WAR STORIES FOR MY ★ ★ ★ GRANDCHILDREN

BY JOHN W. FOSTER

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Major John W. Foster

Mary Parke Foster

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PREFACE

As they were growing up, I was frequently importuned by my grandchildren to tell them of my experiences in the Civil War for the Union; and now as the great-grandchildren are coming on, their parents are asking that these experiences be put in some permanent form, as their children may never have the opportunity to hear the narrative from me. I naturally shrink from giving general publicity to my personal experiences, especially as the field has been already so fully covered by comrades in arms; but I have consented to prepare such a narrative on condition that its circulation be confined to the family circles.

In preparing the narrative I have not thought it wise to trust to my memory of events which happened more than half a century ago; and fortunately I have at hand my many letters written to my wife, giving in detail my experiences during my entire service in the army, and while they are in some respects too intimate and confidential for general publicity, they have the merit of freedom from studied preparation and constitute an account of events as they occurred.

In this preparation I have indulged the hope that through it our children of this and coming generations may be inspired by a greater devotion to the American Union, for which their forefathers hazarded their lives and endured the hardships of war.

John W. Foster

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I

INTRODUCTION

After the inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4, 1861, much discussion followed in Washington and in the North, and plans were proposed respecting peaceable adjustment of the troubles occasioned by the secession of the Southern States from the Union. But the first hostile gun fired at Fort Sumter and the National flag, on April 12, put an end to all peace proposals, and solidified the North in favor of restoring and preserving the Union by force of arms. As one of our statesmen of that day expressed it, yesterday there had been difference of opinion, to-day there was unity.

When two days afterwards the President's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months' service was issued, my first impulse was to respond to that call; but before any movement for enlistments could be made in our locality the quota of Indiana was filled to overflowing. I was content for several reasons to await the progress of events.

I cherished no desire for military glory, and distrusted my special fitness for the life of a soldier. In my college days I had contracted a horror of war and regarded it as the most

terrible and futile of human follies. Shortly before my graduation I had delivered a public address for my literary society on peace and war, using as its title Charles Sumner's well-known oration — "The True Grandeur of Nations." I regarded myself as a peace man.

I had only recently entered upon the practice of my profession, and was ambitious to make a reputation as a lawyer. But, most serious of all, I had just established a modest home with a young wife and our first-born babe of less than a year old. It would be a terrible strain upon my affections and hopes to break these dearest of all ties for a life in the military service.

I, with the great body of the people of the North, entertained the hope that the seventy-five thousand men, who constituted the army so quickly formed, would prove sufficient for the reëstablisment of the Federal Union. But the battle of Bull Run, July 21, dispelled that delusion, and the President's call for three hundred thousand afterwards increased to five hundred thousand volunteers for three years' service indicated that a long and bloody war was in prospect. I resolved no longer to delay my entrance into that service.

Two days after that battle I wrote my wife as follows: —

"I intended to have written you a long letter last night in reply to your good one received yesterday afternoon, but I had no heart to write. The terrible and disastrous calamity to our army has made me sick. A thousand times rather would I have given my life and left you a widow and my darling child fatherless than that this defeat should have

happened. I think I shall go to Indianapolis to-morrow to urge my immediate appointment in our new regiment. I want to help retrieve our lost fortune. I have no fear of our ultimate triumph."

When the President's second call for volunteers was issued, a movement was at once set on foot to organize a regiment at Evansville, my home, and the Governor of the State had intimated his intention to appoint me major of this new regiment. On August 9 my appointment as major was made. The next day I sent my wife's brother, Alexander, to Glendale, near Cincinnati, where she was visiting her mother, to notify her of the event and give her details of the situation. He bore her a letter in which I wrote: "Zan [Alexander] will explain the cause of his coming. I want to be with my wife as much as I can before I go, so you must hurry home *as fast as you can*. . . . While you are a loving wife, remember to be a *brave woman* and your husband will love you the more."

I had gone to Glendale some time before to talk over with my wife my intention to enter the army, and she had given her consent; but when the time came for me to take the final step she seemed to hesitate and draw back. It was a terrible trial to contemplate, her solitary lot with her little babe and I away in the army. In answer to her letter I wrote: "You seem in your last letter to be about to withdraw your consent to let me go. That was the special reason of my late visit to Glendale, and I thought it was agreed. I have a very honorable and, to me, very flattering position, and in some

degree removed from danger; and of course I shall, for the love I bear my wife and child, be as careful of my life as my duty will permit. The President has called for four hundred thousand men, and of that number it is my duty to be one. I regard this as important a war as that of the Revolution, the issue is the life and maintenance of the Government, and I would be ashamed of myself, and my children should be ashamed of me in after years, if I declined so honorable a position as that tendered me. Be of good courage."

In response to my call she came at once to Evansville, and soon entered into the spirit of my work in organizing and outfitting the regiment, and, as will be seen later in these pages, she remained to the close of my service my faithful and devoted supporter.

II

THE MISSOURI CAMPAIGN

The organization at Evansville became the Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry Regiment of Volunteers. On August 22, thirteen days after its official staff was appointed, the regiment was ordered to St. Louis, Missouri. It was a notable farewell the citizens of Evansville and the surrounding country gave the regiment on its departure. The deportment of my wife I refer to in one of my first letters to her from St. Louis. I copy it at some length because it reflects the sentiments of hundreds of thousands of other soldiers: —

"I felt proud of you as my wife and loved you the more for the manner in which you acted on the departure of our regiment from Evansville. While I know that no wife loves her husband more than you do me, yet you could let me go off, for how long you know not, to brave the dangers of the battlefield, because I thought it my duty, without a murmur or reproach or entreaty. And now that I am away, I hope you will be the true woman still. You know that our separation is not harder for you to bear, surrounded by home and all its comforts, your darling child and dear mother, than it is for me deprived of all these. You must be hopeful and cheerful. I am here because duty prompts me, and you would be ashamed of me if I were not here.

"I will try to do all I can to preserve my health and so

far protect myself from dangers as my duty and honor will permit. You must remember that there are tens of thousands of wives who bear the same lot as you do. It would make me very unhappy to know that you were disheartened and lamenting my absence and exposure to danger; and, on the contrary, it would lighten my trials to know that you were bearing it like a brave, true-hearted woman. I know you are my devoted wife, and I know you will act your part nobly."

Our regiment was ordered to St. Louis because the State of Missouri was in a critical condition and in danger of being swept onto the side of the rebellion. St. Louis had been placed on the side of the Union by the daring and promptness of Frank P. Blair and General Lyon, the commander of the arsenal and barracks, in the seizure of the rebel Camp Jackson, and dispersion of the State Guards stationed in the city. But before our arrival the Union forces had met with a disastrous repulse at Wilson Creek, and General Lyon killed, one of the most promising of the Union generals. Soon after we reached St. Louis, the Confederate General Price captured Lexington, took the entire Union force prisoners, and was overrunning the greater portion of the State. General Frémont had been assigned to the command of the Department, and troops were being rushed forward to enable him to clear the State of rebels.

The Twenty-fifth Indiana remained at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, for three weeks, while Frémont was organizing his army to drive General Price and his forces out of the State.

How we occupied our time is in part shown by my letters. James C. Veatch, the colonel of our regiment, was appointed largely because of the service he had rendered in the campaign for the election of Lincoln, but it proved a good appointment. The lieutenant-colonel, William H. Morgan, had seen some service with the three months' volunteers and as a member of a military company had acquired some knowledge of drill and tactics. He was the only person in our regiment of 1047 officers and men who knew anything about military affairs.

After being in camp at Benton Barracks a few days, I wrote: —

"Our colonel is doing all he can for the comfort and convenience of his men. Ever since we arrived, he has been stirring up headquarters in our behalf. In a day or two he will have us paid off, which will be decidedly acceptable; and is now bent on having us supplied with good guns before we leave here, and though good guns are scarce here, he thinks he will succeed.

"Colonel Morgan is invaluable as a drill and camp officer. He devotes three hours each day to the instruction of the officers, and two hours to battalion drill, besides his other duties. He has the officers recite to him daily from the Book of Tactics. Our regiment is under excellent discipline and very orderly, and I am satisfied if they will give us a few weeks to drill and good guns, that we will do honor to the State and country."

In the same letter to my wife, I wrote of myself: —

"Although the place of major may be one of ease, if an officer desires he may keep himself busy and be quite useful in regulating the camp, seeing that the officers and men do their duty, looking after the wants of the men, assisting in battalion drill, etc. And I am the more busy, because in addition I devote from two to five hours in study and recitation of the tactics. I accepted the position in our regiment, not as a sinecure, but because I thought my country needed my services, and I have resolved to leave nothing undone that will fit me to discharge my duties properly, and so prepare myself that if it should ever happen that the lives of a thousand men should be placed in my keeping, I might, as Dr. Daily would say, be competent for an emergency. So that now the time does not hang heavily on my hands. Personally I am getting along very well in camp."

A few days later I report that the regiment has received its first payment, and I make a remittance to my wife of $130 in gold.

My father, then in his sixty-second year, was an ardent defender of the Union, and took great interest in the organization of our regiment, to which he contributed two of his sons, my brother, next to me in age, being the quartermaster of our regiment. He had ordered to be made the flags of the regiment, and as they were not finished before it left Evansville, they were presented at Benton Barracks, of which I give the following account to my wife: —

"We had the ceremony of the Flags' Presentation yesterday at dress parade. Colonel Veatch read father's letter and

made some very appropriate remarks, and the thanks of the regiment were unanimously tendered to him for his appropriate and valuable gift. The National flag is very fine, but I think the regimental flag is the best and most elegant I ever saw. There is no regiment from Indiana and I think none in the West that has as fine a stand of colors as ours. The men are very proud of them."

The following extract describes a treat at Benton Barracks, the like of which we had more than once during the year, as we were on or near the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Tennessee Rivers within easy reach of Evansville: —

"Your box of good things came on Sunday and was opened immediately. That evening we had what your Cincinnati cousin would call 'a sumptous tea.' William, our cook, got out all his dishes and I furnished him with a new tablecloth and he got up a table in fine style with your dainties, with the aid of the bouquets and fruits our kind neighbors here had sent. Not only Aleck and I, but all our *mess* have enjoyed your treat very highly."

One of the matters that troubled me about giving up my affairs at Evansville was the continued maintenance of a large Mission Sunday School which I had organized and kept up in a flourishing way for some years. I did not get encouraging news as to its condition, and I wrote my wife about an efficient superintendent: —

"I hardly know whom you can get in my place. There are very few men who will take the trouble and have the patience and perseverance to keep the school up through the hot

summer and cold winter successfully as I have done for four years. But it ought not to go down."

