MY OWN LIFE

I now come to the most embarrassing, because the most personal, part of my task. An account of one's own life is, of all others, the most difficult. For while the facts narrated are better known to the writer than anything that can be learned of another, still the personal equation must always be reckoned with. Small events may assume undue importance to him, and there is always a strong temptation to place the Ego in undue prominence. This tendency becomes more apparent to me as I read the National Tribune with letters printed therein from old soldiers giving their experiences in the army. Almost always of great deeds done, in which they were always the chief actors. The reading of these letters gives a clear and somewhat sad insight into the weaker part of human nature. So far as possible I shall seek to avoid this. My life upon the whole has been so commonplace, that there is little room for heroics, even were I so inclined. To give a fairly clear view of my life I shall have to dwell upon commonplace things.

My recollections of childhood are first obscure, like seeing through a glass darkly, then emerge more and more into clear sky as I advance in years. One of my first recollections is of a school mistress loaning me her penknife as a bribe to coax me to school. To reach the school house we had to cross Benedict's Bridge over the Tonawanda, and it appears that I was afraid of this trip. From this I gather that I was not naturally courageous. But I could not have been more than three years old at this time. To send a child to school at that age would be considered criminal in these later and I believe wiser days. Another incident is quite clear to me about that time. Father was going to Oregon with the team, riding one and leading the other by the halter. I rode the second
horse hanging on by the mane. The horse I bestrode saw some others in an adjoining field, and suddenly backing up, drew the halter from father's hand and set off at a high rate of speed for the other horses.

I can remember nothing of that wild flight only, that when father came up much frightened, I was sitting in a little hollow and gravely assured him that I had ridden as far as I wanted and got off.

From my fourth to my eighth year I went to school very regularly. I was not a very good boy or docile pupil. Often in mischief and engaged in many boyish scraps. I generally came out ahead in these mimic battles, but on one occasion got pretty badly scratched up. My mother cried over my condition, which was disreputable but not dangerous. I recall that the Methodist minister was at our house when I got home from the trouble, and he delivered a long lecture upon the evils of fighting and the end of bad boys. His homily was not very effective, for I thought I saw a laughing devil in his eye, and thought him something of a hypocrite.

We left our little farm in Erie County, New York, nearly sixty years ago, and I have never seen it since. Its image is photographed upon my brain with great clearness.

The thirty acres consisted of the delta or flats of Tonawanda and was of surprising fertility. These flats were overflowed every spring, and renewed like the valley of the Nile.

Our buildings were a log house and barn, rather primitive in appearance. The buildings stood upon a knoll. Across the road in front of the house was what was called the "Cove", which resembles the bayous on Grand River above Grand Haven. A spring gushed out of the bank of this cove which was our water supply. My parents first used a fireplace but later procured a huge Franklin stove. My clearest recollection of the stove was from
the following circumstances. I was sitting in a high chair reading 
Le Perrouse, a little tale of adventure. Mother was baking potatoes in 
the oven, and throwing the door open suddenly it went against my leg. 
The scar of the burn is as plain today as it was sixty-two years ago.

It is something of a physiological mystery that while the whole body 
changes utterly every few years, that scars remain as distinct as ever. 
It’s upon the same theory, I suppose, that we are told that any evil 
thing done in our lives leaves its mark and that no years of right living 
can wholly efface the stain.

Our New York home was humble and our lives simple in the extreme, 
but during the first few years of our life in Michigan we looked back 
upon it as the very Eden of our existence. But in the winter of 1850-51 
we waited with joyous anticipations our migration to Michigan, foreseeing 
none of its hardships, privations and disasters.

My first summer at Ottawa Lake was not unpleasant. I was still con­
sidered too young to work. I attended school, though not very regularly. 
There was much new and strange to a young boy. The proximity of the 
virgin forest held much of novelty. I recall the plentifullness of game. 
A young man came with us from New York by the name of Sutherland as a 
workhand. He brought a gun with him. The first evening we reached there 
he stepped just across the road and shot a dozen squirrels. The second 
evening he killed a deer about twenty rods from the house. Deer, wild 
turkeys, ducks and all kinds of small game were very plentiful. The 
woods were full of wild hogs that fattened upon the nuts of the oaks and 
hickories that covered the land. One man killed nearly fifty of these 
hogs one fall and took the carcasses to Toledo for sale. And yet, with 
all this abundance of game, at the end of eight years, when I finally
left Ottawa Lake, there was scarcely any game left.

The manner of the inhabitants of Ottawa Lake were so different from those of our old home that at first I was appalled at their language.

I remember that on the first summer of our residence there, sister Laura, a young girl about eleven years of age named Harriet Hurley and myself were crossing a field and had occasion to climb a fence. As Miss Harriet landed, she stated with an outburst of violent profanity, that a splinter from the rail had scratched her. I recall now the shudder that ran through me at such awful language. But, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," I soon learned to listen to profanity without mental disturbance. As this is sort of a confessional, I might say that that summer found me uttering my first oath. I had been trying for some days to swear, and one day, when out with some boys, managed to rip out an oath. I cannot say that I felt guilty or in the least sorry for it. On the contrary there was an elation and a feeling of increased importance difficult to describe. I seemed to feel equal to my environment, and on a par with boys of my own age in the accomplishment of profanity. On the way home from school that day, I unconsciously let off another oath. Sister Fannie was with me and she was horrified and threatened to tell mother. I begged her not to do so, and promised amendment. She agreed not to tell and kept her word. I fear that mine was broken.

The summer of 1851 finished my schooling at Ottawa Lake. Thereafter I was put to work, first at such tasks as were possible to one of my age and strength, and later the work of a man. The year following our arrival in Michigan, one of our horses died. I did not regret his demise as much as my father did, for he was an ugly brute. Once when I went to his feed box to put in some grain, he seized me by the chest with his teeth and threw me into the manger with great violence from which I escaped with
some difficulty. Quite a piece of flesh was torn from my breast, and I cherished no very deep regard for the animal. The remaining horse of the span we traded for a yoke of oxen, and I was elected to drive them. I became quite an expert as an ox driver, and when twelve years of age did all of our plowing and also some for the neighbors. For this father got $1.50 per acre. We were early risers at all seasons, especially myself. In the winter I was routed out at 5 o'clock to build fires and get the house warm for the rest of the family. I arose even earlier in the summer. One year father rented twenty acres of land on the bank of Ottawa Lake to put into wheat, paying one third of the crop as rental. We "summerfallowed" the land, that is the land lay fallow that summer, no crop being raised upon it and it was plowed three times before sowing. As a consequence it took two years to obtain one crop. Very little of this expensive farming is done now, the farmer rather trusting to a rotation of crops and obtaining a crop every year. I had to plow this land three times during the season with our ox team. As oxen cannot work very well in the heat of the day, I got up at two o'clock in the morning, hunted up the oxen in the dew-drenched pasture, drove them up to the Lake two miles, and started in plowing by daylight. I would plow till about 9 o'clock, turn the oxen out to pasture till 3, than plow till near sundown and drive home. My breakfast and dinner consisted of a cold lunch carried with me, usually johnny cake and butter, and often a cold bite when I got home. The above may serve as a sample, perhaps an extreme one, of the toil of those years.

Still we did not get on, but became poorer and poorer with each succeeding year. In the early part of September we usually went to the Prairie and cut our hay for the winter. Several days were spent in cutting, curing and stacking this. Later the stacks were always in danger of
destruction from forest fires, and to prevent this we used to backfire for a considerable distance from the stacks. The hay was commonly drawn in the winter as needed. This hay was not very nutritious, and stock fed upon it became thin, and we waited eagerly for the spring grass to recruit their strength. Our recreations were infrequent and simple.

We gathered nuts in the autumn. Hickory nuts were so abundant that some families gathered as many as a hundred bushels and sold them. Fifty cents a bushel was the most that obtained for them as I remember. We never gathered them for sale. Ginseng grew plentifully in the woods and we gathered it to chew. There appeared to be no market for it. Now the dried root sells for from five to seven dollars a pound, and it would have seemed a gold mine to have got that for it then. The high price now is said to be due to the Chinese demand for it. Evidently they had not cultivated a taste for it then.

Sometimes I would get a day off to go up to Ottawa Lake fishing. The only fish we caught were sunfish and rockbass, and it was a very uncertain sport. The most of my spare time was taken up with reading. I had read the Bible through by the end of my tenth year. Perhaps some will say that this reading did not bear much fruit. While I am not a believer in the claim that the Bible is a divinely inspired book and so different from all other books, I do think that it contains the finest English and the most beautiful imagery of all literature. It has been said that I use more scriptural quotations in my arguments to a jury than any other attorney at our bar. There is scarcely a phase of human nature or of human affairs that cannot be aptly illustrated by some text in scripture. My early reading of the Bible has repaid me an hundred fold for all the time spent upon it.

Father was for a couple of years director of our school district and
as such had charge of the district library. It was a goldmine to me. I read and reread Franklin's Works, History of Greek Philosophers, Rollins Ancient History and other works. Our financial resources not permitting lamps or many candles, I used to gather large quantities of the shag bark from hickory trees, burned them in our open fireplace, and sitting on the hearth, read by their light. In 1854, when the Republican party was in process of formation, and the fight against slavery grew hot, one of our neighbors took the New York Tribune, the acknowledged champion of free soil. I obtained the paper every week and read its contents with great and increasing interest. Perhaps, through its influence, I became a rampant republican at the age of twelve years, though father still belonged to the Democratic party.

We had no daily papers in those days. The postoffice was four miles distant, but this was not very important for we got little mail.

Such was the course of my somewhat starved and uneventful life at Ottawa Lake. I was always a little hot tempered, but I think, not especially quarrelsome. Still difficulties would occur. The Ferris School District adjoined us on the east. "Roughhouse" was much more popular and common then that it is today. Raisings and loggingbees always ended with some kind of athletic exhibition, often goodnatured, but sometimes old grudges were worked off in these exhibitions. The Ferris district had a boy champion by the name of Fred Powers. In the winter of 1856-7 the Ferris boys proposed to match their champion against some boy of equal age from our district. Our boys for some reason selected me to meet Bowers. This was wholly without my knowledge or consent. I had no trouble with Bowers and wanted none. One night after the meeting, about twenty-five of the boys of both districts started for home, I being of the number. When we got to the corner where I was to turn off toward home the boys stopped and announced the fight. The challenge of the
Ferrisites had been accepted and I had been selected to maintain the honor of the district. Of course, I am refining the language somewhat. It was the first intimation that I had of the situation, and as the girl said when proposed to "It is so sudden." I had serious objections to the selection and so stated. When Bowers heard my objections, he evidently attributed them to the wrong source, for he came up and aimed at me a very vicious blow. My objections vanished at once. I will not describe what followed. Bowers went home, a sadder if not wiser boy. All this was after the manner of the times, and I state it more for the purpose of illustrating them, than as noting my success in the contest. Poor Bowers went into the army and died there. I never had the slightest feeling against him. If he had succeeded in beating me it might have been different.

When fourteen years of age I lost my mother. Bereft of her love and wise counsel, I feel that I lost something of moral and spiritual fiber that never returned. We can only know the supreme value of a mother's love when we have lost her. They are the real saviours of society. By love they fashion and guide the world.

After father's blindness, I ran the farm till in the late summer when, the crops needing no further attention till harvesting the corn and potatoes, I worked for a farmer for two months at ten dollars a month. I then returned home, dug the potatoes, husked and binned the corn and got up wood for the winter. Father then sold the farm, rented a couple of rooms and set up housekeeping with sister Frances. There was no further use for me.

On the 26th day of November, 1859, I went out in the world seeking work. It was a dark and dismal afternoon. No one can know just how dark and dismal except under like circumstances. I walked west through Cotton-
wood Swamp. I had determined not to stay around Ottawa Lake. I passed through Blissfield about three o'clock. Laura had been working at David Carpenters in Blissfield, and had been there for several years, and was highly regarded by them. I did not call upon her but pushed right through. I shall always remember my bitterness of spirit and the vast loneliness and melancholy that oppressed me that afternoon like a cloud. Father had offered me ten cents when I went away, and I had thrown it down with some scorn. Frances said she made a long search for it afterwards but could never find it. She stood weeping at the gate and watched me till out of sight. My clothes were not worth two dollars. They consisted of the poor suit I wore, and a hickory shirt done up in a cotton handkerchief. My finances consisted of two large copper cents. I passed through Blissfield, walked till night, and then stopped at a farmhouse and asked permission to stay overnight. This was readily granted. Tramps were practically unknown, and I was invited to take supper with the family, which I declined, and was given an excellent bed with the hired man. I had no appetite for supper and could not have swallowed a mouthful. I left without breakfast. This was because of an undue sensitivity. I hated charity. The good people were surprised and sorry that I did not remain, as I afterwards learned. I walked several miles into the township of Raisin, Lenawee County, asking for work along the way but without success till I reached the house of one Place. When I accosted him upon the subject of work, he showed me an old gun and said that he would give it to me for two months work. The gun was worthless as I knew. But what could I do? I was without food or a place of shelter. So I accepted the offer, worked hard months for the gun, traded it off for a fiddle and sold the fiddle for $2.50. I still believe that both the gun and the fiddle were not worth the money. Place was a skinflint of
the pronounced type, but I worked for him at small wages till the fall of 1860. It is a bitter experience to be a waif and a menial. I recall one instance that brought it home to me. It was but one of many of those dark days of poverty. A man and his son who were driving a flock of sheep through the country stopped at Places for a few days to rest and pasture the flock. The old man seemed to take to me, and we had many conversations upon historical and current topics. He thought that I was a son of the house. He complimented Mrs Place upon my intelligence. They had two sons, but they were both very dense and incapable of intelligent conversation. Mrs. Place, who was an ignorant female, had, with a contemptuous tone indescribable, said that I was no son of theirs, that I was only hired help. It seemed to me that the drover paid me much less attention afterwards, and though I felt some contempt for him afterwards, it hurt just the same.

