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E. E. Edwards
chaplain of 77th
Minn. Vol. Inf from July 4th
1864 to Aug 16 1865
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NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

By Captain Theodore C. Carter of The 7th Minn.

My Comrade, Chaplain E. E. Edwards, lost or had stolen from him his Diary containing a portion of the Campaign of Tupelo, or as named by the Confederates, Harrisburg. He wrote up his Diary on what was called Sermon paper, and as often as he had opportunity sent the sheets to his wife. Relying upon his memory for what occurred on that expedition, he has made some errors as to what took place on the 15th of July, 1864, and asked me to correct it. For the first time in some years, I met him last April (1912), at the residence of his son in Labelle, Florida. I am responsible for his being invited to furnish a copy of his Diary to the Minnesota Historical Society, but had I been aware of his condition, I should never have done it. For his eyes have given him trouble for many years. One was much worse than the other, and the sight was nearly lost, while the other was obscured by a cataract. I cannot imagine how he succeeded in accomplishing so much as is shown in this volume. Whoever examines it does not need to be told of the difficulties he labored under; they are in evidence all the way through. Some of the drawings were made in earlier days as will be noticed. Soon after he had sent this to me for examination, correction, and delivery to the Society, he went to New York and had his eyes examined by an eminent oculist, and the cataract removed. Nothing could be done for the other, and I believe he can barely distinguish light from darkness. His work was only half done so far as the Diary was concerned, and he had not yet commenced his painting of The Battle of Nashville, which he had also planned to execute for the Society. When the Charge started on the 16th of December, 1864, initiated by the First Brigade, First Division, Sixteenth Army Corps, and followed up by the Second and Third Brigades, Chaplain Edwards was just returning from looking after some matters at the rear where he had been directed by Col. Marmill. Consequently he had a view of the whole glorious scene. He made a sketch at the time, just outlines quickly drawn, to be filled up later. It is needless to say that he saw nothing that is represented on Pyle's painting of the Charge of the Fifth Minnesota, in the Governor's Reception room in the Capitol, for the men were neither drunk nor crazy. And he was competent to make the painting had he attempted it earlier. But it is not possible that he can draw pictures or complete his diary, now. For years I had been urging him to paint that battle scene, and he had agreed to do it, but I did not know the reason of his delay until after I had received this portion of his Diary. Then he told me about his eyes, the first intimation I had ever had.
The Fifteenth Day of July, 1864, at Tupelo, or Harrisburg, Miss.

The morning was quiet, a little skirmishing far on the left, and in the afternoon a few shots from a battery which was with the rear guard as we were on the return march towards Memphis. On our part of the line there was no skirmishing except as hereinafter noted.

In the early morning Col. Marshall ordered me to take my company to a place pointed out to me, which was from a half to three quarters of a mile in front, and deploy as skirmishers in front of our regiment. He said I would find a similar line with which to connect on each flank. My position would be in an open field, while my connecting lines would be in the woods. I proceeded to the point indicated, and after deploying the company, began to hunt for the lines with which I was to connect. But there was no such line on our right, and if there was one on our left it was concealed in the woods. The ground had been occupied by the enemy the previous day, and was covered with tall weeds. In deploying we came onto a "Johnnie" who was lying in the weeds and was covered with dirt. He said, "We'vems were lying down here yesterday and a cannon ball threw dirt all over me, and I just stayed here. It's the first battle I was ever in, and I don't like it." I asked him where he was from. He said, "From down on the Tallehatchee." He was ignorant of the names of the nearest town, the County seat, and even of the county. I sent him to the rear to get some rations which he badly needed.

The day was intensely hot, not a breath of air moving. There were no indications of an enemy anywhere near, but I saw an ambulance through an opening in the woods on my right front, perhaps two miles distant. In the course of an hour or so, a cavalry regiment came up from our rear and deployed as skirmishers, then advanced to the front through our line and began to fire into the woods in our front. The front line would fire, then stop and load while the rear rank would advance through the open intervals and fire, then stop and load, when the front line again advanced and fired. This was repeated until they nearly reached the woods, when they formed in fours and returned to the rear. It was a beautiful drill, but a wanton waste of ammunition for there was not a Confederate within a mile. But after awhile some ten or twelve of the enemy's sharpshooters came into the woods in our front, and began to take "pot shots" at us. As we could neither see them nor the smoke of their guns, I would not waste any ammunition upon them. It was so hot that we could not lie down, and we had to keep moving. Gradually they worked their way along the edge of the woods on our left until they enfiladed our line. It was, at least, uncomfortable, and they must have been very poor marksmen, for,
strange as it may seem, not one of us was touched. A staff officer rode down along the fence on our right and just in the edge of the woods, and beckoned to me to go to him, which I did. He desired to know the position of the enemy. I told him that from what I had seen I did not believe there was any considerable force in our front. That I had seen nothing whatever of the enemy except an ambulance on our right front over a mile away. As we were talking, the bullets began to zip around us, and I stepped behind a tree. I told him there were but about 10 or 12 of the sharpshooters who were trying their skill on us, but that if I were in his place and had no particular business out in front I would get out as quick as I could. He came to the same conclusion and went back.

Why there was no connecting line on either of our flanks puzzled me. I could see no possible good that we were accomplishing in our present position. If I could have advanced to the left of the Posto-ex road and into the woods, I could have scattered the few men who were having things their own way, but I could not leave the front of my regiment. And I was expecting every moment that the line of battle on the left of our regiment would open fire upon this small skirmish line. But nothing happened to interfere with them. An orderly came to me and told me the troops were about to start on the return march, but I was to remain in position until further orders. The heat was so terrible that I had to withdraw the men to the shelter of the trees on our right, and leaving the company in charge of Lieut. Turritt, I went back through the woods to the regiment to report the condition of things to Col. Marshall. I found that a shallow line of entrenchments had been thrown up, and the regiment was lying behind them with bayonets fixed. As I passed around the right of the line, and saw that not one man was showing himself above the breast works, I asked the first officer I came to the meaning of it. He said they had orders to keep out of sight and await the advance of the enemy, and when they had approached to within 50 yards, the line was to rise, deliver fire and charge with the bayonet. I told him if the regiment waited for that to take place they would stay there until they were out of rations, for there was no body of the enemy of consequence in our front. I found Col. Marshall and told him the situation, and asked him what could be the sense in such foolishness. That it was simply exposing our lives unnecessarily, that it was nonsensical to think the enemy could be fooled into such a trap, more especially as there was but a very small force in our front. He admitted the facts, but said orders must be obeyed, and we must remain out there as long as possible, then come in and form behind the right company. I went
back to my company and again deployed them in the open field. The enemy's sharpshooters had approached so near the line of battle which joined our regiment on the left of the Pontotoc road that I expected they would be driven back immediately, but no, they were suffered to keep under cover and shoot at us. I then withdrew my company into low ground in front of the regiment where the enemy lay during the battle the preceding day. But the heat was utterly insupportable, and I assembled the company and passing around the right of the regiment, took position in rear of the first company, as directed. Gen. Buford who commanded a Division in Forrest's army in his report of that day's proceedings says that the heat was so terrible that 80 of his division were carried from the field that day, many of them in an unconscious condition. If the heat so affected the natives, the effect can be imagined on northerners. As I remember, it was about noon when the order came to "Charge." This was a farcical military move, but a tragedy in performance. The distance was, perhaps, three eighths of a mile. In that hot sun, double quicking meant more or less sun stroke. As the men rose, the sharpshooters who had annoyed us, being in the woods near the line on the left of the Pontotoc road, gave a volley which killed several and wounded more, then retreated. Our famous "Charge" halted about where my skirmish line had been stationed. Then Company "E" was ordered to deploy as skirmishers in our front. This they did, in a swale with woods in front but a little ways. In a few minutes, my friend, Lieut. Hardy of that company was shot through the brain, and I think some were wounded. This was done by the same sharpshooters that had used us as targets. About a mile in our front was one solitary Confederate regiment. The previous day a cannon which was firing at us from a location a little in front of where we now stood was disabled and not withdrawn from the field. The men of the regiment mentioned managed to prop it up in some way, and fired three or four solid shots at us, two of them coming so close to me that I felt the "wind" of them. Directly four companies of cavalry came up the road from the rear. Gen. Mower's Chief of Staff, McDonald I think was his name, and led by him they charged in column of fours along the winding road through the woods to the front. After a while we heard some firing and soon afterwards they came back. They had lost several men killed and wounded, but failed to find any large body of the enemy.

We then retired to our entrenchments, and soon afterwards began our march for Memphis by a road leading from our rear. A portion of the command had started early in the day. In the "Charge" a number were sunstruck, and it is a wonder that at least half of the command were not shot down. The Charlettes were in the hospital.
were not stricken down. Every ambulance and empty army wagon was utilized to carry our wounded, and some 40 were too badly injured to allow of removal. Assistant Surgeon Barton and one or more enlisted men were left to care for them. Our hospital also contained the Confederate wounded. After we left, when the Confederates first came to the hospital, their comrades were so badly wounded, each having so many wounds, that they believed our men had wantonly shot them again after they had been found on the field after the battle, and they were going to kill all of our men, but the wounded Confederates told them that it was not true, that they had been cared for just the same as our own men, and treated kindly.

During the two days on that battlefield I saw neither Gen. A. J. Smith, nor Gen. Joe Mower. Some time after the battle, I was telling the Chaplain of the fool operations on the 15th, when he asked me if I did not know the explanation. I told him that I certainly could not understand why such things were done. He said "Old Joe" was drunk. Said he was back in the rear sitting on his horse when the "Charge" was ordered, and swayed around swinging his sword and yelling, "Give 'em hell, boys, give 'em hell boys!" interspersed with much profanity. While the Chaplain leaves out the particular words, and that "Old Joe" was drunk, his drawing shows his condition quite distinctly. Gen. Mower was a good military man, when he was sober. But he could not stand success. If he accomplished his designs one day, the next he was quite sure to get "full." The night after we left Gen. Steele's district, Arkansas, and camped in Missouri, in our later chase of "Old Pap Price," Gen. Mower had a big drunk. He had been afraid all of the time that Gen. Steele would manage in some way to keep him in his District, something that active military men strongly objected to.

I notice that the Chaplain says that we were several miles from Harrisburg. He must have written Harrisburg by mistake, intending to say Tupelo, for while we called it the battle of Tupelo, the Confederates called it the battle of Harrisburg, and they were correct, for we were camped on the site of that village, and some of the houses were still standing, although when Tupelo was started on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, a mile or two away, most of the houses were removed to the new town. When we marched to Old Town Creek, the cavalry and one battery had the rear, and some cannonading then took place, just to let the enemy know that they had better keep at a proper distance.

My age (81) and physical condition must be my excuse for this bad specimen of type writing.
DIARY

of

E. E. Edwards

Chaplain of 7th Minnesota Vol. Inf.

from July 4th 1864 to December 15 1864

Volume Ist.
To my sworn death:

This one and imperfect

To the memory of those

This memory

E. D. Edwards

Greencastle

Aug. 2, 1910
What I have here written is based on the brief pencilings of a pocket diary, from descriptive letters sent home and there preserved for future use, or from letters published in the home papers. I relied most for accuracy as to dates and localities on my Diary, but unfortunately some of the penciled lines became effaced and undecipherable; and at the last a pickpocket relieved me of part of the Diary of 1865. Many of these missing dates have been verified or corrected by the aid of small pocket Diary written by Sergeant D. E. Williams of Co. H, kindly loaned me for the purpose. The accompanying sketches were taken in generally from hasty outlines finished from memory when I had leisure. This is especially true of the battle scenes, since I had during the critical moments of the conflict neither leisure nor opportunity to make sketches. My duties at such times were to keep as close as possible to our advancing lines with the view of finding the wounded and removing them from the field to the Field Hospital. In this I was assisted by a small body of men, recruited chiefly from the Musicians, and styled the Ambulance Corps. Thus on the Field of Nashville, on the 16th day of December, and prior to the Fochelon Charge that in the afternoon decided the fortunes of the day, a little to the left of Julian's Battery, and a few rods to the rear, or Nashville side of the Field Hospital in Bradford's mansion. This gave me a fine view of the entire field along the near side of which lay the 1st Sqv. of the 16th A. C. During some intervals of waiting here, I sketched in a view of the field from Bradford's mansion on our left to the high hill at the base of which lay the right wing of our Division. From that point I witnessed the echelon movement along the entire line; and in a calmer moment and safer position had no difficulty in completing the picture. This battle scene and some of my other sketches were made while under fire, by none to the neglect of any of the duties devolving upon me as Chaplain. I once sketched a party crossing the Tallestachie under fire from Confederate soldiers hidden in the bushes on the other side of the river. While waiting for the boat to return, though under fire myself I made a sketch of the scene. This incident will explain the difficulties in the way of an "artist on the spot who attempts to depict war scenes. His art is a dangerous
pastime. It will also suggest a reason for the difference between his sketches and those of the professional artist who immured in his studio paints battle scenes from the descriptions of others aided by the suggestions of his own fervid imagination. In this skirmish with an enemy disputing the passage of a river, bullets were singing through the air which soon became dim with powder smoke, no hostile banner waved and no enemy was in sight. I recall a battle of Artillery on the shores of Mobile Bay in which nothing was visible but battle smoke. Masked batteries were playing from the mainland upon distant Island Forts themselves enveloped in cloud. Such a scene may be grand, but only as a thunderstorm is grand, even though it may reveal no human agent taking part in its elemental strife. Conventional ideas of both the artist and the public battle scenes in which human agents are conspicuous and active. There must be heroes in the fight. There must be martial music, the roar of artillery, the waving of banners, soldiers marching in serried gaily uniformed and keeping exact time as they march. There must be romantic accessories to the scene, or it is no true picture. This ideal is undoubtedly a survival of the old Oriental and Homeric conceptions of war, and has but little foundations in the conduct of modern warfare. I may add the description of campaign and battle scenes as given by writers who have never witnessed the scenes they have described are as much over wrought as the works of those artists who rely for their material upon the same sources of information. I have aimed in the following sketches, to report only what I saw or or learned from observers of what I saw myself, and in no case to create or vary from its realism for the sake of effect. I have aimed to narrate accurately what I saw rather than to make an entertaining record. I may have sometimes omitted to mention many incidents worthy of being recorded, while on the other hand I may have recorded something that I should have suppressed. I hope that in whatever case I shall have done no one an injustice. There is a dark side of army life, and I could not avoid sometimes peering into its depths and revealing some of its horrors; but I have preferred throwing light upon its more noble aspects upon the heroism, self-sacrifice and patriotism of its heroes. But the soldier's life is made up alike of sunshine and shadow, and in every correct picture the shadow is necessary to the light.

I have deemed it proper in some instances to depict what may be defined as the humorous side of army life. For this I make no apology. None is needed. A sense of humor has sometimes reconciled the soldier to the most unpleasant surroundings, such as when by the fact "That some one had blundered" in assigning to the 7th Regt. a camp in the Swamp of Chalmette Battle Ground, where the water was nearly knee deep.
It is recorded elsewhere how these new "Heroes of Chalmette" rose to the occasion by clambering upon extemporized bunks made of cordwood found not far off and made the night vocal by bellowing like alligators and croaking like frogs from their points of vantage, and keeping it up till the wee, small hours of the next day. There were humors of the camp, of the march, of the battle, of the hospital, humors that could provoke a smile on the face of the grim warrior even in the presence of Death.

As a Chaplain it may be thought that I should say more than I have said of the religious life of the Army, or of the Regiment to which I belonged. To do so I should have to speak of the inner lives, beliefs, and experiences of others than myself, which I considered that I had no right to do. The position of a Chaplain in a Volunteer Regiment is a peculiarly delicate one. His duties are not defined at least sharply. He is vaguely supposed to be a pastor and is expected to hold services for the benefit of the Soldiers once or twice on Sunday, and to hold brief services at the burial of the dead. The religious men of the Regiment numbering from two to three hundred may belong to five or six different denominations; the Chaplain may be of any faith, not excluding the Jewish. It is clear that he cannot be in any sense the Pastor of a Church, since a Church is a body of men agreed upon what they consider certain fundamental doctrines, based upon a creed. The Chaplain can therefore perform no offices entirely analogous to those he would perform as the Pastor of a Church. In a word he has no ecclesiastical authority for what he does, and the Government confers none. The Government gives him the rank of Captain of Cavalry, and the pay of one, but he is not in the Volunteer service required to wear the uniform of one to wear its insignia or carry a sword. It does require him however to make a formal report of the spiritual and moral condition of the men, monthly. No attention was ever given to these reports and before they reached Division Head Quarters it is generally believed that they were consigned to the (metaphorical) Waste Paper Box. At any rate they were never afterwards heard from. As to holding Sunday Services this occurred infrequently in the 16th Army Corps. This Corps, sometimes facetiously called Smith’s Geography Class, because of its continual campaigning through the South, and also called Smith’s Guerillas, afforded few opportunities for a service. Sundays in Camp being so very rare, I have therefore but few services to report. My duties were chiefly in the field and hospital, and some of these were by no means light. My greatest privileges were the freedom of the Hospitals & the right to go about wherever I pleased. I was allowed to own a horse.
From St. Paul to Memphis.

(From Diary.)

Steamboat, George H. Grey, Mississippi River, Wednesday, June 29th, 1864.

Left St. Paul for Memphis on some indeterminate place in the South this morning. I say "indeterminate" because I do not as yet know the exact location of the Regiment to which I have been assigned as Chaplain. I only know that it is at Memphis, or thereabout. It has been assigned to the 16th Army Corps, under the command of Gen. A. J. Smith. This Corps is famous as being almost continually on the march. Last week at Memphis, and this week, possibly on the war path. My problem is to find the place where I am to go. On the march, I cannot hope to overtake it. The progress of the G. H. Grey is greatly impeded by low water and the resulting sandbars. At or near Sina not we reach an impassable bar, and were forced to walk the plank, by which we find ourselves to the Mankato. After a while we encountered another sand bar and again walk the plank, exchanging the Mankato for the Favorite. At La Crosse we are on shore where we were to remain 50 hours awaiting the arrival of the Northern Light a much larger boat than its predecessors.

Steamer, Northern Light, Thursday, June 30th, 1864.

We put up during our period of waiting at the Hotel Harrington. It was a somewhat gloomy old place, with meager fare and poor accommodations; but this was counterbalanced by the charges, which were also moderate. The Northern Light made its appearance at 2:30 P.M. and left immediately for Dubuque at 10 P.M. I remained on board all night and the first S. S. train for Cairo to-morrow.

Cairo, Ills., July 1st, 1864. (Friday.)

It was a great favor to be allowed to remain on board the boat all night, since a tremendous storm was raging all the night during which going ashore and looking up a lodging place would have been a serious matter. The morning light showed the havoc created by the storm in
The sewers had burst, their enclosures had torn up the sidewalks and wrought ruin in parks and gardens. Some trees were uprooted, and some bridges over the smaller streams swept away. Fortunately for the passengers on the Cairo R.R. the larger bridges had been spared; and though for nearly one hundred miles we saw traces of the violence of the storm, the railroad bridges were none of them damaged. In the afterpart of the day we passed into a region which bore no traces of the storm, and where the dust and heat were intolerable. We reached Cairo this morning after having been 25 hours on the way.

Steamer Commercial. Saturday, July 2nd, 1864.

Remained at Cairo till 6.30, P.M., when I secured passage on the "Commercial" bound to Memphis. The boat was uncomfortably crowded and the accommodations very far from satisfactory, yet it was a great relief to get away from Cairo. This city, though in a free state had suffered much from the war. It had already the appearance of a Camp. Groups of tents were scattered here and there, and soldiers paraded the streets, singly or in squads. The streets were cluttered with the debri of camps. The houses were many of them deserted and uncared for. Groups of refugees thronged the levee, miscreants and hungry-looking. These were mostly whites from the interior of Kentucky. They came generally in families, half clad and in all stages of destitution and misery. I could not learn if anything was being done for the relief of these wretched beings. In some of the streets there were signs of a pretty strenuous business. There were saloons galore that seemed well patronized and there were many small stores and stalls or boxes in prominent, and newsboys were vociferously crying the last edition of the great Dailies of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati or Louisville. "Only ten cents a copy." Ale was loudly advertised for 15 cents a glass. Here are a few of the prices: Haslenuts 10 cts. per doz., Water 10 cts., a glass, and dirty water at that. The vender affirmed there was a piece of lemon peel in the vessel he poured from. But this was a matter of doubt. Pie could be had for 10 cts. a slice, and other viands at a like scale of prices. Upon the blank walls and bill boards were posted flaming advertisements of "Dan Castillo's circus, fifty cents admission. So much for current prices. Just below the landing what seemed to be an ordinary river boat covered with sheet iron, lay the first gunboat or iron clad I have seen. It was painted black.

At 7 P.M. we passed Belmont Battle Ground from which our troops retreated fighting till they reached safety in the protection of the Gun Boats. At 7.30 we passed the Heights of Columbus, huge bluffs of yellow clay varying in height from 100 to 150 feet or less. As we neared the Bluff,
As we passed the fortified heights, we were saluted as we first thought by the firing of a cannon. We were soon afterward disillusioned when we were told it was only the sunset gun, fired from the fortress above.

Columbus is situated on the banks of the river at the base of the bluffs. The city or village shows some traces of the wars as some battered houses attest. Heaps of cannon balls and a large, dismounted cannon lay upon the shore.

A lot of boys bathing in the river were more suggestive of an era of peace.

Steamer Commercial; Mississippi River. 4, 0 P.M. 1864. Sunday. July 3.

It was very dark last night when we left Columbus. Our steamer proceeded slowly seeming as if feeling the way down stream. My state room proved so intolerably hot and stuffy that I found sleep impossible, and therefore went above and spread my blanket on the hurricane deck. This was my first outdoor sleep; and, although the conditions were unusual, I slept soundly. Early this morning we passed Island No. 10. Some later we passed New Madrid, which long ago I had been taught to believe had been swallowed by an earthquake. It was in 1812, if I remember rightly. Yet here was the identical city, or one marvellously like it and bearing its name; yet so disreputable and forlorn in appearance that the spectator cannot help feeling that some friendly and beneficent should give a repetition of the swallowing act, it would be for the general good. The next place of interest was Figler's Landing, where the Commercial stopped for an hour to wood up. To vary the monotony of the hour I went ashore and explored the woodlands adjacent, where I saw nothing more remarkable than a drove of Razor-backs, a southern variety of swine. This breed runs wild in the woods; and notwithstanding its repulsive appearance, furnishes the best pork in the market.

At 11, A.M. we passed Fort Pillow, now deserted. It is located on the summit of a tolerably steep and high hill, the river side of which shows the same kind of yellow clay that characterizes the other bluffs along the river. At the base of the bluff at this point were a few deserted and ruined houses. We expect to reach Memphis at midnight.

La Grange, Tenn. Monday, July 4th 1864. 7, P.M.

The Commercial reached Memphis at midnight according. The passengers were not sent ashore till 10, this morning. On account of the intolerable heat, I again slept on the hurricane deck. On landing my first inquiry was for the location of the 7th Minnesota. It had just left Memphis for a raid through Northern Mississippi. It had probably gone as far as La Grange, Tenn. If I started early I might overtake it at that point. I started early.
I did not wait even for the formality of breakfast. I took the first train for LaGrange at 6:30 A.M. This train was a Special, and consisted of 20 box cars laden with horses, and a small car called a caboose pretty well filled with soldiers and officers. We reached LaGrange in an hour and after a short halt were cordially received at the Regimental camp a mile or so from the village, by Captain Pratt and a dozen others of my old friends. I spent the day pleasantly in camp; and my papers being found to be all right I was mustered into the service as Chaplain, and assigned to a Mess consisting of Major Burt, Captain Carter of Co. K. and Captain Pratt and Lieut. Frank Folsom of Co. C. I am not yet fitted out with the regulation uniform and other equipments, and as yet have no horse to ride. The Regt. starts tomorrow on a campaign in northern Mississippi; and I have no time to purchase equipments and must therefore accompany the Regiment in the guise or disguise of a civilian. The Regiment has been assigned to the 3rd Brigade of the 1st Division of the 16th Army Corps, Gen. A.J. Smith Commanding. Our Division Commander is Gen. A.J. Mower, our Brigade Commander, Gen. J.J. Wood. Our Brigade is composed of the 12th Iowa, the 35th Iowa, the 33rd Mo. and the 7th Minn. The Chaplains associated with me in the Brigade are Revs. Fred Humphrey of the 12th Iowa, and Bagley of the 35th Iowa.

THE TUPELO CAMPAIGN.

(Dl)

Davis Creek Camp, Tuesday, July 5th, 1864.

"We struck our tents." for the morning march at 7 o'clock.

"Stuck" is not the right word, as we had no tents to speak of, the shelter of the soldiers being chiefly constructed of boughs of trees. We marched a little over 4 miles and halted for the noon recast. Meanwhile the heat had become intense and there was much suffering amongst the soldiers, but no fatalities. Several fell by the wayside, but were carried forward in ambulances. The members of the Black Brigade, three thousand strong, suffered more in proportion to their number than did the Whites. Not being mounted, and therefore unable to take my place with the Regimental staff, I consulted my own convenience, walking under the shade of trees and resting at will. I stopped sometimes at farm houses along the way, and talking with the inmates. Often I was made an unwilling witness of wanton insults and cruelties inflicted upon the inmates by gangs of lawless predators -
who entered these houses for plunder., which lawless acts I had neither the ability nor authority to prevent. I did not wear even the insignia of a soldier or officer. These bummers were away from their own regiments, and could not be identified by those passing. They usually plundered the houses of estates and such valuables as they could carry away with them; but sometimes destroyed that which they could not carry, or for which they had no need. Family pictures, old daguerreotypes etc. they crushed under their heels. I am loath to report these despicable outrages, but am glad to report also that strict orders had been issued from Headquarters strictly prohibiting these practices.

We camped for the night on the banks of Davis Creek, a cool, clear stream; but before we could fill our canteens hundreds of weary and dusty soldiers had thrown aside their clothing and were dabbling in the stream, utterly regardless of the fact that this was our only supply of drinking water. For a distance of two miles the stream was thus stirred up and polluted.

Camp near Salem, Wednesday, July 6th, 1864.

A heavy rain and thunderstorm struck the camp last evening shortly after dusk, washed the channel of Davis Creek clean and gave us an abundant supply of pure cool water to start with. We broke camp early this morning, reveille sounding about 2 A.M. and the whole Corps being in motion at 4 o'clock. It was owing to our position in the line that we were started on the march this early. The line of encampment being a long one, and the line of procession being changed every day so as to bring each Division, and brigade to the front on alternate days, the column in the rear always moves first and makes the first encampment. It was our turn to start first to-day. This arrangement gives a great advantage to those in the advance, as it affords the first pickings of the blackberries that grow in the hedges and fence corners on either side of the road. There are other obvious advantages, such as being the first to go into camp. The order of marching, not strictly followed,) was usually four abreast, with ambulances following the regiments, and baggage wagons the brigades. The whole body of troops was preceded by a few regiments of cavalry, and a few batteries and with lines of skirmishers thrown out on either flank. As the heat was very severe, many fell out of the ranks and lay exhausted and panting by the roadside. There was abut the same amount of pillaging as on yesterday.

This burning of buildings, and other destruction of property is apologised for as an act of retribution for atrocities committed by residents upon the road from Guntown to Memphis.
who fired from their houses upon the Union troops as they were retreating from Guntown after their defeat at that place. It was for this reason that the torch was applied to every house from whose windows a gun had been fired at a Union soldier. For this reason it was that our pathway was marked by flame and smoke—the flame from burning houses and the black smoke of burning cotton. Near sunset, I noticed one house, the residence of a Rebel Colonel, a fine stately mansion in flames. It was of many and was a type of the lurid light from the burning mansion blending with the red sunset rays threw a strange glimmer over the scene; and the effect was heightened by columns of black smoke from burning reflecting from their cumulous clouds sunset hues and glints of crimson from the burning house.

After marching 15 miles we camped upon the slopes of a range of hills within four miles of Salem, Miss. The hills were covered with a growth of oaks and pines. An old Baptist Church near our Camp served as Head Quarters for Gen Mower. Near this Church is a neglected Grave Yard, the graves in which were covered with rail pens.

I met to day with a rare piece of good fortune. While trudging along and foot sore, I was overtaken by a stranger on horseback. He asked for a drink of water from my canteen. His voice had a familiar note; and by its aid, chiefly, I recognized as my old friend and family Physician Dr. Murdock of Taylor Falls, now Surgeon of the 8th Mis. Regt. After mutual exclamations of astonishment and pleasure at our chance meeting, he asked me why I was not mounted? After relating my emergency reason, he generously offered me one of his own horses till I could secure a satisfactory mount for myself. I rode into Camp that evening on a well experienced steed, to the great astonishment of my messmates who knew of but one method of obtaining a horse while on the war path.

Camp within Smiles of Ripley, Thursday, July 7th, 1864.

Reveille at 3 A.M. Leaving Camp early seems to be the rule.

Got away about daylight. Shortly after leaving Camp we passed an old house on a hill near which were the graves of four Confederate dead, privates and one grave of a Captain, belonging to the 1st. Kentucky Cavalry. At the foot of the hill was a shallow grave, near which lay a torn, blue blouse. A short distance farther lay three unburied bodies of Union soldiers. This seems to be evidence of a skirmish between Forrest's and Sturfigs' men. It was said that shots were fired from the Planter's house near by upon which evidence the house was immediately burned. The village of Ripley through which we pass to-morrow will doubtless share the same fate.
The soldiers, especially those who were in the Gun Town Raid were frenzied. It is said also that what the white soldiers spared, the black soldiers swept away. But whatever may have been the provocation for this pillaging and burning, the sight of it is sickening to the last degree.

While we were passing the hill where we found the bodies of the Union soldiers, a minnie bullet whizzed very close to my ear. It was a sound not likely to be forgotten, though difficult to describe. It seemed most like the buzz of an infuriated hornet. I saw to-day several specimens of the Cuban bloodhound. They were dark, smooth-skinned, graceful in movement, yet unlovely brutes. Their reputation as man-chasers brought them a swift destruction as the soldiers killed them at sight. In this the Kansas Jayhawkers, (1) Cavalry) who were in front were the most efficient in the slaughter.

Camp within 3 miles of Ripley, Friday, July 8th, 1864.

After an early start and a march of 12 miles, we camped in a beautiful valley within 8 miles of Ripley. A winding stream flows through this valley. Along its banks we found traces of a very recent camp of Forrest; the redoubtable swashbuckler of whom we are in quest. We are doubtless close upon his track. He was here yesterday; to-day he is in Ripley. We heard firing in our front yesterday. There was probably a skirmish between our skirmishers and Forrest's rear guard. We heard also firing in our rear which turns out to have been from an attack by a small force of Forrest's cavalry upon our rear guard for the possession of some cattle which they had captured. This sounds fishy since our rear guard is not likely to distinguish itself by capturing by capturing cattle or anything else. Rumor however is that we lost the cattle.