The school was maintained for some time, but it was discontinued long before the war closed.

Some of the embarrassments attending my new and untried duties are described in the following letter: —

"I was detailed to-day as field officer of the brigade, and have been kept busy all day, in the saddle almost continuously from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., and am tired enough. I went over this morning and reported myself to the general for duty, and the first thing he said was that the adjutant-general was away and I would have to mount the brigade guard. As I had never even mounted a regimental guard, you may be sure it rather stumped me, but like a soldier I did my best, and in the presence of the general, the officer of the day, and other officers I performed the duty and passed the guard in review satisfactorily."

After three weeks of instruction and comfort at Benton Barracks we received orders to go to the front, and fearing my wife might be disturbed by the movement, I wrote her a consolatory letter: —

"We have orders to leave to-morrow for Jefferson City. Of course we are in great hurry and have very little time to write letters, even to dear and loving ones at home. We left our homes to fight our country's battles, and naturally we are glad to see a prospect of that kind of work before us. You must not be unduly solicitous or alarmed. You may hear reports of the Twenty-fifth being entirely cut to

pieces or all prisoners, even before we are in sight of our enemy. Don't place any confidence in vague rumors. If anything serious takes place, Aleck or I will send early word home, or some of our friends will for us, and if you do not hear, you may be certain we are busy or out of telegraphic or mail communication, and you need not think we are dead or prisoners. Be a true, brave woman. Act worthy of a soldier's wife, and put your trust in God, remembering that He does all things well."

The trip to Jefferson City was one of many railroad rides the regiment had, all more or less uncomfortable. I wrote, September 16: —

"I have only time to write you a pencil note at the depot. We arrived here safely yesterday at noon, but tired and in bad condition. As we began our march from Benton Barracks a hard rain set in and so continued half the day. Reached the depot at 3 P.M., but did not get off till 10 P.M., in crowded cars, little sleep, rain all night, with leaky cars. It took us fifteen hours to run to this place, one hundred and twenty-five miles. Just as we reached our camp it commenced to rain in torrents again and so continued nearly all night. We got the tents out in the rain. If we get through safely with our first experience in hardships of soldiering we will do pretty well."

Our regiment had been ordered to Jefferson City to form part of the grand army with which Frémont was expected to sweep Price and his forces out of Missouri, and for the next three months and more we were engaged in marching and

counter-marching with hardly any fighting worth recording. One of the not unusual experiences of camp life, when the enemy were supposed to be near, I gave my wife while at Jefferson City: —

"The news here to-day is that Lexington is taken by the secessionists. If that is so we are going to have some warm work in this part of the country. Night before last several shots were heard in the direction of our pickets two or three miles out, which caused the alarm to be sounded and brought out all the regiments of the brigade into line of battle. Some of them came out with a great deal of noise and confusion. Ours came in perfect order and to our full satisfaction; a person fifty yards from our line would not have known that there was any disturbance at all going on in our camp. . . .

"I get along tolerably well in daytime, as I keep so busy with other matters I don't have time to get homesick. But last night I had such a sweet dream about little Alice; and then when I woke and found it only a dream, how I wanted to be at home just a little while to see you and her. But let us be of good cheer and hope. I will be with you again."

This is a frequent topic of my letters. A few weeks later I write: —

"The parts of your letters about our Alice were the most interesting to me. The dear little darling, how I would love to see her walk. Don't let her forget her papa."

How my dream recalled one of Campbell's war poems with which I was so familiar in college, "The Soldier's Dream": —

"The bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered."

In another letter from Jefferson City I write: —

"You say in your letter received to-day that you are so glad we did not go to Kentucky, because they are going to have fighting there. We were very much disappointed in not being ordered to that very place, and just because there was to be fighting there, and we might aid our brethren in Kentucky. If our Government is worth anything it is worth defending and to maintain it thousands of our lives would be a cheap price. We must all look at it in this light, and do our duty fearlessly."

A further extract from the same letter: —

"We have had considerable trouble in having our guards learn their duty as sentinels. This week one of our sentinels was found asleep on his post. We sentenced him to be shot, at a court-martial, but recommended him to clemency; at the same time privately having the colonel understand it was merely formal to make the soldiers more careful hereafter.

"So yesterday at dress parade the regiment was thrown into a hollow square, the prisoner brought out and sentence pronounced with great gravity, making to all who did not understand it a very solemn scene. The prisoner was remanded to confinement to await execution. This morning the members of the companies all cast lots to decide who should be in the unfortunate squad to shoot him. The ten men who drew the *black beans* were brought up before headquarters this morning and notified that to-morrow morning at daylight they would have a terrible duty to discharge, without telling them what it was, they readily imagining it.

"To-day the young man was suffering greatly, but he would not tell where his father or family are, for fear we should write them about it. He says his father told him if he died in battle he would be satisfied, but never to disgrace himself. And he promised that if we would only release him, he would give a good account of himself on the battlefield. He will be released in the morning, and we won't have any sleepy sentinels soon again."

Five days later I write from Georgetown: —

"We left Jefferson City Monday morning and came up to Lamine River, fifty miles, where we joined the Eighth and Twenty-fourth Indiana, and Colonel Veatch took command. Tuesday morning we heard there were seven thousand rebels near here [Georgetown]. The colonels of the other regiments wanted Veatch to stay at Lamine, but Colonel Morgan and I urged him on, knowing that we were equal to two to one, or even three, on the prairie with our long-range guns. It was greatly through our urging that Colonel Veatch decided to go forward. We were anxious to have a pure *Hoosier* fight with the rebels, and were glad of the prospect. We left at 3 P.M., all of us expecting to meet seven thousand at night or in the morning. It was a race, we supposed, for the possession of Georgetown, and by ten o'clock at night we passed over the seventeen miles with our whole force, and entered the town peaceably, without disturbing a citizen from sleep, and slept in the court-house yard. It was our first march on foot and a hard one, but we made it finely. The last two miles were very trying on the men. The only way we kept

them up was by riding down the lines and telling the men it was only over the hill to the enemy, and we would have them certain. But no enemy was near, none nearer than Lexington. I don't know how I will feel on the battlefield, but as yet I have no fear of going into a fight.

"We are at last settled after hard marching, rainy weather, and various hardships. I have been in the saddle nearly all the time for four days. Yesterday I stationed the picket guards, and it took about forty miles' riding, but I am standing it well. It is just what I need. I enjoy it finely, eat largely, and have no dyspepsia [a trouble at home].

"Near to our camp is a neat little cottage all furnished with everything, nice beds, furniture and carpets, dining-room and kitchen furniture complete. It is the house of a young lawyer, who was married this spring, was a secessionist, was taken prisoner, took the oath of loyalty, violated it, and is now in the rebel army, and subject to be shot if he is ever caught. His wife has fled to her father's. Colonel Veatch has established his brigade headquarters in his house, and we are living in style. I am writing at his desk, using his paper."

While in Georgetown I gave this picture of the country: —

"For the first time we are really in the enemy's country, and are seeing the effects of secession and some of the terrible results of war. As we passed through the villages on our march here, the houses were nearly all deserted, the doors closed, and very few persons to be found. A sign of dreariness rested on everything. And when we arrived here at

Georgetown, the county seat and numbers about a thousand people, at least one half of the houses were vacant, the stores closed, and business suspended.

"Georgetown has seen several reverses since the rebellion broke out, being several times in possession of both rebel and Federal troops. When the rebels came in, the Union men fled the country or took to the woods and slept among the bushes. Many women so exposed on the cold, damp ground lost their lives by the exposure. I took dinner a day or two ago with a gentleman, a citizen here, who formerly lived at Mount Vernon [near Evansville]. He had his store broken open in broad daylight by a company of the rebel army, and fifteen hundred dollars' worth of his goods carried away, while he was a refugee in the woods. Many men have lost their all.

"Such outrages have naturally enough begotten a spirit of revenge among Union men, and those of them of more violent passions and lesser principles have retaliated, until one wrong begetting another has brought on a spirit of bitterness and enmity among the people which is truly deplorable. I never want to see such a state of society again. The dregs of the population are uppermost, and the honest and innocent suffer. Surely it is a holy mission of ours to give peace, and safety, and law to this country. This part of the State is the most beautiful farming country I ever saw, and certainly it needs peace. Here truly 'only man is vile.'"

In another letter from Georgetown, I report: —

"As to the enemy I don't know anything that is definite.

We have a report this evening that they are only twenty-six miles away, but we have had them right on us so often before, that I hardly believe any reports we hear about them. But we try to keep prepared, our men sleep on their arms, and we station our pickets out five or ten miles."

As already noticed, the first payment to our regiment was made in gold coin, but the second one is noticed from Georgetown as follows: "I sent you by the Paymaster to be expressed from St. Louis $150 in *Treasury Notes*. I suppose the Treasury Notes are good, but when you can get them changed into gold I would do it, to lay by for later use."

This suggests that I had early anticipated the coming depreciation of Government paper currency, and in later remittances I repeated this injunction, so that when I retired from the army my wife had as her savings from my pay a considerable sum in gold, which she converted into "greenbacks" at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents for one dollar gold.

In her letters more than once my wife writes of the alarm created among her neighbors for fear the rebel forces would capture Evansville, our home. In a letter, October 13, I wrote her: —

"You say in some of your letters that the people were packing up to leave Evansville when the rebels come. I do not believe they will ever reach there, but if they should come I would not, if I were you, leave your home or pack up. Your valuables you might put into a place of security, but they will not injure peaceable and discreet women at least."

In a letter of October 15, I report a movement of our brigade to Otterville: —

"We have come here to go into Major-General Pope's division of Frémont's army in Davis's brigade. How long we will remain here is uncertain, but I guess only a few days, when we shall go south in search of Price.

"The bad weather has made a large number of our men sick, and two or three hundred were left behind. General Davis put me in charge of them with orders to get wagons and bring them forward. The sick department of our army is the most unpleasant, the most troublesome, and the most neglected in the whole service. I would rather at any time encounter the dangers of the battlefield than the hospital and receive the treatment of privates. It is a shame to humanity and our Government that it is so much neglected, at least here."

A few days later I wrote: —

"I have no time to write you a letter. I am doing most of the business of the regiment, both of the colonels being sick. All of our brigade left this morning in the forward movement except our regiment, which was left behind for three reasons — the brigade took all our wagons, we had so large a number of sick, and a regiment was to be left to forward supplies. We will leave as soon as we get transportation.

