













REMINISCENCES

OF THE

# Twenty-Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry

Giving its Organization, Marches, Skirmishes,  
Battles, and Sieges, as taken  
from the diary of

---

LIEUTENANT S. C. JONES  
of Company A

---

IOWA CITY, IOWA  
1907

1907  
2223

LIBRARY of CONGRESS  
Two Copies Received  
JAN 10 1908  
COPYRIGHT ENTRY  
Oct 4 1907  
CLASS A Xxc. No.  
188701  
COPY B.

Copyright, 1907  
By S. C. Jones.



08-2761



## PREFACE

---

In the writing of this book there is no desire to antagonize any written history of the Twenty-second Regiment of Iowa Volunteer Infantry. We do not start out to give a complete history of the Regiment, but, having carefully kept a diary of the movements, marchings, battles fought, and skirmishes in which the Regiment was engaged during the three and more years that the Regiment served, and being a personal eye-witness and co-actor in all its battles, sieges, skirmishes, marches, and bivouacs, we aim to follow closely the every day routine of army life and conditions, entering into details where we were personal eye-witness of the same and adding a brief account of prison life in three of the worst prisons in the South. We will also give a list of the killed, wounded, and captured in all the battles, sieges, and skirmishes wherever the Regiment participated, the number of troops in the Vicksburg, Miss., campaign under General Grant, and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, Pa.







LIEUT. S. C. JONES



## CHAPTER I

More than a year had now passed since the war commenced. The feeling had developed that we had a very serious matter on our hands. Up to this time I doubt if the people had felt that it was so serious a matter. True General Grant's successes at Forts Donaldson and Henry was a gleam of light amid the darkest days, yet there was a shadow of impenetrable gloom like a mantle settling down upon us. The battle of Pittsburg Landing was fought with great loss of life to the Union. Then there was a call for three hundred thousand men, and soon another call for that many more, as if the Government had decided to arise in her mighty strength and power and crush the Rebellion at once.

Enlistments had been going on steadily and the young and middle-aged had been perceptibly thinned out from among us. Up to this time I had not thought it necessary that I should go. I had had a feeling that those who were enlisting were doing it because they delighted in the public martial display of the soldier life; but a feeling came over me at this time that I was needed in the defense of my country, and that my country was fiercely assailed by subtle enemies.

I was familiar with the agitation of the questions that had led to the war. The speeches in Congress and on the stump I had read. The question in my mind was:—"Could the government subdue the slave power, the power that was in rebellion? For the government to do it—am I needed?" We, the people, are the government, was the thought.

Thus it was that about the middle of June, 1862, I

made up my mind to be a soldier and fight for my country, as many thousands like me were doing. By enlisting together and joining shoulder to shoulder, to subdue we brought to an end one of the most bloody wars, and brought it to an end in a most successful manner.

These few pages will be the acts and reminiscences of the writer and his most intimate comrades, with the marches and battles of the Twenty-second Regiment, and, in order that we may have a full conception of the men who composed the Regiment, we will go back to the Spring of 1861, when President Lincoln issued his first call for troops, i. e., seventy-five thousand men.

Along with other states, Iowa proceeded at once to furnish her quota of men. There was at this time at Iowa City, Johnson County, a militia company, a military organization that was well drilled. It had been in existence for years, called—"The Washington Guards." Upon the basis of this company was formed Co. B of the First Iowa Infantry, three months' men, as under the call. As the case was, many of the Washington Guards were not eligible for military duty, and possibly a few did not desire to go at that time, therefore the company was recruited until it had its full complement of men and officers.

At this time the United States recruiting officers were extremely particular as to the physical condition of the recruit and many were debarred to their chagrin, notably, one David J. Davis who had but one eye but otherwise perfectly sound in body. Not passing as a soldier, he went as Captain's clerk. At the battle of Wilson's Creek he picked up a gun and went into the fight as a private soldier. More will be written of him later. It will be necessary for us to refer to this company throughout our sketch, as it perceptibly is the basis on which the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment was formed.

In the summer of 1862, the thought prevailed that a Regiment could be recruited in Johnson County, with Iowa City as a center. Many of the men of Co. B. of the First Iowa Infantry were living here awaiting an opportunity to go into the service again. Governor Kirkwood seeing the opportunity, placed recruiting commissions in the hands of the more energetic of them, and it was but a short time till the forming of six companies was in active operation. Harvey Graham who, in the early Spring, had partly recruited a company for the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry, which was now at Clinton, Iowa, awaiting the formation of that Regiment was made Major of the Regiment forming at Iowa City. By Major Graham's personal request to Governor Kirkwood, his company was brought back to Iowa City and entered the formation of the Johnson County Regiment on the 8th day of August, 1862.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested in Iowa City in the formation of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment. Hardly a family in Iowa City and adjoining country but was represented in this Regiment. It became evident that we would be compelled to have outside help to form a complete Regiment, so a company was taken from each of the following counties: Monroe, Wapello, and Jasper counties.

Early in the month of August the barracks in Camp Pope were completed and on the 14th we moved into them.

My diary, being my guiding star, I shall quote from it. "Camp Pope is situated southeast of Iowa City, at the edge of the town, and on a beautiful green. Barracks are being hurried to completion for a Regiment. The barracks and accompanying buildings are well arranged for the comfort and convenience of the men."

Thomas Banbury who is our Post Quartermaster sees to it that we are well fed, while we are waiting for our

clothing, camp, and garrison equipage. "September 3rd, Company "A" marched down to the city and drew one month's pay. They had been in the service since early Spring and had not as yet received any pay. On September 9th, Captain Hendershott of the United States Army mustered us into United States Army "for three years or during the war." We have Regimental, company, and squad drill every day, and we have a Camp Guard. We have not received our arms and accouterments yet, but the boys have wooden guns and and swords of their own manufacture, and to us green soldiers they are quite formidable weapons.

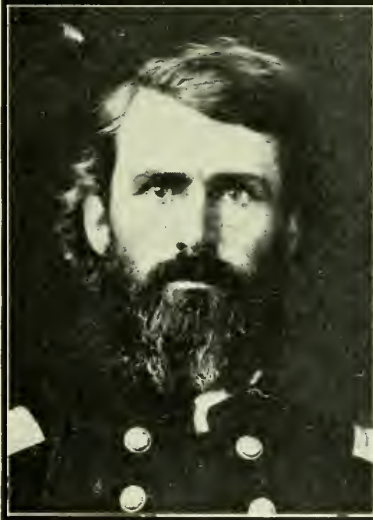
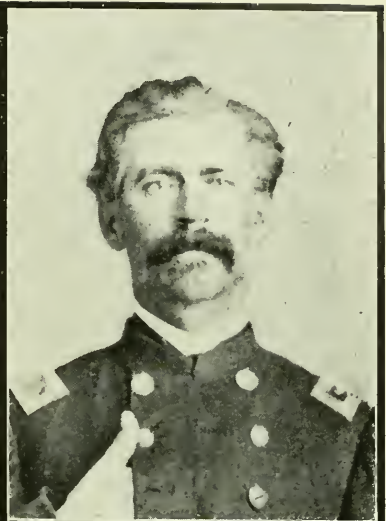
September 10th we are fully organized now as a Regiment of ten companies. Seven from this county, A, B, F, G, H, I, K, and D from Monroe County, and E from Wapello County and C from Jasper County. Now that we are fully organized as a Regiment we will refer to that organization only as we refer to each Company by letter.

Harvey Graham having been made Major of the Regiment, the officers of Company A were promoted accordingly, except that S. C. Jones, 3rd Corporal, was made first Sergeant.

We received our arms and accouterments, with all the paraphernalia of war, leather collars, epaulets, etc. Generally we were a motley looking crowd. Our uniforms were mostly ridiculous misfits, some had to give their pants two or three rolls at the heels, others had shirts much too large which were, therefore, baggy, while others had to place paper in their hats so they would not slip down over their ears. The epaulets and leather collars were never worn.

The boys were not long in the service until they could trim their clothing and repair them, making them quite respectably fitting garments. I can now recall many of the boys who could change the straight pocket in the





LIEUT. COL. E. G. WHITE  
COL. W. M. STONE

COL. H. GRAHAM  
MAJ. J. H. GEARKEE



pants to the more modern style, or when the knee would wear thread bare could cut the leg off and turn the back to the front, and could use other devices to make their clothes last longer, and look more genteel.

Orders came at last for us to go to the front. Accordingly on the 15th of September, we pulled out of Camp Pope and boarded a train for Davenport, and thence south, aboard the boat, "Metropolitan". We awoke this morning September 16, at a little town above the Rapids called Montrose, landed from the boat, and took the cars for Keokuk.

This morning September 17th, we feel as if we were without "form or void". We passed a miserably cold and wet night. Officers sought shelter somewhere and the men in broken masses did the same.

On our way from Montrose, packed in freight cars of every variety, some of us on the tender, we partook of the first of the many inconveniences that befall an American soldier. Our hair, eyes, and ears, were full of cinders from the locomotive, and the accumulation of dirt on our bodies caused a most miserable feeling.

We left the railroad at Keokuk and embarked on the boat "Sucker State," and continued on our way south.

## CHAPTER II

St. Louis, Mo.

On the 18th, we reached St. Louis, and were immediately marched to Benton Barracks, where we found comfortable quarters. The facilities for bathing and washing our clothes were taken advantage of, and soon we were feeling ourselves again.

We had no guard duty to do, so we put in the time investigating the grounds and watching the recruits practice at horsemanship. Many a green city and country lad was seen pitched from his horse while training him to jump ditches and fences.

We were out on inspection and review, in heavy marching order, that means with gun and full accouterments and full knapsack; General Davidson was the reviewing officer. On the 22nd, we received orders to march into town to go aboard a train which would take us to Rolla.

We got aboard the cattle cars and proceeded on our way. Reached Franklin, 37 miles from St. Louis, after dark.

The 23rd, we arrived at Rolla at 12 m. and marched to camp, situated about two miles from town on the Springfield road.

One year ago, General Franz Sigel's troops occupied this ground as a camp. We have wedge tents and plenty of good running water. The face of the country is rough and hilly.

We have drill daily, company, regimental, and brigade drill. Major Atherton acts as drill officer usually. I will mention here that Garrett who was to be our Col-



onel never came to us. Our Lieutenant Colonel, William M. Stone, was promoted to Colonel, Major Harvey Graham to Lieutenant Colonel, and our Adjutant, J. B. Atherton was made Major, and First Lieutenant, John W. Porter of Company "F", was made Adjutant. Promotions in Company "F" were made accordingly.

There is some sickness among the men, measles, mumps, and one case of smallpox. The last was put in a tent at some distance from camp and provided with a nurse, one who had had the disease. Food and medicine were provided every day for them.

This is October 22nd. We moved our camp today. We are putting up Sibley tents. A little stove made purposely for them comes with them, Uncle Sam wants us to keep warm through the winter. The stove is cone shaped and sets in the middle of the tent, and we lay in a circle with our feet to the stove, except a place opposite the entrance that is left vacant, for passing in and out.

This camp is alongside of the railroad. We have a field nearby where we drill. It is quite level and is a good and convenient drill ground. We have a Camp Guard.

November 3rd, Company "A" went as guard to a train to Waynesville. "I" went on the 4th, guarding a train to Waynesville. "A" Company returned on the 8th, and "I" Company on the 14th.

On the 17th, Company "F" had a little trouble in regard to the mode of punishing refractory soldiers. One of the men was tied up by the thumbs to the limb of a tree. It was demonstrated at once that the harsher treatment practiced by the regular army did not meet with approval by the Western Volunteers. Milder forms of punishment were therefore adopted.

December 3rd, a detail of two commissioned officers, and sixty-one men was made on Company "A" to guard

a train to Waynesville. It marched to Little Piney 12 miles from Rolla, and went into camp about 3 p. m. December 4th, out on our march early this morning. Reached Waynesville, about sun down and went into camp. There were other troops somewhere near us as we could hear their bugle calls.

We returned on the 4th, in empty wagons, making the return trip in one day. Company "F" is doing post duty at Salem, Mo.

Thus we are actively employed, guarding trains, and doing post duty. December 20th, we are all excitement. We received orders and are preparing to move A, H, and I, on a march to guard a train to Houston, Mo.

We go into camp in the evening on Little Piney River. December 21st we started briskly this morning, but evening finds us tired and footsore, from not being used to marching long distances.

We go into camp near a Union man's house. It is almost impossible to know who are and who are not Union among the few who did not choose to go into the Union or Confederate army. It is the general impression that many who remain are in sympathy with the South and at every opportunity aid those in rebellion by furnishing information regarding our movements, yet we are not to ignore the fact, that there were many Union men among them who stubbornly refused to aid and abet those who were in rebellion against their government. Such had often been paid for their Union sentiments by having their houses burned down over their heads. Many after their property was thus destroyed fled to the Union lines, turned over the care of their families to the tender mercies of their freinds and the government, and enlisted to fight for their country.

There were no better fighters in the Union service than the Missouriians. During Grant's campaign in the

rear of Vicksburg, it was said that in one of his series of battles, the 10th Missouri Union came directly in contact with the 10th Missouri Confederate, and the Union boys were the victors.

No doubt there was decisive action and a determination to even up old scores in a legitimate way. As I said we were tired and footsore and ready to lay down our tired bodies for the much needed rest. We little thought of the many hard marches and painful exigencies that were to meet us before the end of the war.

December 22nd. On our march today we met an old wanderer with his ox team and tumble down wagon, who had concealed away among his worldly goods a two gallon keg full of whiskey. There always are among a number of men, some who have an intuition, if whiskey is in the neighborhood. They feel it in their system. So it was in this case. The whiskey was captured and would have been confiscated as contraband, but Lieutenant David J. Davis of Company "A" changed the order of events for a while. He only allowed each man a small portion and returned to the owner what was left. He proceeded on his journey and we on our march.

We went into camp eight miles from Houston. Soon after we went into camp there was a suspicion that some of the men had fallen out of ranks and had followed the owner of the ox team, and likely by some trick, taken what was left of the old traveler's whiskey.

It was amusing to note the effect on the mood and manner on different men. Some were happy and joyful and wished everyone to be the same, others were ferocious and unmanageable. As only a very few were noisy, it soon subsided and all were sleeping the sleep of the just.

December 23rd. We were on the march early this

morning, and though it rained, we arrived at Houston, 11 a. m., wet and hungry, and went into camp.

We have running water near our camp, and plenty of wood. We went to work at once to build fireplaces in our tents to keep us warm. The December air is very chilly and some days the ground is quite frosty.

### CHAPTER III

Houston, Mo.

This town is very much scattered over the hills. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren is in command of this Post. There is a large number of troops here, the Thirty-third and Ninety-ninth Illinois, Twenty-first Iowa, and others that I can not name now.

There has been considerable sickness among the Illinois Regiments. A good deal of foraging is done.

On December 26th, our detachment was sent to guard a train of wagons down to Spring Valley. Captain Charles N. Lee was in command of the detachment. Lieutenant David J. Davis, in command of "A" Company, forgot to draw rations for the trip, consequently some foraging had to be done.

Corporals Daniel J. Roberts and John L. Fleming, R. W. Pryce with W. Hockingberry, teamster, and a team under my command, went across the mountain into a distant valley to Martens' Mills where we found plenty of flour and meal. We took what we thought we would need and returned at nightfall.

This was a very dangerous undertaking as the country was full of bushwhackers. It had been only a day or two before that they came through and took all there was in the mill. We only took enough to carry Company "A" back to Houston.

The train of wagons had come for corn and hay for the horses and mules of the army. They did not disturb the food prepared for the citizens.

We returned to Houston on the 28th, our wagons well

loaded with corn and forage. The detachment is in good health and spirits.

We have not drilled any since we came, nor do we furnish men for guard duty.

This is a wood country, rough and hilly. The roads meander through the valleys, where the water accumulates quickly and when it rains the roads become almost impassable.

Captain Charles N. Lee is still in command of the detachment.

This is January 6th, 1863. Companies "F" and "D" came from Rolla. We moved our camp about forty rods south, so they could have room for their quarters in their proper places. Lieutenant David J. Davis who went to Rolla returned on the 10th. On the morning of the 11th, we were called into line in light marching order, and held in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

We could hear the booming of cannon and see troops depart for the front in wagons.

We stacked arms in line, and cooked and ate our meals in anticipation of taking a hand in the battle that was in progress.

A combination of several Guerrilla bands commanded by Price and Magruder, came in contact with our troops near Hartsville.

On the morning of the 12th, we were called out at 3 a. m. and were expecting an attack on Houston, remained in line except at meal time. Word came that our forces were on the retreat. It was learned later that the Confederates were so roughly handled that they had no desire to follow. Our troops returned to Houston and were not molested in their retreat.

Again on the 14th, the camp was alarmed over a report that one of our trains on the way to Rolla was at-



tacked. It proved to be a false alarm. Surgeon Lee joins us here on the 16th.

On the 26th, the troops started on the march South, on the Thomasville road. The roads were so bad, our detachment returned and went into our old camp. Early on the 27th, we started on our march on the West Plains' road, leaving eight sick men there. We only marched eight miles. Exercise seems to do us good. We went into camp in an old clearing.

A house stood not far off with a small pasture field near it, surrounded by a worm fence. Those rails rose up as if by magic and moved over to camp. An order came too late to stop the movement, Col. Samuel Merrill, Twenty-first Iowa Infantry, commands our brigade.

January 29th. We only marched thirteen miles today, yesterday we marched twenty miles. The roads are almost impassable. It is reported that our butchers are captured. They, with a small escort of mounted men, forage on each side of the line of march for beef and pork for the troops, and if they take anything from a Union man they must give him an order on the United States for the price. It would be very difficult for the owner to prove his loyalty in most cases.

## CHAPTER IV

West Plains, January 30th. We marched eight miles today, reached West Plains. Here we joined our left wing and headquarters. There are quite a number of troops here commanded by General Davidson. We have wedge tents. It is cold and cloudy. February 2nd. When we got up this morning there were ten inches of snow. As this is extreme weather to what we have been having, there is much suffering among the men. General Davidson had us on Brigade drill.

February 3rd. Snow is melting under the hot sun. The men are destitute of shoes. The march from Houston was hard on foot wear, at least one-fourth of Company "A" need shoes. Other companies are similarly situated, and we could only get five pairs for "A" Company.

February 8th. We leave West Plains. We take up our march going northeast on the Thomasville road, a very muddy one. Marched ten miles and go into camp for the night.

We start out on our march early this morning. The wagon trains and artillery started out earlier than we did. We found wagons and artillery stuck in the mud, some of the wagons abandoned. The moving of the trains and artillery was almost an impossibility. There was much wrath and confusion. We had it to do and we tried to make the best of it. We reached Thomasville at 3 p. m. Our teams did not come in till ten p. m. We could get nothing to eat until they came, therefore, we got our supper at about eleven o'clock.

We went into camp here on the banks of Eleven



Point river. February 10th, we drew ninety-three pounds of coarse corn meal to each company. This meal is ground in the vicinity of our camp. The milling is done principally by our soldiers.

We are living on this and fresh meat, gathered up from the country by our butchers, driven along and killed as needed.

February 12th. We pulled out on the march from this place (Thomasville) at six a. m., marched fifteen miles, mostly through a dense forest of large pine, tall and straight as an arrow. The country is rough and rocky, and we saw but one semblance of a house all day. It was eleven p. m. before we got our supper.

February 13th, we started on our march at 7 a. m. Marched through a valley all day, went into camp in a field on Jack's Fork of Current River. Wood and water are convenient. The teams came in early.

February 14th, we crossed the river on a bridge made of wagons placed end to end. The river is about fifty yards wide, three feet deep, and runs very swiftly. It took the Brigade about three hours to cross over. We marched fifteen miles and on each side for six miles were high mountains, seeming almost to reach the clouds.

February 15. This is a day to be long remembered, for two reasons. First, we saw the town of Eminence, of which so much has been said, as it is the place for which we were marching; but this town contained but one house, and we could not tell whether the streets were paved or not. Second, today, we were marched some distance out of the road into the woods to see a dead Confederate. Until this time we had not knowingly seen a dead or a live one.

I must say there were some tears shed in sympathy with the wife and little ones. We had not as yet been

active in that part of war which makes widows and orphans.

The dead Confederate was killed by our cavalry. He probably belonged to that type of Confederate soldiery, called Bushwhackers, for which our cavalry had little love, for the reason that many of these men had taken the oath of allegiance, and afterward were captured or killed fighting among the Bushwhackers.

By this time, 1863, all suspicious characters were known to our cavalry. We went into camp on a branch of Current River.

Camp near Eminence, February 16th. As we were lying in camp here for the day, some of the boys explored a great cave in the mountain. We crawled, wriggled, and walked about one hundred yards into the mountain, and came to a large roomy cavern twenty-five to thirty feet across, with ceiling twenty feet high, decorated with stalactites of all forms and sizes. From this, were passages leading farther into the mountain, possibly leading to other caverns.

Along one side there passed a rivulet or stream, descending which three of our company followed for some distance, without finding any material change. I preferred open daylight and sunshine, and withdrew as I had entered.

On the 17th, we started on our march again, at four a. m. We crossed Current River above Eminence, passed the natural well which is twenty feet across on top, perfectly round, with dark blue water, said to be sounded four hundred feet without finding bottom.

Today we crossed Sink Creek fourteen times in twelve miles.

February 18th, 1863. Lieutenant Colonel Dunlap of the Twenty-first Iowa Regiment is in command of our Brigade. Company "A" drew three days' rations—

seventy pounds of flour. I presume the other companies drew the same.

February 22nd, Camp Kaolin. We reached this village last night. Our march for the last two days has been very tiresome. We followed Sink Creek, a small stream, for miles, crossing it eight times in one mile. We are about twenty miles from Pilot Knob. This is a small village. We are quartered wherever we can find shelter from the falling snow. Company "A" is quartered in an old log barn. There is no floor in it, nor anything combustible, so our fire is a large log heap in the middle of the structure. We are comfortable. The wind and snow make it very uncomfortable outside.

February 23rd. The sun came out warm this morning, and the soft snow makes the roads almost impassable. Our camp ground last night was soft and wet.

February 24th. We only marched six miles the 22nd, not many more yesterday. The pioneers had cut a road through the timber. The roads became impassable. The artillery and wagon train cuts up the road, so that the men of the infantry column have to pick their way along the fence on each side of the road.

We have gone into camp here five miles northwest from Pilot Knob, and remain all day eating and talking, too muddy to leave camp.

On the 25th, we marched to Iron Mountain. The roads are very bad, and getting worse as a drizzling rain is falling. We went into camp on top of Iron Mountain. Iron ore covers the ground. The smelting works were near by our camp. The ore for smelting is quarried from the side of the mountain, and brought to the works on flat cars. It was in operation while we were there. The operators claimed to be Union men. We lay there until the 9th of March. We made out our pay rolls there. Lieutenant D. J. Davis was promoted

to Adjutant, and S. C. Jones was promoted to first Lieutenant of Co. "A".

Many of the Regiment visited Pilot Knob about five miles away. We pulled out from camp on the morning of the 9th for St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi River, by way of Farmington by the plank road. Went into camp one and a half miles from Farmington. This is a beautiful place, and nice, level country around here. The people also have the appearance of thrift and being well to do.

On the tenth we went into camp sixteen miles from St. Genevieve. Resumed our march on the eleventh, with the Twenty-first Iowa Regiment in the lead. The Twenty-second boys thought that the Twenty-first marched too rapidly, thereby trying their pluck, and this was resented by the Twenty-second boys bulging forward so that when we came into camp in the evening, the two Regiments were commingled so that the first impression was the predominance of the Twenty-second Iowa. There was much good natured chaffing and some real downright hard feeling.

## CHAPTER V

St. Genevieve, Mo.

On the afternoon of the eleventh of March, at three o'clock, we reached St. Genevieve, and went into camp on a ridge north of town. The ridge is covered with jack oak and altogether it is a very pleasant camp ground.

The citizens of the town are almost all French and are rebel at heart. At least a very few if any are found to be for the Union.

The hucksters came upon the grounds as soon as we had arranged our camp and put up our tents. Our men are not civil to these huckster men.

Today, March 17th, I saw them accidentally, as they said, overturn a barrel of apples that was brought in on a cart with a team of oxen. In the excitement the oxen were detached from the cart and driven off while the huckster was gathering up some of his apples. Then his box of pies was accidentally turned over, and more than thirty were readily and willingly helping him to gather them up. Unfortunately, the box was carried away, and most of the pies too, and with the difficulty of collecting any pay for them, he became disgusted, hitched his oxen to the cart and drove to the Colonel's tent and reported the boys. The Colonel told him to bring the men to his headquarters and he would punish them.

We care very little what these men are, for we expect our next move will be down the river. We hardly got settled before they came among us. Strong, able-bod-

ied men, their days will not be all sunshine, as the boys despise an able-bodied citizen worse than a rebel soldier down here. They suspect all such as spies, and they are, unless they are Union and a Union man could not live among them a moment. Consequently only female hucksters continue to come among us. They are treated respectfully and are encouraged to come.

Yesterday the camp and hillside was all excitement. The men had found a beer cellar, not far from camp, filled with large vats full of beer. They filled themselves, then each in turn took an empty keg held it under a faucet until his keg was nearly full; the last one leaving the faucet open. The cave filling with beer they hurried out trying to bring their kegs to camp. The hillside was one pandemonium. As they proceeded at first the keg was hard to roll, it being full, at last the keg became empty, and the man became full, so he could not roll. One bucket full came to Co. "A" Headquarters, causing a little noise and merriment. As soon as Captain Lee ascertained the cause, he immediately ordered the beer poured out, and so it was.

March 19th. We have received orders to be ready to start down the river at a moment's notice. This has been one of our most healthy camping grounds. It is high and shady and the water is good.

March 26. Seven companies of our Regiment went down the river on a boat on the 22nd inst., and the other three embark today. We are on our way farther south. We passed Cape Gerardeau on the Missouri side. We passed Cairo before day, and Island No. 10 at noon of the 27th. Reached Memphis at noon of the 28th. We, the three companies, joined the other seven here. Colonel Stone marched us up through the city and back to our boat to give us a little exercise, and to let the citizens know that there were still a few more Yankees on their way to take part in the little disturbance down

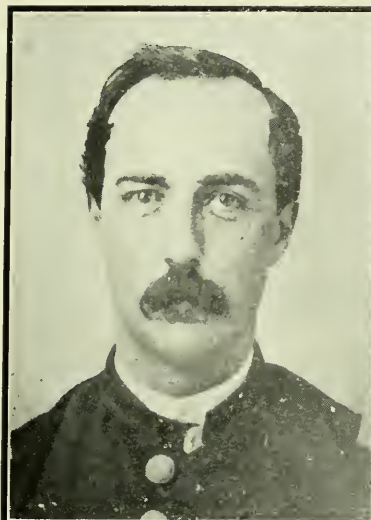




CAPTAIN C. F. LOVELACE

Was our first Quartermaster. After the fall of Vicksburg he was promoted to Captain Commissary of Subsistence, transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, and to more responsible duties.





ASS'T SURG. W. A. DINWIDDIE  
CAPT. C. F. LOVELACE

SERG'T MAJ. GEO. A. REMLEY  
SURGEON J. C. SHRADER



South. It proved to be excellent exercise for us after being cramped on the boat so long.