The summer and fall of 1860 witnessed the campaign of Lincoln and Douglas. The country was on fire. We know little of political campaigns now. Then there was a great question at issue and crowds gathered at mass meetings and listened to frenzied orators. Argument was heard in every house and upon every street corner. Marching companies of "Wide Awakes" were formed, drilled and marched at political meetings. I took as active a part in these meetings and demonstrations as my rather strenuous labor would allow. It is needless to say that I was an enthusiastic republican. My employer was a democrat and I was rather glad of it.

The life of a farm hand today is vastly different from that of fifty years ago. I got up at daylight in summer and at 5 o'clock in the winter and spent an hour or two before breakfast doing chores. Breakfast about 6 o'clock and then to the fields. We had supper in the summer at 5, and then worked till sundown, and then the team to be cared for and the
milking done. We would then crawl to bed at 9 o'clock thoroughly tired out, to begin the same treadmill in the morning. But I had been used to this all my life and looked upon it as the natural order of things.

In the fall of 1860 I left Places and began to work for a man by the name of Colvin, chopping wood. Fifty cents a cord was the price for cutting, splitting and piling, and board was $1.50 per week. I averaged about twelve cords a week and made from $16 to $18 per month, which was by far the best wages that I had made hitherto. I worked for Colvin all the winter except about two weeks that I worked for David Carpenter where Laura was employed. About the middle of March 1861, while at Colvins, I awoke in the night and found the bed afire. Jumping out the whole interior of the house was in flames. The Colvin family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Colvin, five daughters and another hired man named John Price. All appeared to be asleep when I awoke. After arousing the family we found that the only means of egress was from the sitting room. The door of this was locked and we could not find the key. Breaking out a window we escaped in our night-clothes and very narrowly at that. Three young girls slept in a small bedroom and had not been aroused. We went to a back window opening into their room and I jumped in and handed out two who were laying nearly overcome in the bed and would soon have perished. The room was then full of flame, and I very severely burned my hands and face. The youngest girl, Annie, nine years old, was not in the bed. Soon the house, which was of light and combustible material, was a flaming mass and fell in. We walked barefoot and naked as we were nearly a mile to a neighbor's and aroused them. The ground had thawed during the day and froze at night, and our progress was slow and painful, augmented by the pitiful grief of the mother and family over the missing child. We found the charred remains of her body the next morning.
near the kitchen door. She had evidently awakened before I had and sought
to escape through the kitchen where the fire started, and was unable to
open the door.

I lost in the fire very decent clothes, a fine gun and about $54 in
money. Afterwards I found a five dollar gold piece in the ashes, and
that constituted my sole worldly possessions. After partially recovering
from my burns, I went to work for a neighboring farmer cutting wood upon
the same terms as when I worked for Colvin. My employer was a "Copperhead"
of the most pronounced type. That term was invented during the war and
applied to one opposed to the North, to the maintenance of the Union and
to wholly favor the South. He took the New York Day Book, as treasonable
a sheet as was ever printed. We had many warm arguments over the situa-
tion. He boasted that in the event of war, he would go south and enter
its army. I promised to meet him with a gun in my hand on the other side.
He remained safely at home and nursed his ill humor.

Those were the darkest days of our national history. At the risk of
extending this personal narrative to an extreme length, I must state
briefly the situation at the time. The great question of human slavery
divided the North and South. At the time of the adoption of the Consti-
tution, most men both North and South, were in favor of the gradual ex-
tinction of slavery. But the invention of the cotton gin had made the
cultivation of cotton profitable, and it became the great staple of the
South. It was their proud boast from 1850 to 1860 that "Cotton is King".
Slave labor seemed necessary to cotton cultivation, the value of slaves
increased, and it became the great object of the South to defend and
extend the "Peculiar Institution."

Lincoln prophesied in 1858 that this country could not remain "half
bond and half free." The South saw ultimate defeat in the increasing
wealth and population of the North. For many years prior to 1860, southerners
had advocated secession from the Union. In the presidential election of 1860, the Democratic Party was hopelessly split. The southern wing nominated Breckinridge of Kentucky as its candidate, the northern wing nominated Douglas of Illinois; the unionists of the South named Bell of Tennessee, and the Republicans nominated Lincoln of Illinois. It is said that the Southern Democracy nominated Breckinridge for the purpose of dividing the Democratic party and breaking up the Union. It was known, or at least expected, that Lincoln would be elected from this division, and he was in fact elected in November, 1860, and while he had far less than a majority of the popular vote of the country, the vote in the Electoral College was as follows: Lincoln 180; Breckinridge 72; Bell 39; and Douglas 12. Seession had been threatened in case of Lincoln's election by the South and when his election was assured, it at once took active steps in that direction. The United States then consisted of 38 states, of which 14 were slaveholding states. Of these, five were known as "Border States," viz, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. The population of the country was in 1860 about 31,000,000, of which the slaveholding states contained about 11,000,000, including slaves.

The doctrine of Seession was, that any state had an inherent right at any time when it judged best to sever itself from the Union, and free itself from all obligations to the People of the United States. This doctrine contained within itself a fatal malady. There could be no binding tie between the states. The South might form a confederacy of its own, but any of its members could leave it at will. The inevitable result of the recognition of this principle would have been thirty-eight little governments without unity or cohesion, with separate laws and interests, and liable to continual disagreements and conflicts. A custom service would have existed on the borders of each state; each would have had its
little army, and the sea coasts state its little navy, and the United States would have existed only in memory.

The North held that the Union was in its nature indestructible; that it was the work of all the people, and could not be destroyed by a part; that the preamble to the Constitution was the power that formed it and the reason for its existence.

"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union; establish Justice; insure Domestic Tranquility; provide for the Common Defense; promote the General Welfare and secure the Blessings of Liberty to Ourselves and our Posterity, do Ordain and Establish this Constitution for the United States of America." The people of the North disavowed the right to interfere with slavery in the Southern States, but objected to the extension of it into the territories. The great question then was, Union or Disunion. The right of any state to break away from the general government and deny its obligations as a member of the Union.

December 20th, 1860, South Carolina passed the first ordinance by a unanimous vote, and amid great enthusiasm. They little realized the dark and bloody reckoning that was to come. The six other Gulf States at once followed the lead of South Carolina. In February these seven states met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a new government under the name of the "Confederate States of America," and elected Jefferson C. Davis President. The forts, custom houses, mints, navy yards, arsenals, and public buildings belonging to the United States in these seven states were seized, and the few regular soldiers were compelled to surrender except at Key West, Fort Pickens and Fort Sumpter, and these were closely besieged by troops of the seceding states. Such was the situation when, on March 4th, 1861, Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the United States.
The preceding winter had been spent in vain efforts at compromise by lovers of the Union, but the South spurned all efforts in that direction. Lincoln in his inaugural address still prayed for peace. He said, "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be by the better angels of our nature."

But Lincoln's appeal fell upon deaf ears. On April 12th, 1861, the bombardment of Fort Sumter, that had been closely invested for some time, began; and on the 14th it surrendered. No one can well describe the fury and excitement of the North when this news came. Parties were forgotten and the whole country demanded the recovery of the forts and property of the United States taken possession of by the seceding states.

On the 15th day of April, 1861, the President issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 men to be enlisted for three months to suppress the Rebellion. One regiment was assigned to Michigan, and hearing that one company was in process of formation at Adrian, I left my axe in the wood and walked to Adrian, eight miles, and enlisted in the Hardee Cadets.

I now entered upon the second phase of my existence, and the old life was cast aside, never to be resumed. It must be delightful to look back upon a pleasant childhood, and a nurtured and happy youth. Such a retrospection is denied me. I have few recollections of the ten years preceding 1861 not embittered by memories of thankless toil, abject poverty and a soulfelt want for a better and higher life. Compared to those ten years, the four years afterwards spent in the army were happy indeed.

An incident showing the state of public feeling and not altogether
unpleasing to me, occurred the next day after my enlistment. My former employer came into the city with a load of wood, and began his abuse of everything Northern and laudation of the South. A crowd got after him with a rope and proposed to hang him to a lamp post. Only a quick retreat through an alley saved him. He left his team upon the street, went home on foot and his boy came in the next day and took the team home.

Military companies were being raised all over the state. Another besides our own was being recruited in Adrian, and there was a great effort made by each to get into the regiment authorized to be raised. Preference was given to the uniformed companies then organized. Our company had been organized for some time prior to 1861, its ranks were filled up with recruits and it was accepted as one of the companies of the regiment.

April 24th our company left for Fort Wayne in Detroit, where the regiment was to rendezvous. It was organized on April 29th and on the 1st day of May was sworn into the service of the United States. We had received our clothing and full equipment of Springfield rifles, and on the 13th day of May started for Washington by steamer across the lake to Cleveland. The regiment was 798 strong, of officers and men. Few of the members were over 21 years of age, most of them between the ages of 18 and 21. A finer set of young men never gathered under any flag. All were animated by an intense patriotic spirit and devotion to their country. All had devoted their lives to the preservation of the Union, but none saw before them the terrible task of the future. I had read much of wars and of a soldier's life, but knew nothing of its reality. Its sterner side was hidden from my sight.

We made a fine appearance as we marched through the streets of Cleveland. Few had seen a full regiment, armed and equipped as we were. The Cleveland Plaindealer of that date said: "A great many of our citizens visited them, and expressed admiration of the men and the very admirable manner in which
they had been armed and equipped for service by their state. The comparison between the action of Michigan and that of Ohio was not at all flattering."

We left Cleveland on the afternoon of the 11th of May and arrived in Pittsburgh about midnight. Large crowds had welcomed us at every station, and at Pittsburgh an enormous mass of people filled the streets. A bountiful supper had been provided for us at the depot, and while we sat at the tables, parties took our canteens and filled them with any kind of liquor that was wanted. I had mine filled with wine, and hanging the canteen on the side of the car, its motion opened a seam in the canteen, and the wine was lost, which was just as well. We had a fine breakfast at Altoona, and reached Harrisburg, the Capitol of Pennsylvania, before sundown. Here we disembarked, marched into a camp with standing tents filled with clean straw, given a supper of hard bread and smoked meat and remained till the next morning. We thought that these quarters and fare after our sumptuous dining up to that time, rather meager, but it would have seemed palatial in later years. The Bucktails, or Kane Rifles, were being organized at the same camp, and were a lot of magnificent specimens of the Pennsylvania mountaineer. They wore bucktails in their hats, hence the name. We left Harrisburg on the morning of the 15th in flat cars. We had up to that time been carried in passenger coaches, but all such luxury ended for the next four years. We reached Baltimore in the early afternoon. Guards were stationed at all the bridges along the route. Immediately after the surrender of Fort Sumter, all the bridges on the railroad had been burned by Baltimore Secessionists for fifty miles. These had been hastily rebuilt and were now guarded by Pennsylvania troops. Baltimore was a hot bed of secession, and the secessionists had determined to carry Maryland out of the Union. On April 19th the 6th Massachusetts Regiment passing through Baltimore on its way to Washington, was fiercely assailed in the streets of Baltimore by a raging mob. From the sidewalks and windows along the
streets a hot fire had been poured upon the Massachusetts troops, and a number were killed and wounded. Thereafter, regiments hurrying to Washington, had been taken around Baltimore. After leaving Harrisburg, ten rounds of ammunition had been issued to us and our guns loaded. So we disembarked from the cars at Baltimore. We marched through the main streets of the city to the Washington depot upon the other side. There were manyisses but no further hostile demonstration. Only two of the Massachusetts companies were provided with muskets, and they had little ammunition. We were magnificently armed, and had we been attacked, there would have been mourning in Baltimore. The Baltimore American the next morning said of us:

"The Michigan Regiment attracted general attention and commendation yesterday by their solid appearance and well disciplined movements. It was composed almost entirely of young, steady and intelligent looking men, and appeared capitally officered. They were especially well equipped, thanks to the liberality of the State of Michigan, which had furnished them with an entire outfit, and were armed with new Minie guns."