"Aleck [my brother, regimental quartermaster] has been promoted to post quartermaster of General Pope's division, and will be stationed at Otterville, charged with the duty of drawing from St. Louis and forwarding supplies to the

division, a very responsible position, and earned by his attention to his duties."

Three days later I wrote: —

"The health of our regiment has been very bad. It is almost unfit for duty. We could only turn out two hundred for company drill, and could hardly march five hundred tomorrow. Diarrhœa, chills and fever, and measles are prevalent. Our officers are almost all laid up. Colonel Morgan has gone to a private house to recruit for a few days. Aleck and I have been the only officers at headquarters who have been entirely fit for duty for several days."

Notwithstanding the condition of the regiment it became necessary for me to run down to St. Louis by rail to bring forward our supply of winter clothing, blankets, etc., and my wife met me there for a day. I am answering her first letter after her return to Evansville, October 23: —

"I am sorry to have you write so despondingly, or rather was sorry to know you felt so lonely (I always want you to write just as you feel). But it was natural that you should feel badly after our separation, for I know what my own feelings were. I trust you are more hopeful and cheerful now. You must remember it is all for the best. I would be with you in our comfortable home, enjoying all the happiness which you and my dear and kind friends could bestow upon me, if I could. But it is impossible. I should be a miserable coward to stay at home in ease and luxury at such a time of national calamity and need."

I wrote again two days later, showing that I had a clear

vision of the result of Frémont's grand march to destroy Price: —

"I hardly think we can get off before the first of next week, but it does n't make much difference to us. We will hardly have a battle at any rate, and will only march down into the lower part of the State to winter, or drag our weary way back again. If this expedition is not a Moscow defeat, I shall be highly gratified. But you must not be alarmed about me. The officer who has a horse to ride and comfortably equipped will be well situated, but it is the poor foot soldier who has to suffer."

I at last chronicle our departure: —

"I have only a moment to write you that we are just about marching to the South. I am very busy, both the colonels and quartermaster being sick. I am colonel, quartermaster, and almost everything else. My health is very good. I see you are secretary of the Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society. You can't do too much for the soldiers, but their greatest need is in the hospitals, good nurses, good cooks, clean shirts, sheets, and kind treatment. If I am to die in the army, I want it to be on the battlefield, never in the miserable hospitals."

The following presents not an unusual phase of soldiering, but new to me: —

"About this hour (3 A.M.) more than two months ago [the day the regiment left Evansville] my good wife was up to give me a good breakfast and bid me good-bye, and I ought to be able to write her a short letter at the same hour.

"We left Otterville day before yesterday with all our

regiment that could march, with a train of fifty wagons. We had unbroken, balky horses, and have had a hard time with the train. Our division is fifty miles below Warsaw, and about out of provisions, and we have to use great haste to get them forward. To expedite matters I have taken personal command of the provision train and have been working hard at it. Sometimes it takes us two hours to get over one hill, then two hours to get through one mud-hole. I am not much of a wagoner, as you know, but I have the authority and the knack of getting a good deal of work out of the men. I have two good wagon-masters along with me. I take their advice, and then assume to know all about it with the drivers. You ought to see me preside over the difficulties of a hill or a mud-hole. When a wagon gets stalled, I just get off my horse and put my shoulder to it. The men work twice as hard when I help them. We got along pretty well to-day and reached our camp long before dark. This morning we have two heavy hills before us, and are up at three o'clock to have the horses fed and ready for a move as soon as it is light. Breakfast is announced and we must be ready to be off soon. If I get through with the provisions in good time it will be equal to a *small victory* for our division of the army. I am well and hearty; this kind of work makes me fat."

The culmination of this campaign is noted in a letter of November 7: —

"I have only time to write you a note to let you know we are safe in Springfield, without a fight or loss of life. When we reached Warsaw we received our orders from General

Pope to come to Springfield by forced marches with all possible rapidity, as the enemy were advancing upon us in force. So for four days we marched twenty miles every day, which was something unusual for any army, but our men stood it very well, and are now much better for the exercise.

"When we arrived here we learned that Price was seventy miles away from us and that there never was any danger. Officers speak very disparagingly of Frémont. The indications are that we will march back again in a few days. 'Up the hill and down again.'"

Sometime before the next letter was written from Warsaw, November 14, on the march "down the hill," we had heard of the removal of General Frémont: —

"Our Missouri campaign has been a very barren affair. It may suit a fellow who likes long walks and heavy marching, but there has not been much of war in it. The only time there was to my mind any prospect of a fight was at Georgetown. If Price had ever intended to fight, it was his best chance. We have been chasing him all through the southern part of the State on long and forced marches, wearing out our troops, and spending immense sums of money, and Price keeping fifty miles away from us all the time, and he is now clear over into Arkansas. The Springfield campaign is over at least, and Frémont's reputation and our soldiers' feet have been the sufferers. However popular Frémont may be his military glory is ended.

"Our Colonel Veatch I regard as a man of unusual good judgment and has been an ardent friend of Frémont, and yet

says his removal was just and needed, and such is almost the unanimous opinion of officers here. Tell father if he has not become reconciled to the removal, a personal knowledge of matters at St. Louis and here would satisfy him."

My youngest brother, Willie, was eight years old at this time, and I make frequent references to him in my letters. From Syracuse I wrote November 18: —

"We arrived here yesterday from our march of two hundred and fifty miles. We left Otterville on October 29 and arrived here yesterday the 17th, having had only one day of rest during the whole journey. If I had time I would write Willie a letter (but you can tell him) of our march, what a long line our division made, troops and trains of near three miles, what a time the poor soldiers had with sore feet, how we sat around big blazing camp-fires, how we got up before daylight and ate our breakfast on a log, and were marching before the sun was up, and give him a list of all the towns we passed through so he can find them on the map I sent him. About these I can give him the details when I come home. But this is only the least exciting of the soldier's life stories. We can't come home till I can tell him something about our experience on the battlefield, which we have not yet had."

A week later I write still from the same place, expressing great impatience that we are kept in Missouri, and the desire on the part of myself and the men to be ordered into Kentucky, but I add: "I am beginning to understand that the army is one vast machine, and the mass of us need not

trouble ourselves about our future, as our generals will determine that. We have only to do our duty and execute their commands." But I caution my wife if we are ordered to Kentucky: "You must not flatter yourself that, if I get nearer home, I will have a much better opportunity of paying a visit to the dear ones there."

Then I entered upon a topic which seemed to be a familiar one in my letters, about home: —

"The commanding officers at St. Louis will be very particular about absence, and when we get into the active field again it will be worse. And it must be so, if the army is to be kept in any state of efficiency. How much I would love to come home. No one ever more highly prized the blessings and comforts of a happy home than I, — a dear, loving, and noble wife, a sweet, darling little daughter, and so many kind kindred and friends, — but it must be otherwise. I am called to the place of duty, away from all these. I would be a craven, a disloyal citizen, if I did not do what I am doing in this time of peril to our country. And I rejoice that I have a wife, with a heart so noble, so patriotic and so brave, as to share this feeling with me, and who submits to her situation without a murmur. This pleasant home which you and I both long to enjoy together would be worthless and ruined, if our once prosperous Government falls to pieces. It is far better that we endure this separation and that our country suffer this terrible war for a time now, than that we permit the whole nation to fall to pieces, and for years and years after to see nothing but civil war and continued bloodshed

between little factious States. We hope and pray that God will speedily restore the country to its wonted peace, so that we may all return to our families and friends."

A little later, in acknowledging receipt of one of my wife's letters, I say: "I am glad you are reading Washington's letters. You will find he was a good husband and loved his home, but he *went to war for seven years!*"

While waiting in suspense at Syracuse, I tell of another court-martial: —

"I was all day yesterday engaged in a court-martial and until late last night. A lieutenant in the Eighteenth Indiana was arraigned by his captain for attacking and slandering him in a newspaper in Indiana, and the lieutenant came to get me to defend him. I tried to beg out of it, but he insisted so strongly that I had to undertake it. The court was presided over by the general commanding, and was composed of the colonels and other field officers of the division, and I was somewhat abashed in appearing before it, the practice of the court being altogether different from our civil law courts, and I being unacquainted with it; but I thought I might as well learn now as at any other time. I think I got through with it pretty well. If I keep the lieutenant from being cashiered it will be fortunate for him."

The coming on of winter made the generals, as well as the men, think of winter quarters. In a letter dated November 24, referring to another of the reports about a threatened attack on us by Price and the probability of marching again, I write: —

"In the meantime we are shivering around our camp-fires in this winter weather, and stuffing our tents full of straw, blankets, and buffalo robes to keep warm. Last night I managed to sleep comfortably. I made my bed right down on the ground. It is warmer than to have my cot up on its legs. These Missouri prairie winds are such winds as Hoosiers don't know anything about.

"You ought to see some of the expedients we resort to for comfortable camp-fires. At headquarters of the regiment we have a big roaring log fire built, and have small logs propped up on the forks of saplings for seats or benches, and then we barricade ourselves from the wind *a little* by tents and stretching wagon covers around the saplings. . . . But at the best this winter campaigning is not comfortable for officers or men."

Notwithstanding the cold weather, I note in my letter of December 3, that we are keeping up the drills: —

"Yesterday and to-day we have been kept quite busy, General Pope having issued a strict order in reference to regimental and brigade drills. We are out both morning and afternoon with the regiment, notwithstanding that the ground has been covered with snow and it is very cold. It comes a little hard on us, cold fingers and cold feet, but it is all the better for both officers and men. As for myself I am in much the best health when I am kept busy, and on the march or move. This afternoon we had a review of the whole brigade, preparatory to an anticipated grand review by General Halleck, Department Commander, in a few days."

It finally seemed settled that the army was to remain in this part of Missouri, and we were to go into winter quarters. So our brigade marched down to Lamine River December 7, preparatory to a permanent encampment. I report: —

"We will have a large city of log huts, probably 15,000 or 20,000 troops. We are commencing operations to-day by clearing off our camp, preparatory to building our log huts. I shall be in command of the working forces of our regiment and shall soon know how to build a log house in the most approved style. So you see I am having a varied experience in my army life."

I seemed to be quite possessed with the project of building our huts and getting into winter quarters, as I was planning to extend hospitality to dear friends. I write my wife: —

"How would you and little Alice like to come out and live with me in a log hut for a while this winter? If the little darling will learn to say 'papa' right sweet and right plain, maybe I will have her come out and see and talk with her 'papa.' That will depend on how long we will stay here, and how well I shall be fixed up. But you must not be certain of it, for a soldier's life is a very uncertain one."