We started down the river on the 29th, 11 a. m., reached Helena, 4 p. m. Here we met some of the Twenty-fourth Iowa. We lay over night at Helena. We were transferred to the boat, John Grosbeck, and started at 11 o'clock on the 30th. We anticipated being attacked from the river banks as we proceeded down, but were not molested. Boats loaded with troops were frequently fired on from the shore by Confederate cavalry and artillery, which often caused loss of life to the men and damage to the boats.

We landed at Milliken's Bend (or Landing), Louisiana, twenty miles by water above Vicksburg or seven by land. There had been a town here, but rebel guerrillas so infested the place that it was burned down by shells from our gunboats. At this time there is no sign that there ever was a house here. There is a vast stretch of level country, with some cotton and corn stalks standing. General Grant is massing his troops here for a campaign against the stronghold of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Here the Eleventh Wisconsin was attached to our Brigade, and we were made the Second Brigade of the Twenty-fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, Brigadier General M. K. Lawler commanding. Brigadier Major General E. A. Carr commanding the Division and John A. McClernand commanding the Corps.

On the 3rd of April, seven companies of the Regiment were ordered on an expedition, and went as far as the river when the order was countermanded, and they returned to camp.

We have considerable rain, making the ground soft and spongy. Orders came on the 12th for us to move. We started on our march southwest. After two or

three hours marching, Co. "A" was detailed to return to camp, and proceed to the landing to help unload mules and wagons, etc., from the boats. We labored hard in the rain on the 13th and 14th. There are hundreds of mules and wagons here. The mules are corralled and the wagons are parked. Teamsters with a wagon master at their head will come and sort out the mules, forming teams of six mules to each wagon. Then they will follow General Grant's army, wherever supplies can not be taken by water.

## CHAPTER VI

### Vicksburg Campaign Under Grant, 1863.

On the morning of the 15th, we, the "A" Co. turned over our tents to the Quartermaster, and he gave us a six mule team to haul our baggage, as we were ordered to join the Regiment as soon as possible. We joined the Regiment at Richmond in the evening.

We started on our march early on the 16th, marching along the levee with the roaring Mississippi on one side and the submerged swamp on the other. The whole country is a water waste. The houses are built on stilts or posts, so that the water can flow through beneath the living apartment. The levee being broken through or cut purposely is the reason of so much water.

We lay here at New Carthage, drew our pay on the 21st, and on the 22nd started on our march again. After marching some time down on the levee, we came to Round About Bayou, boarded the boat "Silver Wave," which took us around and into the river, on down to James Plantation, where we disembarked.

While we were making this difficult journey by land and water, to get below Vicksburg the gunboats and transports were running the batteries of Vicksburg. The transports were loaded with baled hay and cotton for protection. Their holds were filled with rations and ammunition and all kinds of war material for the use of Grant's army.

The men that manned the transports were mostly volunteers from our volunteer western regiments.

Generally more men than were needed offered themselves and desired to go on these perilous undertakings. It was gratifying to know that only two or three lives were lost on this perilous trip, and only one transport, while the gunboats passed unharmed.

It was a goodly sight to see the old gunboats majestically, proudly coming through it all with only a few scars.

We moved down to Perkins Plantation and went into camp. There was a very large number of troops here.

On the 25th, the Regiment was sent as a detail to James Plantation, to unload the transports, that had run past the batteries of Vicksburg. Among them were the Cheeseman, Anglo Saxon, and others. We labored all day and then returned to our camp at Perkins Plantation. We moved over further in the field, nearer the other troops.

I met here some comrades whom I played with when I was a boy. They were in an Ohio Regiment from Delaware county. I learned from them that many of our playmates were then enrolled in Uncle Sam's army in different regiments.

On the 27th, we received orders to prepare three days' rations, and hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. We received marching orders, marched down to the river, and boarded the Cheeseman, and swung down the river, remained on the boat all night, started down the river at 10 a. m., arrived at a point above Grand Gulf, disembarked, and lay on the levee. Other transports kept going and coming all the time. It was quietly reported that the maneuver was to deceive the Confederates as Grant intended to attack Grand Gulf.

On the 29th, more transports came heavily loaded with troops. At 8:30 a. m., the gunboats took their position in range of the forts and commenced their op-



erations. They continued firing until one p. m. It was found that the height of the rebel guns above the water level, gave them a plunging shot which would be disastrous to our gunboats, and at the same time would make it impossible for the gunboats to harm them.

All this time there were troops aboard boats to make the assault, should the gunboats silence the batteries. The gunboats withdrew and we crossed over the levee, and marched on down below Grand Gulf. The gunboats running the batteries and the transports laden with war material following them, received but very little injury, and were ready to transport us down the river.

On the morning of the 30th, they met us below. We embarked and went down as far as Bruinsburg, a place of two or three houses. Here we disembarked on the Mississippi side, drew five days' rations, and started on our march for the interior of the state of Mississippi. After we drew our five days' rations and started on our march, occurred one of the most picturesque sights that had ever fallen to our lot to see.

Five days rations were issued to the army. This was more than could be stowed away in the haversack. What should we do? A detail was made of two men who placed their guns so a box of crackers could be placed across them, and they marched along the side of the company, and were frequently relieved by a new detail. What should they do with the extra meat? The bayonets were placed on their guns and run through the meat, so each man had his extra ration of meat fixed on his bayonet. Then at a right shoulder shift, we proceeded on our march. When others saw how we had arranged to carry our extra rations they adopted the same plan, so that the whole army could be seen for miles, worming its way over that vast flat country with the bayonets gleaming in the sunshine, and the ration



of meat in its place. It was picturesque and beautiful to behold.

We were the second regiment in this majestic line. The Twenty-first Iowa was in front. The Thirteenth Army Corps was in our rear. When we started on our march after noon meal, we had plenty of room to stow away our extra rations, and the detail took its place in the line.

We stopped for supper, then resumed our march reaching the broken and hill country about nine o'clock. We drove in the most advance pickets of the enemy, then our movements became slow and silent, with now and then a shot. All communication was in a whisper. The frogs and beetles were the only disturbers of the night vigils.

Thus we moved, and stopped, and moved on until between twelve or one o'clock, midnight, when we came upon the enemy in considerable force. The Twenty-first Iowa deployed as skirmishers and forced them back on to their main line. As we followed up, an occasional dead Union soldier was seen. The Twenty-first now took their position, while we moved on to their left in position. The batteries were now brought up. The First Iowa Battery of two guns, was directly in front of our position. It was now about two o'clock a. m. They at once commenced firing, and a desperate artillery fight was continued for two hours between a Confederate battery and ours at short range. The fire from the guns was the only object that could be seen in the darkness. The Confederate battery was silenced, and our battery ceased firing, after two hours of hard and fast fighting. Then everything quieted down. The soldiers slept on their arms in line of battle, if sleep we could. The excitement we had just gone through and the anticipations of the morrow disturbed our rest, yet the long and tedious march caused a weariness that de-

manded rest in sleep, of which some of us made good use.

We were partially protected by a rise in the ground in front of us. Fortunately from the many shells that burst over us, there were none of us hurt. The artillery men and horses suffered severely in killed and wounded.

#### Battle of Port Gibson or Magnolia Hills.

May 1st, 1863. We were awake before dawn. It was a beautiful clear morning. There was a stillness that was ominous. Birds and beetles only had the right of way. About seven a. m. the battle began with a shot here and there by the sharpshooters, who caught the first glimpses of the wily enemy. Then came the rattle of musketry all along the line. In early morning the heaviest musketry fire was to the right of us, where our first brigade was pushing the Confederate left. Then opened a lively fire from our batteries. Besides our battery immediately in front of us, we could see an Indiana battery to our left firing and General McClermand swinging his hat, cheering them, indicating that they were doing some damage to the enemy.

About ten o'clock five Iowa regiments formed to charge en masse. The rebels seeing the movement, broke all along the line. It was when the Twenty-second was rounding a point of canebrake to form for this charge that Adjutant David J. Davis was struck with a minnie ball and slightly wounded. Previous to this, companies "B" and "G" were on the skirmish line down in this canebrake, and did good service. Captain Gearkee of "B" and Lieutenant Shockey of "G" highly distinguished themselves on the skirmish line in this canebrake. The Confederates fell back about a mile and formed a new line of battle, other regiments now took the lead. About four o'clock we were ordered to the front, in an open field where we were to direct our

fire towards a grove from whence came evidences of sharpshooters. After a little time we were withdrawn again. Here Barny J. Tallman of "A" and Lieutenant Francisco of "K" were wounded by a shell.

Later in the afternoon we were ordered to the front, and into the timber and engaged the Confederates. Here Lieutenant D. W. Henderson of "H" was severely wounded. About dark the enemy was driven at all points and made a hasty retreat towards Port Gibson followed by fresh forces of our troops. Thus ended our first great battle. We went into camp on the battle field, weary and hungry. A list of killed, wounded, and captured will be found in the appendix.

We were up early this morning (May 2), and on our march in the direction of Port Gibson, evidences of the hasty retreat of the Confederates were seen on every side. When we reached the town of Port Gibson the inhabitants were gone. They had followed their friends the Confederate army. A great many Confederate wounded were left to our care. We went into camp west of the town. We subsequently moved our camp near the railroad bridge across Bayou Piere. Company "A" was detailed for picket duty over on the ridge across the bridge.

May 3, Brigadier General Lawler came to us and assumed command.

May 5th, we started on our march at 4 p. m., and went eleven miles and went into camp at Willow Springs. Our camp was on a large ridge, very good camp, with plenty of good water. We remained here all day, the 6th. We had orders to move on the next day. We started on our march at 3 a. m. and went into camp at a place called Rocky Springs, three miles from Big Black River. We had roll call every three hours, the men were kept in camp, no foraging being allowed. We remained here until the 10th, when we were moved

nine miles, fifteen miles from the Jackson Railroad, where we remained until the 12th.

May 12th. We were up at 3 a. m. Started on our march at break of day. We went into camp six miles from Edward's Ferry on the Jackson Railroad. On the 13th, we started on the march with the expectation of participating in a battle. The Confederates were defeated by other troops before we came up. This was the Battle of Raymond. It was fought principally by General Logan's Division supported by General Crocker's Seventeenth Corps.

We went into camp six miles from Raymond. Evidences of the recent battle were seen on every side, the wreckage of all arms of the service, broken wagons, scarred trees, newly made graves, all indications of a short desperate struggle.

The morning of the 14th, we start on our march in the direction of Jackson. Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps, is now in our front in that direction. We stop at Mississippi Spring (formerly a resort), ten miles from Jackson. Word has reached us that Sherman has taken Jackson.

On the 15th, we march back to within three miles of Raymond, and go into camp. On the 16th we marched six miles, received orders to leave our knapsacks with a guard over them. We were then marched some distance and took our position in line of battle. Some may dispute this, but as I was present, I know that the battle line extended still to our left, resting on a creek, perhaps Baker's Creek. We lay on our arms in the edge of the woods. I think there was but one shell that came into our position which I took to be a reminder that we were observed. There was no attack made upon our part of the line excepting that one shell. A regiment to our left and near the creek made a move to advance and were quickly repulsed. The fighting

by Hovey and Logan's divisions was on the same line, only some distance to our right.

After the Confederates were defeated by Hovey and Logan, and began to retreat, Company "A" was detailed as skirmishers and sent to the front. They captured some prisoners,\* but were soon fired upon with grape and canister by the retreating Confederates. The Regiment marched to the right and came on to the battle ground where the fighting had raged the fiercest, Company "A" joining it here. We then joined in following the retreating Confederates, our (Carr's) Division taking the lead. Our Division came up with the Confederates at Edward's Station, drove them through the Railroad Station, capturing an immense lot of war material, commissaries, etc.

The Confederates had loaded the trains with guns and provisions but had failed to move them, and had set them on fire, in their haste. Our troops put the fire out and saved the trains and loaded material.

We went into camp about eleven o'clock at the station. We received orders to go to the train loaded with corn and bacon and procure as much as was needed. Up to this time and later, we were living on what we could forage through the country; our diet was principally nigger peas, fresh beef, and parched corn.

We were called into line early on the morning of the 17th. We were the second in line, the Eleventh Wisconsin in front of us. We came upon the Confederates at Black River, at the point where the Jackson Railroad crosses. The Eleventh Wisconsin sent out their skirmishers and closed upon them. The Artillery came up and went into battery and commenced shelling their works. We came up along the north side of the railroad track, filed to the left across the track, and came in behind a battery that had just commenced shelling

\*1 captured one prisoner.—AUTHOR.



the works on the high bank at the west end of the railroad bridge. The Confederate shells were falling thick and fast on the battery and on our position. Orders came to us to move to the left. We moved left in front, recrossing the railroad track then through a piece of woods, and came out of the north side of the woods where General Lawler had formed the balance of our brigade for a charge. No sooner had we reached the open field and taken our position, than the order to charge was given. Away we went, dead and wounded strewn over the field. One young soldier, lying wounded hallooed to us "go in boys, give 'em hell, they have fixed me." On we went, rushed through a bayou of water, blocking the rebel way of retreat, and taking a number of prisoners.

This was a bold dash of our brigade for which we were highly complimented. General Lawler was complimented in a general order by General Grant.

It is reported that we captured in this battle eighteen pieces of artillery and 1751 prisoners. Company "A" was detailed to help gather up the wounded, carry them to the hospital tent, and bury the dead. This Brigade was composed of the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa Regiments, and the Eleventh Wisconsin. In this charge the Twenty-third was in the lead. One of the boys of the Twenty-third was found on the field, with thirteen bullet wounds in his body. He was carried to the hospital tent and laid in the row outside to await his turn to have his wounds dressed. This young fellow was left to the last as it was thought he would be dead by that time. His time came, his wounds were carefully dressed, and in a few days he was much more buoyant than many who had had slight wounds. He recovered and was returned to his regiment for duty. "A" Company while on this duty took some cornpones (cooked in the hot ashes with no salt

in them) from the dead Confederates' haversacks, and ate them with relish. I had some myself. All I had eaten that day was a piece of beef I had cooked in the blaze of the fire, just the juice of that had sustained me, until one of the boys gave me two of these delicious pones. Late in the evening we joined the regiment.

This is the 18th, we are moving slowly to the front. Our battle line is forming a circle around the doomed city and its defenders. We move slowly. General Sherman with his Fifteenth Corps is closing in on the right of our line.

May 19. There is fighting all along our line. The range of hills makes it very convenient for the Confederates to hold us in check. They made a mistake, when they did not extend their works to these outer hills. We can see the Confederate works. They look formidable and strong, the guns showing their ugly muzzles. We have orders to move to the left. Here we are. Smith's men are on the crest of the hill; we come up this ravine immediately in their rear. This is a wooded ravine. The shrieking of shells, and their tearing through the tree tops with the smoke and roar of artillery and small arms is terrible and deafening. This is what takes the starch out of our knees and puts our hair on end. We are ordered back to the center. We lay on our arms all night. Before dawn the battle commences. We are fighting Pemberton's army. They have the short line. They are meeting us stubbornly. We are ordered to move up to support a battery. It seems like the whole Confederate artillery is firing its spiteful shells at this battery. We are again ordered to move to the left to support Smith's Division. It appears that we are just in the immediate line to help where help is most needed. This moving us about is good for us; it would be terrible to have to stand and let them whale into us in this fashion. It is surprising



that some of us are not torn to fragments. The old adage which says "more scared than hurt," fits in here very nicely.

The 21st. We moved up here last night. We are on a parallel ridge with the Confederate fortifications. We are digging rifle pits to protect our men from the Confederate sharpshooters. A detail of men, in the darkness last night, wormed their way over to the Confederate fortification. It was a perilous undertaking. There are soldiers who are ready and willing at any time to risk their lives for the good of the service. Among them was John Smiley of Company "G," who says: "We went down quietly until we became aware of the presence of the enemy's pickets, then we moved more cautiously. It was extremely dark. We wormed ourselves through the brush going a length at a time, passing over each other till we came directly under the fort. We could distinguish the outlines of the construction of the fort between us and the sky. We gathered all the information we could and returned in the same noiseless way and reported to our commander." There is no doubt but the position from which we started on the charge the next day was selected from the observations of this detail who hazarded their lives for just such a purpose. The Pioneer Corps, assisted by details of our men, are throwing up works for siege guns and other batteries.

The last three days have been especially severe on our Regiment, though not actively engaged, we have been under the most galling fire of shots and shell and other missiles which have made it very trying on the men. The number fit for duty is decreasing very rapidly.

We rest on our arms in line of battle and snatch a little sleep. At about 12 or 1 midnight, we were quietly awakened, and formed into line and marched quietly down the side of the ridge, across the ravine and im-

mediately under the fort, about 50 yards from the main structure, Fort Beauregard.

May 22nd finds us in line of battle along the edge of the ravine under the fort. We were awakened before day and moved a little to the left of where we were. Orders are given in a whisper. Company "A" (Commanded by Lieutenant S. C. Jones, the only commissioned officer present) was ordered to the left, and deployed as sharpshooters. Company "B" (Captain John H. Gearkee in command) was ordered to the right with the same orders. The bugs and beetles, only, are allowed to make a noise. About 9 a. m., cannonading commenced all around our line simultaneously. The Confederates replied, but not vigorously. They knew this was a prelude to something more desperate and only fired when the men required action. Inaction under incessant fire demoralizes. Hundreds of guns and mortars opened their mouths and belched forth flame and missiles of death. For an hour or more the chasing shot and shell from both sides passed over us (as if we were not known to be there) with all their weird noises, hisses, and shrieks. About 10:15, our army arose at once as if by magic out of the ground. Then commenced the ordeal. The Regiment on a charge started for the Fort. At once the Confederates opened with grape and canister, plowing gaps through our ranks. Steadily, we pushed on up the slope into the ditch and over the parapet, placed the flag on the fort, and kept it there for some time. Thirteen prisoners were taken out of the fort, only a few of our boys got into the fort and they had to come out of it, and remained in the ditch outside. By this time the Confederates that fled or were driven away returned with re-enforcements, so we now had to protect ourselves the best we could. That was done by all kinds of devices. On the open we dug holes for our bodies in the ground, or in the wall of the ditch with





CHARGE ON FORT BEAUREGARD BY THE





WENTY-SECOND IOWA, MAY 22, 1863



our bayonets, or maybe a friendly stump protected us. As the Regiment moved forward, it was met with a torrent of shot and shell and minnie balls. The rebels for a moment stood on the top of their rifle pits, pouring their deadly shot into us. Then was our sharpshooter's opportunity, and well they made use of it. Many of the Confederates paid with their lives for their foolhardiness. The noise of battle was fearfully awful, with shrieking shot, exploding shells, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Missiles of all kinds, dust and powder-smoke filled the air. This state of things continued for hours, then quieted down. About three o'clock reinforcements were sent, and an attempt was made to follow up our victory, but it proved useless. By that time the few left of our Regiment had secured partial safety till darkness would assist us to fall back to the rear. The Confederates dared not show themselves nor could we safely. Some of our men in the ditch were captured. As soon as it became dusk we darted from our secluded places and ran to the rear, each for himself. We could only wait until each one would see his chance to get out. Many of us got a parting shot. As we reached the ridge that we left the night of the 21st, we were met by some of our Regiment and directed where to go to find our Quartermaster, who had prepared something for us to eat.

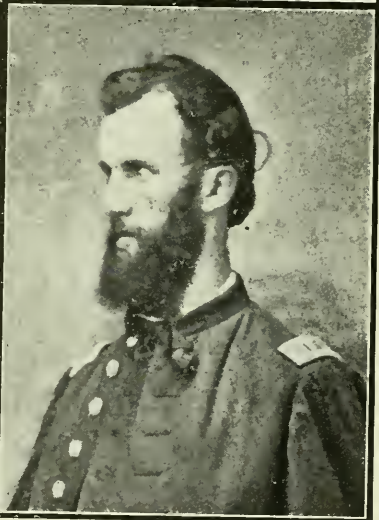
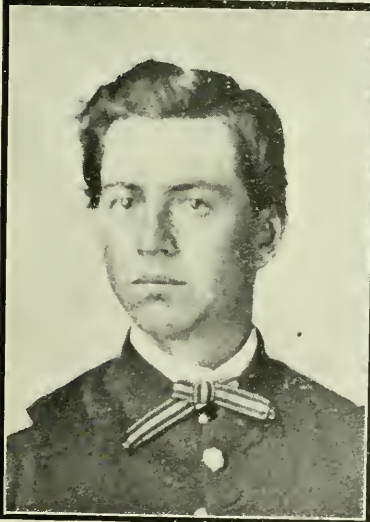
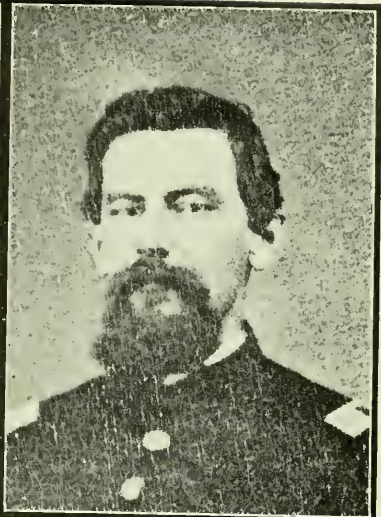
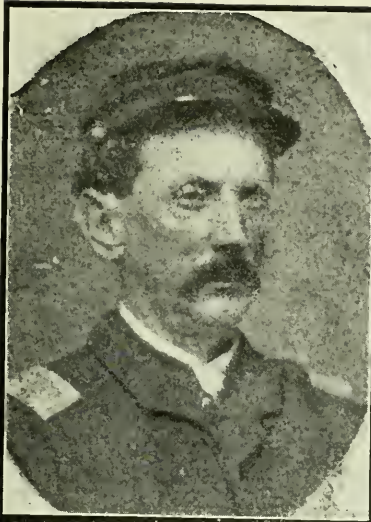
We had had nothing to eat since morning. It was a very solemn banquet. The outlines of our faces were pale and rigid. Our hearts were sad, many friends had fallen since morn, and the end was not yet. After washing our dirt and powder stained faces, and eating supper, we strolled together, one after another, and went into camp for the night. Our loss proved to be very great. Company "F" was not in the charge, and so many were on the sick list that our number for duty was not large. Of the number that went into the



charge, 83 per cent or more had fallen. Many of them were still lying on the slope near the fort calling for water. The cool night shade was the only relief from a scorching southern sun. As many as could be brought away in the darkness were cared for, many were at the base of the works who could not be reached for the alertness of the enemy.

May 23rd. We were aroused before day, and hardly got our breakfast, until we were ordered on the front line in the darkness of the morning. We were given a permanent place in the front line, immediately on the left front of the works we had so gallantly charged the day before, and in support of the Sixteenth Ohio Battery. This position we kept during the siege. Our duties now were guard and fatigue duty. A detail was made to dig rifle pits during the night. We dug a zig zag rifle pit extending down the hill towards Fort Beauregard. A detail of negroes was worked during the daytime. We had a rifle pit dug in front, and parallel with our camp. The Battery had thrown up breastworks to protect them from the solid shot from the rebel fort. Sometimes when we were at work in the rifle pits in front, the Confederates began shelling us, then our Battery would fire at them until they were compelled to cease. During these fusillades the shot and shell passed over us, and sometimes when the artillery men would cut their fuse too short, we would get the benefit of the bursting shell. It did not happen thus often. There was an armistice and the dead near the fort were buried and those not able to move were cared for. The very sick and wounded were sent north as fast as they could be moved.

On June 16th, 1863, we drew two months pay. Most of the men sent their money home. Adams Express Company followed the army quite closely and could be relied upon to carry money safely. While there was



CAPT. GEO. W. CLARK  
LIEUT. W. H. NEEDHAM

CAPT. A. B. CREE  
CAPT. D. J. DAVIS



always considerable card playing in the camp it was almost all for pastime. But little reading matter could be obtained, save a few enterprising dailies. Home letter-writing was one of the chief pastimes. Many, who could not write at enlistment, through the desire to write their own letters home became good penmen. Nearly every soldier carried a Bible. It was not an uncommon thing for it to be almost an impossibility to get a deck of cards when we would go into camp unless the sutler was in our immediate locality. I have seen the ground strewn with cards when we would leave a camp where we had remained sometime. My impression is that few wanted to own and carry cards. They were an excellent pastime when on picket duty during the daytime. A game called "Chuck Luck" was frequently played. This was a game to lose money. During the siege an order was issued to arrest those who were engaged in the game. It was entirely broken up. June the 19th the Confederates fired some shells that burst over our camp indicating that they knew our position. As soon as they commenced firing not less than forty to fifty guns were concentrated on that one battery, so that it was immediately silenced. It was impossible for them to stand the down pour of lead and iron. On June 20th there was incessant firing all around the line from four a. m. to ten a. m. Our regiment was ordered to the rifle pits. The rumor was that if there was an opportunity there would be an order for a general assault. The Confederates had built their earthworks with great labor and skill. And since our assault on the 22nd of May they had added to their strength wherever needed. Yet, we on our line of works on the parallel ridge were equally strong. There was a rumor, that we heard often in camp, that the rebels would break through our lines and join Joe Johnston in our rear. With their force at this time they could not have broken

our lines. The bristling cannon viewed upon our ramparts was the awful warning the Confederates thought best to heed. So continued our duties day after day. On the second day of July the regiment was ordered on a march to the rear. We went into camp at a place called Red Bone Chapel after a day's weary march. We were not used to marching now. We returned on the third. I doubt if this march did us any good or the United States government either. We saw no Confederates. It was a very hot day. On our return march many of our men were stricken down with the heat. This is July 4th. We did not get up this morning very early. We were very sore and stiff after our march yesterday. When we marched daily we were after a night's rest as ready as ever to continue our march. We had gotten out of that habit. But the rumor or news that there was an armistice and that probably the Confederates had surrendered put new life into us and every hill and knoll was covered by the waiting and anxious blue coat. It is finally an assured fact that it is really and truly a surrender. We can see Logan's Division of McPherson's Corps marching into the city from its position with flags unfurled and waving to the breeze and the dirty white flags on the Confederate forts. This is surely one of the happiest days of our lives. No demonstrations are made, in deference to the feelings of our captured foe. The Confederates come out and stack their arms. We walk over and join them on their works and converse with them. The sociability between the rival soldiers is the wonder of the ages. Many of the Confederates hoped this would be their last campaign. Some said if it were not for the conscription acts they would not be there, others said they were fighting for the South, and would be there so long as any fighting was to be done. Alabamians and Carolinians were mostly in our front. During the siege



there was a perfect amicability between the picket lines, when not disturbed by necessary orders. When we received orders to advance our picket line, we had to necessarily lap over that of our adversary which would create a friction for a while. However, occasions of this kind were soon healed over. Then our boys would explain that we were advancing towards the fort and we must obey orders. If they drove us back it was all right but we came to stay. They had to abide by the result. Many times it almost came to a fight between the pickets, but we always had a strong reserve in case of trouble. Some of us stole past the guard line and went over into the city. We did not feel as though we could fight around a city forty-seven days and march away without seeing a glimpse of it. We found the hills on which the city stands honeycombed with underground living apartments so constructed that shot or shell could not enter within its domain. Within these secret chambers was the only safe and sure retreat of the citizen, the only place where rest and sleep could be found. Commodore Porter's fleet never ceased to land his shells where they were most needed for the good of the government.

There was a regularity about our pay during the siege that we should mention. We received our pay at proper times. While on the march there was the greatest lack of the funds necessary for a commissioned officer to procure his living. An account with the sutler was often a matter of necessity, and when that vender of delicacies was cut off, or failed of transportation there was suffering. There was then nothing left for the officer but the same ration as the rank and file, often cow peas and parched corn with a little foraged truck.