We reached Washington in the evening of May 16th. Again allow me to quote from the Washington correspondent of the New York Post.

"The Michigan Rifle Regiment came into town about ten o'clock last night, marching from the depot up the Avenue to Eleventh Street. They were preceded by a splendid band of music which soon aroused our citizens, and long before they reached the quarters assigned them, hundreds of people were out to give them welcome. The enthusiasm was irrepressible, for this was the first western regiment which arrived at the Capitol."

Washington was then in a state of strange unrest and fear. The flag of the Southern Confederacy was floating at Arlington Heights, just across the river. The Departments were filled with Secessionists, and men afterwards prominent in the Confederate Army were still in Washington, and osten-
sibly in our service. Soon after the call for troops and the assembling of the regiments at Washington, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas seceded and joined the Southern Confederacy. Strenuous efforts were made to take Missouri and Kentucky out of the Union, but without success. Maryland and Delaware became more strongly Union in sentiment as the time passed, and the Confederacy was limited to eleven states named. I remained in Washington drilling till the evening of the 23rd of May. During those seven days I wandered at will through the Capitol and public buildings. It was a great sight and an educating force to a boy who had lived my narrow and confined life.

The seats in the Senate Chamber were all marked with the names of the Senators who had occupied them. I sat in the seat of Jefferson Davis, who had resigned from the Senate the previous January.

Washington was then very different from its condition today. The present proud Dome of the Capitol was then only a giant framework of timbers; the Washington Monument was then only 100 feet in height, and the stones presented by the various states, domestic and foreign and many civic societies were piled under a shed. These were variously inscribed, and were put later in the interior of the shaft. The inscription upon the stone presented by the State of Louisiana caused some comment. It was, "Louisiana, ever faithful to the Constitution and the Union." As Louisiana had seceded the previous winter, the good faith of its inscription might well be doubted.

Pennsylvania Avenue was then unpaved, and in wet times was a sea of mud.

Virginia had seceded and it was determined to invade her "Sacred Soil." Alexandria, some eight miles from Washington, was the first point aimed at. The Fire Zouaves, commanded by Colonel Ellsworth were sent down the Potomac, by steamer, convoyed by the gunboat Pawnee. The First Michigan Regiment crossed the Long Bridge into Virginia at midnight of May 23rd and reached Alexandria at sunrise, and at about the same time as Ellsworth's men.
Our march was unopposed, but in Alexandria we surprised and captured about thirty-five cavalry. The Mansion House was then the principal hotel of the city, and from it float a flag. The owner of the house had declared that he would shoot any man attempting to take it down.

Colonel Ellsworth ordered a corporal to take a file of men and take down the flag, but as the corporal hesitated, he declared that he would not send a man where he would not go himself, and with a corporal and two men ascended the roof and took down the flag. As he was descending the stairs, Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, sprang from a room with a double barreled shot gun, and shot Colonel Ellsworth through the heart. The corporal then shot Jackson dead and as he was falling plunged his bayonet through the body. The Colonel was, I believe, the first to fall in defense of the Union. We remained a few days in Alexandria and were quartered in the "Slave Pen" of Birch and Price, as advertised upon its front. It was a commodious building, and contained one slave when we entered it. We liberated him, and a more joyful creature I never saw. His name was George Washington, and he followed the regiment afterwards. The day we entered Alexandria word came that there were some hundreds of barrels of flour at Clouds Mill, that the enemy was removing. This mill was situated about five miles from the city. It was a brick mill situated upon a small stream, and was run by the water passing through a wooden flume, and falling through a square hole upon an overshot wheel. One hundred men of our regiment and an equal number of the Zouaves were sent out to capture it. I was one of our number. We captured the mill without trouble, and took possession of the flour. That night pickets were set on the paths and roads leading from the mill, the men of our regiment taking the first relief. I was posted in a patch of woods some half a mile from the mill, and here I remained from noon till midnight. It was my first picket and a very lonely vigil. Every rustling wind seemed the approach of a foe, and more than once I aimed my
gun at a bunch of swaying grass or bushes, thinking it an enemy. This may seem like cowardice. It was the natural timidity of ignorance. Take a boy of eighteen years of age from a farm. Set him out in a Virginia wood without experience in war, with tales of guerilla warfare ringing in his ears, and most boys would feel an anxiety over the situation. I confess that I did.

We were relieved at midnight, and the Fire Zouaves went on picket. We went into the mill to sleep. There were about twenty of the Zouaves in the road in front of the mill. We had not got to sleep when a volley rang out. The guard in front of the mill had been fired upon. We all streamed out at once, but no enemy could be seen. They had, evidently, crept up, fired and then decamped. Two of the Zouaves had been wounded, one mortally.

The last was the first man I saw killed in the army. He was shot just above the hips and lived for a couple of hours. He suffered greatly and frequently said, "Oh who wouldn't be a soldier." We were not further disturbed by the enemy.

We remained in Clouds Mill for a couple of days, and the flour having been all removed, we returned to Alexandria. We soon after encamped on Shuters Hill, and assisted somewhat in building a fort on the hill named "Fort Ellsworth." We were, however, not industrious shovel men, and the work was completed by gangs of laborers. Our time till about July 16th was occupied in drilling, of which we were much in need, and in camp and picket duty. Our orders were to shoot if anything dangerous appeared, and a good many cows, horses and mules fell from the fire of the pickets at night. Often firing at night upon these unconscious enemies would cause the long roll to beat in camp, and we would turn out in line to repel the anticipated foe. It was all very ludicrous, as I looked back upon it afterwards, when soldering had become a business with me. In the summer of 1861 we were very
green and untried soldiers, indeed.

About July 10th we moved from Shuters (Shooters?) Hill to Clouds Mill and from there advanced to Fairfax Station. A brigade of the enemy held Fairfax Station, but was easily driven away, we capturing some members of an Alabama regiment. They had just been preparing dinner in their camp, and we got some nice hot boiled ham that was not prepared for us. Here we remained for some two or three days. The road for some miles before reaching the station had been full of trees felled by the Confederates to retard our advance. Ninety men from our regiment had been detailed with axes to remove these trees, and I was one of the ninety as accustomed to use the ax. We were in advance and had plenty of work to do under the hot July sun. While at Fairfax Station my curiosity led me into a very foolish act, which, I think, almost cost me my life. There was a small Catholic Church in the vicinity that had been used for a hospital by the enemy. It was locked with shutters on the windows. It was only a one story building, so I climbed upon the roof and dropped through the belfry to the floor. There was one dead soldier within and the ordinary paraphernalia of a hospital. I did not remain long but undoubtedly contracted the measles, of which more later.

On Thursday, the 17th of July, we marched to Centerville. We were brigaded with the Fire Zouaves and the 33rd New York, the brigade commanded by Col. Wilcox of our regiment. The division was commanded by Heintzelman, and the army was under the command of General McDowell. While on the march to Centerville we heard guns at Blackburns Ford, where a lively skirmish was in progress between some of our troops and the enemy under Beauregard. There were quite a number killed and wounded, though the fight was not of large proportions. We had nothing to eat on the evening of the 17th, and some very tough oxen were found and driven into camp. These were killed, and whoever wanted a piece cut it off and broiled on his steel ranrod. It
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was so very tough that my teeth were sore for days afterwards trying to masticate it. We lay at Centerville till Sunday the 21st inst. While there a Pennsylvania regiment, whose time had expired, marched back to Washington amid the jeers of the other troops, for it seemed a shame to turn back when the enemy was before us. We lay within a short distance of the enemy. His right was at or near Blackburns Ford, and his left stretched away to the south beyond the Stone Bridge over Bull Run, a small river that has become historic, but was a mere rivulet in itself. We were drawn out in the road at 2 o'clock Sunday morning and lay till six o'clock. It was determined to turn the right of the enemies lines, and while his left and center were attacked in some force, we were to make a detour of some nine miles by the Sudley Springs road and turn his right. The troops that preceded us had attacked the enemy on the right and virtually surprised him. They had been driven back nearly a mile to an eminence upon which stood the Henry House. Here they rallied, and Stonewall Jackson with his brigade and others came to their relief. As we reached the crossing of the little stream the battle was in full view. Over near the Henry House long lines of Confederates could be seen on the double quick, and the air was full of bursting shells.

The Fire Zouaves had gone in ahead of us. Soon we were ordered to advance, and we crossed Bull Run, threw off our knapsacks at a little brick church and advanced double. Sometime before leaving camp at Cloud Springs I had engaged in a friendly wrestle with a young man by the name of Parker, and had struck my knee on a ten pin and wounded it quite badly. For that reason the Captain wanted to leave me in camp when the advance was made, but I would not consent to it. The road over which we were advancing was very rocky and flinty, and I carried an ax in my belt used in clearing the road. As we started on the double quick the ax handle caught between my legs and
threw me violently upon my knees, and so lacerated my sore knee that my
shoe was instantly filled with blood. Lieutenant House took my gun and
told me to fall out and lie down by the side of the road. This I would
not do but continued the double, catching my gun from him. I was bound to
see and participate in a battle. My curiosity was never so acute afterwards.

We soon passed Griffins Battery which was firing upon the enemy, crossed
an open field under fire of the enemy's artillery. Here I heard for the
first time the howl and whistle of a shell. There is little music in it.

One shot knocked down our colors and two of the color bearers. We soon
reached a ravine up which we went. This ravine was parallel with the con-
federate line and some twenty or thirty rods distant. Small pines fringed
the sides of the ravine, and a cloud of bullets like hissing serpents were
passing over our heads, casting down leaves, twigs and branches of these
pines. Soon we were ordered in line of battle to go up the banks towards
the enemy. At the top the full scene burst upon us. The Fire Zouaves had
been on the field, and run in wild confusion. In every hollow or depression
a little squad of them gathered for shelter. A few of the bravest fell in
with us. As we reached the top of the ravine, a man named Fowler, a Method-
ist minister who stood next to me, fell shot through the heart. I think
that he was the first man to fall of our regiment. He died instantly with
a smile upon his lips. Between us and the enemy ran a worm fence. Ricketts
Battery had been advanced to the plateau upon which we stood, its horses
had been killed, and its men killed, wounded or driven away. The enemy
were among its guns. We advanced to the fence, gave them a volley and then
charged. The confederates fell back before us and we captured the battery.

The balance of the day seems like a dream. The day was intensely hot. We
fought and suffered and many died on that baking plateau. At one time a
Maine regiment fired into us by mistake. We saw Johnstons fresh troops come
in on our right and somehow our men melted away. I never could tell just how.
We found ourselves drifting back across the field over which we had
advanced in the fore noon. The lines had given way and all was confusion.
This was about four o’clock in the afternoon. We had been fighting for
five hours in a broiling sun and without water. There was no order or sem-
blance of discipline in our retreat. An unaccountable and needless panic
had seized the entire army. We surged across Bull Run where we had crossed
with such proud anticipations in the forenoon, and continued the retreat
along the Sudley Springs Road toward Centerville. Such a panic would have
been impossible a few months later. If driven back the men would soon have
rallied in line, and if a retreat had been necessary, it would have been
made in order and under the command of its officers. There was no order
or command. We streamed back towards Centerville like a flock of sheep.
There was no pursuit. The enemy seemed as astonished as we were, and per-
haps thought we were trying to flank them. Every soldier who was at Bull
Run blushes for that day. And yet the men who fought and ran that day stood
like heroes upon many a stricken field afterwards. An account of the first
battle of Bull Run, published in the National Tribune lately, stated that
the dead of the First Michigan Infantry were nearer the enemy’s lines than
those of any other regiment. But we ran quite as well as we fought when
the rout commenced.

The road from the battlefield to Centerville was strewn with the debris
of retreat: artillery, muskets, wagons and cast off impedimenta of all
kinds. I saw a piece of artillery by reckless driving caught by the hub
against a small tree, and its frenzied drivers, instead of backing up a foot
or two and freeing it, unhitched their horses and continued their flight,
leaving the gun to the enemy. Some two miles from Centerville the road
crossed Cub Run over a stone bridge. The enemy had got a gun or two to
bear upon this bridge from the right of their line. Here was confusion
infinite! When I reached the bridge, there were many pieces of artillery,
wagons and vehicles of all kinds blocking road and bridge, and all abandoned. I crossed the creek by wading.

One division under General Miles had been left at Centerville and was not engaged in the battle. It was in line in front of Centerville as we passed through. Miles, however, was drunk, and it is said, rode up and down the lines of his division with a woman's headgear on. This drunken disgrace was killed in September, 1862, at Harpers Ferry, after he had surrendered to Stonewall Jackson.