Camp at New Albany, Miss. on the Tallahatchie. July 9th, 1864.

We were awakened at 2 this morning, our Division being in the advance. We left camp at 4, A.M. and moved cautiously toward Ripley, in some doubt as to what our reception should be. We entered the village however without opposition. This village impressed me as more than usually attractive; embowered as it was with semi-tropical shrubbery.

There was a population of about 300. It is alleged that Sturgis' retreating forces passed through this village and were fired upon from the houses and public buildings; and from the talk along the line as we approached, it seemed almost certain that the torch would be applied to every building in the place. This firing of the village with its attendant pillaging was of course contrary to General Orders; and guards were
placed in the residences of many for protection. The inmates of these houses consisted almost entirely of women and children, very few men being present, and they being either invalid or very aged. Notwithstanding all these precautions the torch was applied to many perhaps most of the houses in this village, and on leaving, and looking we saw the flames and black smoke ascending from them. The alleged offense for which this action was retaliatory is that our troops on the retreat from Guntown were fired upon from these houses by the inmates. The fact is that a battle was fought in this place, and it is hard to say where the bullets came from. One thing is reasonably certain—that the firing was done by special order. Orders, in fact, had been issued against pillaging and burning. To me, the scenes from La Grange to this point have been a fitting introduction to the horrors of war. Before leaving the village, I entered a deserted Seminary or High School by the wayside and found there everything in confusion. I noticed that the text books scattered over the floor were about the same as in our northern schools. I found among them Mitchell's Geography, Bay's Arithmetic, and McGuffey's Readers. Shall we ever use the same text-books again?

After we left the village, the wrath of our soldiers was newly kindled by the sight of a human skull exposed upon a stake in a fence corner by the wayside. After this sight, it is perhaps needless to say that more houses were fired. One house was burned because of the insulting remark of the lady owner, to a soldier who had expressed astonishment at the fatness of the pigs on her plantation. Her hasty retort was: "They have been feeding upon Dead Yanks for the past few weeks."

We reached our present fine camping-ground without further incident save unconfirmed rumors of fighting in the advance. At 6:30 P.M. our Camp presents a rather picturesque appearance. The men are sitting around their camp-fires in undress, a habit or fashion much affected during the prevalent hot weather, but they are by no means in peaceful mood. The direct cause of their rage and its consequent profanity is the capture by the enemy of six of their number who were foraging too far from the line of march. One man in our Brigade has been killed or mortally wounded. They are discussing also the probabilities of a battle, and the general impression is that we shall have a fight on Sunday as we expect to strike the Mobile Rail Road about that time. It is said also that more battles are fought on Sunday than any other day, and to-morrow is Sunday.

Camp between New Albany and Pontotoc. Sunday, July 10th, 1864. Had an early start this morning. The day was accompanied with the usual scenes of pillaging and burning. Perhaps I ought not to make any record of the day on the ground that one day is a type of every day on the march, and
and that such records would prove but vain repetitions, tiresome in the reading and woeful to think of. The horrors of war have for the beholder a horrible fascination; like that which an envenomed serpent exercises upon an unwilling spectator who has fallen under its spell. I can no more turn my eyes from these things than I can prevent them. But every day I witness something different, something which throws a new light upon the subject. Underneath all this horrible sameness of pillaging and burning there are new revelations of human character, or of that character in new lights as affected by the passions of greed, of lust, of revenge; and shall I say it? a grim sense of humor. The life of the soldier, or of the soldier who is a plunderer also, is not all diabolism. It reaches outward and upward toward the humorous. The humor of war arises in the concept that it is in itself a huge joke, and the roughest campaign is thereby turned into the wildest frolic. The plunderers on the way to Tupelo are not carrying, what they want unless it be stores of eatables from the pantries or such treasures from the strong box as they could conceal about them. They were carrying off things for which they had no use, and which they would throw aside like children tired of their playthings before they reached their evening camp. One man was carrying with considerable effort a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary remarking that his early education had been neglected, and that he was going to begin over again and learn something. Another carried a huge looking glass, declaring that she was going to have a good time when I get into camp. Another carried only an empty barrel, explaining that everything else had been stolen, and that was all that was left him. He wanted something to remember him by. This was rather a poor piece of wit, and besides was rather far-fetched. He had carried that wretched old barrel over a mile before throwing it away. Some in a spirit of malicious deviltry had carried away the toys and playthings of poor little children. One had made a turban of a snowy tidiy which he wore proudly as though it were a badge of chieftainhood. There seemed to be among this class of soldiers a spirit of unwonted hilarity. I wonder if this portends the battle that we are daily expecting? It is still Sunday and the enemy may be on our track and assail us before the midnight.

Camp in Pontotoc; Monday, July 11th, 1864.

My writing was interrupted last night by the long roll of drums—the call to arms. In ten minutes we were in battle line. We were drawn up in a long open field by the light of a burning barn. No enemy appearing, our men were allowed to lie down in battle line with arms ready and sleep
till midnight. At this time the baggage wagons came down for the baggage belonging to the officers. This left us without tents, baggage, including blankets or other protection. We had only the ground for a bed, a clod for a pillow and the starry sky for a coverlet. To aggravate the discomforts of our position the sky soon became overcast with clouds, and patterning raindrops gave indications of a coming shower. There was before us and but a few rods from our lines a field of corn of rank growth. Above this corn and in the midst of the field loomed up a diabolical ture of curious make. It was not unlike a colossal letter T, the extended arms of which reached downward to the earth. By the dim light of the still smouldering barn it seemed not unlike a colossal bird with broad expanded wings trailing earthward. I recognized it however as a cotton press. It consisted of an upright column near forty feet in height. At the lower end of this column which terminated with a screw was a box inside of which the cotton was pressed into bales. At the summit of the column were two long arms which served as levers by which the screw was turned and the lid of the box pressed downward upon the cotton, the motive power being a couple of mules.

Chaplain's Rest.
July 10th & 11th.
1864.

I crept into the coffin-like aperture at the lower end of the screw, and slept peacefully enough till near three in the morning when I was awakened by a bad dream. Methought some unseen enemy was moving the long arms of the press were being moved slowly, ground. The space which I was becoming smaller. Fortunately I awakened just in time to prevent my being baled. As it happened I awoke just in time as the reveille was sounding, the men of our Regiment were soon in line, and marching in the advance rear of our brigade. Yesterday it was in the advance. The firing along our skirmish line was much more
frequent than on yesterday, and we learned that a brigade of Rebels were retiring before, and keeping up a running fight at the same time. We lost one man mortally wounded and five or six who were taken prisoners. Our cannon were put in position and for the first time were made to play upon the enemy. The roar of these guns was the most thrilling sound I had ever heard, and seemed most inspiring to the men who had it many times before. The immediate object of the cannonading was to drive the Rebels out of Pontotoc which we were rapidly approaching. We entered soon after and found the village deserted by all but its citizens and we went into Camp somewhat late on the other side of the village. We had cores pitched our tents when a tremendous shower passed over us leaving us woefully bedraggled. The men of our brigade broke into some Cotton barnyard and carried off $12 or $15.00 worth of cotton which they made themselves comfortable as possible, spreading the cotton on the ground for beds. We had but one regular meal to-day having been kept on the march too rapidly. Many of the men had no supper the night before.

Camp Pontotoc. Tuesday, July 12th; 1864.

The Camp this morning is white with the cotton scattered about it. The cotton sticks tenaciously to everything it touches, especially to the uniforms of the soldiers. They have reviled in cotton, rolled in it covered themselves over with it till the pale dusty or dirty blue of their uniforms is scarcely discernible. And so will they go into battle, if it should occur to-day, as is most probable. As we were sitting down to breakfast this morning, came orders to fall into ranks and form in battle line, and wait the approach of the Confederate Buford who was reported advancing upon us. This order cut short the breakfast of most of our mess, but as I had no special place assigned me and no immediate duties to perform, finishes the breakfast I had scarcely commenced, and resumed my writing. It was a false alarm, but it kept us from indulging in feelings of fancied security, and taking camp-life too easily. Is there not some danger on the other hand that these frequent false alarms may after awhile breed a feeling of carelessness, indifference, as does the too oft repeated cry of "Wolf" when no wolf is nigh? The men in general seem to be rather hardened by these constant alarms, while some have grown anxious and serious, and a few have presentiments. Some of these presentiments are gloomy forecasts of disaster, while others are more hopeful. There may be sometimes striking fulfillments, but upon the whole I think but little credit can be attached to them. I have one man in our Co. who bears himself very bravely and impressed me as a man without fear. He remarked with the most confident air that the bullet had not yet been moulded that would kill him in the coming battle. Corporal Savidge of Co. K has a presentiment that he will be killed or wounded. Surgeon Smith told me that he had a
gleam apprehension as to his own fate in the coming battle.

As he is a man of great coolness and unquestioned bravery, I was much impressed by his remark and the seriousness with which he uttered it. I do not think that any one without serious feelings as to its possibilities, though many affected a lightheartedness that had in it a suspicion of bravado. As for myself, I felt much as I have felt at the approach of a violent thunderstorm. That is all, so far. Some of the men have brought me messages that they wish me to forward to their friends, in case——they should not be able to forward them themselves. With those that think, (and they are in a large majority,) there is strong evidence of serious thought, and also of grim determination.

The battle did not materialize today. Had a call from Dr. Henry Murdoch of the 5th Wis. known as the Eagle Regiment. He brings a rumor that we are booked for Mobile and that this is a temporary stopping place, and we are to fight our way thither. Have had time to look over the village of Pontotoc, still a possible place for our next battle. It was formerly a beautiful place with a population of about 500 inhabitants, but is now war-worn and half in ruins. It has suffered so much as Ripley, but is still in a pitiable condition. I called at several residences, but found only women, children and negroes, and one aged man, Rev. Mr. Blackburn, a Methodist Minister resident here. I found him in sad plight, his house having been remorselessly plundered, and his furniture including an old fashioned piano reduced to splinters. He was in a pitiable straits. His horse and carriage had been stolen, and there was no food left in his house. I reported the matter to Colonel who was furiously indignant at this outrage, and sent out a posse to find and restore to the aged man his horse and carriage; which was done. More than this it was not in his power to do. Strict orders had been issued against pillaging in which we were encamped, and guards stationed at many of the dwellings, and there was no time to spare as we were on the eve of a battle, the horrors of which might prove greater than the pillaging of a poor little country town.

After the early morning alarm the soldiers were ordered to stack their arms along the battle line and return to their breakfasts.

Later in the day. We are destined to remain a night longer in Pontotoc. The action of the men who made haste to destroy the cotton on which they slept last night which they burned up was a little premature, since they will need those "downy beds of ease" another night.
ON TO TUPELO.

Field of Tupelo; Wednesday, July 13th, 1864.

Note.—The records of to-day and the next two days were not written on the field, but as soon thereafter as I could find leisure to write.

The bugle call sounded early this morning and the drums beat a rousing tattoo. In a very brief time the soldiers were in line ready for a forward march with some uncertainty at first as to our destination. We had a general understanding that our destination was Tupelo, where we were to destroy the Railroad, and frustrate any attempt to send troops against Gen Sherman. At any rate we were acting on the general principle that railroads ought to be destroyed. Tupelo lies east of Pontotoc 18 miles. Okalona lies about 25 miles nearly south, and both are situated upon the railroad, the destruction of which is the supposed object of the expedition. Between Pontotoc and Okalona were the two troops of Forrest, whose object it is to prevent the destruction of the railroad. We are destined to meet them either at Tupelo or Okalona. It has been a matter of strategy with our General to keep Forrest in doubt as to which point we are aiming at. Hence a movement on the part of Gen. Smith towards Okalona. This would naturally cause a concentration of the Confederate troops in advance of our line. And this is why our troops after a show of facing the enemy turned suddenly around, and after passing through the village took the first road to the right, which led to Tupelo. Of course the enemy if he had been deceived by the ruse was not long in finding it out; and as a consequence our march to Tupelo has been something of a running fight all the way, marked at least by pretty brisk skirmishing all the way, but what puzzles the non-military mind is this. If there is a railroad in good running order between Okalona and Tupelo, what is to prevent Forrest or his Chief in command Gen. Lee, from rushing his troops back and forth over that railroad so as to protect it at all points? If it is not in such repair that it can be used, why all this trouble on our part to destroy it? Whatever may be the force of these questions the fact is conceded that the Union and Confederate forces are to day racing on near, and convergent roads to see who shall reach Tupelo first, and get into a favorable position for the real struggle that must come to-morrow. Though during the fore part of the day there was much skirmishing at various points on the line nothing occurred more serious than the breaking of a bridge and the overturning of a Head Quarters' Baggage Wagon with the mess chests and valises of the Officers. During all this period I rode on horse back in company with the Surgeons
At about two o'clock, P.M. a halt was called which lasted about an hour. This was much appreciated by the weary ones in line and mounted, for our pace had been rapid and we had no other interval for rest or lunch. Our mess-chest having been overturned in a ditch we had no sumptuous meal this day. I was tired of riding horseback, and besides began to have some scruples about the propriety of riding a white horse into battle. I felt that the color of the horse might attract undue attention from the Rebel sharpshooters who were blazing away at us on our line of march. I did not want to attract too much attention even from our enemies; and for that reason went on foot the rest of the way to Tupelo. It would have been heroic to ride that white horse into the thickest of the fight; but I did not want to ride in the thickest of the fight. I did not want to be a "hero in the strife," and I preferred safety to making a display. Really I was not thinking of the battle at all. We had found by the wayside in a field such a quiet resting place. And rest was sweet. What could mar the sweet serenity of that hour of rest?

The 7th Regiment was serving as Train-Guard to-day and for that reason was somewhat scattered, being broken up in detachments, and there being no necessity for my keeping my position in the line, I strolled forward nearly a quarter of a mile thinking to fill my canteen at a farmhouse that I saw a few rods beyond the bend of the road. There was a cabin on the right hand side of the road inhabited by two or three women. Some bummers were plundering this house, apparently for mere mischief; as there was nothing worth carrying away. On the left side of the road stood an empty blacksmith shop. A few rods beyond was the farm-house I have mentioned. The bums had not troubled the inmates and I was hospitably received by the inmates and allowed to fill my canteen with the purest sweetest water I had ever tasted. After a short talk, I left thinking to return to
to that part of the Regiment I had left resting by the wayside. I had returned as far as the blacksmith shop and the dwelling across the road and noticed that the plundering was still going on and the troops of the Division were passing along the road towards Tupelo, in, as it seemed to me, somewhat irregular order, if such a contradictory statement is allowable. They were scattered along the road, a rather fortunate circumstance, considering what followed. There was no enemy in sight when with the suddenness of a peal of thunder a volley of musketry was fired upon the straggling soldiers in the road from the grove of small trees and underbrush upon our right. The firing was thereafter continuous and sounded like the long roll beaten on a tenor drum. The bullets whistled through the leaves like a storm of hail, some coming unpleasantly near. Those on horseback dashed furiously, while such wagons as were passing were driven furiously forward while those on foot scattered madly away in all directions in the confusion of a panic, which under the circumstances was the most natural thing in the world. There was no one to rally them and heroism was at a discount. Several fell wounded in the vicinity of the cabin the women rushed frantically into the woods on the right. My own first thought was to rush into the blacksmith shop on the left, but realizing this could be at most a temporary shelter started back a second time to the place where I had left the Regiment. This course, while dangerous occurred to me as the most dignified course I could pursue. At least it was not running away. It seemed to me not only the most honorable, but the safest thing I could do. I had gone a few rods when I met a detachment of the 7th under Captain Kennedy of Company F, in charge of a wagon train. His command was moving forward at considerable more than a double quick step. Thinking I had met the full command I fell into line and sprinted along with them still we had passed the point of danger beyond the bend of the road, when having recovered his breath the Captain explained to me that eight companies of the regiment had been sent into the woods on the right, and were at this time charging upon the enemy with the aim of dislodging them. I thereupon deserted the command of Captain Kennedy and hurried back, running the gauntlet of rifle shots a third time in quest of the Regiment. Toward the end of my run the firing suddenly ceased a pretty good omen of victory. Midway between between the house and the Blacksmith Shop I found Sergeant Major Orin Richardson lying in the middle of the road and moaning piteously. A minnie ball had buried itself in his heel, making perhaps the most painful of wounds. I stayed with him till an ambulance came by which I halted and placing him inside sent him forward. This occurred to the left of the four houses where I had filled my canteen.
a short distance to the left of the house at which I had stopped to fill
my canteen and a little above the bend of the road leading to Tupelo.
As the attack occurred five minutes after I had left the farmhouse, the
ambuscades must have been in possession of the house at the time, or
crouching in the thickets around it, and waiting for a favorable moment
to make the attack, and that favorable moment would be the appearance of
a baggage train. Nothing could be made by firing upon a few stragglers
even when armed. The object of the ambuscade unquestionably was to create an
obstruction which could be done best by firing on a wagon train. Its
utter wreck would so delay the movement of our forces that Forrest could
hurry by us with the main body of his troops and select a field for the
defense in advance of us. The appearance of the wagons in charge of Captain
Kennedy with two companies of Infantry as a guard was the signal for the
firing. This was not a battle but only a skirmish at a single point
of a column miles long. The attack was unsuccessful save in the killing
of a few horses and the loss of a few wagons and ambulances and the severe
wounding of Sergeant Major Richardson. It might have proven far more dis-
asterous but for the prompt action of the remaining companies of the 7th Regi-
ment, which had been quietly resting by the roadside. The Regiment was
ordered immediately into the field after the first volley from the enemy.
They drove the enemy out of the woods, but with some loss Surgeon Lucius B.
Smith had been killed at the first volley, and there were fourteen wounded.
The action was quickly over, and by or before the time I had returned to
the place where I had left them they had returned victorious from the
charge, and were forming for the continuance of the march to Tupelo.
The body of the Surgeon, whose loss we all deplored, was placed in an am-
bulance and carried along with us. The more seriously wounded were placed in
ambulances. None were left on the field.

A MASKED BATTERY.

We hurriedly pursued our way meeting worthy of note till near
evening we were shelled from a battery, masked in a cornfield on our right.
A perfect storm of grape and canister shot tore its way through our ranks;
Shells burst to right, to left over us and in our lines. Heavier shot plough-
ed cross furrows in the road beneath our feet. This fusillade from heavier
guns seemed far more terrific than the minnie balls of the ambuscade. The shr
shrieking of the shells is as anything a trifle more demoralizing than the
whistling of bullets. It did not however stop for an instant the movement
of the column forward. The men as a rule behaved most gallantly, and ran like
heroes across the storm-swept zone of danger, stepping high as they
The casualties were astonishingly few considering the fury of the cannona-
ding. A few wounded men were hustled quickly into ambulances, and the column
moved forward without stopping. But one of our wounded, George Blackwell
of Company B, who is probably mortally wounded his leg having been cut off by a shell. In a comparatively brief space of time which seemed long to us, our Artillery wheeled into position and poured two or three volleys into that field of corn and silenced the masked battery.

This little scrimmage over, we marched forward double-quick, a race with the confederates for the possession of the Camping Ground near Tupelo. We won, arriving on the ground late at night and camped along a roadside near a fence, lying as it were in battle, ready for a summons to arms at any moment. After the weariness of the day's march and the excitement of the ambuscade and attack by the masked battery, we slept well.

**TUPELO.**

**THE BATTLE.**

Thursday, July 14th, 1864. On the field of Tupelo at close of day's battle.

"If you can not in the battle
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
'Mongst the fallen and the dying
You can move with silent tread;
You can carry off the wounded;
You can cover up the dead."

While I was duly thankful for my narrow escapes on yesterday's march, I felt greatly mortified for my blunders, which arose chiefly from my absence from my place in the Regiment without leave, and my recklessness in going outside of the lines even for a drink of water, the woods around the farm-house being full of Rebs in an ambush. I felt the full measure of seriousness as to the work of the day before me. The Colonel made no comments but gave me some minute commands as to my duties on the morrow, instructing me to organize the musicians as an Ambulance Corps to pick up the wounded and remove them to the Field Hospital, and at proper times to bury the dead. Of my own work in this line I shall say as little as possible, and when by so doing I can illustrate some incident of the battle of interest to others than myself.

The morning call sounded at 5 o'clock was also a call to arms. We were allowed a hasty breakfast keeping as nearly as possible in the line of formation. There was considerable picket firing during last night and in the morning the pickets were driven in before the advancing enemy. Shortly after a long grey battle line of the confederates appeared over
of the hills. Our soldiers had been arranged in battle line to receive them. Nearer and nearer they came with soldierly precision. Our men were partially sheltered by a rail fence which had been taken down and reconstructed so as to form a barricade against the advancing foe. In a short time the firing of musketry began, at first irregularly but in a little while it became incessant like the pattering of hail. It was a thrilling scene and held me spellbound with its horrible fascination but for a moment; Colonel Marshall directed me to take a detail of three men to act as gravediggers and proceed at once with the burial of the body of Surgeon Smith. The exigencies and possibilities of the conflict demanded that this be done at once. I selected a spot some 200 yards to the rear of our line under three hickory trees nearly in a row was the best way of marking the spot, as the body of the Surgeon would undoubtedly removed to the burial at his own home in Taylors Falls, Minn.

**Burial of Surgeon Smyth.**

The position was well-selected but for one thing. While it was sheltered from the bullets fired over the battle field, it was not beyond the range of the batteries which were playing upon our entire camp. The danger was really greater here than on the battle line. The men selected to dig the graves had scarce commenced their task when through the tree tops above us and exploded a few yards beyond. Others followed with grape and canister, and we were compelled to retire for a while to a place of greater safety, if such could be found. A lull in the firing led us to return. Notwithstanding a few chance shots the digging of the digging of the grave was commenced and the body enclosed in a rude coffin made of rough planks was lowered into the grave with some difficulty, being only the three men and myself to assist in the work. A brief burial service was said, and the grave was filled. Returning to the line of battle, the Colonel put me in charge of the Ambulance Corps, and I found abundant occupation the rest of the day going in all directions over the field and bringing in the wounded both Union and Confederate. We have lost heavily.
ON THE WAY TO TUPelo.

"The men behaved most gallantly, and ran like heroes across the Zone of Death." Page 20.

Battle Field of Tupelo. House of the Three Chimneys.
I returned to the battle field and viewed it from a point not far from the three chimneys shown in the sketch. At a distance a thin bluish cloud hung over the crest of the hills, nor was the air yet clear of the battle smoke anywhere I saw the field as through a haze that only partially veiled the horrors of the scene; for I was able to recognize the grey blotches that spotted the grass as the dead bodies of the enemy; enemies no more. After a three hours' struggle, the victory was ours. The attack had commenced with artillery and musketry, the Infantry advancing under cover of the Artillery. This attack was repelled by the 3rd Brigade in the following order: Upon the right the 35th Iowa and to the left, the 33rd Missouri and the 12th Iowa, the 7th Minnesota acting as reserve. The right rested on the Pontotoc road. The field with all its dead and wounded with several prisoners was in our possession. The 33rd Missouri had also captured a stand of colors. This stand belonged of right to the 7th Minnesota, the flag having been cut down by Companies F and I, and picked up by the Missouri Regiment. I did not witness any part of this fight except its opening, being engaged at the time in the burial of Surgeon Smith and the care of the wounded. I came back to the field, shortly after its close and during the lull which had followed the battle. Except for removal of the wounded the field was as it was left after the charge. The dead seemed very numerous, but I only looked closely at a few of them. Those that I saw were mostly boys, far too young for such a fate. One I noticed with a smooth girlish face, fixed as marble with a smile frozen upon it. The body was only half reclining. It appeared as though when mortally wounded the boy had crept to a tree, and had died while leaning against it and gazing at his hand. The hand had a finger extended and a circle of deadlier white than that of the hand showed where a ring had been. The thieves that plunder the dead on battle fields were already at work. They had taken the ring but left its impress. It had told its story. Before leaving the field I saw another pathetic spectacle. Three women had somehow made their way through the lines, and as they passed from place to place, bent over the dead and peered anxiously into their faces. When at last they recognized the object of their search, bowing over their dead they gave utterance to the most frantic screams. Of our own Regiment seven had been reported killed but the bodies of six only could be found. It is thought that the missing body had been buried by some other burying party by mistake. When I left the field to return to the Hospital, I passed the body of Col. Wilkin, Brigade Commander of the 2nd Brigade lying prone upon the earth, a few rods to the rear of the battle line. A slender boy of 16 lay beside him, one of his Orderlies, I suppose. I heard the order given to bury the boy beside the Commander. Col. Wilkin was a brave and able soldier and his loss will be deeply
felt by the whole command. He was sitting on his his horse a few rods to the rear of his Brigade directing its movement. This being largely an Artillery fight the danger is nearly as great in one part of the field as in another. I saw several dead bodies within half a mile of the battle line, among them that of an Iowa Quartermaster lying beside his horse on what would be considered the safe side of a tree. A cannon ball large as an orange had perforated the tree, then the horse and the man standing behind him. We had great trouble in locating our hospitals in a safe place. There was no safe place. Almost at the dawning of the day a sheltered place had been selected, i.e. an apparently sheltered place to which the wounded were brought and laid in rows under the trees. About 50 had been brought in, when orders came to remove to a more secure place, an attack being threatened by the timber adjacent. A ravine near the centre of the field was chosen and the yellow flag was displayed from the trunk of a tree. A short time had passed when a shell fell and exploded in the midst of the hospital ground, building there was none, and three horses were horribly mangled by a passing cannon ball by a passing cannon ball. We returned to Hospital ground No. 81, within a few minutes the shells were bursting above and around; accompanied by a storm of grape shot. The Hospital was removed to a farm house a half mile to the rear. Here the wounded of both armies were brought by hundreds. The bringing of them in was a much more difficult matter; especially with the 7th Regt. we being short on ambulance; we having but one left. At the close of the day the omens of success were favorable; but still the cannonading continued and there was no moment of absolute safety. As night closed around us, I felt utterly prostrated. I had had but a light breakfast. I had not touched once of dinner or supper; and had had but little sleep the night before. At this juncture I fortunately met my old friend Dr. Murdoch, who told me that this will not do. You must have some sleep. He took me to the dry bed of a summer steam where the bank undermined by freshets, projected two or three feet over dry channel of the brook; under which projection we lay down together with our heads as far possible under the shelving roof of clay and sod and so soon as we touched the friendly bosom of Mother earth fell into a sleep so deep and trance-like that all the thunders of Forrest's Artillery couldn't awake. For all that my inner consciousness could testify, I might have slept there a thousand years.
IMAGO MORTIS.

"Tired Nature's sweet Restorer, Balmy Sleep."
Camp near Tupelo; Friday, July 15th, 1864.

I awoke as suddenly from the death-like torpor into which I had sunk into it the night before with no consciousness of my personal identity or recognition of the place in which I found myself. The booming of a cannon and the bursting of a shell not far away gave me the first clue to my place. It must be a battle-field. Looking down at the snarer of my uncanny sleeping place, I thought a soldier slain. I hurried away and recognized the debris of a battle field, and going farther stumbled upon our first field hospital and the whole scene of the day before flashed upon my mind at once. This was Tupelo and the supposed dead soldier I had left in the dry bed of the creek was my friend Dr. Murdock. I hurried back and found him as I had left him, not dead however but sleeping the sleep of an infant. I had not the heart to awaken him; but hurried away to the last field hospital, where I found the wounded of yesterday with the Surgeons and other attendants. I made some kind of a morning's repast and resumed the duties of the day. The firing had continued at intervals all night; and there was every indication of a hard day before us though for a time the artillery firing had ceased. With the coming of morn the battle was renewed. The shells again made horrid clamor in our camp and there was also the finer and more piercing music of the Minnie balls whistling above our heads and through our ranks and some dead and wounded were added to our list. The third Brigade including the 57th Miss. was advanced a half mile Company K was placed on the picket line. Early in the afternoon I was ordered to take a detail of men and bury our dead, as we had received orders to withdraw from the field that afternoon. The fact was not known to the command and it was necessary to use great caution and not allow the rumor to get abroad. lest it should precipitate the retreat at an earlier period. It was to be a strategic withdrawal from the field. I therefore made all haste with the burial. There were seven dead to be buried. The first four having been killed yesterday and two to day. One however could not be found. and the position was that the missing body had been buried by some other burying party. The grave was about 75 feet by 10 wide. The body of the grave was the central point of the artillery only salute fired was from the guns of the Confederates beyond the crest of slope on which the battle was being fought. Though an unintentional honor it may be said; yet a rare one to have an enemy thus salute our dead.
The Field Hospital to-day being on the edge of the field of action, and my attention being required more there than on the line, I saw less of the engagement than I saw yesterday. Several times I passed back and forth from the Hospital to the battle line. At no time did I witness anything that seemed more than random and irregular at a foe whose battle line lay on, or just beyond the crest of the slope which divided the two armies. It was not at all like the current pictures I had seen in the illustrated histories. There is waiting in battle scenes as well as action. In our case it was the waiting of two armies watching each other all day for the proper time to strike. This does not look well in a picture. It impresses the beholder that nothing is doing. I did see, however, one heroic or melodramatic scene. It was quite like a figure from one of Horace Vernet's battle pieces, or more like David's equestrian portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps. The General was rocking back and forth waving his sword and shouting something to the men lying along the line and waiting as I now suppose a charge from Forrest's forces. The principal action in which our part and Brigade were concerned occurred in the afternoon and closed our operations for the day. About noon the 3rd Brigade was ordered into position to await a charge. This was one of our waiting periods. Each side was playing. Forrest or Gen. Lee rather, who had appeared upon the scene, and as Forrest's ranking officer had taken command was anxiously waiting for a charge from Gen. Smith's Army. Neither seemed in haste to take the initiative. Finally Lee grew weary of waiting and as if fearing that another night would close over him with Smith still in the field he advanced his men and they came forward part of the way as though intending to charge our lines. The Third Brigade under Gen. Mower did also some waiting. Mower hated delays. This was probably what put him in such a bad humor when he was seen prancing about on his steed near the front of lines, He was mad, awfully mad. (Note—1 learned years afterwards from one of his aids that he was not at that time, as I had thought at the time, making brave speeches to inspire his men, with heroism for the charge, but simply using the King's English in a very free and rather reprehensible manner.) It was also in the interest of Gen. Smith and his Army that the affair should be settled before sunset. Our Brigade was well posted to receive and repel a charge, as they lay on the ground behind a low breastwork of rails and other debris of the farm belongings. When the Forrest-Lee combination halted within a good rifle shot of our lines and refused to come a step farther, but continued to pour volley into our lines, the time had come for action on our part. Gen. Mower, whose wrath had risen beyond the swearing point, ordered the Brigade to charge which was made with such energy and dash that the enemy broke ranks and fled and disappeared over the crest whence they came. Our men pursued them to the limit of safety, there being a possibility that this retreat might itself be a ruse to lure our
men into an ambush. Under the circumstances it was certainly glory enough to drive the enemy back into their own lines; and so we rested and did no more fighting during the day; but remained in a defensive attitude, meanwhile quietly getting ready for withdrawing from the ground. Was this in reality a retreat? We did not know, but hoped it was only a strategic change of base for some wise purpose not explained to us. We supposed the main purpose of the campaign to Tupelo was to destroy railroad communications; but we nothing of tearing up railroad tracks, and do not recall even the sight of a railroad track I do not remember passing through either Tupelo or Harrisburg and so have some reason to doubt their existence. (Note—1909. Cram's "Unrivalled Family Atlas" of 100 makes no mention of Harrisburg but ranks Tupelo as a thriving village of 1500 inhabitants. The location of the battlefield is very near to Tupelo, and several miles from Harrisburg; and yet Gen. Forrest and other Confederates speak of the action as the battle of Harrisburg. There seems to be no good for connecting the name of Harrisburg with the battle. As to the destruction of railroad communications at Tupelo we find no mention in the reports of officers made subsequent to the battle.)