Greeley in his "American Conflict" says of the capture of Vicksburg: "This was the heaviest single blow ever given to the muscular resources of the Rebellion."

## CHAPTER VII

The morning of July 5th found us with marching orders. There were many misgivings in the minds of many of those who were taken from under the surgeon's care and placed on duty. As if to replace the needed strength of nature, an open-headed barrel, full of whiskey, well saturated with quinine, was set in our path, and we were marched past it in double file with our tin cups ready in our hands and each one took a tin cup full as he passed. Those of us who would not drink it got none and many of those who did got double their ration. The result was that there were a few who fell out on the march.

We take up our line of march to the rear to find the Confederate General Johnston and his army, who has been operating in our rear for some time, whom General Sherman has been looking after during the siege. We go into camp for the night on White creek. Early morning finds us on the march. We cross Big Black river at 2 p. m. and go into camp near Edward's station.

We start out again this morning at 6 a. m. We are pushing General Joe Johnston's army towards Jackson. We go into camp for the night to the left of Bolton station in line of battle. We did not march very fast today but we started at six and went into camp at 11 p. m. July 9th, we pass through Clinton, and go into camp. Have been marching since daybreak. On the 10th, we came up to the fortifications and took our position in line of battle. On the 11th, we were moved to the right and closer to the Confederate works. We can see the



forts and the rifle pits in the front of our line. On the 12th, we were ordered still closer to the fortifications. Before we moved to this position, a detail of skirmishers from our regiment, under my command, drove the Confederates from the edge of the woods on the opposite side of an open field. We then placed our advanced pickets some distance away in this woods. A fine large house was now in front of us. It was torn down for the convenience of a battery. Near where this house stood our battery was stationed.

On the 14th, an armistice of two hours was agreed to, so that General Lauman on our right could bury the dead, those who were killed the day before in his fruitless charge. I was an officer on picket duty during this armistice. When the Confederates in front of us learned of it they came over to us, and we had quite a little visit. They first wanted to know if there were any Ohio boys among us, there were none. We told them we were from Iowa. They had not seen any Iowa men before. They said they were from Arkansas. They expressed themselves as if they were not much interested in the war, and wished it would soon be over, and thought it would be much more reasonable if the politicians who brought on the war and are still pushing it forward, were made to do the fighting part, rather than to put them to do the fighting who hardly know what the fighting is about. Thus we conversed until we received orders to resume hostilities and in a very few moments we were shooting at each other with intent to kill. The last remark made was for us not to shoot until they got within their rifle pits, a request that was always held sacred on both sides of the line.

Today is the 16th, and I am in command of the sharpshooters. We are very close to the enemy's rifle pits. We have only the trees to protect us. The zip zip is as frequent as it is familiar. The boys have a way of loca-

ting their enemy by putting their hats on the muzzles of their guns, and pushing them a little out from behind the trees, when zip goes a bullet through them. The smoke of his gun locates the enemy, then it is his turn to take care of himself. Thus we are engaged in killing and maiming. This is war.

About 10 a. m. on the 17th, we were surprised to learn that the Confederates had evacuated Jackson during the night. Then it was that many of the men on the picket line remembered they had heard during the night, a continual rumbling noise, and some explosions. It was the wagon trains and artillery and cavalry forces crossing the bridge over Pearl river. General Joe Johnston was not going to be caught in the trap that General Sherman was laying for him. For sure enough Sherman was tightening the cords that would bind him as Grant did Pemberton. A sufficient number of men were left to destroy all property they could not take along and that would be of any service to us. As soon as it was possible for me to leave my Company, I went over into the town. Much of it was surely a blackened heap. There were very few of the white element in sight, they had no doubt hid themselves or followed the Confederate army.

On the 18th the Regiment was sent to tear up and destroy the railroad track. "A" and "F" were left in support of the battery, while the other Companies tore up the railroad tracks, burning the ties and twisting the rails.

On the 19th we moved back to our old camp that we occupied during the siege. Here James McGuire of Company "A" died and was buried. On the 20th we started on our march back to Vicksburg and went into camp near Raymond. On the 21st we marched to Baker's Creek, near where we fought the battle of Champion Hills on the 16th of May. A gentlemen by name of Champion, owning a farm in this hill country where this

battle was fought, gives it the name. On the 23rd we reached Vicksburg and went into camp near the river below the town. On the 28th we were moved to the right that more troops might camp between us and the river. Our Colonel Wm. M. Stone and General A. J. Smith had a little controversy about the moving but the General was the ranking officer, therefore we moved. On the 4th of August we were paid two months pay. A great number of our officers and men were permitted to go home on leave of absence. On the 9th Captain C. N. Lee of Company "A" received his resignation papers and started for home. Captain George Shockey was left in command of the Regiment.

On the 11th I was detailed brigade officer of the day, indicating that a large portion of our commissioned officers were absent. There were quite a number on the sick roll, though the general health of the Regiment had much improved since our return from Jackson. Our loss by disease since we started on the Vicksburg campaign had been very heavy. We received orders on the 13th to move. "A" and "F" embarked on the Autocrat and with a barge on each side of our boat we started down the river. The barges were loaded with army supplies. One of them struck a snag on the morning of the 14th near Natchez and was lost. We passed Port Hudson on the 15th and anxiously scanned the works (from the boats) where Confederate General Gardner held General Banks at bay for so long. It was generally the opinion that the fall of Vicksburg hastened the surrender of Port Hudson.

We arrived at Carrollton above New Orleans, a suburb of the latter city, in the evening and immediately disembarked. On the 16th we moved out to the edge of the town and went into camp, the other Companies joining us prior to going into camp.

Camp Carrollton is a beautiful camping ground on the

shell road. It has every convenience and is connected with New Orleans by railroad, trains running during the day hourly. The Regiment is now where they can take a much needed rest, there being scarcely any duty to perform. The air is invigorating. These are truly the best days of our soldier life. The accumulated dust and red clay of Vicksburg will soon be things of the past.

This is August 31st and we are still in camp at Carrollton. We have become acquainted with many of their citizens. There are many unreconcilables. Quite a number of us boys who were brought up to go to Sabbath School found a place where we could attend near our camp. It was not long till some of the unadjustable element began to object to our attending. The superintendent very politely requested us not to attend any more as it would break up the Sabbath School. We very complacently acquiesced. We naturally concluded it would be a boy's affair. We were believers in a mixed Sunday School. A Sunday School to us was not a Sunday School unless the fair sex were a part. I really could not find much fault with the powers that reigned, for the blue-coats in that Sunday School had become so interested in it that they would naturally have crowded out the original scholars very soon had no action been taken.

September 4th, we are ordered on general review. The whole 13th Army Corps has been in camp here for some time. General Banks commands this department and Grant is here. The whole corps pass in review in column by companies, passed Grant and Banks and their immediate staff. We go into line and then the Generals pass us in review as we stand at a present arms. Grant was thrown from his horse and severely hurt. His horse stumbled. We have perfect faith in Grant and do not believe any of the stories that he drinks.

At Vicksburg, he, wearing a fatigue blouse and hat with no insignia of rank, would pass on foot through the camps and converse with the men. All the boys knew Grant and when they saw him coming they would say, "There comes General Grant", and were always ready to salute.

As soon as the review was over our brigade marched down to the river and embarked on board transports and swung down to Algiers. On the 5th we boarded the train and proceeded to Bayou Beaoff. We reached our destination at one o'clock p. m. Captain A. B. Cree of "F" and Lieutenant D. W. Henderson of "H" and a number of furloughed men joined us. We are having a good deal of rain here. The mosquitoes are very annoying and are of a prodigious size. Our minds naturally revert to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

On the 11th we moved to Brashear City. Lieutenant Joseph E. Griffith joined the Regiment today after an extended leave of absence. Lieutenant Griffith came to me and told me that my father was sick and not expected to live, when he left home. (Our homes are in the same neighborhood.) I told him I had had no word from home for a long time. He urged me to apply for a leave of absence and wrote out an application and went with me until I procured the necessary signatures of Commanders of Regiment, Brigade, and Division, and instructed me where I would find General Washburn our Corps Commander.



## CHAPTER VIII

With the papers, on the 12th, I immediately started for New Orleans, proceeded to the vicinity where our corps camp had been, found General Washburn and his staff still in their tents. I went to the General's tent and presented my papers. He asked me some questions, such as if I had been home on leave since enlistment. I told him I had never desired a leave until one of my comrades from my home told me my father was on his deathbed. "Well," he said, "we are now starting on an extensive campaign, so that it is impossible to spare men or officers." He returned to his tent and his Adjutant General came out and questioned me at length, then he went into the tent, and the Surgeon came out and questioned me with regard to my past service. I gave him a pretty lengthy account of my illness in the trenches at Vicksburg, but told him my only desire was to see my father, and I rather think I shed some tears. He also went into the tent, and presently came out with a sick leave drawn out, the only way I could have gotten a leave to go home, for there were strict orders against leaves of absence.

With a somewhat lighter heart, and a very empty pocketbook, I made my way to the wharf to find out how soon I could get on my way home, and what it was going to cost me. Cabin passage to Cairo \$18.00, deck passage \$5.00 I had not the money to go cabin passage, therefore my only way was to go deck passage. Fortunately, when I was looking up the matter of transportation, I ran across the drummer boy of Company

"C", Frank Peabody, he was also a son of our assistant surgeon. He was in the same predicament as I in regard to money. We at once joined fortunes, and prepared to go deck passage. We packed a box with eatables, that would last us to Cairo, and Frank suggested a pint of good brandy to offset the poisonous effects of Mississippi water, to which I immediately acquiesced.

On the evening of the 12th, Frank and I were at the wharf awaiting the boat, "Champion", to take on her cargo. We had secured our transportation, and our box and blankets were already aboard. It was eleven o'clock before the boat pulled out from the wharf. It was very dark and foggy. In about one hour after we started, we were aroused by an awful crash, and found ourselves almost sliding down into the water. We were lying on the second or cabin deck with our heads to the cabin and feet to the railing. Another boat had just barely missed our boat, tearing the support and railing from our side of the deck. We carried our box and blankets inside the cabin under the table, where we spent our nights till we got to Memphis. As soon as the collision happened, our Captain ran the boat to shore, to ascertain if there was any serious damage; there being none, he immediately proceeded on his way. Our Captain was a very kind but queer man. A colored person was not allowed on his boat either as servant or passenger. When we arrived at Memphis the Champion was pressed into the United States service to carry troops south. As soon as the Captain was in receipt of the order he set fire to his boat. It was said at the time he preferred to see it go up in smoke rather than carry Yankee soldiers. He returned us money enough to continue our journey on another boat, Liberty No. 2; we had the same quarters but it was not as fine a boat.

Arriving at Cairo, we took the Illinois Central for La-salle. Here we separated, Frank went north and I



went west. It did not require money to travel on the cars; we presented our papers at the ticket office, the officer stamped them and handed them back, then we presented them to the conductor. When I arrived at home my father was going around in his usual health. I was fourteen days coming home. I had only six to be at home and return, but Uncle Sam had a pretty soft heart, he knew I could not get back, I had only had twenty days to come on and fourteen were gone before I got home. He gave me twenty more to finish my visit and return. It was only about one year since we left Iowa City. I finished my visit and turned my face south again. With the exception of several scares on account of bushwhackers along the Mississippi river banks I was more lucky on my return. I lost no time in joining the Regiment, which was on its return from the Teche country, western Louisiana.

## CHAPTER IX

New Iberia, La.

I arrived here this morning. I found the Regiment in camp here. The health of the Regiment is good. The boys seemed to have enjoyed their campaign in western Louisiana.

I reported to the Colonel and he ordered me on duty. I took command of Company "A", and Lieut. W. D. Henderson was relieved from that duty, and ordered to his Company ("H"). The boys of the Company were pleased to see me back again and in command, although Lieutenant Henderson was a favorite with them. Since the fall of Vicksburg I have been in continuous command of the Company, Captain Davis doing staff duty on General Fitz Henry Warren's staff.

On November 6th, we were still at New Iberia. The Regiment was called out in line of battle, then was sent on picket duty. We received orders to move on the 8th, and started at five a. m., on our march back towards Brashear City. We went into camp for the night near Franklin. We continued our march on the 9th, reaching Berwick on Berwick Bay, about 12 m., and went into camp. The men were not in the best of humor when we went into camp, fault was found with the Colonel for marching too fast without cause. We remained in camp here until the 17th.

We enjoyed this camp as well as any we ever occupied. On the 17th, we embarked on the cars, right wing only, for New Orleans, reached Algiers at 8 p. m. We lay there till the 20th, when five companies of the

Twenty-second and the Eleventh Wisconsin embarked on the T. A. Scott, bound for Texas.

We lay a short time at anchor near the mouth of the Mississippi, then proceeded on our way to Texas. We arrived near the mouth of the Rio Grande River on the 24th of November, and cast anchor. The weather was rough and stormy. A boat was sent out and was returned with orders not to land there. It became so rough and stormy we were kept out all night, and on the 25th we anchored off Aransas Pass, about 12 m. We were transferred to another boat and disembarked on Mustang Island, tired and sore. Our voyage from New Orleans, here, was a stormy one. It was reported that there were some of the boats with troops that did not fare as well as we did. Our boat was a good substantial one. On the 26th, Companies "A" and "I" were ordered on board the boat Matamoras. On the boat was General Fitz Henry Warren and his staff and a battery of two guns. We sailed up Corpus Christi Bay.

The intention was to proceed up the Bay and cut off the retreat of the Confederates from Fort Saluria, but on the 27th, we stuck on a sand bar and failed to get off. We drew rations for the two Companies, "A" and "I", seventy-two men "all told."

Captain Stone and Lieutenant Baker of General Warren's staff, took their horses off the boat and rode to land.

On the 2nd of December, Company "A" was taken ashore in yawls, with orders, "march by land and join the regiment." Company "A" went into camp the first night of their march, at a place called the Ferry. A number of the boys took their guns and tried to get some venison, as deer were plenty on Mustang Island. Our destination is Fort Saluria on Matagorda Bay, to help take by land what the fates denied us by water. Our

march is along the smooth and level beach, which the water washes when the tide is high.

On our right is the Gulf and on our left are sand hills. The sand drifted into piles by the wind. We marched ten miles yesterday and sixteen miles today, (the 4th). Captain Stone and Lieutenant Baker passed us today, going to the front. A herd of deer ran near us today, passing between us and the sand hills, two or three shots were fired at them, and being satisfied that one or more had been hit, several of the boys were permitted to follow them. They killed one and brought it to camp in the evening, and as there was an abundance of sheep on the Island, we had that night for supper, beef, pork, mutton, and venison, a little more luxurious feast than usual. We were up at 6 a. m. but did not get started on our march till nine. Possibly our high living had something to do with it. We came to the Fort about sundown. The fighting was over, the Confederates had retreated across the Bay. We joined the right wing of the Regiment as they were embarking on the Ferry, to cross over the Bay. Company "A" did not cross over, they lay on this side till morning.

This is 7th of December, Company "A" crossed over, and the whole Regiment went into camp. Our camp is Camp De Crow's point, Matagorda Island, Texas. On the 12th we moved our camp a little, to a better location. One of our Company "A's" men died on the 22nd, Frank Butler.

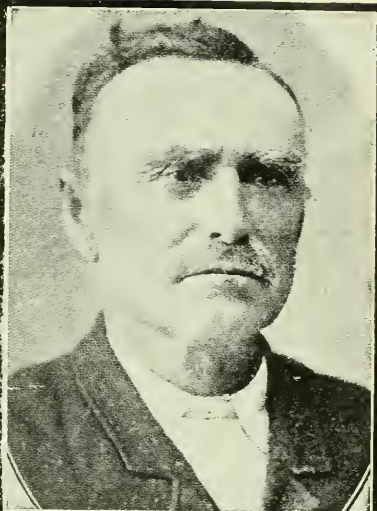
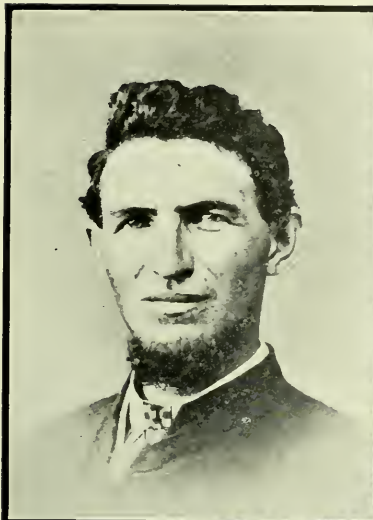
On the 31st we were ordered to march in the evening. The Regiment fell into line in marching order, stacked arms, and returned to quarters. Sometime after dark we were ordered out in line, took arms and returned to quarters. Such is soldiering. It is very sandy here in this camp.

## CHAPTER X

January 4th, we were ordered to Indianola, Texas. We embarked on the boat Planter, 10:45 a. m. and landed at Indianola, 4 p. m., and were at once sent to quarters, "A", "I", and "D" in the City Hospital, "F" and "H" in adjacent buildings. The right wing only, is quartered here. The left wing has its quarters in another part of town.

On January 9th, while on dress parade, we were startled with the news that the Confederates were marching on Old Town or Powderhorn as it is also called and that there was fighting in front. It turned out to be a few Confederate cavalry who ventured too close to our advanced pickets, creating a little disturbance. The Confederates were soon scattered and out of reach of bullets.

We are short on rations since we came to this place. We lived on corn meal that we ground on a peculiar mill that they had here. Each Company in its turn sent a squad or detail of men, with an officer, to grind corn for the Company, two and one-half gallons to thirty-six men, which was not enough to satisfy us. Parched corn was eaten to satisfy the deficiency. The capacity of the mill was not great enough to do any better for the number of men depending upon it for a subsistence. Rumors that we would soon have rations in abundance were heard so often, that finally no credit was given to them. We had plenty of nice fresh beef, and we could get some fresh vegetables. On the 10th, an order came for a detail to go and help unload boats filled with ra-



LIEUT. J. R. CHANDLER  
LIEUT. J. A. BOARTS

LIEUT. D. W. HENDERSON  
LIEUT. N. C. MESSENGER







tions. Our long fast had come to an end. There was one good qualification in General Fitz Henry Warren, he would feed and clothe the men under him, if it were possible to get the means.

Other exciting incidents were soon to draw our attention. We could see daily on the far distant hills, the Confederate cavalry, watching our every movement. On the 12th, when we were on brigade drill, we received an order to prepare for action. The Confederates were advancing on us in three separate columns. One column marching towards us, one towards Old Town, and a center column. We could see them in the distance, but could not estimate their number. A line of battle was at once formed, with batteries in position, and they soon began to play on the head of the advancing Confederate column. Sharp skirmishing was also going on in front. Companies "A" and "F" were sent out on the skirmish line to relieve the Twenty-first Iowa Regiment, so they could return to the rear to get their supper. The fighting was done at long range, so that there were no casualties on our side. A very heavy picket line was thrown out to protect us against a surprise.

On the 13th, more troops came and General N. T. Dana with them. On the 16th, we had general review and inspection. We were on our parade ground at 9:30, marched off and fell in with the other troops and marched out on the prairie, and were received by General Benton and his staff. We then returned to our regimental parade ground and were inspected by Captain W. W. Morseman, acting Assistant Inspector General, then we returned to quarters, warm and tired. January 19th; orders came for us to be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 11:30 a. m., we started on our march to Old Town, or Old Indianola, where we expected to go into camp. And here we are at Old Town

once more settled down, for a short time at least. We have our tents up and our quarters cleaned up, ready to take a "spell of enjoyment." We have a Company and Battalion drill each day.

On the 22nd, we received news that W. H. Bechtel of Company "A", was taken prisoner near Lavaca. He was one of a detail of scouts from the regiment. On the 26th, "A" and "B" Companies were detailed as an escort for a wood train. We went about four miles, tore down a house and some cattle sheds and loaded them on the wagons, and returned to camp. Companies "D" and "C" were a detail to unload boats on the 27th.

On the next day our scouts had a hot race with a squad of the Confederate cavalry, an ambuscade was laid to capture them. It was discovered when almost too late. Our scouts sounded a retreat and lit out, every one for himself, and the Confederates took the hindmost of them. There were several hairbreadth escapes, the swiftest horses got out easily, while the slow and lazy ones got the spur. It was a source of fun for a long time and a lesson to be more wary. More scouts were detailed, one each from "D", "B", and "E".

On the 2nd of February, "A", "I", and "K" were detailed for the wood train. We went six miles out, and within eight miles of Lavaca. Rumors went back to camp that the escort and train were attacked. The Twenty-third Iowa was sent to our relief. We had not seen a Confederate and therefore had not been molested, and returned to camp with our train in charge. We were reviewed on the 7th by E. O. C. Ord. The First Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, was in camp here.

This is the 9th of February, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-four. The present strength of our Regiment is as follows:

Officers	25	
Enlisted men	624	
		<hr/>
Total	649	
Total present for duty		397
"    sick in camp		22
Absent sick, detached duty, and prisoners		230
		<hr/>
		649

A reorganization of the regiment was made today, by order of Colonel Harvey Graham, whereby Company "A" will rank as the tenth company and will take that position in the Regiment. On the 14th, we escorted the Eleventh Wisconsin down to New Indianola.

We have brigade drill by General Fitz Henry Warren. He compliments our Regiment very much on their appearance and drill. On the 21st, Adjutant David J. Davis received his commission as Captain of Company "A", and Sergeant Major S. D. Pryce, his commission as Adjutant of the Regiment. Captain Davis took command of Company "A" on the 24th.

We are building a line of forts connected by rifle pits, to protect Old and New Indianola. We are working by regiments.

Fourteen Confederates came in today under a flag of truce. (the 24th.)

February 29, we have finished our fortifications. We have four substantial forts and an excellent line of rifle pits connecting them. Colonel Samuel Merrill of the Twenty-first Iowa Regiment is in command of our brigade.

On the 9th of March we received orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. All our baggage including tents, was loaded on boats.

On the tenth, the Regiment with the exception of Company "A", started on the march for Powder Horn,

Texas. Company "A" was detailed to finish loading boats. It got so windy we could not that day, so we went into quarters in an empty house near by. On the 11th, Company "A" with two other Companies from the brigade, loaded the boat "Warrior" with sick soldiers, citizens, old lumber, and regimental goods. All was done by three p. m.

This is the 12th; we are still at work. Today we are loading the Matamoras, filling every nook and corner with old lumber which we had piled on the wharf. The lumber being from old houses we had torn down. We have about one hundred men at work.

We loaded the boat Planter and another smaller boat also.

We board the Planter with our guns and accouterments and cooking utensils at 2 p. m. and are to start on our voyage tomorrow morning at six a. m. March 13th, we were on the boat all night. I slept on the Hurricane deck, on top of the cabin. As we sailed up the Bay, we could see the long, marching columns of fours, with bayonets bristling in the sun for miles. It was a beautiful sight. Only those who were detailed to load the boats were allowed to ride aboard the boats.

We landed at Fort Esperansas at 10 a. m. and unloaded the boat Matamoras. We heard, here, that while the troops were crossing an arm of the Bay, twenty-two men of the Sixty-ninth Indiana Regiment, were drowned by the swamping of the old Ferry boat.

The Regiment crossed over and went into camp.

This is "Camp near Fort Esperansas". The Fourteenth Regiment Rhode Island, colored, is quartered in the Fort. I found the Major Commanding, and got a pass to go through the Fort. It is built here to protect this arm of the Gulf.

As soon as I returned I took the Company across, while Captain Davis went to look after some ordinance

stores, of which we were in need. The Regiment looks tired and weather-beaten, we have only shelter tents. I will give the description of what served me for a tent last night; two sticks driven in the ground, one stick across the top, two rubber blankets put up to the windward side and end, with a woolen blanket on the other side, leaving one end open, loose boards for a floor.

On the 16th our tents came, wedge tents for the men and wall tents for the officers. Captain Davis and I occupy the same tent. We put it up and put in a board floor and raised bunks. We think we will be comfortable. We are waiting for the paymaster to come around and shake out some greenbacks.

March 17th, I am Lieutenant of the Guard. I took our detail up to General Fitz Henry Warren's Headquarters for duty. He sent us back to camp. We were there too early. We hadn't our blankets on right. Some of us had boots on with the pant legs in the boot tops. Some had hats and some had caps. We were sent back with strict orders how to return. In part we were to wear caps, roll our blankets the long way, tie the ends together, wearing them over the left shoulder, the tied ends under our right arm, pants over boot tops, and guns and accouterments thoroughly inspected. There were two Captains, three Lieutenants, four Sergeants, twelve Corporals and one hundred and twenty men. Maj. Houston of the 23rd Iowa Infantry commands our Regiment today. We are building a chain of forts across the Island, connected by rifle pits.

On the 19th, the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Regiments were detailed from the brigade to go out and work on the forts and rifle pits. We were all relieved at noon. Thus we continue from day to day, working a part of each day as the hot sun compels us to be careful in our labor.

On the 24th, the guard from the Regiment in my



command, did not get up to headquarters in time, and General Warren ordered us to fall in, in the rear of the other portion of the guard.

Adjutant General Stone asked if my portion of the guard was inspected, I answered in the negative. He ordered me to inspect it. Afterward we took our place in the line, and I being the ranking officer took command of the guard. On the 29th, our Regiment was paid for four months, commencing August 31st., 1863. I received \$429.89 in an order on the Assistant Treasurer, U. S. A.

I was officer of the Guard on the 30th and after taps. We were called out to guard the Fourteenth Rhode Island Regiment (Colored), as they threatened to mutiny. It was 12 o'clock, midnight, when they were reported to us and put under guard. Later the greater part of the regiment was returned to duty, and only the ring-leaders were punished.

The guard was relieved at 10 a. m. and the troops were inspected by General N. J. T. Dana. The weather was disagreeable, one of those frequent sand storms came up.

April 6th, we heard firing in the distance, seemingly on the water.

On the 7th there were several Confederate officers and men taken prisoners up at Indianola by our gunboats. That accounts for the cannonading we heard yesterday.

The Regiment is in excellent health, only four or five are in the Hospital.

Major L. B. Houston of the Twenty-third Iowa is commanding our Regiment, and has been for some time. Major General John A. McClearnand came up from Brownsville, Texas, on the 9th. He has not forgotten how we fought under him at Vicksburg, Miss. On the 13th he granted furloughs to twenty-one men from our Regiment.



We have now, ten Captains, six First Lieutenants, and four Second Lieutenants, with four hundred and forty-seven (447) enlisted men, present for duty. Company "I" is on detached duty. We had a good deal of excitement on the 14th. Competitive drill in all its forms, confined to our brigade. The Twenty-second Iowa, the Sixty-ninth Indiana and the Thirty-fourth Iowa were in the lead when I last heard from them. Colonel Washburn is the Judge. The best drilled Regiment was to get a new flag. On the 17th, the Eighteenth Indiana started home on veteran furlough, the First Brigade escorting them to the landing.

It will be one year in a few days, since they stood shoulder to shoulder with us in deadly conflict with the enemy. Their cheering voices were heard above the din and roar of the battle, in the thickest of the fight. General McClearnand and the Forty-ninth Indiana left us today for more active duty. We drill every day when we are not at work on the fortifications.

