Papers, 1844-1905. Wis Mss 33S, Folder 1 [unpublished]

LUCIUS DWIGHT HINKLEY.

Lucius Dwight Hinkley was one to whom life meant opportunity - opportunity for the acquirement of material success, for the winning of an honorable name and for a practical recognition of universal brotherhood. There are few men whose hands have reached out so continuously to help their fellowmen and yet there was not the least shadow of ostentation in his generosity, not the least desire for praise for his kindness. It was not the promptings of stern duty that caused him to aid his fellow travelers on life's journey but a sincere and deep-rooted interest in humanity. Most profound sorrow was felt at his passing but such a spirit could never be lost to the world and he must have stepped into a greater, more beautiful life when the door closed upon him and shut him from mortal vision. For almost sixty years he was a resident of Waupun. His birth occurred in Rockville, Connecticut, November 8, 1834, and he came of English stock through a long line of Puritan ancestry. He took great interest in genealogical research and followed the family line back to Egbert, the earliest Saxon king of England, having in his possession papers showing clearly the descendants through succeeding generations to the present age. The first of the name in America was Samuel Hinkley, who came from Kent, England, in 1635, as a passenger on the ship Hercules and settled at Barnstable, Plymouth county, Massachusetts. The land which came into his possession remained the property of his descendants for two hundred years. Thomas Hinkley, son of Samuel Hinkley, was a lawyer by profession, ranking as one of the prominent representatives of the legal fraternity in New England. He also did much in shaping the policy of the Massachusetts colony and was colonial governor from 1681 until 1692. He joined with the forces who were obliged to protect their interests against Indian hostility and participated in the fight in the Narragansett swamps on December 18, 1675.

Lucius Hinkley, the father of Lucius Dwight Hinkley, was born in _____, in 1779, and was a son of one of the Revolutionary war heroes, Scottaway Hinkley, who not only did active duty at the front but also made the first blue cloth used by the Revolutionary army. He married Laura Waterman, whose ancestors were among the first

settlers of Norwick, Connecticut. The surviving brothers and sisters of Lucius D. Hinkley are: J. W., of Green Bay; Myron, of Mount Vernon, Iowa; Mrs. Jane Wilson, of Waupun; and Mrs. _____ Livingston, of Plainfield, Wisconsin.

Lucius Dwight Hinkley spent the first fourteen years of his life in the state of his nativity and in 1848 accompanied his parents on their removal westward to Waupun, where he ever afterward made his home. He assisted his father in the development of a farm but turned his attention in another direction following the outbreak of the Civil war. He studied with interest the attitude of the south and when convinced that the war was not a mere holiday affair he offered his services to the government, enlisting September 6, 1861. He became first sergeant of Company K, Tenth Regiment of Wisconsin Infantry, and was mustered in on the 5th of October. With his command he went to thefront and on the 12th of August, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant, while on the 24th of March, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. He participated with his regiment in all of the long marches and arduous campaigns, taking part in the battles of Perrysville, Stone River and Chickamauga, until the end of the second day of the last named engagement, when he was captured by the enemy. He was then sent to Libby prison and was confined there until May, 1864, when he was transferred to Danville, Virginia, and thence to Macon, Georgia. While being removed he escaped near Augusta, Georgia, and tramped in the darkness of fourteen nights endeavoring to reach the Union lines. Only a few miles lay between him and the accomplishment of his purpose when he was recaptured and carried to Charleston. From there he was sent to the prison at Columbia, South Carolina, and on the night of November 20, 1864, he made another attempt to escape which, however, was frustrated by the vigilance of the guard. He was fired upon and his left arm was shattered, rendering amputation at the shoulder necessary. On the 14th of December he was exchanged and soon afterwards was honorably discharged.

Mr. Hinkley then returned to Waupun and from that time until his demise was closely and prominently associated with its business interests save for a brief period in 1870 and a short time spent in the of-

fice of thesecretary of state at Madison. Following his return from the capital city he engaged in the insurance business in Waupun and in 1870 went to Chicago, where he was identified with the Republic Insurance Company. In 1871 he accepted a position as clerk of the prison but in 1874 reentered business circles in Waupun as a partner in the Althouse-Wheeler Company, which controls one of the oldest and most prominent productive industries of this part of the state, engaging in the manufacture of windmills, and

From that time forward he bent his energies toward administrative direction and executive control. He studied closely the situation relative to the business, was ever watchful of opportunities and made his advance along safe, substantial lines leading directly toward success. He came in time to be recognized as one of the most prosperous residents of Waupun yet the most envious could not grudge him his success, so honorably was it earned and so worthily used. Entering financial circles, he figured prominently for many years as president of The National Bank, being thus connected at the time of his demise. His business capacity contributed directly to the welfare and upbuilding of Waupun and in other ways, too, he manifested his deep interest in the upbuilding andprogress of the city. For a number of years he was president of the library board and at all times was closely and helpfully associated with educational interests. Progress was his watchword and he sought advancement as eagerly for the city as he did in individual ways. His prominence in business and his public-spirited citizenship made him widely known throughout the state but his relations with military organizations brought him perhaps an even wider acquaintance. He was always prominent in Grand Army circles, rarely missing a meeting of either the state or national organization, and he was especially devoted to the Tenth Wisconsin Association, attending its yearly reunions and as its treasurer making generous contributions to its work. His interest in the old soldiers was deep and sincere. It is said that no needy Civil war veteran ever sought his aid in vain. He also belonged to the Loyal Legion, his

membership being with the Wisconsin Commandery at Milwaukee, to which city he had gone to attend one of its meetings when death came then. It would be difficult to find any more widely known among the Grand Army comrades than was Mr. Hinkley. He wrote one of the most vivid descriptions of a night in camp that has ever been penned and it indicates, too, that whil he regarded himself preeminently as a business man there was in his nature a literary strain that had he devoted himself to writing might have gained him considerable distinction along that line. He wrote:

Richmond, Va
Libby Prison
Oct-1 63

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
Oct. 1st 1863.

Dear Mother,

Of course you have heard of the battle of Chickamauga, and I presume you are anxiously awaiting to hear how I fared in the melee. I take the first opportunity to write to you, and you will discover by the date of this what the "fortune of war" was for me. I was taken, (with the greater part of our regt,) on Sunday evening, and sent here, where we arrived this morning. I am well and so far, we have been as well treated as we could expect. Hoping the time may not be far distant when I shall be at liberty, and have an opportunity to give you details, I remain,

Your affectionate son,
L. Dwight Hinkley

Richmond Va
Write as often as convenient
Nov 19, 63

Libby Prison,
Richmond, Va. Nov. 19th 63

Dear Father,

I rec'd a letter from Myron yesterday, who it seems learned my location from the papers. I wrote to mother when we first got here. As my space is limited, I must be as concise as possible. I am well, and getting along as comfortably as circumstances admit of, amuse myself by reading and making bone jewelry. I wrote to you three or four months ago about Allis' notes, but never rec'd an answer to my last. I proposed to you to go to W. and get the money and use the $100, you wanted, and put the rest in Capt. Hillyer's hands to invest for me. If you have a mind to go and see about it, I would like to give you a commission to execute. I would like to have you use part of the money to buy for me the things in the accompanying list. Pack them in a strong box, and forward, express paid, to "Lieut. L.D. Hinkley, Libby Prison, Richmond, Va, Via. Fortress Monroe, care Gen. Meredith, Com. Ex." We are likely to stay here all winter at least. Love to all from

Dwight.

1 Woolen Overshirt
1 " Undershirt
1 pr. Drawers
2 " Socks
1 " Calf Gaiters large 6. (I think Keyes has my measure
10 lbs. Ground Coffee ✓
20 " Sugar ✓
20 " Butter ✓
25 or 30 " Ham, ~~or~~ part Dried Beef.
" " " Crackers ✓
5 " Candles ✓
5 " Cheese ✓
Some Dried fruits & pickles, ✓
Fill up with any nicknax you think we'd like, and don't be afraid of the money.
Put butter and other things which need it, in tin cans or pails.
Send some interesting books, Harpers' Mag. for '62, or anything new and readable,

Richmond Va

Dear Father, Dec 14, '63

Richmond Va

Dec 14 17/63

I wrote to you a short time ago about going to W, for me. If you don't go before you get this, you need not send any of the clothes I wrote for, except the shoes, as I have see'd a box from Julian which I didn't expect. Also, you need not send any crackers. — —

I have, just this minute, seen an order in the paper, that no more supplies will be see'd at City Point. Perhaps you had better not send anything till you hear again from me, that is — if you have not sent already.

I am well and taking things as philosophically as possible. I hope none of you will worry about me on account of newspaper stories. I am not suffering anything worse than the irksomeness of confinement. I think that glorious on Missionary Ridge has settled our debt for Chickamauga. I hope some of you at home will write as often as convenient, to —

Your Son L Dwight Hinkley

Mrs L. Hinkley
Lone Pine P.O.
Portage Co.
Wisconsin

Indian
Savannah Ga
Jan 12 '65

Camp of the 3d Wis Vet Regt
Savannah Ga Jan 12th 1865

Dear Father

I received yesterday some news in reference to Dwight. which though neither agreable nor reliable I hasten to inform you of. The report I received as follows. Capt Van Brunt of our regt was at Hilton Head and saw there an officer who had escaped from Columbia S.C. he stated to the Capt that he with four others among them Lieut Winkley of a Wisconsin Regt escaped in the night from the Prison. that they were discovered by the guard and fired on. that Lieut Winkley was wounded in the arm and being unable to run was recaptured. that he had heard from another officer who escaped after he did that his arm was broken and had been amputated. That is the

story as I have received it. I do not consider it entirely reliable and yet there is enough probability about it to give me considerable anxiety about it or at least to make me wish to know something more about it. I have thought over the matter and the more I think of it the more I am inclined not to believe it at least any part of the story except that they might have attempted to escape together as this officer was not certain what regiment Lieut Winkler belonged to. There are some other things in his statement that make me doubt its accuracy so that on the whole I have a good deal of confidence that all will get turn out well with him. I have however attached enough importance to the story to think it best to write to you in reference to it. Whether correct or not I do not know of any way that I can be of any assistance to him. I had confidently expected when

we arrived on the Coast & heard of his exchange as the citizens along were all the time telling of the exchange that was going on.

Everything is quiet here. The enemy are nowhere near enough to disturb us. The 17th and 15th Army Corps have gone up to Beaufort.

The weather is beautiful about like October in Wisconsin. occasionaly we have a little frost at night. but there is a good prospect of passing this winter without seeing Snow.

I have never enjoyed better health in my life than now. I dont know but my appetite is to good considering the price of provisions.

I received to day Myron's letter of Nov 15th I have had several of later date. With much love to Mother and Mary Amelia I remain as ever

Your Affectionate Son

J. W. Kinkley

P.S. Jan 13th

I have just received Mary Anna's letter written Christmas day with the information about Dwight. I am so glad that he is at liberty once more for I have been quite anxious about him. I have charge of a working party to day and have not time to write more but remain

Yours &c

J McKinley

Washington D C

Dec 25th 64

Washington, D. C.
Dec. 23th 1864.

Dear Father,

I wrote a letter to Myron a few days ago, from which I presume you have learned before this of my arrival here and the cause. I find I shall need my valise before I can get my pay, & I have sent to Hampton for it, as Julian once wrote to me that he left it with R. W. Wells. I have since thought he may have taken it home, in one of his visits: and if he did I wish you would get it to Berlin and send to me by Adam's Ex Co. as soon as convenient. If it has been left at W there is no occasion

for you to do anything. I can spend the time very pleasantly while waiting, in looking at the Capitol, Navy Yard, Patent Office, &c. &c. But it is rather expensive, — $4,50 a day for board at the hotels, $10,00 a week at a boarding house.

My wound is doing well. I hope it will be healed by the time I have finished my business here so that I can come straight home.

After considerable hunting, I found uncle Button & family I spent last night and to-day with them. They urge me to stay with them while in town, but I think it would put them to too much inconvenience.

Sarah & her little girls are living with them. Her husband was wounded this fall and is in

hospital here. He is pretty near well and spends a good deal of time at home. Uncle Dutton is a clerk in the census bureau. They are reducing the numbers there and he is uncertain whether he will remain long. As I hope to be home soon I will not try to write a long letter about what I can tell you much better. With love to all, I remain,

Your Son

Dwight L.

Columbia S.C.
Oct 16 '64

Camp at Cahawba S.C.
Oct 16th 64

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you about a fortnight ago from Charleston, which letter I presume you will have recd before this. Since then we have been removed from to Columbia, on account of yellow fever at the latter place. Several died at the former Charleston & one or two since we came here but it is about over with now. I have been well & have not been frightened about yellow fever. We are encamped in an old field about two miles from town & have no shelter except that of the boughs. Weather has been cool which was rather hard on those who had no blankets. The men is more fortunate. If I had had a good pair of shoes when we moved, I might not have been here now. I should like some clothes this fall but have not decided yet to send for them. Common things are dear, that I do not wish to send for unless there is any show for exchange before what I have are gone. Rations are not very satisfactory here, We get no meat which does not split for cold weather. Please write often. With love to all I am

Your son L. D. Smalley

Mrs. L. H. Finkle
Lone Pine P.O.
Portage Co.
Wis.

Ga
1864
Macon
June 6,

Mil. Prison, Macon, Ga.
June 6th 1864

Dear Brother,

It is a good while since I wrote last to you, and since then as you will see by the date of this, we have been traveling some. I think it probable you have been doing the same thing before this. I preferred "Libby" to this place and felt better while there, than since I have been here, but I expect we should be on short rations if we were there now. We get news slowly and in [illegible] things seem to be going pretty well. About 150 officers is all the recruits we have rec'd from the campaign so far. Our rations do very well in quantity, and consist of corn meal, pretty fair, bacon & hams, a few beans and a little very poor rice, also a very small quantity of salt, vinegar, & soft soap. Our quarters are a yard containing about three acres, in which we have built sheds which will keep off the rain, if it don't come too hard. We are protected by two fences and two lines of guards, also two six pounders.

No prospect of exchange just now. May be better, if Grant and Sherman hurry up and take Richmond and Atlanta, with a good lot of prisoners. We are having our part of a glorious campaign, but I don't see as it can be helped.

Your Brother L. D. Hinkley

Present	Absent Sick	Absent
Dubois	Clark	Keune
Hem Luschen	Wolf	Quatman
Heinton	Reynolds	
Krouse	Shuttle	
Bothwell	Kease	
Darrah	Parrett C	
Elliott	Burtch	
Elliott	Chapin	
Kelm	Gilger	
Hook	Dodd	
Kymmel	Giles	
Kimball	Emory	
Kingsbury	Furlong	
Lavish	Holthuson	
Owens	Hurlburt	
Pezrett J	Schlomach	
	Krouse A	
Resetke	Lieutenant	
Rogers	Placer June 6 64	
Roberts	Nelson	
Reed	Steffey 42	
Wallace	Clark	
Hoopf	Whitlock	
Goreman	Wroth	
Keune	Wood	

I have scribbled some on this but that does not limit it

Indian

Capt. J. W. Shirley
3rd Wis. Cav.
Via Nashville,
Tenn.

Richmond Va
May 1, 64

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va
May, 1st, 1864.

Dear Mother,

I have no special news to write, but use my weekly opportunity to let you know that I am still in good health and good spirits. The exchange is going on very slow; about thirty or forty officers left here yesterday which makes the rest of us hope to get away some time this summer. The things I received from father hold out pretty well and with what my messmates have received, I hope will last us till some good luck takes us out of here. We recd an unwelcome reinforcement from Plymouth the other day, which is the first installment from the spring campaign.

I have been studying French lately, and have got so as to read considerable, Don't expect to be able to speak it, at present. We don't get many letters lately. Don't know whether they are not written, or whether they are stopped on the road. I have not heard from Julian for a long time, I don't know where he is now. I have som suspicion that they may be moving and letters are not allowed to come. With love to all I remain,

Your son,
L. D. Hinkley.

Mrs. L. W. Hinkley
Lone Pine P.O.
Portage Co.
Wis.

Richmond Va
Apl 17 64

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
April 17th 1864.

Dear Mother,

It is Sunday again, and our regular day for a short letter which I write hoping, though by no means sure, that it will be the last from this place. I am, as usual, well. We are still hoping to see the exchange go on. The James river has been so high that the boats did not run for near two weeks. Yesterday they took down a lot of sick, and if nothing interferes we may hope to get away in two or three weeks. We have rec'd no mail for a long time. I hope we shall get one this week. Can you tell me in what department uncle Sutton is employed? If I get out of here I may happen to be in Washington, and have an opportunity to find him. I have heard nothing from Julian for a long time. With love to all I remain.

Your Son
L. D. Hinkley.

Mrs. L. W. Hinkley
Lone Pine P.O.
Portage Co.
Wis.

Richmond Va.
Mar 6, '64

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
March 6th 1864.

Capt. Hillyer.

Dr. Sr, Your favor of Feb. 16th was duly rec'd & read with much pleasure. Our officers who are here are all well, our men were all well the last time I heard from them, but that was in Dec. when I had a letter from Ingersoll. Glad to see by your letter, that one, at least, have escaped. I'm sorry I couldn't be at home to have a share of the "good times" I hear of from Ford & Julian.

Another exchange rumor is circulating here today. With best wishes for yourself & family I remain,

Yours truly,

L. D. Hinkley

E. Hillyer Esq.
Wauseon,
Wis.

Richmond Va
Mar 6 '64

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.
March 6th 1864

Dear Mother,

Yours of Feb. 11th is rec'd, I got my box two days ago, a minus shirt, drawers, socks, & the oysters,. Got a letter from Jane, last mail. Nothing from Julian since he was at home. He must have had a "glorious" time. There is another fever here today, on the exchange question, Several hundred "Confeds" have arrived & it is supposed some of ours will go back. Don't know if it is so, or, if so how far the exchange extends I hope to be home to see you by the time you have the house done, meantime, with love to all I am,

Your Son

L. Dwight Hinkley

Mrs. L. W. Hinkley
Lone Pine P.O.
Portage Co.
Wisconsin

Richmond Va

Feb 23 '64

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

Dear Mother,

Though I fail to receive any letters from home lately I shall still send you a line occasionally to let you know that I am well. My letters hereafter are restricted to a length of six lines. One letter a week. I don't get my box yet though I think it is here in R.

With love to all I remain,

Your son

Dwight.

Mrs, L, Hinkley

Lone Pine P, O,

Portage Co

Wis,

Richmond Va
Jan 1864

Dear Father,
Jan 20, 64

Libby Prison Richmond Va.
Jan, 20th 1864.

I have just recd your letter of Dec. 24th & invoice of things sent me. I am sorry you took the trouble to go to Ron purpose to send them, I didn't expect to get them unless you got my letter before you went about the money matters. However, it's all well enough now. I expect the box is in Richmond, but I haven't got it yet, I have just got Julian's letter from W. and suppose he will have been home & gone again before you get this, I only wish I could be there too. But, unless the prospects of exchange brighten, it may be some time first to. My health is first-rate, for occupation I read & am learning to fence which easily fill up the intervals between eating, washing dishes &c, these short days. Julian writes that his regt. has re-enlisted. I expect our will do the same if they have a chance. We have had some pretty cold weather but managed to pass it comfortably, and are not likely to have very severe cold after this.
I have written two or three contradictory letters about that box under the impression of conflicting reports, but as it is sent they won't make any difference & I shan't be likely to want anything more if I get that. With love to mother and all the rest I am,

Your Son
Dwight H.

I couldn't make out from your letter whether you got the money, but suppose you did from your sending the boy.

L. D. H.

Mrs. L. Hinkley
Care P. M. P. O.
Portage Co.
Wis.

Richmond Va
Libby
Dec 14 '63

Libby Prison, Richmond Va.
Dec. 14th 1863.

Friend Charley,

I recd the letter from yourself & John a few days ago, and I assure you, was happy to know from your own hand that you escaped unhurt from the trap in which the rest of us were caught. I have within a few days found out that Frank is here, or rather was here. He with the rest of the boys are now gone, to Danville I think. I heard a rumor that he was here, and got one of the officers who were distributing clothing, to hunt him up. He found him after several days, & brought me a note from F. Said he could tell his story better when he saw me; he helped a wounded man off Sat. evening and coming back, lost his way, and — turned up here. I expect Julian will get my valise &c, If he doesn't, & it is inconvenient to keep it, please send it by express to "L Hinkley, Lone Pine, P.O. Portage Co. Wis." and I will refund expenses at the earliest opportunity. This morning the authorities "shut down" on us. No more supplies can be recd from the north. And nothing can be bought here in future. I expect to stand it though, as well as any body. I am aching to know whether you were in the last battle

I think it pays the debt of Chickamauga. Don't you? Though I would like to write ten times as much, I have already exceeded my limit, Please write as often as convenient. to

Yours truly
L Dwight Hinkley

Capt. C. H. Ford.
10th Wis. Vol. Inf.
Chalanooga
Tenn.

What is the No of Div. Corps, &c and how composed now?