There had been some idea of making a stand at Centerville, but in view of the utter demoralization of the army, it was abandoned, and the retreat continued to Washington. Miles' army had no more order than a flock of sheep, not a regiment or company being under the command of its officers. Our Colonel, Wilcox, was wounded and a prisoner. The Captain of our company, Graves, was also wounded, and the loss of officers served to make confusion worse confounded. It was simply, "The devil take the hindmost."

I have written of this day with pain and mournful memory. The 21st day of July is a black day in our calendar. Russell of the London Times wrote to his paper that the Yankees were nothing but a pack of cowards. He was afterwards proved a liar, but it was, indeed, a disgraceful day. Some have since said that our defeat was a "blessing in disguise," that it nerved the North to greater effort, and lulled the South to a false security; that had we won the battle, the result would have been a compromise with slavery retained, and the conflict postponed for a generation and left for our children to settle.

I do not believe this. The conflict between the North and the South was one of Constitutional differences, aggravated and precipitated by the question of human slavery, but it was one that had to be fought out to the death. It was a question of Union or Disunion; and the South had stripped
early for the contest. The South would be satisfied only with Disunion; the North would accept nothing but a Union of the States, and the conflict was inevitable and without compromise.

I reached the south end of Long Bridge about ten o'clock. No one had been allowed to cross the bridge into the city, and thousands of dispirited men were gathered at the south end. I can at this distance recall with much vividness my deadly, hopeless weariness at the end of this retreat. We had scarcely slept Sunday night, and were in line at 2 o'clock in the morning. We had not then learned the necessity of keeping a full haversack and canteen. So almost without food or water, I had marched nine miles, engaged in a battle of hours duration; from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till 10 o'clock Monday forenoon had been on the retreat, not buoyed up by victory but depressed and saddened by defeat. I fell upon the ground and went to sleep. In about two hours I was awakened by the rain. I reached my feet with difficulty and then found that it was impossible to take a step of more than two inches. I was absolutely stiffened. By continued effort I was enabled to step off better and better, till after some time the stiffness was overcome. In the afternoon we were allowed to cross into Washington and the Bull Run campaign was over.

Our period of enlistment had expired and we waited some days in Washington for transportation to Michigan. I did not recover from my lassitude, and could eat little or nothing. In fact the feeling grew upon me. I could not account for it. We finally marched to the depot to take a train for home, and as usual in such a case the train was delayed in starting. We lay in the depot nearly all night. Unable to sit up, I sought the hard planks for a bed. After daylight we had reached Baltimore, forty miles distant, where I found myself completely broken out with measles. I shall long remember that trip. With no means of lying down; a cool wind constantly blowing through the car; by the time we reached Cleveland, the eruption had disappeared; had gone back, as they say. Here I was placed in a sleeping
car with some others. It was a car with bunks up the side, not like the palatial cars of the present day. I have no remembrance of the trip from Cleveland to Washington. I have a dim recollection of hearing the cannon boom as we came into Detroit, but I was nearly unconscious, nearly deaf and blind. I was placed in a carriage and driven to St. Mary's Hospital. A member of the regiment, also afflicted with the measles, lay in a bed next to mine. Within half an hour of our entering the hospital, he rolled from the little bed to the floor, and when they picked him up he was dead. It did not shock me, for I was past shock. It is a wonder that I lived, but after remaining between three and four weeks there, I was able to get up and walk around.

I then left the hospital and went to Uncle West's at Ottawa Lake. I hoped soon to be able to reenlist. I had no home and did not intend to trespass upon the hospitality of Uncle West, but I did not gain strength. Sometime after reaching there, I rode to Blissfield, some seven miles distant on horseback. The trip was accomplished with some difficulty. After remaining in Blissfield for two or three hours, visiting with my sister Laura, I started to return. After riding some two miles, I was taken with such a terrible pain through my chest, that I found riding impossible, and had to dismount and lead the horse. I was nearly bent double with the pain. In this condition I made the last five miles. I was put to bed unconscious and a doctor sent for. Here I remained for some weeks, which had little meaning for me, for I was wandering most of the time. The doctor said that I had typhoid pneumonia, the result of the measles, and that if I had not been taken as I was, that I could not have lived three months. This sickness, then, was my salvation. As soon as I was able to stand firmly upon my feet, I learned that one Wells was raising a company for the Michigan Lancer Regiment. A British colonel of cavalry had received a colonel's commission in our service for the purpose of raising and commanding such a regiment. We knew later
that such a regiment would be of no service as lancers; but no one seemed to know it then. We rendezvoused at Detroit. At the time of the Trent affair, when Mason and Slidell were taken from a British ship by Captain Wilkes, war with England seemed imminent, and our British Colonel resigned. No one was appointed in his place, we were kept for a time in Detroit and finally discharged. Why we were not retained in the service as a cavalry regiment I do not know, but suppose that the government thought it had all it needed of that branch of the service.

Captain Wells then proposed to raise a company for one of the regiments of the "Eagle Rifle Brigade," then being recruited at Buffalo. I, with two or three others, went down with him to enter this service. The camp was at Fort Porter on the Niagara River. Here Wells left us. Here we remained for nearly two weeks. Though we were not enlisted, we were not permitted to go outside the gates. It became exceedingly monotonous and I made up my mind to end it. The railroad ran between the fort and the river at the foot of a very steep embankment. A sentry walked along the edge of this embankment. I carelessly walked to the edge of this embankment and slid down to the railroad track. The sentry cried halt, but I steadily pursued my way up the track to the city. At Huff's Hotel, so called, they were enlisting men for the regular army, and I walked in and proposed to enlist. When I gave my name and age, the officer asked if my parents were living, to which I answered "no". I don't think this lie has been laid against me. The officer then said it would be necessary to choose a guardian. We walked over to a grocery near by, the proprietor consented to act as my guardian, I accepted him and he gave me permission to enlist. Whereupon I was enlisted. It seemed and still seems about as complete a farce as could well be enacted, but it got me into the regular service. Now began my real service as a "Soldier of the Republic."

After receiving my uniform, I was free to go where I pleased, and I saun-
tered back to Fort Porter and walked around very independently. No one tried to stop my entry or exit. In a few days some sixteen recruits had been collected, and we were sent to Governors Island in New York Bay. Here we remained for about a month. A young fellow by the name of Field and myself constituted a whitewash squad. We did little but whitewash government buildings while at the Island, and we were not especially proud of our work. It was not very heroic. Finally one hundred and twenty-six of us were started for the West, to join Batteries H. and M. of the Fourth United States Artillery. The 4th Regiment of Artillery was composed of twelve companies that had been used as infantry before the war. The companies were now organized as batteries, and scattered, part being in the East and part in the West. Battery M, to which I was assigned at the breaking out of the war was at Fort Randall in Dakota. Its Captain was one Brown, a northern man with a southern wife, and he was decidedly of secession tendencies. He resigned and entered the Confederate service, and became a general officer and was wounded in our front at Franklin. Our first lieutenant was Stephan Decatur Lee, one of the Lees of Virginia. He also resigned at the beginning of the war, entered the Confederate service, and rose to the rank of lieutenant general. He commanded a corps in Hood's Army.

We went by rail to Pittsburg and there took the Mariner, an old stern wheeler, for a trip down the Ohio to the Tennessee, and up that river to Pittsburg Landing. It was a trip of nearly 1300 miles. When our old craft reached Wheeling on the Ohio a cyclone came up and drove us on the bank and blew off the entire upper works, cabin and all. As we were not cabin passengers, but herded with the mules and other animals on the lower deck, we escaped the wreckage. There were quite a few passengers above, and they went off with the debris. There was a fellow with us, a Tennessean by the name of Jones and a natural thief. He saw a coat floating in the water and
captured it. In a long pocketbook he found a large quantity of money in bills. Jones could not read and did not know how to count the money, but he had a sort of chum who could. So Jones agreed to divide the money with him. He counted it out, gave Jones one bill and kept one for himself. That night as we landed at the shore for wood, the chum escaped or deserted and we never saw or heard of him afterwards. Jones had a large number of one dollar bills, and it appears that his friend would give Jones a one dollar bill and keep one of larger dimensions for himself. There was not much sympathy wasted upon Jones, however. In passing I might say that a few years ago I had a letter from a doctor in Dixie, Kentucky, who said that Jones lived there and was a helpless paralytic. He could not get a pension as he was enlisted as "Johns," and he wanted me to make an affidavit as to his identity. This I did and sent to him, but have no knowledge as to whether he got a pension.

We were transferred to a sidewheeler at Wheeling after our shipwreck, and proceeded down the Ohio. Changing boats again at Louisville we continued the voyage down to the mouth of the Tennessee, and up this river to Pittsburg Landing. We were something over six days in making the trip, as I now remember. The weather grew very warm as we proceeded; the chill was gone from the air, and up the Tennessee especially, the weather was delightful. Forests for many miles lined its banks, with here and there a plantation. Pittsburg Landing was then simply what its name implied, a landing. There were no buildings of any importance. It's worthy of mention only because of the terrible battle fought there on the 5th and 6th of April of that year. Here after the capture of Fort Donelson, Grant had concentrated his army, preparatory to an advance upon Corinth, Mississippi, some eighteen miles distant. The Confederate army lay at Corinth, under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston, considered to be on of the ablest, if not the first, soldier of the South. Corinth was of great strategic importance, being connected
by railroads with the very heart of the Confederacy. Grant's army had gone up the river. The Army of the Ohio under Don Carlos Buell had commenced its march by land from Nashville, Tennessee via Columbia. But the weather was stormy, and the mud deep, and many bridges had been carried away so that its progress was slow. Sunday afternoon its first division, (Nelsons), reached Savannah, on the river and some seven miles below Pittsburg Landing. Grant had some 33,000 men at the Landing. He was wholly unsuspicious of attack. He had four divisions at the Landing, and Lew Wallace's division lay at Crumps Landing five miles below on the same side of the river.

No entrenchments of any kind had been thrown up, and very little examination made of the front. Under these circumstances Johnston decided to anticipate Grant's advance by an attack upon him at Pittsburg Landing. He knew that Buell had not arrived, and he proposed to crush Grant before the Army of the Ohio could reach the Landing. He commenced his march from Corinth with 40,000 men. He expected to attack Saturday, but the roads were horrible, and he only had his army in position in front of Grant by Saturday night.

Beauford, who was second in command under Johnston, advised against the attack, as he considered that a surprise was impossible. But Johnston, with clearer insight, determined to attack. The proximity of Johnston's army seems to have been unsuspected by our troops. Grant was at Savannah, seven miles below. Both Grant and Sherman in their Memoirs, have since claimed that there was no surprise. If Grant knew that his army was confronted by Johnston in line of battle two miles away, why was he sleeping so peacefully at Savannah seven miles distant? It is not easy to convince an old soldier that the Battle of Pittsburg Landing was not a surprise at its commencement. This battle is sometimes called "Shiloh," from a little church so named, standing back some two or three miles from the Landing.

Johnston attacked at daylight. I shall not attempt to describe the battle. After desperate fighting all day, our troops were driven back nearly to the Landing. Johnston had been killed about noon, and Beauregard assumed
command of the Confederate army. When Nelson reached Savannah his division was ordered upon steamers and taken to the landing. It reached its destination about sundown, a welcome relief. One brigade landed as night came down, and one regiment, the 36th Indiana, fired a couple of volleys and had two wounded. During the night McCooks and another division of the Army of the Ohio arrived, and also Lew Wallace's division from Crumps Landing. The battle was resumed in the morning and the Confederate troops driven back to Corinth.

Halleck assumed command of both Grant's and Buell's armies. General Halleck had been nicknamed by the soldiers, "Old Brains." If by that term was meant lack of brains, it was well applied. General Poe, who had just taken Island No. Ten, with some seven thousand prisoners, was ordered to join Halleck with his troops, and Halleck soon had over one hundred thousand men. With this immense force he advanced slowly upon Corinth, and was nearly within attacking distance. He began a siege by slow approaches. The army had been divided into the right and left wings. Grant was nominally in command as second, but as a matter of fact, he was in disgrace, with no command whatever. Beauregard lay outside. This was the condition when our detachment of 126 men reached Corinth and joined Batteries H. and M. of the 6th Artillery, then in Amemons Brigade of Nelson's Division of the Army of the Ohio. I became a member of Battery M. Batteries H. and M. were united at that time and served as one organization, under the command of Captain John Mendenhall. Each company had four guns, two Rodman rifles, and two 12 pound howitzers. A battery of artillery consisted of four or six guns. With each gun was a caisson. With the gun was a limber, so called. The limber was upon two wheels, with a tongue in front much like a wagon. An ammunition chest that held from 39 to 100 rounds of ammunition was situated over the axle.