And sure enough all our plans and anticipations came to an end, as a letter from Sedalia, December 21, relates: —

"After more than a week's silence I have only time to drop you a note. The newspapers will doubtless tell you of our last expedition. We went out in a hurry and came back in a hurry. We just missed by three hours' march a rebel supply train with a guard of three thousand: but we succeeded

in capturing an entire regiment, with a full complement of officers, and Colonel Magoffin, a notorious secessionist, and a lot of other prisoners, making altogether about one thousand.

"There was no fight of any consequence. The cavalry surrounded them and they surrendered after a short skirmish. The Twenty-fifth was in the advance of the infantry and would have been in the fight, if needed. The only one of our regiment killed was Sergeant Ray, of Company G, who was acting as a mounted scout. Our regiment was assigned as a guard to the prisoners, and will have the post of honor in conducting them to St. Louis. We will leave by train in the morning. I am very tired with guard duty and marching for two days and nights, and must be up early in the morning."

This march proved the last of our campaigning in Missouri. Not a glorious record, but a lot of experience and useful training as soldiers. The regiment was assigned to quarters at Benton Barracks. I write: —

"It is uncertain how long we shall stay here or what they will do with us. We may be all winter or possibly only two or three weeks. They have given the field officers of our regiment a little house just outside the Barracks, four rooms, a kitchen, cellar, and attic for the servants, and a stable. If we can arrange things to suit us and it is agreeable to the other officers, I expect Colonel Veatch and I will be sending for our wives. What think you of it?"

A few days later I received her reply on which I made the following comments: —

"You never wrote a more noble letter. I have read it over and over again. You could have written in a way which might have been more likely to have brought you over to visit me, but you could not have in a way more surely to make me love and admire you. I know how much you love to be with me and how much I would enjoy your presence. I have been thinking, ever since we came back to St. Louis [seven hours by rail from Evansville], about the propriety of having you come over to spend a few days or weeks with me, and had hardly decided what to do about it.

"While in many respects it would be pleasant, in others it would not be. If you took up quarters with me, it would be in a very comfortable room for a soldier, but not very comfortable or attractive for a lady — no furniture except stools, plank tables, and bunks with straw to sleep on, and soldiers' blankets and buffalo robes for covering. And then it would be in a house filled with officers, — gentlemen, it is true, but *not at all times* pleasant companions for a lady. If you went with me to a hotel, I would have to neglect my duties, which neither you nor I would desire me to do. And even in my own quarters I could not pay that attention to you which I would desire without some, at least apparent, neglect of duty. There are quite a number of officers' wives here, and I know that they do not in any degree promote the efficiency of the service. When I decided it to be my duty to go into the army I anticipated I would have to give up my dear home comforts and enjoyment, and when you gave your consent to my going you so regarded it, and

though we may both lament the necessity, we should not complain. I believe under the circumstances you will agree with me that for the present it is best that you should not come over, — will you not?"

When we returned to Benton Barracks we found that gallant soldier General W. T. Sherman in command. I had only a formal acquaintance with him then, but years after we were near neighbors in Washington and became intimate friends. When at the Barracks he was under a cloud of ridicule, and was known throughout the country as "Crazy Sherman." This appellative was given him because, a few weeks before, while in command at Louisville, he had told Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, he would require two hundred thousand soldiers to rid the State of Kentucky of rebel troops. The sequel proved that more than that number had to be sent into that State before it was free of Confederate troops. Sherman was at that period one of the few *sane* men who realized so early the magnitude of the task before us. His "Memoirs," published years after the war, show that at the time he was much distressed at the appellative.

Our stay at Benton Barracks was prolonged for nearly six weeks, and was the usual experience of such soldier life. In a letter of January 14, 1862, I write: —

"It is now between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and I am writing you while you are sleeping with our little darling near you, — if she has n't waked you up! You may wonder why I am writing you at this late hour. Well, I'm

'officer of the day' for the Barracks, and a part of my duty is to make 'the grand rounds' of the guards at least once *after twelve o'clock at night.* Rather than get a half sleep and be waked up, I prefer to sit up and write my wife till the time comes.

"We were very agreeably surprised this morning to have *Captain* Willie [my brother] step in on us, as we were not looking for him. I am very glad he came. We will try to make it a pleasant visit to him, and he will be much company for us. As I am 'officer of the day,' I took him around with me as my 'orderly'! When I visited the different guard-houses and sentinel-posts, he was very much interested in seeing the guards 'turn out' and the other military civilities. It has been very cold to-day, but both the infantry and cavalry were out for the afternoon drills of battalions and brigades. Willie stood out in the cold wind to see the maneuvers as long as he could.

"We have had a very pleasant evening at our quarters to-night. At dress parade Colonel Morgan invited all the officers over to take supper with us. They came, about thirty of them, about seven o'clock, and at eight we had supper. We had oysters fried, oysters stewed, oysters raw, and oyster patties, with their accompaniments, followed by meats, pickled pig's-feet and salad, and topped off with pound cake and champagne wine. You would hardly approve of the wine part, but we could scarcely do less at a soldiers' supper. Very few would have stopped at that. Then those who smoked devoted themselves to a plentiful supply of cigars.

"In our regimental brass band there is a fine string band. I wish you could hear it, as I know with your love of music you would enjoy it very much. It gave us music all the evening. The officers got up a 'stag dance' and enjoyed it greatly. Then we had some first-rate songs, and wound up the evening by the officers presenting Dr. Walker [our regimental surgeon], in an *appropriate*(!) *speech by the major*, a beautiful medical staff sword, belt, gold tassel, and green silk sash, in token of a most faithful discharge of his onerous duties."

About this time I reply to a letter from my wife, regarding some domestic matters, as follows: —

"I was somewhat affected and a little amused at the account you give of your household and financial troubles. You must not let a little gas bill of fourteen dollars worry your life out of you. It is possible it was a little exorbitant, but none to hurt. I don't want you to worry yourself about these business matters. Where there are any troubles you will find your mother and father safe and willing advisers. I know that you are careful and prudent in your family expenses. I never thought you spent a cent unnecessarily. I don't want you to be thinking you are spending too much money; I just want you to get all you want to eat or wear.

"When I left home I got you a good house to live in, and I want you to live in it in proper style and comfort. If I was at home you know I would have broiled quails, stewed rabbits, roast turkeys, venison, all varieties of oysters, and all

kinds of good things for the table, and there is no reason why 'a lone, lorn' wife should starve just because her husband has gone off to the war. If I was at home I would have two or three gas burners going to your one, if I wanted the light; and there is no reason why my wife should grope around in the dark for fear of a gas bill at the end of the month. I know you are not extravagant and therefore there is no danger of useless expenditure, and no occasion for troubling yourself on that account. I have no fear but that you will save all the money you can conveniently with your family wants. I am drawing pretty good pay, and therefore can afford to keep my family in good circumstances."

Frequent reference in my letters is made to the way in which the Sabbath is spent in camp. In one of my letters I express the hope that "I will not lose or forget my Christian standing. I want to come home as good a Christian at least as when I left, though the temptations to evil and bad habits are very great."

Here is a description of one while at Benton Barracks: —

"Another Sabbath day has nearly passed, but before I go to sleep I must write you at least a short letter. To-day has been a quiet and rather profitable Sabbath, at least more so than most of those which I spend in camp. In the forenoon Willie and I went to the First Presbyterian Church, expecting to hear Dr. Nelson, but after we were in and well seated, who should I see going up into the pulpit with Dr. Nelson but Mr. ——, the Home Missionary agent who preached at Evansville last year, you will probably remember him. And

he gave us the very same sermon to-day that he did then *verbatim*. The text was the same — 'The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid,' etc. Having heard it before, I was not much interested in it, so that my visit to the city through the mud was not a very pleasant or profitable one.

"But this afternoon I read the 'Evangelist' [the Presbyterian Church paper] all through, reading almost every article, and it generally interests me, occupying most of the afternoon. This evening I read several chapters in the Bible, the 60th of Isaiah, 1st, 2d, and 3d of John, and my favorite chapters, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of John, and others. I also read two of the little books you sent us in the Soldier's Library. So you see the day has not been an entirely profitless one, but how much more pleasantly I could have spent it at home with my dear wife and child! But when I come back the Sabbaths will be the more pleasant and sacred with you, and we shall have an added pleasure in teaching our little darling holy hymns and holy truths."

I had occasion often in my letters to thank the folks at home for the useful things and dainties they were frequently sending to camp. The correspondence shows that I was not bashful in making our wants known, as, for instance, this extract: —

"You have written me several times asking what I wanted. Well, really, we don't want much of anything but our wives and families, as we are living very comfortably; but if you want to send us a present you might send us a box or two of

eatables. Say you bake us one of your good jelly cakes, and mother try her hand on one of her first-quality fruit cakes, and Eliza and Cassie [my sister and sister-in-law] see what they can do on a lady cake or something of that kind. And then, if you have in any of the various Foster families any extra supply of fruits, or preserves, or jellies, or tomatoes, or such like, you might send them by way of ballast."

In one of my last letters from Benton Barracks I gave this account of the Sunday inspection: —

"This forenoon I was busy at the Barracks. Every Sunday morning when it is pleasant weather we have a general inspection. The troops turn out in the best clothes they have, with shoes cleaned and blacked, knapsacks packed and on their backs, guns brightened up, and looking as well as they can. They are inspected by companies. Then the sleeping-quarters, dining-room, and kitchen are visited to see that they are kept in good order, etc. This inspection is sometimes made by the general. When not made by him, it is made by the field officers. Colonel Veatch and I made the inspection this morning, and it kept us busy till near noon."

Our marching orders came finally as recorded in my last letter written from St. Louis at the Barracks: —

"We have been anticipating marching orders for several days, but have at last received them. Orders came out from General Halleck this evening that 'The Twenty-fifth Indiana would prepare to march to Cairo.' The exact date of our departure is not definitely known, but it may be early to-morrow. It is quite cold, but we can stand it as well as any

of this army. We are very willing to leave the Barracks and get into the field, and especially as we are going down the river and most likely will be sent to Paducah or Smithland. Barracks life does n't agree with me near so well as active work."