Chattanooga Tenn
January 4th 64

Received Journal Correct and Respectfully Forwarded And would Say I am Very Much Pleased to Hear That Frank has come to life Again

J. Rifenbergh

A Historic Field Visited

On the 27th of June '88 in a cold, damp afternoon I took the train at our depot — and, was duly landed in Chicago [redacted] comfortable bed time. On the following afternoon, I joined the [redacted] excursion of Wisconsin veterans whose object was to dedicate the monuments erected, on the field of Gettysburg to the memory of the dead of Wisconsin who fell on that field twenty five years ago and commemorate the deeds of our regiments on that field, on those memorable opening days of July 1863, — A special train on the Baltimore & Ohio, had been chartered for our excursion and following the limited express, out of Chicago at about half past three P. M., whirled us swiftly across the prairies of Northern Indiana — at the end of 24 hours we had crossed the mountain ranges of West Va, and rushing down the eastern slope — followed the trails of the Shenandoah valley — up & down which the tide of war so often flowed & ebbed, during four years of struggle — and at Harpers Ferry looked out with interest on the waters of the Potomac foaming over their rocky bed — on the bold mountain walls of the gorge — on the few broken arches which mark the site of the old armory buildings — and on the engine house now marked by a sign — as "John Brown's Fort" — Crossing the river here we climbed a mountain valley with Maryland Heights on the left and further away to the right the South mountains in whose passes Gen McClellan fought in '62. — Through all this ground twenty five years ago marching columns crowded all the roads as Lee advanced with his invasion and retired defeated. With the bright Sunshine of June 30th we looked out on the village of Gettysburg — and without waiting for breakfast sallied out, taking our way up the first street that presented itself, and soon found ourselves in the central square of the town — This is an area perhaps 2 rods across with a street leading out on each side. The buildings form a square around this area but the side walks fill out the corners so that the central space or road way is circular. It is an old fashioned town largely built of red brick — nearly all the houses close up to the street, with their front steps on the side walk. The business buildings around the square and on the streets leading off from it — are mostly built in the

Although the struggle was maintained a year and a half longer, I believe we may count this decisive with the loss of 25 000 Confederates of the march

Style of dwellings, — a narrow door at one side and one or two common windows — Only a few — apparently recent buildings have modern store fronts — The hotel accommodations are very limited for such gatherings as this twenty fifth anniversary of the battle brings together — and many private houses are for the time, boarding houses — but as Gettysburg is a place of only 3000 or 4000 population all these are entirely inadequate to take care of the 10000 to 20000 visitors — Our Wisconsin excursion had prepared for this situation by engaging the sleeping car and dining car during our stay — And for other visitors a large number of tents were pitched —

When we arrived on this center of the town, we took our way up the street to the south ~~east~~ ~~north~~ ~~a few~~ ~~in Gettysburg~~ ~~business~~ over a swell into the hollow and up another to where the Baltimore & Emmitsburg roads forked, and here a somewhat shabby looking house proclaimed itself as the "battle field hotel" — Following the Baltimore pike up an easy slope (about the same as the ridge east of town on the Chester road) we came in sight of some tents on the ridge and as we came up to them found on one one side of the road a considerable camp and on the other side the gates of the national cemetery — We were actually on the Cemetery ridge ~~almost before we knew it~~ — at the point which was the focus of the great struggle, twenty five years ago, — almost before we knew it — Having satisfied our first curiosity as to the location of the field — we retraced our steps to breakfast, and I leave the ~~field~~ description of the field to be gathered from the impressions of later inspections. —

The dedicatory services of the Wisconsin monuments were to be held at 10 o'clock A. M. on the field of the first days battle at the place where Gen Reynolds was killed and where the 2nd 6th & 7th Wisconsin fought — marched & suffered heavily — Our party of four procured a carriage and rode out, the distance being about a mile or a mile and a half from Gettysburg to the north west — Looking from the village you see in this direction a half mile or more

away the Seminary ridge, with the lowest slightly rolling ground between — (If the ridge east of town were slightly higher and this village were removed, the view from the place where F. Dorus house stands would be very similar and the Brinkers house might stand for the Seminary —) To the left the same valley stretches away South & South West — To the right the country spreads away into a wide and quite level appearing tract, with a view north & north east for a couple of miles — Reaching the Seminary Ridge, the country spreads out before us to the west and north west in a wide rolling plain sprinkled with groves — and the south, mountain ranges in the distance. The slope to the west is easy and a half mile or more beyond the Seminary, terminates in Willoughby Run — a small stream with a few inches only of water. Beyond this Run on the night of June 30 '63 Buford's cavalry bivouacked, and ~~fought~~ here on the morning of July 1st — the ~~advance~~ rebel Colums advancing from Carlisle & Chambersburg first encountered his opposition. Marching up the Emmetsburg road from their bivouac 10 miles south, the first Corps under Gen Reynolds heard the sound of his guns, and hurried forward crossing Seminary Ridge, and their first brigades meeting the rebel attack close to Willoughby Run, at noon. Here the 1st second, sixth & ninth Wis fought — and the monuments which mark their line stand here, a hundred rods forward of the one which covers the spot where Gen Reynolds fell. Just here the slightly rolling ground is covered by a grove as it was 25 years ago but a little to the right and to the left it is open high rolling prairie. and here the rapidly arriving battalions prolonged the line to the north & held in check the rebel advance. Up the valley behind Seminary Ridge the 11th corps was crowded forward to extend the line but before reaching position were struck in front and flank by the columns of Ewell advancing from the north & north East, and in a short struggle ~~of both~~ ~~back toward the town~~ corps, outflanked were driven back

back through the town, but all this took time and when the retreating troops reached the Cemetery Ridge night was near — to give time for the rally. The monuments already placed, show the lines of the first corps along the crest of the prairie and down across the lower ground the maroon line of the monuments shows where the 11th corps were moving out when they met the enemy. The dawn of July 2nd found the 1st & 11th corps found on Cemetery Ridge fortified by some low stone walls, and all through the night the arriving army had been taking positions to prolong the line. — On this Cemetery hill, (Now) stands an observatory tower. From its top we can look out over much of the field — and though a part is hidden by the trees — let us see what this view reveals — — At our feet on the highest ground, these low stone walls 25 years ago swarmed with infantry. These crescent banks of earth behind them, now sheltering cannon — then covered the real enemies of war, — As we stand here — facing the north, in our front and to the left — lies the town through which ran the rebel line. At our right the hill slopes away and down yonder [illegible] rods the line turns backward (to the south) following the low stone wall along a narrow lane across the low ground behind the cemetery ridge. Off here a little south of east and a half a dozen furlongs of a mile away Culps Hill rises higher than our station and the line turns east again along its outer crest. Here the crescent banks (again) mark the artillery positions, and in front of them a low earth work shows where the infantry line wound along the front of the hill for a half mile till it terminated near Rock Creek facing the east — All along this front repeated and desperate attacks were foiled, until the rebel dead covered thickly

all the rough & rocky slope on the north & east of the hill, Gen Barnum delivered an address at the dedication of a monument to Gens Brigade of Genys Div 12th Corps - in which he said - "on the slopes in front of this position we buried 1400 rebel dead." On the extreme right of this line Ruger's Division held the ground, and the monument of the 3d Wis stands on a huge boulder - whose surface is nearly as large as one fourth of this hall - on a low ridge near Rock Creek - Near it is the monument of the 2nd Mass, and close by that of the 27th Ind. A little further around this ridge, and looking down on Rock Creek is the very artistic monument of the 13th N.J. - A slab of granite on a high pedestal on which is carved in high relief, the life size figure of a kneeling sharp shooter firing through the trees. I may say here that this 25th anniversary meeting the state of N.J. sent a regt of militia, and paid the transportation of all the veterans who attended - The 13th N.J. had 110 men present, The 3d Wis had 4 The 27th Ind, 2 and the 2nd Mass, none - Turning our eyes again from our post of observation on the Cemetery hill - we look to the left - Just below us here the Baltimore pike runs South east - Across the road - is the Cemetery of the village probably in better repair now than it was 25 years ago Adjoining this and extending down the slope to the west & N W is the National Cemetery 17 acres in extent, where lie the remains of 3570 Union soldiers killed in the battle, or died of wounds - Turning still further & looking away to the south or somewhat west of south, we can see over the intervening trees the summit of Round Top nearly 2½ miles away and just below and nearer little Round Top - The nearer parts of the ground between can be also seen, but toward the Round Tops the view is cut off by trees ~~[illegible]~~ - From the Cemetery to the round tops somewhat irregularly, but in a tolerably direct line extends the ridge which marks the main Union line - Off to the west - a half mile or more away is Seminary ridge - It runs in a general pretty near parallel with the Union line - but is at the nearest

perhaps within a half mile, and at a point north of the Round Tops may be three fourths or 7/8 of a mile distant. - Seen from most points on the union line the seminary ridge looks but little higher & little more distant, than does the ridge where the old R Damonde house stands, as seen from the ridge near Whitman Young's house
The intervening ground to looks - not much more uneven - but it in fact is considerably rolling, and what looks like a plain, presents undulations in which advancing lines were frequently lost to view, and comparatively covered from fire —
It is easy to mark the lines held by the union troops. — The formation of the ground and the old stone walls standing just as they stood 25 years ago - when they did no such good service as improvised fortifications, would of themselves mark out the lines, — but at frequent intervals along these lines the monuments mark the positions of regiments - Out to the west along the S side of the Cemetery they stand. - Sixty rods and they curve around the ridge and extend along the walls, where the line fronted west and the ridge drops away till we seem not very much above the valley in front, - Out here runs the Emmetsburg road obliging away from our front along a low semicircle nearly a quarter as high as the Cemetery ridge behind it, a half mile away out yonder is the peach orchard
When Sickles hastily advanced the 3d

corps on the morning of the second day - this ridge
looked to me like a more desirable position than the Century
Ridge behind it - and his line extended out to the Peach
Orchard and doubled back to round the Devils Den and
Little Round Top - forming the much debated salient
angle - Here the rebel attack enfiladed his lines in both
directions, and after desperate fighting forced him back
ultimately to the Century line -
Shifting our point of observation to Little Round Top which rises
a 100 or 150 ft above the country around. we have a pretty
full view of the ground occupied by the left of the
Union line - Little R.T. is a ragged rocky knoll with
pretty steep sides, and just to the left with somewhat
lower ground between Round Top rises higher than
our post & covered with timber - While Little R.T. on its
western face is bare except some bushes. Down in front
his a narrow valley full of huge rocks and on its western
side growing still more rugged & broken, This is the famous
Devils Den. Here some Rebel sharpshooters ultimately
hid in the crevices of the rock and their unfound & unburied
bodies lay for weeks after the fight. To the right and
further out to the west we see again the world rolling
stretch across which Sickles left reached out to the Peach
Orchard - Here on little Round Top Hazlitt Battery
and a regt of infantry arrived just in the nick of time to
drive back a part of Hoods division also making up to
seize it Here stands the monument to Hazlitt who fell
in the struggle for possession of the hill, and others
which mark the points of the infantry lines - All
this ground Little Round Tops and Devils Den is now owned
by the Battlefield Memorial association, and they also own an
avenue following the line of battle around the Ridge and
another taking in most of Sickles line, and also the
greater part of the lines occupied in the first days
fight. - Perhaps a rough idea of the field as a whole
may be gained by giving it in outline on familiar ground
Suppose the ridge where Whitman Youngs house stand, to represent
Culps hill (the hill is higher steeper and is rough & rocky but
fronted about in the same direction - east -) Rock Creek would be
down in the marsh to the east - The Brigade, in which was
the 3d Wis, was on the 2nd day down the slope a little S E of W Youngs
house - and on the morning of the 3d day across the little hollow
South, and in position about corresponding to S Brunsons house

This was the extreme right of the infantry line
Runing to the left it curved backward around the hill
say near the Ramsdell house and near the Madden
Orchard again turns north runing off to the Forest Hill
Cemetery which stands on the N. E. End of Cemetery ridge
Cemetery Ridge is rather higher but not much steeper than
the north Slope of this ridge. If this ridge continued
on a curve to Sculps Barnes it would fairly resemble
the lay of the ground at Cemetery Ridge. From here
the line would follow the crest of the plateau around
to west of The Fox Gap Road thence along the
highest ground west of Spangler Martins McIlhenny
& Ferguson farms, looking over the marsh to the
west and some of the knolls beyond the Simpson
farm or on the C C Bayly place beyond might
represent the Round Tops. This gives a fair idea
of the extent of the Union lines on the Second &
third days - Of course at Gettysburg the features of
the ground are more strongly accented - the elevation
being generally perhaps twice as high above the
valleys but rarely much steeper - At Culps Hill the Road at
[illegible] On my way
field the point of Pickett's last charge would
be, say, some near where the the ~~of~~ Fox Gap road
turns west or a little way north of that and extending
south or south west a hundred rods or more - At Gettys-
burg the north end of the attacking lines came up
something of a slope as they came near, but not more
than the north slope of the hill in our cemetery here
Further south this line advanced in parts over a
very slight ascent - The Patridge Brow might
stand for the curtaining groves of timber which veiled
Pickett's formation - and from which they emerged to
become the target for a hundred cannon and thousands of
rifles - Coming down from Little Round Top and walking northward
along Hancock Avenue which follows the main line of battle, we
see the markers which point out the positions of regiments and
at frequent intervals the monuments now ~~[illegible]~~ regarding the losses of an infantry
regiment - and again the crossed cannon ~~[illegible]~~ or a granite ball
on a mound showing the position of a battery -
Here we come to a small monument marking the place where
Hancock was wounded - and 50 rods further to the right
stands another noticable marker - It is of granite similar in
shape to the stone that marks C Simpsons grave in Forest Hill
and stands among the dimming guns of the batteries, 200 ft behind
the low wall that marks the Union line and bears

the inscription. "Here Gen Armistead was killed July 3d, 1863." — Coming from the right, the Union line follows a low stone wall along the face of a slight slope. Eight or ten rods from this monument it turns square to the front a rod or about 8 or 10 rods west and again makes a right-angle to the south. These are the old stone walls as they stood on the day of the battle. — They are no where so high as ones left and frequently fully more than a fence high. Just to the left of this angle of the wall which they call the bloody angle is the point where Pickets men broke over the line and the many gun of Armistead marks the limit of their progress. Only a scanty remnant of those who reached, or came near the Union line, was retreated. Thousands of their dead & wounded strewed the fields as they advanced. — They went down by hundreds under the concentrated fire, in the brief struggle when they reached our lines, and a large share of the survivors surrendered, there. — The loss of the rebel army in this attack — and indeed in the battle has never been certainly known. The most moderate estimate make their killed in the battle exceed 5000 and the wounded about 23,000, & 8000 unwounded prisoners. The Union army standing mainly on the defensive, with some advantages of fortification lost over 3000 killed & nearly 14,000 wounded, and 6000 missing. — Gettysburg as seen three weeks ago, did not show the crowding lines behind these walls — and there were no humming bullets in the air, — but wherever one rambled over the field he encountered other ramblers mostly decorated with Grand Army badges — each taking in the general features of the field, or searching the particular spot where he stood in line. If you saw a group together and approached you heard a conversation like this — "Our line was right here — Our skirmishers were down to that fence — The rebels skirmishers were around that barn and their battery was over by those trees" — A gun-less marked a camp. I think Battery E 4th U.S. artillery — and as I passed I heard an officer describing the position of his guns in the fight — the arrival of another battery — and just as he had requested the new comer to put his guns in action between his own pieces — the fall of that officer dead. — It sound a little like old times to hear these participants in the battle

recalling their experiences — On cemetery ridge the Grand Army of Pa. had an encampment — and a Regt of PA militia — Further down the line, a regt of N.J. militia encamped. They were successors of the men who served in the field in the war. Over on Willoughby Run two Squadrons of cavalry of the regular Army — and a battery of Artillery encamped. — and were a well disciplined and soldierly force — The omnipresent side show had pitched its tents just outside the grounds and proclaimed the attractions of the man eating giant, or offered a shot at the air gun target — or better still a chance to throw a ball at a live darkies head. Pink & white lemonade vended for the thirsty on every corner — Badges innumerable were offered by venders with loud voices — at every turn — Guidebooks & relics of the battle were in every store — The thrifty descendants of the Pennsylvania Dutch — of whom some visitors remarked — "that" they began to make that living out of the Union Army 25 years ago and had kept it up ever since" were ready to turn an honest penny — Children offered — bullets, shell splinters gun wounds, — and other fragments at 5¢ each They press you to take a cup of water from Spangler's spring, for five cents, — Cards of canes — alleged to be cut on the field — are urged on you at a greater price — Vehicles of all sorts are ready to carry you a half mile for 50¢ — if they can't get more — — and guides for a sufficient consideration, will show you all the points of interest — tell you all they know — and a good deal more, — Our party of four paid, 50¢ each to be carried out to Reynolds grove to the dedication service, Then we paid the same man 50¢ each to come back — and engaged his services for the afternoon for $6.00 to drive us around the field — Besides this $10.00 from our party — he had to our knowledge carried out and returned Gen Fairchild's party — getting probably another $4.00 and had plenty of time after we dismissed him to earn another $4.00 or 5.00 The next day three of us started for Culps hill, and finding it pretty warm walking, hailed a passing

driver — "How much to Culps Hill?" —
"Three Dollars" We said Good bye & he
shouted after us "Two Dollars" —
Ten rods further we met another & challenged
him with "Twenty five cents to Culps Hill?"
He said nothing but pulled up & took us in,
— Gen Slocum tells of a patriotic citizen
who at the time of the battle charged him
50¢ for two eggs — and another patriot
when Gen Sickles lay with the wound which
compelled the amputation of his leg, and was then thought to be mortal,
charged $5 for the shot on which he was
laid — ~~The spirit of patriotism still~~
Adjt Bryant of the 3d Wis tells of a woman
who saluted the advancing Column as they
came up in rear of Cemetry Hill. "Dats right
boys — drive dem off — Dey stole my
round here?" — The spirit of patriotism still
survives — in these stimulating surroundings —
Gettysburg is the most conspicuous battlefield
of modern time — It is the study ground of
military men It is the one battle field of all
the world in which the positions of each subdivision
is marked by enduring monuments
— Besides the American military
students who visit this field — Officers from every
Army of Europe come here, and spend weeks in
examining and studying the history of the struggle
and its strategic & tactical lessons — As time
goes on and the days of war become more remote
and the monuments marking the points of the
field become as they will, more numerous
it will become a more and more interesting field
— the school of the soldier — and let us hope
for centuries to come the Mecca of American
patriots — I cannot make a better ending

of my hasty ramblings over this field than to quote that brief address which dedicated this memorable field, and which has itself become a memorable part of the English Language

Fourscore & seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting & proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. — The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it never can forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we

here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Gettysburg Visited

June 1888

1-"a"

The battle of Stone River, Tenn, was fought on Wednesday Dec 31st-62, and Thursday and Friday Jan 1st & 2nd 1863, and following it, the rebel forces of Gen. Bragg retreated and we occupied Murfreesboro on Sunday. — Long months of Comparative inaction followed, broken only by foraging expeditions into the country between the lines. — The rebel army occupied Tullahoma, which they were engaged in fortifying and extended their grand guards and pickets to a distance of 10 or 12 miles in front, and we did the same. A foraging expedition in search of corn and fodder for our teams, was often guarded by 2000 to 5000 men and after a long, hard, march sometimes returned empty. Skirmish encounters, in this debateable ground were rather frequent; — So the time wore away, with drills, Picket- and guard duty, until the 23d of June 1863. Then we had orders to march next morning with ten days rations, and promptly in the morning at 7, A.M. we got out on the road taking the Manchester "pike". — Then we halted at the roadside - while Gen Reynolds division passed us - and it was well toward noon when we were fairly on the march. The army was between 50,000 and 60,000 strong - and the marching columns, with their long trains of artillery, ammunition and baggage, and commissary stores, crowded all the roads to the south, south east - and southwest, and the whole horizon was grey with the dust stirred by their march. But this was soon ended, - before our regt moved, about 10 or 11 A.M. rain began to fall, and fell all day. Artillery firing

opened on all the main roads soon after noon, as our advance guards encountered the outlying posts of the enemy.
We bivouacked in the rain in front of Hoover's Gap, by which this "pike" penetrates a considerable range of hills - and in the gaps by which the various roads pass the range - the rebels showed a disposition to make a stand. Our skirmish lines next morning were advanced into the woods, - two batteries of artillery (12 guns) were ranged on a low ridge behind them, and in the afternoon we (10th Mo) moved up to support the artillery. The rebels shortly before night brought up two pieces of artillery with infantry supports, on a hill 3/4 of a mile to our left - completely enfilading our lines, but they got in only two or three shots. All the 12 guns on the ridge and one or two at other points were turned on them and in less than half a minute the top of the hill was speckled with bursting shells, and the enemy went down behind the elevation much quicker than they came up. — The next morning in the midst of a pouring rain, our columns gathered behind a high hill and then deployed with the evident intention of forcing the pass. - but before the advance of our skirmishers, no strong resistance developed - the enemy's skirmish line giving way as they advanced.
Under such circumstances, however the advance is slow - not more than 3 or 4 miles a day - On saturday the 27th we came again upon the Manchester "pike" some 10 or 12 miles beyond where we left it at the beginning of the movement against the Gap. - There seemed to be no enemy in front, and now about the middle of the afternoon we pushed forward for Manchester. Late in the evening we halted at the roadside, and kindled our bivouac fires - but about 10 P.M. in the midst of a tremendous rain, and the night as dark as pitch, we took the road again. Between 2 & 3 A.M. we reached a bivouac near Manchester. By brilliant manœuvering the strong works which the rebel general Bragg had been

building for months at Tullahoma, had been completely outflanked and turned, and to save his line of communication or rather to prevent us from occupying a position on that line, and cutting off his supplies, he abandoned them almost without firing a gun, and made a rapid retreat over the mountains and across the Tennessee to Chattanooga. Our army immediately advanced on the mountain roads, but the incessant rains had made progress slow. It rained more or less every day for sixteen days after we left Murfreesboro, and for a week I never took off so much as my shoes, finding it more comfortable to sleep in wet clothes than to resume them in the morning. At the crossing of Duck River, the water was so high that the mounted officers ranged themselves along the lower side of the ford, to catch any unlucky fellow who might lose his footing. Bringing up provisions and putting the R R in repair consumed much time, and we made slow progress across the mountains and down the valley of Crow Creek, with long encampments at halting places - until the 1st of Sept. found us at Anderson Station - but on the 2nd we marched. Our route reached the Tennessee river at Bridgeport, and up its left bank toward Chattanooga - then a change of plans took us across the Raccoon range and again down Lookout valley toward Chattanooga until we arrived near Trenton - Here after a brief halt, we suddenly faced about, and marched south, and west, up the valley, crossed the Lookout range at Stevens Gap, and after a late night march down the eastern descent of the mountains, found ourselves at 1 A.M. of Sept 11th, bivouacked in the state of Georgia, and evidently in a hostile vicinity, being under orders to turn out at 3 A.M without noise & get under arms. At that hour we marched south, and east - across the valley of Chattanooga & Chickamauga creeks, the particular locality being known as McLemore's Cove. Sunrise brought us up to Glen Wiggins Div which had preceded us, and in front of Dug Gap, in the Pigeon hills through which ran one road to Rome - The troops now assembled were