The gun itself was upon two wheels, and a long, curved timber called the stock was ironed to the axle of the gun and rested upon the ground. In
this position the gun was ready for firing. On the end of the stock was a ring called the lunette ring, and on the axle of the limber was a hook called the pintle hook. When the gun was to be moved, the stock was raised from the ground, the lunette ring placed over the pintle hook, and then you had a four wheeled vehicle. The caisson consisted of a limber, just like the gun, and interchangeable, and two additional chests of ammunition in the rear. Also a spare wheel. When by firing, the chest of the gun limber was empty, the limber of the caisson would be unhooks and driven up, and the empty limber driven back to the caisson and its chest filled from one of the rear chests.

Each gun and caisson was drawn by six horses, called the lead, swing and wheel teams. A driver rode each near or left hand horse. There was also a battery wagon and forge connected with each battery. The wagon contained tools and the forge was for the same purpose as a blacksmith's forge. Each battery also had a blacksmith and an artificer. These were for shoeing the horses and for repairs when needed. A six gun battery when fully manned had about 120 men. There was a captain, three lieutenants, one commissary sargent, one quartermaster sargent, one orderly of first sergeant, six duty sergeants, six corporals, one blacksmith, one artificer, one bugler, thirty-nine drivers, forty-two cannoneers, and several to drive wagons with rations, forage and quartermaster supplies.

Each gun was supposed to be manned by a sergeant, a corporal and seven gunners. Number one stood on the right of the muzzle and sponged the gun and rammed the cartridge. Number two on the left of the muzzle placed the cartridge in the gun. Number three stood at the right of the breech and kept his thumb on the vent while number one was sponging and ramming. Number four was on the left of the breech, with a lanyard and friction primer, and when the loading was completed he placed the friction primer in the vent and discharged the gun. Number five stood at the end of the stock, took
the cartridge from number seven and handed it to number two. Number six stood behind the limber chest, took out the cartridges, cut the fuses to the lengths ordered by the sergeant and handed them to number seven. Number seven took the cartridges from number six, ran forward and handed them to number five who ran to number two and gave the cartridge to him. This seems rather complicated, but when each man knows his business, firing went on very rapidly, as many as seven or eight shots a minute being fired. A bucket of water was always carried, and number one always dipped his sponge on one end of the rammer and wiped out the gun before the cartridge was inserted. We hear of many accidents from the premature discharge of cannon at Fourth of July celebrations. I never knew of such an accident in the army, though they may have occurred. We fired 2400 rounds from eight guns at Stone River, and thousands during the war, without a premature explosion. The only requisite was to keep the vent carefully thummed so as to exclude all air while the gun was being swabbed.

The men manning each gun with its caisson was called a detachment. Two guns was called a section and was under the command of a lieutenant. Each gun and caisson had a large canvass, called a tarpoulen, used to cover them when in camp. We found them very useful to put up for shelter in times of storm when on the march.

Such was the general complement of a battery during the Civil War. Then all the guns were muzzle loaders. Now muzzle loading cannon are unknown, and the methods of operating a battery of artillery must be vastly different.

The siege of Corinth was a very tame affair. No attempt was made to assault, which may have been very good judgement and saved many lives. A portion of our forces were pushed around the Confederate flank to get possession of the railroad by which the enemy had a retreat to carry off its heavy material, and as the peril increased, Beauregard prepared to evacuate the
place. During the night of May 27th, I think, we heard heavy explosions within the city, and the next morning our troops entered, the enemy having evacuated, carrying off most of their material and burning the remainder.

The immediate object of the campaign, the capture of Corinth, was thus accomplished. But the Confederate Army still remained intact and defiant. The capture of positions merely, however strategic, are of comparatively small importance, while the enemy's forces remain in the field. Chattanooga on the Tennessee River was a place of more importance than Corinth. It had the Tennessee River in its front, and lines of communication ran south to Atlanta and the very heart of the South, as well as to East Tennessee, which was extremely loyal to the Union.

At this time Halleck was called to Washington to be Adjutant General and to direct the movement of all the armies. A more unfortunate choice was never made. Before Halleck left for the East, the army before Corinth was divided. A part of Polk's Army was returned to Missouri. Grant was given command of the Mississippi, including Memphis and down the river to the indefinite line held by Butler at New Orleans. Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, of which I was an individual unit, was to move to Chattanooga. Here occurred another brilliant example of Halleck's strategy. There was a railroad running from Corinth to Chattanooga that was parallel to the line of the enemy. Halleck ordered Buell to move toward Chattanooga along this railroad and repair it as we went. All south of this road was held by the enemy. It would take our whole army to have guarded this line. The Confederates were near this line at all points, could break in upon it where weakly held and destroy it. Buell wanted to abandon this railroad and hold the road from Nashville to Chattanooga, which was perpendicular to the enemy's line. We had possession of the district on both sides of it and it could be more easily guarded. But Buell was overruled, and the result demonstrated Halleck's incompetence.
Before leaving Corinth we were ordered to turn in all of our clothing but what we were fortunate enough to have on our backs. The army was to be reduced to light marching order. It was evidently intended that we should go through the country on a trot. How this was to be done and the railroad be repaired as we went, is a mystery that only the brain of a Halleck can solve. So we turned in our overcoats, extra pants, blouses, shirts and socks which were barrelled up and were to be returned to us later. We never saw them again. All that summer and fall when we infrequently washed a shirt, we either sat in the shade to let it dry, or wore a blouse and went shirtless till the sun could dry it. The members of the Army of the Ohio looked like a set of ragamuffins before the summer of 1862 was over.

As a result of Halleck's order to repair the railroad, General Braxton Bragg, who had superseded Beauregard in the command of the Confederate army, reached Chattanooga before we did, and this position was left in the hands of the South for fifteen months longer, to be taken at last at the cost of many thousand lives.

We were for a short time at Iuka, Mississippi, then moved on through Alabama, crossed the Tennessee at Florence, and on the Fourth of July, 1862, were at Athens, Alabama. There occurred the death of a comrade felt by me as a deep personal loss. There was a young boy in the battery from the city of New York by the name of Austin. He had a widowed mother and an only sister there, and he talked of them to me often and with the most lively affection. He was a boy of fine breeding, and in every way was a perfect young gentleman. We were attracted to each other, and slept under the same blanket, and ate from the same haversack. At Iuka we got hold of some flour and made a batch of pancakes. They were not very light or palatable, but we ate freely. They did not affect me, for I was in robust health and of much stronger physique than Austin. He became sick and there being no field hospitals, he was carried all through the month of June in an ambulance through the heat and dust, burning with fever. At Athens he died and we
buried him under a gum tree, digging a shallow grave, and wrapping him in
his blanket. In his last days of delirium he kept calling for his mother
and sister. The most ordinary care in a well appointed hospital would have
saved him, but he died a victim to Halleck's futile idea of "Light Marching
Order."

During the eventful summer of 1862 we lost nearly forty of the one hundred
and twenty six who came with us from the East. Most of them were men past
the thirties. The boys stood the hardships of campaign life much better
than more mature men. I might say in passing that of the whole number who
came with us, but sixteen were discharged from the battery serving their
full term of enlistment. All the others had either fallen in battle, died
of disease or wounds, or gone to the hospital wrecked in health and never
returned. It is a ghastly recital.

We remained in Athens for some days after the Fourth, when Forest attack-
ed Murfreesboro, where the Ninth Michigan, under the command of Lieutenant
Wm. Duffield of Detroit, was encamped with some troops, and captured them
and the town. Nelson's Division was at once ordered to proceed to Murfrees-
boro. We took a train at Athens and proceeded by rail through Pulaski,
Columbia and Franklin to Nashville. An incident on the route may not be
out of place. Our battery was upon flat cars while the rear of the train
was composed of many box cars, these being filled with infantry both within
and on top. Our engineer had been impressed into the service and was a rank
rebel. The engineer would let the train slacken and then suddenly jerk
it up, in a way quite as spiteful as his temper. I was sitting with a man
named Collins on a flat car. The car was rotten and one of the jerks drew
the wheels or trucks from under the car, and the unlimbered gun on the
car capsized, and striking Collins on the chest, killed him instantly.
The train was stopped and Collin's body laid by the side of the track.
General Nelson ordered the engineer back by the body and there vented such
a torrent of abuse and denunciation upon him as is impossible to describe. He repeatedly struck the fellow in the face with his military hat, and said to the men, "Shoot him, C--d d--n him, shoot him." I think the men would have a minute before, but the abuse of the general rather aroused sympathy for him. The engineer said to Nelson, "Give me a fair trial, General," who replied, "Yes I will give you a fair trial with a rope." The engineer was finally led off and what became of him I never heard. Engineers were then called for and several locomotive engineers were found among the soldiers of the brigade. They took the engine and we reached Nashville in due season. Almost any kind of men, professional, scientific or machinist could be found in the ranks of the army.

We derailed at Nashville and marched to Murfreesboro, a distance of thirty miles. We were without money, but one soldier was found who had a supply and he invited several including myself to go to a restaurant and get a meal of "soft Bread" as it was called. We had eaten nothing but hardtack and sowbelly for months and the invitation was much appreciated. I recall distinctly that we were supplied with bread, fried eggs and beef steak, and seldom has a meal been disposed of more rapidly or with better appetite. This meal was at Nashville during our brief stay there. Nashville was then the chief depot of supplies for Buell's Army. It was a city of about 20,000 situated on the Cumberland River, about two hundred miles from its mouth. This river was navigable for about eight months in the year for quite large steamers. It was also connected with Louisville, Kentucky, by the Louisville Nashville Railroad, and by these two routes all the supplies for the army came from the north. Nashville has grown to be a large, rich and important city since the war. It was settled by Col. Davidson, after whom the county is named, just after the settlement of Kentucky by Boone.

When we reached Murfreesboro we found everything peaceful. Forrest had paroled his prisoners and gone without stopping to say good day to us. Our
entire division, consisting of three brigades soon assembled at Murfreesboro.
I might say that this town is on Stone River, and on the line of the Nash­ville and Chattanooga railroad. Its population at the time of the war might have been two thousand. But there were but few able bodied men in the town; only women and children. The men were in the Confederate army.

We remained at Murfreesboro for a few days and then our division was sent to McMinnville. This is a beautiful little town in the mountains, some forty miles from Murfreesboro. It was feared that Bragg might make a break from Chattanooga with his army for an invasion of Kentucky, and we were sent there as a corps of observation. For some time prior to this I had been feeling poorly, though always on duty. I had some sort of bowel complaint. Upon reaching McMinnville the pure water, green corn and peaches completely cured me and I never suffered from any form of sickness afterwards.

Bragg did start upon an invasion of Kentucky, but he did not come our way. He went through Cumberland Gap. This movement of Bragg called for a concentration of our army. We were withdrawn from McMinnville and marched to Nashville where the army gathered. Buell determined to hold Nashville while marching with the rest of the army to meet Bragg in Kentucky. To leave Nashville would be to fight the battle for the possession of Tennessee all over again. So Thomas's, Palmer's, Negley's and Mitchell's divisions were left in the rear for the protection of Nashville, and Buell started a race with Bragg for the possession of Louisville with Ammen's, Crittenden's, McCook's, Wood's and Rousseau's divisions. Nelson had been sent to take command in Kentucky to oppose Kirby Smith, who had invaded that state in advance of Bragg, and Ammen commanded our division. When we reached Bowling Green, Kentucky, we found ourselves without provisions except a little flour. This was given out, or issued. I had about three pounds. What to do with it we did not know. I finally mixed mine with a little water and baked it in a skillet. When it got cold it was of the consistency and about the
color of a whetstone.

Even a soldier could not eat it. For the next two weeks we lived upon corn gathered from the fields. We would melt a canteen, punch the halves full of holes with a nail and scrape the corn upon it. This we would bake into pancakes. The effect of this coarse, half cooked stuff passing through the system, must be known to be appreciated. But, perhaps, we suffered more for water than for food. Kentucky is a limestone state, and the pure water seemed to have sunk below the surface. For days all the water we got was from little ponds of surface water, always muddy from the trampling of thousands of horses and mules, and not infrequently with a dead mule or so lying where we had to dip up the stuff. That was a pretty hard two weeks.

Bragg's Army and our own were on nearly parallel roads, each striving to be ahead at Louisville, but there was no fighting except at Munfordsville where Bragg captured Col. Wilder and some four thousand men before we reached the place.

At the end of about two weeks we struck the Ohio at the mouth of Salt River, some twenty miles from Louisville. We were a hard looking crowd. I recall that there was but one leg in my pants, and most of the others were in a similar plight. Dirty, ragged and hungry we looked over into Indiana, and felt that it was indeed "God's County." But we were not to see it again for years. Two steamers laden with hardtack and other rations had been sent to us and the boys began to swarm over the boats and to throw boxes ashore. The boat guards called frantically for them to stop, that the rations had to be issued, but the boys said that they were issuing them and continued to unload the precious grub. Soon we had plenty to eat and were happy despite our rags. From there we marched to Louisville, drew clothing, and looked more like soldiers and less like tramps.