Afternoon of the 12th.

Withdrawal from the Field.

The word withdrawal sounds a little better than retreat. The last word carried with it the idea of defeat, which on this field none are willing to admit, since in every separate engagement of the three days preceding our troops had been successful either in holding our own position or driving the enemy from theirs. The first thought was for wounded and disabled, and to bury the dead. This was all done quietly and in order and in such a way as to excite no alarm in the command. The wounded were all removed to the Field Hospital excepting such as were less seriously affected, who were to be carried along with us in ambulances. That the removal might be more successfully executed, the Artillery was to remain in position till the Cavalry and Infantry had left the field keeping up a constant firing until upon the enemy, this to cover the withdrawal and be a check upon the enemy should the movement be discovered. Toward the last there was a slight panic among the teamster who being among the last to leave were about the first to realize the nature of the movement. A panic at an earlier period might have resulted in a disastrous rout. I reported to Col. Marshall that the wounded were all in Hospital except Lieut. Lewis Hardy of Co. B, and that he was mortally wounded and could not be moved. My orders were to remain with him and bring him from the field alive if possible, and if not alive to bring his body, and so I set by him halting every ambulance that passed, only to be refused on the ground that there was not enough room for the living and that the Lieut. was too nearly dead to endure a removal. I saw regiment after regiment pass with their ambulances crowded with wounded.
their drivers in a wild panic refusing to listen to my appeals. Finally when nearly all had passed and the Artillery wagons began passing their horses in a mad gallop, and I was facing the possibility of my being left on the field with my dying charge, General A. J. Smith our Corps Commander came riding by furiously towards the rear and seeing me halted to inquire what I was doing. When I explained the situation, he answered by a great oath that sounded to me like an evidence of Grace in heart, saying as he did the moment after, that no brave soldier of his rank or officer should be left living or dead on the field. He told me to wait a moment. He halted the next artillery wagon by the side of the dying soldier and ordered the artillerymen to fasten the Lieutenant’s body to the box and myself to jump up beside him, and away he went to the rear like a human whirlwind. By the time we had fastened the Lieutenant to the caisson, he had breathed his last. This is how General Smith came to be the last to leave the Battle Field of Tupelo, and how it happened to come into our camp, already made, riding on an artillery wagon. It was the swiftest, hardest roughest ride I ever took. We buried the Lieutenant near midnight and by torchlight. The Confederate artillery continued shelling our deserted battlefield, and ascertaining at last that the field was deserted, sent a few shots hurtling in the direction of our masterly retreat. But he was too badly beaten to pursue us any great distance.

NOTES

Our losses in this battle were as follows. Killed on the 13th were: John Bolin, James Davis, Jacob Van Slyke. Company D. — John Bolin. Company E. — Oliver H. Essington, Lars. Jacobson. Company F. — William Henderson. Company H. — Conrad Warnick. Those supposed to be mortally wounded and left in the Hospital with the Confederate wounded who had been in our care were as follows: — Company B. Wounded July 13th. — George Blackwell. Company C. Sergeant Andrew Colby,
Body of Lieut. Hardy carried from the Battle-Field of Tupelo, July 15th, 1864.

General A. J. Smith,
The Last to leave the Field of Tupelo.
"We buried him darkly at dead of night."

Burial of 1st Lieu. Lewis Hardy, of Co. E. 7th. Minn.

July 15th, 1864.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast.
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."
Company C.

Sergeant Andrew C. Colby, wounded July 14th. Left in Hospital and removed with other wounded and prisoners to Mobile Ala. where he died and was later buried in the National cemetery there.

Corporal Ferar Anderson. Died at St Louis Oct. 8th 1864.

Company A.F. Fuller Wounded at Tupelo July 15th died on July 16th. I cannot find other mention of Corporal Fuller.

Melzer Bouton Wounded July 14th or 15th. Left in the Hospital. Fate unknown but supposed to have died in Macon Ga.

Assistant Surgeon Percival C. Barton was detailed to remain with the wounded prisoners and assist in caring for them. Sergeant David A. Caneday of Co. C. was detailed for the same purpose by Col. Marshall; but through some defect in his papers, was afterwards subjected to much difficulty in clearing his record, though after being exchanged, he promptly returned and served with his regiment until the close of the war.

I must apologize for deficiencies in my record of the battle of Tupelo on the ground that the service was entirely new to me, having been but eight day in the service when the battle begun and owing to the strenuousness of our rapid march had made but few acquaintances amongst men or officers.
RETURN FROM TUPELO TO MEMPHIS.

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Camp No. 1. July 16th, 1864.

It is not in entire seriousness that I quote
the above couplet. The fact that we are running away is not yet decided.
It is therefore wrong to speak of it as a fact. So far everything looks
that way. We are certainly making hot haste for our old quarters at La-
Grange near Memphis. The roads are rough and we are marching very rapidly.
Weather warm to the limit of endurance... One of our wounded died to day
and as we were late getting into camp, I buried him by moonlight in the
apple orchard in which our camp was located.

NOTE: The home letter descriptive of our return to Memphis and
which contained my field sketches sketches illustrating it never came
to hand. I am able, however, by the assistance of the diary kept by Ser-
gerent Williams to recall some things in their proper sequence, and main-
the form of the Diary throughout. The sketches I cannot replace.

Camp No. 2. July 17th, 1864.

We were given an early start again to-day.
Yesterday and to-day there has been some skirmishing in front and
and upon either flank. This dispels the idea that some of us had cher-
ished as a pleasant conceit that while we had been running from Forrest
had been running away from us at the same rate of speed in the opposite
direction... There is much suffering in the Corps to-day of the rapid
marching over rough roads, the great heat and our scant supply of food.
We are now subsisting on one third rations and the men are hungry as
well as footsore and weary... The ration consists of hard tack and the
Hard-tack spoiled at that... To-day is Sunday, my second Sunday in the ser-
vice... There is no opportunity on the march for song or sermon or wor-
ship... My sole religious duties thus far have to speak a word of cheer
to some soldier on the march, to comfort the dying to the infinite mer-
cies of God and lastly... To carry off the wounded-
To bury up the dead..."

Camp No. 3. Monday, July 18th, 1864.

Williams writes in his Diary" Broke camp at 3 o'clock
this morning. Saw very hard times to-day. The men are very pale and hag-
gard and on very short rations... Went into camp at 10 o'clock, P.M.
We had marched 25 miles. "This is regarded as a remarkable march for so
large a body of men. The question "Wherefore this unwonted hurry when
when there is no enemy in pursuit. The answer seems to be that there
is another General in than Forrest or Lee, namely General Starvation. The
supply of rations is nearly exhausted and the country through which we
are passing has been so impoverished by raiders of each army that for-
aging on the farmers living along the route is impossible, there being
nothing eatable left. The people themselves are in most cases themselves
on the verge of starvation. With our rations reduced two thirds, and no
foraging possible, there is good reason for our double-quick movement.
It is hinted also that we are short also of ammunition.

Camp No. 4.--

Tuesday, July, 19th

Had again a very early start, but lost some
time by coming along a road that led us eight miles out of our way. As
it was, we made 16 miles advance passing through Ripley on our way,
and going into camp at 9 o'clock P.M. A good day's march under the
circumstance. Sergeant Williams, whose diary while very economical as
the number of facts stated is the very soul of accuracy as to what it
does record affirms that this march was made on a single hard-tack &
one small piece of pork called in the soldier's vernacular "saw-belly." to
each man. As Williams was a sergeant and was therefore fully posted
on the question of the distribution of rations we must accept him as an
authority on this subject. His statement demonstrates the wonderful pow-
ers of endurance of the members of this Corps. It gives also the real rea-
son why such haste was made by the heroic General in getting his Army Corps
back from Tupelo to Memphis.

Camp No. 5. Wednesday, July 20th

The Regiment was on the march at 5 o'clock A.M. The heat was not so great as on yesterday, and the men suffered less and
were more buoyant in spirit, realizing as they did that the next day's
march would bring them to La Grange, their late camp.

Camp La Grange; Thursday, July 21st, 1864.

Left camp at 6 o'clock this morning, and after an
easy march, arrived at LaGrange at 8.15 A.M., and immediately took pos-
session of our old camping ground. There was much jubilation over this return to a land of comparatively plenty. And we hoped for a rest; but
this evidently was not on the programme, as in two hours later, we were or-
dered to be be ready to march somewhere, the somewherer not being stated.
In reviewing this retreat if retreat it is to be called, it seems wonder-
ful that it should have been accomplished with so little loss from the
hardships and dangers of the march. Under fire a part of the way and half-fam
famished during the remainder, we lost but two from death. We attempted to bring a number of wounded men with us from Tupelo; and one as already mentioned was too severely wounded died on the first day out. We carried our wounded for the most part safely; and when within a day's journey of LaGrange, had opportunity of sending them forward to the Hospital at Memphis.

Camp at Memphis, Friday, July 22nd, 1864.

At 19 'clock this morning we took cars for Memphis and arrived at 3 P.M. Camp one and a half miles from the City. Here we rest for a few days and never was rest more grateful. Have visited the wounded in Hospital and find them doing well. Two boys of Co. K. sent to Hospital to-day.

Camp at Memphis - Saturday, July 23rd, 1864.

Captain Carter of our Mess is quite sick and will probably go into Hospital this evening. He has been ailing on the march, and for his heroic efforts to keep in the field and attend to his duties well deserves a rest. I have had no symptoms of breakdown, but my duties were comparatively light. None of us injured our health by over-eating. There is some danger from that cause since our arrival in camp.

Camp at Memphis, Sunday, July 24th, 1864.

Held my first Service in camp to-day. There is no compulsory attendance at these services and yet there was a goodly number present. Text - Matthew x. verse 34th. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am not come to send peace, but a sword." I prefer saying nothing about this sermon. For some reason it was the most difficult sermon I had ever attempted. The conditions were new and strange. I had an audience of soldiers in uniform under a profusion of American flag. My audience fresh from a hard fought battle and not yet rested from the stigmas of a forced march of six days duration, my audience chamber a small clear space in the shadow of the trees, with none of the ordinary accompaniments of congregated worship, rendered my position only the more embarrassing. The singing was without musical accompaniment. I could not at the close announce another service for none of us knew in what part of that war-wasted land another Sunday should find us and whether on the march or on the battle field.

Camp Memphis; Monday, July 25th, 1864.

Visited Overton Hospital and spent some time rambling about the city, but I feel indisposed either to write up what I saw, or make pictures. These few days in camp are for rest, and besides the glowing Southern sun is beginning to tell on my nervous energy. I feel as if I could
Camp at Memphis, Tuesday, July 26th, 1864.

Memphis is occupied as a Rebel City and is therefore strictly under military rule. Col. Geddes is in charge. His Regiment the 8th Iowa, acting as patrols. These patrols are exquisitely dressed in new and clean uniforms wearing in addition to their blue uniforms polished shoes and white gloves, and thereby present a striking appearance as contrasted with the tattered and soiled uniforms of the Corps popularly known as "Smith's Guerrillas." Officers and men seem always on dress-parade. Squads of these holiday soldiers patrol the various parts of the city enforcing elaborate military rules and regulations, that seem to savor too much of useless red tape. None of our soldiers was allowed to walk the streets without the regulation pass. I was myself arrested for appearing without one. It was one of my duties to visit the Hospitals and this I did every day. I had been passed without notice a few times without notice, and supposed myself a privileged character, whom to-day, as I attempted to pass the guard the clear voice of the sandified officer in charge rang out "Halt!" There was a clang of arms. The officer approached, extended as I innocently supposed to extend me the courtesy of a hand-shake, so ignorant was I of military usages. I was about to grasp it in a true western manner when he further remarked "Your pass, if you please." When he heard my answer to the effect that I had none, he asked me to give my Regiment and rank which I did, adding that I was on duty and was visiting the Hospitals, he responded: "Chaplain; consider yourself under arrest, and report immediately to Head Quarters." I considered myself immediately under arrest and reported at once to my Regimental Head Quarters, and was duly laughed at.

Camp at Memphis, Wednesday, July 27th, 1864.

Dr. Levi Butler, late Surgeon of the 3rd Minn. Regt., arrived in camp this evening just from St. Paul, commissioned by Gov. Miller to visit and report the condition of the sick and wounded in the Hospitals at Memphis.

Camp at Memphis, Thursday, July 28th, 1864.

During the Tupelo Campaign we were most of us short on tents, and going and returning I slept on the ground with no covering but my blanket, and over that the starry counterpane of heaven. I am to have a tent henceforth. I give an illustration on the next page. It is what is called a shelter tent, light and easy of carriage and easy to pitch and strike and convenient for transfer. I was offered a wall tent but for two reasons preferred this, namely for convenience in transportation and because when pitched it is cooler and more easily ventilated. Our food is both good and abundant and well cooked. It consists of the
TENT OF THE

CHAPLAIN. To say the least, it was well ventilated.

customary hard tack and pork, with beans, potatoes, apples (dried) peaches, and soft bread, sometimes blackberries, pies always coffee and sometimes (dried or occasionally pickles... I lost weight on the Tupelo Raid astonishingly but have since regained it... Yet with these rapid changes I have not consciously suffered in health... The health of the Regiment is not generally good, and this I think is due to the privations of its recent brief but severe campaign. To begin with, the Regiment was not furnished with sufficient food. This want of food was one cause if not the principal cause of the ruthless pillage of the farmers along the way. It seemed as if the powers planning or directing the campaign expected the soldiers to subsist upon the country through which they passed. The peril in the return from Tupelo consisted chiefly in an attempt to send so large a body of men on one third rations through a country so war-wasted that a crow flying over it could not pick up a living. In the second place the men were not supplied with tents and camp equipage. They were subjected in consequence to forced marches of unusual length and severity. Visiting the Hospitals to day with Dr. Butler and was astonished at the number of Minnesota sick and wounded in the various hospitals from the 7th, 9th and 10th Regiments
The object of Dr. Butler's mission is to secure the removal of the sick and disabled Minnesota soldiers to northern hospitals where their chances for recovery would be greatly augmented. Dr. Butler had visited all the Minnesota sick and wounded except those in the extreme south, at Mobile and other places. Dr. Irvin Surgeon in charge of the Hospitals here has been ordered to send 500 of these sick to the Hospital at Mound City and St Louis. This order was issued by Surgeon Gen. Wood. How the Minnesotans are distributed amongst these 500 but all will be done that is possible to favor them.

Note: In my Diary as originally written, I find that I have recorded the sick and disabled of Minnesota Hospital as 180, of the 7th Regiment, I presume as 180 is far below the number reported for the total number of Minnesota Regts. At this remote period it seems almost incredible that more than one fourth of men at that time on the roll of the 7th should be in the hospitals. I have a doubt now as to the correctness of the figures used. I can only say definitely that the hospitals were over-crowded with Minnesota men. The conditions were very serious and a transfer to northern hospitals was an absolute necessity. — Oct. 23rd, 1909.

Camp at Memphis; Friday, July 29th, 1864.

Hospital called at Overton on Sergeant Williams and learn from him that Corporal Johnson just promoted to be Sergeant, died in Hospital on the 26th. Sergeant Williams is seriously indisposed, and will be compelled to remain in Hospital for some time, and will be absent from our next Country Excursion. Scheduled according to rumor to commence to-morrow or day after. Captain Carter of Co. K. will leave Hospital and join his Regiment.

The Provost Guard still keeps up a rigid surveillance by arresting all suspicious personages, and examining the contents of wagons entering or leaving the city. The latter practice is frequently witnessed on the street near our camp. In an open field not far off, I witnessed some under guard and marching regularly back and forth, each one accoutered as was old John Brown, "With his knapsack strapped upon his back." These are they who played the shirk and coward at Tupelo and are paying the penalty by carrying back and forth knapsacks full of stones. They have been sentenced to march 10 miles a day for 17 days carrying weight, after which they are to be drummed out of the service. Theirs is a hard lot, but the culprits doubtless prefer it to being shot. Everything about Memphis is military. The soldier is everywhere; the civilian is not much in evidence; keeps in the background, does not appear on the streets or frequent the public place. It is said the male population capable of bearing arms is in the Rebel Army. Many of the principal citizens not in the rebel army are under arrest and imprisoned for disloyalty.
The clothing of the soldier does not seem well adapted to the climate of the region in which they are compelled to live, move and have their being. It is the same uniform they wore in the colder climate of Minnesota. There the heavy overcoats and thick tightly-fitting undergarments were the proper things to wear; but here, under fiercer sun-beams and with more tropical surroundings, they are simply unendurable. The coat, blouse or roundabout should be of lighter material and not so tightly fitting. The trousers should also be of thinner, and as light a material as is consistent with strength. They should also be baggy and gathered and gartered about the knee or a little below it, Zouave-fashion. In fact the uniform of the entire Corps in the South should be an adaptation of the Zouave, the colors being lighter, dark clothing being too great an absorbent of the solar ray. I am aware of the difficulty of making such a change. There is, as in other things too much red tape about the attire of the soldier to admit of any sudden change, even when common sense requires it. The uniform of the officers especially when on dress-parade is too warm and tight-fitting for comfort or efficiency of movement. We note among the higher officers a tendency to tear away some of this red tape and adopt at least when off duty a more sensible head-gear, they taking their cue from the habits of the native southerns. I give two illustrations, the first being a hat worn by a resident Memphian; the other an adaptation of the idea in a hat worn by Gen. A. J. Smith. The leading advantage of each being the reservation of an air-chamber between the crown of the hat and the head of the wearer. This hat is scientifically constructed for ventilation. The wearer is able by means of the current of air which passes cont-}


Camp at Memphis; Saturday, July 30th, 1864.

This is our last day in this pleasant Camp—pleasant because of its safety, because of its position in the suburbs of Memphis, because of its supply of good and abundant food, and for the grateful rest it has afforded us. I have however been unwoedly busy making last rounds in the Hospitals. The condition of many of the inmates is very serious, and can only be improved by a speedy transfer to a more northerly latitude, and there is so much red tape to be untied before this can be done that it gives us serious concern. There are also two classes of sick and disabled, namely those in Hospital and those in Camp. The condition of some of the latter is serious enough to be a matter of concern. Many of these last disabled by swollen and blistered feet, and have pimples and carbuncles on their bodies, while others are afflicted with the ordinary camp diseases such as diarrhea and fever with touches of rheumatism, and these are not in Hospital. The Camp in the opinion of the Medical Staff have decided that the milder cases can be treated better in camp than in hospital. I neglected to say sooner that Albert A. Ames, late Asst. Surgeon, has been commissioned to succeed Dr. Lucius B. Smith killed at Tupelo on the 13th inst. This a first class appointment and gives great satisfaction to the regiment. It is through no distrust of the hospitals that Surgeon Ames has adopted the policy of sending only extreme cases to the hospitals, partly on the their over-crowded condition, and partly because of the depressing atmosphere and influence of those necessary auxiliaries of the army service. The depressing influences. The sick, wounded and dying and dying lie in cots so closely crowded together that there is scarcely room for the nurses to pass between them. Dr. Ames affirms that in many cases it is equivalent to a death sentence to send them to the hospital. As the Command has been ordered to start on another Expedition, Campaign or Raid to-morrow, this class of semi—invalids including many whose cases are really serious must be to-day transferred to the hospitals. A few in the hospitals who have recovered sufficiently are to be dismissed and ordered to rejoin their regiments. Therefore the business of to-day is important and pressing. My cares have been increased by a summons to attend a Court—Martial as a witness in a trial of an officer for drunkenness during the late battle at Tupelo. I know nothing of the case, and had not even heard of it. I was excused from attendance. My impression is that the officer was acquitted. I have heard no more about it. Some of the sick sent us from the hospitals will be returned as unfit for service. As a rule the men in hospital prefer to take chances with their comrades in the field. To this there are a very few exceptions. One of these has given me much trouble. There is absolutely nothing the matter with him but want of courage. He is a born coward and cannot help it. He was almost carried with us to Tupelo. He was forced into the battle, but was found lying in an unconscious condition. There was no wound upon his body. Tests were applied and he was found to be very much alive. He sai a m
His is a serious case. He is regarded by the Surgeons as mentally irresponsible; and yet under military law he must be treated as though he were normal and be forced int to the battle line even though he be dying with fright.

Memphis; Sunday, July 31st, 1864.

THE OXFORD RAID.

This writing is dated at Memphis though the Regiment left Camp this morning for La Grange going thither by rail cars. I have been detiled to remain here a day or more if need be and look after the sick and then re-join the Regiment wherever it may be. There are about 40 sick men remaining sent out of the ranks at the last moment most of them bitterly disappointed, preferring the campaign with its perils to the uncertain issues of human life at the hospitals. With proper supervision it would be better to form them into a Convalescent Camp and leave them till our return. It is however too big a question for me to deal with and I shall ask for orders. Captain Carter is to remain also for a couple or three days, and perhaps longer in command of the convalescents in our otherwise deserted camp. The convalescents will have charge of the "impediments" that the Regt, in its rapid campaign will be unable to carry with them. This solves the question of what shall be done with the men unable to march with the Regt. and who are not as yet subject jets for Hospital treatment. This is a great favor to Captain C. who has not sufficiently recovered from the hardships and starvation of the Tupelo raid.

As the Regiment departed early this morning there was no Sunday Service in Camp. I attended instead a service in one of the city churches, and heard a sermon by the pastor. The sermon was full of disloyalty, being based upon an incident in which the citizens of Jerusalem rebuilt the walls in the presence of the enemy each builder with his sword gilt about him building over against his own house. The application to the Southern people was obvious.

At the invitation of Mr. Waters, Supt. of the Soldiers' Home, I took supper and lodged for the night at that Institution. The only memorable event of my stay was the loss of my watch at least till the repairer can put in his work. I had placed it on the mantle before going to bed, and sometime in the night, I heard a metallic clang accompanied with the clinking of broken glass. One of the lodgers had been fumbling with his hand along the top of the mantel piece and inadvertently knocked it off. I found what remained of it next morning. It bore on its broken face its last coherent message, --- the exact time to a second when the mishap occurred.
Memphis, July 31, 1864

Chaplain D. J. Edward of this 3rd Artillery, will remain behind the camp to look after the sick and wounded brought today to LaGrange. He will return to camp as soon as practicable.

W. R. Marshall

Adj. Gen.

By order of Col. J. T. Woods

Geo. H. Sharpe

Capt. M. H. A. B.
Memphis, Monday, August 1st, 1864.

My last day in Memphis was marked by no incident worth recording. Visited the hospitals and the convalescent camp, and wrote a few letters—that was all. Wrote a letter to the Central Christian Advocate yesterday, for publication...

ON THE WAR PATH.

Near Holly Springs, August 2nd, 1864.

This morning took the early train for Holly Springs, where the 1st is supposed to be encamped. The train made but slow progress even for a southern railroad. The track was in very poor condition and our engine was old and wheezy. There was a lack of grit in its driving wheels which caused them to spin round and round upon the track as if said tracks had been greased for the occasion. The country like all the country we have yet seen has a desolate and war-wasted appearance. We saw but few whites along our course; but plenty of negroes appeared at the stations and not only gazed admiringly at the troops aboard who were hurrying (of such a term is admissible as applied to such slow coaches as ours.) sing snatches of song and dancing, and some of the more youthful syringing on their heads in sheer delight. Their antics showed very clearly that their sympathies were with their northern invaders. Peach trees grew wild along the track and in some cases intertwined their branches above it... Some hats were knocked off thereby, the cars on which the soldiers rode being uncovered box cars, or freight cars with soldiers riding on top. It was a merry though not a rapid ride. The train halted for the night within 8 miles of Holly Springs. As there were no hotels, I found a sleeping place on the top of a box car, and safely enough though haunted by a fear that I might roll out of bed before morn should dawn. No one on the train fared any better.

Holly Springs, Tuesday, August 3rd, 1864.

It was but 8 miles from Holly Springs, and yet, though we started early enough, it was nearly noon when we arrived. Here found the 7th regiment encamped in a beautiful grove near a college building. In times of peace Holly Springs must have been a beautiful village. There are still visible many signs of its former beauty and sightliness. There are some stately residences. It is said to be a place of some historic importance with literary associations. During civil war times it has been the scene of conflict, and some Rebel triumphs. Here it was that Col. Murphy surrendered his command, outwitted. It is said outwitted by the wiles of the beautiful southern ladies here resident. Let some one else tell the story. As I had not my tent with me, I found a snug sleeping place in the deserted
College building; and so escaped an unusually severe storm that occurred during the night. The lightning flashed with such continuous rapidity that by its incessant brilliancy I was enabled to read without pausing the C 71st Psalm. The rain came down like an avalanche than any rain I ever witnessed. It was like Niagara.

Camp Waterford; Friday, August 5th, 1864.

Though most of that storm I slept as peacefully as I did on the top of the box car the night before. I was awakened by the reveille at 5 this morning and hurried off to Camp and had barely time for a very lunch between the reveille and the order to fall into line and march to the cars for another stage of our journey. We continued our snail-like trip on the cars for ten miles and disembarked at Waterford having completed a journey of ten miles. Of all the shabby towns in this southern land Waterford seemed the shabbiest; but our camp was pitched on a beautiful wooded hill, and our souls were glad. At the base of this hill was an slighty swamp through which meandered a turbid stream, swollen by the last night's rains till it seemed impassable. Our camp however was an old one, and swarmed with the peculiar types of insect life peculiar to old camps. Near this camp is the famous Tallahatchie River; ans as I suppose marks the limit of our journey by rail. The road is out of repair. In addition to this the enemy is in force not far off and at any time may give us battle.

Camp Waterford; Saturday, August 6th; 1864.

We remained here quietly all day, in momentary expectation of orders to march out. There is an engineering project on foot. A bridge is to be made or repaired for the railway across the Tallahatchie near this place, though why we are set to keeping rail-road bridges in repair for the southern people I cannot well understand. It is possible that the bridge is to be built for our own use, our ultimate destination being somewhere else. We are however only a part of the 16th Army Corps, consisting only of the 11th Mo. Cavalry, 35th Iowa, and 7th Minn. We are temporarily scattered, but are all (3rd Brigade under the command of Brigadier Gen. Hill (or Woods) cannot understand the complication) we have been inactive to-day.

Camp at the Ford of Tallahatchie, Sunday, August 7th.

Though it was Sunday, we were so busy preparing for marching orders that we found no room for a Sunday service. The order however did not come till noon. We bade a cheerful adieu to our hillside camp and moved a short distance to a point on the Tallahatchie, known as the Ford. I suppose that we should have gone on had the river been fordable; but owing to recent rains the water was at too high a stage. There was no getting across it.
We are to take and hold this ford or crossing while the Pioneer Corps constructed a bridge over which the rest of the 16th Army Corps should pass. This explains why a few Regiments were sent forward some days in advance of the main body. Our mode of progression in this case is far different from what it was on the Tupelo Campaign, in which the whole Command marched more or less closely together. We have also journeyed to this point by rail. This has been one of the hottest days of the season. There were many evidences in the country through which we passed of former raids. There were many residences abandoned and falling into ruins, while monumental chimneys stood over the ashes of other homes destroyed by the torch of the invader. The weeds had conquered the fields, and the briars had over run and ruined the gardens. It is said that Grant passed this section, and that the country is very much as he left it. The absence of rail fences is a striking evidence that the soldier has at some time pitched his tent thereabouts. We passed two churches, the one brick, the other frame. By one of these was a churchyard gleaming with new white monuments, the only thing not ancient that we had seen in all this land. Toward sunset we approached a valley bordered by tall, dark trees that cast a gloomy shade on the ground beneath. The beams of the setting sun glorified for a moment on the summits of these trees glorifying and transfiguring them and then faded away leaving the whole valley enshrouded in gloom.

Our cavalcade marched down into this valley passing some old earth-works as we entered the forest when the sound of cannonading fell upon our ears. There was also the sound of other firing than that of artillery, the sharp report of musketry and we knew our further progress as being contested by the Rebel forces lined up in all probability on the other side of the Tallahatchie which we were approaching. There was evidently a battle on with a friendly river between us and our enemies, and we knew that at that late hour neither of us could cross the stream. A blessing on thee, O friendly river! As we hurried on we met a wounded soldier limping to the rear, who informed us that one man had been killed. We moved more rapidly in the direction whence the firing came; and when in gunshot of the river; and short were formed in battle line; and then shortly after when formed another line. Finally two companies of the Regiment were ordered forward, the remainder being ordered to stack their arms, and make arrangements for a speedy supper as the emergency seemed to allow it. The firing having ceased, fires were speedily lighted and the air was soon redolent with the mingled odors of a supper on a battle field, odors of frying meat, and boiling coffee. The gloom of the forest was rendered more gloomy still by the red light of the camp-fires below. The forest was so dense that not a star shone through any openings in the leafy canopy above. The fires revealed only the giant trunks reaching upwards into the undefined darkness of the blue.
the leafy canopy above. While we were eating supper word came that our Cavalry with the Infantry detached to aid them had crossed the river, and were driving the Rebs before them; and that the two Companies of the 7th Minn were holding the shore on the other side. The fighting was not over, of which fact we were reminded by the whistling of bullets over our heads; but our own position was not one of immediate peril; and as there was no demand for our services, we were ordered for the time or till called for to lie down in battle line and get what sleep was possible... Whatever dreams the sleepers may have had were dispelled at midnight by the roar of artillery, the bursting of shells and the rattling of grape shot through the branches above. The enemy had opened a battery on the other shore of the river at some point, to be as yet unknown. As our fires had gone completely out, it is not probable that he had located our camp; but the fact that he was feeling for us made sudden action necessary. The men sprang to their feet at the command of their officers, and stood in line almost at a moment's notice. Just then, as if just awakened by the cannonading, an owl responded from a tree top with a loud "ter-whit-ter who! I heard a sharp bit of conversation along the line. "That's a bad one, boys." And another voice replied: "Born in the woods, be d-d, to be scared by an owl!" The apt rejoinder caused a laugh along the line. Our only immediate danger was from chance shot some of which came much too near for safety... Nevertheless we had a few minutes leisure for reflection, which I spent in hunting my horse which I had tied to a big grape vine, one of those hanging from the branches of the big trees. But the puzzling question was which grape-vine hanging from which tree. There were many grape-vines and many trees, and in the Cinmmenian gloom which prevailed they were all alike. I chose the horse that whinnied to me as I came by it, and was not mistaken. Returning to the Colonel, I asked for orders, which were that I should go to the ambulance wagons in the rear and remain with them till needed. Had been with them but a short time when an crisis arose. The enemy's battery obtained range of the place where the wagons and ambulances were located; when somebody in authority gave orders to move wagons and ambulances to a place of safety some distance up the road. The result was something like a stampede. The drivers were certainly panic-stricken and drove like Jehu. The road was what is known as "corduroy" and was made of rails laid crosswise in the track. In consequence, the wheels came to a rapid motion, made a noise like thunder. We had not proceeded far when the firing suddenly ceased and we halted in a wide, open field, and there remained the rest of the night, not knowing what was passing with the regiment...---Note: We did not know till next morning what caused the sudden cessation in the firing of the rebel battery which had so terrified us. Next day a Tennessee Captain was captured, and when Col. Marshall asked him why they had so suddenly ceased firing the battery the night before, the Captain replied: "We heard your heavy artillery coming up over the corduroy road, and concluded that we had better get out of the way." The Col. told him
that what he mistook for heavy artillery was but the rattling of the baggage-wagons over the rough corduroy road, as they were driven by the mule-drivers who were panic-stricken at the shelling of batteries from across the river.