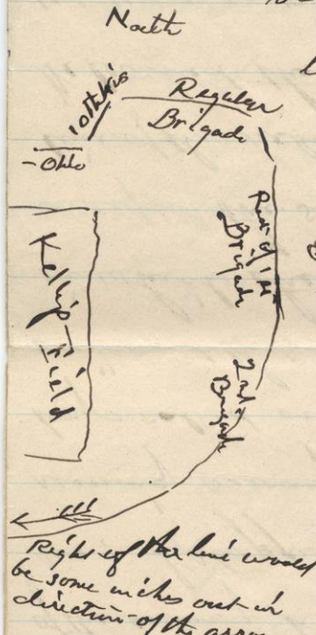
the divisions of Gens Negley & Baird (ours) of the 14th Corps: each about 4500 and 5000 strong. and following our route across the mountain but not yet in the Chickamauga valley were the divisions of Gens Brannan and Reynolds. Brannan's being about 1000 stronger than the other. At the gap picket firing was going on, - the enemy apparently in force. There began to be the mysterious air of uneasiness that gives the impression that every thing is not going just right. By the middle of the forenoon when we had been located and began to put up shelter apparently with the idea of staying - we were ordered to move to the front. We went out on a road to the north and a little way down it we passed Gen Baird's head quarters Camp. Tents had been put up as if they intended to stay. but as we passed the servants were pulling them down and loading the wagons - and acting as if in a hurry, too. A short distance further the regt was halted. and two companies ordered out as skirmishers "B" & "K" went out ("K" was my Co. then under command of Capt. Ford,) under Maj' McKelcher. We deployed and advanced a considerable distance - a half or three fourths of a mile - through woods with thick underbrush and finally halted under orders of the Major, still in thick brush. Bullets were clipping through the bushes but we could see nothing and no body was firing on our side. While here I had my only personal interview with Gen Baird. He himself and several members of his staff rode up from the rear to where I stood in the bush - and he looked about pretty sharply and said. "Lieutenant. what are you doing here" I saluted & said "I am with a skirmish line" He looked again, but didn't see any body and said. "Where - where are your men" I took a step toward the the nearest man & pointed him out, and said "here is one and the next is right there by the line runs down that way". He wasn't satisfied then. and said very shortly. "Why don't you move your line forward" - I said

"I am not in command - There are two companies in line and my captain and the major are down to the right -"
Then he rode off to look them up & and I suppose he found them. for we were shortly advanced, and before we got through the bushes met the 19th Ill, skirmishers retiring. We kept on down to a fence beyond which was an open field, with the rebel skirmishers in the woods on the other side. We exchanged a few shots here, finding that the rebels were moving to our left flank - and were then ordered back to the rest. Co B. had piled knapsacks when ordered out to skirmish but in returning did not go that way and never saw their outfits again. When we reached the road we found the whole force retiring — and we made good time to the west side of Chickamauga Creek some three or four miles - halted at dark beyond the creek. The rebels following closer through woods of the ground did not see them A funny incident occurred here - As soon as all were across the creek, an officer was sent out to establish a picket line on the other side of the creek - it being now quite dark. The rebel following had advanced their skirmish line as a picket pretty well toward the creek, and when the detachment sent out from our side had gone a short distance they ran into the enemy and recd a volley. At this firing all ran but one man who dropped to the ground and lay still. After a silent interval he softly said "I surrender" — No reply — Again he raised his head and said a little louder "I surrender" Again no reply and after another wait he cautiously got on his feet and repeated "I surrender" — Again silence and he took to his heels & joined the detachment which had gathered at the bridge. The fact was the rebel picket was as surprised and panicky as ours and at the unexpected approach of our men they had fired their guns and promptly ran away too. A week of uncertainty and rumors followed, while we lay near the foot of the mountain

in McLemore's Cove. Friday evening Sept 18th our regt (10th Wis) was ordered for picket. but just about the time we should go out. there was a change of instructions & the whole force was ordered to march, with 20 rounds of Ammunition extra for each man - and instead of being pickets we were to march as flankers — ie while the main column followed the road we were to march in single file some 40 & 60 rods away on the flank toward the enemy, The night was very dark. — The right of the regt filed out, but before the intervals had been taken far enough to reach us at the left flank. the leading companies had become almost inextricably tangled, in the darkness, and in the woods. It was absolutely impossible to keep a course. and the attempt was given up and the flankers recalled to the road. If we had succeeded in getting out on the flank at the distance proposed we would have got on the other side of the Chickamauga, which would have carried us further away from the main column, we should almost inevitably have gone into the rebel lines and our capture would have come two days earlier than it did. All night - we marched down the road toward Chattanooga, passing the portion of the rebel force which had already crossed the Chickamauga and were bivouacked in the woods, neither army apparently knowing the movement or position of the other. —

(Judge Tourgee in A Fools Errand (I think) gives a vivid description of this night march.) In the early morning of Saturday we halted to make our morning coffee, just at the point where our road crossed the road leading out from Chattanooga to Alexander's Bridge and thence to Lafayette. and here a battery of artillery was halted. one gun already planted pointing down toward the

bridge and the others ready for instant action —
and we heard the first spattering fire of the skirmishers
who opened the battle of Chickamauga. —
But that is a story for another time. —
In the evening of Sunday Sept 20th '63 when the blaze of the
guns began to shine redly in the darkening air, the long struggle
ended. We on our part of the line were congratulating ourselves
that we had lost no ground, unsuspicious of disaster elsewhere.
An attack on the front of the regular adjoining us, steadily pressed
but
been steadily resisted, ~~But~~ now their ammunition failing, their
line gave way, and this exposing our line to a flank and rear
attack, caused our men to follow, all going a little south of
west across the Kelly field toward where we supposed the
Center
the right of our main line to be. I don't know what
others were thinking, but for myself, I thought all the way
what would happen, when we reached the line: if the
attack followed us — coming in ~~[illegible]~~ in rear of the
main force. Most of the men of my company were with
me, and they were not in a panic. I halted them once in
a position that gave some shelter, and some chance for resistance
but no one else stopped, and the men began to urge that we were
being left alone — and, I could see that for myself — so I gave the order
to go on. Across the field and we struck into a wood's road leading west —
and I saw, in the gathering dusk, some 10 or 15 rods ahead of us two
captains of my regt, with a few of their men. Just about this
time we saw them meet and make prisoners two or three rebel
soldiers. We had hardly time to think how these men could be there
before, at a little distance forward, other rebel soldiers were met —
and this time the tables were turned, and our friends made prisoners
I think a sudden revelation of the situation came to us all.



We stopped - and then the men with me broke off into the woods to the north. and after a little hesitation I followed - And yet there was not much occasion for hesitation. The force before which our broken line was retiring was coming in from the northeast. We had just encountered their line on the west. and knew they must be all along to the south. No one knew how far north their westward line extended but if there was any way out it must be between this western and the northeastern forces, and I followed the direction my men had taken - but I did not go far. Within 40 rods I met a squad of the enemy having in charge some of the men who had just left me. I stopped again when I saw them - I wasn't above running away. if I had known any way - Some of the boys called out. "It is no use Lieutenant they are all around us" and this indeed seemed to be the fact, there was no direction in which there seemed any chance of escape - and we all quietly accepted the situation. and went forward a few rods to the main line of the rebels. and were encamped right there for the night. We learned then several surprising things. The troops who held us were a part of Longstreet's corps. the immediate command being the brigade of Gen Humphreys' of Miss. This was our first knowledge that Longstreet's corps were not in Va. We learned more - the section of the line which we had been holding was all that had been occupied by our forces for the last two hours. and our capture had been a foregone conclusion at least for that time. A battery of Artillery on the ridge south of us which had been throwing shells over us into the woods in front for half the afternoon. was a rebel battery and they had all the time been shooting at us From our broken line the enemy gathered in some 500 prisoners,

I think the first feeling that came to me after the capture was one of relief. Whatever had happened or whatever might happen – I could no longer do anything to avert the result. and the burden of responsibility. which one must always feel, no matter how subordinate the position, was dropped. —— I lay down to the sleep of utter fatigue. and while I slept – some unregenerate "reb" stole my rubber blanket which I had spread over the woolen one wrapped about me. as the night was cool.

Morning came and there of us who had something in our haversacks had some sort of a breakfast, those who had nothing went hungry and few of us had eaten anything ~~until then~~ since Sunday morning. We were shortly marched to the rear and joined with other parties until there was a total of near 2000 prisoners – and then started for Ringold where we arrived about noon. Here the officers were enrolled, and put in a separate detachment, and marched to Tunnel Hill – the men following. We spent the night there in the depot. and those who had had nothing to eat since Sunday morning were indignant – that no rations were issued. However the guard did not seem to have much for themselves, and perhaps they did the best they could. Tuesday morning we rec'd a ration of hams and 100 lbs. of meal for 102 officers. In the afternoon we were taken by R R to Dalton. and the next day to Atlanta, and here they organized us for the trip to Richmond. This was made by easy stages; progress depending I suppose on their ability to find the cars needed. We arrived in Richmond in the early morning of Oct 1st. and were marched to. and ushered into the office of Libby prison without ceremonies. – I said without ceremonies but that is a mistake – There was a little ceremony. The 102 officers were drawn up in line. and the official told us we would be searched – that if we had money and turned it over to the officer it would

be kept for us, and returned when we were released by what we needed
handed over, and if found on search it would be confiscated
On this statement most, or all of us gave up what money we
had. I deposited about $90 but if I had known what the
search would be I would not have done it. The officer passed
down the line and rapidly ran his hand over our clothes
apparently to learn if we had any weapons.
Then we were escorted to the foot of a stairway & left to make
our way up, and our routine existence was begun.
The first at the top were greeted with cries of "fresh fish" and I have
seen some rough horse play at the expense of new arrivals
— but our party was rather too large for that, and we got off
with very little. We found ourselves in a large room — later
knowledge made it 120 ft long & 40 ft wide. — with brick walls at
each side, separating it from similar rooms ~~on each side~~ and with
two rows of posts to support the floor above. I do not need to
give you a description of the building. You can see it for yourself
at any time, and it is faithfully restored. The nine rooms are occupied
— those on the first floor 1 as Office 1 cooking room and 1 Hospital
The six rooms in second and third stories. 2 at the west by the
Potomac officers 2 middle by Army of the Cumberland and the east two
one by Col Streight's Command and one by Milroy's officers. Each individual
or group chose location and retained it. Capt Hakrup Lieuts
Ellenwood, Burdick & myself located ourselves by the second post
from the front — in the east row, and this was our abiding place
— our point d'appui while we stayed there Oct 1st '63 to May 1st '64
During that time I went out of doors but once, and that was just
enough to go from one door to the next on the front.
The rations served were not varied, nor large, — at least

to men with appetites cultivated by active field exercise they seemed decidedly meager. At first they served to each man a half loaf of bread a half pound of beef or 4 oz of bacon and some beans, rice & vinegar. This does not perhaps look so very small, but in those days we had large appetites whatever the ration was. The beans were hardly edible without a good appetite, being wormy, but they were not thrown away. Many complaints of the beef (salt beef of course) were made, but I never saw anything very bad about that, except that it was generally tough. But as time went on and flour got scarce & high, the wheat bread was dropped and corn bread was substituted, and of this we got for each day's ration a loaf just about the size and shape of a brick. Then the meat ration shrank and finally disappeared as times grew harder and the Confederacy. At our first arrival our mess arrangements were in Parties of 25 each mess with a commissary who looked after the rations and two cooks — but gradually as the rations fell off and there was less to cook, this arrangement was broken up, and we fell into smaller parties who cooked and messed together. Then too the men who had money were able to get some eatables from outside, — and after a little time provisions and other things were sent by northern friends, and the fortunate recipients were willing to get out of the messes. Water came up at the rear of every room and we could always have enough to drink, ~~which was the best condition as to water~~. We had given up our money, as stated, with the assurance that we could use it to buy things. When we came to make the trial we found it not so easy. There was a set time — once a week — and a limit to the amt, of $2.00 at one time — and we could spend this by giving an order for such things as we wanted, when a prison official would see that the articles were procured and delivered. Of course we had no accounting for the money. ~~I think~~ I made two drafts, if I remember right on the funds. I had one then for some reason, I have now forgotten the privilege was

suspended. While we could purchase we bought Sugar & coffee and occasionally bread. The sugar was all right - but Richmond coffee (branded ~~Rio~~ wash rye) roasted & ground. Libby prison filled up that fall and winter and at the highest there were over 1000 men in the six rooms. About this time two - exchanges stopped and there were many stories told at the north about the hardships and sufferings of the prisoners at the south - and soon there were liberal contributions of all sorts from friends at home - very largely of food but also of clothing, books and amusements. At first the authorities were scrupulously careful about giving out these supplies - I recd a box when I had been there a short time - and was called down to the prison office and asked to open it which I did, and took out enough of the contents to enable the officer standing by to see that there was nothing contraband, when he told me to take it along. By & bye some of the too smart men smuggled in whiskey in fruit cans or in a bottle in the middle of a pat of butter &c. A friend of mine who was exchanged arranged to send me a small box from Washington, and he put a $10 bill in a phial, which was put in the middle of a roll of butter, and this I got all right - but a few a few cans of whisky had got in the rebels discovered the method. Then they punched holes in all the cans, and cut up rolls of butter &c. and to do this they opened the boxes before calling in the owners. Then probably - if some hard up "confed" who had to pay $100 for a pair of boots, found a nice pair in a box it was a potatoe ~~potatoe~~ stone, and prisoners began to complain of missing things. Finally shipments from Northern friends came in great quantity - I saw at one time a canal boat come up from Rockets - pretty well piled up with boxes. When such quantities arrived they could not inspect them all in the then rigorous fashion, immediately, and so stored them in an unoccupied building, across a narrow alley from the prison, and then a long time passed before they were issued, and many never got their property. While in this store house it is perhaps not surprising that the confederate soldiers of the guard, should find that there were

desirable things there and it was supposed to be a quite common thing for them to slip in by the back way at night and help themselves. And this circumstance had a bearing on another event of prison experience, of which later, —

Libby prison and the other military prisons in the vicinity were guarded by two or three companies of soldiers. The building stood fronting on a street and close up to the sidewalk. An alley about 20 ft wide on one side a vacant lot on the other and rather wide wharf behind, which was a landing place from the canal, and beyond the canal, James River. The daily guard was 36 men besides the corporals sergeant and officer — and divided into three reliefs of 12 men each, and these called the hours day and night. When the clock struck 10. No 1 in front of the office called "10 o'clock" and the next cried "Post No 2. 10 o'clock and all's well" and so it went round the building and when #12 had repeated the cry, No 1 announced "All's well"

In the routine of the prison was a daily roll call about 8 a.m. which was not a roll call at all. but a count. An officer sergeant and two soldiers came in, and every body from the four east & centre rooms was sent into the west rooms. Then we passed back through one door and were counted. We were liable to a visitation from some official at any time, so it was not well to be planning any mischief against the authorities, or to be caught in any compromising situation. A squad of darkies scrubbed the floor weekly, but that was hardly enough for perfect cleanliness. Inherent conditions of the premises or previous occupancy had populated the building with unpleasant companions — and none of us escaped their intimacy.

In other respects the conditions were not altogether satisfactory, and if one desired to take a bath, he did it practically in the presence of the whole room.

At our first introduction we had the privilege of writing as we chose all letters being of course subject to inspection, and this privilege was used when we were able to buy paper & postage. It is not surprising that men with pen and unlimited leisure should use this privilege extensively and when our population became large, it was no doubt a burden to the officials who had

to inspect all this literature. So by & bye came an order restricting the number of letters one man might write, and later the limit was one a week. There are always some "Smart-Alecs" who think they can beat the thimble rigger at his own game, and so there were men in the prison who thought they could beat the Officials in a matter where they had full control, and always the last move in the game. And when letters were reduced down a week they got the largest paper they could find, and interlined and draped this in a way that no doubt sent the letter into the stove when it reached the office, but the effect on our interested public, was that another order limited the length of letter to six lines, once a week. Even then the smart men tried still to beat the game, by getting the longest strips of paper possible & making the 6 lines on that. But whether their effusions ever got outside the door no one knows. Our mails came at irregular intervals by flag of truce boat, and when rec'd there was a general hurrah. Adjt Knaggs of a Mich. cavalry regt was post-master. He was a clever pleasant-appearing young fellow with a strong clear voice & when a mail arrived he mounted a bench or table and called off the names while we all gathered round, waiting for our prize in the lottery.

Men of active out-door habits found the time long & heavy on their hands when restricted to the inside of one building and practically to one room. When I entered Libby the previous residents had organized several occupations. Besides the permanent interest in bread & meat-which took something of everyones time - there were a number of studies in progress - An expert was teaching a considerable class Pitmans' system of shorthand. There was a regular school in which there were regular classes in Arithmetic, geography Latin & perhaps other branches, and there were independent students of German & French, and a good number of law students.

I joined a number of students of French and acquired enough knowledge of it during that winter to read & get the meaning of plain narrative style, & never was very sure of pronunciation, for besides my own deficiencies,

I always had a doubt of the teacher, who though a well educated man, was a Swiss with German accents. In all the studies, I think, considerable progress was made. The lawyers (incipient) contrived to get considerable fun out of their study by organizing a court, and conducting a breach of promise trial protracted through several days. The judge was a Capt. Smith of the regular army and he astonished the whole crowd at the close of the trial, by a charge to the jury, which able lawyers — (and there were several, who have since ranked rather high in the profession, and have themselves made charges from the bench that were considered quite notable, and who were even then men of legal reputation.) — declared for eloquence, legal acumen, and clear and methodical statement surpassed anything they had ever heard from the bench of any court. Books were in pretty fair supply — Harpers made quite a contribution of fiction - and many received books with other home supplies, and study books were to some extent bought in Richmond. But reading and study did not meet the needs of all. Those mechanically inclined made numerous trinkets from the bones of their beef ration. One man made from cigar boxes a neat wooden clock that kept fair time the rest of the winter. Games of Chess checkers backgammon &c amused many. I suppose there must have been cards, but it seems to me a little singular that at this moment I cannot recall any games. I have seen Gen. Scammon and an opponent sit at chess all day long. The livelier and younger officers, would have more active amusements. — at one time a negro minstrel performance, and occasionally an attempt at a dance, though as I remember it, these did not succeed very well — perhaps it took too much imagination to idealize the partners. There was occasionally a chance to "jolly" the new arrivals of "fresh fish" — which they always took advantage of, — and a ring of the noisiest contrived to get lots of fun out of a game, where one man held a cap, and another bent over so that the cap blindfolded him. The rest stood around in a ring, and one would

give the victim a tremendous slap. He would try to straighten up quick enough to see who struck him. If he guessed right - they changed places, otherwise he was the recipient of more slaps.

At night - the wakeful, who had not found during the day enough scope for bodily activity to induce fatigue & sleep, found their mental activity stimulated, and went through all sorts of discussions, at long range, in the dark. "Lights out" sounded at 10 P.M.. Most of us had no lights any way and it was mainly a formality - but after we began (some of us) to settle down for sleep a "hullabaloo" would begin - sometimes the long chatechism of the initiation ceremony of the 1001, and numerous other equally absurd dialogues - which often were annoying enough to induce a chorus of "dry up", but sometimes were so comical as to keep the whole room in a roar.

When I arrived at Libby our company room turned into a bare room, without the slightest furnishing. Some few chairs came in by purchase, I suppose but most of the furnishing was the product of native ingenuity. The boxes in which supplies were recd furnished some material, from which gradually grew chairs, stools and tables. Our mess Harknep, Burdick, Ellenwood & self, bought a barrel of crackers, and the barrel was converted into a fairly comfortable arm chair, by aid of our blankets.

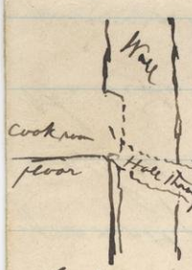
At the time of our capture we all wore our blankets in a roll hung over shoulder & under the other arm, as you have made so many pictures, and so were provided with bedding - Some unlucky fellows captured without blankets, must have shivered on the bare floor during some of the winter nights.

On the post which was our "head quarters" we nailed one of our empty boxes to make a place for our tin cups & plates, knives & forks, books & tools, and drove a few nails to hang our hats and sometimes our coats on, and then we had "all the comforts of a home". When the mechanically inclined began their work they were mostly provided with pocket knives - and table knives & We made saws by hacking the edges of two table knives together until they were pretty well notched, and they worked very well. I had a small half round file, but don't now remember how I got it. I ground down the end on the

brick wall until I had a fair kind of a chisel, and used a piece of slate for a whetstone, and the dust of this slate with a woolen rag made a polisher for bone work. Time was of no account there and it did not matter that it took a day to rub down the end of a file. Just about the time we entered Libby prison the exchange of prisoners was broken off. I dont at this time remember all the details of the disagreement. As I remember it now, there were in the western armies some troops raised in Alabama after we occupied that section. Some of these were in the command of Col. Streight who made a cavalry raid through the gulf states, but finally came to grief, being captured with almost his entire force. The confederates claimed that the Alabama men owed allegience to the confederacy, and were therefore traitors, and threatened executions for ~~treason~~. Naturally, our govt. would listen to no such claims, and promptly retaliated with threats of executing equal numbers. and as we held much the largest number of prisoners the advantage was on the side of the govt. ~~of course~~. Each began to hold on to all the prisoners they took. Some other questions which I cannot recall, came up I think one of them was a proposed execution by our govt. of some spies in whom the rebels took special interest. This occurred in the summer before I was captured, and the rebels selected by lot two captains, Flynn and Sawyer from among the officers they then held. — who were locked up as hostages for these spies. Again the govt retaliated by holding two rebel officers of higher rank, and one of them I am quite sure was Fitzhugh Lee, who ~~is at this moment being~~ two years ago was so highly lauded by the Am people — with their usual tendency to "slop over" —

The upshot of the matter was nobody was executed, unless it was the spies, I dont remember about that, — and two or three months later Flynn & Sawyer were returned to the command quarters. But while no exchanges were in progress except occasional limited transfers of sick and wounded men, rumors of exchanges to come were frequent and persistent, and their discussion, was the perennial occupation of the prison. Rarely a week passed without a new story, which was turned and discussed

on all sides, and with an abounding hope, which though constantly deferred did not seem to make the hearts sick. But while some, and the most of us, looked only to an exchange as a means of release, a few bold and resolute men planned their own release. Under our prison there was a cellar and as before stated, on the west side ran an alley 20 ft wide. Beyond the alley was the building in which were stored the boxes sent from the north to prisoners. This building was much shorter than the prison, and behind it was a yard enclosed by a high tight board fence. Six or seven men who planned the escape commenced operations with great secrecy. On the first floor west was the hospital, and next to it our cooking room, and in the thick partition wall were two flues with fireplaces to each. In front of each of these chimneys a half dozen old cook stoves were placed and the kettles &c were piled in the fire places. In one of these fireplaces the conspirators began work by digging out bricks from the back, and working downobliquely until they made a hole into the cellar under the hospital.