On the 20th a detail from the Regiment of three hundred men, rank and file, received orders to march with three days cooked rations and two days uncooked rations. The Twenty-first, at six a. m. "A", "F", and "D" Companies marched to the wharf and boarded the boats Zephyr and Warrior. The Zephyr stuck on the bar off the point, Old Indianola, but after much labor we got it off. A detail was made to go in a skiff and mark out the channel and a detail with an officer in another skiff to go to shore, where a number of people were waving a white flag. They proved to be Confederate soldiers who wished to surrender; there were two of them. We lay over night here at anchor. On the 22nd we passed on up the Bay following our markers, cast anchor above Indianola and sent a detail in a skiff to locate the channel off Gallonipper Point. I was sent in charge of the detail. The channel being marked, we

passed safely through and on to Port Lavaca, without opposition. We pulled up to the wharf at 10 a. m. and landed. Company "A", myself in command led by the band, marched up into and through the town along one of the main streets to the open country. We formed a picket line of the whole Company, with orders to hold in check any enemy that might attempt to charge on the town.

About dusk General Warren sent orders to withdraw the picket line to the edge of the city, later on orders came to fall back to the pier where we camped for the night. On the morning of the 23rd, in a pouring rain, Companies "A" and "F" were ordered out after a squad of about thirty Confederates who were picketed about two miles from town in plain view. We approached to within about three hundred yards of them, and on charging them they fled, leaving their haversacks, saddles, harness, buggy and guns. A volley from the skirmishers of Company "A" appeared to do little damage. Subsequently, one Confederate was captured and again abandoned on account of a Confederate rush made on the picket. We were ordered to fall back to the city and at 4 p. m. were ordered on board the boats. We suffered no losses, neither did we inflict any great loss. It was reported that the captured Confederate was killed.

The object of the detail was to get these boats loaded with lumber for the use of the army, and now their holds being filled, we were ready to start on our return trip. Just as we were embarking at 4:30 p. m., a fire broke out in the town. Details were made from the troops to help put out the fire, which could not be done until one whole block was consumed. The soldiers labored manfully to put it out, for which they gained the thanks and admiration of the citizens, though they were mostly our enemies. When all was done that

could be to extinguish the fire, we pulled from the wharf and anchored in the Bay. The morning of the 24th finds us steaming down the Bay. The Warrior stuck on the bar off Gallonipper Point and delayed us some. We crossed the bar safely at Indianola, and as we passed Powder Horn the Zephyr stopped and took on a lot of goods and citizens, and nine Confederates who were at home on furlough, and who gave themselves up. We arrived at camp near Fort Esperansas at 5 p. m. Captain A. B. Cree of Company "F" was in command of the detail, General Fitz Henry Warren was in command of the expedition.

On the 25th, the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Regiments received orders to move with ten days rations. Two boats were there for us to embark on.

April 27th, we fell in line yesterday and marched to the boats to embark when an order came for the left wing of the Regiment to await another boat. I was on picket duty. Colonel Bailey of the Ninety-ninth Illinois, who now commands the Brigade, visited our picket post this evening. He spoke well of our sentinels, gave a few instructions with regard to our duty, and left us. Have with me on this post, two Sergeants, Thos. Buchanan of Company "D" and L. Gabriel of "F" and four Corporals, with the full complement of men.

## CHAPTER XI

The left wing boarded the side wheel steamer, "The Saint Mary" on the 29th. We left camp Fort Esperansas at 6:30 a. m., had everything on board and embarked and pulled from the wharf at 10 a. m. It is said to be from Pass Cavalla to the mouth of the Mississippi River, 400 miles and from the mouth of the River to New Orleans, our destination, ninety miles. We mustered on the 30th, on board "The Saint Mary", and we reached the mouth of the River on the morning of May 1st, just as it was breaking day.

The boat reached New Orleans and pulled up at Bull's Head and we remained on board all night.

We disembarked on the morning of the 2nd and marched to the Virginia Cotton Press and went into quarters there, we, the left wing, marched to the wharf on the fourth and boarded the boat Colonel Cowls, and started up the river. General Fitz Henry Warren and staff are also on this boat. It seems so pleasant to look on the green banks of the Mississippi, and gaze on the broad plantations after being so long on the barren coast of Texas. We passed Baton Rouge at dusk. On the 6th we reached the mouth of Red River at 1 a. m. and stopped about an hour. A few of us got off and took a stroll in the timber. The ground is a mat of blue grass and white clover. We resumed our journey up Red River. It appears to be a very crooked river. Our good old General got on one of his tantrum spells, and broke out saying the troops on the boat with him were "damn thieves". Just because, when we ran the

boat up to the river bank for a little stop, the boys hopped off and did a little foraging on their own responsibility. We knew that his anger was only on the surface for he was good at heart.

Proceeding up the river, May 7th, we are at the mouth of Black River twenty miles above the mouth of Red River at 12 m. just below, and in sight of Fort De Russy. The Ironclad gunboat, "Chucktaw", is here doing picket duty. The Twenty-third Iowa which is on one of our accompanying boats, was sent out on a reconnoitering expedition, and they found a few Confederates scattered through the timber. I am called up from my bunk at 10 p. m. to go on guard; two Lieutenants, three Sergeants, three Corporals and thirty-six men in all on guard duty. Rumors are conflicting. We anticipate a fight in the near future.

On May 8th, General Warren and his staff boarded the Ironclad gunboat, Chocktaw, and with two Musketto boats proceeded up the river on a reconnoissance, returned at 12 m. He found that the rebels had placed obstructions in the river so that it was impossible for us to proceed any farther up the river by water.

The 9th. About midnight last night we were surprised. A squad of cavalry with dispatches from Alexandria came upon our pickets, thinking them Confederates, and opened fire on them. Their fusilade came spattering against our boat in such a manner as to cause alarm. Company "A" landed instantly and deployed along the river bank in a shower of bullets, and other companies followed. It was soon learned that it was a mistake, luckily, no one was hurt on either side. Three officers and a guide with dispatches were immediately started back to Alexandria; they, however, met with difficulties, two of the officers returned and reported the guide wounded and no word came from the other officer. Reports come in that Confederate cavalry are hovering



around us. The gunboats shell the woods at intervals during each day. We anticipate trouble tonight, the 9th. The anticipated attack last night did not materialize. The pilot says it is forty miles from Fort De Russy to Alexandria and from the Fort to the mouth of Red River eighty miles. We start down the river at 12 m. We see a great many bodies floating down stream and some lodged near the river bank and buzzards picking at them. It is horrible! We run down to the mouth of Black River and land on the opposite side, and station pickets out. We remained there all night. We just learned that there is a case of small-pox among the troops on the boat, Madison, one of our fleet. On the 11th we started down the river. A soldier of Company "C", (Charlie McDonald) in dipping water alongside the boat with a bucket, accidentally fell into the water and was drowned. We reached the mouth of Red River at 11 a. m.

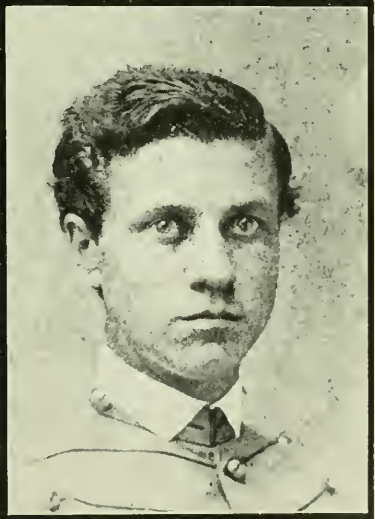
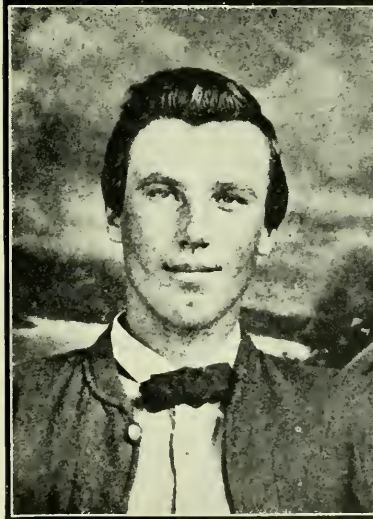
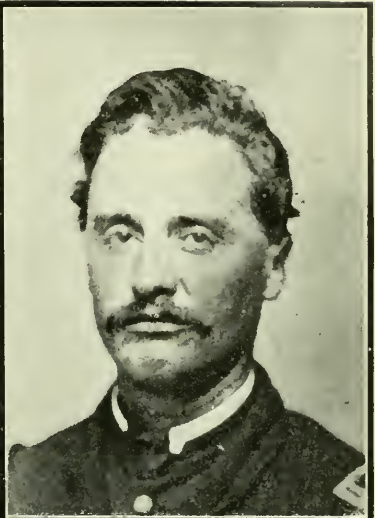
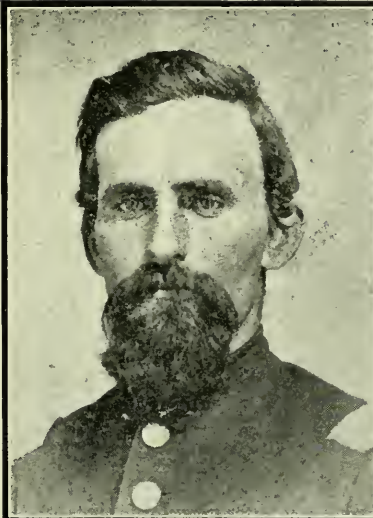
We counted fifteen large alligators sunning themselves on the bar. We saw two human bodies today floating down. We disembarked and went into camp on the east bank of the river, and threw out pickets, two Lieutenants, two Sergeants, four Corporals and sixty men. We, attached to the Twenty-third Iowa, had dress parade. We remained in camp here until the 16th. Company "F" left us here, it went off on the gunboat, Benton. While here General Canby visited us, it is said he will take command of the troops here. We were ordered on our boat, the Colonel Cowls, at 4 p. m. We proceed up the Achafalaya river. General Warren and staff are still with us on this boat. We boys begin to think he is very fond of Iowa men. May the 17th. We are still not far from the mouth of Red River, at a very large plantation. There are as many as twenty-six transports here besides quite a number of gunboats. The transports are loaded with Commissary





E. J. C. BEALER

The Twenty-second Iowa Association made a wise choice when it selected Comrade E. J. C. Bealer to represent it on the Vicksburg Park Commission. There was great labor and difficulty in getting the Markers and Tablets where the Regiment was entitled to have them. At present everything is quite satisfactory for which Mr. Bealer has the gratitude of his comrades.



LIEUT. R. W. DAVIS  
CORP'L E. J. C. BEALER

LIEUT. O. P. HULL  
LIEUT. J. E. GRIFFITH



and sanitary goods for the sick and wounded soldiers. There are a great many stragglers and a great number of negroes. There are representatives from nearly every regiment of the army of Red River. We moved up the river at 4 p. m. to Simmesport.

May 18th. Immediately after reaching this place we disembarked and commenced assisting in the construction of a bridge across the river. By placing the transports side by side, with their gang plank laid across their bows, we soon had a bridge constructed ready for General Bank's army to cross. It consists of nineteen large transports, some of them are the Metropolitan, Colonel Cows, Ohio Bell, Star Light, Black Hawk, Madison, South Western, Rob Roy, Sally Robinson. The army commenced crossing as soon as the bridge was ready. Bank's army was vigorously pressed by the enemy, and only General A. J. Smith's troops stood between them and destruction.

On the 20th, I am on duty on the bridge, where I can witness the great panorama as it passes in my view. The Nineteenth Corps passed yesterday and last night, the Thirteenth Corps is passing today and will consume the most of the coming night. There are some cavalry. They will come later, will probably be the last. The troops look dusty and worn, tired and ragged. General Banks looks dejected and worn, and is hooted at by his men. Gen. A. J. Smith's men look weary and tired, but alert and confident. The roar of battle has followed them till their feet are on the bridge. Artillery and sharpshooters are placed along the banks of the river on the east so the Confederates dare not come close enough to interrupt the crossing. We also have gunboats on the river, grim sentinels that carry conviction and confusion.

May 19th, the Thirteenth corps will go into camp here and rest awhile. On the 20th we, the left wing of

the Twenty-second Iowa, started on our march for the mouth of Red River, in the evening at six o'clock, and reached the mouth of Red River at six in the morning of the 21st. We marched all night long, stopped here only long enough to get our breakfast, then marched on down the Mississippi, bound for Morganza's Bend. It is very warm, and we rest often by the way. We follow a bayou nearly all day, it seems to have been the bed of the river at an earlier day. We are in light marching order, and do not seem to feel the loss of sleep and weariness from the night's march.

We went into camp on the 22nd, three miles above Morganza's Bend on the Mississippi river. There is part of the Nineteenth and Thirteenth corps here. Brigadier General Warren has command of the troops of the Thirteenth corps.

On the 29th we move to another camp farther down the river. We are up at 3 a. m. It appeared for awhile as if the Confederates were about to attack us, they are hovering around us all the time. They are supposed to be scouting parties.

Orders came for us to be ready at a moment's notice. Our Second Division is going out to look after the Confederates who are hanging around our camp. They started at 2 a. m. We are placed behind the levee so that we may use it as a breastwork. It takes nearly the whole of our detachment for guard duty. We have very little space here behind the levee.

Every man for duty is called out before headquarters of detachment. They number two commissioned officers, twenty non-commissioned officers, and fifteen privates. Then comes an order for one commissioned officer and twenty men. I am the lucky or unlucky officer and with two sergeants, six corporals and twelve men report for duty, leaving in camp one commissioned officer, twelve non-commissioned officers and three



privates for duty. We have a good time on guard. Besides our men, we have twenty-three men from the One hundred and twentieth Ohio Regiment. They are fine fellows. We enjoy our guard duty better than being crowded in camp.

June 4th Company "A" was detailed for provost guard at Brigadier General Lawler's headquarters.

At 2 p. m. on June 13 our detachment embarked on the boat Universe and moved down to Baton Rouge. We shook hands with General Warren. He asked how Company "A" got along.

The old fellow had not forgotten the mischievousness of Company "A". He is a sharp old coon. A great disciplinarian, but wants his men fed and clothed and clean. Here we joined the right wing of our Regiment and were immediately ordered on duty. The camp is flat but dry. We have had no rain to make it muddy. The mosquitoes are troublesome. We drew mosquito nets. We stick four sticks in the ground set the net over that and creep under, where we are safe from their annoying practice.

## CHAPTER XII

June 18th, 1864, we are glad to get together again as a Regiment though we had a pretty good time while separated. Our left wing drew four months pay today. Among us money had become very scarce. We have this town guarded so that no one is allowed to come or go without a pass. There has been some traffic in gun caps and other contraband material between the Confederate sympathizers and the Confederate army, so we have to search those going out who have not a pass. I am detailed for guard duty with two Sergeants, four Corporals and thirty men. We are assigned to post No. 10. We have been very busy all day examining passes. The same duties are performed each day, besides the unloading of commissary boats that bring in our food and forage.

On July 6th we received orders to move. We embarked on a transport bound for New Orleans.

The Twenty-first Indiana heavy artillery, 1000 strong and our Regiment, numbering about 600, with baggage for all make our boat very heavily loaded. We reached New Orleans on the 7th, at 4 p. m., crossed over to Algiers and disembarked and remained all night. A very uncomfortable night it was. We laid down to rest where we disembarked wherever we could find room. We laid our blankets on boxes, covered ourselves over with one, and slept the best we could. This morning we made some warm tea, drank it, and felt better. After a while our tents came, we put them up, and were glad to get out of the boiling sun. On the 10th, Cap-

tain D. J. Davis returned to the Regiment and reported for duty. He had been a detailed staff officer on General Fitz Henry Warren's staff. On the 11th I was detailed in the evening to take charge of one hundred and fifty men to unload the commissary boat, Nebraska. We unloaded 800 boxes of crackers, 25 boxes of coffee, 150 barrels of pork and beans. It was after 9 p. m. when we finished our work. On the 12th the Regiment was paid up to June 30, 1864. On the 16th, Captain W. W. Morseman of "I" Company returned to the Regiment, he had been a detailed staff officer.

We were assigned to the Nineteenth Corps and subsequently the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-eighth Iowa. The one hundred and Thirty-first and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York were brigaded together, and remained thus until we were mustered out at Savannah, Georgia.

On the 17th, we received orders to pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 2 p. m., we, the Twenty-second Iowa, One Hundred and Thirty-first and the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York regiments, embarked on the steamship "Cahawba", an ocean steamer. This is a regular ocean steamer, which means we have a long trip before us. It means we are attached to the Nineteenth corps and henceforth will be mixed with the eastern troops. We pulled out from the wharf at New Orleans at 4 a. m., July 18th. It is wicked to pack men as they are packed on this boat. Surely they will die off like sheep with the rot. We proceeded down the river and out on the Gulf. The 18th and 19th, the water was smooth. The 20th, we passed Tortugas Lighthouse 12 m. and the Florida reefs, 7 p. m. July 21st, this morning, there was a funeral at 9 a. m., one of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth N. Y. was consigned to a watery grave, something I had read about and heard of but had never

seen before. I think it was more solemn than placing a body in the earth. The weather still remains fine. We had another funeral on the 23rd, this 3 p. m., one of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York. It is getting stormy. This is the 24th, we had a very stormy night last night and also this forenoon. They fastened the hatches down and let the waves roll over us, which caused not a little discomfort to the minds of us who would rather be on land when it storms. They tell us that it almost invariably storms in rounding Cape Hatteras. We are now running close to the Virginia shore, nearing Fortress Monroe through Hampton Roads. 4 p. m., we are at Fortress Monroe taking on fresh water for our further trip up the James river. Bermuda Hundred is said to be our destination. We lay at anchor at Fortress Monroe until the 25th. We moved up the river at 7 a. m. Passing City Point, we observed a great many vessels of different kinds and sizes lying here. The place was alive with business. General Grant makes this his headquarters for the present. We reached Bermuda Hundred at 4 p. m. and disembarked and pitched our tents, glad to get on terra firma once again. Company "A" was detailed to assist in unloading the boat. The artillery at Fort Darling and Petersburg are plainly heard from here.

July 26th, we received orders to move out at 3 p. m., marched six miles and went into camp close to headquarters of the tenth army corps. The country is thickly timbered here with small, tall pines, and the soil is clay and gravel. Our tents and baggage came at dusk.

Roads here are all corduroyed with pine logs.

Received orders to be up in line of battle at 3 a. m. tomorrow. Remained in line of battle until day-light. Received orders to move at 7 a. m., we moved to the front about a mile from the rifle pits where General Butler fell back from Drury's Bluffs. We are camp-

ing in a grove of small pines, high and dry, with plenty of good spring water handy. Our baggage followed us up. We received orders to be up in line of battle every morning at 3 a. m. and remain in line until daylight, until further orders.

July 28th, up and in line of battle at the usual hour 3 a. m. and stand in line till daylight. Received orders to move at 7 a. m. to camp one hundred and fifty yards from the line of breastworks. Heavy artillery firing in the direction of Petersburg and Malvern Hill. On the 29th, one hundred and thirty-one Confederates passed us guarded by cavalry. They were captured at Malvern Hill yesterday. On the 30th we moved our camp to battery No. 8, a formidable fort. This is one of a chain of forts encircling the Confederate stronghold of Petersburg.

July 31st, up at 2 a. m. and marched to the landing at a quick time march, without breakfast, nearly tired out, we embarked on the "Wenona" 10 a. m. The One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York was with us, we reported at Fortress Monroe at 12 m.

August 1st, we are running up the Potomac River. We are a roving Regiment, we have no abiding place it seems. At 11 a. m., we pass Mt. Vernon. If the father of our country could see us he would rise up and swing his cap. August 1st we pass Alexandria where Colonel Ellsworth made his immortal name by giving his life for his country and flag. At 11:30 a. m., we pass Fort Washington, eight miles from the city of Washington. At 2 p. m. we are lying at the wharf at Washington, D. C. awaiting orders. We are marched to the Soldier's Rest by way of the Capitol building. In the evening, John Allen and Ingersoll of Iowa invited a part of the officers to supper, then they visited the Capitol and Senator James Harlan of Iowa. The officers were Graham, White, Gearkee, Shockey, Davis, Dudley, Clark,



Dinwiddie, and Jones. August 2nd, we fall in line and march by the Capitol and White House to the west of the city and went into camp on a hill, then got our breakfast. It is so warm and sultry we are nearly suffocated. August 3rd, we move our camp a few rods again today. We have orders to store our baggage in the city. It looks as if we were here to take care of the Confederate General, Jubal Early, who only a few days ago, tried to get into the city. August 4th, Captain J. C. Shrader of Company "H" received his commission as chief surgeon of the Regiment. There was a gathering at his tent in the evening, light drinks, melon, and cigars were passed around. The Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, and Quartermaster of the One Hundred and Thirty-first New York, and Lieutenant Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York Regiments, and the officers of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment were present.

This camp is known as camp Tannally as it is near that part of Georgetown known as Tannallytown. We drill every day. The weather is very fine. We have very poor accommodations here, we have to sleep on the ground, sit on the ground, and eat on the ground. The health of the Regiment is exceedingly good considering how we have been bounced around from one place to another. August 7th we were inspected by a Major of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York Regiment, he is one of General Grover's staff officers. Ingersoll and Elija Sells of Iowa visited us today. On the 8th we witnessed across the hollow from our camp quite a number of General Philip Sheridan's cavalry passing to the front.

The troops are now on the move, between midnight and early morn our turn will come soon. We are doing picket duty near Fort Stephenson. Confederate General Early pushed his troops up close to this fort not



long ago. It was here he got the nearest to the city of Washington in his attempt to capture it. There was quite a sharp battle in front of this fort.

This is the 9th. The Regiment moved its camp today. We are now to the right of Fort Gains, we have a very nice camp ground. On the 10th we received orders, while out on Battalion drill, to report at Fort Reno. We immediately marched to Fort Reno, stacked arms, went about three miles farther to cut and clear away underbrush and sprouts in front of the line of fortifications. We saw the place where a few Confederates were killed in the late battle with General Early. In the evening we returned to camp near Fort Gains.

On the 11th, two Captains, three Lieutenants, and one hundred and forty-five enlisted men were detailed for guard duty. When the guard reported for duty there was considerable trouble about where it should be stationed to please all who were concerned.

## CHAPTER XIII

We received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. On the morning of August 14th, we were up at one a. m. and started on our march at daylight, and crossed the Potomac on the long bridge near fort Ethan Allen. The road is very rocky. We went into camp on Difficult Creek on Mr. Peacock's farm; good camp and water. We are in Virginia now. August 15th, up at 2 a. m. marched to Leesburg and went into camp. There are very nice farms in this part of the country. Leesburg is thirty miles from Washington City. On the 17th we are on the march at 2 a. m. We guard a train. We went into camp four miles from Snicker's Gap, we lay there long enough to get our dinner. We hardly had time enough to get our dinner before we were ordered to fall in and proceed on our march. The reason we are hurried on is that the Confederate General Longstreet's Corps is trying to cut us and the train off from the main part of the army. There was considerable skirmishing on our flanks and near Snicker's Gap, between our cavalry and the Confederates. The cavalry finally drove them away and we passed through the Gap, it was about 10 o'clock, we could see the flash of the small arms and hear the cannons roar. After we passed through the Gap we came to the Shenandoah River. There is no sign of a bridge or ferry. It soon dawns upon our minds that we will have to wade it and so we do. It is now about 11 o'clock. We prepare at once, some propose to wade through with their clothes on, others take their clothes off. We all make

sure that our ammunition will be kept dry. It is a weird sight, but a jolly lot of boys. There is nothing that men can do, but would be done willingly by the men of our army.

My height is five feet ten and the water took me under my chin and sometimes I had to tiptoe. It was as much as I could do to resist the current as it was swift. How those of the boys who were very little over five feet got through, I can not tell, but many of them could swim. There was much badgering and chaffing among them and no little swearing. We had the strictest orders to be silent, therefore all talking was done in a whisper, making it still more ludicrous. It took some little time to cross, it being quite dark, the only light was the stars above us. As soon as we were all across we received orders to join our corps at Berryville.

Those of us who passed through the water with our clothes on, got very sleepy on the march. We would march, then halt, then march, then halt, in the interval we would fall asleep, as soon as we would halt. The time passed this way till midnight, when we went into camp in line of battle on an open farm near Berryville. We are aroused from our sleep at 5 a. m. to fall in and march with our corps toward Harper's Ferry. The Sixth Corps joined us at Berryville. We went into camp seven miles from Charlestown. We had a good deal of rain while we were marching on the pike. It was not muddy but wet and sloppy.

This is the 18th. We moved our camp a little to the left in an open field. We have a good camping ground.

This is the 20th of August. Our tents, mess chests, valises, and all baggage have come up with us, and we are doing all we can to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We are preparing to stay a short time. We expect hot and bloody

work before long. The implements we handle convey to us these thoughts and meditations.

The 21st, we move again to the front, some distance. We are digging rifle pits, and constructing breastworks of big logs, where there is timber.

On the 22nd, we were aroused from our bunks last night at 9 p. m. and ordered to march to Harper's Ferry, via Charlestown. We halted three miles from Harper's Ferry and went right to work digging rifle pits and breastworks. The Confederates followed us right up. We can see them in the distance. Now and then we exchange lead with them. A battalion of Cavalry went out and tried to disperse them but there were too many of them for the Cavalry. Many of them came back by our picketposts wounded and bleeding. We only got about three hours of sleep last night. We get up and form into line of battle each day, sometimes at one o'clock, and from that to three, and stand in line until daylight. As we do this every day, I feel disgusted with soldiering. We suppose this is one of the ways of crushing the Rebellion.

August 24. We were in line of battle at 3 a. m. and were ordered on picket duty. We relieve the One Hundred and Thirty-first New York. Our Cavalry had a lively shirmish fight just in front of us, in plain view. We saw many of them shot from their horses. Many of them came to the rear, wounded, coming into our lines near us. We did not hear what the losses were. They drove the Confederates back but they returned again to annoy us. We kept them busy all day at long range. We had no authority to leave our picket line, and they kept at a distance all day. They are probably 800 yards away and our rifles will carry 1100. I was up in a locust tree watching the progress of the battle. Zip, zip, zip, very often; it is a wonder some of us are not hit.

The 26th. In line of battle, 4 a. m.; two Captains, two Lieutenants, and one hundred and twenty men go out on picket at 5:30 a. m. We are working on the breastworks all along our front; five Confederate prisoners just passed to the rear. There was heavy skirmishing on our right yesterday. One of our soldiers who had his discharge papers in his pocket was killed. Tents and mess chests are sent to Washington to be stored. One team is allowed to each regiment. In line of battle 3 a. m., the 27th, the Confederates keep so close up to our line of breastworks, we can have a shot at a live Confederate any time we feel that way. Johnny Reb no doubt feels the same as we have to acknowledge his compliments frequently.

We received orders to move at a moment's notice. On the 28th up in line, 3 a. m. We have orders to pack up and be ready to move immediately. We did not move till daylight—then we moved towards Charlestown. The cavalry met a large force of the enemy near Charlestown and are driving them back, and we follow up, ready to take a hand, if needed. Two miles west of Charlestown we go into camp. We occupy the works previously occupied by the Sixth Corps.