Heavy artillery was, however, on the way and was expected every hour. There was considerable excitement at this incident. It is a notable fact that there has been a great deal of blind fighting and manuevering in the darkness over the occupation of the valley of the Tallahatchie by our troops. We do not know the strength or location of our enemies and they do not know ours. Thus far we have lost no men and do not know that they have, with the exception of the thoroughly mystified Captiv we have taken.

Camp Tallahatchie, Monday, August 8th, 1864.

I learned this morning that our troops advanced to the rifle-pits near the river and remained there waiting till morning and commenced firing into the bushes across the river. The two companies that went over the river last night for the purpose of holding the other shore having satisfied themselves that the enemy were in force strong enough to capture them, and that they had been reinforced by artillery. That the sole reason why they had not advanced upon and captured them last night was due to the noise and uproar by the panic-stricken teamsters last evening, they jumping at the conclusion that the noise was caused by the artillery; and they themselves withdrew to a safer position. It was determined to recross the river, and Major Burt with three companies were sent over in a ferry boat. I having returned to the regiment having no duties at the time was amusing myself by making a sketch of the scene, likening it at the time to "Washington crossing the Delaware." They were halfway across with the first boat-load, when a bright line of flame and smoke burst from a thicket on the other side caused some commotion. The firing was not from the front but from the rear. The river makes here a bend of a right angle and a detachment of infantry had crept along under the shelter of the bushes and so effected a flank movement. The 11th Mo. Cav. were hidden near by and immediately opened fire on the rebels aiming to fire into the thicket in which they were hidden. This diversion saved Major Burt and his three companies from farther molestation. Reinforcements of artillery arriving drove the rebels from their position. We lost none killed but the 11th Mo. Lost one who was killed during the first volley. Reinforcements of several thousand troops arrived from Waterford whither they had come by rail, and this ended the fighting for the day. I have witnessed to-day a singular battle in which the combatants on neither side were visible. There were the roar of artillery and the patter of small arms and the smoke of battle only. It was not a great battle, but it was a very peculiar one.
Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2, Tuesday, August 9th, 1864.

We are camped in a nameless place by the wayside, by a bright yellow stream that would pass for a river during a freshet, anywhere. Up its long vista batters are splashing in its waters, or standing nude on its grassy banks. The scene is somewhat Eden-like. It is distant about four miles from our camp in the gloomy forest on the banks of the Tallahatchie; and for that reason and no other, I have named it Tallahatchie, No. 2. We left our last Camp very this morning very early indeed. Our pioneers finished their work yesterday and the whole command commenced crossing the river at once; and by daylight were far in the advance. Now we came to light upon so charming a place as this before the dawn, I do know; but there was moonshine and starlight; but it happened that we hit the right place and enjoying our rest by the daylight as only our weary war-worn veterans, myself am a veteran of but little more than a month's standing. It is a nice shady place, and we have plenty of water, though the river like steam is but a brook there is plenty of water in it, both for man and beast; and my gentle steed Nellie (Assistant Surgeon Brewer Mattocks calls her my "gothic steed") having been somewhat foundered—from overmuch good feeding—is standing knee-deep in the cooling her fevered hoofs, with a lugubrious and discontented expression upon her equine face. We feel assured of safety; for, have we not a picket force established upon the other side of the stream?

Camp Tallahatchie, Wednesday, August 19th, 1864.

Sometime to-day, "a solitary horseman might have been seen approaching the camp from the other side of the stream, and he reports hearing the sharp irregular firing that generally indicates skirmishing in the near distance; but there is no alarm. And having no orders to march we go on taking our rest. We are meanwhile in the receipt of an order to send back to Mem-all our heavier luggage including such tent as we happened to bring along with us. We do not know what this order portends; but it is guessed that it means a rapid raid down into Mississippi.

Camp Tallahatchie No. 2, Thursday, August 11th, 1864.

Nothing to record but continued inaction, and more rest for the weary. All is well in Camp, which however is full of flying rumors, that disturb no one.

Camp Tallahatchie No. 2, Friday, August 12th, 1864.

It is not worth while noting the various rumors and alarms rising from artillery firing from one direction and another that stir our camp momentarily and then die away. There is certainly thus far, nothing of moment
THE OWL AT TALLAHATCHIE.
August 7th, 1864.
Tallahatchie Camp No. 2. Saturday, August 13th, 1864.

Our stay at this rather pleasant camp is, it appears to us, unduly protracted; but we are in the attitude of expectancy; and are momentarily awaiting marching orders. The artillery firing that we heard yesterday sounds nearer to-day. It sounds much like a distant yet approaching thunder storm. Our cannonading furnishes a good imitation of brazen's artillery, and has about the same effect on the nerves. But this "peal on peal afar," is not entirely a bellowing from iron throats, and the clouds gathering on the far horizon are not the sulphurous clouds that hang over the battle-field. This cloud is advancing. Nearer and nearer it comes; and darker and darker grow the heavens, and nearer and nearer doops the banner of the storm,—the long, slanting curtain of the falling rain. And now the shower in all its blinding fury. It was like Niagara. It looked like Niagara as it approached us. Goat Island and all two vast walls of falling water, only this was not motionless but came sweeping down upon us, with its double movement,—downward and forward. Came with it the lightning, and the thunderbolt. But this is a storm and a battle mixed. The roar of cannon is heard amidst the thunder and the rattle of musketry amidst the patter of the rain. The artillery firing seems to be somewhat south of us and we hear some hours later that it was not a general engagement as we had supposed, but a very considerable skirmish in which the rebels were driven from the field leaving their dead and wounded. This looks very much like a battle. I am told also that thus far we have been in no real battles, and that Tupelo itself will figure if it is mentioned at all, only as a skirmish. It is questioned whether the great numbers of those engaged are a necessity in determining what we may call a battle. The skirmish at Tupelo in which only 9 or 10 thousand were engaged on each side would have been a great battle had it been fought during the Revolutionary War. As for this skirmish to-day,—it too would have been a battle in any other war than this. We do not know what great issues were settled by it, but it possesses for us the unique interest, as enabling us to compare a battle with a great thunderstorm, and demonstrates that the two are well matched.

Both storms have passed their thunders have alike died away; their lightnings have alike paled; the night-shadows have closed over the scene. A few dark segments of cloud are drifting across the sky. A fragmentary moon and a few stars shine down upon us through the inter-spaces as I sit by my campfire writing some of the thoughts and something of the occurrences of the day and I retire to my slumgling my brain uselessly as to what shall occur to-morrow. Whatever the warring has been, is now or shall be to-morrow—in the language of the old hymn" I lay my body down to sleep;

Peace is the pillow for my head."
Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2. Sunday August 14th, 1864.

A startling and somewhat disturbing incident occurred last night. Bellamy our cook was fixing up things for the night; and he unrolled my blankets a huge blacksnake was shaken out of their folds.

There was no more artillery firing during the night, and but occasionally musketry. We have learned that the skirmishing of yesterday occurred near Abbeville, but we have heard no details. We are in direct communication with Memphis, and the mails are received daily, and are therefore not so much out of the world as when on our Tupelo raid; but are not much better off in the line of food supplies and have to do some foraging. I loaned my steed to Bellamy our cook yesterday, and was under much apprehension for his safety and those with him; but he returned late but safe.

Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2; Monday, Aug 15th, 1864.

All is quiet on the Tallahatchie. The enemy are still on our flanks and in front. I have had another very heavy shower and just received the following papers, somewhat slow in coming, containing my letters descriptive of the battle of Tupelo: The Pioneer, St. Paul; the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago and the Central Christian Advocate of St. Louis. They are practically duplicates with the exception that the St. Paul paper had been adapted to the locality in which the paper circulated.

Camp Tallahatchie No. 2; Tuesday, August 16th; 1864.

Continued wetness on the Tallahatchie, as well as quiet. It has been raining incessantly and the mud is growing deeper as the days glide by. The subject is voted too deep for thought. The streams are full of muddy yellow water.

Looking over my diary of the few days on Tallahatchee, I find I have recorded no casualties. There were none killed; it is true; but there were three wounded, two slightly and one seriously. On the 6th of August Sergeant Daniel Goodhue of Co. A. and Private Theodore Mysell of Co. D. were slightly wounded, and on the 9th, Private Thos. Haley was severely wounded. On the 7th Capt. Meda Banks of Co. while bathing in the river suffered from a stroke of paralysis, and his case is regarded as very serious. He has been cared for in camp.

Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2; Wednesday, August 17th; 1864.

The wetness in the valley of the Tallahatchie is still a theme of general interest. The streams are growing deeper and at this rate will soon become impassable. Our shelter is none of the best. The heavier tents were sent back to Memphis and best shelters have been improvised from clapboards, boughs, and branches and the floors are now of mud.
MAJOR BURT AND ATTACHMENT

crossing the tallahatchie under fire; August 8th, 1864.
(47)

Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2; Thursday, August; 1864.

And the rains continue. A camp-fire is a poor place for the drying process. Our veterans stand around it looking more like bedraggled barn-yard than the brave soldiers they really are. Some one has dubbed them Uncle Sam "Nigger-uns." Who started this epidemic of punning to be taken out and shot. There is a good deal of "dry humor expended on the prevailing wetness. As a climax to our discomforts some one at Head Quarters has perpetrated on us the dullest joke of the season. This was on yesterday about noon... In the face of the storm we were ordered to get ready for an an advance—an advance backward as it proved. The cannon were ordered out, but little baggage we had was packed in the wagons. We bade a tearful adieu to our camp, hoping never to see it again, and had marched a full quarter of a mile were ordered to halt and await further orders. After awhile we heard from about four miles in advance the booming of artillery. This meant a battle probably. We were to cross Hurricane Creek and the Rebels on the other side disputing our passage. We had waited about three hours an order came to return to camp. This order was not greeted with wild huzzas; for in the improvidence of our hasty exit many of our men had destroyed their tents burning up their clapboard tents and whatsoever else was combustible. A rainy night was at hand, and there was no time to rebuild them and nothing to use in rebuilding. One of our men from the front reports a skirmish—not a battle... While we were waiting, General A. J. Smith came galloping furiously along the line near enough to splash the mud in our faces as he passed; and we all noticed that he has on his fighting hat. He is always greeted with cheers when he rides along the line.

Camp Tallahatchie No. 2; Friday, August 19th, 1864.

Going back into the old camp was after all better than going in a new one; for most of the fireplaces had been left standing; and besides it was more like home than a new one could be. There is some truth in the poet's line:

"There's no place like home."

Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2; Saturday, August 20th, 1864.

The rains have ceased; but the descending showers have left their wetness in the earth and their beads of dew on the leaves of the for and the grass of the field. Owing to the exigencies of the situation have torn down some log houses and built huge bonfires about which they gather for warmth; and enjoy these fires in a boisterous way. They are optimists all, and persistently look on the bright side of things. The bridge across the Tallahatchie is reported to be carried away by the floods... We are doing nothing in camp to-day but discussing the situation, and getting off fresh puns on the late wetness and the present muddiness... I shall quote only one. "I rather like this mud after all. Like a faithful friend. It sticks to us in adversity."
JOKES ON A HORSE.

A gobbled steed was led in by one of our foragers. The animal was poor and emaciated to the last degree, and as soon as he came in range of the log fires in the camp around which the weary ones were gathered a shout of derision went up at his appearance; and his captor was greeted with such remarks as these: "Hey, comrade: where are you with that rack of bones?" "What are you going to do with that lass?" "He looks more like a hay rick." Better take him to one." "Let's take him for a clothes rack, and dry our clothes on him." "Don't laugh at him, boys; he has more fine points on him than any other horse in camp." "He is a better horse than the one the Chaplain rides." (That was unfair for my horse is sick and so disabled that he is to be mustered out of the service.)

Lieut Frank Folsom the wit of the camp stuck up a song that is quite popular with the boys: "Three black cai-rows sat on a tree." lining the same in true minstrel style. Twas thus the wet and weary ones amused themselves as the wet and weary hours dragged by. A sense of humor, is a good thing on a wet day, and a hearty laugh is oft times a good prescription for a sick man. Day before yesterday, I visited the camp of the 66th Infantry, Colored U.S. to call upon the Chaplain, an old friend of mine, whom I had not seen since my college days. With him I visited the Surgeon's tent at sick-call and was amused and interested at the way in which our colored fellow-soldiers take their medicine, though for the most part they do so much as we do ourselves. There are however amongst more victims of maladies imaginary. The wise and kind-hearted Surgeon discriminates between these and the class really ill; and while he prescribes proper remedies for those really sick administers to those to those who think they are a mixture of aqua pura colored and disguised by some harmless syrup. With a serious countenance he cautions the receiver to take three drops—exactly three drops no more—no three hours and a half. The look of awe on the recipient's countenance is something to be remembered as he goes back to his quarters holding the precious vial of aqua pura at arm's length and gazing intently at it. This insatiable remedy has not yet found its way into the Materia Medica, but on the theory that imaginary maladies are best cured by imaginary remedies, it ought to find a place there at once. Perhaps its use is more general than we think.

Noon—After days of cloud and gloom the sun has made his much longed for appearance. The surprise and delight of the boys in blue manifested themselves in loud and protracted cheering. The soldiers now have an ingrained habit of cheering everything that comes under their notice from General Smith to a rabbit. It is a way they have. It is after all a kind of reciprocity. They cheer all things that are cheering to themselves.
There are cheers also for the most trivial things, such as the appearance of a frightened rabbit, just startled from his lair in some clump of bushes. General Smith riding at full gallop along the line and wearing his fighting hat is not cheered more lustily. And it so happens that when a rousing cheer is heard somewhere along the line, and the cause not yet known, the quick reply comment is: "There goes General Smith—or a rabbit." In the latter case the temptation is frequently too strong to be resisted to break ranks and give chase.

Camp Hurricane Creek; Sunday, August 21st, 1864.

This is only nominally our day of rest. Really, it is our day to begin marches and to fight battles. As anticipated we have orders to march at once in the direction of Oxford. Of course I was excused from holding the usual (?) Sunday Service. At 7 A.M. our regiment was on the march. The road was desperately muddy and marching was slavish to the last degree. My horse thanks to the rest and good fare at our last camping place seems quite recovered. The only inconvenience I experienced was from the disposition of the other horses in our group to splash mud. I was so well splashed that the color of my uniform was not discernible. It might have passed for Confederate boots nut color. I was certainly well-plastered, but glad to have escaped the usual preliminary lashing. About four miles from our starting point we passed Abbeville, the place which had been the scene of a skirmish on the 13th. The village was burning as we passed. The trees near by were slivered by shot and shell and not far off we found a newly-made grave, presumably that of a soldier, in the middle of the road. As we neared Hurricane Creek, we saw traces of artillery firing on the trees, made during the skirmish of the 19th. One large tree was perforated by three cannon balls. We crossed the Creek on a badly constructed bridge of poles and brushwood. After crossing we went into camp on the hills a few rods beyond.

AT OXFORD.

Camp Hurricane Creek; Monday, August 22nd, 1864.

We left our camp this morning, and marched directly to Oxford, the terminal point of this campaign, as we suppose, expecting there a battle with the Confederate forces in charge. We met with no opposition on the way, and on our arrival learned that the Confederate forces had marched quietly out of the City just as we were entering it. There was no battle here, nor anything like it. There is still much to narrate, and many things that ought to be omitted until the causes are better understood. For some reason, although there was no enemy in sight, and no apparent cause for the action the torch was applied to the greater part of the city and the usual scenes of plunder followed the burning. The 7th Minn. Regt. did not enter the City but halted in a field with our Brigade a half mile north of the city where we remained for
six hours, idly waiting for orders... The City or portions of it had been fired before our arrival as the smoke was ascending in dense volumes from several points. Having no duties to detain me I ventured down into the City, and saw everywhere scenes of riot and the wildest confusion. Many houses were in flames, and others were being plundered relentlessly by the mob consisting mostly of soldiers, without guidance but acting as any unruly mob would do. They carried from the buildings all kinds of plunder most of which could not be of any use to them. They carried mirrors, rocking chairs, vases, articles of wearing apparel, bedding, books. As the smoke grew denser the scene grew more weird and more like Hades. This piece of diabolical tomfoolery was capped by an exhibition that would scarcely be deemed possible in a CIVIL war. A drunken man on horseback came galloping through the smoke, holding before him a grinning skeleton which he had stolen from a Doctor's office. It is said that this vandal was a Surgeon's Assistant. Whoever he was, and I did not want to know more, his act was the most revolting that I have to chronicle.

As I passed rapidly on towards (Haste was necessary on account of the heat and smoke) I passed the Court House, and noticing the Union flag floating above it, I recognized it as Corps Head Quarters and looking within I saw Gen. A. J. Smith and the Generals of his corps sitting around him engaged in what I took for a Council of War. It was a grim and determined set of men, and their conversation impressed that they had something unusually serious to talk about. It having been ascertained that there was no enemy in front we save a few companies of Cavalry, and no considerable body on either flank, we received orders to return to our Camp on Hurricane Creek, which order we obeyed with the greatest alacrity.

We have just heard some astonishing news from the rear. What we supposed to be Forrest's entire army which left Oxford as we entered the City proves to have been only a small detachment of his cavalry. This it seems is the force that has been obstructing our advance all the way, leading us on by pretending to retreat before us; while Forrest with the remainder of his force were hurrying back to strike a blow our convalescents and invalids left to guard Memphis during our absence. And this is precisely what Forrest has done. He appeared suddenly before Memphis, and making a sudden dash, actually captured the City. It is a great relief to know that he did not hold it long; and that the convalescents and other troops on half duty in the City rose in their wrath and drove him out the way he came. There is little more to be said concerning this incomprehensible campaign. Southern citizens seem to be a unit denouncing the policy of General Forrest for his habit of enticing the Union General into the heart of their country, and then running off and leaving them at the mercy of the Union soldiers. This raid gained them Memphis only for a short time; and lost them Oxford. His policy of defense has been the ruin of their country.
NOTES ON THE OXFORD RAID.

August 23rd, 1909.—After the lapse of forty-five years, it occurs to me as not altogether out of place to add a few notes explanatory of this remarkable campaign not understood by any of us at the date of its occurrence, and not even by our undoubtedly brave and able commander himself. As we now understand it, he simply carried out the commands of his Commander, Gen. Grant, who gave him orders to go ahead and keep Gen. Forrest busy. This, he unquestionably did in his own quick and decisive way. It is the part of a good soldier to obey;

"His not to make reply;

His, but to do and die," if need be in the discharge of his duty. Compared with other campaigns which involved great loss of life, and were attended with appreciable result, and appreciable at the time this campaign attended with but a trifling loss of life, and what seemed needless and severe marches, seemed to us, who had no right to sit in judgment on the conduct of our superiors, as on the borders of the farcical.

A summary of the campaign shows that Gen. Smith in obedience to commands that he could not disregard, started on this Expedition August 2nd and made the campaign partly by rail and partly by land march, driving Forrest before, till he reached Oxford, August 23rd, Forrest and his army marching triumphantly out of the City as he entered the other, leaving him in possession of a city he did not want, and for which he had no use. It was a barren victory. There was no battle fought here. He at first placed guards over the City.

At this moment he received the startling news that Forrest with a sufficiently large cavalry force, had executed a quick movement in the rear and appearing at Memphis had captured it. Then occurred the catastrophe the burning of the greater part of the City. For this he and his command have been severely censured. There were two reasons assigned for this action. The first was that it was in retaliation for the sacking of Chambersburgh, Pa. by Gen. Jubal Early. But as this seemed rather far-fetched, it was next said that it was in retaliation for General Forrest's capture of Memphis. It is probably this act that made it necessary for him to return at once to Memphis. Gen. Smith denies issuing the order to burn the City. It was necessary for him to save his guards and the sacking and burning followed as the result. He could not leave his guards in charge, and did not consider himself under any obligation to protect them longer. He returned with his command to Memphis.

"The King of France with forty thousand men, marched up yhe hill and then marched down again."
Camp Tallahatchie, No. 2; Tuesday, August 23rd, 1864.

We left Oxford last afternoon and arrived in our camp late in the evening. There was no pursuit and no skirmishing. We were making haste but not running away. We broke camp at six this morning, and I noticed before leaving the camp a well dressed and well mannered woman accompanied by a handsome boy of seven entering our deserted camp. She had asked leave of some of our officers to fill a sack which she carried with the scraps of our late breakfast explaining that she and her children were starving, and explaining that the soldiers of both armies had taken everything edible from her home, which she pointed out to us, and which appeared to be the home of a well to do farmer near by. A sad comment on the cruelties of war.

We had scarce crossed the creek when we were startled by artillery firing in our rear; and as our regiment was but little advanced in the line it naturally caused a little nervousness; and there was certainly no disposition to loiter. We were marching rapidly and no one failed to keep up with the procession. Three shells passed over our heads and exploded not far away, but did no damage. We passed on mostly through a wooded country but sometimes from the summit of a ridge we caught sight of a burning building or the black smoke rising from burning cotton. Ans, sickening sight, as we passed near some fields of skirmishing, we saw flocks of ravens or buzzards circling above.

When we passed Abbeville we noticed that some of the burned buildings were still smouldering; and that but few of the houses were left standing. At 11 o'clock A.M. we re-entered our camp at the Creek which we named Tallahatchie, No. 2. As the cannonading was still heard in our rear, our Brigade was still still arranged in order of battle. We understand that it is under orders to move backward with a view of giving battle to our pursuers. Our retreat is now considered a ruse Forrest made his sudden and rather temporary capture of Memphis on the 21st. He had with him a cavalry force of 2500 men. He left a much smaller force than this on the other side of Oxford. This was the force that we supposed made up the entire command with himself as leader. This was the force that marched out of Oxford as we marched in, and the force that is now harassing our rear. Other portions of his force are hanging upon our flanks ready to close in upon us at the proper time and place General Smith is well posted as to this movement, and is choosing his own battle ground. This wooded camp suits him very well. Here is a fine place for an ambuscade. He can send his Brigade to the rear. After making a fleet at joining battle this small force will rapidly towards our camp, the Confederates following in swift pursuit, till they fall into the ambuscade, to be destroyed or captured before the forces on our flanks can come to the rescue. These are mere camp speculations. We recall the lines of Burns: "The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang oft agley." It takes a fox to catch a fox, and Forrest is a fox. In fighting qualities, he is not the match of A.J. Smith. At 4 o'clock we were still here but a force of
came sweeping by towards the rear (which has now become what we call the front.) Whencever the cavalry goes by in this style in full gallop with banners flying and bugles sounding, we are sure that their object is to bring on a battle. After a while when they have performed their work they will come galloping to the rear again. Such is the theory in a camp of Infantry. They are frequently made the subject of jeers as they ride by. But it is a grand sight after all; and calculated to send a thrill to the heart of every looker on. At 9 P.M. the colored troops swept by like a black cloud on the face of the white day. They reminded somewhat vaguely of the "pillar of cloud by day" that followed the Israelites to shield them from the sight of their enemies. With this difference: that this cloud itself seemed charged with vengeful lightnings, that might as the night approached be suddenly transformed into a pillar of fire. Musing to-day while waiting for an anticipated battle, I had leisure to compare the attractions of the various branches of the service, and there must be in the mind of the Artillerist the greater sense of power, and consequently of importance. It is his province to wield the mightiest engines of destruction, or those that are most terrifying in the minds of the enemy though perhaps really less destructive than the cavalry or infantry. He hurls the mightiest thunderbolts of war and the earth trembles at the roaring of his cannon and the bursting of his shells. Beside him, the Infantry men seem like mere children playing with pop-guns. The Cavalry man seems to have the greater joy in the battle with the aid of his trained war-horse, his is the swift movement, the dashing charge with its wild hurrahs, the rapid retreat and whatsoever aids him in the speedy triumph, or in securing his safety. The Infantry trudge wearily along on foot; they dig trenches, they throw up embankments. For them is the drudgery of warfare. And yet I believe the Infantry to be the strong arm of the service. But I have not time for these musings. The night-shadows are falling around me, and our Regiment is hurrying back to Camp from its unsuccessful march to the front without firing a gun. The enemy was many had predicted, refused to take the bait and our plan of ambuscading them—if indeed there was any such plan was a failure. The failure was charged by some to the over-zeal of the 5th Minnesota men who were on the skirmish line. The enemy had actually fallen into the trap and might have been bagged entire, had not the 5th Minn. not understanding the position, fired on the advancing line, brought on the action too soon, and before our men were in position, thus enabling the enemy to get away with the loss of eleven killed and eighteen taken prisoners. Our men did not participate in this skirmish. The loss on the part of the 5th Minn. was 2 killed and twelve wounded. The two killed belonging to the 5th Minn.
Capt. Turner He was a fine looking man, intelligent and talkative, and I might add rather profane. He was exceedingly severe on his fellow officers for falling into the trap laid for them, and for running whenever a gun was fired at them. He declared that when the 5th Minn. Officers and men alike ran off and left him standing alone on the field. He was acquainted in St. Paul, and hoped he would be taken there. He was very despondent as to the Confederacy believing it to be already doomed. He was in the Battle of Tupelo and gave us a very graphic picture of that hard-fought engagement. He bitterly denounced Forrest and attributed his defeat to his mismanagement. He gave us to understand that he was a thorough rebel; but that he was utterly disgusted with the policy of the leaders which had brought thus far only defeat and disaster.

Camp Tallahatchie, No. 1. Wednesday, August 24th 1864.

At our Camp on the Tallahatchie once more. Have spent most of the day with Capt. Rees Banks of Company B. who suffered a paralytic stroke while bathing in the Tallahatchie. He is an excellent officer who has been a member of the Regiment since its organization. He is very sick and in all probability will never be able to take his place again at the head of his company.

Camp near Waterford, Thursday, August 25th.

News came yesterday of Forrest's return from Memphis having been driven out in hot haste by the Invalids and Convalescents. It is a question for animated discussion as to what Forrest gained by trying to outwit Gen. Smith and it is the general opinion that it was a disastrous piece of smartrness on his part. and in itself a desperate and foolish performance. The southern people are not slow for a policy that thus far under the pretense of protecting them has brought to their thresholds only ruin and irredeemable. We left our camp last night or rather early this morning. We were some hours getting under way, or under weigh—which is it but did not get entirely out of camp till six o'clock. We halted a long time in a sunny open field near the Tallahatchie and suffered from excessive heat. Many of the colored soldiers fell prostrate and apparently lifeless. Our own men fared better but many of them were also prostrate and all suffered intensely. Our Regiment was in the rear, a perilous position as the rebels were supposed to be following pretty closely on our track.

We crossed the Tallahatchie and paused through the old forest where we had made our camp August 7th and 8th. I desired to add a few sketches to my portfolio, but found I had not time. I had had plenty of time I could not have made any sketches on account of the heat. The forest was still there veiled in primeval gloom and the arrows of the sun god had been able to pierce that gloom; but though the arrows of light had failed to irradiate
"I see them on their winding way;  
About their ranks the moonbeams play."
the gloom of the forest, the heat rays had forced their way in and warmed up the shadows till the gloomy interior was as sultry as an oven; and so I made no sketches. Out of deference to my war-steed, Nellie who still showed some symptoms of lameness I walked part of the time. Our Regiment moved 7 miles after crossing the Tallahatchie and camped in an old orchard near Waterford, or what once passed for that flourishing village. Three tall chimneys mark the site of one of its homesteads. A few rods west of our Camp is the Country Burying Ground in a grove of oaks. A pretentious marble marks the grave of a man, who, in his epitaph was eulogized as "Blameless in his character as Father, Husband, Master and Citizen." On the other side of the Camp was a plain country church of brick; and over the doorway was a sign board with "Small Pox written on it. There is some doubt as to the truthfulness of the sign. The sign had probably been placed to prevent trespassing. The church building was not molested. Capt. Bank's condition is critical. One side is completely paralyzed. I am to care for him to-night.

Camp Waterford; Friday, August 26th, 1864.

We moved our Camp this morning a distance of a mile and a half nearer the village. Our Camp is located in another orchard and by a creek in the edge of what was once the village. An adjoining stream is of great value to a Camp. The farm-house to which this orchard is attached has been burned down, and its three sentinel chimneys stand guard over us. The embers of this homestead are still smoking. The foliage of the trees and shrubs surrounding the house is scorched and withered by heat from the burning house. There is a new grave at the corner of our tent. Villagers tell us that it is the grave of the owner of the house, and that he was shot a few days ago by the colored troops as a bushwhacker, and the house burned by them. Some of our soldiers, sceptical as to rumors, insist that the grave is a ruse and that instead of a dead body, treasure is hidden there. The digging was forbidden. The Camp is full of flying rumors as to our destination. To the soldiers our marching and countermarching is very confusing. The most disturbing rumor is that the 16th Army Corps is to join Sherman, but that the 7th, 9th and 10th Minn. Regiments have been detached to go to Arkansas. We prefer this join-Sherman in his march to the sea... I regret to say that my war steed has been officially declared unfit for service. When we leave this camp, I shall turn her loose to graze in pastures fresh and green, if she can find them.

Camp Waterford; Saturday, August 27th, 1864.

Another day in this ghoulish Camp, and without a single entry, no incident having occurred to vary its monotony. Perhaps I ought to except the rearing of some breast works supposedly to keep the men busy. The 16th A.C proper has moved on towards Memphis, I
As we understand it the 5th, 7th, and and 10th Minn. Regiments with a Brigade of Colored Troops under Col. Benton are left as a Rear Guard. This may explain why we have been entrenching ourselves; and suggests that we may have a hard time when our times to fold up our tents and follow them.

Holly Springs; Sunday, August 28th, 1864.