They kept this hole covered during the daytime with the array of kettles kept there for our cooking, and by moving these they could every night get into the cellar. Then they started a tunnel under the alley. After digging the stones out of the wall the earth was dug out with knives and tin cups. As the tunnel progressed – a hole just large enough for a man to lie down in and work himself forward – another man would draw out the loaded cups or pans, by a string, and fan in fresh air. The dirt was spread about on the bottom of the cellar, and fortunately there was some straw, which served to cover it. But this cellar was rarely visited, and discovery was unlikely. After several weeks the tunnel was completed beyond the fence and it only remained to break through the thin crust left at the end. But by this time, in spite of all the secrecy – a good many knew something was going on. Col. Rose of the 79th Pa. regt. was one of the leaders. His knowledge as a mining engineer had been valuable. His quarters were close by ours, and we noticed one morning that he was carefully cleaning fresh earth from the knees of his trousers. Of course we knew he had been on the ground somewhere

and it was quite as sure that he was digging for some purpose — and there was only one thing anybody in that prison would dig for. Ellenwood and myself went down into the cooking room, and made a careful search of the whole floor, for the only idea that occurred to us, was that a piece of floor had been taken up to get to the cellar; but after a long hunt we found nothing. The makers of the tunnel had a careful plan to help out as many as possible, they thought men might begin to go out about 12 o'clock and continue for a couple of hours, and still have time enough to get out of the city before morning, and they planned to notify some 40 or 50 men for the first night. Some one remaining was to keep tally of the number, and at roll call next morning after being counted through the door, we were to go up stairs, and through a nailed up door, previously loosened, enough were to go back into the first room to be counted over & keep the number good. In this way they had some hope the tunnel might be used two or three nights. But this part of the plan would probably have failed, because a good number of our officers, were personally well known to the rebel officials, and and among these were some of those who were to go out first, and they would have been missed at the first roll call. But the plan failed earlier. A number were notified to go. Their neighbors saw that they made some preparations. The rooms already alert at the idea of ~~something~~ on foot, began to "catch on", and the information spread. By 11 o'clock there was quite a general stir. The managers saw their plan was gone, and dropped all effort to control, and tried only to get out themselves. From that time until 4 o'clock nearly 200 men crept out through that tunnel. We (of our mess) were not in the effort. Harkness & Burdick were not robust enough — Ellenwood and self had made no preparations, and had not studied in the least the lay of the country and should have been in doubt which way to go to get out of the city, or which way to go when out. Thus with

the crowd that was struggling to go the chances of succep seemed small. We did not even get up to see what of the excitement could be seen in the dark. We knew without leaving our blankets, that 50 or 100 men were down in the cook room trying to get out, and just outside the door and windows, sentinels were pacing up & down the curbstone, and hourly crying "Alls well" — Every few minutes there would be a silent panic, and we could hear them make a subdued push for the stair gradually to work back again. All this time men were getting out as fast as they could squeze through the tunnel, emerging in the enclosure behind the next building, and out at the back gate on the wharf and then each chose his own course. Now the sentinels on the wharf side of Libby could hardly help seeing some of them, and they did see them. You may remember that I said earlier, that the rebel soldiers made free with the goods stored in this building, and when the sentries did see a man coming out at that back gate they took it to be one of their comrades, who had been helping himself to something, and no alarm was raised

I think the escape was known before roll call next morning. Some of the escaped ran into rebel pickets outside the city and were brought in and this gave the first information. Col Ron the engineer of the scheme got out of Richmond, and started toward Gen. Butlers lines down the peninsula, as did many of the men. He did not go very far before he encountered a rebel picket and was captured. He was started back toward the city in charge of a soldier, but after they got out of sight of the picket he surprised & disarmed his guard and started again. But luck was against him and another party of soldiers brought him in. The next night was extremely cold. It is still remembered as the "Cold New Years" Jan. 1, '64 many suffered with the cold. One party tried to go down James river in a boat. At a place where the rebels had the river obstructed, they upset their boat in getting over the obstruction, and getting wet, were

in danger of freezing to death, and they went ashore and gave themselves up to the guard at that point. Some of the earliest to get out must have reached Gen Butler's lines which were not very many miles from Richmond, rather early in the morning, and as soon as it was known that a number of escaped men were coming that way, the picket lines were pushed out as far as possible, and this helped some to get into friendly neighborhood. But a good many were unlucky and fell into the rebel pickets and they began to come in early in the day, and within two days I think considerably more than half were back. I always wondered that more were not brought in, for the rebels must have had a pretty close cordon of troops about the city. The winter wore away in our monotonous routine, — and spring — and the month of May arrived. Then there was stir & excitement in the air. The Army of the Potomac under Grant's direction started on the Wilderness campaign, — and Richmond was in commotion. There was suppressed excitement in the prison and among the officers. The tremendous struggle in the Wilderness, was bringing Grant nearer, and one day we were notified that we were to move — I have no diary of this time, and my memory of dates is not good, but while the armies were maneuvering and fighting about Spotsylvania on the North Anna, we were loaded in the cars and carried to Danville Va. When we marched into the warehouse which had been utilized all winter as a prison for our enlisted men. I found most of the men of my company still there but they were removed the day we arrived, and went on to Andersonville. We remained here only about a week, and then by train were again transferred, this time to Macon Ga. They did not give us Pullman sleepers but loaded us in box freight cars about 40 to 50 men in a car. At Macon we marched to the fair ground, and were turned into an enclosure with a board fence about 10 ft high, and a walk around it on the outside near the top for the guard. Inside about 50 ft from the fence

was the dead line marked by stakes, and if any one wanted to know why it was called a dead line, he could find out by going across it — but I never knew of the experiment being tried — There was some threatening talk if any one got near it. There was one building in the enclosure when we went in — the usual "floral hall" or whatever it is called, of local fairs. This furnished shelter for 50 or 100 of the first to arrive. The rest of us bivouacked outside. In time sheds were built that sheltered us from rain & sun. These were long roofs of boards but no sides were built — but it was summer, and these shelters were better than closer quarters. A small spring brook ran across one corner and we had enough fresh water. Rations were reduced here pretty near to primitive simplicity — our allowance was a pint of meal to each man, and a piece of bacon which though square would have little more than the cubic measure of a hen's egg, and this bacon I hardly know how to describe — It was cured with ashes — and when a piece of it was put in a kettle and began to get hot, there was a good deal of movement — and yet we did not throw it away. We were furnished with regular southern bake kettles for our cooking. Do you know what these are? A heavy cast iron utensil about like a spider with a heavy cast iron cover with a rim around the edge to keep the coals from falling off. We mixed our meal with water and salt — Yes, I forgot to say they gave us salt, with the ration — put it in the kettle and the kettle on the fire and piled coals on the cover. Our fuel southern pine was delivered inside the gate — cord wood — and each one could get a stick for his cooking. There was enough. At first we used to mix our cakes about the thickness of a johnny cake as made by our home wives, — but afterward I liked better to make little cakes about as large and as thick as three fingers, and bake them as hard as crackers This got to be pretty monotonous, — Tunnels were started in some

of the sheds but, I think none succeeded — Some caved in — Some were apparently betrayed, and the rebel officers came in and found the openings — New arrivals came in frequently both from the Army of Grant in Va, and that of Sherman crowding down toward Atlanta, Gen Stoneman made a cavalry raid, and the sound of his guns in the outskirts of Macon, roused our hopes, but luck was against him, and us, — and we had to welcome him and his officers inside the gates a few days later, — It was now approaching the middle of august, and the confederates evidently thought we would be safer elsewhere, and began removal from Macon to Charleston, I enclose with this the description of our start, and the attempt I & Lieut Ellenwood & self escape which we made on that journey, It was written a good many years ago — I think at least thirty,

"B"

On the 14th day of August 1864 the last train load of Federal officers who had been confined in the prison pen at Macon Ga. left that place, Some ten or twelve hundred having been previously removed.

The steady advance of Sherman's Army & the threatening raids of his cavalry began to excite the fears of the rebel authorities and convinced them that Macon was no longer a safe place for us. A week before our removal Stoneman's command had awakened our hopes, and alarmed the militia garrison of Macon by approaching so near that the shells from their guns fell in the streets of the city, though the expedition finally ended disastrously and added a hundred or more to our number.

It was late in the afternoon, when in obedience to the order to move, we packed our scanty baggage, stowed in our haversacks the corn bread and bacon previously prepared, and filed out of the gate, in answer to the roll call, but it was almost daylight of the following day before we were fairly loaded in the cars, and in motion, en route for Charleston. There were between three and four hundred officers in this last detachment, and in consideration of the heat of the weather, and with more

regard for our comfort, than the rebel officers had sometimes shown we were distributed at the rate of twenty five or thirty men to a car, in box freight cars of course. At last under way we crawled along at the usual rate of Southern railroads and reached the Ocone river a distance of 30 or 40 miles, about noon Here Stoneman's raiders had burned a bridge a week before, and the leisurely labors of half a dozen white mechanics, and a gang of negroes, were slowly restoring it, though it was not yet in a condition for the passage of trains. The river, about twenty rods wide was deep and rapid, and the means of transit was limited to a flat boat capable of carrying fifty or sixty men, which three or four darkeys drew back and forth by a rope stretched across the stream. A train waited for us on the other side of the river, and after three or four hours work we were transferred to it.

A messmate, Warren B Ellenwood, and myself had been during all our stay at Macon looking out for some reasonable chance to escape, and when we found that a journey was before us, made such preparations as were possible to take advantage of any opportunity

that might present itself. Of the fifty or sixty who had attempted to escape during our stay at Macon not more than one in ten had succeeded, but in the open country, if we could once get clear of the train, the chances looked better. We had accumulated as much of a surplus as possible, of corn bread and bacon, though that did not exceed a limited supply for three days. We had made a saw by hacking teeth in the back of a table knife, and intended as soon as darkness favored us to cut a hole through the floor of the car, and at the first good opportunity, slip out without consulting the guards at the doors. The guards of our train were a detachment from the Georgia reserve militia, composed of boys of fifteen or sixteen and men of fifty and over, most of them recently forced into the service, in which they had apparently little interest, and showed but little vigilance. These guards were posted, two in each car, at the doors on the sides and the remainder of the detachment on the roofs. The train on which we were loaded on the east side of the river, had been used to transport some of the prisoners who had gone to Charleston before us.

and when we climbed into our car the first thing to attract our attention, was a large hole in the floor, evidently the work of some discontented Yankee, and which our rebel friends, had been to much pressed for time to close up We congratulated ourselves on our good luck as we placed ourselves and baggage to hide as much as we could, this outlet which we hoped to make so servicable. One of the guards in our car, proved to be more wide awake than most of them, and also a genuine rebel, who kept a pretty sharp watch on us, and he soon discovered this extra door. At the first station we saw him point it out to the officer of the guard and our hopes sank several degrees when we heard him tell the sentinel he would "see about it" It was after [illegible] when we reached Millen where the K.R branches, one line running south east toward Savannah and the other north to Augusta, but the moon shone brightly, and there was little hope of escaping from the train until it should be dark enough to hide our movements. At every station at which we stopped our vigilant sentinel jumped from the car and remained on the ground until the train was about starting. Meantime we

lay quiet, pretending to sleep, but anxiously watching and waiting. Stations were passed, one after another, and midnight came, without any opportunity that promised success. Then came a change in affairs. The sentenels in the cars were relieved, their places being filled by their drowsy comrades who had been sleeping on the roofs. To our car were assigned a couple of thick headed boys and we began to rouse up a little and look out for chances, which must come soon if at all. Between two and three oclock the train came to a stand at a station some twenty five or thirty miles south of Augusta. The moon had gone down, and it was fairly dark. On the side track close to us stood another line of freight cars. Our guards seemed quite drowsy. It looked like a good chance Ellenwood whispered softly. "Shall we try it now?" "Yes" I replied, and half a minute later he had disappeared through the floor of the car. I followed silently, and then we laid down beside the track, close in the shadow of the wheels, to wait "further development"

Hardly had we gained this position when we saw approaching from the head of

the train, the officer commanding the guard, with a lantern. We crept to the opposite side of the track, again entrenched ourselves close behind the wheels, and had the satisfaction of seeing the officer pass on to the rear of the train. Not to remain though. In a few minutes we saw him returning on the side opposite that on which he had first passed. Again we crept back, and as before lay close while the officer halted beside the car and cautioned the guard to be watchful because some men had escaped at the last station. As he passed on we breathed a little more freely, until we saw him again appear making his third round. We began to think he was going round the train all night. But this proved the last time, and when he reached the end of the train, and we heard him shout "All right! go ahead!" we were almost tempted to respond, "Amen." The train moved, gaining speed as the half dozen cars passed by us, and as the last one passed, we shrank close to the ground, almost expecting to be greeted by a musket shot. But all was still except the rumble of the wheels - the soldiers on the roofs were lying as flat as ourselves - and in two minutes the receding cars

were whirling round a curve, bearing on foes, and still captive friends, and leaving us free. Two hundred miles from the lines of Sherman's Army which we hoped to reach and among a hostile population where danger of recapture attended every step, but still, for the moment, at least, free. But we did not stop long, just then, to think about this. We sprang to our feet and dashed into the thicket which bordered the railroad. Once there we halted a moment to reconsider the plans we had so often talked over and to establish our course as nearly as possible. We found that five besides ourselves had taken French leave of our guards, but Ellenwood & myself had often agreed, that a large party had no chance of getting through the country, & we struck out by ourselves, —
We had left our blankets and extra underclothing, with a messmate who did not feel equal to the hard work of the attempt to escape, and now unencumbered by anything except our overcoats, and the small stock of rations in our haversacks we commenced our march. We had in our possession a passable map of Georgia cut from Harper's weekly. A knowledge of astronomy sufficient

to enable us to find the north star was our dependence to keep the course. We had, in our haste taken to the woods on the east side of the track, but the course we wished to follow was north of west. We made a wide detour to avoid the buildings of the station and before we crossed the track, it began to grow light. We pushed on for an hour or more, first across a field, then through woods, till the sun rose, when we halted by a little stream to rest and consider, whether we should venture to travel by daylight, or lie by till dark. Our eagerness to get on overcame our fears and we decided to move on. We kept in the woods avoiding all paths, and steering north west as near as we could judge by the position of the sun. Whenever it was necessary to cross a road, we reconnoitered carefully and then made a rapid dash across what we considered the dangerous ground. With all our caution, we had a narrow escape from being seen this first day. We had made a few miles by noon, and halted to rest and take a lunch, in a piece of woods near the edge of a swamp apparently far enough from any human habitation. We were lying on the ground studying

our map when we heard a voice and the clatter of feet. Looking that way, we saw a boy on a mule, which he rode to a spring not more than a dozen rods away. We flattened ourselves close to the ground and had the satisfaction of seeing him retrace his steps, without a suspicion that he had been within hail of a fugitive Yankee. As soon as he disappeared we made tracks for a more secure locality, and this little incident having frightened us out of our purpose to travel we settled down and tried to sleep the rest of the afternoon. About sundown we resumed our march, and a little later we had some experience of the natural obstacles to our progress. We came to a disagreeable looking swamp, across which our course lay. It was too dark to see how wide it might be but jumping from bog to bog and aided occasionally by an old log, we worked our way into it, to find the mud & water growing deeper as we advanced. It was with some doubt and increasing trepidation that we struggled along in the increasing darkness, but after an hour of scrambling slipping and wading over bogs, cypress knees stumps and logs we at last gained the other side, quite satisfied to keep on hard ground

thereafter, when it was possible.
We had heard while at Macon many
wonderful stories of the sagacity and
training of the dogs which were at this time
used to hunt escaped prisoners, and during
the first few days we listened with a good
deal of trepidation to the yelping of the hounds
which our approach to the plantations dis=
turbed, but after several days, or rather nights,
travel, during which we escaped any serious
alarms from this cause we concluded that
the danger was greatly exagerated and
moderated our fears accordingly. Once
we thought we were certainly pursued.
We had been travelling during a part of the
night on a country road, and near morn=
ing had turned into a piece of woods
to rest for the day, when we heard the yelp=
ing of a hound in the direction from which
we had come and not far off. It came
nearer & nearer, and when we saw the
dog jump the fence just where we had climbed
it, and not more than a dozen rods away
we thought we had certainly reached the
end of our career as escaped prisoners.
We were not afraid of one dog. The stout
sticks we carried were quite sufficient to
settle accounts with him, but if he was

on our track. we expected more formidable followers. It was too late to run, so we sat still and saw the hound rush by within a few steps, not after us, but on track of a rabbit or other small animal. We breathed easier, and after a breakfast of apples stolen during the night, stretched ourselves on the ground for a nap, undisturbed thereafter by his yelping, though he passed near us several times — On the second night of our tramp we came upon the Georgia R.R. at a station named Berzelia, twenty one miles west of Augusta and a hundred and fifty from Atlanta. Not quite so far west as we had hoped to strike the ~~road~~ road, but we were satisfied — and having by this time worn off some of the caution with which we started, we followed the track, making much more rapid progress than when scrambling through swamps woods and ploughed fields. This night we met the first person we had encountered since starting. We came upon him about three o'clock in the morning. Ellenwood who was leading, took the meeting quite coolly and marched straight on. It proved to be an old negro probably on his way home from a nights visiting. He said "good

evening masters", and we returned the salut without pausing. Afterward while on the railroad, we met at different times several darkeys none of whom ever seemed to have any suspicion that there was anything unusual about us. Probably they would have been friendly if they had known who we were, but we had long ago decided to keep our own council, and when we met them we merely responded "good evening" to their salutation and passed on. Only once did we have any conversation with any of them, and that time we couldn't well avoid it. We had come about ~~nine~~ or ~~ten~~ o'clock in the evening to a fine plantation, with a large white house, (which by the way, was not a frequent sight in Georgia,) and beside the railroad a large peach orchard. We at once climbed the fence, but our exploration of the orchard was without result, so far as fruit was concerned. Arrived at the further side we came to a picket fence enclosing a garden and looking over we saw melon vines. With a dexterity for which we took to ourselves ~~infinite~~ great credit, ~~considering that~~, because neither of us had ever been familiar with the business of robbing gardens, we pried off the lower

end of a picket slipped it aside and Ellenwood crept through, He shortly returned with two melons – the total crop of that garden and we regained the railroad track, A quarter of a mile or more from the house we sat down to dispose of our plunder, and were so busily engaged with it that although it was a bright moonlight night we did not discover the approach of a darky till he was close to us, He stopped when he came up & said "good evening gentlemen". We responded "good evening" and he asked "Going down to the station to take the train? Ellenwood said "Yes, – how long before the train will be along"? "It's almost time for it now" he replied, and looking down the track, where the light of the locomotive just then came in sight, added "There it come", My friend asked where he belonged, and he pointed to the house from the garden of which we had just stolen the melons, – (we didn't tell him that though) – We asked how far it was to the station, and he replied "about a quarter", After a moments hesitation he went on, but we did not hurry any to follow him to the station, From his language and appearance we took him to be

a house servant and an intelligent fellow. As soon as he was out of sight we made a circuit through the woods around the station. During this night we felt rather uneasy & pushed on as fast as we could, but we never heard any thing of a pursuit and concluded that if he had any suspicions of us he was friendly and kept them to himself. In explanation of our uneasiness I may say that at that time, we were uncertain of the feeling of the negroes, and those who put most faith in them doubted the house servants. This was the only conversation we had with any person in the fourteen days of our tramp. On the second day our reserved rations were exhausted, and from that time we foraged for subsistence. This was not difficult, as the cornfield with their roasting ears were always at hand, and our only fears were that we should be discovered by our fires. The first time it became necessary to roast corn, we built our fire just at daylight, but the cloud of smoke alarmed us, and as soon as we had roasted enough for that day, we obliterated all traces of the fire, and decamped, fearful that some one might be attracted to the place. After that we made our fires about one or two or three o'clock in the morning. We would gather about a dozen

ears apiece, and at the first thick woods, we would leave the road and go so far into the wood, that the light of our fire would be hidden if any one should by any possibility be out at that time. There we would roast our corn, make our midnight meal, fill our haversacks with enough to last us through the day, and then, from a lurking fear that the fire might in some way betray us, put as great as distance as possible, between us and the cooking place, before the approach of daylight compelled us to hide. At first we made a fire every night; afterward we managed to carry two days rations, and the last time we kindled a fire, we roasted enough for three days. We lost the last of our matches at this place, and made the three days rations last four. To save transportation we generally did the most of our eating at the cooking place, being willing to go a little hungry during the day, rather than carry so much corn. On the seventh or eighth day, we came near the crossing of the Oconee river. We discovered it late in the afternoon, having been working along slowly through the woods during a part of the day. We expected to find a guard at this bridge, and approached carefully to reconnoiter. As we feared we ~~found~~ saw a party of soldier round a camp fire. Further progress by that route being thus cut off, we made our way down the river a half mile

or more, and then looked round to see what we could do for a ferry. The river was about twenty rods wide, deep and rapid, and bordered by a narrow flat, covered with timber and a tangled undergrowth of bushes and vines. By the time we were far enough from the bridge to attempt crossing, it was dark, and after looking in vain for something of which to make a raft, we had to postpone the passage until morning, and went back into the woods and camped for the night. Our camping, by the way, on this march was a very simple business. It was only necessary to pull off our haversacks, put on our overcoats, turning the capes over our heads to keep off the mosquitoes, lie down on the smoothest piece of ground we could find and the thing was done. As soon as it was light we made our way again to the river bank, and this time were successful in finding eight or ten rails, which had lodged in the bushes. Laying half a dozen of these together and two others across them, we lashed them with withes. Then we added two more cob house fashion, and had our raft ready to launch. When we got it into the river we found our waterlogged rails were so heavy that it barely floated. We broke a lot of brush & piled on until we thought it would keep our clothes out of the water. Then we stripped & proceeded to embark our property. When we had it all on the raft sank so low that our dry goods were in imminent danger of becoming wet ones. We slipped into the water. Elmer

taking one end of the raft and myself the other. Not being much of a swimmer I rested a little weight on the raft which tipped it so that some of our clothes came near falling off. I made a dash to save these & tilted it the other way, and away went one of our haversacks to the bottom of the river. I saw that I should never succeed in getting across in that way and asked E. — if he could get the raft to shore. He said "yes" and I let go and made for the bank. But he, a better swimmer and with more resolution wasn't disposed to give it up so, and kept on. When I got on the bank he was well toward the middle of the river, and shortly though carried a long way down by the current, approached the other side. Then I concluded I had better look out for some means of getting myself across, for all my clothes were on one side of the river and I was on the other. After following down the stream a little way I found a dry pole with which I took to the water & paddled across without any serious mishap. When I got there E. had waded the raft. Everything had got soaked but we didn't care for that now that we were safe across, and we had nothing to do the rest of the day, but to wait for them to dry. We spread the clothes in the sun & ourselves in the shade and in a couple of hours had everything as good as before except the lost haversack. The country west of the river (except the narrow wooded flat) was open fields, so that we did not dare travel till night, and we whiled away the time as best we could. We never could succeed in sleeping during

the day, even when we traveled all night, and I think that during the most of this tramp we did not sleep more than two hours in twenty four.