We are in the woods; very nice tall oak timber. There is heavy skirmishing in front all the time. Our camp is cool and shady. We were not here more than two hours before apples and green corn began to come in. The boys fill up their shelter tent, tie up the corners, run a pole through it, and away they go to camp. We are short on rations, but we get plenty of corn and apples which is much for our good. The Cavalry are giving the Confederates plenty of warm work. There is still very heavy firing in front. The sound of the musketry assures us that the Confederates are giving way and falling back.

August 30th. We received our blank paymuster

rolls and commenced filling them out. It is reported that our Cavalry drove the Confederates as far as Winchester. We are in line every morning at 3 a. m. and remain in line till daylight. Lieutenant Colonel White inspected the Regiment today, August 31st.

September 1st. In line, just before day, did not remain long under arms this morning. The Quartermaster brought up our tents, baggage, and mess chests. We soon had everything in order and prepared to either stay or pick up and go. We no longer feel disgusted at leaving a camp after laboring to make it pleasant without being given time to occupy it. This fix up, get ready, move about life has been drilled into us so that it is a part of our lives.

September 2nd. We were up at 3 a. m. and in line of battle, remained under arms till daylight. We got our breakfast, then pitched our tents, which means to put them up, policed our quarters, which means to clean up and level off the ground in front of the tents of each Company. Each Company has its tents in regular order and in front of these is the Company parade ground. When the Company falls in for roll call or for duty of any kind, then the Regiment has its parade ground where it forms for dress parade or for any occasion where its formation is necessary. There is a detail for this work from the Companies. Our supplies come up from Harper's Ferry every four days regularly. We receive the "Baltimore American" every day. Yesterday we had the account of the Democrat Convention at Chicago telling us of the nomination of General McClelland for the Presidency. The western troops are more than twenty to one for Old Abe. We pin our faith to Old Abe for President, and give McClellan credit for being an organizer, but not a fighter.

September 3rd. We received orders at midnight to have reveille at 3 a. m. and be ready to move at 4 a. m.



Did not move till after daybreak, then marched toward Berryville. Halted for rest and coffee one-half mile from Berryville, at 6 a. m. The enemy attacked the Eighth Corps who were in front of our column. Sharp and lively skirmishing was kept up for awhile, then quieted down, then renewed with greater force. The Regiment was ordered to the front at quick time, formed on the line of battle, and sent out a heavy line of skirmishers. Then we lay down on our arms to rest. Shot and shell flew over us, showing bad aim on the Confederate side. The shells went over us and into the midst of our corralled wagons and teams and caused a panic in that fraternity. It was the last I ever saw of my negro servant and our mess pans and coffee pot. The battle raged to our right and left indicating that the enemy was working to flank us.

September 4th. We were quietly aroused at 3 a. m. and formed in line. As soon as it was dawn we could see moving troops in all directions. We were changing our line of battle for the day. We were ordered back about one mile and threw up breastworks of rails and dirt. There is an occasional shot from the Confederate artillery and now and then a fusilade by the pickets. A call is received for a detail of sharpshooters. P. C. Eberly of "A" Company volunteered for one. Firing was kept up all day between the sharpshooters and the pickets.

September 5th. Up in line at 4:10 a. m. Had our breakfast at 6:20 a. m. A detail from the Regiment, of two Captains, two Lieutenants, and two hundred and fifty men was ordered. Company "A" furnished one Captain, one Sergeant, and twenty-six men. There was fighting all night.

September 6th. Company "A" has in line one Lieutenant, three Sergeants, five Corporals and one private. Not a very large representation. The other

Companies are probably in the same condition. Those of us who are left in camp were sent on a reconnoissance towards Winchester. Off we went, as far as the Opequan Creek or river, drove in the Confederates pickets, then hastened back to our old camp ground.

September 10th. In line of battle at 3 a. m. Stood under arms till daylight. There is artillery thundering away in the direction of Bunker Hill. (Not the Bunker Hill of Revolutionary fame.) A forage train went out that way this morning. We think the Confederates are trying to capture our foraging party. There is heavy skirmishing on our right.

September 12th. We were up in line at 4 a. m. Did not stand long, it was too cool. We were ordered into line without arms and escorted a Yank, a thief (but not of our Regiment) out of camp with the "Rogue's March." One thousand wagons with provisions for the army came in today.

September 13th. We were moved from our camp about a quarter of a mile to the left, and to the left of the road. We occupy formidable works here that were built by some other troops. Wilson's Cavalry had an engagement with Kersaw's Division (Confederate) at Berryville Crossing, capturing the whole of the Eighth South Carolina Regiment, among them twenty-three officers ranking from Colonel down.

September 15th. Up in line of battle at 4 a. m. We anticipated a big battle this morning. The Confederates did not come. Report is that two men were killed on picket post this morning. Each day we have Battalion and Brigade drills and dress parade. Foraging parties were sent out for hay and grain. The country is getting scarce of forage. Two armies are subsisting off the country to some extent. That General Phil Sheridan is getting ready for a great movement, is reported. He has here three infantry corps, the Sixth,

Eighth, and Nineteenth and three Divisions of Cavalry, Custer, Wilson, and Corbet. On the 18th we were ordered to send our baggage to the rear. We are well supplied with all the necessary articles for quick and forced marches.

September 19th. Up in line of battle at 2 a. m., with orders to march. We marched in the direction of Winchester, met the Confederates in full force on the Opequan, fully entrenched and prepared for us. Their outer advanced lines were driven in at about 9 a. m. We were brought up and formed on open ground to the extreme left of the Nineteenth Corps. The Confederate batteries recognized us at once and commenced shelling. They had perfect range. Shells and solid shot were dropping and exploding among us. They lost no time and saved no gunpowder from the time we came in sight, though we suffered but little.

Orders came to advance at about 11 a. m. As we moved forward over the more open field they opened a concentrated fire from all their guns, and made the hills tremble and the air quiver with their missiles. One shell struck and burst in "B" Company, killing and wounding several. Gaps were closed up and onward we went until checked by the fierce fire. Here we lay firing, protecting ourselves as best we could. One of the boys remarked as we bent our heads forward, pressing through the murderous hail, "They have let loose their dogs of war on us." Great gaps were ploughed through our ranks with fearful effect. Not long after we reached this position the Sixth Corps on our left was forced back, and we were taken on the flank and rear and were forced back with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

As I was among the latter, for the next five months I will have to refer to Simeon Barnett's History of the Twenty-second Regiment and other sources.

## CHAPTER XIV

“Battle of Winchester and Fisher’s Hill,” as given by Comrade Simeon Barnett, chief musician of the Regiment.

At 9 a. m. the 19th corps arrived upon the ground and formed in line of battle about one mile from Opequan Creek on a range of hills in the immediate front of the enemy. The enemy opened on us vigorously with their artillery pouring into us shell and solid shot. Our artillery coming up and taking their position, soon quieted them down. The lines being formed, we moved forward to the attack. The Twenty-second was on the left of the brigade, the latter being the extreme left of the 19th army corps. The Twenty-second passed over an open field in plain view of the enemy’s works, the enemy pouring forth a most deadly concentrated fire on us making great gaps in our ranks only to be closed up, moving forward in the best of order to within a few hundred yards of the frowning works. Halted in this position for some time. At this time a shell burst in the ranks of Company “B”, killing and wounding many. We lay on our arms in this position until forced back by the retirement of the Sixth Corps on our left. In this reverse movement we lost a number more of our valuable officers and men.

The troops were rallied and formed a new line after retiring a short distance. The enemy was checked. A counter charge was ordered and we drove the enemy back and out of their works, forcing them to a most disastrous retreat, with a loss of many prisoners and much war material.

One writer says: “In this desperate battle the

Twenty-second Iowa occupied a very dangerous and exposed position, having advanced to the charge in the morning over an open field, while the greater portion of the troops advanced under cover of the timber. The total loss of the Regiment in this battle was one hundred and nine killed, wounded, and missing."

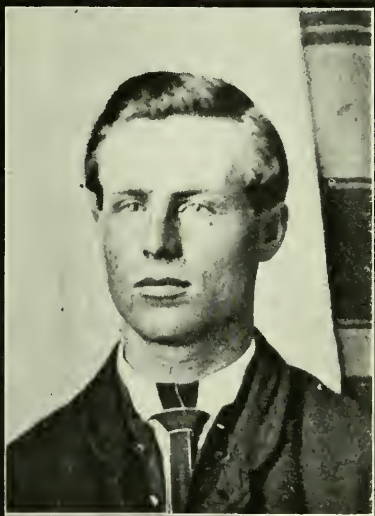
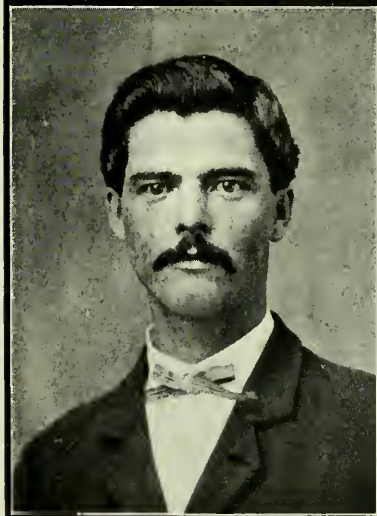
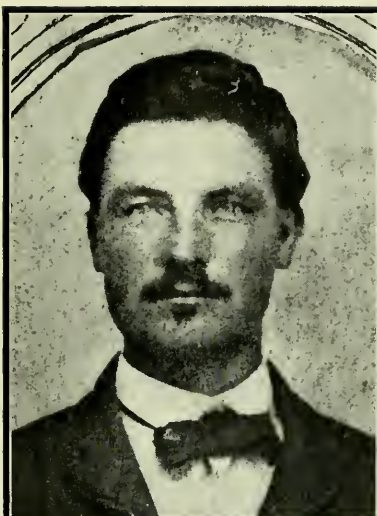
On the morning of the 20th, the Twenty-second took up the line of march with the whole army. The enemy in retreat towards Strausburg and Fisher's Hill. Marched through Newton, Middletown crossed Cedar Creek and came in front of the enemy in position on Fisher's Hill. On the 22nd, we took our position about a mile from the enemy's works. At 10 a. m. the Twenty-second and Twenty-eighth Iowa Regiments were ordered to advance and carry a line of rifle pits on the heights in front of the Fisher Hill that were occupied by the advanced skirmishers and sharpshooters. The two Regiments deployed as skirmishers and advanced driving the enemy into their main line of works. The whole army charging, drove the enemy from their works. The Eighth corps made a grand flank movement in this battle. The enemy being driven from their works and on the retreat, our troops following up the victory, moved at once after the fleeing enemy. The Twenty-second Iowa and the Eleventh Indiana in advance of the army marched, deployed as skirmishers, all night long, gathering up many prisoners. Thus they marched to Woodstock fifteen miles from Fisher's Hill. Only once did the enemy turn on them, then with two pieces of artillery and a support of infantry, but they were soon routed. On the 23rd, the army moved on in pursuit, passing through Edenburg, Mount Jackson, New Market, Harrisonburg to Mount Crawford, ten miles from Stanton, they remained here one day, then returned to Harrisonburg and went into camp, and remained in this camp until the 6th of October.



General Sheridan, thinking he had thoroughly demoralized and destroyed the Confederate army in the Shenandoah Valley and had fulfilled the object of the campaign, returned with his army by the same route to Cedar Creek and commenced fortifying a position with the Eighth Corps on the left, the Nineteenth Corps in the center, and the Sixth Corps on the extreme right. The line formed a semicircle on a range of hills north of Cedar Creek. Here he no doubt felt that we would not be molested for some time to come, but our alert enemy were not thinking that way. For on the 13th they appeared making an attack on the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps pickets, who were stationed across the creek. The Twenty-second Iowa and the Thirteenth Connecticut were sent out as skirmishers, fearing a general attack. No enemy was found, and the two Regiments lay on their arms on the open field. On the morning of the 14th the two Regiments were ordered forward at daylight. As they moved forward the enemy fell back without resistance, and the two Regiments returned to camp.

On the evening of the 18th the Twenty-second Iowa with the Brigade received orders to be ready to move at 3 a. m. the following morning on a reconnoissance. Accordingly, the Brigade was up and in line as ordered, ready to move. While waiting for orders to move out heavy firing was heard on the extreme left flank of the army. It was found that the enemy had furiously charged the Eighth corps and were driving them into the rear of the Nineteenth and Sixth corps. Increasing noise of battle was coming nearer and nearer. The Twenty-second was then detached and ordered to double quick about a mile to save a battery. When within two hundred yards of the battery, it was in the hands of the enemy, the Regiment returned to the Brigade in perfect order, although it was compelled to





SERG'T. W. S. TUTTLE  
CORP'L H. H. JONES

LIEUT. J. S. TURNBULL  
COM. SERG'T J. W. LEE



about face and return the fire of the pursuing enemy four different times. The whole Union Army was now being driven doggedly in the direction of Winchester for three or four miles. At this point, Sheridan arrived on the field, and with his staff rode along the newly formed line of battle encouraging the men and officers. The enemy appeared in front, driving the skirmish line in. They came no further, the main line opened on them, then the order for the whole line to advance came and the whole Union line moved forward. The enemy turned and fled in retreat over the breastworks, through the camp, and across Cedar Creek. The Cavalry was then sent in pursuit. The Regiment returned to its former camp. On the morning of the 20th the Brigade was sent out in the direction of Strausburg. The Twenty-second was detached and ordered up the Blue Ridge where they succeeded in capturing a number of prisoners, and found the mountain-side covered with arms and accouterments thrown away by the fleeing rebels. The Regiment returned to its former camp and remained till the 9th of November. The Regimental loss in this battle was seventy-seven killed, wounded, and prisoners. On the 9th of November the whole army moved to a position between Cedar Creek and Winchester, four miles from the latter place, the three different corps holding their relative positions, the Nineteenth corps in the center. The Twenty-second Iowa occupied the position as heretofore on the left of the Brigade occupying ground to the left of the Winchester pike. The boys had built log huts, chinked and plastered, with chimneys and fireplaces. The desire for comfortable winter quarters was evidently the cause of their activity. And they felt their present task was done, and they would probably winter here, but such was not the case. On the 30th day of December, orders were received to move. We broke camp and

moved to Stevenson's Depot, and went into camp on a range of hills protecting the Depot, it being a base of supplies for the army operating in Shenandoah Valley. The troops went vigorously to work to build winter quarters, the ground being covered with snow and the air cold and raw.

On the 6th of January, 1865, General Grover received orders to report with his command at Baltimore, Md. Accordingly, we broke camp, boarded the train at Stevenson's Depot and proceeded to Baltimore by way of Harper's Ferry. At Baltimore we were quartered in barracks until the 11th at which time everything was loaded on the steamship, Illinois. The ship drawing too much water could not cross the bar with her cargo. The Twenty-second was ordered on board the Manhattan and proceeded up the bay to Annapolis, at which place they embarked on the Illinois and ran to Fortress Monroe where they took on fifteen days rations for the Brigade and put to sea. About sunset on the 16th, we cast anchor at the mouth of the Savannah river off Fort Pulaski, and remained until the 18th. On account of the obstruction we could not pass up the river. On the morning of the 19th, we disembarked on the transport Dountain and ran up the river to within seven miles of the city, ran aground, and remained all night. On the morning of the 20th we got off the bar and ran up to the city of Savannah and landed at noon. Marched through the city to the Charleston and Savannah railroad depot and went into quarters in the railroad buildings, where we remained until Sherman's army had all left the city. Then we moved out into the defenses and went into camp. The Regiment went about making pleasant their quarters, hoping to remain here sometime. But it was not to be so, for on the 8th of March, we received orders to pack up and be ready to move by water. On the 12th we embarked on the

steamship, Yazoo, bound for the department of North Carolina. On the 16th, the Regiment arrived at Morehead City, North Carolina, disembarked, and proceeded to Newbern by rail. In accordance with our order to take the field at once, the Regiment was completely armed and clothed. An order came later for the Regiment to report at Morehead City for duty. Accordingly, on the 20th, the Regiment reported for duty at that place. Here the writer joined the Regiment, after over five months a prisoner of war in Salisbury, Danville, and Libby.

## CHAPTER XV

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., February 22, 1865. We were awakened this morning at 4 a. m., marched out of the prison at daylight, marched to Point of Rocks and got on the Confederate truce boat, ran down the James River and got off between the Confederate lines and the Federal lines, where we were turned over to officers who were there to receive us. The Confederate officers went no further. The Federal officers marched us by Fort Harrison and here at Fort Harrison we came under the Stars and Stripes whose folds were majestically waving in the breeze above us. We were so glad that some of us shed tears of joy while others shouted in broken accents, while all removed their hats. It was surely one of the happiest moments of our lives. It was a transition from want and cruelty, starvation and neglect, misery and pain to freedom and plenty, sunshine and home, under the old flag. We passed out of the fort and over the rifle pits to Harrison's Landing, and were immediately put aboard a hospital boat, where we were fed. I saw men drink down a quart of coffee and clamor for more. They had to be restricted in food and drink for many died from eating too much after getting where they could obtain it. This was a great and glorious day in our life's history, mind can not picture nor pen portray our feelings this day. We passed down the river, arrived at Aikens Landing, 12 m., passed Fortress Monroe, 8 p. m. We were very much crowded on this boat but we were used to being crowded in much different circumstances. We were



all so happy we could endure anything our weak bodies could stand.

February 23rd, at daybreak we arrived at Annapolis, Md., were marched to the United States Hospital. The officers were marched to the officer's hospital and were assigned their quarters. Soon after we were marched to the hospital dining room to get our breakfast. The tables were loaded with wholesome food, mostly vegetables, something we very much needed. We then registered our names and made application for leave of absence to go home. The government thought it cheaper for us to board ourselves while we were recuperating. It was a wise move as we would be as well cared for at home and better, but a great many died before their leave of absence came. Some no doubt hastened their end by taking stimulants. There was nothing like good healthy food to bring to health our fearfully weak and emaciated bodies. Stimulants acted like poison on us.

I arose early on the 24th and after breakfast I went and got my pay rolls and drew pay to the amount of \$214.00. I then went out to the city and bought some clothing to the amount of \$23.75. We have very comfortable quarters, and I rest well at night. I feel that I eat too much but by taking a little rhubarb root occasionally I do not suffer much. I wrote letters to the U. S. Paymaster and to Adjutant S. D. Pryce. It is very wet and muddy.

February 28th, I get up quite early and take as much exercise as I can, as I eat very heartily. I paid my board bill up today, it amounted to \$9.00. There are reading rooms here where we can spend our time in reading if we desire, but we are in need of exercise and therefore keep moving.

On March 2nd, we visited the state buildings, as this is the Capitol of the State. It rains so much and the

mud is so deep it makes it very unpleasant in getting around.

March 4th, I received my leave of absence. I at once packed all I had and prepared to start for home. Captain Morseman, Lieutenant Davis and Hull, all of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment were also ready to leave for home. Our destination was Iowa City, Iowa. We started from Annapolis at 4 p. m. and reached Baltimore at 6 p. m. Here we lay over until 10 p. m. We travel very slowly and we are about six hours behind time. We go by way of Harrisburg. We arrived at Pittsburg at midnight, the 5th. We lay over here two hours. At each station there is such a rush to get tickets that it is almost impossible on account of the crowd. The weather is cold and raw. We started from Pittsburgh at 2 a. m., March 6th, and reached Chicago at 11 p. m. on the 7th; and started for Davenport, Iowa, at 1 a. m., next morning, and reached Iowa City in the evening. I found father, mother and other members of the family well, and expecting me as I had written them from the officer's hospital at Annapolis about what time I would reach home.

On the 9th I went to Iowa City to get some medicine as I still felt the effects of my prison life and exposure. I visited my brother Thomas who lived in the City, who was discharged for disability from Company "I" of the Twenty-second Regiment in the rear of Vicksburg, Miss.

From March 8th to the 27th, I spent visiting among the different branches of the family and neighborhood friends. I surely tried to make up in eating the good things for the great loss I suffered while in Confederate prison. Everybody was glad to see me out alive. So many were mourning their loved sons and husbands starved to death in those loathsome prison pens. By

my father's request I had sent home to him all the money I could save out of my wages. Today, March 27th we had a settlement by his desire. I had sent him \$1087.11. He made a proposition that I take half the place and when I come home settle down alongside of them. He gave me till the morrow to think over it. March 28th, my father sold me 80 acres of the farm and I paid him \$1500.00 down. This I saved up in the army from my wages excepting \$75.00 I had made teaching school before I enlisted. I felt very much honored that I owned a piece of land, and if I should not get home alive, my father and mother would still have my land.

March 30th, I was up early. I bade farewell to father, mother, and two sisters at home. My youngest brother took me to the city at 11:30 a. m. I bade them all adieu and left on the 12 m. train for Davenport. On the train leaving Rock Island, I witnessed one of the too many instances where the American military officer becomes a disgrace to the uniform he wears. Several of these dissolute specimens came on board the cars, steaming with liquor and in company with a woman of bad repute. There was a repugnance to their presence that was stifling. The beastly besotted bipeds left the car as we started, but their victim remained to annoy decent people as far as Chicago. Among those whom she abused with her vile tongue was Charles Dillon, my friend and neighbor from near Iowa City, Iowa.

Arriving in Chicago on the morning of the 31st, I took the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne for the east. One thing that drew my attention was the immense travel going on, coaches so full that many remained standing.

Arrived at Pittsburgh at 2 a. m., April 1st., and took the Pennsylvania Central for Creson, a summer resort on that road, arrived there at 7:10 a. m., took the Ebensburg branch of this road, and reached Ebensburg about 9 a. m. There were living here uncles, aunts, and

cousins, I had never met before and probably never would again. Some of them met me at the train. Uncle Thomas M. Jones owns and operates a woolen mill close to the depot. With him I made my home while in the neighborhood. I was born near here, July 27, 1838. The log cabin in which I was born was torn down not long ago and a frame structure put up. Thus the old log cabin served its purpose and disappeared for something better to take its place, that is what we call civilization. I don't remember much about the old log cabin as I was only eleven months old when we left it and moved to Ohio, and I never was back to it until today. What child has not heard drop from fond parents lips, much concerning the surroundings of his babyhood? So today, tender memories cluster around the thoughts that here I was born, that it was in a cabin on this very spot about twenty-six years ago. Some of the people here nursed me, and they say that I was a bright child, and they thought I would make a preacher. In those times, Welsh parents above all else desired that their boys should grow up to be preachers. However, there has not been much change in this place except in growth of population and civilization. It is a thoroughly patriotic settlement as all Welsh settlements are in the north. Many companies have gone out from here. The young and middle aged are in the service. This evening my Uncle took me to a neighbor's house where the father's body lay, he was killed at Fort Steadman at Petersburg where Confederate General John B. Gordon made his great charge and was defeated. My uncle and I were at his funeral the next day, Sunday. He left a wife and six children. I met many of my relatives and friends of my parents. I spent a week here very pleasantly.

April 6th, I started on my way to Annapolis, where I

was ordered to report and get an order to report to my Regiment. This I did at 11 a. m.

April 7th, procured transportation to Washington, where I remained a few days, stopped at the St. Charles Hotel. News came when I was at my hotel that Lee had surrendered to General Grant. On the tenth, I paid my bill at the hotel, went and bought me a sword and belt for \$18, then went down to the wharf at the foot of 7th street to find some way of proceeding on my journey. Here I met Captain W. W. Morseman of my Regiment. I think it was a mutual joy as we both felt we needed company. We started at 3 p. m. for Fortress Monroe, arriving there the next morning at 7 a. m. We had two hours for ourselves at Fortress Monroe, during this time we visited the interior of the fortress, then we were one hour running over to Norfolk. Here we boarded a steam tug to go up the canal. They ran as long as it was daylight then tied up to the bank for the night. Captain Morseman and I found a house nearby where we got a bed to sleep in for the night, others slept in the boat or on the bank. This is called Courchuck Station. It is a dreary place, I heard nothing but the sad notes of the frogs and the toads. In the morning we boarded a tug and went a mile and a half and changed to another and larger boat called "Ulysses". We had much better accommodations on this boat and more room.

April 13th, 12 m. on a rock at the mouth of the Neuce River near Wilkins' Point and no sign of our getting off. Were raised clear off the rocks by the rise of the tide about 3 p. m. Arrived at Newbern 5:30 and put up at the Gaston House. After breakfast, on the 14th, we went down town and procured transportation to Morehead City where our Regiment is in camp. We intended to go on the 9 a. m. train. We accidentally missed the train so we will have to stay until tomorrow. Our



meals cost us one dollar per meal, and one dollar for bed and nothing extra either.

We were up early this morning, April 15th, and went down to the depot at 8 a. m. and had to wait there till 1 p. m. before we got off. Arrived at Morehead City at 3 p. m. There were many of our Regiment at the train to welcome us. Went to Regimental headquarters and reported for duty. I was ordered to duty in my own company, and took command of the company, as Captain Pryce was doing staff duty at that time and was not on duty in the company. On my taking command, Lieutenant W. H. Needham of Company "D" was relieved. It was very sandy where our camp was located otherwise we had a nice location, and the men were healthy.

I was over at Beaufort on the 17th, and there I heard the news that President Lincoln was shot by an assassin. It at once cast a gloom over all. It was as if some one very near and dear to us was stricken down. Tears were shed and voices were hushed.

There was an undercurrent desire for retributive justice upon all those who were guilty of the deed. The news of yesterday in regard to Lincoln's assassination is confirmed today. It has cast a gloom over everybody. The southern people feel that it is a great loss to them. A feeling had grown on them that Lincoln could and would do more for them than any other person. On April 19th, a dispatch came from General Sherman near Goldsboro, that there was a cessation of hostilities, until further orders. General Joseph E. Johnston was asking terms to surrender. It was glorious news, as the war would soon be over. General Grant and his staff passed through on the 23rd of April going to the camp of General Sherman. The report is that he goes to assist Sherman in arranging the terms of surrender that had been asked for by General R. E.



Lee. History throws more light on that part of our war record. On the 25th, orders came to Colonel Graham from Sherman that hostilities should be resumed the next day at 12 m. April 30th, the Regiment was mustered for pay. We were now ready for the paymaster to come along. We received orders on May 2nd to be ready to move the next morning at daylight. I went up to the commissary and drew rations for the Company. It was so cold today that an overcoat was comfortable.

May 3, up at 3:40 a. m., and commenced packing. Having everything ready, we embarked on the steamship, Cassandra, at 12 m., started from the wharf at 12:15 p. m., and anchored in the sound. This means that we are going to sea again. May 4th, I was on duty all of last night, was relieved at 8 a. m. We took in the anchor and pulled out for the briny sea. Nothing unusual transpired today. I am very sea sick. I managed to get up and eat a little at 9 a. m. on the sixth, the first I have eaten since we got on salt water. We arrived at Savannah, Georgia, about six p. m. May 6th, marched through the city and went into camp south of the city. In the hurry to disembark I lost my baggage, consisting of three blankets, three overcoats, and three and one-half shelter tents. Later on I was fortunate to have them returned to me by the finder. I had fixed my quarters neat and clean, and was exulting in my good fortune, when orders came to move camp. We moved about a half mile east, such is the fortune or misfortune of the American soldier.

May 8th, we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

May 11th, orders came to be up at 2 a. m. and ready to march at 6 a. m. We were ready and in line, but did not march till 9 a. m., marched thirteen miles, resting four times. About five miles out of Savannah we came to a dense forest, the land low and wet. After we

passed through this forest of pine we came into an open country, where the abandoned fields were grown over thickly with dewberries. Near one of these fields we went into camp about 6 p. m. On the 12th, we were up and had breakfast before daylight, started on our march at 5 a. m., went into camp for our dinner at 12 m., only twenty-one miles from Savannah.