A confusion of dates and places occurs yesterday, I concluded th the entry for the day at Waterford and then at sunset came a sudden order to march at once. It was to be a forced march, a stolen march, a silent march. The throwing up intrenchments that we had no intention of using was a ruse to the enemy who had been gathering their forces for an attack off their guard and prevent them from pouncing on us too soon. As the shadows of night gather ed around us we stole out of camp in long procession over the hills. So silently we moved at first that in the twilight shadows we seemed a ghostly cavalcade pressing noiselessly on into the mether darkness before us. We moved on without flaunting banners, beating of drums or blast of bugles. The baggage wagons and other wheeled vehicles were in advance, and the very sound of their wheels, even when passing over corduroy or bridges seemed to be muffled. The tread of the soldier when in time with the tapping of the drums shakes the earth with the pulsations of the music, is almost soundless when the regularity of the step is broken. And this was the order of the procession -- the 9th Minnesota led, the 7th followed and Col. Benton's 5000 black soldiers a blacker cloud on the brow of night than the night itself -- brought up the rear. A march of 10 miles in the darkness brought us to Holly Springs. It was near midnight when we were ordered into camp, which order meant in this darkness and ignorance of our surroundings to fold our blankets around us and lie down on whatsoever ground happened to be under our feet at the time we received the order. We conjectured rightly that we were in an old orchard (this is the third time in succession and I saw in the dim light that we were in sight of three solitary chimneys). In groping around for a good level piece of ground, to lie down upon and hoping against hope to find somewhere a plank with a soft side, we stumbled over may irregular heaps of something or other which we could not quite make out. I used some of this stuff for a pillow; I did not quite like the odor, but soon forgot it in the deep and quiet sleep into which I fell, and from which I did not wake until broad daylight. I woke to find that the field in which I had found so pleasant a resting place was "a valley of dry bones." and had been used as a dumping place for all kinds of refuse. We were disturbed at three o'clock this morning (some of us) by a troop of Cavalry charging over the ground we had chosen for our short bivouac to the great peril of life and limb of the sleeping host. At day break we abandoned our "valley of dry bones" and and looked about us for a more savory camping place. After a time we came into the Camp of the 16th Army Corps who had preceded us a day or so, and we saw their tents, we at once recognized them, and were glad.
their white dog-tents, and smelled the savory odors rising from their morning camp fires and were glad. The second section of my notes from the day will be written from our next camp; for we are to depart immediately for Memphis or some point near it.

Camp near LaGrange, Sunday evening August 28th, 1864.

We have gone into camp within 4 miles of LaGrange in an open field by the wayside. Nothing remarkable about, except our extreme willingness to pitch our tents here for a single night. Memphis begins to seem a little like home to us. It is the place to which we invariably expect to return. No special incidents marked our exit from Holly Springs. We (I mean the 16th Army Corps) did not burn the city; and I heard of no robbing of hen-roosts or loot any pantries. I was told that there was nothing eatable left. At any rate we had plenty of food as it was, and such as it was.

Memphis, Monday, August 29th., 1864. We moved to LaGrange this morning and there took the cars for Memphis where we went into camp once more. We met our friends in the Convalescent; and were glad to see so many of them on the mend and able and willing to accompany on our next raid whatsoever it may. Several of them visited us in camp. To-morrow, I shall visit the Hospitals we do not know what awaits us but feel assured that our stay here will be brief. The general impression is that we are to down the Mississippi and thence to Arkansas at the most convenient point of approach.

Memphis, Tuesday, August 30th, 1864.

Visited Jackson Hospital to-day; Tom Haley, our only seriously wounded man on the Oxford Raid is doing well. He is a member of Co. K. To-day comds another rumor that we are to be sent as a re-enforcement to Sherman in his march to the Atlantic Coast. There is no telling whither.

Memphis, Wednesday, August 31st, 1864.

More conflicting rumors as to our destination. Not worth while to record them. But whithersoever it may be, Memphis is to be retained as a base; and our convalescents are to remain here and be cared for if if they have not convalesced sufficiently to go with us.

Memphis, Thursday; September 1st, 1864.

Orders to-day to get ready for embarcation at a moments notice. Destination not known, but the boats are said to be chartered for Devall's Bluff, Arkansas. To reach this point we shall have to descend the Mississippi to the Mouth of White River; and ascend that stream a distance of 172 miles. Our course next will take us across the Country to Little Rock After which?
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ARKANSAS-MISSOURI EXPEDITION.

Steamer St. Patrick, at Memphis Friday September 2nd, 1864.

Last night we were ordered to be ready for embarkation at a moment's notice. We embarked early this morning, and have been waiting at the Memphis landing all this long, hot day for orders to move down the River.

The St. Patrick, exclusive of baggage and provisions is laden chiefly with the officers and men of the 16th Army Corps, the Field and Staff Officers occupying the cabin while the Company officers and the men crowded the upper and the lower decks to suffocation. There seemed scarcely standing room, to say nothing of room for sleeping. Meanwhile the sun shone down with intolerable, fierce heat, almost doubly fierce from its reflection in the water. All day long they smothered in the interior or broiled on the open decks! Though entitled to a State Room, could not get one if I had desired it, and preferred finding a place to sleep on the upper deck where there would be pure air at least in the unclouded heavens above me.

While our boat lay at the landing this afternoon we were witnesses of the looting of the U.S. Commissary Stores, which lay along the Levee built up into a huge wall awaiting transportation. A great mob of soldiers from no one is able to tell what regiments swarmed down upon these heaped up stores of provisions, gathered as many hams and other portables as each could carry returned to the city with as much plunder as they could sell or otherwise dispose of. They resembled most a vast army of black ants removing their stores from one locality to another. But for the criminality of the proceeding would have been amusing. Many thousands of dollars worth of stores were stolen under the eyes of our General and Field officers who witnessed the whole proceeding from the cabin deck of our boat, and made no effort to check or prevent it; it may be charitably supposed, because the depredators did not belong to the 16th Army Corps.

---C T B.--- The later history of this incident shows that by Orders from higher Quarters the 16th A.C. was put under arrest, formally tried before a Military Court, and fined for the value of the whole amount stolen and the pay of Officers and Men stopped for months pending the adjustment, and the amount fined was deducted from their pay, pro rata according to rank, at the next payment. It was established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the 16th A.C. were on their respective boats waiting for the order to move down the river. This proved it was decided by the Court that they that 16 A.C. were either at or very near the point of action; and that, since no one could identify the alleged depredators so as to prove their existence, the 16th A.C. must be held as guilty. The General reputation of Smith's Army Corps failed from a heavy and unjust fine.
Steamer St. Patrick below Helena, Saturday, September 3rd, 1864.

The steamer left Memphis for Bevall’s Bluff early this morning as before intimating the boat is crowded beyond all reasonable limit, and its hull lies low in the water. The scenery we passed is very monotonous in its features, the shores being low and level, and where not under cultivation, covered by a dense growth of what looked like cottonwood trees. A picture giving a section a mile or two long would give a good idea of the river the whole distance traversed. Occasionally we passed a clearing for a farm or plantation or larger space for a river town or village. The most notable of the places passed this afternoon was Helena. This place was notable as the place where the Sixth Minnesota regiment was almost annihilated by death and sickness, while stationed there. The number of dead amounted at one time to over 100, and so many were sick that but 26 men were able to report for duty. Their history is both heroic and pitiful. They encountered ten times the peril of the battle field as estimated the numbers of dead and disabled but shared none of its glory. They endured the most trying test of a soldier’s patriotism and courage in their occupancy of this nest hole of the south. I cannot relate their story for I have not heard it in full. This heroic regiment had bivouacked there during the Indian War. They were gathered at the landing as we passed down the River—all that was left of them and gave us the ringing war whoop which their men and ours had so often heard on the frontiers of Minnesota, and the 3rd responded with the same "Hail and Farewell" passed I caught a glimpse of their Chaplain, Rev. D.

Steamer St. Patrick; Ascending White River, Sunday, September 4th, 1864.

We must have reached the Mouth of White River sometime during the night and stopped there till morning when we started up the River for Bevall’s Bluff. The waters of the River were far for some miles of a reddish hue, and somewhat turbid from admixture with a bayou flowing in from the Arkansas, several miles south of us. Above this point the waters were clean and of a greenish white tint, probably caused by reflection from trees which grew dense and green to the water’s edge. These trees were chiefly willows and elms and other water-loving trees and their pendant boughs and branches dipped in the water, hiding the banks from which they grew. As a mere landscape it was beautiful to look upon. It seemed like a gigantic piece of landscape gardening. The course of the stream was serpentine, the channel continually doubling upon itself, giving one the impression of a maze or labyrinth of channels flowing at varying curves between parallel and close cut hedges of living green. One thing was rather confusing. There were a number of steamers in our flotilla transporting the 16th Army Corps and of course all moving in the same direction. The smokestacks of these steamers and sometimes the hulls or upper cabins rather were visible over the intervening hedge-rows of trees.
or shrubs. From the hurricane deck of the St Patrick we could see numbers of these boats crossing our line of vision in all directions. We were astonished at seeing steamers that we knew to be far in our rear, apparently approaching us, and apparently in the same channel. In ascending the River we had doubled on our track in a line parallel to the one we had already traversed. It is said that the Arkansas River is more tortuous in its windings than this. This Eden-like expanse of bright waters and green trees is anything but an Eden, unless it be for mosquitoes and flying or creeping things that sting or bite. There are stagnant marshes here and there, which are pestilential breeding places for malarial germs. Even the bright waters which look so pure and sweet, are poisoned waters. At first the taste is pleasant but the last swallow taken is followed by a sickening sensation and sense of loathing. If treated by dissolving in it a lump of alum a glass of this water deposits a stratum of green slime at the bottom. The Captain of the boat supplied the passengers with water dipped from the River in large and dirty-looking wooden buckets and poured into as objectionable looking barrels that might at some time have been used to hold pork or coal oil. Now as the weather was intensely hot and close, the soldiers drank to excess of this water, so that many became very sick, myself amongst them. This last circumstance may account for my critical which has given me a permanent disgust for the beautiful scenery of the White River Valley, I must write it down instead of an Eden-like valley threaded by crystal streams reflecting the bending trees and tranquil skies as a region of malarious swamps and jungles. I just now recall the fact this is Sunday a day in which, if on any day, I ought to be truthful; but I believe that I have written the truth; and shall let the record stand. I will add that we have held no religious services. Circumstances, such as the sweltering heat and the congested mass of passengers made it impossible to separate for worship on any part of the boat any number of persons desirous of worshiping without discomfort to others...

Steamer St. Patrick, White River; Monday; September 5th, 1864.

... After all, this bright landscape, this river winding silent between its hedge rows of willows and elms might have left a more pleasing impression if we had not been forced to drink of the waters of the river. We are still sick—most of us; some escaped by pouring whiskey in the water.

The country adjacent seems to be pretty much of a wilderness. The reason assigned for this is that the bottom lands are subject annual overflows and there is entirely too much cypress swamp in its wake up. We passed to-day the body of a drowned or murdered man, apparently a soldier. The most notable incident to-day was our arrival at St. Charlts which is located on the first high land that we have noticed. The soldiers are disembarking and are forming camp lines on the rising ground. The steamers of our fleet are ranged
along the Landing. Now that they are all in range, and I have time to count them I will name them in order. I name first our Flagship, Darling, the Gun Boat Numbers 28 and 38, the steamers Perry, Kenton, Jennie Hubbs, the War Eagle, the Cheseman, Mattie and Patrick. Not that our boat is the last in the line, but this happens to be the order in which the various boats are hugging the shore. Never did army of voyagers disembark so cheerfully as did; and although St-Charles was a dreary looking with nothing but a high hill, as we count height on White River was a single dwelling visible from the Landing and a fort with Old Glory floating above it, we welcomed the sight of it, expecting there to find elbow-room and breathing-room and standing-room and good water to drink. In vain we sought for the latter. There was water plenty in mud-holes, in sink-holes; but all had the taint of the river water. It was "Water everywhere, and never a drop to drink." But the river afforded a splendid bathing place; and it was held through some defect in the premises of the syllogism that water unfit for drinking might be excellent. Here it was then that the 16th Army Corps had a free bath. It was a sight to be seen and wondered at. There was a long, sloping beach with crystal waters laving the beach, over which towered aloft and bent at various angles the most colossal willows I ever looked upon, the branches of some trailing in the water. Underneath a long array of Smith's Guerrillas, in nudis naturalibus standing in long glittering array upon the banks or splashing in the waters beneath. The spirit of the schoolboy was on me. First hanging my garments as Jewish captives did their harps on the bending branches of the willows. After my bath I returned to the shore to find that some conscienceless thief had mixed the garments and stolen my vest containing it is true only 50 cents, but that was only hard money. Wherewith to pay for my next letter home? The loss was irredeemable. Reflecting that much worse might have befallen me, I bore the loss as well as I could and returned to camp.

At next assembly Gen. Mower ordered a dispatch read that Gen. Sherman had captured Atlanta, which announcement was greeted with most vociferous cheers. I spent a good part of to-say among the willows where the 16th Army Corps took its bath. These trees are some little distance below St. Charles, and near our farthest Picket Post. I made a sketch of the scene.

Steamer St. Patrick, ar St. Charles; Tuesday, September 6th, 1864.

Visited the Fort and the dwelling on the hill, hoping to find somewhere a well or spring of pure water; but my search was in vain. The men are all suffering from the want of water fit to drink. The sick list is rapidly increasing. Gladly as the soldiers hailed the order to disembark and exchange the boats for the land, they would now as gladly hail an order to re-embark. Anything now to get away from this stagnant river.
St. Patrick, At St. Charles; Wednesday September 7th, 1864.

We are doomed to spend another day at this beautiful, but malodorous Camping place. Our destination is Devall's Bluff a distance of 88 miles. St. Charles is about midway between Helena and Devall's Bluff.

Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, Thursday, September 8th; 1864.

We re-embarked early this morning, but not quite in the order of our coming. Instead of going on board the St. Patrick we were ordered aboard the Nevada a somewhat smaller boat and a stern-wheeler at that. I have appended on the margin a table of distances on this marvelcrooked river. As the crow flies, the distance Helena to Devall's Bluff is not quite 65 miles. As traversed by the river it is 172 miles. The distance by water is nearly three times the distance by land.

We arrived at midnight. The river is much finer and handsomer than below St. Charles. One or two of its landscapes reminded me strongly of the Wabash River. The banks were higher than below; and occasionally were crowned with farm houses. At one of these points a few miles above St. Charles we landed for an hour or two. The landing was known as Crockett's Bluff Landing. This Bluff was a place of some (alleged) historical importance, Eavy Crockett the illustrious author of the famous Coon Almanac, and some say the hero of the Alamo is said to have built the double cabin, just visible over the crest of the hill from the Landing. I expressed great doubts as to the old residence of Eavy Crockett in this cabin and indeed of his ever having resided in the State. Considerable discussion having followed, we appealed to an intelligent native who met at the Landing, and he without hesitation called our attention to a knot on a gum tree, and continued: "Do you see that old knot, stranger? Do you see what the bark is peeled off from it? He then told us the famous story of Crockett's habit of grinning wild beasts to death when he happened to be short of ammunition. "That's where he continued Crockett made a big mistake. It was growing dark; and he thought that the knot was a coon, and grinned at it all night, and did not find out his mistake till the next morning. He couldn't bring it down; but he had grinned most of the bark off as you. We could no longer laugh at him, such was the quality of the wit that set our ancestors laughing."
The present tenant of the Crockett cabin, an American gentleman of Irish descent was very polite but was able to throw no light on the disputed point. He had never heard of the gentleman we mentioned, but he could and did sell us some of the best butter we had seen since our enlistment in the service of Uncle Sam, and for only 25 cents a pound. We purchased other eatables for our mess table at like reasonable prices, and returned to the Nevada. After we had progressed some miles it leaked out that some bummers belonging to the 7th, had stolen several chickens from our good natured friend of whom we had bought the butter, and had them already dressed for the table. Col. Marshall who had issued very strict orders against this kind of foraging, was very indignant and had the miscreants arrested at once. He also confiscated the chickens; and as it was now impossible to restore them to the rightful owner, ordered them to sent to the sick and convalescent of whom we had a goodly number aboard. The defense was set up by the defense that as we were passing through an enemy's country, and some of our boats had been fired into from the shore, the taking of the chickens was a just act of retribution. Answer was made that the shots had not been fired from the Crockett Cabin, and that strict orders had been issued against such foraging. Our own boat had been perforated by bullets, but no one had been hurt.

Devall's Bluff, Friday September 9th; 1864.

We reached the Bluff last night at midnight, but were kindly allowed to remain on the boat till morning, when we landed. Our Corps did not as a General order awaited them to March at two P.M. in the direction of Little Rock. For reasons based upon my health which gave serious symptoms of a break down I received orders to remain here in the Convalescent Camp, and follow the regiment later. I should have protested against this move but for the fact that I had left my war horse Molly in the "Happy Grazing Grounds at Peters ford, and had not been able to secure another. This order to join the Convalescents was a gracious act on the part of Col. Marshall since it would secure for me transportation on the cars. The marched out from Devall's Bluff at the time appointed. Not being very much of an invalid, I spent the afternoon in about over the Bluff and familiarizing myself with its various points of interest. It was upon the whole a dreary looking place. I have certainly looked upon places lovelier. Almost on the river bank, I noticed some long and large white tents over which floated the Hospital flag. This was not the Convalescent Camp to which I had been assigned. Here were gathered the very sick, about three hundred, I was told, in all stages of illness many of them nearing death. The Bluff was a barren looking hill. Higher up on the bluff were fortifications made of logs with yawning openings for cannon, not now in place. Across the river is a lowland forest or jungle. The impression made at first sight is one of extreme isolation and loneliness. Scattered about on the hill are at least a
The outlook here is certainly not a cheerful one. The Convalescent Camp will not remain here more than a day or two.

Deevers' Bluff; Convalescent Camp Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1864.

I have spent the day in profitless sauntering about the Bluff, and occasionally talking with a sick man or convalescent by way of cheering him up a little. The easiest way to cheer them is to take up the ever-current rumor that we shall go to-morrow. I have persuaded myself that it is true.

Camp near Brownsville, Ark. Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1864.

The promise that I made the sick and weary convalescents, with so much assurance yesterday, when in reality I knew nothing about it, was unexpectedly verified, as the Camp received orders to proceed at once to Brownsville. The convalescents obeyed this order with great alacrity for sick men; and proceed by E.R. Train to Brownsville, a distance of 15 miles over some beautiful prairie lands entering at last a wide, low forest of oak and cypress trees in the midst of which stood Brownsville, and around it the tents of the 16th Army Corps. Our own regiment however was some distance out of the town in a dense forest, but unfortunately on the border of one of those dismal Cypress swamps for which Arkansas is celebrated. Here I reconnoitered my mess at meal time and sharing a comfortable tent with a messmate, Capt. Prent; of Company C. Our camping place would have been an ideal one but for its proximity to the swamp. Its waters furnish our sole supply of water. Now this swamp is covered with a pea-green scum when this is skimmed away the water appears coffee-colored and exhaling an unpleasant swamp odor. To drink this water it is necessary to boil it first. This is Sunday, but I arrived too late to arrange for service, and besides was hardly well enough to conduct one.

Camp near Brownsville, Ark. Monday, September 12th, 1864.

To break the dullness and monotony of camp-life, something rather funny occurred to-day. A big raccoon had made his home in the top of one of the trees in our camp. The camp was at once thrown into a spasm of excitement. In making our camp on the margin of the swamp, we had inadvertently treed a coon. To shoot him from his perch would not be allowed as such shooting might endanger the camp, or cause a false alarm among the troops nearer the village. At last an adventurous soldier climbed the tree, and by means of a string drew up after him a long rod with which he finally drove the coon to the end of a limb, and the coon sprang forward; and leaping into nether space fell toward the earth to be caught in a blanket held beneath. I made a sketch of the scene which I append; and have named "THE COON'S LAST LEAP."

Another coon was caught shortly after and pulled from the hollow tree with the aid of a ladder.
the aid of a ramrod. Trifles like these have a decidedly beneficial effect on the spirit of a regiment. They break the monotony of camp-life, and relax the tension of its rigid discipline. Soon hunting in the North, as the rec- coon has almost disappeared before the march of civilization; but in the midst of these almost impenetrable swamps he finds a safe retreat from the boy with his gun and dog. The two captured had the entire army of A. J. Smith pitted against them.

Camp near Brownsville; Tuesday, September 13th, 1864.

Seriously, I myself, do not feel capable of being amused at any thing. I have been assured by my superior officers that I am sick, sick enough at least, to stay in convalescent camp awhile longer, if not go into hospital as a serious case. True, I feel serious enough. As to the latter proposition, I am not enthusiastic. Meanwhile something occurred to throw some light on the "Ominhing" the loss of some of our tent equinage, Capt. Pratt my tent-mate and I found ourselves minus a toilet glass began this morning to taunt each other on his disreputable appearance. He twitted me with not having performed my ablutions till my face had acquired the color of a yellow clay-bank; I retorted that his acquired a suspicious redness, as though he had been tarrying long at the wine. He explained that he had been bitten by a little red insect known in the South as the "jigger," (scientifically the "chigre," till his entire body was as red as his face; and I believed him; but as I could not account for my change in complexion on that basis, I had to the margin of the swamp and availed myself of the Indian Maiden's mirror by brushing away the green scum from the surface of the swamp, and I saw in the reflection of my face in the black depths below, and saw that face had the hue of beaten gold; I recognized it as a symptom of jaundice. I had another symptom in the bad taste of my food, and the sickening sensation whenever I swallowed a drink of water. We called on the Surgeon, who at once made out papers committing us to the Officers' Hospital in Little Rock. The Captain's case was worse than mine. His whole body had been bitten, and had become inflamed and swollen and subject to an itching intolerable. When the question arose why the jiggers had discriminated in my favor, I not having received a single bite, and why the mosquitoes had in the same way avoided me a ready answer was that my blood had become saturated with the poison that it had become altogether unsuitable.

This is the whole veracious account of how I came to be sent to the hospital, and how it was that the Captain was committed at the same time. The account in both cases may have been somewhat colored—in my case with a bilious hue, his with a sanguinary one.

NOTE—Some years later. It was more serious with the Captain than either of us had anticipated. Perhaps there were other complications not recovering so as to be able to rejoin his regiment, in the following December, he resigned his commission. I never met him again. He had been a brave and capable of—

Sic.
He had faced Indians on the frontiers of Minnesota and Forrest's Rangers at Tupelo and Tallehatchee and considered it an ignominious fate to be be downed at last by insignificant "Jiggers" from an Arkansas Swamp-Camp near Brownsville, Wednesday, September 14th.

One day more at this malarious, pestiferous camp, and nothing to put on record, except that my complexion is a little more saffron, and that of Captain Pratt a little more sanguinary than on yesterday. To-morrow the Army Corps starts on its Campaign through Arkansas into Missouri, and the Captain and I are to be left marooned in a Little Rock Hospital; which is anything but a pleasant prospect; but the Colonel and the Surgeons are inexorable. I called the attention to the fact that Chaplain Gerrish of the 5th Minnesota, who is also a victim of jaundice, and is more of a bejeweled image than I am, was allowed to accompany his Regiment. The Colonel dryly that it was perhaps well for me that I was in the 7th instead of the 5th Regiment.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock Thursday September 15th 1864.

According to programme, broke Camp this morning and started on its long and perilous way. I was detached from the Regiment by order assigning me to the hospital in Little Rock; but, by mistake, took the wrong, and found myself in the wrong car, the one assigned to Gen. Steele and Gen. Mower and Staff. The Conductor, however, passed me by without notice, probably mistaking me as belonging. Having no money to pay my fare, I, in turn took no notice of him, justifying my course as one of the necessities of war. By this mistake I reached Little Rock four hours in advance of the Army Corps. We stopped at a railroad on the east side of the river, where I awaited the coming of the Regimental train, Little Rock being on the west side. When our sick arrived (there were 300 of them) there were a dozen ambulances awaiting them, certainly an inadequate number for so large a crowd. Then ensued a most unseemly scramble to be first in the omnibuses. I disdained to enter the omnibus, but remained to aid in caring for the helpless a great majority of whom were left on the Depot platform all night determining not to go till all were cared for. I found a ample plank to sleep on, cheering myself meanwhile by the fancy that I had the sopest side of the plank. The night was very cool for this latitude; and none of us had blankets; but there was a midnight moon and we cherished the thought that its mild rays might warm us up a little.

Officers' Hospital Little Rock; Friday, September 16th, 1864.

I dated the entry for yesterday at the Hospital simply because I belonged there and had no other place to hail from.
Medical Director's Office,
Little Rock, Arkansas, 1864.

Admit to General Hospital

E. E. Edwards
7th Minn. Inf.

Jas. R. Smith
Surg. U. S. A.

Med. Dir. Dept of Arkansas.
True, I slept on a plank last night near a railroad station; but could have gone to the hospital to which I had been duly assigned. I could have walked thither easily enough, but these helpless sick had been left by the authorities to care for themselves without tents or other shelter. I stayed as a helper.

FOUR WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock; Friday 16th 1864.

About noon to-day, the Surgeon came with ambulances enough to the sick to the Hospitals. In these ambulances we crossed the river on a bridge made of boats and made our anything but triumphal entry into the City. The greater number of the sick were taken to the General Hospital. The officers, including Captain Pratt and myself, were taken to the Officers' Hospital which was not crowded like the other, I as one of the latest comers, receiving the number 23. The building was not a large one and we were assigned to very pleasant quarters on the second floor. The Hospital is located in a southern suburb of the city. The building has the special merit of not looking like a hospital, but rather like the hospitable southern mansion that it used to be in ante bellum days when it was the home of a leading citizen of Little Rock, a Mr. Woodruff. This gentleman was a loyal Southerner, up to the time of the capture of the city by the Union Army, the with many others of his fellow citizens, he took the oath of Allegiance. Had he kept this oath his property would not have been seized nor himself arrested and imprisoned. Unfortunately, he wrote to a friend in the South that he had taken the oath only for effect, and that when the proper time came he would show that he groved as good a Rebel as ever. I tell the story as I was told to me. It explains how this beautiful home came to be appropriated to the uses of a hospital, and why the owner was not there to welcome us. His furniture was all left in its place, his interesting library intact and his family portraits smiling contentedly down upon us from the walls.

I entered this splendid residence with some trepidation, not knowing exactly how I would be received, or what the diagnosis of my case would be. I had been the worst side of Hospital life already in the various Hospitals especially the one at Peck's Bluff, the very remembrance of which even now produces a sickening sensation. It seemed to me a very serious thing to go into a hospital on any invalid pretense whatever. I did not really know if I were sick or not, I was not here of my own accord or seeking. Notwithstanding the extreme yellowness of my complexion and the brawny color of the whites of my eyes. I felt tolerably well and by no means worthy of being assigned to a separate cot as an invalid to be dieted rigorously and fed with a spoon.

The Surgeon, a kindly faced man, approached with an air of utter indifference.
if it be possible to combine the two somewhat opposite expressions. He evidently meant well. He ran rapidly through a list of questions so idly that I had no time to answer them. I do not think he expected an answer; and I feel certain that I could not have answered them at once as many of them required thought, and knowledge of my own physical condition and make up that I did not possess. I think he was studying my case meanwhile, and used his formula as a kind of extemp form on which to hang his conclusions while he was formulating a decision as to my complaint. At the last, a bright thought struck his mind. He moved to the window shutter; threw it wide open as if to obtain new light on the subject, and seeing the rich gold of my complexion, he paused a moment, and uttered the one word JICTERUS. "He suddenly wrote out a prescription on a piece of yellow paper, gave it to an attendant; and turning to me, said in the same mechanical manner: "the attendant still waiting for orders. The subject is no 36, and will be dictated as follows in the prescription, and be given the prescribed medicines. No 36 is notified that he is not expected to lie down on his cot without removing his clothing, or absent himself from his apartment after certain hours without leave. He then took his leave, and had leisure to look around the room and take a mental inventory of my surroundings.

There were several inmates who as I thought surveyed me quite critically. The nearest on my left was No 37. From his uniform I mistook him for a Major, but I learned later that he was a Surgeon from a Missouri Regiment. He reclined full dressed upon his cot which was covered by a mosquito bar. He proved excellent company, and gave me much information as to the hospital and informed me amongst other things that the greatest pests of the hospital were mosquitoes, and that I would need a mosquito bar. All the other inmates had them just then an attendant came with one that he began fixing on my cot. Knowing from my experience in camp that I was immune from the bites of these pests, as I was also from the bites of jiggers, I refused having to have the bar put in place. This produced considerable astonishment; and the result was matched with the Surgeon and the other inmates. The result was as I had predicted. The room was full of mosquitoes, but none of them paid any attention to me. The Surgeon said that mine was the worst case of jaundice he had ever witnessed; and doubted if any of the ordinary remedies would apply in my case. And a grim laugh was raised at my expense.

By way of reassuring me, or rather of giving me courage to endure the worst that might happen, the jovial Surgeon reminded me of the vast advantages that might accrue to a medical science by way of a pest mortal, and the benefits to mankind by the discovery of a lymph or virus by which they could be inoculated against the poisonous bites of the mosquito and jigger. This was the commencement of my Hospital Life in Hospital No. 1.
Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Saturday, Sept. 17th; 1864.

Nothing of importance except the arrival of a large package of letters; and this,—"Both good like a medicine." It ought to be in the Pharmacopoeia. e.g. "Letters from Home are administered daily."

Surgeon Ames and Capt. Arnold of Co. A, 7th Minn. arrived in Hospital to-day. The Regiment has gone forward on the campaign against Gens. Price and Shelby and expect to conclude the campaign in three or four weeks at farthest. The Surgeon says that I must remain here during that period.

Officers' Hospital, Sunday, September 18th, 1864.

This is Sunday; but as there are no services in the Hospital No. 38, which is myself, attended service at one of the City Churches. An Army Officer whose name I did not learn officiated. His sermon was fairly good but his delivery faulty. I ought to have stayed in the Hospital.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark. Monday, Sept. 19th, 1864.

I have been in Hospital for a few days only, but the treatment is already beginning to have its effect. My food tastes better; my eye is purged of its yellowish glints of light; and I am not exactly "fading away to the Land of the Dead," but I am undergoing a cleansing process that may restore me to the Land of the Living. My countenance has lost its brimstone hue, though not altogether; what remains is a subdued cream color. The grim facetiousness of my friend the Missouri Surgeon (No. 37) and his suggestions of a post mortem in the interests of science are wasted on the empty air; No. 38 is convalescent. Thus far I have not done out much but have kept in my room; and in order to pass the time, have read all the books and newspapers I could find. Have had frequent calls from Lieutenant James Merril of Red Wing, who has promised to lend me a horse on which to ride out on pleasant afternoon, and has made me greatly his debtor in other ways. So life is passing more cheerily. I also do some sketching and now that I have a horse at my command shall do more. While scribbling the above, the Nurse came in with another bottle of medicine for the benefit of No. 38. It proves to be tincture of iron. Its use is to be continued a while longer. More iron? I am feeling better already. It is my turn to gird at No. 37 who is not yet beyond blisters. They are just now removing a blister from the lower; and his sufferings are intense, and he has my sympathies. There is nothing else in the room to awaken sympathetic feelings. No. 39 is reading an old number of Gleason's Pictorial. No. 40 is cut walking. No. 41 a Lieutenant of Colored Infantry is deeply interested in a novel with a suspicious yellow cover. A fire blazes cheerfully in the marble fireplace. There are several old books upon the mantle, a Milton, a Shakespeare, a few volumes of Bancroft, a HELM, Blair's Rhetoric and
Life of Washington. Add to this a life of Stonewall Jackson, and a small part of the Woodruff Library, the remainder being dispersed in various rooms of the mansion or carried off as the spoils of war. Three windows of our room, up among the tree tops, let in the spotted sunlight. Roses and honeysuckles creep up to the window sills. Our environment is pleasant enough, and the outlook toward the city and the country beyond is not at all unlovely.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1864.