The day after we crossed the river, we first noticed a faint distant rumbling, which for several hours we took to be thunder; then the regularity of the sounds convinced me that we heard the cannonade at Atlanta but Ellenwood was incredulous. We sat down and listened. At intervals the faintest pulsations of sound came, apparently from the west, but Atlanta was full sixty miles away, with woods and hills intervening, and he persisted it could be nothing but thunder. Two days later he agreed that the still faint thunder could be nothing but the thunder of cannon. On the tenth or eleventh night of our march we saw the first signs of the work of Sherman's Cavalry. We passed the village of Social Circle where they had burned the depot buildings and cars and toward morning we came near one of the head streams of the Ocmulgee where they had burned the bridge. We expected to find men at work here, and when we thought ourselves near the place, we turned into the woods and camped till morning. When we reached the river, a short distance above where the bridge had been, we were fortunate in finding a large tree lying across it, which relieved us of all anxiety about crossing. By this time we began to get pretty tired, and between the short rations

the hard work of travelling; the small amount of sleep; and the constant tension of the nerves, my comrade was about sick, and our progress was painfully slow.

One of the landmarks of the country east of Atlanta, is Stone Mountain. It is a smooth bare rock some twelve or fifteen hundred feet high, standing alone in an open country and visible for twelve or fifteen miles in any direction. We began to look out for this, and when we stopped to rest near the morning of the twelfth day, I was confident we should see it to the south of us as soon as it was light. I was slightly disappointed therefore, when, having undertaken to make some progress during the day, we climbed a hill and saw the mountain still ahead of us to the north west. But it didn't look more than three or four miles off, and we concluded, it wasn't such a bad miscalculation after all. We took a course to the north of it and worked along as fast as reasonable caution permitted, — We had got on so well so far that we were less prudent than at the outset, and here the country seemed so little settled that we made pretty steady, though slow, progress all day. And all that hot day as we climbed up hill and down, the mountain seemed to move off as we advanced, and at night we camped just abreast of it. Having

probably traveled eight or ten miles.
Ellenwood was so nearly used up, that we could not try to go on that night, and I had little inclination to travel myself, though very eager to get through, so we did the next best thing by getting a good night's sleep.
During this day we came upon a small orchard of peaches and apples in the middle of a piece of woods. A hasty reconoisance discovered no house near it, — Then we found a tree of fine peaches, and nearly stripped it filling haversack pockets & hats. Then we made tracks for the woods. After going about twenty rods we sat down on a log to make a better arrangment of our supplies. While busy at this we heard voices and glancing behind us saw a couple of women, not more than forty or fifty yards off, going toward the orchard we had just left, no doubt after the very peaches we were stowing away. We slipped off the log & lay low till they were out of sight, and we did not stay to learn what they thought when they found their orchard robbed. The day following we pushed on slowly (the weather being hot and the country rough,) until the middle of the afternoon, when coming to a road which ran near our course, we determined to wait for night and follow it. We were getting hopeful. Sherman's army could not be more than ten

or twelve miles off, and we had escaped so many risks that what remained seemed almost nothing. When night came we crept out to the road and started forward. The road soon bore to the southwest and evidently led into Atlanta. We took the first that turned north. Toward midnight roads began to be more numerous, and we followed those that led nearest north west. Then we began to see tracks of many horses. At a cross road had evidently been a station of a vidette. These signs of the recent presence of troops encouraged us, and at the the same time warned us to be cautious. We were tired, and concluded we could better pick our way by daylight.

We were early on our way the next morning. Visions of a cup of hot coffee, drank under the protecting standards of Sherman's army, were in our minds. Even hard tack and bacon did not look like things to be despised. Rest too, we coveted, — and all these visions we hoped to make realities before another sunset — A mile or more of travel and we crossed a creek on a foot bridge then up a hill on the other side, the road all the way through woods. Here we came to a couple of saplings bent across the road and fastened in a way to sweep a rider from his horse, and beyond

the abandoned station of a vidette. Half a mile further we caught sight of an infantry picket station also abandoned: the shelters, once the component parts of a Georgia cabin, showing unmistakable evidence of Yankee construction. We made for this in search of some signs of recent occupation, and soon found them. Some envelopes scattered on the ground bore northern postmarks so recent, they could have been there not more than one or two days. As yet we had seen no one, and heard nothing, and in spite of the certainty that we were on debateable ground, and in danger, we were unaccountably forgetting all our caution. A few hundred yards on we came to some breast works, and as we plodded along looking for signs of a fight, we heard a little patter of feet on the dusty road. We hesitated an instant, but it was too late to save ourselves by a retreat or a flank movement. A little bend in the road, a clump of bushes at the turn, had hidden the road from our view, and at the instant we caught the sound of horses feet, we saw their heads appearing from beyond the bushes, and next the unwelcome visages of two rebel soldiers, each drawing a revolver from his belt and not twenty yards distant. A single glance

convinced us that it was all up with us. The woods were open and clear of brush, or sufficiently so to permit horsemen to get through them easily. Our army blue precluded all hope of deceiving them as to our character; there was nothing to do but accept the hard fortune which had befallen us. Just at the moment when we were elated at the near prospect of reaching the Federal lines, after all the long weary miles we had marched through briers & swamps, or over mountain spurs and through deep ravines, in darkness, or under the burning August sun, — it did seem hard, that now, almost within sound of the bugles of our army, all our efforts should go for nothing. There was little necessity for parley. We were Federal soldiers, they were rebels, and no words were needed to make it plain. They wheeled their horses about to escort us to their camp about a mile and a half distant. We had no cause to complain of our treatment by them, which is more than could be said by all the prisoners who fell into the hands of rebel cavalry. Perhaps one reason may have been, that we had nothing worth taking, and our ragged attire would not have excited the covetousness of a beggar. Our captors were very civil and one of them seemed almost sorry they had taken us when he learned where we had come from. On our way they told us some Marvelous

stories. Gen. Sherman, they said, failing to take Atlanta had been removed from command, - his army had abandoned the attempt, and were retreating under command of Gen. Thomas and no Yankees remained south of the Chatahoochee. We were conducted into the presence of Gen. Ferguson commanding the brigade of cavalry. From him we learned how near we had come to liberty. Two days before our army had occupied the ground on which he was encamped, and he told us if we had been there twelve hours sooner, we might have heard the music of our bands, not more than a mile or two distant. I have often thought since, that an hour more of day light when we reached the Ocmee river, might have saved the night and day we lost there and thus have brought us on the ground where we were captured while it was still held by our troops. There are "might-have-beens" in every body's experience.

We were pretty hungry by this time, having exhausted our stock of provisions. Gen F. furnished us with a few buscuit, the only edibles he had, and after an hour or more sent us under guard into Atlanta. On the way we met many people on their way out to see where the "Yanks" "had been," all jubilant over the supposed retreat. It wasn't long though before they discovered their mistake, and this same afternoon Sunday Aug 28th we saw long columns of troops, crowding through the city to meet this new movement of Sherman against their communications, which resulted a few days later, in the capture of the city. We reached the city, a walk of eight or nine miles, a brief examination before the Provost Marshal, revealed our names, rank &c, we were assigned to the guard house, and so ended one effort for liberty.

1 "C"

The foregoing story of an attempted escape from rebel prison, was written many years ago – over thirty – when it was fresher in my memory than it now is, and some part of what follows was also written out about the same time.

It was a Sunday morning when we marched into Atlanta, with a mounted escort, and we spent the day in a retired mansion protected from all harm by an armed guard. We had some little talk with the men who escorted us into the town, and I was quite surprised, first at their well fed and unfatigued appearance and then at the steadiness and cheerful spirit they showed. Although they had for months been steadily giving ground before the advance of our army, losing one position after another and driven from intrenchment to intrenchment, over a hundred miles they did not show any signs of demoralization, and were apparently as ready as ever for the next encounter. I had expected that after such a continual retreat, there would be some signs of discouragement among the men, but neither here, nor among the lines of infantry we passed next day did I see anything of it.

Monday morning found us again on the cars bound for Macon. As we got out of the city we passed long lines of infantry, thrown out on the west of the R.R. They had discovered on Sunday that Sherman was not retreating as they had imagined, but had withdrawn his left from the east and north sides of the city, and was reaching around on the west with his right toward the railroad line which alone maintained connection with the sources of supplies for Atlanta. This movement of Sherman was ultimately successful, ending a few days later in a complete rout of the portion of the rebel force engaged at Jonesboro, and the immediate abandonment of Atlanta. But it came too late to benefit us.

We looked out during the day for some chance of escape but found none. Evening found us safely lodged again in the Stockade from which we, with our friends had started two weeks before. Here we remained two days, at the end of which we started with a dozen or so of sick & wounded comrades, for Charleston. During the night I cut a hole in the floor of the car and finished it about the time we reached the place of our former escape; but Ellenwood had worn out his shoes in that tramp, and hesitated to undertake the long march almost barefoot, and my resolution failed at the prospect of going through it all again, alone, and we let that opportunity slip. In due time we reached Charleston, - disembarked from the cars a long distance up town and marched down the grap grown and deserted streets from which the shells of from the Morris Island batteries had driven the people, and at the end, on a warm September evening had our introduction to the jail yard. I regret to say that our acquaintance with the Palmetto City extended little further than this institution and the work house adjoining. Here, in narrower limits than at Macon, we resumed the monotonous routine of cooking our rations, eating and sleeping; all the more irksome from the brief respite we had enjoyed. One of the staple productions of South Carolina, rice, formed a large part of our ration, and we all became masters of the art of boiling it whether we would or no. Our evening amusement here was to listen to the roar of the guns and to watch the flight of the shells from the batteries on Morris Island. These batteries kept up an unceasing fire. Rarely an hour passed, day or night, that did not bring Gen. Foster's compliments to the City of Charleston. The place of our confinement was within the range but not in the line of fire, though on one or two occasions

shells burst so near that a few splinters fell upon the building or in the yard. At night their flight was visible by the burning fuses which twinkled like stars as they slowly rose against the sky, to descend with a rush, and an echoing crash upon the houses and streets of the town. As each rose in the air and came into view it seemed to be coming directly toward us, ~~it was~~ but the nearer approach of each showed that its direction was a little to the right of our location. Their loud hissing as they rushed overhead, had a friendly sound to our ears, and when a louder crash than usual accompanying the explosion, proclaimed the demolition of some building, it always brought out an enthusiastic cheer. On the 7th of Oct. we left Charleston. The yellow fever had appeared in the city, and either for this reason, or because Gen. Foster had placed 600 rebel officers in a stockade on Morris' Island, exposed to the fire of Ft. Sumpter. (if charitably inclined you can assign whichever reason seems best,) the confederate authorities thought best to remove us. When ~~E~~ removed and supply first reached Charleston we rejoined Capt Harkrup. Lieut Burdick had been in rather poor health, and had been removed to hospital. We never saw him again as he died there. The chances for escape at Charleston were very small and once out of the jail or workhouse yard the almost impassable swamps along the coast, rendered nearly hopeless, the attempt to reach our forces on Morris' Island or at Beaufort. Of more than a hundred who escaped on their way from Savannah to Charleston, I know of but two who succeeded in getting through. Columbia, the capitol of South Carolina, was the point to which we were removed. Here the rebels had no quarters nor any secure place for us, and after an unsuccessful attempt to induce us to give our parole, not

to escape, they established a camp for us, if that can be called establishing a camp, which consisted in surrounding six or eight acres with a line of sentinels. At the end of a week or two, two tents with a capacity to shelter 5 or 6 men each, were furnished for every hundred men. They allowed a limited number to go, each day with a guard, into the woods around our camp to cut wood, and poles to build shanties with, but the number of axes was so small that it was nearly two months, before all were provided with such shelters as they constructed in this way. The rations here were not much different from those at Macon & Charleston except in the entire absence of meat and the substitution therefor of Sorghum molasses. This food did not agree well with northern stomachs, and many were more or less ill on account of such food. All this grew intolerably irksome, and every day some one resolved to escape, by means which he would sometime before have thought desperate. Although possessed of a tolerable share of Stoicism, I could not rest easy in the prospect of remaining here all winter, and perhaps for an indefinite period thereafter and looked around to see what I could do. Ellenwood being now without other shoes than a pair of cloth slippers (material obtained by shortening his army overcoat, and soles from the uppers of his old shoes) declined to join in the attempt, and I formed two other friends who were better equipped. On the night of Nov 19th, '64 we made our attempt. As I have said, the camp was surrounded by a line of sentinels each of whom walked back and forth over a space of about 40 yards. Inside the line of sentinels, and from fifty to one hundred feet distant the "dead line" was marked by stakes, and no prisoner was allowed to pass this line, the guard being instructed to fire on any one doing so. We proposed to get as near the dead line as possible, on a dark night, and when the sentinels were

going in opposite directions to run between them. Taking the chance of getting hit. A line of sentinels should not properly be going in opposite directions, but all should be going in one direction at the same time, but these sentinels went almost any way.

The evening of Nov 19th was dark and rainy enough and about 9 o'clock, we left our quarters near the center of camp and made our way to a shanty which stood near the "dead line" at a point which we thought favorable. Here we waited sometime stooping close to the ground. While we waited the guard was relieved, and this we thought a favorable circumstance. If the old guard had seen any thing of our movements we thought the new one would not know it. We could just see, while stooping low, the sentinels pacing their lines and we watched with beating hearts for the moment when they should be most widely separated. At last it came, and at a signal, we started simultaneously. We had almost reached the sentry line, one of my comrades a little in advance of me, the other a little behind, when there came a blinding flash in my face, which for a moment dazed me completely, and my part of that escape was at an end. I turned and walked back into the camp hardly knowing what I did. One of the party went on and escaped, the other turned back into the camp with me. — And though I seemed to myself confused, I yet recollect very clearly that both sentinels fired at almost the same instant, and I saw the comrade who was in advance go several steps with the burning gun wad, on his hat. The sentinel who fired at me was so close that the blaze of the gun scorched my old army overcoat. He followed the shot with a thrust of his bayonet, but fortunately was not near enough to more than touch my coat. We had thought ourselves unseen when we crept up to the dead line, but the later event seemed to show that we were not. While down on the ground, we could see the

Sentinels against the sky, but when we rose to pass it through
them against the dark background of the woods, and we could no
longer see them, while we, no doubt, were thrown into view
by the fires in the camp behind us. At any rate the two
Sentinels appear to have started about the same time we did
and as we all had nearly the same distance to go, all arrived
at the point where we sought to drop the Sentries beat at
about the same time — After the first instant I com=
=prehended that I was wounded, and before I had gone half
way to my tent began to feel faint. Some one helped
me into a shanty, where the flow of blood was stopped,
the surgeon was called, and I was removed to the hospital
tent. I need say nothing of the dreary days in the hospital
bed. I believe the surgeon gave me the best attention his
means permitted, and when he had not had too much
whisky he was a fairly clever fellow. My old messmate
Ellenwood was the best of nurses, and helped to wear
away the time — Early in December came rumors of an
exchange of sick and wounded, and when on the 10th or 11th
of the month a book was brought in to record our paroles,
we began to believe them, though we had heard too many
similar rumors to give our full confidence. But at last
on the 12th of Dec. two hundred sick and wounded were notified
to be ready to move, and before night we were on the cars and
moving toward Charleston. Daylight found us in that city, a
cloudy misty morning which would prevent the steamer going
down the harbor. We were quartered in the Pavilion Hotel abandoned
on account of its exposure to the fire of the Morris' Island batteries
Two hours passed, and then came an order to go on board

the steamer. We marched to the wharf and on to the deck of the steamer Laura an English blockade runner. The fog still hung thick over the bay, but after another hour of waiting the pilot gave the order to cast off the shore lines and we moved down the harbor. Slowly Castle Pinckney and Battery Bee came into view, and sank in the fog behind us, and next the shapeless mass of Fort Sumpter, and the miles of parapets surrounding old Fort Moultrie, and last of all the dim outlines of the blockading fleet, and the transport steamers that were to bear us home.

I need not tell how feelingly a hundred voices sang "Home again, from a foreign shore" or how enthusiastically they shouted "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally round the Flag" — it is sufficient to say the steamer which carried us neared the fleet and dropped another half a mile outside of Fort Sumpter; a boat put off from the steamboat New York, bringing Col. Mulford Exchange Commissioner, who stepped on deck in a clean new uniform and bright buttons, looking overpoweringly brilliant beside our ragged and motley attire; A short conference settled the preliminaries, and the steamer North Star came alongside, and to her lofty deck, we climbed from the low level of the blockade runner, over a steep gang plank which the dancing waves and the rocking steamers kept wearing up and down, — And once more under the shadow of the National Ensign we lay down to sleep.

Murfreesboro or Stone River

A few Recollections of a few Hours.

In the gray light of the early morning of a December day, Soldiers, roused from their blankets, clustered around the bivouac fires, scattered along their line, in the thin forest that had furnished the night's shelter. A hasty breakfast was ended by the command to "fall in", and the ranks promptly formed. We stood at ease waiting our orders. A tardy sergeant who had failed to get his coffee boiled in time, and held the small kettle in his hand stepped back to place it again on a fire.

The adjutant rode to the front of the battalion and commanded "Attention", and we listened while he read "The general commanding desires to say, that the conduct of the troops yesterday, was all he could expect — that he hopes to-day to strike one of the most crushing blows the rebellion has yet received, He exhorts you by the memory of the dear ones at home, and of the country for which you this day stand in battle array, to be firm, cool, and to push steadily forward." — And while the adjutant read, his sentences were punctuated by the thunder of cannon away off to our right and front. Presently we filed out to the road and moved forward. A halt again, and the sergeant, who still carried his unboiled coffee, deposited it on a roadside fire. We moved up to the height of the swell of the gently rolling ground and halted in an old cotton field. Off to our left the ground

maintained its height, but dropped gradually away to the front and on the right. Down in front, some troops were moving across the field. — Beyond them was a light fringe of woods, in which there was a spatter fire of musketry, and still further out, the smoke of a burning building was rolling up above the trees.
A little way to the right, the cotton field was bounded by dense cedar thickets. We changed our position at short intervals with no apparent motive, — but presently there seemed to be some stir that had a purpose, and the five regiments of the brigade, marching by the right flank and preceded by the attached battery, moved obliquely across the field to the right & front. The sergeant who was coffee hungry, picked up his ~~coffee~~ kettle, as we started with the remark, — "that's the seventh fire I've had that kettle on, but, I'm going to have that coffee, if it takes all day." And after all, the flurry of quickly succeeding events so distracted my attention that I never knew whether he got it or not.
At the edge of the field we entered a narrow and crooked woods road, leading through the cedars, but before we had gone far we were stopped by the battery halted in the road, and the division commander, Gen. Rosseau and Col. Loomis in consultation. Gen Rosseau said, "I don't like this place, You had better take the battery out of here. You can do nothing with it," and accordingly at the first opportunity to turn the battery retraced its course. The noise of the battle was getting louder, — men were

coming back through the thickets in considerable numbers — across our course, for we were now marching to the South west, and nearly parallel with the firing lines. though still entirely out of sight of them. We came to a narrow marsh, filed to the right and halted along its edge. Then through the more open timber beyond, we caught the glimmer of arms, and stooping nearer the ground, could occasionally see through or under the foliage the rebel columns rapidly moving to the north west. They must have seen something of the movements on our side, for a few shells went whizzing over us, — but nobody seemed to call for action on our part. We stood silent, until again ordered to move to the right, and by a considerable circuit, (making our track a wide loop) moved or south east east through the cedars. Somewhere here we started some wild turkeys, but just then nobody seemed to have any time to hunt turkeys. A little later we came upon a number of rebel straglers hidden among the rocks and in the thickets. I could never satisfactorily account for their presence there, unless they had been hidden since the previous day, when our lines advanced over this ground pushing the rebels before them. They were a sneaking looking crowd, and seemed to be as badly scared as any lot of straglers I ever saw behind our own lines.

We were making our way through thickets of cedar so dense as to break up all formations

but in time. we came out into the field from which we started. and pretty near where we first entred the woods, but with our backs to the main line of battle, which was now pretty sharply engaged, and the bullets were coming over in that vicinity with tolerable frequency. One man in my company received one. which passed through his haversack, pulverizing the cracker and spoiling his tin plate, and as it passed just burned the skin but did not. I think, draw blood. The first effect of the slight wound. was a yell or scream, but almost instantly his rage glared in his eyes. and he whirled around, shouting. "Show me the ma that hit me" — "Show me the man that hit me" with such a ludicrous show of impotent wrath as brought a roar of laughter from the whole company. We stood with the open ground before us. There was a shifting of positions among the troop massed on the higher ground over in rear of the left, or left-center. Nearer on a knoll beside the railroad, a battery was in position, with its guns pointed down toward the cedar thickets. Men were coming out of the woods, and, drifting off toward the road and to the rear in increasing numbers, and this movement began to be more hurried. Soon we saw other, more compact bodies, appearing in the edge of the woods. Somebody said it was the enemy. I thought not — they had blue overcoats. Mine was the left

flank company of the battalion, and on this day I was the only officer on duty with the company. Some of the men in the next company began firing. I said "they are firing on our own men". but their officers did not stop it. and a few men kept up a somewhat hesitating firing. Then I went down the line to where the major stood and said "we are firing on our own men". He looked at me as if I was to blame, and said "why don't you stop it then". There did'nt seem to be much more for me to say, and I only replied "my men are not firing" and went back to my company — And all the time the rattle of the musketry from the fight behind us kept up sharply, and the slightly wounded and the straglers came streaming back past us.

And now there was more movement among the uncertain troops at the edge of the wood, and a considerable body - as I judged, two or three regiments, perhaps a full brigade, advanced from the trees, and instantly started at a run for the battery by the railroad. They had the blue overcoats plain enough, but I was clearly mistaken as to their character. They were not acting at all like our men. They seemed to have very little formation when they came fully into view, and before they had gone ten rods, there was none at all. — just a wild rush for the guns, — in which the foremost were soon a long way before the slower or less brave. — And the battery, was no longer

passively waiting for them.— It had sprung into activity at the first movement of the attack and now was doing its level best to stop the rush. From our point of view, I judged the foremost to have come within a hundred feet of the guns but the greater part were three or four times that distance and more and the mass had lost all momentum. The force of the attack was broken, and the backward push was more rapid and tumultuous than the advance, leaving a distinct trail of the blue overcoats behind them. And we, stood still and looked on.

Nobody gave any orders to open fire, or to advance, although it looked to a subordinate, as though we had a capital opportunity to take this broken crowd in flank and gather in all that the battery had left.