The general devastation of the country is marked by places where houses and out buildings are burned. The few houses that are standing are unoccupied, as a general rule, and those that are occupied, seem to be in a very destitute condition. Uncle Sam helps them a little, otherwise they subsist on berries. We went into camp eight miles from Sister's Ferry, Savannah River.

Had our breakfast before daylight on May 13th, started on our march at 5 a. m., arrived at Sister's Ferry at 9:20 a. m. We remained here sometime. There are women here exchanging berries for provisions and some very fine intelligent ladies begging. They are in entire want, and with nothing to pay for a single mouthful of food. Two of the ladies referred to, came six miles on foot through the dust and heat of a southern sun. We loaded them down with provisions and sent them homeward rejoicing, with a very much better opinion of the "hated Yankee". What else could this country be, the Confederates in the first place made several drains on the country's resources, then Sherman with his vast army took what was left, and despoiled the country. "War is Hell", said General Sherman and he knew.

We were up at 3 a. m., May 14th, and started on our march at 4 a. m., went into camp for dinner at 9 a. m. We rest two hours. We came eleven miles this morning. I have seen more cultivated land on this morning's march than on all the balance of our march. Went into camp for the night on Black Creek at 6 p. m.

We marched twenty-two miles today, and I feel very sore and tired. My feet are very sore.

May 15th, we were up at 3 a. m. and started on our march at 4 a. m., went into camp for dinner at 9:45 a. m. We marched eleven miles. The farms along the roads today are only partly cultivated. We crossed Beaver Dam river at 3 p. m., then rested a short time. It is very hot this afternoon. I put green leaves in the top of my hat to protect my head from the heat of the sun and sunstroke. We went into camp for the night at 4:35 p. m., near a farmhouse, a very pleasant place, with plenty of good water and wood. We marched seventeen miles today.

May 16th, we are up at 3 a. m., started on our march at 4 a. m., rested at 5:50 a. m. at a place called Bascom in Screven county. It is dull and foggy this morning. Went into camp for dinner at 12:15 p. m. near Waynesborough, a station on the railroad. We marched twenty-eight miles today. We were so tired and weary, the men were angry. They whooped and yelled like Indians, and threatened to march past the Colonel and other officers on horseback. This was done for the last four miles. Company officers did very little to restrain them. The unnecessary hard and long marches angered the men, who seemed to think those who were riding failed to have sympathy for those who marched on foot. The American volunteer soldier is very sensitive.

We passed some well cultivated land today, the farm work is done by the negroes. A great many negroes are to be seen here. We only see white ladies, no gentlemen are seen at the houses.

May 17th, we did not get up till after daylight. We started on our march at 3 p. m. We passed through the little town of Waynesborough, squads of the fair sex gazed on us as we passed through. Not a man was vis-

ible. We went into camp five miles out from Waynesborough on Brier Creek. There are strong forts here. They were built by General Joe Wheeler's cavalry (Confederate) to stop General Kilpatrick's cavalry who were General Sherman's vanguard. The indications all about here are that there has been a recent struggle of desperate fighting. Went into camp here at 5 p. m. May 18th., we were up at 3 a. m., and started on our march at 5 a. m. We march in rear of the train today, therefore we must wait until all the other troops and the train are on the road. My feet are so sore I rode in the ambulance for an hour and a half, a thing I have never done before, in all my marching. We went into camp at 11:30 a. m. We are seventeen and one-half miles from Augusta, Georgia, our destination. Aaron Bell and Ed. Trine of Company "I" and myself took a stroll looking for vegetables. We failed to get anything but wild plums. There we ate to our entire satisfaction. There is a great deal of farming in this immediate neighborhood, done principally by the negroes. They flock to us and follow us. They must suffer for food. The whites suffer more, unless they have money to buy army rations.

May 19th, we were up at 3 a. m. and started on our march at 4 a. m. I am in no condition to march today, but so many of the men have such very sore feet, I will not complain. It is cool this morning and good marching. We arrived at Augusta 10 a. m., marched down the street through the center of the city in columns by companies. The three Iowa Regiments, Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-eighth, in front, and and the Thirteenth Connecticut in the rear. We marched across the river to Hamburg and the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-eighth Iowa went into camp on Shultz Hill. The Thirteenth Connecticut returned to Augusta and went into camp. We are

now for the first time allowed to cast our lot on the sacred soil of South Carolina, "The Sovereign State." "The pugnacious little fire eating popinjay," "the hot bed of secession." Billy Sherman's army ought to have been turned out to forage for a whole week on her domain. One of my feet and ankles are very much swollen. We were up soon after sunrise, May 20th. I went to hunt the surgeon to show him my foot. He gave me some liniment to put on it and excused me from duty. As soon as we had our tents arranged the men planted shade trees along in front of the tents, the full length of the company quarters to protect us from the sun. We will soon have very comfortable quarters. Our camp is on high ground. The town of Hamburg lies on the low ground between us and the river, and just on the other side of the river is Augusta, a very fine city.

May 21st is Sabbath, most of us Iowa boys were brought up to attend church on the Sabbath. As we are hardly settled yet our Chaplain will not have services today.

I dressed my foot as comfortably as I could and went with Lieutenant Chandler of Company "H" over to Augusta to church. Among the congregation were many Confederate soldiers who had returned home from the war. About 10 p. m. it rained and blew like fury. I got up and put my clothes on and held on to my tent until the worst was over. The storm nearly blew it down. Was up May 22nd, about 6 a. m. My bunk got wet last night during the storm. The wind blew the rain in through the door of my tent. The Regiment procured some lumber. I got enough to put a floor in my tent and raised my bunk from the ground, which I think will be a great improvement in my apartment. A man and wife came in from the country and accused our boys of killing twenty blood hounds out of a pack of twenty-three. They were hounds that had been used to hunt



escaped Yankee prisoners and runaway negroes. He and his wife rode along the line of each company to pick out the men who did the deed. After they had passed two companies; the soldiers broke ranks. The boys who had broken ranks began to bawl like the hounds, and yell "Shoot him! Shoot the d—mn old Rebel!" He soon had enough of that treatment,—he turned and drove away, and left us, and tried the two other Iowa Regiments with no better success. We never heard any more about the hounds. It was hinted that the Twenty-second and Twenty-eighth only were in this affair.

May 23rd, the sun rose beautifully this morning. It is very hot just now, 10 a. m. Lieutenant Messenger and I went over to Augusta. We visited the City Hall where all the rebel ordinance is stored, and where are all kinds of war implements; some look as if they had been preserved since the dark ages. I visited a neighbor Dutchman and was kindly invited to help myself to some plums and cherries, which I did immediately, with thanks.

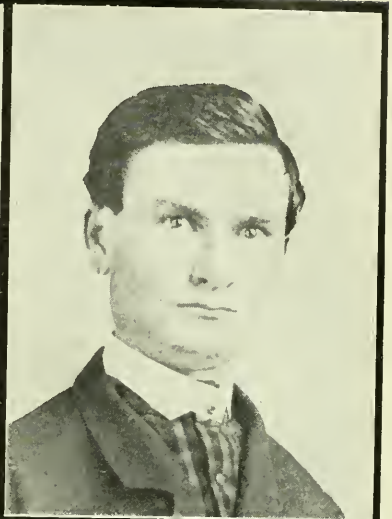
May 24th. Ten enlisted men and myself were detailed as Guard on board the boat Leesburg, running between Augusta and Savannah on the Savannah river. So now for awhile my narrative will be confined to the incidents that transpired along the river, with an occasional visit to the Regiment to get our mail.





J. C. SWITZER

Comrade J. C. Switzer, now President of the Regimental Association, has done more than any member to keep the boys in touch, for which they give him due credit.



J. C. SWITZER, PRESIDENT.  
DRUMMER "C", FRANK PEABODY

BREVET LIEUT. C. H. BANE  
SUTLER, CHARLES EVANS



## CHAPTER XVI

On board the Leesburg. We count ourselves very fortunate that we were selected for this duty, as we are always under cover and do not have any severe guard duty.

On May 27th, we had for passengers, among others, one hundred paroled Confederate prisoners on their way to Savannah. We carry our freight in barges hitched on each side of our boat. It consist generally of cotton on the down trip and forage on the return trip. We reached Savannah the 28th, 2:30 p. m., disposed of our barges at the lower wharf, came back and let off our passengers. We (the guard) are having what the boys call a "Soft Snap."

May 29th. I made requisitions for provisions and clothing for the guard under me, and had them brought to the boat and issued to the men. Took a walk through the city of Savannah I could not see any damage done to the city by war's desolation, but I did see plenty of men, women, and children with empty stomachs. Was up to the city again today, May 30th, met some Confederate officers, fine clever young men. One of them who had served as paymaster in the Confederate service gave me a Confederate bill of \$500 to remember him. He was a Virginian, his home was at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, a few miles below Richmond. His name was Harrison, the landing was named after his family. I would be glad to meet him again. We start for Augusta, 2:50 p. m. Our cargo consists of commissaries and fifty-one passengers, forty-five of them were paroled Confederate

soldiers who were going home. It is a sad reflection that they go back to home and friends penniless, with homes desolated, and subject to a government they have been seeking for four years to destroy.

Something is wrong with the rope that has to do with the rudder and the pump. We tie up to the bank for the night at 10 p. m.

May 31st, we are making good time today. If we could keep up this rate of speed, we would surpass all other boats on this river. We have two important landings between Savannah and Augusta, Sister's Ferry, sixty miles from Savannah, and Poor Robin one hundred and five miles, and it is two hundred and fifty-one miles to Augusta from Savannah. Considerable traffic is done at the intermediate places. We reached Poor Robin in the evening and tied up for the night.

Morning of June 1st, we took on four lady passengers and considerable sutler goods and pulled out. We counted five bodies floating down stream this morning they are supposed to have belonged to the wreck of the steamer, "Governor Troup." We passed the wreck at 8 p. m. We tied up to the bank six miles below Augusta. The "Jeff Davis" passed us going up and the "Comet" passed us going down. Some of these boats have outlived their usefulness. They ought to be put out of business. There is so much traffic just now that every old tub is made to help carry on the work. We arrived in Augusta at 6 a. m., July 3rd. We sent over to the Regiment for our mail. We witnessed a big fire in the evening. The Warrensburg depot and all the surrounding buildings were reduced to ashes in a very short time.

On June 5th at 2 p. m., we started down the river with our cargo. We arrived here (Poor Robin) last night, June 6th. We are waiting here for a boat to take our cargo down, as we have orders to return from here.



We discharged our cargo and loaded our barges with six hundred and nine sacks of oats and other stuff. There is so much rain the grain is in very bad condition. We saw several bodies floating down on the water as we came down. Human life is not considered of much account any more. Reached Augusta, discharged our cargo, loaded up, and started on our return. On the 9th at Poor Robin we came to the conclusion we would be justifiable in running on down, though against orders, for the reason that the passengers were on the point of starvation. Ran down fifteen miles and met "Jeff Davis," turned over our passengers, and loaded barges, and returned to Poor Robin landing, and took on our cargo. June 10th, we are on our up trip. We don't make good time, our rudder rope gives us much trouble and our barge of oats is too heavily loaded, it nearly went down. We safely arrived at Augusta, June 11th, 7 p. m., very much to our relief, though the guard is not held responsible except for the orderly conduct of the traveling public.

June 13th. We started again on our down trip, at 6 a. m. Met the "Jeff Davis" at 2 p. m. We pulled the two steamers together and commenced transferring our freight, a movement I can not understand. Why not each boat go on her way and handle the freight but once instead of twice. Such is "red tape". We were until midnight exchanging our freight. Captain Henry of the steamer, "Jeff Davis," treated us handsomely.

June 15th. We started up the river, 3 a. m. We have hardly enough wood to run us fifty miles.

June 16th. We tie up to the bank to get some wood. We have been lying here all day while the mate of our boat is getting wood cut and hauled for our use. There is and has been so much traffic on the river that the supply of cut wood has been exhausted. Three years ago today I enlisted in the service at Iowa City, Iowa.

Many a knock I have had since then. I would like to quit now, I don't always get what I like, so I'll stick it out. Daniel J. Roberts (he and I enlisted together) went home to Iowa City, Iowa, from Vicksburg in 1863 on furlough, and died in Iowa City of chronic diarrhoea, and I have lived to see the end of our term of enlistment.

June 19th. We arrived in Augusta, 10 a. m. We discharged our cargo and found it in a bad condition. A board of survey was called. We (myself and guard) were discharged from our duties on the boat and ordered to join the Regiment to march down to Savannah to be mustered out of the service. June 20th, no guard coming to take our place, we remained at the boat until this morning (June 20th). At about 4:30 p. m., I stood on the hurricane deck of our steamer and viewed our Regiment, the Twenty-second Iowa, crossing on the bridge that spans the river between Hamburg, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia, on their march to Savannah to be mustered out. The Regiment, music in the front, flag unfurled to the breeze, marched with that easy swing it had become accustomed to by long marching, and the boys were happy. When we told the Captain of the boat that we were to join the Regiment to march to Savannah, he insisted that we must ride down on the boat with him, and argued on the grounds that we were unaccustomed to marching, and he was going down that evening, and could land us at Savannah long before the Regiment could reach there by land. He had no authority to take us on his boat at the wharf, but told us to go down the river four miles and wait on the bank of the river, and he would land and take us aboard. So, by a unanimous vote of the guard, we proceeded down the river, after the Regiment had marched out of hearing on their way to Savannah, with drums beating and flags waving. There was, nevertheless, some compunction of conscience for this move. I

had reported to the Colonel the night before, yet, I was not with my command. We lay on the nice green grass on the bank of the river, debating in our minds, whether the old Captain would be as good as his word, and call for us and take us on his boat. It was disobedience of orders for him and we were taking, as it were, the "bit in our mouths" in not returning to our several companies. We had this excuse to fall back on, the new guard did not report for duty, relieving us until the Regiment was gone. We did not see the guard that was to relieve us till we were taken on the boat from the bank of the river. We had almost decided that our old friend, the Captain, had deceived us. About dusk when we had almost given up all hope that he would come, we saw our old steamer plowing her way down through the water and drawing towards us, and proud was the Captain that he had his old guard on with him again. As soon as we got on board, I saw things were different, the new guard was from a New York Regiment. The officers were a Captain and a Lieutenant. They had, besides a few flasks of whiskey, a two gallon jug stowed away in the New York Captain's State Room. They (the officers) were then all beastly full. As I never drank, I was no company for the officers of the guard. The Captain of the boat respected me the more. The conspicuous difference had its impression on him though he drank a little himself. Of course everything was lovely. We were towing a barge on each side of the boat, heavily loaded with cotton. One of the barges sunk in less than an hour after we got on the boat, In rounding a bend in the river near Talamanka Landing about 8 p. m. the steamer ran on a snag and the water poured into her hold, a stream the thickness of one's leg. Wm. Barnes of the old guard, went with the Captain of the boat down into the hold and found the water pouring in as stated. As there was no way of

stopping such a large opening, the Captain of the boat began to take measures to land the passengers. The New York officers and guard disappeared at this time. The Captain of the boat called for a volunteer to swim to land with a small rope to thereby drag out a cable to connect the boat with the land. Private Samuel Mackerel of the Twenty-fourth Iowa volunteered, and we soon had a cable from the stern of the lower deck of the boat to a large tree on the bank. The men of the old guard, after they had aided all they could, went to land hand over hand by this cable. The Captain of the boat insisted that I should assist him in caring for some lady passengers on board and in other matters. I ascertained by calling to the men on the bank that all the old guard but myself were safe on land. The Captain and I placed the ladies on the barge, as the steamer was gradually sinking. When everything was done that I could do to help I said to the Captain "since this is all I can do I will go to land on the cable." I went to the rear of the hurricane deck and swung down to the lower, but before I let go the upper deck, the stern of the steamer sank, washing the upper deck. I had not loosed my hold on the upper deck. It was so sudden the water was up to my chin at once. I sprang to the upper deck again amid cordwood and every conceivable thing among the cargo, I made several springs, and landed myself on the wheel house, which was still above water. From there I made a leap for the barge and its precious freight, there I sat and rested a moment and watched the old steamer settle so that there was only the old pilot house in sight. The peril was not over, but I had pulled through thus far, and my mind was now turned toward how we were going to get to land. The Captain soon found that I like the flag was "still there" and gave me charge of some negroes who were working a pump that pumped water from the barge, as with its added freight

it was taking water. Four colored men were working the pump by reliefs. One burly fellow suggested rolling off a bale of cotton, getting on it and running the risk of getting to land, as several had already done, there were calls all along the banks below us. Those at the pump remained faithful, and after two hours of hard labor and losing several men by drowning, we got her to the shore. There was said to be seven men lost. As soon as we securely fastened our barge to the bank, one of our lady passengers fainted. We made a place for her beneath the shade of the trees, carried her there and laid her thereon, and left her for her companions to look after, as we had no physician with us. After caring for the helpless one, each sought a place to rest after the worry, fatigue, and excitement just gone through. My comrades of the old guard had found an old tumble-down barn not far away, where they had prepared to arrange for the night, and there I joined them later.

June 21st. We returned to the scene of our night's adventure and found our companions in misfortune trying to make the best of a very sad affair. Most of them were preparing a little something to eat. The lady who fainted had recovered. The Captain of the steamer was doing all he could for them under the circumstances. We now had (the old guard) concluded that the best thing we could do was to join the Regiment who were on the march on the other side of the river from where we were now. We gathered all the information we could from our friend, the Captain of the unlucky steamer, in regard to the crossing of the river, and what roads we should take when we were once across. We bade him "good bye" with the promise that we would eat our dinner with him the next day, his home being on the route he had instructed us to follow in order to join our command. We left our old steamer all under water but the pilot house. We went down



the river in search of Demrie's Ferry in a drizzling rain, and stopped at an old negro's house to procure something to eat. We were furnished with the best they had, and father and son came with us to direct us on our way to the Ferry. We could hardly have found it without a guide, and would not have known it when we had found it, as it was a round log cut out like a trough. The ferry man was not there, he was with his dug out boat intercepting boxes and barrels that were floating down from our wrecked steamer. The father and son with Wm. L. Barnes went to hunt a boat that they knew of. Just at dusk, the ferryman appeared and was busy taking us across when the other party arrived with their boat. We were all ferried across without any mishap, but we were wet and cold. Though wet and hungry, we stopped long enough with the ferryman for supper, then pulled out on our march. We came to a very large, fine mansion a little after dark and for fear of losing our way, we thought it best to stop for the night. I sent one of my men to the house which was a little way from the road to ask if we could find shelter there. He returned and said we could not. I had him return and ask permission to sleep on the porch. He came back and said no, that there was a house a little further along that kept people. After a few minutes of consultation we concluded to go on. It had cleared off and the stars were shining, but there was no moon. After traveling two or three miles with no house to be seen, we were almost despairing of finding a shelter. At last when we had become lost for want of a plain beaten track, we came to the object of our search, a negro cabin. You can imagine the state of our minds in regard to the occupant of the mansion. We were soon sitting around a generous fire drying our blankets and clothes. This negro, or mulatto's name was Aleck Newness, a free colored man. He got us supper and would not take a



cent in pay, which we freely offered for food and lodging, but he said if we had any cartridges and caps he would be glad to have them. He said an Indiana soldier gave him a gun, but he had to keep it hid, under the law. We furnished him with all the ammunition we could spare and bade him good-bye.

June 22nd. We started out on our march at 5 a. m. Had not time for breakfast. We went eight miles and stopped at Murphy's on Hudson's Plantation for breakfast. We were then thirty-four miles from Augusta from where we started. Marched ten miles farther and came to Captain David Filpot's of the steamer Leesburg. He was at home to receive us, and a right hearty welcome he gave us, and we enjoyed sitting around his table at his home with his family. We bade adieu to the Captain and his family after a sumptuous dinner and started on our march. After marching two miles we came into the stage road. Ten miles from here is Brier Creek crossing, which we reached about 12 m. We waited here two hours and a half to get ferried across. We could not find the ferryman to take us over. After six miles of weary marching we came to the road our Regiment was marching on. We were told that they passed in the afternoon. There was a house here occupied by white people. They told us there were troops passing all afternoon. They "lowed" they were not far from there then. We held a consultation, and owing to some of the men being entirely given out, we decided to stay here for the night. We had come thirty-two miles. The people gave us permission to sleep in the house and they fed us. We paid them for milk and corn pone, the only food they could furnish us, and all they had for themselves.

June 23rd. We got up this morning stiff and footsore. We have not been used to marching. We started on our way at 4 a. m. in quick time, we did not ex-

pect to overtake the Regiment before noon. We found from the people along the road that the Regiment was about six miles ahead of us. We came up with them while they were taking their rest and dinner. We reported to our several companies and were ordered on duty. I am not sure in my own mind but that we did as we should have done, not to leave the boat until the new guard was present to relieve us. We, at least, had some show of military regulation in our act. I was so foot-sore I rode in the ambulance nearly all the afternoon, something I did but once or twice before in all our marches. The Regiment marched twenty miles today, our little guard marched twenty-six miles.

June 24th, we were up at 3 a. m. and out on our march as soon as we could get ready. We aim to do our marching mostly in the cool of the morning. We march at quick march, and take short rests that the men may close up. My feet are very sore today; rode some in the ambulance. Watermelons are abundant and are foraged without reserve or hindrance. It does rain the most and the easiest down here of any place I know. Henry Loan and Peter Eberly of Company "A" found a pig somewhere and brought it in and that means I shall have a share. We marched twenty-two miles today.

June 25th. On our march at 3 a. m. We crossed a creek early this morning. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, rolled up my pants, boy fashion, and waded. My clothes have not been dried since the wreck. It rained nearly all the afternoon. Sometimes we marched miles through the water up to our knees. We all had our shoes and stockings off and pants rolled above our knees. It was a picturesque scene to see the troops as far as the eye could reach, marching thus through the water.

Major Gearkee who was in command of the Regiment

inquired if we wanted to go through to Savannah. The boys were unanimous to go through to the city. Reached there, 6 p. m., and the Twenty-second and the Twenty-fourth Iowa Regiments camped in the railroad warehouse.

June 26th. We were up early this morning. My feet are very much swollen this morning and very sore. We moved out of the railroad warehouse 11 a. m. to the ground we occupied when we first came to Savannah. Ben, my darkey, came with my valise and sword. I had to leave them in his care at the wrecked steamer, with orders to take care of them and bring them to Savannah.

June 29th, I am on the sick list and off duty. Have been busy making our quarters as comfortable as possible. A wide plank was my bed for one or two of the first nights here. On the 30th, 12 m., we moved camp. The Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-eighth Regiments are in camp together now. We marched from Augusta together, but we did not camp together as we would have were the war still in progress. We are busy making out our muster-out rolls. I went to the hospital for P. R. Baker's effects to send to his father; I made out his papers and sent them off. Poor Pete served his three years faithfully, and was not allowed to enjoy the fruit of his labor. Two men have died out of the Regiment since we came here and about fifty report to the surgeon, which proves that this is not a health resort.

On the third of July we had a severe thunderstorm, during which one of the boys of the Twenty-fourth was struck by the lightning and killed instantly. He had his tent set up near a large tree, the lightning came down the tree, and followed his gun barrel to his head as he was lying in his tent.

July 20th. Our Regiment was mustered out of the

United States service today at 12 m. We are ready now to go to Iowa and be mustered out of the state service.

July 21st, the bugle sounded strike tents and in an hour we were at the wharf ready to embark for Iowa and home. All were on board the ocean steamer, "Fairbanks" at dark. This was getting there on quick time.

July 22nd. We started from the wharf at 6 a. m., glad to leave this sickly place. I was but a little while on the water when I began to get seasick.

July 23rd. Oh! Oh! I am seasick, and the sea is as calm as a lake. It does not require a rough sea to make me sick. We pass many ships and schooners bound for the southern ports. I am down in my state-room sweating as never man can sweat. Oh! for a foot of land. The 24th, I have sweated until I am weak, my clothing is as wet as if I had had a ducking. Only a few are seasick. Several have ague and swamp fever.

July 25th. We are having remarkably fine weather this trip. For once the weather was calm when we rounded Cape Hatteras, a very rare thing. We reached Baltimore, Md., 4 p. m., and landed at once, to my inexpressible joy; I had not been able to eat one full meal during the whole trip. I feel weak, the Regiment was taken to the Soldier's Home and the officers to hotels.

The 26th, we arose at 5 a. m., Captains Mullen of "C" Company, Hartley of "H" and I are all that are at this hotel. We went down to the Regiment and we marched to the Harrisburg depot, where they had barrels of ice water to fill our canteens. We boarded the cars and started at 10:30 a. m. As we passed through Maryland the people along the route welcomed us home with waving flags and handkerchiefs. From the windows of houses standing far off the road, flags and handkerchiefs

were conspicuous. We arrived at Altoona, Pa., the 27th, 4 a. m., staid there until 9:30 a. m., and reached Pittsburg, 4:30 p. m. The troops were taken off the cars to refreshment rooms and feasted grandly. We had no such patriotic reception anywhere. After the meal and a little rest, we boarded the train, bidding our friends a hearty good-bye. Reached Alliance, Ohio, the morning of the 28th, laid over more than two hours for the express train to pass us. We arrived in Chicago, 12:30 a. m., the 29th, were met at the Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne depot by an agent of the Rock Island Road. He conducted us at once to the Rock Island depot, and we started right away. We had only twenty minutes to change cars. On this line we are running on the express schedule. We were provided with half box cars and half emigrant cars, with a coach for the officers. We were very coldly treated at Davenport. On the 30th we were marched out three miles to camp. Colonel Graham told me of sickness at home and advised me to go home and come back in the morning.

July 31st, I went to camp and had the company sign the pay rolls, came back to town, got on the cars, and came home to Iowa City. Thomas Banbury met me at the train and took me to the Metropolitan Hall where there was a bountiful table set and waiters ready to wait on me. And this they did to all home coming soldiers. That was the way the boys were welcomed back to Iowa City after they had been gone over three years. At the hall, my father and eldest brother met me. I went home with my father and found my mother confined to her bed, where she had been for some time with a complication of diseases, originating from liver trouble.

August 1st, as I could not be of much service at home and I was not fully mustered out and paid, I hastened



back to Davenport; I did not remain in camp, I staid at the Pennsylvania House.

August 2nd, I changed my place to a Mrs. Galipsie's, a private house. I found it a much better place. Lieutenant Messenger and one or two others were with me there. I finished all my papers, and had them examined and a certificate made out and ready to be paid off.

August 3rd, the Regiment are being paid off today. August 4th, I gathered my papers all together and went for my pay. The paymaster was not ready. August 5th, I received a check on a bank for my pay. Came back to town, got my check cashed, and took the train for Iowa City and home, where I arrived in the evening. The train was loaded with soldiers. Now on this day I lay by my soldier clothes and don a citizen's garb after serving three years, one month and twenty days, having enlisted on the 16th day of June, 1862. This ends in brief the marches, battles, skirmishes, and other events of my military life and that of the Regiment and Company of which I was a member. We had almost made a circuit of the so called Southern Confederacy, and traveled by land and water over 15,000 miles.







THE TWENTY-SECOND I  
Taken in front of the Old Capitol bu



VOLUNTEER INFANTRY  
g, Iowa City, Iowa, May 22nd, 1886



A PRISONER OF WAR  
In the Hands of the Rebels

Tomsbrook, September 20th, 1864.