All goes well in the Hospital. The Missouri Surgeon is in through with his blisters; there are no serious cases. No. 38 is still slightly gilt-edged. We read, we sit under the trees and smoke, and I have taken a horseback ride about the environs of the City. We would discuss war news if there were any. We are too far off from the centres of activity to know what is going on. We discuss our table fare and agree that it is up to date, and that there is plenty of it. We have bread, toast, beef in various dishes, hashed potatoes, tea, coffee, various pickles and preserves, pies, etc. Unfortunately some of are limited, being obliged for dietary purposes to leave out the most tempting of these dishes. I am now promoted a step on the convalescent list, and am allowed to eat whatsoever and as much as I want. As yet we are not overcrowded with patients. Every day there are fresh arrivals of patients or guests, and every day a corresponding number of departures. Some whose cases seem to require it, are removed by transfer to northern hospitals. The mortality list strikes me as very low. It is much greater in the General Hospital but perhaps not proportionately so as this large hospital is overcrowded. The Officers' Hospital—home-like as it otherwise is wants the humanizing influences of women. The attendants and nurses are all men. The only females in the negroes who serve as cooks and laundrywomen.

Capt. Pratt of Co. C. has obtained a sick leave and returned to his Minnesota home. Dr. Ames, Surgeon has been appointed (temporarily) in charge of the Officers' Hospital here.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Wednesday, Sept. 21st

Remained in Hospital all day and re-read Life of Stonewall Jackson. Found it interesting, but rhetorically, somewhat flighty. It ought to be better written. There is absolute dearth of news.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Thursday, Sept. 22nd, 1864.

Another day without a record. It is comparatively pleasant but there may be too much of a good thing. Too much sugar will spoil the taste after awhile, and there is more joy in following the flag through a perilous campaign than dreaming the days away in melancholy ease and security.
Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark. Sept. 23rd, 1864.

I was kept awake last night by the moanings of No. 51, in our room, (a case of colic) as by the ravings of some one in the room below who was calling frantically for a Chaplain. I was on the point of rushing to his assistance, but the Surgeon sent me back, remarking that it was not a case for spiritual consolation; the man was more in need of a blister. And so it proved. He is almost well this morning, and not a bit religiously inclined.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark. Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1864.

The sketch opposite represent the General Hospital, an imposing structure built in several styles of architecture medieval and modern. The central structure, a huge, square building, four stories in height and built of brick, is flanked by two square Norman towers; the recess between is a curious combination of several styles; its principal feature being a huge Gothic window that would have graced a cathedral under a Roman arch in relief. The wings of the building are long, low buildings, of wood with porches extending along the front. It was originally built by the Roman Catholics and used as a School or College. It was familiarly known as St. John's College. The Union Forces had utilized it as a General Hospital and few buildings could be found better fitted for this purpose. There are about one thousand patients treated here. The Campus in front affords a splendid Parade Ground. There is a fairly good Library in the main building, to which I have been allowed access, and here I while away many a pleasant hour.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Sunday Sept. 25th, 1864.

In the morning attended Service in the M.E. Church, Heard a fine sermon and enjoyed the hearty singing and lively interest manifested by the Congregation. The building was a disappointment being very plain and old fashioned in its architecture and inside finish. The opposite picture will give a general idea of its outside appearance.

In the evening I attended Services in the Presbyterian Church; heard an earnest and logical sermon, but much wanting in the fervor of the sermon in the morning. The two sermons represented the same truth as seen from radically different standpoints. The place of worship, however, was about as antiquated as that of the Methodist; and both seemed very plain and ordinary for a city so pretentious as Little Rock. I give a sketch of this Church also on another page. These Churches were pretty well attended; but the congregation was rather mixed, part soldiers and a smaller part citizens. There were no services in our Hospital; there may have been in the General Hospital.
Officers's Hospital Little Rock, Ark., Monday Sept. 26th, 1864.

Made sketches of the two churches on the opposite page. Apronos to which a discussion arose in our Ward as to the foundation of the custom so widely prevalent in all parts of the country of placing two doors for admission and egress side by side in the end next the stairs. No. 43 said that one door was enough for an audience that came to sing in small groups but was inadequate for the exit of a large congregation at one time. This explanation would have been received without a question but for No. 36 who dissented alleging that the custom was a survival of Puritan narrowness in the days when men and women were not allowed to sit together on the same side of the Church or enter and depart by the same door. He cited as a fact that small churches not large enough to entertain a congregation of 40 persons were supplied with two doors; and that in Indiana he knew of a church building which had not only the two doors, but a partition eight feet height feet high reaching from the wall to the altar space, excluding the two sexes from the sight of each other.

Officers' Hospital; Little Rock, Ark., Tuesday, Sept. 28th, 1864.

Many of the homes in this city are a much finer specimens of architecture than the churches and other public buildings I have yet seen. I must remark however that the portico is that part of the house to which architect has given the most attention. Ordinarily when we speak of a splendid residence we are thinking of the portico. There are several splendid porticos in Little Rock.

Officers' Hospital; Little Rock, Ark., Wed., Sept. 29th, 1864.

Time drags heavily and wearily upon our hands, ans I have absolutely nothing pertaining to military affairs to write. There is no news from the front, not even by grapevine telegraph. An hour or two every day at the Library of the General Hospital, a walk through the City or a visit to the Capitol or a stroll throng through the old Cemetery complete my daily round. I am surely convalescing; but have not entirely rid myself of that tired feel feeling that besets alike the lame, the sick and the lazy.

Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 29, Thursday.

In a ramble through the City to-day, I found a dingy signboard over a dingy Law Office, on which, in faded gilt letters I read the inscription: "ALBERT PIKE; ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW." This sign called to memory a romantic figure in American Literature, a poet who in early life gave promise of such genius in his "Hymns to the Gods" that the London Review hailed him as the coming American poet. He has lived lived upon this reputation ever since.
He is best known to the present generation as the author of the best known and most popular Confederate War Song "Away down south in Dixie." and he has won a somewhat doubtful military fame by recruiting and commanding a brigade of Cherokee Indians under the flag of the Confederacy. He was more nobly employed when writing his "Hymns to the Gods."

Officer's Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Thursday, Sept. 29th, 1864.

Yesterday a new Surgeon arrived and was placed in charge of the Hospital. After making the rounds and carefully examining the condition of the various inmates, he renewed and continued the prescriptions of some, changed the treatment of some; and what interested me most that No 38 (my number) was to be placed on full diet. at the same time ordering as a medicine more iron. He ordered port wine, and peremptorily ordered me to quit writing and reading. Reason not given. He said nothing about drawing.

Officer's Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Friday, September 30th, 1864.

Capt. Pratt goes home to-day. I doubt as to his return. I rode out to-day on a borrowed steed; but did not enjoy the ride much on account of the mud caused yesterday by a tremendous and long continued shower. Passed a Cypress swamp near the suburbs which I must return and sketch on some fairer day. I was much impressed with the conical trunks of the trees, and the knees, which are deformities of the huge roots, bulging up above the water and resembling more than anything else, rounded stumps.

Officer's Hospital, Little Rock, Ark., Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1864.

Again the Cypress Swamp. It certainly is a sombre and melancholy bit of landscape. A dreary waste of repellant swampland, covered with be-drugged and disconsolate looking trees, mostly cypress, standing in shallow, coffee-colored water over which spread in spots a pale greenish scum Sagittaria and other water plants peep above the brownish waters here and there. Rotting logs lie half-buried in in the brownish ooze that passes for water. Upon these logs perch rows of water turtles; and in the absence of these bask spotted snakes in the spotted sunlight that is filtered down through rifts in the foliage above. We looked upon just such a swamp as this with its brown water hidden beneath green scum. We brushed this scum away and brought the water (It was all we had to the camp for use in quenching thirst, and for culinary purposes.) It was all we had. And that was what turned our faces a sickly yellow to be treated as infants and dosed with nauseous remedies. And this was how it was that our blood was so saturated with poison that neither jiggers nor mosquitoes would feast upon us. I shall remember these swamps.
Officers' Hospital, Little Rock, Ark, Sunday, Oct 2nd, 1864.

It is now October; but this is "The Sunny South, and we have no indications of the presence or even the approach of this sere and wintry month as it is in our own northern home.

The Sunday has been a beautiful one, and I improved it by attending ser vice, first at the African Methodist Church. I wished to know something of the modes of worship of these poor people I had heard much of their emotionalism of their preachers, the fervid eloquence of preaching and the marvelous effect upon their congregations and most of all of their singing which is of a kind peculiar to themselves alone. I was at first much disappointed at seeing a white man in the pulpit, and a number of white people principally soldiers in the congregation; as I feared that this might prove a restraining influence upon their emotionalism and that the members of the church might curb their feelings and try rather to regulate their services by the white men's standard. I was soon undeceived. The White man, Rev. Mr. Wentz was the Presiding Elder of the District; and this was his regular Quarterly Service and held by them to be one of the great occasions of the year. This good man knew their peculiarities, and was accustomed to give them free reins.

After the preliminary service, which were after the orderly style of a white congregation, he gave out his text "Follow peace with all men" he proceeded slowly and apparently without feeling to outline his discourse. It was well not to rouse them too soon. His audience seemed to pay at first but little attention to his words. There were whisperings, grumblings, and oglings between the younger members of the congregation, answered by portentous frowns from the elders. It was interesting to see what a wealth of expression a black man can throw into his face when scowling. It was like a thundercloud charged with electricity. Two or three black soldiers wearing the chevrons of a sergeant and corporals walked in and out during the meeting as if to show their contempt or indifference, or more likely to display their uniforms of which they seemed inordinately proud. As the preacher proceeded in his discourse there were signs of increasing attention. There was a lull in the restlessness, the grinning, the giggling. Attention was fixed upon the preacher. In a little while the strain upon the minds of the audience became intense. In the pauses between the sentences of the preacher the silence was portentous of pent up feelings that might burst forth at any moment like the bursting forth of a storm.

As the speaker approached his climax, it soon became evident that the crisis was at hand. He had spoken of the Peace as applied to the love of man for his brother, to the glory of love and Christian fellowship on earth. It was fitting it was glorious that little children should love one another. It was more glorious still that like the blessed Savior they should love all men, even their enemies, with a love that was stronger than death'sea; with
that was all embracing, that included in its scope the humblest and the poorest of the human race: "O, for such love let rocks and hills their lasting silence break; and all harmonious human tongues their Savior's praises speak!"

At this point the tumult began and with every successive utterance of the speaker it rose higher till at last nothing could be heard but amens and hallelujahs mingled with shouts of glory to God in the highest for a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile the speaker sat down and mopped his brow with a handkerchief till the uproar began to lull; which perceiving he roused them to started it afresh like a banner above them and began singing in a stentorian voice one of their favorite songs: "O, I'm bound for the Kingdom, won't you go to glory with me." Preacher and people were swept away with the still rising tide of emotion. Here occurred the most dramatic scene of all. The time had come for closing as utter exhaustion seemed likely to overtake the happy throng was on the verge of exhaustion. It was time to speak words of calmness and assurance mingled with good advice as to the application of his sermon the latter part of which no one had heard. "Let us have he shouted as he tow towered above the excited worshipers a few moments of silence! The Lord is his holy temple, let all the world keep silence before him. You have heard the Word of Truth." he said: "I have told you how to follow peace with all men, follow my advice, and your peace shall be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea. I have told you of the Peace of God, the peace that is deeper than the ocean, higher than the heaven and boundless as the universe. That peace is beyond all human knowledge. You may not understand it; but you possess it and enjoy it forever. Now let there be solemn silence for five minutes, that we may think on these things. for five minutes brethren." As his tall form stood before them he held his watch in his left hand while his right hand extended for the benediction. For five minutes the silence was indeed most solemn and impressive. No37, who sat by my side said he could hear that watch ticking. As soon as the five minutes expired the preacher pronounced the Apostolic Benediction and it never sounded grander or sweeter: "The Peace of God which passeth understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord." The Benediction having been pronounced, the Congregation quietly dispersed.

My only other entry for the day that at 4 P.M. I attended a service at the Convalescent Camp at which Chaplain Kerr of the 9th Minn. Reg. officiated. It is not necessary to describe these Camp Services, they being modeled very much after the services at home, with the exception perhaps that they are a little less formal owing to the fact that many different churches may be represented in the congregations. Nothing is said of a controversial nature. The services are also modified to suit a mixed congregation.
The Chaplains of our Division represented various Churches. The 5th Minnesota had at first a Roman Catholic, James Ireland (Later Archbishop Ireland and after him, Henry W. Herrick, a Baptist; the 6th and 10th Minnesotas were served by Methodists; the 9th Minn. by A. H. Kerr, a Presbyterian; the 12th Iowa by Rev. Frederick Humphrey, an Episcopalian, and the 55th Iowa by Rev.—Bayley, a Newlight. These Chaplains, representing different households of faith, worked together in perfect harmony, exchanging with each other, holding Union Services and assisting each other in every possible way. "How sweet and pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity!"

Officers' Hospital; Little Rock, Ark., Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1864.

I quit writing last night by the advice of the Surgeon, who had issued a positive command that No. 38 should quit writing. I had his gracious permission to write down an entry for the day, and I literally obeyed him for immediately on finishing the entry, I quit writing. The principal item of the day is the arrival of the Paymaster. This has caused considerable excitement as that official is considerably behind in his payments. A number of us flocked to his Head Quarters, but were dismayed at finding his door barred, and this notice placed above it: "No Payments made to-day." This was the notice as written and capitalized. This was a great disappointment as we are sadly in need of a decent outfit of clothing to fit us for an expected order to transfer us to Memphis. We are anticipating an order to have the Convalescent Camp transferred to Memphis. This expected order gives great joy to the men in that Camp, and not a little to ourselves, as we are likely to be ordered to Memphis likewise. The Soldiers are heaping blessings on the head of Chaplain Kerr for visiting this Post with a supply with a supply of sanitary stores.

Officers' Hospital; Little Rock, Ark., Tuesday, Oct. 4th, 1864.

I made a very pleasant call to-day on Capt. DeKay and wife of Redwing. Mrs. DeKay was the first loyal woman I had met in the South, and the Captain himself was an old acquaintance and friend.

Officers' Hospital; Little Rock, Ark., Wednesday, Oct. 5th, 1864.

Made a sketch of the Capitol, an imposing structure made after the fashion of a Grecian Temple. The upper portion looms grandly over the tree tops, the portico at each end being supported by four Doric columns of immense size. Over it all floats proudly the Flag of the Union.

I spent some time in the City Cemetery this afternoon reading the inscriptions and copying some of the more quaint and curious.

We are greatly delighted at the reception of a general order transferring 600 men and as many officers as are able to travel at once to Memphis. This order includes the Convalescents of the Officers' Hospital. We start to-morrow.
DeVall's Bluff; Thursday, Oct. 6th, 1864.

The ambulances came promptly this morning and conveyed us to the Railroad Station across the River some hours for the Train that was to convey us to DeVall's Bluff. Then occurred a disgraceful scramble as to who should get on first and secure the best seats. As on a previous occasion the more able-bodied of the convalescents overpowered the weak and invalid part of the crowd pushing them aside and knocking them over. All attempts at interfering were violently resented. No one was in command and there was no such thing as law or order or common humanity shown by the selfish mob. After making a successful effort in secure a place for some of these helpless ones on a flat car, I found myself entirely excluded from the car to which I had been assigned, I clambered to the top of the car and rode there till we reached Brownsville at 10 P.M. I thus missed my share in the distribution of a mail pouch at that point. We reached DeVall's Bluff at midnight, and were graciously permitted to sleep in the cars an on top of them till morning—I with the latter class at the great risk of rolling off during my unquiet slumbers. I was not however alone in my misery on the top of the car. Several soldiers shared my roost with me. Few of them slept, the others kept themselves awake smoking, telling yarns and singing songs.

DeVall's Bluff; Friday, October 7th, 1864.

DeVall's Bluff has not improved since we passed through it some weeks ago and therefore needs not any added description. I spent it sauntering about calling on some resident photographers and making a few sketches none of them worth preserving. We were waiting a steamer which should transport us to Memphis. Toward night the Belle Hambleton, a large stern-wheeler arrived at the landing and we immediately embarked. As we had anticipated the boat was greatly overcrowded. It was laden to the water's edge. Every square yard of surface on the decks, prow and guards had its claimant. This is the way Troops are transported over the waterways by Uncle Sam. The passengers, beside the soldiers includes 20 or more officers and 12 civilians with their wives and children and an indeterminate number of gamblers who set about at once to fleece the unwary. It was fortunate for some of these that the Paymaster had failed to make any payments before they left Little Rock. I made one very pleasant acquaintance with Captain Vaughn, of Artillery.

Steamer Belle Hambleton, Mississippi River above Helena. Sat. Oct. 8th, 1864.

We have made rapid progress down White River, but I have not written much, remembering the injunction of my Surgeon at the Hospital in Little Rock. Besides it is impossible to write in such a jam. We stopped an hour at
Helena, where I went ashore and made brief calls on my old friends Chaplain Cobb and Captain Horace E. Wilson of the 6th Minn. still stationed at that Post. The Regiment was still in a most pitiable condition on account of sickness. The Chaplain whom I found in Hospital was a mere wreck of his former self--a man of giant frame and splendid physical proportions and weighing over 225 lbs. had been reduced in size and weight till almost unrecognizable. The Regiment itself had but 150 men able to report for duty. Capt. Wilson himself (my associate some years before as a Professor in Hamline University at Red Wing, Minn.) was much reduced; but both were holding on heroically, with no thought of abandoning their posts. The Minnesota men aboard themselves just out of Hospital were in a condition to give their friends of the 6th a most sympathetic greeting. The call soon sounded and we bade them a sad farewell.

Belle Hambleton, Mississippi. Sunday Oct. 9th, 1864.

Our trip thus far has been anything but an agreeable one. The weather has been very unpleasant and the passengers most of them still semi-invalids have felt its chill. Our Sunday has passed off quietly and without any religious service; and this evening we arrive in Memphis.

I am in no condition to go into Camp, and my papers of discharge are such that I am at liberty to report to the Hospital.

Officers' Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. Monday, Oct. 10th 1864.

I have been domiciled here for a few days at least. Am taking no medicines but the Surgeon limits me to a vegetable diet. But that is plenty rich and rich and oysters are allowed occasionally. I shall not starve. I am also allowed to visit our convalescent camp and any of the Hospitals I may wish to visit. Our Convalescent Camp was left in charge of Major Burt, he being physically disabled for the Arkansas Campaign, and unwilling to go into Hospital. I have already visited the Camp and was warmly greeted by the Major, and others in the Camp.

Officers' Hospital, Memphis Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1864.

I have heard the first authentic news from the Regiment. It is rumored that we may have orders next week to rejoin it. The 7th Regiment is now stationed at Jefferson City Mo.

Officers' Hospital, Memphis Wednesday Oct. 12th 1864.

The Surgeon in chief has proposed to have me detailed as an Assistant Chaplain in the Hospital, as that would relieve me from field duty at least till I should be able to undertake it again. In view of what our Regimental Officers might think namely that I had been incapacitated for
Head-Quarters, District of Memphis,

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS,

No. 1

Upon Surgeon's Certificate of Disability, the following named officers are hereby permitted to enter Officer's Hospital for medical treatment:

Chaplain E. C. Edwards
1st Minnesota Infantry

By order of Brig. Gen'l R. P. BUCKLAND,

Chaplain E. C. Edwards

Chas. W. Nichols
Cap't, and Acting Assistant Adjutant General,
I feel that my position is a somewhat delicate one. I was sent, or sentenced to the Officers' Hospital at Little Rock by Surgeon Ames, Col. Marshall concurred much against my will but having no reason to doubt the friendliness of their motives, and out of respect to military authority, I obeyed and as I think, greatly to the improvement of my health. If I thought, however, that my health had been so impaired as to permanently unfit me for field service, it would be a relief to them for me to accept the position offered me by the Surgeon in Chief, who makes the proffer at the request of Post Chaplain Reagan, who has 6 hospitals under his care and is greatly in need of assistance. There is another consideration. Owing to the failure the failure and absolute refusal of the Paymaster for several months to make any payments whatever, I am straightened somewhat financially. I am, as it were, marooned here in Memphis with no means of subsistence except the Charity extended to me by the Hospital, and I expecting every day a summons to rejoin the Regiment. Major Burt tells me it is on the way and may be here to-morrow. In my perplexity I hurried off to the Convalescent Camp to confer with Major Burt. I told him the circumstances in which I was placed and the offer of position of Assistant to the Post Chaplain his wrath knew no bounds, and he said that neither he nor any other officer in the Regiment would consent to any such arrangement; that he was going to tart for his Regiment the moment he received his order, and that I should go with him becoming responsible for all advising me to ask for my discharge at once. This I did on my return to the Hospital. The discharge appears on the opposite page, as a relic. I cannot account for its being dated the day before I was invited to remain as a guest as long as I remained in the City.

Officer's Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. Thursday Oct. 13th, 1864.

Visited the Convalescent Camp and some of the Hospitals. There is great excitement in the Camp at the prospective order to rejoin the Regiment. All seem anxious to go, although this not a favorable season to go even as far north as Missouri. There are nearly 200 of the 7th Regiment are here in the Convalescent Camp, or in the Hospitals. Those not able to go on duty hope to be transferred to Northern Hospitals.

The rules in this hospital are more rigid and more rigidly observed than in the Officers' Hospital in Little Rock and the accommodations are better. There are about the same number of patients. As a general thing the patients of whom there are about 50, are more seriously indisposed here, who cannot recover. Among these is the Missouri Cavalry Captain with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance in Little Rock. He has been gradually growing worse for some days. He had hoped much from his transfer to Mo., where he had to reach his home. He was not able to go farther than Memphis. Here he was
suddenly taken worse. He has been informed of his critical condition, and
faces death as calmly as would the hero on the battle field, his chief ex-
pressed regret being that he could not reach his home before the hour of
passing. It is a sad case, but it is one of many.

Officers' Hospital, Memphis, Friday, Oct. 14th, 1864.

At Convalescent Camp, met Dave Caeday, of Co.C. whom we left
on the field of Tupelo just after the battle. He is having a verbal detail from
Col. Marshall to speak with the wounded in Hospital that he might care for
them. He with the wounded men and Assistant Surgeon Barton who was in charge
of the Field Hospital were taken prisoners and carried to Mobile. The more severely wounded had died and been buried there. The return of Caeday pro-
duced quite a sensation as he brought us the first news of those we had been obliged to leave on that hotly-contested field. I visited to-day the several Hospitals and lastly the Christian Commission Rooms, and secured files of
Religious Papers for my own perusal and for distribution on the Steamer
that is to transport us northward, we had hoped to-morrow, as we have our orders from
Regimental Headquarters to start at once for Missouri. Now a new complication has arisen. Major General Buckner, who is in command in Memphis, refuses to
issue permits for any troops of whatever Command to leave the City, and as far
as the 16th Army Corps is concerned, on the ground that Corps is booked to
return to the City in a few days. The 19th Corps, he says is to winter in
this State. It is asserted however that Gen. Rosencrans is desirous of re-
taining the Corps in Missouri—There are no good grounds for this assert-
ton. It is thought that Buckner dreads the effect of weakening the Depart-
of Memphis by the withdrawal of the 16th Corps.

We have cornered the Paymaster at last; which is of more importance
to us just now than the outcome of the conflict of orders as to our leaving
the City. I have received two months’ pay. ($218.00, from July 3rd, to Sep
ber 1st.) With this payment I am relieved of the embarrassment of starting
for Missouri without a cent of money to pay expenses. Major Burt is now
determined to leave on the next North bound steamer, even if he has to force
his way past the guards. Gen. Buckner’s Special order is that no officer
nor enlisted soldier shall be allowed to pass out of the City without a
permit from him. The Major’s plan is to approach the guard, present his Re-
mental Order to report to his Regiment in Missouri, for himself and men;
I to present in addition my discharge from Hospital with order to rejoin
my Regiment at once. If the Guard refuses to let us pass we are to rush
the Guard and go aboard as though we owned the vessel.
Officers' Hospital; Saturday, October 15th, 1864.

This Saturday was made glad by a letter from home, full of good cheer. Otherwise it was rather a dull day enlivened by no stirring episodes and no bright sunshine enlivened the landscape. Still I made my customary rounds to Hospitals and Reading Rooms. We are waiting for a steamer to bear our northward way and are worried as little as possible as to the result of the appeal between Gen. Buckner and our Regimental authorities.

Officers' Hospital Memphis; Sunday October 16th, 1864.

The weather is becoming perceptibly cooler, as it ought to do even in this latitude; and yet we are all anxious to hurry off to regions cooler than these. I attended a service in one of the Methodist churches of the City not inquiring beforehand as to its denominational bias; but soon discovered from the appearance of the congregation from the hymns sung and the manner of singing them from the manner of the preacher and from his doctrines that I was in a Methodist Church. I soon felt very much at home, forgetting for the time that I was in the far south worshipping with a people who were striving to be aliens from the Government, and who were still praying in their hearts for the Confederacy. I thought of none of these things, but for the time made myself one with the worshippers.

From this peaceful scene and restful hour there was a greatly contrasted scene towards evening. From whatever cause I know not there a great panic in the City. (I learned later that there was a rumor of an impending attack by Forrest.) The troops garrisoning the City were called out and preparations were made for defending the City and for the night the City was placed in a state of preparation for the expected attack.

Officers' Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. Monday, Oct. 17th, 1864.

No harm as yet done but the scare continues. The morning was ushered in by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells. "And there was hurrying to and fro, and mountings in hot haste" and all the premonitory symptoms of a big scrimmage if not of a great battle. The streets were closed and guards placed at the intersections. I nevertheless managed to make my usual rounds, ending at the Soldiers' Home, where I remained for supper. I got back safely to the Hospital, entirely unarmed except by a huge walking-stick, which I carried at a "ready" dodging the pickets and the shadowy forms skulking about dark corners, and glad enough to get through without a challenge. I believe the whole thing to be a scare; but fear that it may make it more difficult to get away to-morrow or the day after should the expected steamer arrive. Gen. Buckner's reasons for not offering us a permit to leave were
largely upon apprehensions of an attack by Forrest.

Steamer Hillman, Mississippi River. Tuesday, Oct. 18th, 1864.

The scare is still continued but less fear is felt as it is now quite certain that there is no Confederate force within 30 miles of the City. The steamer Hillman arrived at noon and goes north at 5 P.M. Have made my farewell rounds and concluded my report concerning the soldiers of the Minnesota Seventh Convalescent Camp and in City Hospitals also giving the list of the dead. I reported also the number of Minnesota soldiers in hospitals to be upwards of 200. I lacked data for the number of dead; but Co. C. has a list of ten men. As we were to take the Steamer at 5 P.M. I called early at the Officer Hospital to bid my friends there goodby and express my thanks to the Surgeon in charge for the kind and hospitable treatment shown me during my stay. Before taking my leave, I witnessed two affecting death bed scenes of officers I had met in Little Rock Hospital, and for whom I had formed a strong attachment. He was a Surgeon of the 10th Missouri and we had had many pleasant conversations. We had talked to me of the subjects nearest to the heart of a dying man. He was past speaking now, but not beyond recognition; and his eye brighten as I took his hand in mine. which he held with a clasp that was loosened only by death. In the same room not far away lay another Officer whose life was slowly ebbing away. The Matron of the Hospital stood by his side and as she bent over him a tender sorrows in her face she held his hand in her still the shadow of death dimmed his eyes. I had often before notice the soothing effect upon the dying of the hand clasp of an attendant. This scene recalled the beautiful lines in Longfellow's Hymn of the "Silent Land;" in which he which he alludes to the hand clasp:

"Who leads us with a gentle hand
Into the Land of the Great Departed.
Into the Silent Land."

This scene will long linger in memory.

After leaving the Hospital I reported to the Major, now my superior officer and we started from the Convalescent Camp for the landing. The City was still under strict martial Government and patrol guards paraded but we were unmolested till we reached the Hillman when we were halted just as we stepping on the gang plank to board the steamer and asked to show our permits. The Major presented his order to rejoin his Regiment. The Guard at first refused at first to honor it; but after some judicious bluster and threats on the part of the Major, he was allowed to pass. I presented my Hospital discharge. I presume they could not read it and not liking to admit their ignorance allowed me to go aboard. Once on board, we were safe. I think Major Hurst's military bearing overawed them.
Steamer Hillman, Mississippi River    Wednesday, October 19th, 1864.

As the shadows of last evening were falling, Memphis faded from our sight and we sped on our way northward. We fared well and slept well. The boat not being uncomfortably crowded and no danger apprehended. As the misty morn opened on us we passed a reminder of the fact that a state of war had existed on this part of the river— a gun-boat or aron-clad partly sunk in what is now shallow water. It was a huge almost shapeless hulk, black with iron rust or painted black, I could not tell which. On its side was the name, Switzerland partly effaced. I could learn nothing of its history. The scenery along the river is rather monotonous, consisting as it does of a long expanse of river with low shores most wooded. There is but little change to be noted as we proceed northward. The sight of occasional openings in which stood the home of the planter with the white-washed cottages of his late human chattels grouped beyond it, or to the right or left, or some riverside standing silent and apparently deserted upon the low shore afforded the only variety the landscape possessed. The passengers were mostly of the better class of civilians, with a few soldiers intermixed. The boat was not crowded, but I had some difficulty in securing a berth; and at the made the mistake of selecting one that was over or adjoining the wheel house, where the jerking motion of the wheel combined with the dashing of the water kept me awake part of the time and dreaming uncanny dreams the rest of the night.

Cairo, Ills., Thursday, October 20th, 1864.