But as they disappeared in the woods, we did get in motion, and wheeling to the left, established our line in the edge of the cedars. We could see nobody through the thickets in front, but there were evidences that there might be somebody there. Bullets were hissing sharply overhead, clipping the twigs, and patting against the trees, and presently a battery got at work nearly in front of us.— We couldn't see it, but the shell went past with an insistent energy, that seemed to inspire even the Major with the idea that a shelter might be a good thing.

The men had been ordered to lie down, and the firing was active, not at anybody we could see but at the place where the enemy might be.

The ground here was rough, and when ordered to lie

down. Some of the rear rank men had got so far back, and so low down, that the front rank men began to be more nervous about the danger from behind, than from the front, and made strong protest against the careless firing so close to their heads. It took some energetic efforts to get the rear rank men in a position to continue firing without annoying their file leaders, but it was accomplished and we were settled down to steady firing. Although I could see nobody we were certainly firing at pretty short range The sharpness with which the bullets hissed by showed that, and they seemed to be coming close too, yet very few had been hit, so far. "Our friends the enemy" appeared to be as much in the dark as ourselves about what they were shooting at. But this did not last long. At an order from the colonel, we got on our feet and faced to the rear, Looking down the line, I saw that the right of the regiment, (which was as far as I could see through the trees,) was moving rather hastily to the rear. I think that the prolongation of the line to the right, had been broken or withdrawn, and that the flank was threatened. At any rate, we backed out of the woods at a double quick, and for a short distance it required all the efforts of officers and file closers to maintain the line, but we succeeded, and after going perhaps twenty rods, filed by the right flank and marched quite steadily to the railroad, which here ran on an embankment five or six feet high. A little before we reached it the caissons of one

of the batteries in front, going to the rear for ammunition, dashed through our column, cutting off my company from the rest of the battallion, which passed on over the railroad bank, and out of sight.

I had a moment to look around while we waited, and the sight was disheartening. We could not see in front beyond the railroad bank, and as we stood, my own company was the only organized body I could see. The whole field, down to the fringe of timber in front, where the fighting line was still holding its ground, and back into the cedars behind us, was filled with the debris of broken battallions, the straglers, and the slightly wounded, floating steadily rearward.

But the situation was not quite so bad as it at that moment looked. As we climbed over the railroad embankment, we saw the columns massed in reserve behind the left, and all along the railroad lines were formed, while along the turnpike another line was lying down awaiting its time. While we waited a bullet went through the stock of the rifle of a sergeant, and as we moved forward, another man dropped his rifle, but picked it up with his left hand, and marched on in his place. When we reached the battallion and lined up behind the embankment, he came to me to explain that he had a bullet in his right arm, and thought he would have to go to hospital. He carried a paralyzed arm to the end of his life.

The brigade of regulars, were formed along the railroad

in front of us, and they had plainly had an even more exciting time than ourselves. Their shrunken ranks, gave evidence of the losses which the later reports confirmed.

The energy of the rebel advance on the right appeared by this time to be pretty well exhausted. So far as I could see, they made no very strenuous efforts to advance into the open ground, in fact I did not see them at all, and all along this part of the lines there was a lull in the movements, but down in the fringe of timber on the original front and around the angle where the right of the line had doubled back, a persistent firing showed that the pressure was by no means light, but the flow of men to the rear had nearly ceased and was now no more than the natural waste of the struggle. It was wearing into the afternoon, and the troops that had been formed along the railroad, were drawn out to other positions. We of the 10th Wis. moved back to the higher ground a short distance to the rear, and lay down in support of Van Pelt's guns which were posted on the swell of the ground close by the railroad. The bullets that reached us here were partially spent, and it was a comparatively comfortable place. An occasional shell came also, but few of them were exactly in our direction, and I think nobody in our line was hurt. After a half hour's rest, I walked down to the right of the battalion, where the artillerymen were sitting comfortably about their guns, and

some of them had a little fire, down in the railroad cut, and were making coffee. Van Pelt was gazing through his glass, and through a little opening in the timber we could see a glitter of muskets, which revealed the movement of the rebel columns, still pushing toward our right. The point at which we could see the movement of the enemy, commanded also a view of the part of our lines where we were, and constant efforts were made to place artillery there, but they were as often driven out by our guns, before they could get fairly into action.

The men of some regiment, earlier in the day, when going into action, had piled their knapsacks, just to the left of where we lay, and a demoralized straggler from the front, thought this would be a safe intrenchment, but he had not lain behind it three minutes, when a rebel shot struck the pile, scattering the knapsacks in every direction, while the soldier seemed stunned or killed by the shock. A little later a mounted orderly riding toward the front, faced, almost at the same place, an exploding shell, which burst close to him, but he did not fall, though both rider and horse seemed for a few minutes, to be paralyzed, and stood stock still.

The firing down in front was somewhat intermittent, as the afternoon went on, never wholly dying down, and occasionally flaring up sharply, at some suspicious movement opposite.

About the middle of the afternoon or a little later, Gen Rosecrans, Gen. Thomas, Gen McCook and their respective staffs, rode up close behind us, forming a conspicuous group. They looked long to the front, — then Gen Rosecrans who had an unlighted cigar in his mouth, turned to an aide, and pointing down toward a little group, — "Tell Col. Harker he must hold that position" "At all hazards"? asked the aide as he started his horse. "At all hazards" repeated the general, — and the messenger galloped down the slope. The mounted group after watching him until he reached the grove where Col. Harker's command was posted, moved off to a less prominent point.

Not very long after a battery of artillery came up on our left, and went into position, with its nearest gun, perhaps 12 to 15 rods from us. They had scarcely got there, when a rebel battery, which we could not see from our point of view, opened a furious fire upon them, and as promptly our men at the battery, got at work in reply. The rebel gunners had the range almost perfectly, every shell bursting above and in front of the guns, and the splinters flying around us, passive spectators, in a way that was trying to the feelings of a nervous man.

But our men must have been doing work fully as effective, for presently the rebel fire slackened and in twenty or thirty minutes was entirely silenced. We might, perhaps, have seen just

how it was done, by going a few rods ~~in the~~ in that direction. but somehow, nobody who had not duties there seemed to have any inclination, just-then, to get behind those guns.

There was little more active effort on this part of the field, or on any part of it that I could see. The sun sank slowly to the west, and the blaze of the guns, showed red in the darkening air;- an occasional shell rose like a shooting star, above the woods; but the flashes grew less frequent, the rattle of the musketry, and the roar of the cannon sunk into silence, and tired men munched their crackers in the gloom of the evening, or dropped asleep, blanket-up, on the frosty ground, uncertain of the results of the struggle of the day, and uncertain of the prospects of the near to morrow.

Waupun Wis Feb. 11, 97

A

A Few Months in Rebel Prisons.

On the evening of Sunday, Sept 20th 1863, when the sun went down on the field of Chickamauga, we on the extreme left of the line(where we had been holding on all the afternoon) were congratulating ourselves that no ground had been lost, unsuspicious of disaster elsewhere.

An attack on the front of the regular brigade, joining us on the right, which had been steadily pressed for two hours, had been as steadily resisted, and we were all confident the position would be maintained until darkness should end the struggle.

But now, in the very time of our hopefulness, finding ammunition nearly gone, the regular line suddenly and unexpectedly gave way, and our men retreated with them. A half mile back we encountered other rebel lines, and realizing then that we were, or seemed to be, entirely surrounded, we gave our selves up. From our broken lines the enemy gathered in about 500 prisoners.

We discovered then, several things. The troops to whom we had surrendered were a part of Longstreet's corps, the immediate command being of the brigade of Gen. Humphreys of Miss. We had not before known that Longstreet's command had left Virginia. The guns on the ridge to the south which had been throwing shells over us into the woods in our front for half the afternoon, were rebel guns, and they had been shooting at us. The small force holding the extreme left of our line was all that had been in position for more than two hours. We had been almost, or quite, surrounded during all that time and our capture had been a foregone conclusion.

We were up in the early morning, and those who had something in their haversacks, had some kind of a breakfast, the rest went hungry, and few had eaten anything since Sunday morning.

We were marched to the rear, and joined with other parties, until there was a total of nearly 2000 prisoners en-route to Ringold. We arrived about noon.

Here the officers were enrolled and formed in a separate body, and marched to Tunnel Hill, the men following. We spent the night in the depot, and those who had eaten nothing since Sunday morning, were indignant that no rations were issued.

The guards did not have much themselves, and perhaps they did the best they could.

Tuesday morning we received a ration - 4 hams and 100 lbs of meal for 102 officers. In the afternoon we were taken by train to Dalton, and the next day to Atlanta. Here they organized us for the trip to Richmond, which was made by easy stages, depending, I suppose on their ability to furnish the cars needed.

We arrived in Richmond in the early morning of Oct. 1st, and were marched to and ushered into the office of Libby prison without ceremonies. But a little ceremony followed. The 102 officers were drawn up in line and the official told us we would be searched, that if we had any money and turned it over to the office, it would be kept for us, and returned when we went out, or we could with it buy such things as we needed, but if not handed over and if found on search it would be confiscated.

On this statement, most of us, gave up what money we had. I deposited about $90.00 but if, I had known what the search would be, I would not have done it. The officer passed down the line and rapidly ran his hand over our clothes, apparently to learn if we had any weapons. Then we were escorted to the foot of a stairway, and left to make our way up.

The first at the top were greeted with cries of "fresh fish" and hustled about by the crowd who received us. I saw some rough horse play at the expense of later arrivals, but our party was rather too large for that and we got off with very little. We found ourselves in a large room - later knowledge made it 120ft long and 40ft wide - with brick walls separating it from similar rooms on each side, and with two rows of large posts down the length of the room to support the floor above. There were four windows at each end, and all the rooms were

similar. The building was until lately, standing where it was rebuilt in Chicago, and it was faithfully restored. Probably many of you have seen it. The nine rooms into which the three stories were divided were occupied, one on the first floor as an office, the next as a cooking room, the third as a hospital. On the second and third floors, the two west rooms were occupied by officers of the army of the Potomac, the two middle rooms by those of the army of the Cumberland, and other western departments, and one east room by officers of Col. Streight's command, the other by those Milroys.

Each individual, or group, chose a location, and retained it. Capt. Harkness, L't's Ellenwood, Burdick and myself, located by the second post from the front in the east row, and this was our abiding place while we staid in Libby, - Oct. 1st 1863 to May - 1864. During that time I went out of doors but once, and that was just long enough to go from one door to that of the next room.

The rations were not varied, nor large - to men with appetites cultivated by active field exercise, they seemed decidedly meager. At first, to each man was served a half loaf of bread, a half pound of beef or four ounces of bacon, and some beans, rice, and vinegar. This does not perhaps look so very small, but in those days we had large appetites whatever the rations might be. The beans were hardly edible without a good appetite, being wormy, but none were thrown away. Many complaints (salt beef of course) were made, but I never say anything very bad about that, except that it was generally tough.

But as time went on and flour became scarcer, and higher in price, the wheat bread was dropped, and corn bread substituted, and of this we received for each day's ration, a loaf just about the size and shape of a brick.

Then the meat ration shrank, and finally disappeared, as times grew harder in the confederacy.

At our first arrival, our mess arrangements were in parties of twenty five, each mess with a commissary who looked after the rations, and two cooks, but gradually, as the rations fell off, and there was less to cook, this arrangement was broken up, and we fell into smaller parties, which by longer acquaintance or common interests were satisfied to cook and mess together.

Then too, the men who had money, were able to get some eatables outside, and after a little time, provisions and other things were sent by Northern friends, and the fortunate recipients were willing to get out of the messes.

Water came up at the rear of every room and we could always have enough to drink.

We had given up our money, as stated, with the assurance, that we could use it to buy things. When we came to make the trial we found it not so easy.

There was a set time, once a week, and a limit to the amount, $2.00 at one time, and we could spend this by giving an order for such things as we wanted, when a prison official would see that the articles were procured and delivered. Of course we had no accounting for the money. I made two drafts, if I remember right, on the funds I had on deposit, and then for some reason, now forgotten, the privilege was suspended, and never revived. While we could purchase, we bought sugar and coffee and occasionally bread. The sugar was all right, but Richmond coffee, branded, Rio, was rye roasted and ground.

Libby prison filled up that fall and winter, and at the highest there were over 1000 men in the six rooms. About this time exchanges stopped, and there were many stories told at the north, about the hardships and sufferings of the prisoners in southern prisons, and soon there were liberal contributions of all sorts from friends at home, very largely food, but also books, clothing, and games to kill time. At first the authorities were scrupulously careful about giving out these supplies. I received a box when I had been there two or three months, and was called down to the office, and asked to open it, which I did, took out enough of the contents to enable the official standing by,

to see that there was nothing contraband, when he told me to take it along.

By and bye, some of the too smart men, smuggled in whiskey in fruit cans, or in bottles in the middle of a jar of butter. A friend, who was exchanged, arranged to send me a small box from Washington, and he put a $10.00 bill in a vial which was put in the middle of a roll of butter, and I got it all right. But after a few cans of whiskey had got in, with the usual results, the prison officials discovered the method.

Then they punched holes in all the cans, and cut up rolls of butter and to do this they opened the boxes before calling the owners. Then probably if some hard-up "Confed" who had to pay $100.00 for a pair of boots found a nice pair in a box he also found the temptation to appropriate them strong, and prisoners began to complain of missing things.

Finally shipments from northern friends came in great quantities. I saw at one time a canal boat come up from Rockett's, pretty well piled up with boxes.

When such quantities arrived, the authorities could not immediately inspect all, in the rigorous fashion then followed, and so stored them in an unoccupied building separated by a narrow alley from the prison. And then a long time passed before they were issued, and many never got their property.

While in this store house it is perhaps not surprising that the confederate soldiers of the guard, should find that there were desirable things there, and it was supposed to be a quite common thing for them to slip in by the back way at night, and help themselves.

And this circumstance had a bearing on another event of prison experience, which will come up later.

Libby prison, and the other military prisons in the vicinity, were guarded by two or three companies of soldiers. The building stood fronting on a street, and close to the side walk. An alley about 20ft wide, separated it on one side from another warehouse. On the other side was a wide vacant lot, and behind, a wharf perhaps ~~about~~ 100ft wide made a landing place from the canal. Beyond the canal was ~~the~~ James river.

The daily guard was 36 men besides the corporals, sergeant, and officer. This made reliefs of 12 men, and these sentinels cried the hours day and night.

The daily guard mounting, furnished for a half hour, occupation for the idle. The ceremony took place in the street in front of the prison, and while it was in progress the windows overlooking the ground were usually filled with critical spectators, commenting on the movements of the awkward, noting failures to meet the regulation forms, or criticising the deficiencies of equipment and uniform, or the southern intonation of the commands. During the ceremony muskets were loaded, and on one unfortunate day, a careless soldier dropped the hammer after capping his musket, and the bullet went through the head of one of the watchers at an upper window, killing him almost instantly. There was buzz of excitement all through the prison, and many were hot with indignation at the wanton murder of an unoffending and helpless victim, as they thought and said, but there was no way to make their indignation felt, and gradually the ferment subsided. With many others, I was never inclined to believe the shooting intentional. It seemed to be the result of the careless handling of a musket by an inexpert soldier. The guards were generally youthful and in appearance good tempered, and they did not look like boys who would shoot to kill, without any reason or any warning. I recall but one instance of deliberate firing by the guard. One man put his head out of a window in disregard of orders that this should not be done. A sentinel warned him to get back, and as he did not move immediately, fired at him, but he got out of the way in time, and the bullet failed to reach the mark.

In the routine of the prison was a daily roll call at 8 A.M., which was not a roll call, but a count.

An officer, sergeant and two soldiers came in, and everybody from the four east and center rooms was sent into the west rooms. Then we passed back through one door and were counted. We were liable to a visitation from some official at any time, so it was not well to be planning any mischief against the authorities, or to be caught in any compromising situation. A Squad of darkies scrubbed the floors weekly, but that was hardly enough for perfect cleanliness. Inherent conditions, or previous occupancy had populated the building with unpleasant companions, and none of us escaped their intimacy. In other respects conditions were not altogether satisfactory. There was no privacy, and if one wished a bath, he took it in presence of the whole room.

At our first introduction we had the privilege of writing as we chose, all letters being of course subject to inspection, and this privelige was used when we were able to buy paper and postage. It is not surprising that men with facile pens, and unlimited leisure, should use this privilege extensively, and when our population became large, it was no doubt a burden to the official who had to inspect all this literature. So, by and bye, came an order restricting the number of letters one might write, and later the limit was one a week.

There are always some smart men who think they can beat the thimble rigger at his game, and so there were men in the prison who thought they could beat the officials in the matter where the office had full control and always the last move in the game, and when letters were reduced to one a week, they got the largest paper that could be found, and interlined and crossed this in a way that no doubt, sent the letter into the stove when it reached the office, but the effect on our interested public was, that another order limited letters to six lines once a week. Even then the smart men tried still to beat the game, by getting the longest possible strips of paper and writing the six lines on that, but whether these effusions ever got outside the office door, nobody knows.

One genius after writing his six lines, added as much as he chose with onion juice,- and warned his correspondents to hold the letter to the fire.

Our mails came at irregular intervals, by flag of truce boat, and when received there was a general hurrah.

Adj't Knaggs of a Mich. cavalry regt. was post master. He was a clever, pleasant appearing young fellow, with a strong clear voice, and when a mail arrived he mounted a bench or table, and called off the names of the fortunate, while we all gathered round, waiting for our prizes in the lottery.

Men of active out door habits found the time hanging heavy on their hands, when restricted to the inside of a building, and practically to one room. When I entered Libby the older residents had several occupations organized.

Besides the permanent interest in bread and meat which occupied a share of every one's thoughts, there were a number of studies in progress. An expert was teaching a considerable class Pitman's system of short-hand.

There was a regular school in which there were classes in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Latin, and perhaps other branches; there were independent students of German and French, and a good number of law students.

I joined a number of students of French, and during that winter acquired enough knowledge of it to read plain narative style. I was never very sure of pronunciation, for besides my own deficiencies, I always had a doubt of the teacher, who though an educated man, was a Swiss with German accents. In all the studies, I think considerable progress was made. The incipient lawyers contrived to get some fun out of their study by organizing a court, and conducting a breach of promise

trial, protracted through many days.

The judge was a Capt. Smith of the regular army, and he astonished every body at the close of the trial, by a charge to the jury, which able lawyers (and there were several in the prison, who have since ranked rather high in the profession, and have themselves delivered charges from the bench that were considered quite notable, and who were even then men of legal reputation) declared for eloquence, legal acumen, and clear and methodical statement, equalled anything they had ever heard from the bench of any court.

Books were in pretty fair supply - Harper's made quite a donation of fiction - many received books with other supplies from home - and study books, were to some extent bought in Richmond. But reading and study did not meet the needs of all. Those mechanically inclined made numerous trinkets from the bones of their beef ration. One man made from cigar boxes a neat wooden clock which kept fair time the rest of the winter. Games of chess, checkers, backgammon, etc, amused many. I have seen Gen Scammon and an opponent sit at chess all day long. I suppose there must have been cards, but though it seems a little singular I cannot at this time recall any games.

The livelier and younger officers would have more active amusements - at one tome a negro minstrel performance, and occasionally an attempt at a dance, though as I remember it, those did not succeed very well - perhaps it took too much imagination to idealize the partners. There was occasionally a chance to give a mild "West Point hazing" to the latest arrival of "fresh fish" of which they always took advantage, - and a ring of the noisiest thought they got unlimited fun, out of [redacted] a game, where one man held a cap, and another bent over and buried his face in it, blindfolding him.

The rest stood around in a ring, and one gave the victim a tremendous slap. He would try to straighten up quick enough to see who struck him. If he guessed right they changed places, otherwise he was the recipient of more slaps.

At night, the wakeful, who had not found during the day enough scope for physical activity, to induce fatigue and sleep, found their mental activity stimulated, and went through all sorts of discussions, at long range, in the dark.

"Lights out" sounded at 10 P.M. Most of us [redacted] had no lights, and it was mainly a formality; but after we began, (some of us) to settle down for sleep a "hullabaloo" would begin,- sometimes the long catechism of the initiation ceremony of the 1001, and numerous other equally absurd dialogues.

Often they were annoying enough to call out a chorus of "dry up" from all over the room, but sometimes the performers succeeded in keeping everybody in a roar. When I arrived at Libby, our company were turned into a bare room, without the slightest furnishing. Some few chairs came in by purchase, [redacted], but most of the furnishing, was the product of native ingenuity. The boxes in which supplies came furnished some material, from which gradually grew chairs, stools, and tables. Our mess, Harkness, Burdick, Ellenwood, and self, bought a barrel of crackers, and the barrel was converted into a fairly comfortable arm-chair, for which our blankets, furnished the upholstery.

At the time of our capture, all, or most of the men in our reg't, were wearing their blanket rolls, and so were provided with bedding. Some unlucky fellows captured without blankets, must have shivered on the bare floor during some of the winter nights. The prison authorities, never to my knowledge, furnished a blanket.

On the post which was the "headquarters" of our mess, we nailed one of our empty boxes, to make a place for our tin cups and plates, knives and forks, books and tools,- drove a few nails to hang our hats, and sometimes our coats on, and then we had "all the comforts of a home".

When the mechanically inclined, began their work they were mostly provided with pocket knives, and steel table knives. We made saws by hacking the edges of two table knives together until they were pretty well notched, and they worked very well. I had a small half round file,

but don't now remember how it came in my possession.

I ground down the end on the brick wall, until I had a fair kind of chisel. A piece of slate made a whetstone and the dust of the slate with a woolen rag, made a polisher for bone work. Time was of little account there, and it did not matter that it took a whole day to grind down the end of a file.

Just about the time we entered Libby prison the exchange of prisoners was broken off. I dont at this time remember all the causes of the disagreement. As, I remember it now, there were in the western armies some troops raised in Alabama after we occupied the northern part of the state. Some of these men were in the command of Col. Streight, who made a cavalry raid through some of the gulf states, but finally came to grief, being captured with almost all his force.

The confederates claimed that the Alabama men owed allegience to the confederacy, and were traitors, and threatened execution. Naturally, our government would listen, to no such claims, and promptly retaliated with a threat to execute enough to over balance the account. As we held much the larger number of prisoners the advantage was with the gov't. Each side began to hold on to all the prisoners they took. Some other questions which I cannot recall, came up. I think another of the difficulties came from the proposed execution by our government of some spies, in whom the confederates took special interest.

This occurred in the summer before I was captured and the prison authorities selected by lot, two captains, Flynn and Sawyer, from among the officers they then held, who were locked up as hostages for the spies. Again the gov't. retaliated, by holding two rebel officers of higher rank, and, I am quite sure, one of them was Fitzhugh Lee whom the American people; with their usual short memory, and tendency to jump to conclusions, were lauding so highly two years ago.