The prisoners were started on the march last night from Winchester under a strong guard about twenty minutes of sundown. Marched all night, reached here at 6 this morning. Were furnished flour and beef here. We had the privilege to have it cooked by a family by the name of Leggett (Union). We had many little favors from this family (secretly) while here. I sold my watch for \$100 Confederate money. I wrote home and to the Regiment giving the names of all the Iowa men here. We left these letters with this Union family. I bought a rubber pouch for \$2.25 U. S. money. Some of the rebels treat us with due respect.

September 21st.

We can hear the booming of the cannon plain in the direction of Strasburg. The names of the officers with me are:

Lt. Colonel H. B. Sprague,	13th Conn.
Lt. Colonel W. P. Brinton,	18th Pa., Cav.
Maj. Augustus Hammond,	4th N. Y. Cav.
Maj. A. N. Wakefield,	49th Pa. Inft.
Capt. W. F. Tieman,	159th N. Y. Inft.
Capt. John R. Rouser,	6th Md. Inft.
“ F. A. Hopping,	75th N. Y. Inft.
“ G. M. Dickerman,	26th Mass. Inft.
1st Lieut. O. P. Hull,	22nd Iowa Inft.
“ “ J. P. Simpson,	11th Ind. Inft.

“	“	W. H. Sergeant,	14th N. H. Inft.
“	“	J. A. Clark, Adjt.	17th Pa. Cav.
“	“	W. H. Harrison,	2nd U. S. Cav.
“	“	W. C. Gardner, Adjt.	13th Conn. Inft.
2nd Lieut.	H. L. Esterbrook,		26th Mass Inft.
“	“	W. C. Howe,	2nd Mass Cav.

Of the above Lt. Colonel Brinton and Lt. Sergeant made their escape or were shot during the night by the guards as reported.

September 22nd.

All excitement, the officer in command of the guard does not know where to put us. General Sheridan's troops are flanking them. Finally they marched us to the rear through Woodstock, Edenburg, Mount Jackson to New Market. The weather is cool and we are getting worn out. We are poorly fed.

September 23rd.

Arrived here at 8 a. m. after marching hard all night. I am sick, tired, and hungry. And it is raining very hard. 12 m. we received some flour and bacon. I paid \$10 to have it cooked somehow. We are quartered in an old house.

New Market, Va., September 24th. All in an uproar expecting General Sheridan's cavalry to swoop down on us any moment. We started on our march in the evening, with the promise not to march us all night. But here we go all night long. We pass through the following places. Sparta before dark, Harrisonburg just at dusk, Mount Crocker at midnight. In the morning we stopped for a few moments at Big Springs. We got about two cubic inches of soft bread here, then pulled out for Stanton, Va.

Stanton, Va., Sunday, Sept. 25th. We reached here at 10 a. m. weary, worn, hungry, and foot-sore. Many of us were barefooted. We were promised transportation by rail from here if we reached here by 10 a. m. It



was with much difficulty that we got our sick and wounded along. (There were many severely wounded among us). We rode to Waynesborough on the cars and stopped for the night.

Waynesborough, Va., September 26th. It is twelve miles back to Stanton. It is nineteen miles to Meacham's Station and we have to walk it. Reached the above Station, then were piled on the cars in every conceivable shape, and glad to get on any way. Marching was an impossibility. One hundred and twenty-seven miles to Richmond by rail, flat cars, every conceivable shape. This was not the way we expected to visit Richmond.

September 27th.

Here we are at Richmond. Prisoners of war. We are hurried off to Libby Prison, the much talked of prison. Captain, the commander, drunk as an idiot, to receive us.

The sooner he got rid of us the better for us. We were taken into one of the lower rooms and thoroughly searched from head to foot. Forty dollars Greenbacks found on Lieutenant O. P. Hull's person was taken. Haversacks, canteens, and blankets were taken, then we were sent to our rooms. We received breakfast 10 a. m., consisting of a small piece of sour wheat bread and a cubic inch of fresh beef. What was intended for bean soup for supper 4 p. m. This was a mixture of flies, dirt, and a few beans. Windows all open except the iron grate.

September 28th.

I could not rest last night on the cold hard floor, with windows all open, and no blanket. Our ration was the same this morning, our ration of soup was a gill of bean soup. We poured off the soup and found the most disgusting ingredients. The absorbing question

was, is it this that we will have to satisfy our aching stomachs.

September 29th.

The same routine. We are interested in some heavy cannonading in the direction of Fort Harrison and Malvern Hill. We can see the shells burst from our artillery. It gives us new life.

September 30th.

Some prisoners were brought in who were taken in the battle yesterday. We got the news from them that Fort Harrison was captured and our lines advanced. There is much cannonading in the same direction today.

October 1st.

We got a Richmond Whig this morning. Speaking of the battle of Fort Harrison, says it was a terrific onslaught, they assaulted to recapture it three different times and failed. The whole citizen population turned out under arms and are going into rifle pits.

Libby Prison, Va., October 2nd. We were aroused at half past one, fell in and marched between two ranks of guards across the James River to the railroad depot. By the time we all got on the cars it was daylight. I just got a half night's sleep under a blanket that I paid twenty dollars for in Confederate money. What little we got here they took from us again. Thieves never succeed.

October 3rd.

Clover Station. We laid over night here. Slept without shelter of any kind on a high bank beside the cars. On our way south. Reached Danville, 2 p. m. We were out in the rain here. Got soaking wet. Biscuits are five dollars a dozen. They are as small as a butter cracker. Boarded the cars for the south.

October 4th.

On our way South in a box car, packed so we had to sit up. It rained nearly all night.

October 5th.

Greensboro, N. C. Reached here last night. They marched us off the cars to a green near the hospital. Put a line of guards around us. I am so stiff I can hardly walk.

Greensboro is a very nice place. The citizens gathered around the outside the guard line with looks of surprise. One of them said: "Wy, you's look just like we'uns." "Why shouldn't we?" said the soldier. "They done tole us you'ns had ho'ns." After they satisfied themselves that we really did not have "ho'ns" they declared we were not Yankees. After that the the western troops were just like "we'uns". While we were marching back to get on the cars to proceed on our journey two young ladies who had come South as teachers, years before, came marching alongside the column making inquiries in regard to people from their old home in Massachusetts. They were at present little rebels. Pay six dollars a dozen for apples and five dollars for a pie made of sweet potatoes. We reached Salisbury just at dark. This is our destination. As we were coming here, while we were stopping at a station, I got leave from the guards to go and get something to eat. I found a man who was a Union man but dares not let it be known; he gave me a pint of sorghum.

Salisbury Prison, N. C., October 6th. We arrived here last night. About three hundred of us were packed in a large brick building. During the night some thieves attempted to go through the prisoners but they got worsted. They would not have gotten anything anyway. The rebels got the first chance and did a clean job. I could not sleep much last night on the cold hard floor and with no blanket. We moved to some old negro quarters. These are four old log huts. Barney Tallman, R. J. Smith, and N. H. Boise of Company "A" were brought here today.

October 7th.

We receive a half loaf of bread and a gill of beans to each prisoner. Yesterday I bought a dozen onions for \$2.50 Confederate money. Now you will want to know how I got this money. When the rebels had taken all we had. I exchanged an officer's blouse for a rebel jacket and got thirty dollars Confederate in the trade. With this I buy extras. We are chinking the cracks in our huts today. And I am making a fireplace of bricks to keep warm.

October 9th.

I bought a piece of soap for \$2.50. Finished the fireplace. It is much warmer.

October 10th.

We get up early because our bones ache and being cold, I lay down with my clothes on, with only my blouse that I had thrown over my shoulders. Bought one sheet of paper and one envelope and six threads for one dollar. I wrote home to my sister Martha, I am afraid it will never reach her although we have sweet promises.

October 11th.

Things go here about helter skelter, no regularity at all. For instance, meals. Sometimes we get our bread and meat at 12 m. when we should have them at 7 a. m., and when they do come they are only a taste.

October 12th.

Water is very scarce. We have to carry it about a mile between two files of guards. I and another of our mess went to the creek with a barrel, carried it back half full on our backs by turns.

October 15th.

I bought a small piece of ginger bread from a guard, and sent ten dollars with him to get some potatoes that was the last I saw of the guard and money. Our mess

joined and got some Irish potatoes and we had some soup.

October 13th.

Officers and enlisted men are in the same enclosures. Guard line between them.

The prisoners here were brought from Belle Isle, Libby, and other prisons. You would scarcely believe men so emaciated could live any time. Still they are dying off very fast. It is horrible to look at the way we are treated and handled, dead or alive. Civilization is not responsible. When we came there were seventeen prisoners here. They were civilians. Alfred D. Richardson (correspondent New York Tribune) was one of them. Train load after train load came after us until this enclosure was full.

October 16th, Sunday.

I have committed to memory a chapter in the Testament, for today. About 1 p. m. Lieutenant John Davis, one Hundred and Fifty-fifth N. Y. Infantry, was shot dead by the guard, the bullet penetrating his heart. He was a very religious man. Was about twenty feet from me when it happened. There were no words from him to the guard. The guard spoke some word and fired. Chaplain preached his funeral sermon, then his body was turned over to the authorities. The guard was relieved, that was all.

October 18th.

We have been drawing sorghum instead of beef. It is not so good for us. There is a guard line separating the officers from the men. An officer threw a communication tied to a stone to the men, was caught at it. It was as much as we could do to hide the officer from being caught and taken out and punished. There were strict orders not to communicate with the men.

Salisbury, N. C., October 19th. We are closely guarded. Six a. m. we received orders to pack up.



Five p. m. we were put on the cars, three hundred and twenty-seven officers. We were put fifty-two in a car. We are to be taken to Danville, Va.

October 20th.

We suffered severely last night for rest and sleep, being packed so tightly. The night was very cold and disagreeable. Nine officers escaped last night by cutting a hole in the side of the car. We reached Greensboro, 4 a. m., fifty-two miles from Salisbury. Changed cars for Danville, Va., forty-eight miles from here. Reached Danville, Va., 10 a. m. Was marched to our prison, a large tobacco house, about one hundred feet long and about forty feet wide. Three stories and basement. We had had nothing to eat since the morning of the day we left Salisbury. Now we are furnished with a piece of corn bread six inches long, two inches wide and two inches thick. In the afternoon we are furnished with a gill of "Nigger pea" soup. The other ingredients I won't mention now. Our bed will be the floor of hard oak plank, no covering—windows all open for want of glass.

Danville Prison, Va., October 21st. I was up and around at 2 a. m. It was so cold I could not sleep. I had nothing but the cold floor to lay on with no covering. I can see the vermin crawling on the walls of this old dreary building. They will be crawling on me soon, uh! !

Our rations are the same today excepting they gave us a very small piece of beef at noon. I must try and sleep some tonight. I am worn out.

October 22nd.

One of the officers who got away through the hole in the car coming up from Salisbury prison, was captured and brought in today. His name is Lieutenant Farwell, 1st District of Columbia Cavalry. He was captured before he got fifteen miles from where he escaped.



They put bloodhounds on his track and followed him.

October 24th.

We lay down when we get tired sitting up, then lie down and catch a little sleep. I am up each morning at 2 a. m. Can't sleep after I wake up, and can't lie down when I am awake. We are wedged in so closely, we have to all turn when one turns. We are annoyed by vermin also. I pass some of the time away by committing to memory a portion of the New Testament each day. We have a sermon every Sunday. Many pass the time playing cards.

October 25th.

I have caught a very bad cold. Cough very much. News came that Captain W. W. Morseman and Lieutenant Davis of my Regiment were captured. It is astonishing how news come to us here.

October 26th.

I was up twice to warm last night. The authorities have given us an old metal stove of the drum pattern and a little wood so that we can stand by the stove and warm one side while the other is freezing. Such a noise. We organized today into squads of about twenty men each. Each squad elects a Captain to draw and issue our food. I bought four envelopes and two sheets of paper for two dollars Confederate.

October 27th.

I took my little ration of corn bread and grated it fine and made mush of it and with a little sorghum molasses I made a meal. Under our present organization the following persons constitute my mess:

Captain George M. Dickerman, 26th Mass., Lowell, Mass.

“ F. A. Hopping, 75th N. York, Auburn, N. Y.

Lieutenant O. P. Hull, 22nd Iowa, Washington, Iowa.

“ S. C. Jones, 22nd Iowa, Box 192, Iowa

City, Iowa.

October 28th.

I rested better and slept more last night than any night since I came here. It was quite warm through the night. I will finish three chapters committed to memory by next Sunday. Lieutenant Hull sent to Richmond for the forty dollars the Libby prison officer took from him. We don't think he will get it.

October 29th.

Fifteen officers were brought in today from Lynchburg prison. Whenever I can I make mush out of part of my corn bread to eat with molasses. The rebel cooks put no salt in the corn bread. We think sometimes they grind cob and all to make our bread.

October 31st.

I slept last night till I awoke from soreness of my hip bones. Our mess has a half shelter tent to sleep on and an old quilt that reaches to our knees, over us. I traded a gold ring, given me by a young lady in Iowa, for an old blanket which will help some. I would not have parted with the ring under no other consideration, but to preserve my life. Sixteen of us are organized and at work on a tunnel that we hope will give us an outlet from this wretched place. Our beef ration has dwindled down to head and lights and swallow.

November 1st.

Up at three a. m. Eat a little rice for breakfast, cooked in a tin cup. You will wonder how I have money to buy rice. The prisoners occupy the two upper stories of this building. The lower story is not occupied only by a guard at the foot of the stairs where we go down and at the back door where we go out to a small back yard where the sinks are, and where we do a little cooking. We are only allowed to pass back and forth. We make details to sweep out every day, this dirt finds its way to the back yard. In among that rubbish, one day, I found many buttons without legs. A

thought struck me that I could use those buttons, as the rebel guards would very readily buy and pay a good price for them. I gathered up and when I had nearly a dozen of them, I gathered up so many pins, as it is not hard to find them. Then I went to work and made legs for the buttons out of the pins, then sold them for two dollars apiece, Confederate money. That was the way I made money to get just a little extra, when I had traded all my clothes I could spare. But this was not the last way.

November 2nd.

Got up sore and stiff this morning. My hips were aching all night long, had to change from side to side to allay the pain. We are so packed that when one turns all must turn. They allowed us to take the glass from the windows in the lower floor and put them in our windows. Our room is warmer. We are on the Dan River and the cold winds follow the river and come whistling through our rooms.

November 3rd.

My corn bread ration was small today. We had fish (haddock) instead of beef.

November 4th.

Ten a. m. Seventy-three prisoners came. Captain W. W. Morseman and Lieutenant Davis of the Twenty-second Iowa among them. Whenever a squad of prisoners come they are greeted as "fresh fish" from all over the building. Lieutenant Manning, chief of our squad, was taken to Richmond. He was at one time held as a hostage in Castle Thunder. With the additional prisoners we will be packed like dried herrings.

November 5th.

We have preaching every Sunday. There is a chaplain prisoner among us.

November 7th.

Nine a. m. Five naval officers were just brought in.

They were welcomed with the cry of "fresh fish" as usual. We have been getting salt fish now for some time. They are devoured skin and all.

November 8th.

I sold my blouse for twenty-five dollars and a rebel jacket to Lieutenant Goff. Held election. The vote stood 276 for Lincoln and 91 for McClellan, few did not wish to vote.

November 10th.

The authorities informed us, that if we wished to send home for boxes of eatables or clothing, we could do so. I sent to my father for forty pounds of Boston crackers, four hams, two cheeses, two pounds soap, three quart buckets filled with butter, one peck of onions, and as much more as he saw fit. I got some sweet potatoes, could not take time to cook them, but ate them raw. Thought they were delicious.

November 11th.

Dreamed of home (last night) and all the good times and good things to eat. The table covered with the best of everything and they did not invite me to partake. I spent two dollars for apples. Something to keep away scurvy as I hear of cases of that dread disease. There are rumors at all times with regard to exchange of prisoners. The Southern papers are favorable. They know their prisoners will be able to go right into the field while we could not for two months. And yet we are rotting in these fever dens and yards.

November 12th.

Captain Riley and Lieutenant Quigley of those who got away out of the cars coming from Salisbury were brought in today. They got within two miles of our lines and were then captured. They tell how they were chased with hounds and narrow escapes from being

torn up by them. Those hounds are ugly brutes. I bought nine dollars worth of sweet potatoes, and twenty-two and one-half pounds of rice. Sold eighteen and one-half pounds for thirty dollars, Confederate. Bought twenty pounds of rice for thirty dollars and a pint of sorghum molasses.

November 19th.

We thoroughly scrubbed our floor yesterday. We received a large mail. The letters dated from the 3rd to the 27th of September. I bought twenty-five pounds of rice. A committee was appointed to draft a memorial and send it to Colonel Smith, Commander of our prisons, with regard to the quality and quantity of our rations.

November 21st.

I sold out all my rice today. My general health has been pretty good for the last two weeks, but the agony of these long nights. We tramp the floor by day to keep warm. Sometimes hundreds at one time. The rebel guards are amazed at our noise and motion.

We received our beef and soup together today. It came when I was out. It was the heads and lights or lungs, swallow and grass and all. Capt. W. W. Morseman had it planned for me when I came in. He had cut about six inches of the swallow where the chewed grass was still in, and laid it on the window sill. When I came around he called my attention to it, saying: "Jones they commenced feeding us on the heads and lungs, now look there. What next?"

November 23rd.

These cold nights tries our mettle. We are wedged in so we can keep our bodies pretty warm but our legs and feet are half frozen. When we get to marching around to get warm this old building shakes from cellar to roof.

November 24th.

Our chaplain and surgeon went away today. I went

and laid down at 8:30 p. m. last night. I was too tired and hungry to stay up and I am in misery when I lay down.

November 26th.

Lieutenant O. P. Hull is sick today. He was notified this evening that the \$40, U. S. greenbacks taken from him at Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., were now in the hands of Lieutenant Colonel Smith, Commander of this prison, and he offers \$3.50 Confederate money for one greenback.

November 27th.

Fifteen prisoners came, just came in. One of them is the Adjutant of the Third Iowa Infantry. Some of them were recaptured at Raymond, Miss., May 12th, 1863. They escaped from prison at Columbia, S. C., and were captured when three miles from our lines.

November 29th.

I was out twice to the Dan River among the squad that brings us water. Lieutenant Hull and I had a good bath, this is my second since I came here. I have tried for four weeks to get a Bible or Testament and have not gotten one yet.

December 1st.

We had a serious accident today. The guard shot at one of our men through the window, missed him and hit a man in the room above us. The bullet struck him between the knuckles, penetrating the wrist making a most painful wound. No one knows why he shot.

Lieutenant Hull and I went into another mess, which I don't fully approve. Our mess now will be Captain Morseman and Lieutenants Davis, Hull, and Jones. Captain Hopping and I are very much attached, therefore I regret very much the change, still he and I will be near each other in our squad. I procured a Testament and Psalms for two dollars.



December 3rd.

Two officers were sent to Richmond today.

December 4th.

The officer of the guard and officer of the day were in to visit us today. The most of us did not care to entertain them. They were as drunk as they could be and get around on their pins. Southern chivalry I suppose. They are fair representatives of their dunghill stock.

December 5th.

We have roll call every morning now and sweep every morning. Details are made from each mess in turn and Captain of mess makes his detail in turn. So each has his regular turn.

December 6th.

The Battalion of Veteran Confederate Soldiers were taken away to the front yesterday and a body of home guards now guard us. Old men and very small boys. Boys that can hardly carry their guns. They are just what we want. We are not difficult to guard so long as no opportunity presents itself.

December 8th.

More prisoners came in during the night.

December 9th.

Arrangements are made to break out. The Militia have stacked their arms in plain view, not far from the prison. Details are made as follows: Two men to disarm the guard at the rear and gag him. Two men to disarm and gag the man at the foot of the stairs. A squad to go out after water, while at the door halt and overpower the guard. All was carried out well except (as there always is an exception) the man at the head of the water squad was a failure. They overpowered him and took in the situation at once. At this time, we, the prisoners, were in full force crowded down the stairway to the main entrance. The guards commenced at once firing into us as we were retreating back up to

our quarters. Fortunately the guards were excited and shot wildly. One prisoner was fatally wounded. We carried him up and laid him down and called for a surgeon to dress his wounds. He was taken to their hospital and treated but died in a few days.

Lieutenant Colonel Smith and three Lieutenants came into our prison to get the men who took the guards below and gagged them. We were called in line and the guards went along and picked out one of them, the others they failed to get. They took him away. The young Lieutenants wanted to shoot a lot of us. The Colonel told them there had been enough shooting done already. He made us a little speech which was all right. He told us if we attempted to get out we would have to expect rough treatment. That was what we had counted on. We only regretted that we had failed. The Colonel was a Maryland soldier, had served since the beginning of the war and was so badly wounded that he was not fit for active duty. Had been in prison in the North and had attempted to get out as we did. His little speech pleased us very much. We were ready to promise to be good until we had another chance.

December 10th.

The Battalion of Militia were sent away this morning. There have been some of the prisoners getting away for several days. They did not find it out till they happened to catch one of them, then he gave the game away. We had to play a Yankee trick on our Colonel or on his officer who came in to call the roll. Nine men had escaped while out after water, so we had to make up this discrepancy at roll call. We made a hole in the floor in the corner and when the officer was at the farther end nine fellows would slip through the hole to be counted again below. After they caught the prisoner outside they stopped up the hole, besides three officers

came in and found then that there were eight still out. I think they never knew how they got away.

December 11th.

Only three have been allowed to go below at a time since the attempt to break out. Colonel Smith came in today and gave us our former privileges. He showed himself a soldier and a gentleman by that order. Twenty-three escaped prisoners were brought in. They were recaptured in the Smoky Mountains—as ragged as beggars. Thirty prisoners were brought from Richmond. This morning five gunboat officers were sent off to be exchanged.

December 13th.

Colonel Smith brought in the money to those officers who's money was purloined at Libby Prison. He charged them nothing for the expense of getting it.

December 14th.

The effort on our part to get better and more rations was unsuccessful. The rations don't half satisfy the appetite and Oh! the quality.

December 15th.

The authorities were so kind as to board up our stairway. It is now much warmer. Sixteen convalescents were brought in from the hospital.

December 16th.

There is now in this building four hundred and thirty-seven prisoners ranging in rank from a Brigadier General to a Second Lieutenant.

December 18th.

We were given Irish potatoes instead of pea soup.

December 19th.

We drew a ration of mixed bread; we call it potatoes and beef.

December 20th.

We drew with our ordinary ration a good ration of potatoes.

Danville Prison, Va., January 1st, 1865. Captain W. W. Morseman, Lieutenants Davis, Hull, and myself lay in the same rank with Captains Hopping and Dickerman. The bare hard plank floor under us and an old blanket over us. It is January. On the Dan river stands our prison. The glass in the windows broken. The wind whistling over us as we lay. Sometimes we can get a little wood to make a fire in an old stove that would not heat an ordinary room twenty feet square. We get our meager rations at ten or eleven o'clock a. m. each day.

January 2nd.

The same routine each day. It is a daily sight to see one hundred or two hundred hungry, starving men all looking anxiously out through the window in the direction from whence comes our daily ration. There are some here who get money somehow, somewhere. They have no anxiety whatever. They also have blankets. There are only a few of them. They no doubt would give another picture to these scenes were they to write them.

January 3rd.

Two recaptured prisoners were brought in today. It is almost certain for a prisoner to be recaptured if he does escape from prison. There are packs of hounds kept ready to run the country all over in almost a moment's notice. And many a loyal soldier has been torn to shreds ere help could come to his assistance. The negro slave was the only assistant and succor in their peril, except that frequently they would come across a Union man known of by the negroes.

January 5th.

Our bread ration was increased a little. I was so hungry I ate it all and will have to wait twenty-four hours till I get any more.

January 10th.

Captain Dickerman and I washed our clothes today. Scalded them thoroughly. We chanced to get the fire and water, and made good use of it. Bread and water is our fare. (Corn bread). Once in a while we get a little beef and a large ration of sweet promises.

January 16th.

Lieutenant O. P. Hull and I met with a streak of good fortune this morning. A citizen of this city by name of John F. Ficklin came in and we induced him to furnish us with some Confederate money so we could buy some provisions. He was at one time a citizen of Keokuk, Iowa.

January 18th.

The citizen spoken of came in and gave O.P. Hull and I two hundred dollars in Confederate money. For which Hull and I gave him a joint note for thirty dollars in greenbacks, payable after the war, to P. T. Lomax, Esq., Keokuk, Iowa, for him.

January 19th.

Captain Morseman and I tried to get some wood but failed. We got a few chips. We drew calf gruel today as we have often done before. It came about noon. I bought some flour, two dollars a pint tin cup full, in Confederate money. We make flour gravy and corn coffee, roast some of our corn bread to make corn coffee.

January 24th.

I procured a pass to visit our sick in the hospital. They are kept very clean, but do not have what they ought to have of medicine and food.

January 26th.

General Hayes and Lieutenant Lucas were sent to Richmond from the hospital last night.

January 28th.

It is very cold. It is hard for one in comfortable circumstances to imagine our suffering from the want of

food, and other necessities. I visited the hospital this afternoon. The men here look very pale and weak. Deaths occur frequently.

January 29th.

As soon as I got up this morning Major Wakefield lay down in my place and under my blankets. It is warmer today, thank the Lord.

January 31st.

It is a consoling thought for us that the Southern Confederacy does not control the weather. Two Jews came into our prison yesterday to exchange Confederate money for greenbacks. They had about a peck of Confederate money. In October, 1863, while we were camping at Algiers, La., the Jews came into our camp exchanging greenbacks for Confederate money. The flying straws tell which way the wind blows. I have symptoms of rheumatism.

February 1st.

I feel very unwell this morning. The surgeon left some blue mass and liniment for me.

February 2nd.

I am right down sick this morning with rheumatism. Had to get up at 9 p. m. last night. Severe pains in my back, side, and legs. Could not lie down or sit up, had to move around as best I could. Nothing but poor corn bread to eat. And not enough for one meal of that. How I long for a little something to eat that I could relish.

February 5th.

I was up and around all night with severe pains in my back and bowels. The surgeon gave me a pill of blue mass. The Methodist minister preached us a sermon from Acts, 26:38, 39. Neither did me as much good as an ounce of liberty would. Five of our men escaped today while out after water. Slipped to one side into the ruins of an old mill while the guards were entertained with a thrilling yarn by the prisoners in front.



February 6th.

Was up the greater part of the night, pacing the floor with great pains. I applied the liniment left by the surgeon but it did not relieve me.

February 10th.

Our friend John F. Ficklin sent me four nice biscuits with butter on. I think they were the best I ever ate.

February 11th.

A big mail. Good and bad news. I received a letter from father, all are well. One brother prisoner received news that his beloved wife was dead. So it was over the whole prison. Sorrow and gladness.

February 12th.

Got up this morning with severe rheumatism in my back and legs. Thus it is every day without a symptom of relief. Thus we are dragging out our days and weeks with no hopes of exchange.

February 14th.

Ten officers were ordered to Richmond today to be exchanged. Among them my friend Captain F. A. Hopping also Lieutenant Simpson and Captain Cook.

February 15th.

All the talk now is about the exchange. One can hear anything he wishes either good or bad news on that subject.

February 16th.

Rumor is strong that we will be exchanged. I would like to believe it, but will not. It is easier to disbelieve it than to be deceived. In the evening it was strongly believed that orders were here for our exchange.