III

THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON

GREATLY to our relief the Twenty-fifth Indiana was surely out of Missouri, with the prospect of active campaigning in Kentucky or Tennessee. Although we had orders to take steamer for Cairo on January 30, we did not get away from St. Louis till February 2. On the steamer I wrote my wife in a tone which indicated that I was taking a more serious view of our future than I had in Missouri: —

"It may be that when we get to Cairo we shall find orders sending us up to Smithland, but wherever we go you will have abundant rumors of army movements and great battles fought. I trust you will not be unnecessarily alarmed or solicitous. I will write you as often as I can, keeping you as well posted as possible, but I expect I shall only be able to write you at considerable intervals. . . . We will both pray our Heavenly Father to be my guard and protector, and return me safely to my home and dear family again. Let us have faith, and hope for the best."

On the 6th of February I write again from Cairo: "We are quartered here in the barracks, in the muddiest place imaginable. No one who has not been in Cairo knows what mud is. How long we shall remain here is altogether uncertain."

My next letter was written the 9th on a steamer going up the Tennessee River: —

"We seem fated to make or commence all our marches on the Sabbath. How often do I long for the enjoyment of one of our home Sabbaths. We were ordered to go aboard the steamboat at nine o'clock Saturday morning, so we had the men up before day to cook two days' rations and were packed up all ready to leave. But we did not go until noon to-day and we should be at Fort Henry to-morrow forenoon. We have six hundred barrels of powder on board, which makes traveling a little dangerous, but shall be at Paducah in an hour or two, where it will be unloaded. Our orders are to 'join General Grant,' so I suppose we will be with the army as it goes forward into Tennessee and South to victory.

"I am just in the locality I have been wanting to be all during the war, and I have only to do my duty like a soldier and a man. You must not be unduly solicitous about my welfare, or pay much attention to the rumors by telegraph, as they are at first always uncertain and generally erroneous. If our regiment is in an engagement, I will see that a carrier is sent to the first place to get the news home. So that if you do not hear you can be satisfied that *all is right.* You will remember me in your thoughts and prayers always, and have faith that all will be well."

This was the last letter I was able to write home until after the battle of Fort Donelson. On the 10th our regiment reached Fort Henry on the Tennessee River which had been captured by General Grant only four days before our arrival. On the 12th we marched over to the vicinity of Fort Donelson with the rest of General Grant's army, eleven miles from

Fort Henry, and situated on the west side of the Cumberland River. We were a part of the division commanded by General Charles F. Smith, and which occupied the extreme left of General Grant's army. That army, when it went into camp on the evening of February 12, covered the entire front of the Confederate forces. From our encampment the rebel line of rifle-pits and fortifications could be seen, we occupying one series of ridges and the enemy those confronting ours.

The fighting began on the morning of the 13th, our picket lines being pressed toward the enemy's front, mainly to develop their position. In view of the eagerness of my own account in my letters, I quote the part of the official report of Colonel Veatch, which relates to the operations of the Twenty-fifth Indiana on the 13th: —

"At 10 o'clock A.M. we moved forward in line of battle to the top of the hill which was between us and the enemy's breastworks. Here I received orders to fix bayonets and charge the rebels, and, if possible, drive them from their works. The timber was so thick that we could only see here and there a part of the rebel works, but could form no idea of their range or extent. . . . At the foot of the hill the enemy poured on us a terrible fire of musketry, grape and canister, and a few shells. The rebel breastworks were now in plain view on the top of the hill. The heavy timber on the hillside had been felled, proving a dense mass of brush and logs. Through and over these obstacles our men advanced against the enemy's fire with perfect coolness and steadiness, never halting for a moment until they received your order. After

a halt of a few minutes they then advanced within a short distance of the enemy's breastworks where the fire from a six-pound field-piece and twelve-pound howitzer on our right was so destructive that it became necessary to halt and direct the men to lie down to save us from very heavy loss.

"After remaining under a very heavy fire for two hours and fifteen minutes, with no opportunity to return the fire to advantage, the enemy being almost entirely hid, and seeing no movement indicating a further advance from any part of the line, I asked permission to withdraw my regiment. In retiring, owing to the nature of the ground and our exposed position, the men were thrown into slight confusion, but they rallied promptly at the foot of the hill, and remained in that position until night, when we moved back, as directed, to the ground we occupied in the morning. We lost in this action fourteen killed and sixty-one wounded."

On the 14th the battle was continued almost entirely by our naval forces, the army taking no part except the pickets and sharp-shooters. It was General Grant's hope that the gunboats would be able to silence the Confederate water batteries and pass up the Cumberland, and thus cut off reinforcements to the enemy, but in this they failed and were forced to retire.

In view of this situation it was the intention of Grant to establish a siege of the fortifications and await reinforcements. But on the morning of the 15th our right wing under General McClernand was attacked in force, the enemy com-

ing out of their intrenchments with the apparent intention of cutting their way through our line and abandoning the fort. McClernand being hard-pressed, General Lew Wallace's division went to his assistance, and the battle raged in that direction with great intensity all the forenoon. We lay upon our arms in line of battle, ready and impatient to take part in the contest, listening to the roar of battle in the distance. General Smith, our division commander, about three o'clock in the afternoon received orders to advance upon the enemy in our front, and immediately our attacking force was formed by Lauman's brigade, in column of regiments, consisting of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and three Iowa regiments, General Smith himself leading the attack.

It was a martial sight, this column of regiments advancing down into the ravine and ascending the hill on which were located the enemy's fortifications, struggling through the abatis of fallen timber, with the bullets whistling thick among our ranks. But it was an event of only a few minutes; our column, never halting, was soon in front of the intrenchments, when the enemy broke and fled, and the day was won. Colonel Veatch says in his report that the skirmishers of the Twenty-fifth Indiana were among the first, if not the very first, to enter the fortifications.

General Grant, in his account of this charge, says: "The outer line of rifle-pits was passed, and the night of the 15th General Smith, with much of his division, bivouacked within the line of the enemy. *There was now no doubt but that the Confederates must surrender or be captured the next day.*" It

was an inspiring sight for us, as we ascended the hill, the general on his white horse, hat in hand, waving us forward into the enemy's lines. He was the hero of the battle. On the 19th General Halleck telegraphed to Washington: "Smith, by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks." General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," has this to say of the capture of Fort Donelson: "He [General Charles F. Smith] was a very handsome and soldierly man, of great experience, and at Donelson had acted with so much personal bravery that to him may be attributed the success of the assault."

Although this charge of our brigade, the last fighting of the battle, was the decisive event which brought about the surrender, it was attended with little bloodshed. The charge was so rapid and the enemy's fire so unsteady, that we entered the intrenchments with little loss of life. More men were killed and wounded in the fight of the Twenty-fifth on the first day of the battle, as described in Colonel Veatch's report, than by the entire brigade in this charge so decisive in its result.

At dawn on the morning of the 16th white flags were seen along the whole of the enemy's lines, and the notes of a bugle were heard by us advancing to the outworks where our brigade had bivouacked during the night. It announced an officer, who delivered to General Smith a letter to General Grant from the rebel commander, General Buckner, asking upon what terms he would receive a surrender. General

Grant's famous reply was: "No terms except an unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." The forces engaged as given by General Grant were twenty-one thousand Confederates and twenty-seven thousand Federals.

The only extant account of the battle I sent home was written to my wife on the day after the surrender, dated the 17th: —

"I can write to you to-day with great thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of again addressing my dear wife, and sending my congratulations to my home. You will have learned before this reaches you that Fort Donelson has surrendered. I am happy to write that the Twenty-fifth Indiana bore a worthy part in the conflict and triumph. We made two charges on the rifle-pits and fortifications, on the 13th and on the 15th. Yesterday, after the surrender, the Twenty-fifth Indiana was the second regiment to enter the fort. We are now occupying huts in the fort lately occupied by the Second (rebel) Kentucky. This was the regiment which fought us so desperately in the rifle-pits on the 13th.

"Our charge on the 13th was desperate, over the steep and rugged hills, covered with felled timber and under a most terrific fire. The fire of musketry was thick as hail. The cannon raked us on both flanks and in front, and the storm of shot, shell, grape, and canister was awful. You can say to our friends that the Twenty-fifth has been tried in most perilous positions and has acted like veterans. In the thick-

est of the fight the officers and most of the men seemed to lose all sense of personal danger.

"We have a host of prisoners and a large amount of stores. I am very tired and sore from our four days' labor. Four nights we slept on the wet or frozen ground, without tents or fires, and both day and night under arms. When I get a little sleep and rest I will write you fully. In our regiment the total of killed is 14; wounded, 99."

General Grant's account of the weather, alluded to in this letter, was: "It was midwinter, and we had rain and snow, thawing and freezing alternately. It would not do to allow camp-fires except far down the hill out of sight of the enemy, and it would not do to allow many of the troops to remain there at the same time. The weather turned intensely cold on the evening of the 14th."

Immediately after the battle a representative of the "Evansville Journal" was sent to Fort Donelson to make a report of the battle and the situation. I extract the following:—

A detailed account of the battle will not be attempted, as you have already published an excellent one. I will speak more particularly of our Twenty-fifth, and of the incidents of the battle and the appearance of the field as seen by us.

The Twenty-fifth covered themselves all over with glory. Everybody we talked to gave them credit for the utmost bravery. Exposed to a terrible cross-fire of artillery and musketry, having to charge through the difficulties I have described right up in the teeth of the rebel batteries and into their murderous volleys, they passed through the fiery ordeal like veterans. On their end of the line the rebels first proposed to surrender, and to them belongs a large part of the glory of the victory. This honor is conceded to them.

It is hard, and would be invidious, to mention particular cases of gallantry in the Twenty-fifth, where all did their duty so well. . . . The field officers all did their duty nobly. For coolness and determination Major Foster is the theme of general praise. . . . Quartermaster Foster and Chaplain Huring made themselves very useful, and showed great courage in attending to the dead and wounded on the field.

I have thus given an account of the battle from participants and others who had seen the field. But there is always another view of every battle — that to be seen in the far-away homes of the wives and mothers of the combatants. As representing the thousands who waited at home through the days of dread anxiety to know the fate of their loved ones, I give a letter from my wife dated February 20: —

"After four days of painful suspense and anxious waiting, when the news came last night that you were safe, you may be sure there was one thankful, grateful heart. Such dreary days and sleepless nights I hope I may never pass again. The first news of the battle reached here Saturday noon, and not one word did we hear of you till last night. Such a relief I never before experienced in my life, to know that you were safe and well.

"All the accounts say you acted bravely and nobly, and we are all as proud of you as we can be. Oh, if I could only see you once more, my own dear husband! No one knows how thankful I am that you were spared, while exposed to terrible dangers. I began to feel on Tuesday that you must be safe, or we should have some report of it. I remembered that you said if I did n't hear, I might know all was right,

but I could not rest until Willie Gwyn dispatched that all was right. I have heard to-day that on Monday it was reported and believed at first that you had been mortally wounded, and next that you were killed, but kind friends did not let those reports reach me.