The upshot of the matter was, nobody was executed, unless it was the spies,- I don't remember about that - and two or three months later Flynn and Sawyer were returned to the common quarters.

But while no exchanges were made except occasional limited transfers of sick and wounded men, rumors of exchanges to come, were frequent and persistent, and their discussion, was the perennial occupation of the prison.

Rarely a week passed without a new story, which was turned in every light, and discussed from every point of view, and with an abounding hope, which though constantly deferred, did not seem to make the hearts sick. But while some, and the most of us, looked only to an exchange, as a means of escape, a few resolute men planned their own release,

Under our prison was a cellar, and as before stated, on the west side, was an alley 20ft wide. Beyond the alley was the building in which were stored the boxes sent by northern friends to prisoners. This building was much shorter than the prison, and behind it was a yard, enclosed by a high tight fence. Six or seven men who planned the escape, commenced operations with great secrecy. On the first floor west was the hospital, and next to it our cooking room, and in the thick partition wall were two flues with fireplaces. In front of each of these chimneys a half dozen cook stoves were placed, in a segment of a circle.

In one of these fireplaces the conspirators began work, by digging out bricks from the back and bottom, working down obliquely until they had a hole into the cellar under the hospital. They kept the hole covered during the day with the array of kettles kept there for our cooking.

Having access to this cellar they started a tunnel under the alley. After digging the stones out of th wall, the earth was dug out with knives and tin cups. As the tunnel progressed - a hole just large enough for a man to lie down in, and work himself forward - another man would draw out the loaded cups or pans by a string, and fan in fresh air to the digger. The dirt was spread on the bottom of the cellar, and fortunately there was some straw, which served to cover it,- but the cellar was rarely visited, and discovery there was unlikely.

After several weeks the tunnel was completed beyond the fence, and it only remained to break through the thin crust left at the end. But by this time in spite of all the secrecy, a good many knew something was going on. Col. Rose of the 79th Pa. was one of the leaders. His knowledge as a mining engineer had been serviceable. His quarters were close by ours, and we noticed one morning that he was carefully cleaning fresh earth from the knees of his trousers. Of course we knew he had been on the ground somewhere.

Ellenwood and myself went down to the cooking room and made a careful search of the whole floor, for the only idea that occurred to us, was that a piece of floor had been taken up to get into the cellar. But after a long hunt we found nothing. The makers of the tunnel had a carefully considered plan, to help out as many as possible.

They thought men might begin to go out about 12 (midnight) and the exit continue about two hours, and time still remain to get out of the city before morning. They estimated that forty or fifty men could go out during that time. Some one remaining inside was to keep tally of the number, and at roll call next morning, after being counted through the door, we were to go up stairs, and through a nailed up door, loosened for the occasion, enough were to go back, to be counted over and keep the number good. In this way they had some hope the tunnel might be used two or three nights.

This part of the plan would probably have failed, because a conconsiderable number of our officers were personally well known to the rebel officials, and among these were some, who were to go out the first night, and they would have been missed at the first roll call.

But the plan failed earlier. A number were notified to go, and of the hour when they should start. They made some preparation which was observed by their neighbors. The rooms already alert at the idea that <u>something</u> was on foot, began to see what it was, and the information spread.

By 11 oclock there was quite a general stir. The managers saw that their plan was gone, - dropped all effort to control, and tried onlyto get out themselves.

From that time until 4 A.M. nearly two hundred men crept out through the tunnel. We, (of our mess) were not in the effort. Harkness and Burdick were not robust enough, - Ellenwood and self had made no preparation, had not studied in the least the lay of the country, and would have been in doubt which way to go when out. Then with the crowd that was struggling to get out, the chances of success seemed small. We did not even get up to see, so much of the excitement as could be seen in the dark. We knew without leaving our blankets that a hundred or more men, were down in the cook room, each eager to be the first at the outlet, and just outside the door and windows sentinels were pacing back and forth on the curbstone, and hourly crying "All's well". Every few minutes there would be a silent panic, and we could hear a subdued rush for the stair, and when nothing developed, there was again a gradual gathering at the opening, in the fire place. All this time men were getting out as fast as they could squeeze through the tunnel, emerging in the enclosure behind the next building, and out at the back gate, on the wharf, and then each chose his own course. The sentinels on the wharf side of Libby could hardly help seeing some of them, and they did see them. It may be remembered, that the soldiers of the guard were supposed to be in the habit of making free with the contents of prisoners boxes stored in the warehouse adjoining the prison, and when the sentinels, saw a man coming out at that back gate they took him to be one of their comrades, who had been helping himself to something, and no alarm was raised. I think the escape was known to the prison officials before the roll-call, next morning.

Some of the escaped, ran into the rebel pickets before they were fairly outside the city, - were brought in, and this gave the first information. Col. Rose a principal organizer of the scheme, got out of Richmond, and started as did many others, for Gen. Butler's lines down

the peninsula. He did not go very far before he encountered a rebel picket, and was captured. He was started back toward the city in charge of a soldier, but after they got out of sight of the picket, he surprised and disarmed his guard, and started again. But luck was against him, and he was brought in by another party.

The next night was extremely cold, - it is still remembered as the "Cold New Year", Jan 1st 1864.

Many suffered with the cold. One party tried to go down James River in a boat. At a place where the confederates had the river obstructed, they upset their boat in getting over the obstruction, and getting wet were in such danger of freezing to death, that they went ashore and gave themselves up to the guard at that point. Some of the earliest, to escape, must have reached Gen. Butler's lines rather early in the morning, and as soon as it was known that a number of escaping prisoners were coming that way, the picket lines were pushed out as far as possible, and thus some were helped to get into friendly neighborhood But a good many were unlucky, and encountered the rebel pickets, and they began to come in early in the day, and within two days, I think considerably more than half were back.

I was always surprised that so many escaped as did, for the troops garrisoning the defenses of Richmond must have formed a pretty close cordon about the city.

Some of the recaptured were returned immediately to the rooms where they belonged. Others were put in the dungeons, which were rooms partitioned off, in the front part of the cellars, - cold, damp, and dark, and were kept there two or three weeks. When they returned to the common quarters, they had pretty white faces. I could never discover by what process the authorities selected the victims, who should be consigned to the cellar. There seemed to be no connection between their share in the tunneling out, and the degree of punishment.

The official force of the prison, so far as we knew it, was Maj. Turner, commanding, a sergeant called George, (but I don't know whether that was his name, or a title bestowed on him because he was from a Georgia reg't.) and a clerk named Ross. There were probably others, but these three were all we saw, and some of these we did not see often. Very few of us had more than the slightest intercourse with any of them.

Major Turner was a man stern in appearance and when he did enter the rooms, seemed to have little or nothing to say. This may have been a part of his official dignity.

George was more frequently in the rooms - was there every day, keeping an eye on our proceedings, and on occasion would talk a little, but was never familiar. He always wore a large revolver in his belt, and on one occasion, when he though he was too much crowded, or too familiarly or impertinently addressed, he drew and cocked it, but nobody was hurt.

Little Ross, as he was called, the clerk, was personally known to some of the New York men, who said he was a renegade New Yorker. He was a small man, and when he came into the prison rooms, appeared smiling and pleasant, and talked freely and pleasantly wherever he had occasion to do so, but none the less, his character as a northern man, affiliating with the confederacy, made him cordially detested. In fact we didn't like any of them, but looking back from a distance of thirty-six years, I dont know that they were more rigorous than their duty required.

Occasionally on a Sunday the clergy of Richmond came in to give us the benefit of their counsel. On one of these occasions the Roman Catholic Bishop of that Diocese gave us a sermon on the grounds for the claims of the church to supremacy. He was an able man, and his address staid in my memory very much longer than sermons usually do.

A few times some of our own officers made addresses. Gen Neal Dow was one afternoon making an encouraging speech - reviewing the progress of the federal armies, and the signs of weakness and collapse in the confederacy, - the reasons for hopefulness of final and near victory, etc, etc, when word was passed up the stair, that George was coming, (the office seemed to have heard that there was a gathering of some kind)

and almost immediately he appeared at the top of the stairway, - but Gen. Dow was eloquently attacking the evils of the liquor trafic and enlarging on the benificent results of ~~the~~ prohibitive laws.

Sometimes we had visitors to lookus over though this did not occur frequently. One of these parties included Gen. John Morgan the noted raider, and three or four of his officers, and on one occasion, a party of ladies was escorted through the roomd to view the menagerie.

The winter wore away in our monotonous routine, and spring and the month of May arrived. Then there was stir and excitement in the air. The Army of the Potomac under Grant's direction, started on the Wilderness campaign, and as they advanced southward Richmond was in commotion. There was suppressed excitement in the prison, and among the officials, - we could see it in the people on the street -.

The tremendous struggle in the Wilderness, was bringing Grant nearer, almost daily, and sometime before the middle of May we were notified that we were to move. I have no diary of this time, and my memory of dates is not good, but while the armies were maneauvering and fighting around Spotsylvania and the North Anna, we were on a bright May morning marched out of the doors of Libby, and without regret, we took a last look at the view of Belle Isle up the river, and the cotton factories of Manchester beyond, on one side, and at the rubbish heaps in the vacant lot, and the shabby tents of the guard quarters, and the unhandsome walls of Castle Thunder and the Pemberton building on the other; at the hard floors and dingy walls of Libby itself, and tramped away with our small belongings to the southwestern train that was to carry us to new scenes, and to somewhat varied, if not entirely new, experiences.

5757

Read before a gathering in Hempstead
Jan. 1st 1879

A Watch Meeting.

Sixteen

~~Twenty-five~~ years ago next New Years Eve, I attended a watch meeting. There was a watch meeting at the Methodist church last New Years Eve and perhaps some of you know what it was like. The people gathered in the evening, in their warm and lighted church, and sometimes they prayed, and sometimes they sang; and one talked, and another talked, as the last hours of the year went by. And when the hands of the clock showed that the old year was dead and a new one beginning, they had a final prayer, and perhaps they shook hands, and congratulated each other that they had seen the opening of another year, and some probably made good resolutions, to be kept, or broken, as their good angels, or chance, or other influences, might determine.

But the watch meeting I shared in was not just like that. There were watchers enough, and perhaps some of them prayed, and some perhaps resolved on better lives for the future, if future there were for them. But there was no warmed and lighted church. Only the cold canopy of the sky. No festooned greenery of Christmas decoration, though in places the green boughs of cedar hung darkly overhead. No glitter of lamp light on gilded inscription, proclaiming "On earth peace and good will to men." But instead the glimmer of moon and stars on bronze guns and the shining steel of bayonets.

Watchers enough. Sixty thousand men were gathered there, and over yonder, across the narrow debateable ground, sixty thousand more were watching and waiting too. And all along the picket lines, across the open fields, and through the cedar thickets, sentries by hundreds paced slowly up and down and peered sharply through the gloom toward these other watchers only a little distance off. No hymns to be heard here, but occasionally, the sharp challenge, "Halt. Who comes there?" at some suspicious sound, or to the inspecting officer on his rounds, or to the relief at it's hourly appearance. And behind them are grouped their wakeful reserves, all watching and silent too, except as they review in low tones, the events, the rumors and surmises of the day, the fate of comrades, known or imagined, and conjecture as to the near to-morrow.

And then come the long lines of weary men lying blanketless on the cold ground, with no cover from the frosty air of the December night, lying wakefully in spite of weariness with hands grasping their arms, or perhaps moving restlessly about, to wear away the slow hours of the chill night--but all watchers.

And behind all, the tents of the commanding general, and here are watchers too. Perhaps with corps commanders topographical maps are studied, new positions are planned, and the strength and disposition of divisions are discussed. And all the night through sabres clank, and the quick clatter of hoofs is heard as aids and orderlies mount and ride out in search of information, or returning messengers dismount at the front, bringing reports from subordinate commanders, telling what shattered remnants remain of the battalions that stubbornly bore the shock, what morale has been restored to the broken columns that yielded under the pressure, what fugitives have been brought back to the ranks, what shamed battalions which faltered yesterday will to-morrow redeem their honor and prestige, what movements sentinels and scouts discover in the hostile lines, what counter movements can be made to meet or take advantage of them.

These were some of the tales that filled the hours, which

you may be sure did not drag slowly there. Little time there to watch the progress of the swiftly flying minutes, or to make good resolutions for the coming year, save perhaps the one brave, prompt, resolve to make to-morrow witness telling blows for union and country. Little time had the commander for regret over his chief of staff, whose headless body reeled from the saddle by his side six hours ago. Little time had any there for sorrow over friends and comrades who to-day dropped out of sight and out of existence.

And there were other watchers, in hospital tents, in the few farm houses near, and under surrounding trees, the thousands of groaning wounded watched the passing of the dreary night, while surgeons handled their instruments with monotonous regularity, and rough assistants, grown callous by familiarity with the sight of mangled limbs and the sounds of pain, hastily bound up throbbing wounds, or administered stimulant and passed rapidly to the next.

And among all there were some who did not watch, perhaps a few of the wearied ranks, forgot cold and discomfort in the brief oblivion of sleep. And all around, lying cold under the light of moon and stars, in the level fields, or hidden in the dark shades of the cedar thickets , out beyond the lines of pacing sentinels, and before the grim muzzles of the now silent cannon, lying by hundreds wherever the charging lines had met, or wherever the hissing bullets had sought them out, were the silent forms of soldiers who had fought their last fight. For them toil and hardship were ended. No more of the sentinel watch for them. No more of the hopes and fears of the varying conflict or the uncertain to-morrow. And the reville of bugle and drum will be unheeded by them whose only wakening will be at the sound of the archangels trumpet.

"On fames eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with ceaseless round,
The bivouac of the dead."

And our watching did not end when the dipper slowly revolving round the pole star showed that it was past midnight. Nobody said "Good night" or "Happy New Year" and shook hands and started for home. Sober and silent we watched still through the first small hours of 1863 till the gray light of the morning began to show in the east. And men made little fires to boil their coffee and roast their bacon, and then, with a sudden, tremendous, roar of artillery, the watch meeting ended.

Captains shouted, "Fall in", "Fall in", and soldiers sprang to their ranks. The night was over and another day of battle was begun.

And this was our watch meeting in 1863.

by Lo. D. Hinkley

SOME RECOLLECTIONS
of
the 10th Wisconsin Infantry at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept 19th & 20th, 1863.

In these days when a new war, with new conditions, and apparently new objects, is stirring the interest of the American people, the association of ideas revives also an interest in the war of thirty-five years ago, for the maintenance of our Federal Union, and especially does it bring up in the minds of the veteran soldiers of that war the scenes of their own campaigning days.

Remembering this, I propose to recall a few of the events, in which you, my comrades of the 10th Wis. shared, in that summer and early fall of 1863, just thirty-five years ago, and in part on the very ground where the government is now mustering its forces.

Not one of us then pulled his forage cap over thinned or whitened hair, or helped his failing sight with opticians lenses, or hesitated in his steps, and the changed appearance of our comrades reminds us that these things occurred, really a long time ago.

You remember the days of our long encampment at Murfreesboro, with its battalion, brigade and division drills and the camps, settled down to almost a home like quietness.

You remember the sudden break in this monotony, when on June 24th we marched on the Manchester "pike", and saw the whole horizon gray with the dust raised by the marching columns, which crowded every southern road, and you may remember that from that day noon, dust troubled us no more, as we tramped through the rain and mud of the succeeding two weeks.

Perhaps, too you will remember a sickening sensation, and a failing of the heart, when we came up to Hoover's Gap and saw the row of dead laid out beside the road,— dead who had fallen when Wilder's men made the first rush at the gap.

And do you remember the tremendous rain and the pitchy darkness of the night through which we approached Manchester and made our moist bivouac at two or three o'clock A.M., and that here we learned when day dawned, that the rapid and brilliant maneouvers of the past five days, had forced Bragg and the rebel army to evacuate Tullahoma and the strong works on which they had labored all the year, almost without firing a gun?

And do you remember how by easy stages and long camps, the first of Sept. found us only at Anderson Station? And that then came a change when we marched on the 2nd and on the 4th crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport, scaled the Raccoon range and came down into Lookout Valley, turned toward Chattanooga, and then when near Trenton suddenly faced about and started south, until in Johnson's Crook we faced Steven's Gap in the Lookout range?

You will surely remember our crossing here, and the innumerable slips and falls with which we made our midnight descent of the steep zigzag road down the south-eastern slope, and here found ourselves in hostile neighborhood. At least we could infer so much, when we made our little bivouac with orders to turn out at 3 A.M. without noise. And from this point began the immediate preliminary movements of the battle of Chickamauga.

At a little past 3 A.M. the tired men were roused, and soon we marched across the valley, known here as Mc Lemore's Cove. It is the head of the valleys of Chattanooga and Chickamauga Creeks, and Missionary Ridge which divides them is here but a slight elevation.
We arrived about 8 o'clock A.M. in front of Dug Gap, in the Pigeon hills, where we found Gen. Negley's Division. Picket firing was going on and the rebels appeared to be in force. Still we put up our shelter tents and seemed to be making arrangements to stay, but near noon we

were ordered to pack up, fall in, and move to the front. As we went down the road, not to the east but nearly north, and parallel with the supposed front, we passed the Head Quarters of Gen.Baird who had lately succeeded Gen.Rousseau in command of the Division.

His tents had been pitched that morning as if he too had intended to stay a while, but as we passed, his servants were pulling them down and loading the wagons, and acting as if in a hurry.

We had not yet learned, and did not learn until later, that the two divisions of Negley and Baird numbering less than 10,000 men and isolated by the high range of Lookout Mountain from all support, were within five miles of the whole rebel army, and in imminent peril of destruction.

The 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 14th Corps, which at this time consisted of the 2nd, 33d and 94th Ohio, 38th Ind.and 10th Wis. was formed in columns and advanced a short distance into the woods to the front.

We deployed into line, and from the 10th, Companies B and K were thrown out as skirmishers. We went quite a distance to the front in thick brush, but we saw no one though bullets were singing through the bushes in a lively way.

While standing here Gen.Baird and three or four of his staff rode to where this writer stood. He looked at me rather sharply, and said. "Lieutenant what are you doing here?" I said I was with a skirmish line. He looked around but did not see anybody, and demanded still more sharply, Where abouts?" Where are your men?" I took a step forward, pointed out the nearest, and said."Here is one man and the next is right there, and the line runs down that way". He looked at them but didn't seem to be satisfied yet. "Why don't you move your line forward?" I said, "I am not commanding the line. My Captain is down to the right, and our Major in command of Skirmishers is somewhere that way".

The Gen. looked as if he thought I merited some further remarks, but he rode off to the right, and I suppose he found the major, as we shortly moved forward down a slight slope until we came to a fence where we found and relieved skirmishers of the 19th Ill. Beyond the fence was an open field of twenty-five or thirty rods with a fence and woods on the other side. And here until about 3.30 P.M.,some two hours, we exchanged shots with the rebel skirmishers. Nobody was hit on our side, and if anybody saw one of the rebels he did better than I did.

The direction of the firing showed them to be moving to our left flank, and at 3.30 we were ordered to retire.

When we reached the place where we had left the regiment we found it gone, and we hunted back through the woods for two miles or more before we overtook it. Some surprise was expressed when we rejoined. We had been having a quiet, easy time in the bushes without a thought of any special danger, but higher officers,better informed of the situation, had given us up for lost.

When we came up to the regiment, we found all the troops retiring on the road by which we had come in the morning. By dark we had reached the west bank of Chickmauga Creek, the rebels following our rear guard closely. We made our bivouac here only a couple of miles from our starting place of the morning.

By the time we were fairly established it was quite dark.

An officer was sent out with a detachment to establish a picket line on the other side of the creek. The confederates following,had meantime advanced their picket lines pretty near to the creek, and when our detachment was marching out they were fired into, and promptly ran away. All but one man. He dropped to the ground and lay still. After a few minutes of silence he softly said "I surrender. No reply

and he raised his head and said a little louder,"I surrender". Again no answer, and he cautiously got on his feet and said a third time "I surrender", but nobody seemed to want him, and he lost no time in getting back to the bridge, where his comrades had gathered. The fact seemed to be,that the rebel picket was as panicky as ours, and when the advancing detachment ran into them, they fired their guns and ran, as promptly as did our men.

The early morning found us back at the foot of the mountain but we saw, at this time, nothing more of the confederate force that hurried us away from Dug Gap.

Some military writers have given Generals Negley and Baird much credit for the ability with which they extricated their commands from a perilous position.

Brannan's Division joined us this day.

We lingered here five days until Thursday 17th, a general air of uncertainty and expectation about the camps,while events were thickening elsewhere.

Then we marched down the valley to the vicinity of Bird's Mills on Chickamauga Creek some eight or nine miles N.E. We saw no enemy here, but they were said to be close in front. The air was full of rumors, and of the vague uneasiness that seemed to indicate, we didn't know just how things were going.

Friday afternoon Sept.18th you boys will remember, we were ordered for picket, but just before we were ready to move out, the Division was ordered to march, with the 10th Wis. as flankers.We got on the road at 7 o'clock P.M. The night was very dark.

Some of you boys of the right wing companies, may remember the almost inextricable tangle in which you became involved, when the attempt was made to take intervals in the darkness of the woods, and how the effort was given up and the flankers recalled to the column.

I think all of you will remember that night march past the rebel army bivouacked in the woods along Chickamauga Creek. Judge Tourgee in "A Fools Errand" gives it a thrilling description.

And all of you will remember our early morning halt at the point where our road crossed the Alexander's bridge road, where the battery which preceded us had unlimbered a gun which was pointed down the road toward the bridge, while the others were ready to be put into instant action. And while we made our coffee and ate our crackers, Brannan's Division filed past, and as we ate we listened to the first spattering skirmish firing, which so soon led up to the louder roar of the actual battle.

Perhaps too you all remember the story of the isolated rebel brigade, cut off on our side of the creek when Colonel Dan Mc Cook's command burned Reed's Bridge, and you all saw Brannan's Division form its lines, and advance into the open woods on the right of the road to capture that brigade. And you can scarcely have forgotten how that brigade grew.

I am not attempting to cover the whole field, or to describe the larger operations, which extended over many miles of country, but to recall to your recollection that part of the historic field which was under our own observation, and where we ourselves advanced and retreated, and your own memories can verify or correct the story as I tell it.

You will remember how quickly succeeding Brannan's advance our own division formed. The 1st Brigade with the 2nd and 33d Ohio and the 38th Ind.,in the first line and the 94th Ohio and the 10th Wis.,in the second line. Kings regulars of the 2nd Brigade on our right, and Starkweather's 3d Brigade in reserve, and we moved out into the woods to Brannan's right.