February 17th.

The news is confirmed that we are to be exchanged. There was no sleep last night for tired eyes and not much rest for sore bodies. I saw mens' hair turn gray in a day, what will be the joy to those prisoners?

Thanks are being rendered hourly to God, U. S. Grant, and the Government.

February 18th.

The weather is wet and muddy. We were ordered to be ready at 10 p. m. yesterday. We were marched to the train and boarded it at 12:15 midnight. All the officers on one train. I must say here that there were other prisons in Danville besides the one we were in. I think there were five filled with enlisted men. There were therefore, other trains that took these other prisoners. We reached Richmond 1:20 p. m. and marched to Libby Prison like a lot of rollicking boys. So here we are in our old quarters again. The authorities did not make us strip off this time to examine us. They rather looked on in amazement. I have but little doubt that many of the guard would like to join us.

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., February 19th. After we were put in here last night, the officers of the prison brought in a great number of boxes that had been shipped to us from the North months ago. It was a show to see the men open up their boxes and display the contents. Every conceivable article in the line of wearing apparel, bedding, and eatables, were to be seen. Captain Morseman and I each received a box. We divided with Lieutenants Davis and Hull, and no one went hungry away. I ate so much I was in a racking pain all night. My father had put in medicine, kinds we often used at home, so I ate all I could, then took the medicine according to symptoms. I received another box today of clothing and bedding. The whole house is full of boxes of wholesome food and warm clothing.

February 20th.

I rested good last night. I still have rheumatism in my limbs. One would naturally take this for a cook house this morning. We are signing the rolls, paroling

us. We are in a great glee and excitement on the exchange question. Unbelievers are constrained to say " 'Tis good for us to be here." We received rations after the old style. Some of us did not need it. We put it where it was needed.

February 21st.

I was awakened by the tumult and uproar that was going last night at 10 o'clock. I did not sleep a moment after. I got up at three a. m. and boiled coffee and fried some ham and ate breakfast early. Eighty-five officers were taken out this morning. I am quite ill.

February 22nd.

We were awakened this morning at 4 a. m. Marched out of Libby Prison just at daylight. Marched to Point of Rocks and got on the Rebel truce boat. Ran down the James river and got off between the Rebel lines and ours. We marched by Fort Harrison, here we came under the stars and stripes. The prisoners took off their hats. Some of them shouted for joy, others cried with joy. It was probably one of the happiest periods in our lives. Boarded a hospital boat at Harrison's Landing where we were fed. I saw men drink a quart of coffee and call for more. They had to be restricted. Many died from eating too much after getting where they could get it. This was a great and glorious day in our life-history. It was a transition from want and cruelty, starvation and neglect, misery and pain to freedom and plenty, sunshine and home.

We arrived at Aikens Landing 12 m. Passed Fortress Monroe 8 p. m. We are very much crowded on this boat, but we have been used to being crowded in different circumstances. We were taken to Annapolis, Md., to the Marine Hospital where we were furloughed home.

General Grant's Army, in the Battles in rear of Vicksburg, May, June, and July, 1863.

13th Army Corps, General McClelland,  
9th Division, Brig. General P. J. Osterhaus,  
10th Division, Brig. Gen'l A. J. Smith,  
12th Division, Brig. Gen'l A. P. Hovey,  
14th Division, Brig. Gen'l E. A. Carr,  
24,391 men and 62 guns.

15th Army Corps, Gen'l W. T. Sherman,  
11th Division, Maj. Gen'l Fred Steele,  
5th Division, Maj. Gen'l F. P. Blair,  
8th Division, Brig. Gen'l J. M. Tuttle,  
19,238 men, 36 guns.

17th Army Corps, Gen'l J. B. McPherson,  
3rd Division, Maj. Gen'l J. A. Logan,  
6th Division, Brig. Gen'l J. McArthur,  
7th Division, Brig. Gen'l J. F. Quinby.  
17,482 men, 60 guns.

Total 61,111 men, 158 guns.

During the siege a part of the 9th Corps and a part of the 16th Corps were added to his army.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809, Died April 15, 1865.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG  
NATIONAL CEMETERY

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield 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 and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never 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 advanced. 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; 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, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.





## APPENDIX

---

### THE MUSTER OUT

The number of enlisted men and officers of the Twenty-second Iowa, requiring transportation and who were discharged from the United States service at Savannah were:

Co.	Officers	Enlisted Men
A	2	47
B	1	51
C	2	29
D	2	27
E	2	39
F	2	44
G	1	47
H	2	42
I	2	43
K	1	35
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	17	404

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE TWENTY-SECOND IOWA, AT THE  
BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON, MISS., MAY 1st, 1863.

NAMES	RANK	CO.	REMARKS
Barney J. Tallman	Private	A	Wounded
David J. Davis	Adjutant	"	"
William Franklin	Private	B	"
Thomas Harper	"	"	"
David P. Robertson	"	"	Killed
John L. Chiles	"	C	Wounded
James J. Moore	"	D	"
Sylvester S. Garrison	"	E	"
Algerson S. Barker	"	F	"
George A. Remley	"	"	"
William M. DeCamp	2nd Lieut.	G	"
Edward L. Pardee	Private	"	"
Daniel W. Henderson	1st Lieut.	H	"
Jeremiah Daniels	Private	"	"
John F. Whittington	"	"	Killed
Alexander Zike	"	"	Wounded
John Francisco	1st Lieut.	K	"
Wenzel Zika	Private	"	"
			Died

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS, MISS., MAY 16TH, 1863.  
No Casualties.

BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MISS., MAY 17th, 1863.  
Private Patrick Monaghan, Wounded.

KILLED AND WOUNDED AND CAPTURED, ASSAULT AND SIEGE OF VICKSBURG,  
May 20th to July 4th, 1863.

Field and Staff  
Col. William M. Stone  
Lieut. Col. Harvey Graham  
Major J. B. Atherton

Wounded  
Captured  
Wounded

NAMES	RANK	CO.	REMARKS
John T. McGuier	Sergeant	A	Wounded
W. W. Johnson	Corporal	"	"
Thomas J. Chamberlain	Private	"	Wounded
John H. Gearkee	Captain	B	Wounded
John Remick	1st Lieut.	"	"
August Fisher	Private	"	Captured
Alfred P. King	"	"	Wounded
Richard Arthur	Sergeant	"	"
Joseph S. Turnbull	"	"	"
John W. Boots	Corporal	"	"
David Jordan	Private	"	Killed
George W. Brown	Sergeant	"	Wounded

BATTLE, SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF VICKSBURG, Continued.

	Private	Co. B	Wounded	Died
Christian Detwiler	"	"	"	"
Sinary H. Eisterr	"	"	"	"
Thomas Harper	"	"	"	
Rufus J. Hoy	"	"	"	
Ernest Haberstroh	Private	"	"	
John Paulus	"	"	"	
John R. Scaggs	"	"	"	
George Tomlin	Corporal	"	"	
Henry D. Sumner	Private	"	"	
David H. Norris	Corporal	C	"	"
Jackson F. Newell	"	"	"	"
George McQueen	Private	"	"	"
Emanuel Bair	"	"	"	
Reuben W. Miles	"	"	"	
George W. Campbell	"	"	"	
Joseph T. Cushatt	"	"	"	
Asa Dixon	"	"	"	
Miffin H. Falkner	"	"	"	
John L. Green	"	"	"	
Lafayette F. Mullins	2nd Lieut.	"	"	
Niel Murray	1st "	"	"	
John W. Jack	Private	"	"	
Henry B. Jack	"	"	"	Died
Samuel Kester	"	"	"	Capt.
Josiah R. Kenaday	"	"	"	Died
			Killed	
			Killed	
			Wounded	
			Captured	
			Killed	
			Wounded	

Louis W. Kester	Private	Co. C	Wounded	Died
James K. McIntosh	"	"	"	"
William McKeever	"	"	"	
Thomas McKeever	"	"	"	
William M. Mann	"	"	"	
George C. Nicholl	"	"	"	
Edward M. Norris	"	"	"	"
Samuel Story	"	"	"	
Joseph M. Thatcher	"	"	"	
William G. Thomas	"	"	"	
Isaac W. Winterhalter	"	"	"	
Barney Worrell	"	"	Killed	
M. H. Miffin	"	"	Wounded	
Samuel Lloyd	Private	D	Captured	
Nathaniel G. Teas	"	"	Wounded,	Capt. D.
James A. Eshon	"	"	Killed	
George W. Buchanan	"	"	"	
Chester W. Farrar	"	"	Wounded	
Ezra L. Anderson	"	"	"	Died
Abner Barnard	"	"	"	"
Samuel R. Conley	"	"	Killed	
Munson L. Clemons	"	"	Captured	
Elvin Drummond	"	"	Wounded	
Hesekiah Drummond	"	"	Killed	
James Lindsey	"	"	"	
George H. Miller	"	"	"	
Jacob D. Mock	"	"	Wounded	

ASSAULT AND SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, Continued.

	Private	Co. D	Wounded Killed	Wounded Killed	Died
Cyrus T. McConnell	Private	"	Wounded		
George W. Maiden	"	"	Killed		
Jacob S. Ray	"	"	Wounded		Died
John A. Robb	"	"	Killed		
Henry F. Rogers	"	"	Captured		
Charles H. Stevenson	"	"	"		
Thomas B. Tate	"	"	Wounded		
David H. Willey	"	"	Killed		
Ferdinand Wood	"	"	Wounded		
Matthew A. Robb	2nd Lieut.	"	Killed		
Benjamin Radcliff	Private	E	Killed		
Leonidas M. Godley	Sergeant	"	Wounded,		Capt.
George Giltner	Corporal	"	"		Died
James A. Raney	Private	"	Killed		
James M. Anderson	"	"	Wounded		
Henry H. Archer	"	"	Killed		
John C. Brooks	"	"	Wounded		
Isaac Brewer	"	"	"		"
John Butler	"	"	"		"
Ansel L. Chamberlain	"	"	"		"
Andrew H. Green	"	"	Killed		
Charles R. Kackly	"	"	Wounded		
Abner Magee	"	"	Killed		
Matthew M. Parkhurst	"	"	Wounded		"
Horatio G. Stalcup	"	"	"		Capt.



John Stalcup	Private	Co. E	Killed
Harman Snyder	"	"	Wounded
Andrew Turner	"	"	Killed
Joseph H. Taylor	"	"	Wounded
Matthew Walker	"	"	Captured
William Secor	"	F	Wounded
Charles Tippenhauer	"	"	Killed
John K. Duncan	Sergeant	G	Wounded
John Q. Mahan	"	"	"
John W. Spencer	Corporal	"	"
Theodore H. Bartholomew	Private	"	"
John Hormel	"	"	Died
Emanuel Hostetler	"	"	"
Junius A. Lawson	"	"	"
Orseumus Moore	"	"	"
William G. Perkins	"	"	"
Malen Schlasman	"	"	"
David Smith	"	"	Killed
John G. Shillato	"	"	Wounded
Joseph D. Smith	"	"	"
Bingham Wood	"	"	"
Robert Wilson	"	"	"
John M. Yockey	"	"	"
Jacob Bollenbaugh	"	"	"
Joseph R. Chandler	Sergeant	H	"
Charles C. Wyatt	Private	"	"
Adam Liebersknecht	"	"	"

ASSAULT AND SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, Continued,

	Private	Co. H	Killed Wounded	Died
Vincent F. Lilly	"	"		
John M. Kriezer	"	"	"	
William O. Beam	"	"	"	"
Benjamin F. Berger	"	"	"	
Addison J. Booth	"	"	"	
Pleasant P. Cardwell	"	"	"	
Allen Cloud	"	"	"	
Sameul Coughenour	"	"	"	
Jacob Davis	"	"	"	"
John T. Davis	"	"	"	
Jeremiah Daniels	"	"	"	
Caleb L. Eddy	"	"	"	
Sylvester Deen	"	"	"	
Edward H. Goodisson	"	"	Killed Wounded	
William H. Hastings	"	"	"	
George F. Heminger	"	"	"	"
Elias P. Huffman	"	"	"	
George Hunt	"	"	"	
Elisha B. Judson	"	"	"	
James M. Largent	"	"	"	
Jonathan Largent	"	"	"	"
Jacob F. Martin	"	"	"	
Joseph Middleton	"	"	"	"
Alfred Nicholas	"	"	"	
Jacob F. Pfaff	"	"	"	
Alex. Miller	"	"	Captured	

Edwin C. Peregoy	Private	Co. H	Wounded	Died
William H. H. Rosbough	"	"	"	"
Robert G. Shuey	"	"	"	"
Jerome Smart	"	"	Killed	
Benjamin Tripp	"	"	Wounded	
William A. Ulum	"	"	"	
William Weed	"	"	"	
Charles A. Weed	"	"	"	
Nicholas C. Messenger	Sergeant	I	Captured	
James Robertson	Captain	"	Killed	
Ely Butler	Private	"	Captured	
James M. Bonham	"	"	Wounded	
Joshua Fowle	"	"	Captured	
Marshall D. Fry	"	"	Killed	
William Griffin	"	"	"	
James L. Griffith	"	"	Wounded, Capt.,	"
John Hale	"	"	Killed	
William Hains	"	"	Wounded	
Edwin W. Hamlin	"	"	Killed	
Joseph Jackson	"	"	Wounded	
Martin L. Kirk	"	"	Killed	
John B. Lamb	"	"	Wounded	
William P. Marvin	"	"	Killed	
Nicholas Russell	"	"	"	
Christian Small	"	"	"	
David K. Trine	Sergeant	I	Wounded	

ASSAULT AND SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, Continued.

William Wood	Private	Co. I	Wounded
Matthias W. Stover	"	K	"
Solomon Starks	"	"	Killed
Martin Swedensky	"	"	"
Jacob H. Detwiler	"	"	Wounded
David Cleveland	"	"	"
Samuel Fesler	"	"	"
John McIlree	"	"	Killed
Patrick Moneghan	"	"	Wounded
John W. Selby	"	"	"
John Teeter	"	"	"
John M. Williamson	"	"	Killed
			Died

On the 22nd of May, 1863, in the assault on Vicksburg, Miss., by General Grant's forces, sixteen men of the Twenty-second Iowa infantry entered the fort (Beauregard), some of them were killed in the fort. Those who survived did not remain but a short time in the fort. When they retreated from within the fort they brought with them thirteen Confederate prisoners. Messenger, Griffith, and Needham were among those who entered.

Co. D 1	Munson L. Clemons	Wounded	Co. B 8	Richard Arthur	Killed
" 2	Elvin Drummond	Killed	Co. H 9	Allen Cloud	Wounded
" 3	W. H. Needham		Co. I 10	N. C. Messenger	
" 4	Ezra L. Anderson	Killed	" 11	David K. Trine	Wounded
" 5	Hugh Sinclair		" 12	Joseph E. Griffith	
" 6	Hezekiah Drummond	Killed	" 13	William Griffin	Killed
" 7	Abner Barnard	"	" 14	John Hale	"
" 15	W. P. Marvinegg	"			
Co. B 16	David Jordan, color bearer,	killed while planting flag on the fort.			
Co. D 17	John A. Robb,	killed on the fort.			
" 18	Samuel Lloyd,	mortally wounded on the fort.			

Notwithstanding General Grant's failure in all his letters, reports, and history to recognize this act of the Twenty-second Iowa Regiment, these men and the thirteen prisoners that they captured within one of, if not the largest and strongest fort in the chain of forts in the rear of Vicksburg, is evidence enough of the bravery and gallantry of the boys of the Twenty-second, and it is not to the credit of General Grant to thus ignore the fact.

BATTLE AND SIEGE FROM THE 9th TO THE 17th of JULY, 1863, OF JACKSON, MISS.

William Tyler	Private	Co. A	Wounded
Levi H. Bray	"	B	"
Alfred P. King	"	"	"
Emmer T. Pickerrill	"	H	"
Jacob Zeller	"	"	"
George W. Hamilton	"	I	Died
Joseph H. Taylor	"	E	"

WESTERN LOUISIANA, NOV. 24th, 1863.

Jacob Berry	Private	Co. I	Killed, R. R. accident
Thomas Carr	"	"	Captured
Horatio A. Swasey	"	"	"
Robert Goodey	"	B	"
Hardy Schell	Private	E	Captured
W. M. Salver	"	"	"
M. A. Mahon	"	"	"

DETAILED SCOUTS, INDIANOLA, TEXAS.

William H. Bechtel	Private	Co. A.	Capt. Jan. 21st, 1864
John L. Fleming	"	Co. "	" Feb. 22, 1864
William Girkey	"	Co. B.	" "
Philip Herser	"	Co. D.	" "
William C. Franklin	"	Co. F.	" "
Gabriel M. Huffman	"	Co. H.	Near Lavacca, Tex. Jan. 22, 1864
Karl Bedner	"	Co. K.	Feb. 22, Near Lavacca, Texas.



BATTLE AT BERRYVILLE, VA., September 4, 1864.

No casualties

KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA., INCLUDING FIELD AND STAFF, SEPT. 19th, 1864.

	Lieut. Col.	Co. A	Wounded
Ephraim G. White	Captain		Killed
David J. Davis	Lieut.	"	Captured
Samuel C. Jones	Corp.	"	Wounded
E. H. Wilcox	Private	"	Captured
Barney J. Tallman	"	"	Wounded
Jacob Erb	Private	"	Captured
Robert J. Smith	"	"	Wounded
Chester Hunter	"	"	Captured
Nicholas H. Boyce	"	"	Wounded
John E. Meads	"	"	Captured
Solomon E. McGee	"	"	Wounded
Noel Morrison	"	"	"
James A. Smith	"	"	"
Jacob C. Switzer	"	"	"
James A. Boarts	Lieut.	B	"
John D. Bane	Sergeant	"	Killed
William Franklin	"	"	Wounded
Andrew Douglas	Private	"	"
George Lunnon	"	"	"
George McCarty	"	"	Killed
			Died
			Capt. Died

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA., continued.

	Private	Co.	B	Wounded	Died
Mark Thomas	Private				
Lafayette F. Mullins	Captain	C		"	
John W. Dinsmore	Private	"		"	
Jeremiah Adams	"	"		Wounded	
Adam Bennett	"	"		Killed	
James T. Dailey	"	"		Captured	
Barney Worrell	"	"		Wounded	"
Joseph H. Halbrook	"	D		"	
Henry C. Kritzer	"	"		Captured	"
George W. Lefever	"	"		Wounded,	
James N. Vampelt	"	"		"	
William C. Wilson	"	"		"	
Benjamin D. Parks	Captain	E		Killed	
Washington J. Warren	Private	"		Wounded	
Julius B. Gardner	"	"		Captured	
Benjamin F. Pickrel	"	"		"	
Horatio G. Stalcup	"	"		"	
Usher J. Stalcup	"	"		Captured	
Thomas Anderson	"	"		"	
James M. Anderson	"	"		"	
Shelby C. Byers	"	"		Wounded	
Samuel D. Lain	"	"		"	
Nicholas Motes	"	"		"	
William A. Mahon	"	"		"	
John W. McCoy	"	"		"	
George C. Macklin	"	"		"	

Angelo Macklin	Private	Co. E	Wounded
James Porter	"	"	"
Henry Webb	"	"	Captured
A. B. Cree	Captain	F	Wounded
George W. Handy	Lieut.	"	"
George A. Remley	Ser. Major	"	Killed
James A. Pinney	Private	"	Wounded
Emory Westcott	"	"	"
Phillip H. Burgg	"	"	Captured
David H. Ely	"	"	Wounded
Joseph Fox	"	"	"
Jacob Hirt	"	"	"
James M. Hopwood	"	"	"
Joseph Knapp	"	"	Killed
John W. Kinsey	"	"	Wounded
Alvin W. Pinney	"	"	Killed
John Rafter	"	"	Wounded
Conrad Strickler	"	"	"
Peter Shilling	"	"	"
John W. Spencer	"	G	"
John K. Duncan	"	"	"
Cyrus Wical	"	"	Killed
David R. Shockey	"	"	Wounded
John W. Grewell	"	"	"
Nathaniel Eells	"	"	"
Henry Tharp	"	"	Killed

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA., Continued.

	Private	Co. G	
Hiram Toms	"	H	Wounded
John Walt	"	"	Captured
David N. Minor	"	"	Killed
Henry F. DeVault	"	"	Wounded
Edward H. Goodison	"	"	Captured
George W. Flint	"	"	Wounded
Elisha B. Judson	"	"	Captured
Joseph W. Armstrong	"	"	Wounded
Anthony Bower	"	"	Captured
Joseph Clure	"	"	"
Hugh M. Caldwell	"	"	"
Jeremiah Daniels	"	"	"
Alexander Miller	"	"	"
Jacob F. Pfaff	"	"	Wounded
Charles Parsels	"	"	"
James W. Stearns	"	"	Captured
Jared Strauser	"	"	"
Luther Ulum	"	"	Wounded
Clement W. Baker	"	I	"
John W. Poland	"	"	"
Joshua Fowle	"	"	"
Thomas Carr	"	"	"
David W. Connely	"	"	"
George A. Edmonds	"	"	Captured
Uria M. Kimberly	"	"	Killed
Francis M. McReynolds	"	"	Wounded
			Died

Edward W. Mullen	Private	Co. I	Wounded	Died
Oliver P. Hull	1st Lieut.	K	Captured	
John J. Frank	Private	"	Killed	
Simon Taylor	"	"	Captured	
Loren G. Cutler	"	"	"	
Jacob Stober	"	"	Wounded	
Wenzel Zika	"	"	Captured	

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, Sept. 22, 1864.

David Higbee	Act. Captain	Co. K	Wounded	
Paul Miller	Private	"	"	
John Heck	"	"	"	
Jacob Bittner	"	"	"	

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA., Oct. 19th, 1864.  
KILLED, WOUNDED AND CAPTURED.

Calvin H. Bane	1st Sergeant	Co. A	Wounded	
Peter B. Boarts	"	"	"	
Oscar B. Lee	"	"	"	
Joshua B. Hughes	Corporal	"	"	Died
William H. Bechtel	"	"	"	"
Selva S. Street	"	"	"	"
E. J. C. Bealer	"	"	"	"
Andrew J. Hamilton	Private	"	"	"

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA., Continued.

Edward Mulhern	Private	Co. B	Wounded
Christian Dodt	"	"	"
Lafayette F. Mullins	Captain	C	"
Robert W. Davis	1st Lieut.	"	Captured
Taylor Pierce	Adjutant	"	Wounded
George W. Cooney	Private	"	"
Jeremiah Adams	"	"	"
Robert I. Bean	"	"	"
Jonathan Guthrie	"	"	"
Anthony McKeever	"	"	"
Lewis W. Smithhart	"	"	"
George W. Shawhan	"	"	"
William F. Strater	"	"	"
Samuel Byerly	"	D	Killed
Calvin Bray	"	"	Captured
William W. Cook	"	"	Wounded
Samuel R. Conley	"	"	"
James J. Moore	"	"	"
Joel Webb	"	"	"
Edward J. Dudley	Captain	E	Captured
George D. Ullrich	1st Lieut.	"	Wounded
Oscar J. Shoemaker	Private	"	"
John Giltner	"	"	"
Joseph W. Jennings	"	"	Captured
Charles R. Kackly	"	"	Wounded
			Died



Elias W. Lively	Private	Co. E	Captured
John Motes	"	"	Wounded
Abraham Myers	"	"	Captured
Jehial McDonald	"	"	Wounded
Edward C. Shoemaker	"	"	Captured
James F. Wiley	"	"	"
A. B. Cree	Captain	F	Wounded
Richard H. Gabriel	Private	"	"
Geo. H. Kibler	"	"	"
Isaac N. Halderman	"	"	Captured
George W. Bell	"	"	"
James M. Ferneau	"	"	Wounded
Lewis Goben	"	"	Captured
Edward Morgan	"	"	Wounded
Francis M. Payn	"	"	Captured
Amos M. Scott	"	"	Killed
Isaac S. Struble	"	"	Wounded
Albert T. Baker	"	G	"
Andrew L. Crain	"	"	Captured
Jacob Kepford	"	"	Wounded
Charles Kepford	"	"	"
John Loader	"	"	"
Charles T. Hartley	Captain	H	"
George W. Reynolds	Private	"	"
Caleb L. Eddy	"	"	"
Francis C. Flint	"	"	"
Marion Blaylock	"	"	Captured
James T. Holt	"	"	Wounded

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA., Continued.

James K. P. Rowe	Private	Co. H	Wounded
Westel W. Morseman	Captain	I	Captured
Nicholas C. Messenger	1st Lieut.	"	Wounded
Benjamin F. Booth	Private	"	Captured
Oliver Crocker	"	"	"
David W. Connely	"	"	"
George W. Clark	Captain	K	Wounded
William J. Oldacre	Private	"	Captured
Charles Bowen	"	"	"

## INDEX

---

- Preface, 3
- Chapter I, The forming of the regiment, 5
- Chapter II, The Missouri campaign, 10
- Chapter III, March down through southeast Missouri, 15
- Chapter IV, Campaign in southeast, Missouri, 18
- Chapter V, Moved down the Mississippi, 23
- Chapter VI, Vicksburg campaign, 27
- Battle of Port Gibson or Magnolia Hills, 31
  - Battle of Big Black River, 34
  - Fighting around Vicksburg, 36
  - Assault on the works, May 22, 38
  - Siege and surrender, 40-43
- Chapter VII, Mississippi Campaign under Gen. W. T. Sherman, 44
- Movement down the Mississippi to New Orleans, La., 47
- Chapter VIII, On furlough home, 50
- Chapter IX, Campaign in western Louisiana and campaign in Texas, 53
- Chapter X, Campaign in Texas, 56
- Chapter XI, Return from Texas, 66
- Campaign up Red River, La., 66
  - Return to Baton Rouge, La., 71
- Chapter XII, Return to New Orleans, La., 72
- Reorganization, assigned to the 19th Corps, 73
  - Boarded a seagoing vessel, 73
  - Marched to Bermuda Hundred, 74
  - Marched to the wharf and boarded a vessel for Washington, D. C., 75
  - In Camp at Tannallytown, Va., 76

- Chapter XIII, The Shenandoah Valley campaign under Gen. Phil Sheridan, 78  
    Pass through Snicker's Gap and wade the Shenandoah River, 78  
    Battle of Berryville, 79  
    Skirmishes around Harper's Ferry and Halltown, Va., 80  
    Battle of Winchester, Va., 85
- Chapter XIV, Battle of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, 86  
    Battle of Cedar Creek, Va., 88
- Chapter XV, The return from prison, 92  
    Moved to Savannah, Georgia, 99
- Chapter XVI, Boating between Augusta and Savannah, 105  
    Returned to Savannah, Ga., to be mustered out of the U. S. service, 115  
    A prisoner of war in the hands of the Rebels; five months and a few days in southern prisons, 119  
    Number of troops and arms in General Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, Miss., 142  
    Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg, Pa., 143
- Appendix, 145  
    Number of officers and men mustered out at Savannah, 145  
    Casualties during the war, 146  
    List of those who entered the fort at Vicksburg, 155

---

## ERRATA

- Page 25, line 24, for Twenty-fourth Division, read Fourteenth.  
Page 25, line 26, omit the word "Brigadier" and read "Major General E. A. Carr."







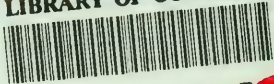






MAR 6  
N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00026279082 ●