"A party went down to the fort from here on Tuesday. I then had heard nothing from you, and I thought I would hear sooner by staying at home. Then father was away, and I did n't know what to do. Another boat goes to-day. If we thought there was any prospect at all of seeing you, father and I would go, but every one regards it as so uncertain about your still being there that I guess we won't go. It would only be an aggravation to go and not see you. I hope it will not be long before I have something from your own dear self. Mr. Schoenfield [regimental sutler] was very kind. He dispatched and wrote father that you and Alex. were safe and did bravely. The dispatch came last night (Wednesday) and the letter by packet this morning. He said you wrote a few lines and he sent it, but fearing it did not reach us, he wrote himself. We have not received anything from you at all, and are very thankful to him indeed. Such kindness, I assure you, we appreciate.

"The news of the surrender reached here Monday, causing intense excitement and wild joy; but I could not rejoice till I heard from my dear one. And, oh, the dead and wounded, how much suffering and grief has been brought to many, many hearts! When we think of the suffering it takes away most of the rejoicing.

"I am proud of you, my dear John. I always knew you would do your duty nobly, and I thank God your life has been spared. Father and your mother came back from Cincinnati on Tuesday. I was glad to see father, for he is so kind to me. Write soon."

Reference is made in this letter to the steamboats making trips to Fort Donelson after the battle. The cities and States of the Middle West vied with each other in dispatching steamers, carrying hospital supplies and in bringing home the wounded and sick. Governor Morton of Indiana was a visitor, and immediately after the writing of the foregoing letter my father brought on one of these boats my wife, my little daughter, and brother Willie. Their stay was only for one day, but it brought to us all much joy and consolation.

On our first day's fighting I had found one of the lieutenants skulking, having left the ranks, and he was hiding flat down under the bank of a little stream. I punched him out with my sword and made him join his company, much to the delight of the men who saw the act. The story went home in a very exaggerated shape, and I was credited with using to the lieutenant some very severe and profane language. Willie, who had heard the story and who entertained a high admiration for me, was greatly grieved and shocked. As soon as the boat landed at the fort, Willie rushed up to me, and throwing his arms about me, said: "Brother John, you did not curse and swear at the soldier, did you?"

The capture of Fort Donelson was the first important and

complete victory which had been won by the Union armies since the war began, and it was hailed with great joy throughout the North as the harbinger of further victories. General Sherman, ten years after the event, characterized it as "the first real success on our side in the Civil War. Probably at no time during the war did we feel so heavy a weight raised from our hearts, or so thankful for a most fruitful series of victories."

In a letter of February 23, I acknowledged the receipt of my wife's letter above quoted, in these terms: —

"George [my eldest brother] brought me yesterday the letters by you and father on the 20th, and they were such good ones I could not help the tears coming to my eyes. When I read your letters I began fully to realize how great was my deliverance. During all the war I most probably never will be in so hot a fire and in so much danger as that through which I passed during the late battles. Truly we have great reason to thank God for his kind protection over me. Do you remember the Psalm Mr. McCarer [our pastor] read the last night at our house, before I left with the regiment, the ninety-first? I got out my Bible and read it to-day again. I have read it many times since then.

"I am proud of you, my dear Parke, for the manner in which you have acted ever since I have been in the army, but especially during and since the attack on the fort. You have learned by the experience of the late battles to put little reliance in the first reports of an engagement; they are always exaggerated.

"I was very glad to have a visit from George. I sent home some *play-things* for Alice by him. The rebels had fixed them up to shoot her papa with them. She can make better use of them, some canister and six-pounder shots. I sent you a letter right after the fight, and sent father one after the first day's fight. But the mails are so irregular it may be you did not get them. I would have sent a dispatch, but there was no telegraph nearer than Cairo.

"We were greatly exposed during the four nights of the siege, and the officers had the same exposure as the men, at least all those who stood by their posts, sleeping on the ground with no tents and no fires, two nights both rain and snow, the others severely cold. By the time we got into the fort I was nearly tired out, and during all this week I have been resting. The exposure did not affect me much, except that it increased a cold already contracted. But I am 'all right' again and ready to go into active service. How long we shall remain here I do not know. It may be for some time, it may be only to-day."

Under date of the 24th I wrote: —

"We are still in the fort, living in the rebel huts. I am getting very tired of our inactive life of the past week, and the worst of it is I'm afraid we will be left here for some time to come, as we see no evidence of preparing for our advance. We would like very much to be sent forward. I suppose you have no special desire to have me get into another fight soon, but from present appearances there is not much probability of more fighting in Tennessee.

"This is a very poor country around the fort, and had already been eaten out by the rebel troops before ours came. There is nothing in the eating line we can buy for our mess, and we have had poorer fare here than at any time since we have been in the service. I begin to feel like I could relish a good dinner at home!"

The following, dated March 1, is a reference to the visit to the fort of my wife and father already noticed: —

"Only day before yesterday my dear wife and darling babe were with me here. I need not tell you how pleasant was your visit to me, made doubly so under the circumstances here, and then that I missed you so sadly after you were gone. But we cannot have pleasures *unalloyed*. I was glad you made the trip, aside from the pleasure of seeing you, as the excursion was a pleasant change for you and Alice.

"I wonder if you will remember to-morrow that it is my birthday, twenty-six years old. Quite an old man!"

Under date of March 4 record is made of the expected order: —

"We received marching orders yesterday. We are to go from here to Fort Henry, there to take steamers on the Tennessee River, whether up or down the river we do not know, but our supposition is that we are destined for the direction of Florence, Alabama. It may be a movement on Memphis by the flank. We are all pleased with the prospect of getting still farther South.

"Our greatest want now in the way of marching is wagons for transportation, and that is likely to be the want during

all the marches. I, with quite a number of officers, have concluded to send our trunks home. We field officers are limited by General Grant's orders to one hundred pounds of baggage, to include clothing, bedclothes, mess-chest, and everything personal. And as I think as much of a warm bed and good rations as I do of good clothes, I have put a change of underclothes into my saddle valise, and with my carpet-sack can get along. Then Colonel Morgan and I have gone in partnership in an old trunk, for our dress uniforms, shirts, etc. I send my shabrack [saddle cover] in the bottom of the trunk. Have it taken out, well brushed, and hung up in the attic. It is rather too gay to wear out here in the woods. It will do for musters and parades at home!"

IV

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

We were much pleased to turn our backs upon Fort Donelson, as the movement gave promise of an advance still farther into the South. In my letter dated Fort Henry, March 7, I write: —

"We left Donelson on the 5th. The roads were terribly muddy, and it took us two days to get here, about twelve miles. Besides, the weather was quite cold and snowing, being one of the most blustery days of March, making the march a most uncomfortable one. But we arrived here in pretty good season yesterday evening, and were fortunate to get into the same cabins we occupied when here before.

"The troops here are all embarking on steamboats, and it is understood that we are to go up the Tennessee River, how far we don't know, but hope through to Florence, Alabama. It is said (*it is said*, *reported*, *understood*, *they say*, are unofficial terms, you must understand) that none of the boats will leave till all the regiments are embarked, and that the whole fleet will move together. The river is very high, and on account of backwater we can't get nearer than four hundred yards of the boats.

"The Twenty-fourth Indiana went up the river this morning to find a convenient place to embark. We may have to go up there also to get aboard. Just as we were marching

through the cold and snow last night I met Uncle Tom going down to the boat on his way home. He told me he had resigned, had caught a severe cold and had a bad cough. I think he has taken the best course, as his health can hardly stand the exposure."

I refer here to my mother's youngest brother, Captain Thomas Johnson, whose case was that of many other officers in our army. He had been suffering for some years with tuberculosis, and would not have been able to pass the physical examination to which the soldiers in the ranks were subjected, but the examination of the officers was less strict. He was not fitted for the service and ought not to have entered it, but his zeal to serve his country in the time of its sore trial was so great that he could not be persuaded to stay at home. As we expected, he broke down within a year of his enlistment. We shall see that he was not content to remain inactive at home after he was relieved of his attack of cold, and in less than six months he obtained an appointment in one of the new regiments, only to be again sent home before another year of campaigning was over.

As anticipated, the regiment was the next day ordered to go six miles up the river to get a convenient place of embarkation. The day following was spent in camp: —

"As I listened to our chaplain in his Sunday service today, how I wished I could have enjoyed our own church service at home with my wife. As I walked out through the woods this pleasant spring evening with Colonel Morgan, I could not help thinking of the times we enjoyed together in

our many evening walks. I have been reading to-day the life of General Havelock, that noble Christian soldier. I was very much interested in the affectionate and touching letters he wrote his wife and children; they made me think of my absent ones. . . .

"Adjutant —— has resigned, and as he wants to go home immediately, before his resignation can go to St. Louis, be accepted, and returned, he has applied for a leave of absence. If he gets it, I will send this letter by him. He puts his resignation on the ground of *ill-health*, but the young man is mistaken. A look at his fat jaws and healthy appearance will tell a different tale. He is in as good health as I am. The trouble with him is homesickness from *love*. We are out of the range of regular mails, and he can't get letters from his lady-love often. He can't endure the situation. We tried to talk him out of it, but he insists. He has at the best taken a bad time to resign, just on the eve of an important expedition against the enemy. I told him last night that no one wanted to be at home more than I did, and that if I could get out of the service honorably in view of my duty, I would do so, but this I could not do. He can draw his own inference. I think the young man is making a mistake personally. Here he is drawing a good salary, and at home he can do nothing, even if he was n't too lazy."

The next letter was written on board a steamboat lying at the town of Savannah, Tennessee, dated the 12th: —

"Here we are away down on the southern border of Tennessee, only a few miles from Alabama and Mississippi,

'away down in Dixie.' We went on board the steamboats day before yesterday, the 10th, four companies on the *Uncle Sam*, and six companies on the *Conewaga*, the latter under my command. We have had a very pleasant trip up the river, being comfortably situated on the boat, and plenty of good eating. The Tennessee is quite a pretty river, but not very thickly settled immediately on its banks. At the farmhouses the people were collected in little groups, with waving handkerchiefs by the women, and frequent cheers for the Union. It was a new sight to the inhabitants, such an immense fleet of boats, black with troops, and bristling with cannon and munitions of war. The boats are all lying up here, most of them having arrived this morning, the river full of them on both sides. It is stated by officers who ought to know that we now have seventy steamers in the fleet, and that ten more are on the way. . . .

