returned to his regiment. Captain A. L. Lowanty, 20th N. D., had been detached as A. A. Q. M., Lt. Col. Leadbetter of the 27th, was detailed as Inspector General, at my request; and Lieut. H. F. Robinson as
A.D.C. and Engineer Officer.

My application was approved, and the first week in January, 1845, I received a 20 days leave. I took pleasure at City Point, down the James to Fort Monroe, and thence to Washington, thence via Petersburg to Richmond, and to Fredericksburg, where my wife and baby were living with my wife's parents.

After a short visit at Fredericksburg, wife and I took a short wedding trip to Leesburg, Pottersville, Monroe and Detroit, to visit her sister and nieces, and then returned to Fredericksburg. This was the first pleasure trip we had ever taken together, and it was memorable on that account.

I returned to the army about the first of February, and resumed command of the brigade. There was little out of the usual routine. Desertsions, at this time, from the enemy, were very numerous. Sometimes as many as a dozen would occur in a single night.
Mr always treated them kindly and forwarded them on to headquarters. On the entire front of the armies of the Potomac and Union, these deserters from their companies to as much as an average regiment a day. At that time it was the general opinion among the higher officers that the next campaign must be the last. Sherman had marched to the sea and cut the Confederacy in two. He was near at Savannah, preparing to march north parallel with the Atlantic Coast. Hood had been decisively defeated at Nashville. The military force of the Confederacy had been practically destroyed in the valley of the Mississippi. The last remnant of the Confederate army had been destroyed. And the two armies of Lee and Johnson were all the Confederacy had to depend upon.

The resources of the North, in men and money, were nearly at an end, while the North still had a vast reserve upon which it could draw.

General Parker said to me that in his opinion when the campaign opened, it would not last forty days. The head that was the head of the highest quarters, by which I understood Grant.
To: My dear one. To say that thoughts of you passed directly under General Grant from May 1, 1864, to March 5, 1865, I was happy but a few times.

I saw him at the Wilderness, Va., May 8, 1864, then p[r]i conversation with General Burnside. I saw him again when I passed through City Point in July, and I do not remember to have seen him again until June, 1865. He was very rarely seen in the lines at Petersburg, and then I was not on the front, where he was most.

On the day of the battle of the Crater he was at Meade's Headquarters, and I think during the day came to Battery Morton, but then I was in the Crater. He was a very private person in appearance. He was extremely careless about his appearance. I never had occasion to approach him personally, and never did.

On Feb. 4th, 1865, I was corps officer of the day, and it was my duty to inspect the lines of the Ninth Corps, some beyond the Jerusalem plank road to the after battle. It was Sunday morning, and soon after breakfast I started out, accompanied by Captains Holland and Robinson, just recently mounted.
from Lieutenant, 90th Ohio, and orderly James C., of the 24th Michigan. The morning was quiet and the ride was delightful. We paused along of the lines toward the right and were almost in sight of our headquarters when we arrived at Fort Haskell. Near Fort Slaten, which had been known as a dangerous point. A sentry was posted in front of Fort Haskell, and just beyond was a narrow camel which was not entirely protected from the enemy's fire. I stopped and asked the sentry if there was any firing on that part of the line. The sentry there had been none for some days. As we approached the camel I said to Robinson, "I guess we had better not trust those fellows more than necessary," and just as we emerged in sight of the rebel breastwork, I struck my horse into the fleet, and the strong forward, and Captain Robinson did the same, but a yard or two in rear.

At that moment a bullet from a rebel Sharpshooter, which had been aimed at me, struck Captain Robinson, passed entirely through his heart and lodged near the spinal cord. He fell from his saddle and as I bent
over here he gaufed, Colonel I came kindled,
and it was all over in a moment. I caused
his body to be embalmed, and sent a non-commissioned
officer to accompany it to Michigan.

I referred the matter to General Miles, and
he ordered the guns of Battery X to open on
that part of the line, and a heavy canonade
resulted. One of our shells exploded in the old
Crater, of July 30, and killed General Gracie, of the
Rebel Army. On Feb. 22nd occurred another
heavy cannonade, and I had quite a number of
Casualties in the brigade, including several killed.

This is pretty near the end of my detailing.

On March 4, while sitting at dinner with the
headquarters mess, I received two letters from
my wife, announcing that our boy, Frank, was
near death with membraneous bronchitis; that her
mother was sick in bed with diphtheria; and her
father helpless with heart disease; and she
herself about worn out. I did not long hesitate
as to the course of duty. I knew that Frank
would be dead or better before I could reach them,
but I knew then that my family needed me a good deal more than the country did. My place as a brigade commander could be easily filled, but my place at home could not. I immediately wrote out my resignation, I called for my horse and rode to division headquarters. Gen. Pillow was about, and Gen. A. B. Mclaughlin my command.

He favorably endorsed my resignation; I then rode to Gen. Parke's headquarters, and he did the same. He gave me permission to present it to army headquarters. General Meade approved it and gave me leave of absence to proceed to Washington and present it to the Secretary of War.

When I returned to headquarters I was practically out of the service. I turned over the command to the senior officer. My detailed war Colonel E. J. March, and at daylight next morning was on my way to City Point. The same day I took boat for Washington. And the next morning the U.S. secret was accompanied by Gen. John M. Longstreet. I went to the War Department, and presented my resignation, which was at once accepted, and I was out of the service.
Aug. 13, 1900. During a few days that I have been alone in my office, I have been over this story and corrected many dates from diaries and letters which have recently come into my possession. Especially that of my dear mate, Capt. Walter McCollum, I have read quite a number of times lately, and am on the whole surprised and gratified to find how few mistakes I made in writing exactly from memory. I have made quite as number of omissions, but except in the matter of dates, I found little to modify. I am going to undertake the task of putting this story in the shape of a history of the Regiment, which will require time, thought, and care.

P.H. C.
This ends the story. The story which I have so often told to all my boys, when they were young, and which I have thought it might interest them, and their children, should they be fortunate enough to have any, long after I am gone. It is not for the world, but only for my own. The story can soon be told. It was two years and two thirds of hard and unpleasant exposure, almost always at the front, and never on any detached or light duty. I held every rank from lieutenant to brigade commander, and in March, after I had resigned, was made brigadier general by brevet. Three times colonel, twice wounded, twice recommended for promotion to brigadier general. I was in about 70 engagements, and have twice received the medal of honor for distinguished bravery. God was very good to me, and brought me home safe and sound. Prisoners were very kind to me, especially General O. B. Willcox. But my chief satisfaction is in the consciousness of duty done to the best of my ability.

And so I close the chapter.

Oct. 25, 1898