General Nelson, our former division commander, was killed at Louisville, by General Jefferson C. Davis commanding an Indiana Brigade of new troops.
Nelson, whose headquarters were in the Galt house, asked Davis how many muskets he had. He replied about 2500. Nelson turned upon him and said "About, about" and applied the most vile and opprobrious epithets to Davis. Nelson then turned and went up stairs. Davis went out and got a revolver and returning to the hotel met Nelson as he was descending the stairs. With the remark, "Defend yourself, General Nelson," he fired, killing Nelson almost instantly. Davis was arrested, his trial postponed till after the war, and he rose to the command of a corps in Sherman's Army. Our battery and the Fourth U.S. Cavalry escorted Nelson's body to the cemetery.

Many new regiments reached us at Louisville, organized under the call in the summer of 1862. Our army, fed, clothed and reinforced, soon left Louisville in pursuit of Bragg with faces again turned southward. Bragg retreated before us till on October eighth at Perryville we had quite a severe battle. A part of the troops fought the battle while thousands were standing idle within easy reach of the field, but were not called upon. I have ever since entertained serious doubts of the ability of General Buell. This feeling of distrust was felt by the entire army, and it was a common saying of the soldiers that Buell and Bragg were brothers-in-laws and did not wish to hurt each other. The battle was indecisive. The Union loss in killed and wounded was about 4500, mostly from the command of General McCook. That night Bragg retreated and we followed in pursuit.

My experience at the battle of Perryville was rather a peculiar one. Our cavalry were engaged in front, and a confederate battery in the edge of a wood was punishing them very severely. Our battery was ordered forward to silence these confederate guns. There was a slight eminence in front that hid the enemy's battery from us, and we advanced up this slight hill to get a view. As the road was rather narrow and dusty, I ran on ahead of the battery. Nearing the top of the hill I heard a cry, "They are coming," and at that moment a squad of our cavalry came running towards me, and before
I could get out of the way, struck and knocked me down and slightly trampled me. They were followed close by a squad of Texas cavalry, some two hundred in number, and these also ran over me, though I drew myself as rapidly as possible towards the side of the road, feigning all the time to be as near dead as possible, yet striving to be out of reach, not only of the Texans, but of our own battery. The battery was much farther back than I was, and unlimbering, greeted our friends with discharges of canister, that came uncomfortably close to me, but speedily dispersed the enemy. The only serious damage I suffered was the unmendible destruction of my pants where a horse stepped upon me. A generous red-headed Irishman by the name of Riley gave me a pair out of his knapsack. Later I was hit slightly by a fragment of shell, that gave me a chance to ride for a day or two.

Bragg retreated with what plunder he was able to transport through the Cumberland Gap, and the invasion of Kentucky was over. We followed him for some distance but were unable to overtaken or force him into battle. Our cavalry at that time of the war were very inefficient, and perhaps one of our generals that he had never seen a dead cavalryman. Later in the war they became as effective a body of horsemen as any country could boast.

After the retreat of Bragg, Halleck, the brainless, who presided over the army at Washington, insisted that Buell should make a campaign into East Tennessee. This would have compelled a march of about 240 miles, over mountains and rivers, without communication except by wagon trains, there being no railroads at that time through that section and very few roads of any kind. This Buell refused to do, and on the 24th day of October, 1862, Buell was relieved, a new Department called the Department of Cumberland was created, embracing all of the state of Tennessee lying east of the Tennessee River, and such parts of Alabama and Georgia as we should succeed in occupying. Major General D. Rosecrans was placed in command. Major
General George H. Thomas had been offered the command but declined it. Rosecrans had managed a successful campaign in West Virginia in the summer of 1861, and had just fought the Battle of Corinth, defeating the enemy. He was a man of great ability, and one of the greatest strategists that the war produced upon our side.

We then marched leisurely in the month of November to Nashville and arrived there about the first of December. The personal incidents during this campaign were so insignificant that they are not worth mentioning. We had no tents or shelter of any kind from the time we left Corinth in June till we reached Nashville in December. We simply lay at night in a blanket upon the ground. If the ground was wet and muddy from storms, we sometimes managed to get a couple of rails and lay upon them.

I recall that at Somerset, Kentucky, in November, I had pulled off my shoes before going to sleep. Awakening in the night I found that about four inches of snow had fallen, my feet were outside the blanket, and I was pretty well frozen. A guard was set over the battery every night, and this guard had collected a lot of rails and had a glorious fire and several canteens of applejack, which liquid refreshment was very common in Kentucky. I went to the fire and being thoroughly chilled, took a deep swig of the fiery beverage. I thought then that applejack had its uses as well as its abuses.

We encamped on the Murfreesboro Pike, some five miles from Nashville, and here we received seven months pay, being the first we had since entering the service. Here I saw the first "Greenbacks," the necessity of obtaining money compelling the government to issue these "promises to pay," which continue to this day and are a very abnormal sort of currency. But it did its work as a war necessity, and still enjoys the affection of the people of this country.

My first and last incarceration in the "Guard House," occurred while
we were encamped here. Christmas was a time of general jollification so far as our meager resources would permit. Those resources were chiefly "Roback Bitters," which was a poor, very poor, kind of whiskey. I am compelled in truth to say that almost every man in the battery was drunk except myself. As a matter of fact I never cared for the stuff, and deserve no special commendation for not drinking it. The next morning the camp was quite a sight, and Corporal Wayne, a little crooked legged Englishman, ordered me to take a shovel and clean up the camp. It made me pretty mad, for I had created none of the muss, and I blankly refused.

Whereupon Wayne advanced upon me with a shovel in the attitude of striking, I launched out with my fist and he fell or stumbled into a small fire burning in the camp. He promptly put me in the guardhouse. This jail consisted of a tarpaulin stretched over a pole, and was crowded with a gang of drunken roisterers. The sergeant of the guard, Dobson, told me to go down for the day and visit in Nashville, only to be back by sundown to report.

As I was taken to the pen, one of its inmates, Jack Haney, said to the Corporal, "Corporal Wayne, you put the boy into the guard house, but before we leave the battery he will be First Sargeant," and strange to say, his prediction came true. I went to Nashville, sent forty dollars to sister Frances by express, took a bottle of brandy back to Dobson and was discharged.

I have some old letters that I wrote to my sisters during the war, and as showing the general spirit of the army, I quote briefly from one written during this time.

"Camp near Nashville, Nov. 16th, 1862

Dear Sister Fannie:

The army has not yet left Nashville, though there is talk of leaving soon, but we will not leave till ready. We have confidence in our general and when we move all will be well. The enemy is at Murfreesboro, and in strong
force, but we are able to whip them and know it. Burnside is fighting the rebels and he has the prayers of union men in the North, I am sure. (Burnside was terribly beaten at Fredricksburg the following month.) We have had enough of hanging back. We want fighting. That alone can subdue the Rebellion, and the men of the Western Army are ready for the conflict. I hope the time for inaction is past, and that we shall have an active and glorious campaign. There are skirmishes most every day in our front, and a battle is imminent.”

The long, useless marches without fighting had tired us as you can discover from the above letter.

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER

Bragg, after his retreat from Kentucky, advanced to Murfreesboro. Our army had been reorganized under Rosencrans into three army corps: the fourteenth commanded by George H. Thomas; the twentieth commanded by A. McD. McCook, and the twenty-first commanded by Thomas L. Crittenden, all Major Generals. Each corps consisted of three divisions, each division of three brigades. Each brigade consisted of from three to five regiments of infantry with a battery of artillery. There was also the cavalry. Our battery was in John M. Palmers division of the 20th Corps. Col. Gross commanded our brigade, and it consisted of the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio, Thirty-sixth Indiana, twenty-third Kentucky, and Eighty-fourth Illinois regiments of infantry, and batteries H. & M. of the Fourth United States Artillery.

Our army was to advance and attack Bragg at Stone River, or Murfreesboro, near which the river runs. Our force consisted of 37,977 infantry, 2223 artillery, 3200 cavalry, or a total of 43,000. (Custs "Army of the Cumberland" page 127). Bragg's field return of December 19th, 1862, showed an effective total of 39,304 infantry; 10,070 cavalry, and 1,662 artillery, being a total of 51,036. His army was reduced by detachments to 46,604 which was the number of confederates present in the battle.
Our army commenced its advance towards Murfreesboro on Friday, December 26th. Of Thomas's Corps but two divisions and one brigade were with us. Of its five divisions that of Major General J.J. Reynolds and also two brigades of Fry's division were guarding the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Mitchell's division was left to guard Nashville. McCook had three divisions under Johnson, Davis and Sheridan. Crittenden had three divisions under Wood, Van Cleave and Palmer. We were with the latter. Thus we had eight divisions and one brigade of infantry. Bragg had three corps at Murfreesboro under Polk, Kirby and Hardee respectively. By looking at the map of Tennessee our advance can be easily traced. McCook moved his corps on the Nashville pike to Triune. Thomas advanced on McCook's right by the Franklin Pike. Crittenden, with whom we were, was to advance direct to Murfreesboro on the Murfreesboro pike.

So we commenced our thirty mile advance on Murfreesboro. On the 26th we advanced as far as Lavergne. Skirmishing commenced as we commenced the advance, our division, Palmer's, leading. On the 27th, Wood's division led and we advanced to Stewart's Creek, five miles further. There was continuous fighting in our front all the time, but the enemy's skirmishers were constantly pushed back. The 28th was Sunday and we rested all that day. Our pickets were on one side of the creek and the confederates on the other, and they declared a truce for a short time, mingled together and exchanged coffee for tobacco. The confederates had no coffee, the blockade having cut off the supply to them. It was a great deprivation. They used parched wheat and corn as a substitute. It was even worse that "Postum." We were abundantly supplied with first class coffee during the war, and I believe it saved thousands of lives. At the end of a hard day's march, perhaps through mud and sleet, a quart of hot coffee in the camp at night was very rejuvenating. The fraternizing of the soldiers often occurred during the war as happened at Stewart's Creek. The men in the opposing
armies had nothing against each other individually. I suppose that both sides believed that they were fighting for the right. So after one of these friendly meetings, they would separate and begin shooting at each other.

On the morning of the 29th we crossed Stewart's Creek and resumed the advance to Murfreesboro. Palmer's division again leading, and the skirmishing growing heavier and hotter as we progressed. At night we were within two miles of Murfreesboro and had driven the enemy into his entrenchments. Thomas and McCook had also advanced, on our right, meeting constantly increasing opposition, and were substantially on a line with Crittenden's corps, McCook holding the extreme right and Thomas the center. When our division first reached the entrenchments of the enemy, General Palmer thought that they were retiring from Murfreesboro, and so reported to Rosecrans who ordered Crittenden to send a division into Murfreesboro; and Harker's brigade actually crossed the river, and drove back a confederate regiment upon their main line in confusion. But finding that the enemy was in force and not retreating, the idea of getting into Murfreesboro that night was given up. Harker managed to withdraw his brigade across the river after dark without much loss. The river is a small and shallow affair, easily fordable at almost any point.

Our line of battle then, some three and one half miles in length, was formed with Crittenden's corps upon the left, across the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike and the railroad, its left resting on Stone River, which here ran nearly north and south, but between us and Murfreesboro turned to the east. Next to us on the right was Thomas' corps, and on his right, McCook. The latter was thus the extreme right of our lines. Bragg's line of battle and entrenchments were some five hundred yards in our front. Back of our line were some open fields and also cedar thickets, through which it was extremely difficult to move troops in any order.

Thus we lay down Monday night expecting to attack the enemy in the morning.
I do not recall that my sleep was at all broken, though I lay upon the ground in a single blanket, and the night was rather chilly and frosty. I do not know that I felt any particular fear. Not claiming any particular brand of courage, I think I felt as most boys felt, resigned and somewhat indifferent; anxious to get at it and get it over with, knowing that the only way to end the war was to fight and defeat the enemy. At any rate, I slept soundly, as only a tired soldier can sleep.

The whole of the next day was spent in feeling the enemy and getting into position. There was quite a lot of cannonading, but little infantry fighting. Early in the morning a confederate battery opened upon us, and I recall that about its first shot struck one of our men in the thighs, shaving off the entire fleshy part as though with a knife. The flesh of the wound looked white, the force evidently having backed the blood. Then after a little the blood gushed out. He lived but a few minutes.

We were under this sort of cannonading all day, but suffered no other fatalities in our battery. We replied to them, of course. I had always heard in my youth that if a cannon ball was rolling upon the ground, however slowly, that it would take off one’s leg if in the way of it. This is fiction. A cannon ball shot from a cannon has no more force that if thrown from the hand at the same rate of speed. At one time during the day we were replying to a battery of the enemy, and a young fellow by the name of Hauk, was acting as number two and just putting a shell into his gun, when a solid shot came rolling along, struck Hauk at the ankle and rolled up his leg and side, and he caught it in the crook of his arm. Hauk was black and blue from the ankle up, but not otherwise injured.