"Remember me to Mr. McCarer and family. Tell him I am afraid we are persecuting our old-school, southside Presbyterian brethren, as they have called their General Assembly to meet in Memphis in May. I fear we shall get in the way of some of them, and scare them away.

"There is a set of chessmen on the boat, and I have had several pleasant games, the first for a long time. How I would like to take a game with my dear wife, as of old.

"Large numbers of Union men are coming in both to enlist and for refuge and protection. Some of them came more than a hundred miles and had to travel at night, fleeing from the persecutions and cruelties of the rebels."

Writing on the 16th, I report: —

"We are still lying at Savannah. More steamers with troops have arrived, so that now we have about ninety boats, and I estimate about sixty thousand soldiers. We are getting tired of staying on the boat, but it has been raining most of the time, and therefore our quarters are better than they would be ashore. The river has again risen and flooded over the banks."

Two days later I write: —

"We are still lying along the shore on the boats 'awaiting orders' rather impatiently too, the eighth day aboard. Yesterday we left Savannah and came a few miles up to a farm where we found a good landing. We turned our men out on the shore to enjoy the exercise and fresh air (it was a most beautiful day), while we had the boat thoroughly cleaned. The men had been kept cooped up on the boats for so long they enjoyed the day very much.

"We have a rumor of the taking of New Orleans by our forces from the Gulf, but can hardly credit it. It will be glorious news, if true, and a rapid step toward the end of the rebellion. . . .

"I have no news; mostly write to let you know I am in the best of health and in safety."

At last my letter, dated in camp at Pittsburg Landing, gives account of our having left the boats: —

"We are now in camp about a mile from the river in a pleasant forest. How long we are to remain here we do not know, but as to-morrow is Sunday we may get our marching

orders then! We are ordered to keep in readiness to march at one hour's notice. We are also ordered to take with us in each company wagon seven days' rations of provisions and five days' rations of grain for horses, besides three days' rations in each man's haversack, making ten days' rations. As the roads are now, we won't be able to travel very fast.

"Our force has been increasing every day by the arrival of new regiments. How large our army is I do not know, but the woods are perfectly alive with men. Regiments of tents are in every direction and extending for miles around. We have no doubt of our successful progress, whether it is to march upon Memphis or farther down South into the heart of 'Dixie.' You need have no fear for my personal safety, or for the success of our army. We are only hoping we shall be sent by rapid marches against Memphis, and when we get there you can come down and pay me another visit, if I cannot get off home for a few days."

March 24 I wrote: —

"I have not heard from you for two weeks, but to-day I have three letters from you and one from Father, and I can assure you your good, dear letters are most acceptable. I think of you and our dear little one so much and long for the time speedily to come when I can be with you again. I trust and believe that God is so ordering events that the time is not far removed. In the meantime we will hope and pray and be patient.

"You need not be the least troubled about me. I am in perfect health, and General Buell with more than one

hundred thousand men is making a junction with us; so that our combined army of two hundred thousand has only to *move* to sweep every vestige of opposition out of the way, I don't think the enemy will make a stand before us at all."

The foregoing illustrates how little the subordinate officers know of an army's strength or its future. It is a common error to make exaggerated estimates of an army. The figures given above place the numbers of the joint armies of Grant and Buell at more than double their actual strength. And so far from sweeping the enemy before them, within two weeks from the writing of this letter Grant's gallant army was attacked in its own camp, and barely escaped being swept into the Tennessee River.

I wrote on the 27th: "I have been detailed by General Hurlbut as judge advocate of a general court-martial, and am kept very busy with its duties. That's what I get for being a lawyer."

A letter on March 31 has the following: —

"We had yesterday our monthly regimental inspection and in the afternoon we had a grand review of the division by General Hurlbut. In both these exercises it became necessary for me to command the regiment. The division review was very fine, the finest we have seen since we have been in the service. There were twelve regiments, with artillery and cavalry. Our regiment was highly commended by the general.

"It has been a week since I have had a letter from you. Probably you sent a letter by Schoenfield [the sutler], but if

you did it has not come, neither has Schoenfield. He started up the Tennessee River with his stores, among which was some whiskey. The troops on the boat discovered the whiskey, broke it open, and got into a general drunk. The consequence was he was sent back to Paducah with all his stores. That's what you get for having your letter in company with whiskey! It reminds me that if you have a chance I would be very glad if you would send me a pint bottle of the best quality of pure brandy. The worst I have to fear in the army is diarrhœa, on account of bad water, especially in the warm weather. St. Paul was sensible when he recommended 'a little wine for the stomach's sake.' My little wife won't fear I am going to be a drunkard."

Some of the minor trials of a soldier's life are recorded in my letter of the 3d: —

"I have not told you that when we left the boats here, old Bill, our negro cook, left us. I caught him selling whiskey to the soldiers contrary to orders, and confiscated his whiskey, with a sharp lecture which he took so seriously as to quit us without notice. Surgeon Walker has loaned us his boy Frank, and he has been doing the cooking *under my superintendence*, and we have n't been living so bad either. Frank and I get up some first-rate meals. I do the plain cooking, such as frying potatoes and meat, making hash, cooking rice, beans, hominy, etc., while Frank makes the pies, biscuits, etc. We are not in danger of starving while Frank and I have charge of matters! We used up the last can of fruits to-night for supper of the fine lot you and

mother sent us. I can assure you we relished them greatly; they come in very good place out here in the woods where our mess can't buy anything, and have to depend on the commissary supplies for all our eatables. Schoenfield is coming back to the regiment again, but you home-folks must not rob yourselves of fruits, preserves, apple-butter, catsup, etc., on our account!"

On April 2 I write: —

"I see by the newspapers that the great Waterloo is to take place up here in the vicinity of Corinth. Well, it has n't taken place yet, and you can rest yourself in the assurance that it will hardly take place for some time to come. We are resting quietly in camp, except that we have our daily drills and parades and an occasional review. To-day Major-General Grant reviewed our entire division; the troops looked very well."

In a letter dated the next day, the 3d, I write: —

"The weather is very pleasant now. The trees are coming out in full bloom. I took a long ride out into the country to-day; went as far as it was safe to go this side of the rebels. The woods are full of wild flowers; I got quite a bouquet which I would love to have presented to my wife, but she was not here to get it; maybe I may enclose you some of the violets I have among them."

And yet notwithstanding the quietness and confidence prevailing in the army encamped at Pittsburg Landing, as indicated in these extracts from my letters, on the 2d of April the entire Confederate army under General A. S.

Johnston had marched from Corinth, and on the 3d, the day I took my "long ride into the country," it was within striking distance of our camp, designing to make its united attack on Grant's army on the 5th. Being unexpectedly delayed one day, the rebel onslaught broke upon our lines at daybreak on Sunday the 6th. Of the terrible two-days battle which ensued, I was able the night of the second day to write to my father a pretty full account:—

"*Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.*,
"*April* 7, 1862.

"DEAR FATHER:—

"Tired, worn out, almost exhausted, I have just brought the remnant of the noble Twenty-fifth Indiana back into our old camp from the front of the hardest-fought, most strongly contested, and bloodiest battlefield upon the American continent. But I cannot lie down without first preparing a short account of it, to assure you of my own personal safety, the gallant conduct of our regiment, and the glorious triumph of our arms. A terrible conflict of two full days of continuous fighting has this evening left us in possession of the field which was at one time almost lost.

"Yesterday (Sunday) morning, about 6.30 o'clock, just after we had finished breakfast, we were attracted by a continuous roar of musketry, with occasional discharges of artillery on our extreme left, near the river. In a few minutes we were in line of battle, and moving forward to the attack. We had hardly left the camp before we saw the roads full of our flying

men, and all along the route for the two miles we passed over were strewn guns, knapsacks, and blankets, and we found, to our dismay, that our front had been completely surprised, one whole division scattered and retreating in utter confusion, and the enemy in force already a mile within our camps.

"We were drawn up in line of battle, our brigade, under command of Colonel Veatch, in a skirt of timber bordering a large field, on the outer edge of which our troops were engaging the enemy. But the enemy pressed on in overwhelming force, and just as the troops in front of us began to waver, we discovered that the enemy had flanked us on the right and was rapidly advancing (in what force we knew not, but the woods were perfectly swarming), to attack our brigade on the right and rear. So it became necessary for us to change our front to the rear to meet them.

"The Fifteenth Illinois was on the right, the Fourteenth Illinois in the center, and the Twenty-fifth Indiana on the left, the other regiment, the Forty-sixth Illinois, by the rapid flanking of the enemy becoming detached from the brigade, was not with us again during the whole action. This brought the first fire upon the Fifteenth Illinois, which stood it nobly, but was soon overpowered; likewise, the Fourteenth. In the meantime the troops in front and on the left were completely routed by the enemy and came pell-mell right through our lines, causing some little confusion, and hardly had they passed through to the rear before the enemy were upon us, and here the fire of musketry was most terrible.

"Our men tried to stand up to it, but everything was

breaking to pieces all around us, and it was more than we could do, short of annihilation. We poured in a few well-directed volleys, and reluctantly left the field — many of our men firing as they fell back. The loss here was very heavy. All the field officers of the Twenty-fifth Illinois were killed instantly, and many commissioned officers; two of our lieutenants were killed and three wounded, and one of our captains is either killed or a prisoner. We will make thorough search for him on the field in the morning.

"We left dead on this field fifteen men killed almost instantly on the first fire, and a large number wounded. At the first fire Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan was wounded in the leg (not seriously), and was immediately carried off the field. From this time I led the regiment in person. I did all I could to make the men contest the ground firmly as they fell back, and on the first favorable ground, about one hundred yards from the first line of battle, I planted the colors and mounted a fallen tree, and, waving my hat with all my might, I cheered and called upon the men to rally on the flag — never to desert their colors.

"All of the left wing responded to my call most nobly, and rallied with considerable alacrity under a most galling and dangerous fire. I did not see Colonel Morgan fall, and supposed he had charge of the right wing; but the various captains collected a large number of their men, and as soon as I got under cover of the regiments on the left and rear, they brought their men up and joined me, and I thus had still quite a battalion, notwithstanding the killed and number

wounded, and the straying or lost ones. The men who came to me at this time had been 'tried in the furnace,' and were true men, and during all the trying scenes of the rest of the day and of to-day, they never faltered in obeying my commands, and did most bravely.