You will no doubt remember our rapid advance through the woods, sometimes to the front and sometimes by the left flank for nearly a

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mile, and the impetuous rush with which we here struck the rebel line, driving it nearly half a mile and capturing many prisoners, and you will remember the spirit and confidence of the resolute attack. And here we halted.

We had been moving forward with a convex front, and as each regiment moved directly forward intervals widened between the battalions, until, at this point the second line was moved up to fill the gaps in the first, and the intervals were still far too wide.

King's brigade was out of sight, at least from the part of the line where I stood. I think Starkweather's brigade had also been moved up to extend and fill out the line, though I did not see this. And Brannan's Division was also out of sight to our left. We looked down an easy slope on our left to the north, and to the east the bottom of the valley was just in front with the opposite slope rising before us.

Captain Harkness with Company A was ordered out to cover the front with skirmishers. The line was ordered to lie down, which we did, with our heads down hill. Van Pelt came up with his guns, (which you probably all remember as Loomis' battery) which unlimbered, two of them being close behind my company. Captain Harkness had not finished his deployment, when he saw the rebel line advancing, and instantly ordered his men to assemble on the battalion, which they did on the run.

If any Company A men who were in that line are present, perhaps they can tell more of the details. But rapidly as they came in, the advance of the rebel line was equally swift. They came down on our right flank with a terrible fire, to which our men lying with heads down hill could make no adequate reply. The enemy crowded on and past the flank and the line began to give way. Colonel Ely shouted to fix bayonets, but it was too late, and soon the men who two hours ago had rushed to the attack with such spirit and confidence were going rapidly to the rear. Of course I saw most of the events at the left of the line.

The men of my company attempted to get on their feet to return the first volley of the enemy, but Van Pelt's gunners with the lanyards ready to pull shouted, "Lie down" " Lie down" which for a moment kept our boys flat, while the canister from the guns hissed over them. But the line was giving way fast and some how they got from under the muzzles of the cannon and to the rear. In my company in these brief minutes Eugene Stalker was killed. Serg't H.Prentice, and E.Houghtaling Geo.Norton and Ephraim Atkins were wounded.

The firing of the battery brought upon it the concentrated fire of the enemy. Horses and men were falling. Van Pelt was killed. His gunners attempted to limber up, but with wounded men, and dead and wounded horses entangled in the harness they were unable to clear the guns and two pieces fell into the hands of the enemy.

Going back through the woods, it seemed useless to attempt any rallying under fire. I shortly over took Serg't Prentice shot through the ankle or between the ankle and the knee, and limping painfully to the rear, and tried to give him some help. But we were soon pretty well out of the firing, and I thought I ought to be trying to do something else. I called another man who was near and asked him to help Prentice to the rear. By this time we had gone back pretty well toward our starting point of the morning and were able to begin to reform our ranks, and the greater part of the regiment was soon in line though the men had hardly yet recovered their nerve, so rudely shaken.

As I said before I am not attempting to tell the story of the battle, but some parts of it involve our own experiences.

When Brannan's Division at its first advance struck the rebel line it encountered Pegrams Division of Forest's Cavalry fighting dismounted. Unable to stand against Brannan it was reinforced by Armstrong's Division, and again by Ector's brigade of Walker's Division of Infantry. This brought Brannan to a stand still, but the arrival of Bairds

Division drove back Walker's Division which had now all been put into the fight, but when we halted to readjust our line, Liddell's fresh division struck us in flank with the results before stated.

We did not then know the relative forces, but later knowledge proved that the divisions of Brannan and Baird successfully attacked the rebel divisions of Pegram and Armstrong and most or all of the division of Walker, but gave way before the flank attack of Liddell's Division.

But just about this time Palmer's Division arrived and checked the confederate progress, and when he began to find heavy work against the gathering remainders of these four rebel divisions, Reynolds arrived to his assistance, and together they forced back the lines that had been too much for Brannan and Baird, and us.

Ever since I have been able to put the history of these events in connection with my own observations, it has seemed to me that all that lost us this battle field, was a failure of generalship.

Perhaps, too much confidence in our superiority to the enemy, led first to a wide dispersion of our several corps, and when their aggressive movements forced us to fight, our troops arrived on the field, one division after another, just fast enough to be beaten in detail, or to be perilously near it.

I did not take much note of time while all this was going on, but think it must have been pretty well past noon, and possibly 2 o'clock before the division lines were re-established, and we took a position on a slight swell, a short distance east of the road up which we made our morning advent on the field. Here we lay until just about dark, when we moved up nearly to the ground of our morning encounter in support of an attack by Johnson's Division, or against an attack on them. I have never been quite clear which it was. It was too dark for either side to know much of the movements of the other.

Later knowledge shows that the confederate troops opposed to Johnson were the division of Cleburn supported by those of Cheatham Walker and Liddell, and Johnson was driven back carrying our line, which practicly was not engaged with it.

We made our bivouac that night at a place I have never been able to locate, somewhere between our starting place of the morning, and the limit of our advance.

I think you will all remember the frosty discomfort of that night, which kept many of us wakeful, in spite of fatigue and nervous exhaustion. And I think it was not difficult to rouse most of you in the early light of that calm Sunday morning, when we moved back to the low ridge along the east side of the Kelly field.

I think you will all remember, all of you who were there, the appearance of that field on which you spent that memorable Sunday. We lay along the crest of the low swell, with the 38th Indiana to our right. Down the slight slope fifteen or twenty rods in front the 2nd 33d and the 94th Ohio formed the first line. On their left along the open glade in the woods were the five battalions of regulars, and I cannot remember that any artillery was on their line or on that of our brigade. Can any of you? To the right Starkweather's brigade extended south, and then the left of Johnson's Division lapping over behind Starkweather clear up to our second line, (This was as much of the line as I could see from my position, but other divisions continued beyond, folowing the curve of the ridge to the south and south-west.

Do you remember the quietness of that Sunday morning after we had taken position? Except that down on the front line they were gathering old logs and stones, and where an ax could be found, felling such trees as they could, to build a slight barricade, which when they had done their best was hardly knee high? And it was 10 o'clock when the skirmishers' firing warned us of an attack, and the second line moved up to support the first. The struggle on our front was comparitively short and the attack was repulsed without ever getting very

close, and our second line was drawn back to its first position within an hour.

General Longstreet says in his story of the battle that the assaults here were desperate and repeated and that the troops engaged, two or three brigades of Breckenridge's command were fought to a condition, in which they could not be brought to another attack, and he quotes General Bragg as saying. "There is not a man on the right that has any fight left in him".

But off to our left where we could see the regulars lying along the opening in the forest, the attacking lines far outflanked the extremity of the regular line. We heard the noise of the firing and the yells, as they swept around the flank, and as the uproar reached their rear the left of the regulars gave way and came back to the right as far as our position. Still the noise came more and more to our rear, though the advancing force was out of sight in the woods.

I confess to being nervous at their rapid approach, and wanted Captain Ford to swing our company to face this advance, but he waited for the Colonel's orders.

The regulars who had come back were gathering irregularly at our left, and some of them firing at the woods. I remember "going for" a good looking sergeant who pointed his rifle over the tree tops, asking him "what was the use of firing that way" He didn't like it very well, to be called to account by a volunteer officer, and made an angry reply, but neither of us had time just then to continue the conversation.

Behind us was the open field, and just at this time Vanderveer's fine brigade came rushing down the slope at a double quick, and was within twenty rods of the edge of the woods, and just in our rear when the fore most of the rebel force, in wild disorder from their rapid advance through the woods, came out into the field. At sight of the line sweeping down upon them nearly all fell flat to escape the expected volley, and scarcely fired a shot. The advancing line rushed over them driving the remainder of the force back through the woods.

These were a few thrilling and exciting moments when to our limited view the fate of the day seemed trembling in the balance.

Byron Swan of Company K, a quiet boy who would never be suspected of intensity of feeling, dropped out of the ranks to join in the charge which hurled back the seemingly victorious progress of the rebel attack.

The regular line was re-established, with its left refused to guard against future flanking movements, and after two or three hours of sharp and exciting work the attack was repulsed all along the left.

The rebels who had gained our rear with so much uproar, were all gathered in to the number of 500 or 600 and sent back under guard.

After the firing had sunk to comparative quiet, and perhaps between one and two o'clock the 10th Wisconsin was drawn out of the second line and sent to the left of the regulars, the line here being so drawn back that it formed a broad hook, and where we formerly faced east we now faced north-west. Here we gathered such logs and stones as we could find, and made a slight barricade, perparatory to the attack we expected before night.

When the forenoon attack on our front was repulsed, it was carried along the line to the ~~front~~ right divisions attacking one after another, in search of a weak spot in our lines, but so far as we then knew, all went well with us, and we waited for the coming events.

About three o'clock or a little later there was an attack on the right, away off to the west of us, and the firing was long and heavy. With what result we did not then know, but judged from the direction of the firing that the rebels were driven back.

Along about this time or perhaps a little later, we saw a regiment or two marching across the field in our rear, going north-west. We did not at the time think much about this movement, except to wonder where they were going.

Between 4.30 and 5 o'clock P.M. the increase of skirmish firing warned us that the expected attack was coming, and soon the skirmishers came in. The attack was steady and persistent, coming most strongly on the front of the regular brigade, and on the portion of the first brigade occupying the old front, and but lightly on the 10th Wisconsin.

The regular line twice gave way and fell back but by the efforts of their officers and ours, was rallied and returned to its post.

I think you will all remember the bugler who stuck to his place so manfully, and sounded the recall to his comrades.

In the last effort to rally them, Colonel Ely of the 10th Wisconsin was mortally wounded. I saw him when he received the fatal bullet, whirl about and fall to the ground.

Darkness was approaching, the blaze of the guns shone red, and we began to hope that we should hold our line to the end. Of what would come when the days struggle should end, we had not yet thought.

Somewhat earlier than this, perhaps about five o'clock, Major Mc Kircher of the 10th was sent by Colonel Ely to obtain ammunition or a reinforcement. On the ridge south of us and half a mile or more distant a group of mounted officers was visible, and these were supposed to be the staff of our division Head Quarters. From the same vicinity a battery of artillery was throwing shells into the woods beyond our front.

Major Mc Kircher started for the group of officers, and his experience he told us a few days later, when we all had time to tell and to hear stories.

He approached the group breathless with his hasty journey and as he came up, an officer rode out to meet him.

"For God's sake send us ammunition or a reinforcement" gasped Mc Kircher. "I will take your sword Sir" was the reply, that made the situation as clear to the Major as if an hour had been taken to explain.

They were confederate officers, and the artillery was confederate guns. But we down in the edge of the woods still held on in blissful ignorance, until the final break in the dusk of evening.

The regulars who had been bearing the weight of the attack, had by th this time pretty nearly exhausted their ammunition and again broke from their line. This time they could not be rallied, and our own men adjoining were thus exposed to attack in flank and rear, and broke also.

Those of you who were there will not have forgotten the exciting moments that followed.

As our lines gave way most of our men went obliquely across the Kelly field to the south of west, where we supposed the main line of battle to be. There was no panic among the men, but only a belief that they were in an untenable position from which it was wise to retreat.

Most of the men of Company K were with me.

As we started across the Kelly field the uppermost thought with me was, what would happen when we reached, as we expected to, the main line, and the force supposably following us, came in on the rear of that line.

Before we had gone far we reached a point where the ground was favorable for a rally and I ordered a halt. All the men of my company rallied there and I think some others, but the most kept on. My men began to say, "It is of no use to stay here All the rest are going", and I could see that for myself, and I gave the order to go on.

The attacking force was cautious, and if they followed at all, did it slowly and at a distance.

When we moved from the rallying point there was no pursuit in sight. But the battery on the ridge to the south showered canister at us most viciously as we crossed the field. I do not know what casualties occurred here beyond my own company. Frederick Less was killed somewhere on this field, though in the gloom of the evening no one saw him fall.

At the west side of the field we came into the timber again, and struck into a woods road leading in the direction we wanted to go, a little south of west.

A short distance ahead of us were Captains Collins and Spencer, Lieutenant Patchin and some of their men. In the increasing dusk of the evening we saw them come upon two confederate soldiers, capture and disarm them, but a little further on, they being perhaps a dozen rods ahead of us, we saw them encounter another party of rebels and this time the tables were turned and our men made prisoners.

The men with me all stopped, and I think a sudden revelation of the situation came to us all. We came from the north-east, and presumably the attacking force was slowly following. In front of us to the west was another rebel force, and they had certainly been all day attacking from the east and south. The men with me scattered into the woods to the north. If there was any way out it must be there. With a little hesitation I followed but I had not gone forty rods when I saw another confederate party, and they had captured several of my men who had left me but a few minutes before. I stopped. I wasn't above running if I had known which way to run. But the boys called out "It is no use Lieutenant, they are all around us", and it seemed a plain fact that they were. The party came up to me and I joined the procession, and only a little way to the west we came to the rebel line of battle. The occasion was full of surprises to us.

We had discovered in crossing the Kelly field that the battery to the south was a rebel battery, and now we learned that the troops who held us were of Longstreet's corps, which up to the moment, we had not known to be out of Virginia. The particular body of troops was General Humphreys brigade of Missippians of Mc Law's Division, and we learned that all the ground to the south and west which we had supposed was held by our army, had been occupied by the rebel forces for hours, and the small portion of the line on the extreme left held by the regulars and Scribner's brigade, or a part of it, of Baird's Division, was the last foothold of the Union army on the field of its two days struggle.

The withdrawal of the 14th Corps had commenced on the right somewhere near the middle of the afternoon. Regiments and brigades had been successively retired, and the movement had followed down into Baird's Division, and there had been a failure to transmit the orders, leaving the few battalions on the left to take care of themselves.

It was the general belief at the time among the sufferers, that we had been sacrificed to cover the retreat of the rest of the corps, but of this I think there is no evidence.

When brought to the rebel line, we camped right then and there, and were told to make ourselves comfortable for the night. We lay down, and while I slept the sleep of utter fatigue, some unregenerate "reb" stole my rubber blanket, which as the night was cool, I had spread over me.

General Humphreys the brigade commander sat by a fire near us all night. He told some of our officers that his plantation in Missippi joined that of Jeff Davis and that the buildings had been burned by the Federal soldiers. Perhaps quite naturally his feeling toward us was decidedly bitter.

I don't know how others felt, but to me the first feeling was one of relief. Our effort had come to an end, whatever the result, we could now do nothing to avert or change it, and I dropped all the load of responsibility which even the most subordinate officer must feel in some degree.

I need say nothing of the subsequent movements, which ultimately landed us in Libby Prison in Richmond.

I have attempted here to give little beyond our own immediate experiences. Most of the material is from my diary written on the spot, supplemented by my recollections.

If any of you from your memory of the events can add to or correct my memoranda, I should be glad of such amendments.

Our civil war ranks as the most desperate and sanguinary of modern times. The losses in the fierce battles of the Napoleonic wars were never accurately known, and are always stated in round numbers, but it is questionable if they reached the percentages of many of the severe struggles of our civil war.

Colonel Fox says in his book, "Regimental Losses in the Civil War" "The greatest loss suffered by any troops in any of the tremendous battles of the Franco-German war of 1870, was by the 3d Westphalian Regiment at Mars La Tour, the loss having been a fraction over forty-nine per cent of the men engaged.

There were scores of regiments in both the Union and Confederate Armies whose losses in single battles ranged from fifty per cent up to the eighty-five per cent endured by the first Minnesota at Gettysburg. I might remind you boys, that Colonel Fox in an article in the Century Magazine several years ago in a list of regiments enduring heavy losses, included the 10th Wisconsin as losing fiftytwo per cent of the force engaged at Chaplin Hills.

Among the fierce struggles of the civil war Chickamauga ranks with the most desperate. The number of men engaged is as usual somewhat variously stated by reports on both sides, but on the whole the figures of the historians do not vary very largely.

General Cist in his "History of the Army of the Cumberland" states the numbers engaged, Union 55,000, Confederate 70,000.

General Turchin in his "History of the Battle of Chickamauga" gives in detail the organization of each army, naming every regiment and battery on both sides, but he does not give the strength of each, but gives the strength of the armies by divisions. His total figures are for the Union Army 57,840, Confederate 60,598.

General Longstreet in his book "From Manasses to Appomattox" gives the strength, Union Army 60,867, Confederate 60,366.

It has been frequently said that in the Confederate Army the reports showed the men actually taken into battle. I do not know whether this is so or not, and perhaps it is not necessary to inquire.

In the Union Army it was the custom to report the strength as shown on the morning reports "Present for Duty". This number was always considerably in excess of the actual fighting strength.

As an illustration I may mention Company K of the 10th about which I have personal knowledge. The morning report of Sept.19th'63 gave three officers and thirty-seven Non.Com. officers and men "present for duty", total forty, but of these there were a wagoner, musicians and another extra duty man, leaving but thirty-six for the battle line. Of these there went to hospital that morning three, leaving the actual strength which went into action, two officers and thirty-one men.

If the same reductions existed in all other companies of the Union Army the number actually engaged would fall below the estimate of General Cist.

The losses of the two days battle on the Union side are pretty fully and accurately reported, and different authorities give them with small variations. The Confederate losses were never accurately reported, but the authors of various histories are not so very widely apart in their figures.

To recapitulate, the strength and losses on both sides are given.

	Strength	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total Loss
By Gen.Cist, Un.	55,000	1678	9,394	5,255	16,366
Confed	70,000	2673	16,274	2,003	20,950
By Gen. Turchin Un.	57,840	1656	9,749	4,774	16,197
C.	60,598	1790	11,158	1,380	18,096

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		Strength	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total Losses
By Gen.Longstreet,	Union.	60,867				16,550
	Confed.	60,366				17,800
By Gen.Boynton	Union.	57,800				16,179
	Confed.	(57,000 to)				
		(76,200 to)	Compiled from various Confed sources.			17,804
		(81,200)				

(Gen.Boynton says it is impossible to reconcile the figures.)

General Longstreet says "that his command consisting of thirty-eight regiments of infantry, lost in two hours forty-four per cent of its strength and the opposing divisions of the Federal army a corresponging proportion. He names eighteen Confederate regiments which sustained losses ranging from forty-five per cent to sixty-eight per cent of their total force. Official reports show that the casualties on both sides exceeded thirty-three per cent of the troops actually on the field"

In the Union Army there were fifteen Divisions divided into forty-five brigades composed of 160 regiments Infantry, twenty-one regiments Cavalry, thirty-five Batteries Artillery.

In the Confederate Army there were also fifteen Divisions in forty-six brigades composed of one hundred and seventy-one regiments Infantry, thirty-nine regiments Cavalry, forty-six Batteries Artillery.

Our thirty-five batteries if all six gun batteries would have numbered two hundred and ten guns. Gen Turchin says we had one hundred and ninty-two. General Longstreet says we had two hundred and forty-six.

Of the forty-six batteries of rebel artillery, both Turchin and Longstreet say the records are inaccurate but the number of guns was about two hundred.

But the field, largely covered with forests was unfavorable for artillery, and probably neither army used any where near the full number of its guns.

General Baird reported the strength of the 1st Division before the battle at 5,541 men.

I have been entirely unable to find a statement of the strength of Scribner's(1st) brigade, or the number of men taken into action by the 10th Wisconsin. Assuming the three brigades to have averaged about alike the strength of each would have been 1,837, officers and men.

General Turchin gives the following list of losses.

1st Brigade 1st Division 14th Army Corps Colonel Scribner Com'dg

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total Losses
38th Ind.	13	57	39	109
2nd Ohio	9	50	122	181
33d "	14	63	83	160
94th "	2	22	22	46
10th Wis.	11	55	145	211
1st Mich.Art.	6	7	12	25
	55	254	423	732

These figures show the total loss of the brigade at forty per cent, and actual killed and wounded seventeen per cent.

As to the strength of the 10th Wisconsin on the morning of the battle, Sept.19th. The Wisconsin Monument Commission of which Captain Collins is a member, on the tablet of our monument, give the losses as given above by General Turchin, and add three officers and twenty-six men who constituted the full force on the morning of Sept.21st and make the total force engaged two hundred and forty.

I entertain some doubt of the accuracy of the figures as to both strength and losses.

Adj't General Gaylord of Wisconsin in his report for 1863 gives the killed in our regiment at eighteen, while the table gives it at eleven,

There were three officers killed, Colonel J.H.Ely, Captain Geo.M. West, Lieutenant Robert Rennie.

In Company K there were killed Eugene Stalker and Frederick Less. This makes five of the eleven and leaves but six to cover killed among the men of the other eight companies. I can hardly believe they escaped with so little loss.

As to the actual strength of the regiment, there were but nine companies engaged. Company G was absent as guard to a supply train. If my memory is correct Companies G and K were rather larger that any others in the regiment. As before stated Company K took into action two officers and thirty-one rifles.

If my recollection of the relative strength of companies is correct, we may have averaged for the nine companies thirty men each, a total for the regiment of two hundred and seventy.

If these figures are correct the total losses of the 10th Wisconsin were close to seventy-one per cent of the total strength, and the actual killed and wounded were twenty-four and one half per cent.

Of the names borne on the reports as"missing in action", a number were unquestionable killed, and all or nearly all of the remainder, made acquaintance with the miseries of Libby prison and the Pemberton warehouses, of Danville and Andersonville and Salisbury, and many a one of our still missing comrades saw their last sun set amid the horrors of those surroundings.

And what were the results of this desperate and sanguinary conflict? Certainly we lost the battle field and the rebels gained it, but were there any further or decisive results? When we marched from Murfreesboro in Midsummer, the strategic movements of the army under Rosecrans, compelled the abandonment of Tullahoma by the confederates, and their rapid retreat to Chattanooga.

The movements of the campaign in the late summer and early fall, again threatened the security of Bragg's communications at Chattanooga, and he withdrew to the vicinity of Lafayette, some twenty-five miles south, and here with the arrival of reinforcements, he assumed the offensive and the battle followed.

But Chattanooga the prize in this gladiatorial struggle, remained in the grasp of the Federal Army, never to be lost again, and the 18,000 Confederate soldiers lost on the field, added not a mile to the territory retained by the Confederacy.

It may be a question, whether it even delayed the advance of the Union army, which so late in the season might very possibly have halted voluntarily as it did,per force, at Chattanooga, to gather its energies and prepare for the next stage of its progress.

They tell us that the Indian name of the stream, upon whose banks Union and Confederate soldiers struggled so fiercely, given in memory of some long ago slaughter of aboriginal warriors, means "The River of Death", and we who witnessed and shared in the memorable events of thirty-five years ago, along that valley, can well believe that the name has now a new and intensified significance.

Waupun, Wis.,July 13th, 1898.

Written by
Lucius Dwight-Hinkley