We lay down again Tuesday to wait for the morrow. The next day was the last of the year. Many did not see the sun rise on New Year’s morning. We were up before dawn on Wednesday morning and in lines. Rosencrans plan of battle was a good one if it could be carried out. McCook on the right
was to hold the enemy if attacked; but if not attacked, was himself to en-
gage the enemy. Thomas in the center was to engage the enemy in his front
and hold him to his work there, not permitting a weakening of his line,
Palmer was facing the cottonfield, and was to advance when the opportune
time came. All of Bragg's army was on the same side of the river as our
own except Breckenridge's, which division was on the east side of the river.
VanCleve's division, followed by the pioneer brigade and Wood's division
were to cross the river, drive Breckenridge into Murfreesboro, and enfilade
the enemy's lines in front of us with artillery, upon which we were to ad-
ance and double him up. This was a splendid plan, but, "The best laid
plans of mice and men, aft gang aglee." Rosencrans planned to turn the
confederate left; Bragg planned to turn the union right.

At daybreak VanCleve began to cross the river with his division. As the
second Kentucky regiment passed by us, one of its number was eating hard-
tack and coffee out of a quart cup. As he passed us he remarked, "If I go
to hell tonight, I will go on a full belly." Such levity was not common
in the men before a battle. They were usually silent and reserved, with a
look of resolution and sternness, denoting an appreciation of the danger,
and a determination to face it. I have always thought the fellow's courage
of the "Dutch" order, and that he tried to bolster it up by apparent bravado.

One brigade of Van Cleve's had nearly crossed the river and we stood an-
xiously waiting, when heavy firing was heard upon our extreme right, nearly
three miles distant. The sound grew louder and backward and nearer to us.
We knew that our right had been turned and that McCook was being driven.
Our advance upon our left depended upon McCook holding the right. The din
of battle upon our right grew louder and nearer. Our right was evidently
routed. Instead of attacking, the question was one of defense. Our troops
were hastily withdrawn from across the river and a new line formed facing
east at right angles to our first line. In front of us some twelve rods
distant was a dense cedar thicket. Soon through this began to appear here
and there a riderless horse; here and there a flying soldier. Then more and more, till thousands poured through, without order of regimental formation of any kind.

Bragg had captured twenty-eight pieces of artillery and many prisoners. McCook had been totally routed, Thomas compelled to retreat, and the army driven into the open field along, and parallel with, the pike and railroad. At the heels of our men came the enemy. They burst out of the cedars sometimes twenty deep in front of us, with battle flags waving and with loud "Rebel yells." We had eight guns. Upon our right and left were lines of kneeling infantry with guns ready. In our rear the 84th Illinois Regiment supported us. Some of our men were still between us and the enemy, when, calling upon them to lie down, we opened with canister upon the confederate line, or masses. A continued line of flame ran from our guns. The enemy's line wavered. Great gaps appeared where our iron hail swept through. The cedars behind them were stripped and rent as though by the benomes of destruction. For a few minutes the enemy stood, then fell back into the thickets for protection. Thomas's and McCook's troops had been rallied and a new line formed in the open field along the pike. Here for hours the battle raged. Rosencrans was everywhere, riding along the lines, exposing himself with perfect disregard of danger. A shell, grazing the side of Rosencrans, carried off the head of Garecho, his chief of staff.

And now the enemy advanced across the cottonfield, which had been our front that morning. Bullets came raining in upon our left and almost from the rear. A part of our line had remained facing the cottonfield, and across the pike and railroad. Then it turned with an abrupt angle facing the right. It was something like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grove</th>
<th>Cotton field</th>
<th>Enemy</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Our Line</td>
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<td>Pike</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Cedar Thickets</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Enemy</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The star represents the position of our battery. As the enemy, recalling from our front, were pushed back into the cedars, their lines across the cottonfields composed of Prockihridge's and Wither's divisions and other troops attacked us from that direction. Here the 84th Illinois that supported us suffered greatly. One could walk along their position stepping upon dead bodies. Soon we were withdrawn and again faced the cottonfield. Here upon our left was the 24th Ohio. The attack of the enemy was insistent and desperate. Colonel Jones of the 24th Ohio fell dead, shot through the heart. Major Terry, planting the regimental flag about five paces in front of the line, fell shot through the brain. Only three line officers remained that night wholly untouched.

We first directed our fire upon artillery that was firing upon the infantry lines, and having silenced it, turned our attention to their infantry. The battle raged here for a long time, I have no means of even guessing how long, until finally the enemy was repulsed. Along in the afternoon a slight cessation took place in the fighting. Both sides were exhausted from their tremendous efforts. The victorious advance of the enemy had been arrested, and both sides waited for breath to continue the struggle. The wintry air was thick with smoke, and its very taste was sulphurous. The dead and wounded lay thickly everywhere, and the groans of the latter were pitiable to hear.

Just then our battery was sent at a gallop to our left and rear. One of our field hospitals had been established near a bend in the river, and a brigade of confederate cavalry had captured it and were running off the wagons with our wounded. Reaching a position some six hundred yards from the hospital, we at once began a rapid shelling of it. The enemy retreated in double quick time, and I have often wondered if our shells did not end the pain of some of our own poor wounded men.

While we had been fighting in front, the confederate cavalry had been
in our rear, attacking our trains and menacing our communications. Their cavalry was stronger than ours, and virtually were in our rear and on the Nashville pike during the battle. Finally night, cold, clear and comfortless settled down upon the field. The day had been a disastrous one for us. Three miles of our line had been driven back, pell-mell upon the left, nearly four thousand prisoners and twenty eight pieces of artillery taken. Bragg telegraphed to Jefferson during the day that he had won a great victory. There was reason for this boast, premature as it turned out to be.

On the little chart on the preceding page, extend the line by the cotton-field three miles to the right and it will mark the position of our lines in the morning. The lines show it at ten o'clock that forenoon. Through that three miles its woods, thickets and fields were strewn with our dead and wounded and the debris of flight, the enemy being in possession. Bragg might well wire news of victory.

But at night the Union line stood at bay, resolute and defiant. Troops that had been driven from the field early in the morning, had met and thrown back at the point of the bayonet and the cannon's mouth, troops victorious in the earlier part of the day. It shows the staying quality of the northern man. The southerner was quicker and more impetuous in the onset, but lacked much of the dogged determination of his northern brother. The disaster upon our right was appalling, and seemed to threaten the destruction of our entire army. Major General George H. Thomas did much to arrest the tide of disaster. To him Rosencrans turned with confidence and trust. Thomas was an inspiration in battle. Tall and commanding, calm and composed, he rode the lines as the personification of victory. General George Henry Thomas has always been my ideal of a soldier.

He was born in Southanton County, Virginia, July 1816. He graduated from West Point in 1840 and served during the Mexican War and was twice brevetted for gallantry. At the outbreak of the war he was a major of the 2nd cavalry. Robert E. Lee was its lieutenant colonel. Lee was
commissioned as colonel of the regiment March 16th, 1861, and resigned April 20th following, to enter the service of Virginia. Thomas remained true to the government that had educated him. Born of a distinguished Virginia family, he still felt bound by the oath of fidelity that he had taken. It is said of him that when he decided to remain with the Union, he sent to Virginia for a sword that had been given him for service in the war with Mexico. He did not get the sword, but his sister sent him word that if he would come after it in person, that she would plunge it through his heart. It seems hardly credible that family affection could be so rent and torn by political differences, but much the same feelings were seen in families both north and south. Thomas was commissioned a brigadier general, was sent to Kentucky and killed and defeated Zollicoffer at Mills Springs in December, 1861, being one of the first considerable successes of the war.

That night we slept upon the field without covering. I shall never forget that night. I slept by fits and starts, but my ears were filled with the roar of artillery. It seemed as loud as it had all day. The thunderous discharges for many hours had so affected the drums of my ears, that they rang with the sound all night. It's a wonder that more men do not become deaf through such a trial.

New Years dawned cold and frosty. Long lines of our dead were brought in and laid side by side preparatory to interring them in long trenches. They lay in rows sometimes ten rods in length, the hoar frost upon their stern marble faces. Trenches were dug, the bodies placed in them and very lightly covered. Such is the grave of a soldier.

The night of the 31st all the spare ammunition had been issued and it was found that there was enough for another battle. Two fresh brigades that had been guarding the rear came up, and it was determined to continue the fight on the same ground. Bragg expected Rosencrans to retreat, but Rosencrans' remarks upon the subject showed the man. "Bragg is a good dog
but Holdfast is a better." So we held fast. There was not much heavy fighting on the 1st. A heavy cannonade by Bragg in the forenoon was started to ascertain whether we were yet on the ground in force, but the return fire was so heavy that he was convinced that we were there. Several attacks were made upon our center, but were easily repulsed. Skirmishing was going on constantly.

During the afternoon Bragg began to mass troops under Breckinridge upon his right, and Van Cleave's division of our corps was ordered across the river upon a small eminence to watch the flank. But no attack was made that day. It began to rain heavily on the evening of the 1st, a cold, miserable rain, and it was anything but pleasant. Friday morning it was evident that an attack was intended upon our left. Our artillery to the number of 58 guns was concentrated to meet it. Negley's division was also brought forward to the bank of the river, Van Cleave being across it. Soon the attack came. Breckinridge with about 16,000 men advanced against our left. The 58 pieces of artillery at once commenced to roar, but Breckinridge came through the storm of fire and swept Van Cleave across the river. Then Negley's division went forward with a cheer, crossed the river and drove Breckinridge back in panic flight. Three pieces of artillery were captured and about 1000 prisoners. That ended the battle of Stone River.

The miseries of that night cannot well be described or imagined. The night was pitch dark, the rain came down in torrents, the mud was unfathomable, and we were without shelter or food. Still we had the stimulus of victory. I recall that I stumbled upon a little pen of rails. I got two together on top and lay down as upon a bed of down. It was dark as ink when I lay down and upon awakening I found four dead Rebs inside the pen. I had slept within less than two feet of them. But my sleep was unbroken, though the wintry rain beat upon me all night. You may imagine from this something of the dead fatigue, the almost utter physical collapse after a
day of strenuous battle.

On the morning of the 3rd Bragg ordered a constant and heavy picket of firing kept up to ascertain if our army was still there. He found us there. At noon he decided to retreat and leave us in possession of the field. Generals Cleburne and Withers had sent in a despatch stating that there were but "three brigades that are at all reliable, and even some of these are more or less demoralized from having some brigade commanders who do not possess the confidence of their commands." They feared great disaster which could only be avoided by retreat. That night Bragg's army retreated. His cavalry covered his front till Monday when we entered Murfreesboro.

My description of this battle, though occupying more space that perhaps it should in this personal history, has been very brief and meager. Bragg's loss was about 10,000 men, a loss of 20% of his force. Our loss was 11,578, or about 25%. It was a very obstinate and bloody battle, and is considered one of the most hotly contested of the war.

We remained at Murfreesboro nearly six months, while the army was recruited, and supplies gathered, and the cavalry, especially, strengthened and disciplined. We had been woefully lacking in the cavalry arm of the service, and Rosencrans determined to strengthen this arm before another advance. Wilder's Brigade, the same Wilder who was captured at Humfordville the previous September (see page 41), now commanding an infantry brigade, was mounted as cavalry or as mounted infantry, and performed special and distinguished service during the war. Minty's brigade, consisting of the Fourth Michigan, Seventh Penn, and Fourth United States Cavalry made a magnificent record during the next two years.

While we lay at Murfreesboro the battle of Chancellorville had been fought; Hooker defeated and driven across the Rappahannock; Grant had waited and maneuvered before Vicksburg, had finally crossed the Mississippi, and by a campaign Napoleonic in its audacity had defeated an army much larger than
his own and had Pemberton penned up in Vicksburg. Bragg lay at Tullahoma some 25 miles in our front. Halleck had constantly insisted that Rosencrans should advance, but he refused till he was ready. Halleck sent a letter to all of his commanding generals promising a major generalship in the regular army to the first one that won a victory. It is said that Grant pocketed his letter and said nothing. Rosencrans replied saying that "as a man and a citizen he felt degraded at such an auctioneering of honor," and said, "have we a general who would fight for his own personal benefit when he would not for his honor and his country?" "He would come by his commission basely in that case, and deserve to be despised by men of honor."

Halleck became the foe of Rosencrans ever after. The language of Rosencrans may have been injudicious, but it was the expression of an honest man.