The rest of our journey down the Mississippi passed without incident worthy of note unless its very pleasantness should make it worthy of such mention. We reached Cairo near noon to day. Here Major Burt and I parted company, he proceeding to St. Louis on the steamboat, I proceeding thither overland through Ills. by rail. The date and heading above are not to be taken as evidence that I remained here over night. I am to leave in a late evening train and so have an entire afternoon to spend in Cairo. The Major took the River Route for St. Louis from choice, and I should have done the same, but my baggage had been forwarded by the Rail road route, and my transportation papers required that I should go by the same route. I spent my hours of waiting in a tour of observation. There was indeed much to be seen here but it is not of a character that I can take any delight in describing it. I should have to describe a city that has no rival on the Ohio and Mississippi for dilapidation and general unsightliness. Its streets and levees are obstructed with all kinds of refuse and rubbish. The levees are surrounded with groups of refugees, ragged and forlorn mostly from Kentucky driven out by bands of marauders who make it a business to ravage the border states.
Some are in the last stages of disease and destitution; and must die if help is not offered there. They are nobody's poor. They are neither Union nor Confederate. They belong to a class held in the South to be lower than the low and who are despised even by the negroes who call them "pore white trash." There is no one to care for them. Neither Christian nor Sanitary Commissions have anything to do with them. They are outside the pale of ordinar- philanthropies. All that can be done for them is for the military authorities in is rough but only possible way to thrust them into rough pens and feed out of sheer pity. The army is not considered pitiful. But it is not amongst its cruelties to allow the helpless to go to starve.

St. Louis, Mo., Friday, October 21st, 1864.

At 7 o'clock we were to change cars for; but when we reached that place the train had gone by, our train having been delayed by an obstruction on the track. I was obliged to wait here for another train till the next morning. I put up at a small hotel kept by a canny goodnatured Scotchman, where I found fairly good accommodations. An early morning train brought me to St. Louis where I made my Headquarters at an Olive Street Hotel; and after breakfast made my way to the Central Advocate Office where I called upon my old friend the Editor, Dr. S. F. Cray, late Chaplain of the 3rd Minnesota. My good friend and former Associate in the Faculty of Hamline University proposed to me soon as I should be released from the Service the Assistant Editorship of his paper. With many thanks I accepted the proposition if he hold the position open for me till the close of the war which I thought from present indications in a few months, to which he agreed.

(Note added sometime later.—I was mustered out of the Service August 16th, 1865, by reason of the close of the war; and I found the position waiting for me.)

I propose for the present to go forward and rejoin the Regiment soon as I can obtain transportation.

St. Louis, Mo. Saturday, October 22nd, 1864.

The papers this morning contain the somewhat startling news that the Hotel in Odin was burned to the yesterday morning a short time after I left it to take the St. Louis Train and that the guests narrowly escaped with their lives, and in scanty costume clad. Not all the perils of campaigning are to be met on the battle field. I visited Military Head Quarters to secure transportation; and there I met Major Burt, who agreed to secure transportation when he obtained his own and agreed to go in his company and under his charge. But as our Regiment is reported on the march we may be delayed some days, not knowing its whereabouts.
Head Quarters, Dep't of the Mo.,
St. Louis, Oct. 24, 1864.

Transportation furnished hence to
Osawaw M.

Am't to be charged next Muster Roll & Fire

By Order of Major General Rosecrans.

W.D. Randall
Assistant Adjutant General.
St. Louis, Mo. Sunday, October 23rd, 1864.

Spent Saturday visiting the Mercantile Library, and various Picture Galleries I also called upon and made the acquaintance of several of the leading artists and had altogether a delightful, a description of which does not fit these pages. I cannot obtain transportation order before Monday.

I attended service this forenoon at Union M.E. Church where I listened to a fine sermon by the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Cox. This Church on account of its two lofty towers at the east entrance has been familiarly nicknamed "the Church of the Holy Shot Towers." The Membership of this Church have been noted for their loyalty during the war and the American flag has floated proudly from its highest tower from the first.

St. Louis, Mo. Monday, October 24th, 1864.

I spent part of the day with Dr. Frank White who drove me rapidly over the most interesting parts of the City. To night Dr. Crary, Dr. Cox and myself attended a lecture given by the famous Actor Murdock, in which he read portions of Macbeth, commenting upon them as he read. Mercantile Hall was crowded to its utmost by a highly appreciative audience.

I called on Col. Baker of Minnesota, who is in Command of the City, and was received as I fancied rather brusquely and said he could give me no satisfactory account of the whereabouts of the 7th Minn. Regt. - that it had been at Sedalia, but was probably at Warrensburg, or may be marching after Price. At any rate the best thing I could do would be to secure to secure transportation to Jefferson City or Sedalia on my Hospital order, and from and at the first of these points have the order renewed to the next point till I should overtake the Regt. That was really all he knew about it. I suppose it was, but I was still in a state of uncertainty. Meeting Major Burt I found that he had the same difficulty in getting away from St Louis but that he had succeeded at last, and was going to start this evening or to-morrow morning. As he thought the Regt. would soon return to St. Louis I would better remain and await its arrival which advice I promptly declined to follow.

I went immediately to the Head Quarters of the Mo. and after some delay secured an order based on my Hospital Order of Discharge for Transportation to Sedalia. I do not see why I could not have obtained this order sooner. On account of red tape, I suppose. Part of this order which is preserved here is written in red ink (Later---The part written in red ink is rapidly fading.)

St. Louis Mo. Tuesday, October 25th, 1864.

Owing to some complications about my baggage and some other red tape to untie I am doomed to spend another day in St. Louis. The Major and I will take the same train to-morrow at 9 A.M. and part of the
or from Herman to Jefferson City take passage on a steamer.

Went to the Pacific Depot this morning at 9 o'clock. Major Burt failed to arrive. I cannot understand why. Think through some mistake as to the time I should meet him he may have gone on an earlier train. Possibly the mistake is mine and I should have come earlier or later. I went aboard alone just a little burdened with the fact that I had two objects of pursuit thrust upon me: the one to find the Major and the other the 7th Minneota. The former I hoped to overtake at Jefferson City or Sedalia, the latter at some indefinite point beyond. I proceeded by rail as far as Herman where I embarked on the little steamer Cora, a very pretty name for a very ordinary, common place looking craft. From its general appearance it was over-safe, unless it followed the example of other "Little boats that keep near shore." The scenery along the banks of Missouri River, very properly named "The Big Muddy does not call for a lengthened description. The nickname of the river describes it in part. The river is big; it is likewise muddy. The banks are low, and bordered for the greater part with rows of prismatic trees, their trunks long and slender and straight as the canes in a bake. The channel of the river is broad but obstructed by sand-bars which are great obstacles to navigation since they are perpetually changing place by which the pilots of the steamboats are much confused as the channel is continually changing its course. The Pacific Rail Road follows the bank of the river (on the west side) and owing to the swiftness of the current and the prevalence of sand bars we
we made but slow progress. We remain all night upon the boat and expect to arrive at Jefferson City sometime to-morrow.

Jefferson City, Mo., Thursday, October 27th, 1864.

We arrived at Jefferson City this forenoon at 11 o'clock. On landing, inquired first as to the whereabouts of the Regiment, and learned that it was about 60 miles above guarding a bridge. Next inquired as to Major Burt; and learned that a person answering to his description had gone on the train which we had intended to take and which we had missed, it having left on the train which we intended to take for Warrensburg some hours before. There was no other train till to-morrow morning. Put up at a not very pretentious hotel and patiently waited. Patience, however, was no virtue in this case since waiting was the only thing left for us. I improved the afternoon by strolling about the City and making a few sketches. Visited the State House, a very stately structure, The Senate Hall was adorned with portraits and historical paintings. It is situated on a terraced hill and can be seen from far down the river. The City itself is also situated upon a hill, or rather series of broken hills. The streets were full of people in which the soldiery were quite conspicuous. The hotel was crowded chiefly with soldiers.

An exciting episode occurred this evening in the bar room of the hotel. A very talkative soldier was telling war stories to an interested crowd of listeners when a Captian in a high state of excitement and with eyes glaring wildly rushed in and shouted I have killed a man! He hurriedly exclaimed: "I did not intend to do it. He was a Lieutenant and was trying to arrest him, when he fired upon me, and to save my life I was obliged to fire upon him, but did not intend to kill him but only to disable him. He then rushed frantically out. Some one remarked that it was only a drunken row;" Both drunk, said another; and the story-teller went on with his story.

Have just learned that a boat which came up from Herman a few hours later than the Cora was fired upon and riddled with shot. A Lieutenant was killed and several men wounded. Occurrences of this kind are heard of every day. Bill Anderson, with his bushwhackers is supposed to be the perpetrator of these attacks.

Warrensburg, Mo. Friday, October 28th, 1864.

Warrensburg, Mo. Friday, Oct. 26th, 1864.

Settled hotel this morning. As a specimen of current rates I give the items and the items which I think quite reasonable. Three meals and lodging $1.10. These are war prices. I took the morning train on the Pacific for Sedia-

lia, having transportation to that point. The R.R. follows the river for a few miles and then leaving it bears to the left over a country of undulating plains, formerly prairies, I should think. The passengers on this train were
plainly dressed country people with but few soldiers. Most of them got off at Sedalia, a once thriving country town, now somewhat the worse for the civil war that raged here as in other portions of the State both town and country being harassed alike and alternately by roving bands of Bushwhackers and Jayhawkers, the former pretending to be Confederates and the latter being Unionists, but neither belonging to any recognized Command. As a rule they were robbers. Learning that the 7th Regt. was at a point known as Harrisonville, 45 miles ahead, the nearest point which I could reach by rail was Warrensburg; therefore as the train stopped some minutes, I secured from the Station Master an extension of my transportation ticket to Warrensburg the last station on the Pacific Road. There was at Sedalia a Hospital and Convalescent Camp, a convenient rallying place for stragglers who on account of exhaustion or sickness were not able to keep up with the command I found in the Hospital here 20 members of the 8th Regt. I noticed in passing through this village that notwithstanding its ruined condition there were plenty of saloons open and in full blast. Made a sketch of a section of Sedalia as the train moved out of the village.

The train reached Warrensburg in due time. I found the Regiment to be just a day's march farther on. I called upon the Officer in charge for permission to go on to the Regiment; but for what seemed to him good reason he refused to grant it. I could not safely go over the country alone without a guard, and he could not spare one. Besides if he should allow me one there was no assurance that when I had reached its present locality it would not have a day's march farther on; so he counseled me to secure a boarding place and wait here till its return. This advice I felt compelled to take. I found no difficulty in securing a very pleasant boarding place at the home of a widow who kept boarders. Major Burt, I found, had arrived the day before and by means of his superior rank and his urgency had secured an escort and by this time was with the Regiment. My missing the train at Jefferson City is responsible for my enforced delay.
Warrensburg, Missouri; Saturday October 29th.

An exceedingly well pleased with my boarding house and propose remaining here till the return of the Regiment, which may be in ten or twelve days. This by the advice and positive order of the Post Commander.

The house in which I am domiciled is a very old one. It is two stories in height and built of brick; and is in a good state of preservation. There are several boarders, among them the most notable are a Colonel, sick with the ague, a Surgeon off duty for cause not stated, but pro tem assisting the sick and disabled left here when Smits Corps passed through the village and most interesting of all the War Correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, and to be at the front with our warring and conquering legions instead of being cooped up in an uninteresting village leagues away from the field of
action. However, as he is in constant communication with reliable authorities at the front, we hope to be favored at least with an outline of his thrilling recitals of what is taking place at the front by "an eye-witness or the scenes as seen by 'Our Correspondent at the Front'." Gen. Rosencratz' Head Quarters is across the way from us; but the General is presumably at the front. At least he is not here. General Pleasanton, and Col. ------ stopped at our boarding house this evening. The Head Quarters of Gen. Fiske is also across the way. Have gained 5 lbs. since I left Little Rock, and I now weigh 145 lbs.

Warrensburg Mo. Sunday, October 30th, 1864.

The first news today is encouraging, though as yet we have a dearth of reassuring particulars. Our war correspondent is not very communicative. Outside reports are that Gen Price has been ingloriously defeated. His artillery has been captured and many prisoners including several General officers taken.

Yesterday a Christian Commission man with only a cavalry man arrived from the front came in and told us a rather fishy story, that sounded like story of Falstaff fighting against legions. This is the story they told us at the dinner table; they started, they twain from camp one man of peace and the other a fighting man. On the way they stumbled upon five bushwhackers at dinner; they immediately opened fire upon them, shouting as though there was a fighting force behind them, shouted: "Hurrah Boys come on!" rush on them; whereupon the terrified bushwhackers fled into the underbrush, leaving a good dinner which they had hardly touched. The dinner was immediately concated, or enough of it to satisfy their immediate wants. They captured also a valuable mule, which they had with them as proof of their story. They said nothing about the great battle, being too much taken up with their own great exploit. That may have occurred since. There were heroes before Adam and certainly there have been heroes since. They did report Price's Army badly discouraged. No wonder with such heroes in the field against them. We are waiting eagerly for more reliable news. We are however not trembling in our boots as our village is strongly fortified and otherwise strongly guarded; besides we are greatly reinforced by the arrival of the Christian Commission man and his brave escort. If their story is a fake, the leading question is — How did they come by the mule? In order to calm my excited nerves I attended two services at the Presbyterian Church. There were fair audiences the congregations about half military and half civil. The Chaplain of the 44th Wis. officiated in the morning, preaching a very fine sermon.

The question of the whereabouts of the 7th Minn. Regt is somewhat perplexing. The report of the defeat of Gen Price is not doubted; and part of the Union Army will return through Warrensburg. What part of it is not known. There is great excitement in the village.
Warrensburg, Mo. Monday Oct. 31st; 1864.

How wearily the hours pass by while waiting for reliable news! Yet away the time, I am tempted to introduce, at some the risk of jumbling such things such as dates of events and the continuity of my narrative a story pertaining to the war history of this interesting village. I have not described the village itself. Really there is not much to describe.

It is not greatly different from four or twenty other villages in this State, perhaps only a little more primitive and old-fashioned and picturesque. It is situated on somewhat high ground. It has much the appearance of a frontier town, but with some good residences and public buildings. It has a primitive, yet sufficiently commodious court-house and a square church with a pyramidal roof with a belfry on the apex. The view of the surrounding country is fine. What attracted my attention most was a line of fortifications girdling the village. I noticed also that they were made apparently of cord-wood. A friendly citizen volunteered some bits of local history explanatory of this singular military relic. I give below his narrative of the origin of the structure. I tell the story as it was told to me.

THE DEFENSE OF WARRENSBURG.

The village was nominally Union and the Stars and stripes floated proudly from the Court-House. A few days ago General Price was known to be advancing with a part of his force with hostile intentions. His advent caused the greatest consternation amongst the residents, many of whom fled rapidly from the village leaving their homes an easy prey to the invader. At this juncture Captain Foster, a resident, also took alarm at the approach of the Rebel General, but instead of fleeing to the woods and hills rose from a sick bed, and calling a meeting of the loyal citizens and taking command, at once organized them for defense, ordering every man able to bear arms into the field, and for the better defense surrounding the village with these fortifications. General Jackson at New Orleans for entrenchments used cotton bales. It was the more brilliant idea of Captain Foster to use cord-wood instead. The materials were close at hand; and so he levied on the wood piles of the citizens and adding to his store the contents of the wood yard. True, it required a sacrifice of their wood supply for the coming winter; but what patriot could hesitate for a moment in an emergency like this? And so the villagers with the self-sacrifice of true patriots carried their winter wood to the lines and corded it in the intrenchments and their deed is already recorded on the page of history. When this cruel war is over as many of us hope it will be before the coming; when other warriors shall
turn their swords into ploughshares and their bayonets into pruning-hooks these good patriots may shall restore their intrenchments to their original status as cord-woodkindling again their altar fires and kitchen fires and warm themselves and cook their victuals by the heat thereof. These are at least the patriotic possibilities of the case. The newly graduated student of West Point may cavil at the building of cord wood ramparts on the ground that a few cannon balls discreetly aimed would knock the cord wood into kindling. So it might, but no one can deny that they made a brave show, and were probably as efficacious in frightening the enemy away as were the Quaker guns used on the Potomac. And coming to actual fighting such as would take place at the stohming of the ramparts these cords of wood woods would answer every purpose quite as well as did General's cotton bales. It is on record also that our men, as at Tupelo, fought valiantly when sheltered by the rails of a broken-down fence.

In other respects than those of a military engineer, did Captain Foster prove himself the man of the hour. His control of the position and his command of men were remarkable. The villagers were not a unit for the defense. The Union men had a bare majority of voters. The Captain did not ask a vote as to his measures. He seized the Government as by force. Martial law was declared before any one could remonstrate and the sternest measures at once enforced to secure unanimity of action. Sanguinary orders were enforced. He announced that any man who refused to do the part assigned him should be shot down in his tracks. Pale and sick though he was he manifested a terrible energy. The Union men understood the situation, and the and hailed him as their deliverer, while southern sympathizers obeyed through fear or fled from the village. There was a grim humor shown in some of his rulings. There was for instance a certain wealthy citizen, suspected both of want of courage and of disloyalty, who had beforehand absented himself from the village till the danger should be over. He sent scouts after him who arrested him and brought him back. Had he been taken sooner he would have been shot at once. But as the necessity did not seem to require it, he was only court-marshaled, and sentenced to hard labor in the stable yards, and to subsist like Nebuchadnæzzar on the forage furnished the horses.

And after all, as I learned from the good-natured village historian, who told me the story, there was no mort sanguinary action than this under the iron rule of Captain Foster; and there was no battle at all, no attempt to storm the wood-oile fortifications on those rugged heights, no Balaklavan charge, no romantic page in history recording the heroism of Captain Foster standing on the parapet, waving his trenchant sword and shout-defiance to Price and his legions; and I'm rather glad of it I said to the narrator. "And what "said I,"are all these relics worth?" Pointing to
to the fortifications. And he answered "About $2.50 per cord."

Warrensburg, Mo. Tuesday, November 1st, 1864.

To-day came into Warrensburg the advance regiments of the of the 16th Army Corps, they having defeated Gen. Price and practically annihilated his army. First came the cavalry, a gallant sight, their steeds prancing their carbines gleaming in the sun as with clashing sabres they galloped into the village amidst the cheering of the multitude. The Infantry in long procession followed, their banners unfurled and martial musings accompanying their march. I should have felt more gladness at the sight of the magnificent cortege if our regiment had appeared in the procession. It was nowhere to be seen. I was told that it had been detached and sent off in pursuit of after fragments of Price's defeated army. That they have been sent in pursuit of bushwhackers that they are chasing Bill Anderson, and also that they have gone back to St. Louis by another route than that by which they came. Muddy roads have detracted not a little from the fine appearance of our returning heroes, and I grieve to state that their clothing is fearfully bedraggled by the mud. They are indeed forlorn in appearance, but cheery of heart for they return as conquering heroes, bringing with them the spoils of war, and many prisoners, among them General Marmaduke, Abell and Col. Slemmens and one other whose name I did not learn. During the halt of the Division in Warrensburg these prisoners were placed for safe keeping in the upper room of a store on one of the principal streets. As they showed themselves freely at the windows freely chatting with any outsider who wanted a word with them, I had opportunity of making a few sketches. They seemed in a very pleasant humor. They were dressed in Confederate grey. The most picturesque figure was that of Col. Slemmens, a stalwart man with a long gray beard reaching to his waist and resembling more than anything else the tail of a comet. General Marmaduke was jauntily clad in a close-fitting suit of grey. The brim of his hat was on one side looped to the crown by a golden crescent to one point of which were suspended a star and cross which tinkled slightly as he moved his head. The lines of Marmaduke's face indicated a refined and sensitive nature and were in strong contrast to those of Slemmens who seemed of much stronger, coarser temperament. Notwithstanding his long hair and ferocious beard he seemed the most jovial man of the group. Gabell had the most serious and melancholy face of the group. His features heavy his eyes dark and piercing and his face was sallow.

The fighting in the engagement in which these men were captured was done chiefly by the cavalry; and the 7th Minn. was not present. Wishing to rejoin the regiment soon as possible I applied to the Colonel commanding the Post; but he declined to grant me permission as he did not know the whereabouts of the Regiment.
To-morrow, I propose to start without leave and go as far as Sedalia, provided I can take with me a few of our sick men, on the ground that they can be better cared for there than here.

Sedalia, Mo. Wednesday, November 2nd; 1864.

This morning followed out the plan of the day before. Failing to get the perm for to leave Warrensburg which carried with it the order for transporation my only inconvenience is that I shall have to pay for my transporation, which to Sedalia is $150. There is no breach of military law that I know of. I settled with my landlady for board and lodging and with my satchel move to the depot in tolerably fair order, stopping for a short time at the Hospital where remain a few of our sick. It is the intention to remove them to Sedalia. En route to Sedalia we passed the 1st and 2nd Brigades of the 1st Division, and were told by them that our Brigade, the 3rd, was passing by another route to Sedalia, and would probably to-morrow.

On arriving at Sedalia I met Sergeant Comstock of Company G., waiting for us with an invitation from Surgeon Cutter of the Post Hospital to call upon him on my arrival at his Office. I accepted the Surgeon's invitation and after my arrival his cordial invitation to become his guest my stay in Sedalia. His Quarters were at the residence of a loyal named Smith, generally called General Smith, who had offered their use to the Government for hospital purposes. Towards evening General McArthur, who succeeds Gen. Mower lately removed to Gen. Sherman's Army came into Sedalia with the 1st and 2nd Brigades of the 1st Division. I was much astonished to receive a request for me to call upon him at once. I was still more astonished at his making out for me the first order he issued since assuming command. See order on opposite page, which shows that I am to collect stragglers and others who have for any reason been separated from their Regiment.

I am somewhat taken back at this appointment. It is quite out of line of my supposed regular duties. It involves duties to which I am not accustomed. To have control of 250 men and possibly twice that number before I am through with to look after their rations lodging and transportation is quite beyond the limits of my knowledge and experience; but there is no avoiding the responsibilities thrust upon me... Many of the men besides are in a citable condition from sickness and the hardships of the hardest marching in the experience of the. In caring for these, a Surgeon has been detailed; and there are some commissioned officers among the more able bodied of my Invalid Corps upon whom I can rely for such assistance as they are able to give; and so, I cheerfully accept, hoping that I may be equal to the occasion.
Head Quarters 1st Division 15th Army Corps
Sedalia Mo. No. 5th 1862

Special Orders
No. 1043

Vol. will remain at Sedalia until the Division has passed through, collecting together and taking charge of all enlisted men pronounced not able to march on foot; and report them by railroad to Asst Surgeon Sageley 9th Mo. Vol. at Jefferson City Mo.

The Quartermaster's Department will please furnish the necessary transportation.

By command of

Brig. Gen. J. C. Arthur
W. J. Randall

Chaplain E. E. Edwards
7th Mo. Vol.
Transportation furnished to
Chaplain E.E. Edwards
and 2 25 men
from Lealucky do
to Jeff Leroy Jr.
Nov 14, 1864
SOME CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

Seen at Harrodsburg, Mo. November 1st, 1864.

Sedalia Mo. Thursday, November 3rd; 1864.

The weather has been very inclement and the roads barely passable; so bad in fact, that the 3rd Brigade including the 7th Minn. did not arrive till this evening. The men came in wet, weary and muddy, bedraggled almost beyond recognition. The mud itself was not only very deep, but was incrusted with several inches of, which became slush and marching through it was like wading deep waters. I do not remember in all my life to have to have ever looked upon a drearier landscape. These remarks will apply not only to the last few days, but to the greater part of the winter. The men could
find in going into camp no wood dry and combustible enough to build their fires and as for going to bed at night though they found the ground, their couch "As soft as downy pillows are," they were saturated with slush which froze around their benumbed bodies as they slept. Beside these conditions their winter campaigns against the Sioux were vastly preferable. There is no wonder that so many fell by the wayside and linger in hospitals, and that so many have perished from exposure These disabled and helpless ones, I am to gather these ind, transport them by rail and boat to St. Louis.

Sedalia, Mo. Friday, November 4th 1864.

Sedalia, some weeks ago, (I am not encumbered with dates,) was beleaguered by the Rebel force under Gen. Jeff. Thompson and there are traces of the siege remaining, such as perforations made in public and private houses by cannon balls. Something to be proud of hereafter. The citizens lacked the pluck of Captain Foster and the patriots of Warrensburg. From their own standpoint, however, the Militia the best thing they could possibly do. When they saw the Rebel host advancing, they silently stole away; and the astonished enemy marched quietly in and meeting with no opposition in a quiet and gentlemanly way, sacked the City, taking but few things however, namely about enough food and drink to satisfy their hunger, they being nearly famished. Some of them threatened to burn the village, but Jeff. Thompson forbade it. They were bent chiefly on burning the Depot, says another report, but a Reb Rebel lady interceded with Gen. Thompson and prevailed on him to prevent the burning.

Sedalia, Mo. Saturday, November 5th 1864.

My commission was to furnish food and transportation for 225 men. I have now over 300; and the "cry is 'Still they come.'" The City is overcrowded with those not assigned to the Hospital; and the great question is what to do with them. There are not even sheds. Any shelter than the bleak, inhospitable muddy fields with no roofs over them but the pitiless cloud-blackened sky. The Hospitals crowded with the more necessitous cases. We have food enough however, and better than the that obtained in the field. The conduct of the heterogeneous crowd under my command is, upon the whole, very exemplary; but I Grove to say that many of long accustomed to appropriating eatables not their are much given to stealing each other's rations. This has come to be considered rather a joke than a criminal offense. Hunger is not always the cause that prompts, as a few manage to sell their rations for hard cash, or exchange them for delicacies not on their own bill of fare. Yesterday the 3rd Brigade attempted a forward movement; but as the ground was not sufficiently hard enough to bear them, and they were soon ob-
concluded to go into Camp again. Yesterday a nameless man was brought to the Hospital in a dying condition, and the man who brought him could give neither his name nor Regiment. To-day we buried him in a nameless grave. This happens frequently when the army is on the march. Some weary straggler dies by the wayside, and his body is found and buried by strangers; and the record in the Army Rolls is "missing or deserted."

The Capitol, Jefferson City, Mo. Sunday, November 6th, 1864.

Yesterday I received notice a somewhat informal order, that early next morning there would be several cars at the Depot, and that I should have the men of my Detail ready for embarkation to Jefferson City. This part of the order was written. The oral and unmilitary part was that there might be a scramble to get on, and that I should explain the matter to the men. They were to be on the ground first, if possible. They were to enter and take possession at once. First come-first served served. Once in they were to hold the cars. There were not enough cars for all that were to go, hence the necessity of being first on the spot, and secondly of holding the cars against all others. The motto was to be: "Take and hold the cars." The men understood this remarkable order, and were all on the ground this morning in "the nick of time." There was however some delay in getting our invalids aboard, and some intruders to get on but they were promptly and unceremoniously pitched off.

A perplexing feature was the consignment to my care of a car-load of prisoners—45 in all—not Major Generals and Colonels but plain Johnnies minus their military trappings. They were to be taken to Jefferson City and handed over to the Post Commandant. Our men objected, as they had been officially ordered to expel all intruders from the train. They thought it both a hardship and indignity, for these men to crowd Union soldiers from the train. All that prevented their ejectment was the special guard furnished for their protection. As they occupied a special furnished for them we had really no ground for interference. The car in which they were transported was a palatial box car used for transporting cattle. and prisoners made a fine appearance as they peered curiously through the bars. My Camp of 300 stragglers and invalids had swollen from 300 to 400. I use round numbers because it is easier to remember them. There may have been a few more or less; but an incident which occurred at Jefferson City will serve to show that it is best to be more particular about numbers. The incident occurred just after our arrival at Jefferson City. I had reported to the Commandant of the Post there, and incidentally men-
mentioned that I had brought with me from Sedalia 45 Rebel prisoners in a stock car. "How many head did you say?" he asked. I answered 45. "Let me see your receipt! I would like to look at the lot." I took him to the car. He looked at them curiously. He counted, to make sure of the number. "Delto!" he exclaimed. This paper shows 45, and there are 46 in this car. I counted them and he was right. There were 46." I decline to receive them,"he said. What to do next was the problem that confronted me I made inquiry among the prisoners as to how the supernumerary man came to be among them. Each of the 46 was willing to take oath that he was one of the original 45. The identity of the supernumerary man is like the secret of the identity of "The man in the iron mask." It will never be revealed. I turned to the Commandant and asked him what I should do? "What you please" he replied. "It is none of my affair." I answered: "I have no authority to furnishration or take them any farther. I will parole them. I will turn them loose on the streets. The Commandant looked wild at this proposition. I turned to the prisoners and said with the air of a man about to confer a great favor; and said I am about to parole you because of this misunderstanding as to your number. I will make out your papers on which you are to sign not to take arms against the best Government etc." I could no-nor be heard for the loud protest of No. no-no that came from 46 throats. We are prisoners of war. It would be an inhuman act to turn us loose without food, shelter, or transportation. And it would be The poor captured Confeds were right. They had a just sense of what a Government owes to the prisoners taken in battle. The Post Commandant, who was really a genial sort of man and was enjoying a joke at my expense, came forward and said 8 will take the 46 off your hands even including the one man among them to whom I have no right, and so the matter ended satisfactorily to all concerned.

The Post Commandant ordered me to take my 400 reputed stragglers to the Capitol building till the time of their embarkation for St. Louis and with great alacrity our weary and dispirited host took up the line of march for the most regal quarters the great State of Missouri could furnish. Six of our men were so thoroughly worn and wearied that they had to be put in an ambulance and carried there... Then we reached the Capitol we found already about 100 men (Round numbers again:) camped in the House of Representatives. The Capitol was now completely filled.

Our force occupied the Senate Hall. Myself and staff wishing to put on style suitable to our dignity took possession of a richly furnished corner room containing a splendid old fire place in which we soon had a big wood fire.
The Capitol: Jefferson City, Mo. Monday, November 7th, 1864.

As I have time to look around, am better pleased with our quarters. This is indeed a fine old room. It is adorned with a fine marble bust of Thomas H. Benton and with portraits in oil of other distinguished Missouri Statesmen and historical personages. There is also a library of rare and costly books; but the best thing of all and the thing that tends most to our personal comfort is the fine old-fashioned fire-place with its cheerful fire of well-seasoned cord wood.

I had almost forgotten the Commission as Commander of the weary and worn host designated as Stragglers expired on my arrival at Jefferson City. I found no one yesterday to whom I could surrender the command.

I have reported the matter to Head Quarters; and am awaiting a reply. As the force of men whom I had in charge had increased from 225 to over 700 men, I suggested that my successor would require a larger Staff of Assistants. I expect a reply this evening.

Later.—Gen. McArthur has relieved by continuing me in charge from Jefferson City to St. Louis. I am at the earliest moment practical to place the men on steamboats and convey them to Herman Mo. and thence by Pacific R.R. to St. Louis. This will require several busy days. As to the suggested increase of Staff as suggested, the General the General continued those who had served this far. Surgeon Van Meter was continued in charge of the Medical Department. Capt. John Kennedy of Company F. 7th Minn. was made Assistant to be entrusted with such duties as his health would permit and the increasing number of men in the command might require. I pressed him to take the Chief command, but this he refused to do. I am authorized to detail those persons as I can find serviceable Chaplain Humphrey having joined us at this place is to serve as Chaplain. There are also a few Lieutenants who recognized officially and add much to the efficiency of our organization.

An's is a somewhat motley force. It is made up of all sorts and conditions of men: the sick and the weary, the weak and the wavering, as well as sometimes the strong and the stalwart, for whom the way may have been too rough and the march was too long. It is not always the physically strong that best endure the strain of a long and arduous march or exposure to the storm and coldness of the winter; and often it is the well fed who feel most acutely the pangs of hunger. Some of the weakest, hungriest looking men in the army best able to keep on when the march is most fatiguing and the rations most scant. That a man should be found in this body of so called stragglers is no evidence that he is a coward or shirk. There are as good men and true here as are many that are now wading in the freezing mud or lying down and we treat them accordingly. There are men here from every regiment in the Division. Many ought to be in Hospital and are indeed sick to travel.
I am touched by the broad sympathy and kindly manner of Surgeon Van-Meter. He is a man among men. He realizes that something more is needed than pills or plasters or the Surgeon's knife. For aught that we know, each man has done his best, and is entitled to that best of all cordials, a kindly shake of the hand and an encouraging word. I, for one do not like the title commonly applied to this body of men, of stragglers. They are not an organized body as a Company Regiment or Brigade. I would call them a Reserve Corps; and I am not ashamed to put myself down in this record as a "Corps Commander."

The Capitol; Jefferson City - Monday, November 7th, 1864.

The Surgeon last night administered a large quantity of ale that he obtained from the Commissary Dept. as a medicine to the more necessitous cases, and with the best effect. The 7th Minnesota is camped near the Fair Grounds. I visited the Camp eagerly rejoiced to be with the Regiment again the first time since it marched out of Little Rock. Col. Marshall handed me a large batch of letters which he had been saving for me for some time. He left a hundred men for transportation on the boats and with the remainder continued his march overland to St. Louis in a drizzling rain. We have found it expedient to turn our cheerful Head Quarters room into a Hospital for the worst cases. Have just visited the General Hospital in the Capital City. But 7 of these were from our Regiment.


The State Commissioner visited our camp in the Capitol to take and transfer the Soldier vote of Minnesota soldiers to the State election Officers. Most of the Minnesota soldiers voted. Unfortunately many have been missed; and there is bound to be much scattering to the short-coins, and also the short-coins of our State Commissioner. This is all wrong. There is not enough of him. He cannot be everywhere at once. Our soldiers are too widely scattered.

"Faint, yet pursuing" has suggested as a motto for our Reserve Corps the words: "Faint, yet pursuing." They are certainly following the Flag and showing an invincible determination to "set there."

Meanwhile, owing to the rising of the river from recent rains, we shall have water enough; and the boats are arriving. Tomorrow we shall bid adieu to our Quarters in the Capitol—
The Capitol, Jefferson City, Mo., Wednesday, Nov., 9th, 1864.

It is not our boats that have done the arriving. We are doomed to stay here three or four days more, says Surgeon Van Meter, who is in charge of about everything pertaining to this whole camp. I have no responsibility as to movement. Have a vague idea that all I have to do here is to "wait for the wagon;" or as it happens in this case for the Steamboat. It is best in Military circles not to ask too many questions. There is one compensation. I shall have leisure to look around and make comments that need not be recorded in this Deary...I mention only a few things I notice among other things that the Capitol City seems pretty well fortified as the adjacent hills are crowned with fortifications. Below the City rise the blank walls of the State Prison and much resemble a military fortress...ear by is an old, burying ground, boistering through which I spent an hour to-day reading the quaint inscriptions on the older tombstones.

The Capitol; Jefferson City, Mo., Thursday, November 10th, 1864.

"Waiting; only waiting till the days are shorter grown." Nothing in sight to-day. To-day I note some of the adornments of the Capitol. It is indeed a fine building and splendidly adorned within. I mentioned the fine bust of Benton in the room which we use as Head Quarters for the Military part of our command. I give a sketch on another page. In an alcove of the Upper Hall is a full length of Benton that is well finished and a remarkable likeness, but not a pleasing one on account of the pride and haughtiness depicted in the face. There were two portraits of Washington the first after Stuart's famous and popular picture. The face of this portrait always impressed me with its Sphynx-like character. The other picture proved to me as somewhat of a surprise and with its like-like expression. Drawing closer I discovered that it was only an ingenious display of needle-work. The portrait of Thomas Jefferson was given at full length. The largest canvas was contained the portrait of General Jackson Mounted. The coloring of this painting was good but the drawing and attitude of the hero inferior.

The Capital; Jefferson City, Mo., Friday, Nov., 11th, 1864.

The attitude of waiting is still continue; but there are some indications that the spell of inaction will soon be broken. To-day we sent off 300 of our men with horses; but there are 600 remaining, and many of them are too sick to travel and most of the remainder are in deplorable trim.
Capitol; Jefferson City Mo.

Saturday, Nov. 12th; 1864.

Hope deferred a day or two longer. But we now have reason for the cheerful hope that our ships will surely come to-morrow. "I never knew before the meaning of that word 'impatience!'" one was heard to say. There is but advantage in this delay: we have more time for getting ready.

By 78, I mean the Capitol crowd, nick-named the Reserve Corps, numbering about 600. There are others however beside ourselves. They have been camped outside and consist of parts of regiments. These men have been called outside and commanded by officers of their own regiments; and they have this advantage over us. We are not invalids, but only well but well organized. And capable of crowding us out of the boats; but of keeping us here longer. To protect ourselves we have affected a more complete organization, dividing our Corps into squads of which shall be placed men of the same regiment, far as may be of the same companies. In case we should get accommodations on the same, which is a highly possible contingency they may be better able to take care of themselves.

Steamer Enterprise, Near Jefferson City; Sunday, Nov. 13th, 1864.

At last the boats have arrived, and we have been ordered aboard, at least as many of us as can force our way over the sand banks. As anticipated we had a scramble and could not all or even a part of us be taken on the same boat. We had divided our party into squads of from 60 to 100, with enough able-bodied men in each squad to help and take care of the men least able to take care of themselves. It was well we did so.

Capt. John Kennedy and myself, with our squad were allotted to the Enterprise, a rather diminutive boat as compared with the others; and this boat we jocularly called the Flag Ship. Unfortunately a Company New Jersey Cavalry had found their way on board whether regularly assigned to or not, we could not ascertain. The Captain and his men were very arrogant and overbearing in
their demeanor, and it was soon evident that a first class row was
brewing. All might have gone on smoothly had I not placed a few sick
men in the cabin. They were very sick and it would have imperiled their lives
to have placed them on the deck, the weather being very inclement. Besides
they needed care during the night. In my temporary absence the Captain of
the Cavalry Company had them removed. This act of inhumanity I countermanded
and had them brought back. The collision came instantly. The Captain at once
demanded my authority for placing these men in the cabin when he had ordered
them to be removed. Not knowing exactly the military basis of my authority,
I replied: "In the name of humanity, that these men were very sick and it w
would be nothing short of murder to place them on deck." He replied that
the cabin had been properly reserved for officers, and that no private
soldiers sick or well should be allowed in the cabin while he was in com-
mand. By this time our men were furious; and there might have been an ap-
peal to arms on the spot. I asked him by what authority he acted? He replied
that he was ranking officer on that boat, and that he was willing to refer
the matter to the Captain of the boat as to that. Captain Kennedy suggested
that the Captain be called. The Captain was called; but he declined to inter-
fere in the matter. I thinking that Captain Kennedy might outrank him,
tendered the command to him; but he refused on the ground that that would
be a surrender for a Captain of Cavalry always outranks a Captain of Infantry
but a chaplain is ranked as a Captain of Cavalry. Try him on that. Date of
Commission will determine the question of rank. Meanwhile appoint me as
Captain of Guard, and if it happens that his commission is older than yours
I will settle question by force of arms. I appointed him Captain of Guard
which I had already stationed at the entrance to the cabin. On comparing
dates of commission I was found to be his senior by several weeks. The Captai
n of Cavalry looked a moment at the Guard and its Captain, and saw the
point at once and sullenly acquiesced and there was peace. He and his Offi-
cers were of course admitted to the Cabin by reason of their rank; and this
promises to be the end of the matter. The Captain made a fine bluff, and
looked savage enough to swallow at a single gulp the rather diminutive Cap-
Cavalry Captain. Later in the day—Our journey passed without much incident.
But at night in consequence of the danger of travel after dark we tied up
the boat at a point near the mouth of the Osage River.

St Louis Mo. Monday November 14th 1864.

During last night five of the Cavalry Company went ashore
and undertook to do some raiding on their own account. It is supposed that
in attempting to rob a farm house. They robbed a family of about $200.00
but...
but while rummaging the house for more plunder, were fired upon by a detachment of Missouri State Militia, (why they did not lay it on the Bushwhackers, was not explained). Three of the cavalry men succeeded in making their escape one of them badly wounded. These arrived at the boat where they were immediately arrested by their Captain to be held for trial on their arrival at St Louis for robbery. By this summary act the Captain rose considerably in the estimation of our men so often unjustly referred to as "Smith's Guerrillas." The miscreants found no sympathy with our men or their own; and it was the generally expressed opinion that they ought to be shot. The wounded man was shot through the hand. The three men who escaped gave a rather vague and unsatisfactory account as to the fate of their two companions, one claiming that they had been killed and the other two that they had escaped and would not return to the boat. The wounded was too frantic with pain to give an intelligible account of anything.

We reached Herman without further adventure; and disembarking, took the Pacific cars for St. Louis. About 40 miles from Herman, we overtook and passed the 7th Minn. trudging wearily on foot towards St. Louis. The cars having stopped a few moments we snuggled a few of the most near-played out aboard. As we should reach the City in advance of the Regiment I left them in care of Captain K. As for those belonging to other Regiments and those who had taken passage on other boats, I had already left them in the charge of other Officers and had no further concern regarding them.

My commission had expired on their arrival at St. Louis. On leaving the cars at the Station, I took lodging for myself at an Olive Street Hotel. As for the men, those whose Regiments had not yet arrived were provided for at the Soldiers' Home, while a few went to Benton Barracks (located on the Fair Grounds).

St. Louis, Mo. Tuesday November 15th, 1864.

I am awaiting the return of the Regiment I am spending the time variously making my Headquarters at the Central Advocate Office with my old friend Dr. E. F. Crary Editor, and formerly Chalain of the Third Minnesota, lounging through the Art Galleries and reading in the Mercantile Library I find here nothing of interest to jot down. The Regiment will reach the City to-morrow probably,—and then I shall remain with the Regiment till it starts again for the South; we know not yet whither.

Benton Barracks, St. Louis Wednesday November 16th, 1864.

The Regiment arrived this afternoon at Benton Barracks, and all the absent are missing and accounted for, and glad to be once more under the Regimental Flag and ready for marching orders. It is said however that we are to have a week or ten days' rest. The Regiment deserves it.
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Benton Barracks, St Louis, Mo. Thursday, Nov. 17th 1864.

There is no valid reason why I should not reward myself for hardships of the last six or eight weeks, by taking a furlough for a brief visit to my family in Indianapolis. The Colonel favors, and were it not for the red tape involved in sending my request to Division Head Quarters, I might start this afternoon but it may take three or four days to get my furlough back again properly sealed; and by that time the Regiment would be too near starting South to leave time enough for a visit. To cut the Gordian knot of the red tape requisitions: Col Marshall gave a Regimental pass that would answer every practical purpose unless there should be as strict surveillance in Indiana as is necessary in the South. The Pass he remarked, as a Military document would not be worth the paper it was written on; yet there might be times when it would be convenient to have it with me. In accepting it I took all the responsibility upon myself, and that in my case that would be very small. I start to-morrow.

Note added later. --- I left Indianapolis on the morning of Friday, 18th. On this journey no guard challenged me; no official asked for passports. I was everywhere greeted as a civilian, though though I wore the eagle over my hat band. I wore no other insignia of my rank; nor did I during my entire period of service. A Chaplain may wear shoulder straps and carry a sword if he wishes to; but I never saw one thus arrayed. A Chaplain who should thus array himself would have been laughed at in Smith's Corps. I was once arrested by a Patrol Guard in St. Louis for appearing on the streets without the Regulation Uniform. I appeared at Patrol Head Quarters, and ordered to conform to the regulation in such cases made and provided. I wore the eagle in my hat and my clerical coat did not differ from that required for Officers, except in the matter of buttons; and that if he would let me know what uniform is prescribed for a Chaplain, I would cheerfully conform. He could not do it and dismissed the case.

After a pleasant visit to Indianapolis of four days I rejoined the Regiment at St. Louis the day before its departure for the South.

St Louis, Missouri, Tuesday, November 22nd, 1864.

My pass having expired, I returned to St Louis and found the Regiment under marching orders to-morrow morning. They are to embark on the Silver Cloud for Paducah. I did not stay at Benton Barracks where the Regiment is still encamped but spent the night in the City with a friend, Dr. E.F. Crary. I shall join the Regiment to-morrow morning.
Steamer Silver Cloud, Mississippi. Wednesday, November 23rd. 1861.

The early embarkation on the Silver Cloud was not accomplished till the afternoon. It is always slow work for a Regiment to embark. Large bodies of men move slowly unless the enemy is after them. The Silver Cloud is one of a fleet of near 40 boats, under orders to transport the entire 16th Army Corps to Paducah, Ky. a city on the Ohio River about 60 miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. From the point the Army Corps will probably ascend either the Cumberland or Tennessee Rivers, most likely the former, as that will take us to Nashville, now in possession of the Union Forces, but threatened with attack from Rebel forces under Hood.

The Silver Cloud has a very pretty name but is by no means prepossessing in its appearance, but on the contrary is some what shabby and rickety. Though smaller than some of the other boats has two Regiments crowded in its cabin and on its decks—the 12th Iowa and the 7th Minn. The association is pleasant enough for these two Regiments are very friendly; but there as sass the old Scotch song "There is na room for twa." Otherwise we could not be better pleased. The fleet made fairly good progress till towards evening when it encountered a bar that could not safely be crossed in the dark. The fleet therefore anchored or was tied up at. This suited the soldiers very well as they were permitted to go on shore and cook their rations both night and morning. Over 1000 fires were kindled along the shores. As the darkness deepened the scene was very beautiful and unlike any camp scene I had hitherto looked upon. The boats to were all aglow; and presented a brilliant spectacle. The Decks were almost deserted the men having gone ashore but within the crowded cabins the scene was lively. The tables were crowded with persons reading or writing while other tables were allotted to those who were playing cards or other games. Chaplain Humphrey of the 12th Iowa, thinking to improve the occasion in a religious way, proposed a Thanksgiving Service and a Service was forthwith extemporized, Chaplain H. leading, I assisting. First the Hymn: "My Country, 'tis of thee," was sung. Then followed Prayer and an extemporized Address by Chaplain H. Myself and others following. Then followed the singing of "He leadeth Me" The there prayers from volunteers and more singing followed by a benediction. The meeting passed off very pleasantly; and George Elsberry the artist of the 7th Regt. made a very effective sketch of the scene.

After service Major Burt summoned the members of his mess for a settlement of accounts from Sept. 1st to the present time. It appears that my share of the expenses have been 38 cents a day during the time I messed with the club. We have in general fared well and this expense of mine is unexpectedly small. We are running our mess on the boat independently of the table set by the boat managers. The Cabin Table was set for $2.25 a day and
the food was not as good as ours nor was it as well cooked. It is true that we labored at serious disadvantage while on the; but we were highly for two meals in the day when the boat was compelled to anchor during the night, as in the present instance.

Steamer Silver Cloud, Mississippi, Thursday, Nov., 24th, 1864.

Reluctantly the the men left their ideal lunching place on the shore and returned to the boat. Hoping that some dangerous bar should continue to make such stoppages over night an ever-recurring necessity. Shortly after startin', I made a somewhat hasty sketch of a restelated residence which was beautiful for situation and the castle lovely to look upon. But the boat moved so rapidly that it was out of sight before I had finished the drawing. Nothing passed worthy of note, except our growing admiration of the beauty of the scenery which begins to rival that of the Upper Mississippi. The hills are growing more bold, rocky and precipitous in striking contrast with the castle so inadequately pictured below.

A noted another which presented a striking contrast to it. It was a rather common looking frame dwelling perched on the dizzy verge of a precipice. A sketched is as a companion piece to the Castle.
It may not have been a dwelling. It is more likely a watch tower, or possibly a light house; it would certainly be an unsafty place in which to live to live. We still tie up at night on one pretense or another. Perhaps it may be to accommodate our veterans who are not allowed to cock on deck. But in the day-time we are more or less troubled and delayed by sandbars. The scenery is not so attractive and the shores are becoming more and more monotonous as we draw nearer to Cairo.

*Actually, the clerical error was finished. We were on the Cumberland River on the 29th of July, 1864.*
Silver Cloud, Mississippi, Friday, Nov. 25th, 1864.

Another day, so to speak, in language that is not quite a metaphor, and certainly not quite the reality: we are floating down the crystal waters of the Mississippi on a silver cloud. The metaphor here amounting to an allegory fails because the waters of the Mississippi are not bellidic but muddy, and the Silver Cloud is not a vaporizing navigator of the skies, but a dirty little steam boat that instead of idly floating cushions its way down the river wheezing and coughing as though suffering from a combined attack of asthmata and influenza.

Silver Cloud, Mississippi, Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1864.

The brief entry of yesterday shows that nothing occurred worthy of note. Not so today. We note the sinking of one of our transports; the M.L. Ewing. This boat was heavily laden with troops on the upper decks and
mules on the lower. From some unknown cause it sank—sank in the middle of the stream,—sank rather as far as the shallow water would permit. sank so to speak about 6 or 8 feet when the sinking was arrested by a friendly sink bar which happened by rare good fortune to be at the proper place at the proper time. If sand bars should follow the example of this friendly bank of sand and bestow their huge masses of moving sand grains in proper places they would save navigators much trouble and some disaster. This particular sand bar did not sink low enough to imperil the lives of the human freight who remained securely seated and standing upon the upper decks whence they cheered lustily the passengers on the other boats of the fleet as they passed them on their own unobstructed way. The mules alone seemed in peril. Had the Twin sunk 18 inches lower, these poor but noble quadrupeds would all have been drowned. As it was they were able to lift their heads that high above the water. The only parts of them visible were their heads and ears. They brayed vociferously at the passing boats for help. It was a curious scene and had the danger been greater would have been an affecting one.

Silver Cloud, Mississippi, Saturday, November 22, 1864.

We are nearing Cairo. We cast anchor and tie up about 9 miles above that city. We are glad to learn by news from later boats that there were no lives lost on the W. L. Twin; and also that the mules and horses were also safely landed without the loss of one and that the boat itself is not seriously damaged and will soon be on its feet again, so to speak. The hull is not broken, nor has it sprung a leak. It was simply overloaded, it is very fortunate that there was a sand bar underneath so near the surface. It is conjectured that the prevailing high winds either tilted the boat or drove the waves over the guards into the hold. High winds compelled the entire fleet to tie up most of the after part of the day.

Silver Cloud, Ohio River, Sunday, November 22, 1864.

We reached Cairo quite early this morning where the boats are to remain for coling and taking on four days' supply of provisions. The Ohio River was swollen and muddy. We were moored to a muddy landing, or levee, wherever it was. The streets of Cairo were almost impassable for vehicles of any kind and the sidewalks for pedestrians. It was a thick clayey mud. We found our way through it finding even such walking as the streets and sidewalks afforded a great relief from the monotony of existence on the boat. The most perilous thing encountered was the passage from the boats to the shore. There was such a crowd of coal barges between us and the shore, with spaces of black muddy water between them that had to be crossed upon slates and planks tied.
be crossed, that the crosser over was put in some peril lest by a careless step or the pushing of the throng pushing him forward he might fall into the river. Several did, in fact, fall in, and were fished out with some difficulty by their comrades. I thought I noticed in the victims of these petty disasters, at least among the less religious of them, an undue tendency to profanity. While on shore, I visited the Christian Commission Rooms, and some other places of interest, attending a service and listening to a good discourse from a clergyman whose name I did not learn.

In the evening Chaplain Humphrey and myself conducted a service on the boat. I taking the sermon and Chaplain H. the remainder of the service. The cabin was crowded, the attention good, and the singing very good.


This morning the fleet moved up the Ohio as far as Paducah and the mouth of the Cumberland River. At Paducah had the same trouble in getting off the boat as at Cairo. Several fell in. Not much impressed with the beauty of Paducah. It has suffered much from the war. A part of it was burned down and many of the remaining houses are in ruins. Our regiment had been stationed last spring; and when our band played a familiar air it was recognized by the acquaintances they had left here who came rushing down to the landing and greeted them with vociferous cheers. Having nothing special to do, I spent the forenoon in sketching some of the ruins of this once flourishing town. I shall not give other description save this: that I have tried not to represent what I saw without exaggeration and to put nothing in the sketch that is not in the scene it aims to represent. Ever the Negro soldier sitting in a musing attitude on the broken wall of an old hotel, was drawn from the life. He sat there for a half-hour, as motionless as a statue carved in ebony, which for the time I was sketching him he really was. I fancied there was an allegorical significance in the figure. He might have been born a slave on some near plantation to-day he was a freeman clad in the uniform of his country, gazing pensively at the ruins of what the palaces of the people who had held him in slavery.

About sunset our fleet or a portion rather, the Silver Cloud among received orders to move to the mouth of the Cumberland to await coming of the other portion, preparatory to commencing from that point the expedition to Nashville. We landed at the port of Smithland and tied up for the evening. Quite a number of us went ashore and held a Union Service in a brick church. The sermon was preached by Chaplain Lockwood.

To-morrow morning the united fleet will commence the ascent of the Cumberland
Silver Cloud, Cumberland River; First Day, Tuesday, Nov. 29th 1864.

The fleet of Gen. A. J. Smith, bearing the 16th Army Corps to Nashville, Tennessee for the assistance of Gen. Thomas now defending the City against the combined forces now assembling for its capture, made a comparatively early start this morning. The part of the fleet to which we belong consists of the following vessels: The Wauwanata, Victory, Omaha, America, Kate Kearney, Mollie Mc Pike, Marmora, Spray, Imperial, Silver Lake, Olive, Raymond, Marmora, Spray, Olive, Julia, Silver Lake and Silver Cloud, and three gun-boats probably designated by numbers. As a general thing the boats were lashed two and two together. This method was used chiefly with the stern wheel steamers, and the majority of the fleet belonged to this class.

To-day two men fell overboard. One was drowned and the other rescued with the greatest difficulty. No effort was made to recover the body of the one that was lost. It is well understood that the fleet is racing against time. It seems as if the boats are racing; and is known that Nashville is the to be won. The soldiers on board have entered into the spirit of the race and cheer vociferously when approaching or passing another boat. They enjoy the scene. They are literally passin up the River "in Transports." The say is fine. A blue haze like that of Indian summer. The winds through a wooded valley. At this season of the year the trees have lain aside their summer tresses and the distant hills are brown and golden. In many places the river is flanked by lofty precipices of brown sandstone crowned on their by trees and festooned with vines. The Cumberland is without doubt a beautiful river. The steamers leave after them long paths of turbulent, shining water. Black volumes of smoke that float like ebony banners and veil the distances to the rear. It suggests the dun cloud of battle; but from this cloud we are constantly emerging. Before us the landscape is bright and unshadowed. I found it very difficult to sketch this moving panorama of brightness and shadow, and the effort is only partially successful. A pen-picture must also fail to do justice to the scene.

Note of later date. The ink used in the diary from which this copy was made faded first to a brownish tint, somewhat like that of leaves in November and then faded away so utterly that they can be no longer deciphered. The sketches made on the way partly in pencil and partly in the same ink, but reinforced with pencil, have fared better; and these with recollections connected with them must supply what is missing from the original Diary. I will add here that we arrived at Nashville on the night of November 30th. We were consequently two days on the river.
The country along the river had not the appearance of great prosperity. The houses in sight were of the poorer class, mostly cabins or cheaply made frames; and the people we saw were very largely of the poorer class negroes, being far the most numerous. These last sometimes crowded the shores in great numbers cheering us and greeting us with scraps of Negro melodies, and occasional shouts of "Press de Lawd! Glory! Halleluyah!"

Some expressed their delight by jumping up and down in some sort of barbaric dance; while some of the juvenile members of the throng stood on their heads and turned somersaults in their childish glee. I think these untutored creatures were about the only that were glad to see us. Their delight knew no bounds; some villages among which Clarksville impressed me as having been "befo' the war" a beautiful and attractive place. Nor had the ravages of war succeeded in robbing it of all its queenly beauty.

We were not greeted here with any extravagant demonstrations of welcome. At any rate nobody turned somersaults or stood on his head as a signal of joy at our coming.
At the mouth of Red River we passed a fort that seemed well and strongly built. If well manned it would have proved a formidable barrier to our farther progress. We found our information as to the history of this Fort woefully limited. As a stronghold it certainly deserves commendation.

The bridge across Red River was a fairly good specimen of bridge-building. Its existence there intact suggested that there could have been no serious or severe fighting in the vicinity. At the Red River Landing we had another evidence that there had been no severe fighting in the vicinity in the presence intact of a well-built warehouse. We really know nothing about it, but there is a tolerably well-founded presumption that we are the first formidable force that has ascended the River. At least there is a reasonable certainty that the 16th Army Corps never passed this way. On this Expedition the Corps is on its good behavior, being the meanwhile comfortably housed in steamboats and not permitted to go ashore. Besides all this there is no opposing force. Not a gun has been fired against us from the start.

River Cloud, Cumberland River, 2nd Day Wednesday, November 30th, 1864.

We passed Fort Donelson in the night much to my regret. I

I must admit that there was some vigorous fighting done here, fighting that
that will go down on the historic page. To-day has been marked by the most feverish excitement on board the fleet. I think the situation is at least fully understood. Gen. Thomas is holding Nashville against a besieging army. Without re-inforcements from either side he might hold the position almost indefinitely. But it is known that Hood's Army detached from the Army of the East is hurrying to his relief. Gen. Schofield's Army, devouched from Sherman, is racing with him from the same point and it is not yet known which is ahead. We are racing to the same goal. Our steamers are are panting and bounding like fleet race horses, each striving to be in the lead. Every soldier in t

this vast fleet is alive to the fact and the issues of this race. It means the rescue of Thomas and the salvation of Nashville. How anxiously how hopefully. He and his veterans are waiting and watching for our coming. We are still 50 miles away, as a bird flies. But the Cumberland River is so tortuous that it may be for us more nearly 100. But the boats are skimming over the water like swallows on the wing. Faster, faster let them fly, O Captains. you carry the destinies of the Union on your decks. Do you not see the throngs of people gathered on the shores. They are not the nobility of the land for their armed hands are lifted against us, and these—these of the sable visage, roughly clad and stalwart in frame are the only friends to bid us welcome and bid us God Speed on our way. And these darken the shores and the slopes le

And now to swell the excitement if anything more is needed comes the roar of cannonading. There is no mistaking it. It is not the sound of the thunder from some far off storm, so far off that its echoes have not darkened the horizon. The face of Colonel Marshall usually placid as that of a Quaker in a silent Assembly of his people, now blazes with excitement. His eye has in
the light that shone in it at Tupelo. "Yes," said he, it is cannonading; and it is at Franklin, and the fight is on between Scofield and Hood. They are racing for Nashville; and we shall be in time." "But Colonel," said one of his Staff, "May it not come from Nashville?" "No" was the reply. "Nashville is more nearly south. Franklin is more nearly southwest... In an air line Franklin is not much farther from us than Nashville, and we are less than 50 miles from Nashville. The excitement of our race now rose to the highest pitch, and from thence on into the night that followed the scene was indescribable.
One of the Iron-clad Gunboats on the Cumberland River, at Nashville.
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er are compelled to look upon life un camp with jaundiced eyes. Among
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ramble outside at will. Lieut. Merrill an old friend and former student
loans me his horse and I take many long and pleasant rides both through an
outside City limits. and fill my portfolio with sketches of churches and
other notable buildings On Somsays I attended services in the various chur-
ches of the City. A rusty sign board bearing the inscription: "Libert Pike, At-
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station by a white minister. Sketch a Cypress Swamp. — New Surgeon appeared in Hospital. Some admirable changes. No. 38 placed on full diet. First of October. Service at an African Church. Number 38 ordered by the Surgeon to quit writing. Paymaster in great demand. — Call on Captain and Mrs. DeKay, of Red Wing, Minn. An order received for transfer of Convalescent Officers to Memphis. — Off for Memphis. — By cars to DeWitt's Bluff. Embarked on Steamer Belle Hambleton for Memphis Oct. 9th. — At Memphis, Officers' Hospital. Other Hospital and Convalescent Camp. — Meet with Major Burt. Impatient to be on the move. Maj. Dave Canedy of Co. C. in the Field Hospital at Tupelo. Sad scenes in the Hospitals. Touching the tableau in the Officers' Hospital. — "Into the Silent Land." Ready for an exodus. Gen. Buckner, in command of the City, refuses to allow soldiers and officer's permission to leave the city if belonging to the 16th Corps. Maj. Burt and accompanied by the Chaplain rushes the guard and embarks on. The Major with drawn sword rushed the guard stationed at the gang plank of the Steamer Hillman. And the Chaplain takes the cars. Called upon Col. Baker in Command of city to secure transportation to the 7th Regiment. Its locality in dispute and transportation refused. Red Tape. — Major Burt and myself remained in St. Louis till Oct. 25th. Meanwhile visit Soldiers, Commission Rooms, Hospitals and other places of interest. Accidentally met company with Maj. taking different trains for Herman, on the MO. At Herman embark on the steamer Cora for Jefferson City. At the Capitol meet with the Major again and take the R. F. train for Warrensburg stopping a short time at Sedalia. The Regiment some distance further on. The Commander of the Post refused to allow us to proceed further. Maj. Burt, on his own responsibility, took a guard and went on in quest of the Regiment. I secured a boarding, and awaited the return of the Regiment till the 1st of November. Story of the defense of Warrensburg. — Return of the 16th Corps with many rebel prisoners, among them Waddell, S. Hagan, Cabell and Slemmer. — Gen. McCrady, Division Commander ordered me to remain at Sedalia till further orders, collecting all stragglers from the Corps and retaining them at that point, until notified to remove them to Jefferson and thence as soon as practicable to St. Louis. Over 300 men at last gathered in when orders came to remove them to Jefferson City. Transportation by rail. A queer complication. — Eleven Rebel prisoners committed to my care for transportation to the Capital. On arrival at the Capital the Post Court Commander refused to receive them because there were 12 instead of 11 as the
as the way bill specified. The Stragglers' Corps still increasing in numbers housed in the Capitol building. — Weary waiting for the boats. Arrival of the boats. Several required of the 7th Regiment and a few others placed on the Steamer Enterprise. Among those not in our command was a New Jersey Captain of Cavalry with his Company. Hence unpleasant complications. Boat tied up at night for safety. Wrangle with the Cavalry officer for possession of the cabin. The Captain outranked. Some pillaging by the cavalry men on shore during the night. With their wounded they get back to the boat. At Herman. Arrival at St. Louis. Two days in advance of the regiment.

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