The six months spent at Murfreesboro were not wholly a period of inaction. The army was exhausted and depleted by the tremendous struggle at Stone River, and time was needed to recruit the army, organize the cavalry and bring supplies and material. All supplies came from Louisville and Nashville, and this line was constantly raided by the enemy and broken in many places. This was done by the cavalry of the enemy, moving swiftly from place to place, and it required a large force to guard the whole line. The Confederates had outnumbered us in this branch of the service nearly two to one, and this disparity had to be remedied. During the entire year from July 1st, 1862 to the following July, the L. & N. RR. had been operated only seven months and twelve days. The balance of the time it had been broken by the enemy. A large amount of supplies had to be gathered before an advance could be made. So we lay at Murfreesboro nearly half a year.

In the spring of 1863 I was promoted to the rank of corporal and given a command of a detachment. This was properly the position of a sergeant, but our battery now consisted of six guns and we had only four sergeants. While with Battery H. we had eight guns, but that battery had a separate
organization after the battle and our guns were reduced to six. My promotion was due not so much to any particular heroism upon my part, as to the facts that I was always sober, attended to duty and had the faculty of mastering the intricacies of artillery drill. The time passed very easily and pleasantly for us during the time of our stay there. We had sufficient drilling to exercise our horses and men. Among our men was a very fair lot of singers, and in the evening we would gather around the campfire and listen to patriotic songs. During this period we occupied Sibley tents. These are tall, circular tents, and the feet of the occupants all point towards the center pole. In the spring we were introduced to "Pup tents," as the soldiers called them, and afterwards there were no other. These consisted of two pieces of cotton cloth about 5-1/2 feet by 3 feet. They buttoned together on one side which formed the ridge, and upon the lower two sides were roses for tent pins. Stretched over a pole and fastened at the edges, they formed a serviceable tent. Each man had one piece, and the owner of the corresponding piece was his bunkey. Often they were set up by the infantry by setting two muskets in the ground by the bayonet and putting another gun across for the pole. Thus each soldier carried his own house, they were a fair protection from the elements, and easily transported.

There were few incidents specially interesting or worthy of mention. I had not written home after the battle for some months. It did not occur to me that my sisters might be anxious. They saw in a paper after the battle that one George Farr had been killed. They supposed, of course, that I was the one named, and they mourned me as one dead. Finally I wrote to my sister Mary. Then she took the letter from the office, I am told that she ran through the streets of the village crying, "My brother is alive! My brother is alive!" Such are the heartbreaking incidents of war.

Here I saw a man hung. He was a native Tennessean, tried before a military court for murder and sentenced to be hung. I happened to be walking outside
of camp, saw a crowd in a field and approaching found the men standing around a gallows consisting of two posts and a crosspiece with a dangling rope.

Soon a white horse and cart approached, on the cart a plain board coffin with the murderer seated upon it. The cart was driven under the gallows, the rope adjusted, prayers said and then the cart was slowly driven away. It was a sickening sight to see the man, as finally the cart was driven away, fall with a thud. I had seen hundreds fall with scarcely a quickening of the pulse, and this death affected me more than all of them.

We had a man in the battery named Alexander. He had been in the regular army for about thirty years. Every tooth had been lost. The only way he could eat his rations was to pound the hardtack in a canvas bag and eat it out of his coffee cup. His time was out and he wanted to reenlist. The officers would not reenlist him, but wanted him to go to the Soldiers Home at Georgetown near Washington. He did not want to go. One day he wandered into my tent. I was lying on my blanket. My belt, with saber and revolver, was hanging on the tent pole. He took out the revolver and began to examine it, of which I thought nothing. Suddenly he fired. The first shot missed. Immediately he fired again and shot himself through the head. We laid him in a forage tent, and there he breathed for eighteen hours before dying. He could not speak and appeared unconscious, but at one time he motioned for his pipe. Someone filled and lit it, and holding it to his mouth, he smoked for a little time. It seemed like, "The ruling passion strong in death."

Finally on the 24th day of June the army moved out of Murfreesboro. Grant was then pounding at Pemberton in Vicksburg. Joseph E. Johnston was trying to gather an army in the rear of Grant to attack him. Our advance was partly to prevent Bragg from sending troops to reinforce Johnston, but primarily and chiefly for the ultimate capture of Chattanooga, a place that we had attempted to occupy more than a year before, but had been prevented
by the incapacity of Halleck. (See page 37).

THE TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN

On the following page I have drawn a very rough sketch of the territory over which this campaign was carried on. ((Grandfather must have changed his mind about the drawing, because there is no sketch in his manuscript. f))

We had no sooner left Murfreesboro than the rain began to fall in torrents. Bragg had his headquarters at Tullahoma, with Bishop Polk's corps strongly entrenched at Shelbyville. This town was noted for its strong Union sentiment, and its inhabitants did not fare very well during Polk's occupancy. Hardee's corps was near Wartrace and there was a line of hills covering his front with three principal gaps, called Liberty, Hoover and Bell Buckle Gaps. In front of Polk through the hills was Guys Gap. Rosencraft's plan of campaign was to turn Braggs right, and force him to come out of his entrenchments and fight on open ground.

I will not attempt to describe the advance of our army. Rain fell for eighteen days. The roads seemed bottomless, and men, horses and guns were covered with mud. At one time in passing through a woods road, one of the horses on my gun caught its foot in a root, and fell, being absolutely submerged in liquid mud. It was horrible. For eighteen days we did not have dry clothing or blankets. We could sleep crouched down by tree or fence, the rain beating upon us meanwhile. Fortunately, the weather was warm. July Fourth we were camped in a wet wheat field, when news came of the victory at Gettysburgh. We fired one hundred rounds from the battery in honor of the day and the victory. The provisions in our haversacks became a wet mass, the wagons were stalled in the mud far behind, and we got very hungry, indeed.

Bragg was maneuvered out of his entrenchments without serious fighting and fell back to Chattanooga.

We camped at Manchester, Tenn. about July 10th and remained there till
the sixteenth of August. Here on the 27th day of July I saw my 21st birthday. We set up posts and made a long bower covered with brush to protect us from the rays of the sun, and here we rested and recruited our strength for the coming struggle for Chattanooga. The railroad was repaired to Stevenson, and the right of the army advanced to that place. Between us and that city was the steep range of the Cumberlands and a wide, deep river, the Tennessee. We were then perhaps about seventy-five miles from the object of our quest. The problem of crossing this river in the face of an opposing army was a difficult one, indeed. A successful passage of the river depended upon concealing the real point of crossing. Bragg expected that Rosencrans would attempt this crossing above Chattanooga. Rosencrans determined to cross below.

A force was sent above and feinted a crossing in strong force. But this was only a blind. Our corps was the left wing of the army, and August 16th we left camp and by long and hard marches, over roads almost impassable, we ascended the Cumberland Range. Passing along the summit of this range for a considerable distance, we finally descended down a long and frightful gap into Sequatchie Valley. Between this valley and Chattanooga lay Waldens Ridge, about twenty miles wide and almost impassible. This valley is about forty miles in length, very fertile and at its mouth was the little village of Jasper, near the Tennessee River and some thirty-five miles below Chattanooga. After resting for a couple of days we marched down the valley to its mouth and soon were upon the banks of the Tennessee. This river was here about a quarter of a mile in width and unfordable. The problem was now to cross. Bragg was expecting us above the city. The movement of our corps, (Crittenden's), across the mountains and into Sequatchie Valley had been a feint, Bragg expecting us to attempt a crossing there instead of below.

The army crossed the river in various ways, part by a pontoon, a large
number on rafts and boats picked up along the river. Our guns were taken across on a raft. We found an old canoe, and our horses were taken over by swimming, one man paddling the canoe, and one sitting in the stern, holding two swimming horses by halters. We all safely crossed without any serious opposition from the enemy. Here we were on the same side of the river as the enemy, and about thirty-five miles from the objective point, Chattanooga. The crossing was commenced August 29th and completed September 4th.

McCook's corps, the 20th, moved to the right across Sand Mountain, and the head of his column reached Alpine some forty-five miles from Chattanooga. Thomas's corps, the 11th, moved across between McCook and Chattanooga and the head of his column was at McLemores Cove, about twenty miles from Chattanooga. Our corps, Crittenden's, was ordered to move directly on Chattanooga up the river. To make these movements a little clearer, I will draw a rough sketch, a very rough and inadequate sketch of the territory over which we moved. We moved cautiously up the river, and on September ninth, passed under the brow of Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga lay beneath us. Our advance was not contested. On the seventh Bragg had left Chattanooga with his army. He had fallen back to Fayette, Georgia. Here he received reinforcements of ten thousand men from Johnston's army in Mississippi, and Longstreet's corps was ordered to join him from Virginia. Rosencrans and the Government at Washington thought that Bragg was in wild flight, and orders were given to pursue him as rapidly as possible.

One of our divisions was left at Chattanooga and with two others we pushed on after Bragg. No one knew where he was, and for several days we wandered around looking for something. And never were we in greater danger of destruction than for the following few days. Here was the situation. Bragg was at Lafayette about twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, with an army about as large as our own and rapidly receiving reinforcements. Men claiming
to be deserters from the Confederate army came into our lines and informed us that Bragg was retreating in wild confusion. They were sent by Bragg. His intentions were to gather force enough to fight and defeat us and capture and destroy our army.

Never was a commander offered a better opportunity. Our army was scattered, McCook 45 miles away, and farther south than Bragg; Thomas near McMullin's Cove, separated by about 25 miles from McCook, and we under Crittenden wandering around near Ringgold, miles away from Thomas, and all ignorant of Bragg's whereabouts. Bragg did give orders to attack and crush Crittenden, but his subordinates failed him. He also tried to wipe out Thomas's Corps, but again the generals he sent to do the job did not get together. A combined attack of the Confederate army upon us could not have failed to bring disaster. These attacks, however, had the effect of convincing Rosecrans that Bragg was not in retreat, but was in force and near at hand. The question was then whether the army could be got together in time to meet Bragg's attack.

There was a road called the Lafayette Road, leading from Chattanooga to LaFayette. This road crossed Chickamauga Creek at Lee and Gordons Mill, and then ran northerly through Rossville Gap in Missionary Ridge to Chattanooga. On the 17th we fell back across Chickamauga Creek at Lee and Gordons Mill. McCook's Corps commenced falling back, hastily marching day and night to reach our position. On the evening of the 17th Thomas had closed up on our right and McCook had reached the right of Thomas. Bragg was in position on the other side of the Creek, and intended on the 18th to force a crossing at Reeds and Alexanders Bridges, reach the LaFayette Road and cut us off from Chattanooga, force us back against the mountain and destroy us.

Our army was about 55,000 strong. The Confederate army, reinforced by 17,000 men from Johnson's army and Longstreet's Corps from Virginia, came to about 70,000 men. Perhaps it might be a matter of historical interest
to give a detailed statement of the two armies at this time.

The Union army consisted of 139 regiments of infantry, 18 of cavalry and 34 batteries of artillery, besides three sections of artillery consisting of six guns with the cavalry.

**Fourteenth Army Corps.**

Major General George H. Thomas.

*Provost Guard, Ninth Michigan Infantry.*

**First Division**

Brigadier General Absalom Baird.

**First Brigade.**

Commanded by Colonel Benjamin F. Scribner.

38th Indiana, Lieutenant Col. Daniel F. Griffin.

2nd Ohio, Lieutenant Col. Obadiah C. Maxwell.

33rd Ohio, Colonel Oscar F. Moore.

94th Ohio, Major Rue P. Hutchins.


Battery A First Michigan Light Artillery, Lieutenant George W. Van Pelt.

**Second Brigade.**

Brigadier General John C. Starkweather.

24th Illinois, Colonel Geza Mithalotzy.


1st Wisconsin, Lieutenant Colonel George H. Bingham.

21st Wisconsin, Lieutenant Colonel Harrison C. Hobart.

Fourth Indiana Battery, Lieutenant David Flansburg.

**Third Brigade.**

Brigadier General John H. King.

15th U.S. Inf. First Battallion, Captain John B. Dodd.

16th U.S. Inf. First Battallion, Major Sydney Cooledge.

18th U.S. Inf. First Battallion, Captain Henry Haymond.

Battery H. Fifth U.S. Artillery, Lieutenant Howard M. Burnham.

Second Division

First Brigade.

Brigadier General John Beatty.

104th Illinois, Lieutenant Colonel Douglas Hapeman.

42nd Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel William T. B. McIntire.

88th Indiana, Colonel George Humphrey.

15th Kentucky, Colonel Marion C. Taylor.

Bridges Battery, (Illinois) Captain Lyman Bridges.

Second Brigade.

Colonel Timothy R. Stanley.


11th Michigan, Colonel William L. Stoughton.

18th Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Grovenor.

Battery M. First Ohio Light Artillery, Captain Frederick Schultz.

Third Brigade

Colonel William Sirwell.

37th Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel D. Ward.

21st Ohio, Lieutenant Colonel Dwella M. Stoughton.

74th Ohio, Captain Joseph Fisher.

78th Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Blakeley.