"As soon as our brigade was collected, Colonel Veatch moved us over to the right to support General McClernand's division, which was being very hard pressed by the enemy, said to be commanded by Beauregard. The left, so our prisoners report, was commanded by Bragg, and the center by Johnston. They also report that the column that attacked our brigade in the morning, of which I have just spoken, numbers twelve thousand, under Bragg, and that the whole force was near one hundred thousand; but we do not know, only that it was very large, sufficiently so to attack the entire line of our extensive camp in heavy force.

"In the afternoon our pickets reported the enemy advancing against us, on the left of General McClernand. As soon as we had drawn them well up by our picket skirmish under Captain Rheinlander, the Fourteenth Illinois flanked them, and was just beginning to pour upon them a heavy fire, while we were moving up to the assistance of the Fourteenth in fine style, when the whole mass of our left, which had, for five or six hours, been steadily and stubbornly contesting the victorious advance of the enemy in that direction, gave way in all directions, about half-past three, and came sweeping by us in utter and total confusion — cavalry, ambulances, artillery, and thousands of infantry, all in one

mass, while the enemy were following closely in pursuit, at the same time throwing grape, canister, and shells thick and fast among them.

"It was a time of great excitement and dismay — it appeared that all was lost; but I was unwilling to throw our regiment into the flying mass, only to be trampled to pieces and thoroughly disorganized and broken. So I held them back in the wash on the side of the road until the mass of the rout had passed, when I put my men in the rear of the retreat, and by this means fell into a heavy cross-fire of the enemy, but I preferred that to being crushed to pieces by our own army. Here we lost a number of our men killed, and many wounded.

"Among those who fell, wounded badly in the leg, was Sergeant-Major William Jones, who had stood right by me fearlessly through the whole day. This rout decided that day's work. We were driven back nearly to the river landing, but the enemy kept pressing us in all the time, and, if, at this time, they had made a bold and united charge all along their line, we would have been totally and utterly routed; but a half-hour's apparent cessation of heavy firing gave our scattered forces time to rally, while the first two regiments of Buell's long-expected advance took position on the hill in the rear, and our forces fell back and formed with them near the landing for a final stand.

"About five o'clock in the evening the enemy made a heavy charge and attempted to carry this position. The contest was most terrible — the roar of musketry was one

continuous peal for near half an hour. All that saved us was two heavy siege-pieces on the hill and the firmness of our men on this last stand. Night closed in on us, with almost the whole of our extensive camps in the hands of the enemy. It was a gloomy night for us all, and to add to our discomforts we had a heavy rain with no shelter. But we had saved enough ground to make a stand upon, and during the night twenty thousand fresh troops from Buell's army were transported across the river, and Lew Wallace moved up his division from below on our right.

"This morning at dawn of day began one of the grandest and most terrific battles ever fought. Buell moved forward on the left and center, and Wallace on the right, with their fresh troops, while Grant's army steadily followed them up and held the ground firmly as it was gained. From early in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon the roar of musketry and artillery was one almost continuous thunder. It was grand beyond description. I have not time to tell you of it in this letter, and you will have it fully described in the newspapers.

"The enemy fought with great desperation and steadiness, but Wallace continued to press them on the right, driving them to the left, and Buell pressing them on the left, driving them to the right, until they were getting completely outflanked, when at three o'clock our brigade was ordered up to the front and center, and directed to charge the retreating enemy, but they traveled too fast for us. Nothing but cavalry could reach them. We remained on the outposts till

evening, and then came in to get a good night's sleep in the tents of our own camp after the fatigues of a two days' steady fight. The night is terribly disagreeable — rainy and chilly — and tens of thousands of troops are sleeping on the bare ground with no covering, just as we did last night.

"Indiana has borne an honorable part in the great battle. I know that the Ninth, Eleventh, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Forty-fourth, and Fifty-seventh Regiments were engaged, and I think the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, with several others, I have no doubt, though I have been too busy on the field to know much of it — have not even had time yet to see Colonel Morgan or our wounded officers and men. The Forty-second was busy here to-day, but I hardly think it was in the fight, though it may have been. Thomson's Battery is said to have done noble work. Aleck [brother of the writer] was busy with the trains and baggage — the enemy came right up to our tents — the camp was shelled; he had to move wagons and baggage to the landing. Did his duty well. But we are back again to-night.

"I tried in this terrible conflict to do my duty well, and I am willing to leave to my officers and men the judgment.

"I forgot to mention Colonel Veatch. He acted with great coolness and courage, always with his brigade in the thickest of the fight. He had two horses shot under him, but escaped unharmed.

"I have written this hurried letter to you for the family, not the public. My deliverance was almost miraculous and I am grateful for it."

After finishing the foregoing letter, I wrote a short one to my wife: —

"*My own dear Wife:* —

"Your husband is still safe and unharmed, though he has passed through a most terrible and deathful battle, the bloodiest ever fought on the continent. While it was terrible, it was grand.

"I have just written a long letter to father, which is for you all. I would write you at length, but it is now past midnight, and after two days of hard fighting and one rainy night of gloomy and fearful watching, I need rest. You will excuse me, will you not?

"My dear Parke, God, our merciful Father, has been my shield and my protector; let us give Him all the glory.

"Captain Dudley Smith [a relative of my wife] is badly (not mortally) wounded. His regiment fought next to us, and I shook hands of encouragement with him not five minutes before he fell. Both his lieutenants and first sergeant were shot.

"I believe, my dear, that God will continue to preserve my life for you and my dear child. Live in hope and faith. I will write a long letter soon."

In the letter to my father, given above, I refer in commendation to my brother Alexander H. Foster, the regimental quartermaster. He rendered a most valuable service in saving all our camp and personal baggage. When during the first day's fighting it became evident that the battle was

going against us, he brought up the wagons and loaded up all the company and headquarters baggage and outfit, and took them to the rear. The rebels occupied our tents on Sunday night, and would have plundered everything but for our quartermaster's thoughtfulness. He also displayed great daring in keeping us supplied with ammunition during the first day's heavy fighting.

Another incident respecting our tents may be noted. When attending the Harvard Law School, I had formed a very close friendship with a classmate from Alabama, Walter Bragg. I corresponded with him for some time, but lost sight of him when the war began. Years after he came to Washington to fill an important official position. I learned from him then that on Sunday night of the Shiloh battle his regiment occupied the camp of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and he slept in our headquarters tent.

General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs" says: "The battle of Shiloh was the severest battle fought at the West during the war, and but few in the East equaled it for hard, determined fighting." General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," characterizes it as "one of the most fiercely contested of the war."

The number of the Confederate forces engaged in the battle, as reported by Beauregard, was 40,955. Grant reports the Federal forces in the first day's fighting at 33,000, and that on the second day he was reinforced by General Lew Wallace with 5000 and from Buell's army with 20,000. The losses of the Federals were, killed 1754, wounded 8408,

missing 2934. The Confederate losses were, killed 1728, wounded 8012, and missing 957. In my official report I placed the loss of the Twenty-fifth Indiana at 149.

While the battle was recognized as a distinct Union victory, it was followed in the North by severe criticism of the generalship displayed on the Federal side. Sherman says that "probably no single battle of the war gave rise to such wild and damaging reports"; and in his "Memoirs" Grant writes: "The battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing has been perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement during the entire rebellion."

The main criticisms were three in number: first, that no intrenchments or fortifications of any kind were made to protect the encampment; second, that our army was surprised; and, third, that the retreating enemy was not pursued. It is generally conceded that the encampment was well located for defense, as three sides were protected by the river and creeks full of water. Sherman, in discussing the first criticism in later years, said, "The position was naturally strong; . . . we could have rendered this position impregnable in one night." General Force, in reviewing the battle after the close of the war, wrote: "The army had many things to learn, and the use of field fortifications was one of them."

The charge that our camp was surprised was indignantly denied by both Generals Grant and Sherman, and they produce statements of fact, not generally understood at the

time, which seem to sustain their contention. But a different impression was generally prevalent in the camp. One of the most intelligent and daring of the Civil War correspondents was a young man writing under the *nom-de-plume* of "Agate," who became afterwards well known throughout the world, Whitelaw Reid. He was on the battlefield during the two days' fighting and wrote lengthy reports of the battle. His contention was that it was a complete surprise. Years afterwards he had a discussion on this matter with General Sherman, and in the course of it he cited my letter to my father, above quoted, to sustain his contention.

Doubtless the rebel army would have been much more demoralized and have sustained great loss in military equipment and supplies, if it had been vigorously pursued. The greater part of Grant's army was so reduced and fatigued as not to be able to make an effective pursuit of the retreating Confederates, but Buell's army was not in that condition. Publications made after the war by Grant and Buell make it plain that there was want of harmony, if not an unfriendly spirit, that prevented the cordial coöperation which might have made the battle much more decisive.

For some months previous to the battle of Shiloh General Halleck had been commanding the Department of the West, with his headquarters at St. Louis, from which place he was directing the movements of the armies. Immediately after this battle he came to Pittsburg Landing, arriving on April 11, and, assuming personal command, he began the reorganization and reinforcement of the army in the vicinity, for a

march on Corinth, where it was understood the Confederates were concentrating. This step on his part had the effect of practically relieving General Grant from command.

The news of the battle and heavy losses suffered by the Union forces awakened throughout the country great interest and sympathy, and from all the leading cities of the West located on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers steamers were chartered and dispatched to the battlefield, loaded with hospital supplies, volunteer surgeons, and friends of the soldiers. A boat was sent from Evansville, and among the passengers was my brother George, bringing letters from home and delicacies for the wounded soldiers of the Twenty-fifth and our mess. In a letter of the 11th, four days after the battle, I wrote to my wife: —

"I can assure you I was glad to see the *Bowen* with a load of our kind friends after the terrible experience of the last week, and to know that the great patriotic heart of the Nation was going out in sympathy and in acts of mercy to our suffering wounded, who have been so sadly, cruelly neglected by our army general medical officers. I thank you and Eliza and Eleanor [my sisters] and our good friends at home for their presents. In our hard-fought battle of last Sunday the enemy drove us back clear behind our camp and rascally carried off or devoured all our eatables, and your delicacies came just in time to be fully appreciated.

"I have n't seen Captain Smith since he was wounded. I suppose he has gone down the river in the boats. You remember I wrote you we were on a court-martial together; I

was finally excused from it to take command of our regiment. I saw Colonel Harlan [afterwards Justice of the United States Supreme Court; married Miss Shanklin, of Evansville] today. He was in good health. His regiment is lying near us, in the woods without tents. I meet a large number of acquaintances in the Indiana regiments of Buell's army.

"I send by George a copy of my official report of the Twenty-fifth. Tell father I cannot have it published yet, but I thought he and our home folks would want to read it, but don't circulate it too freely. As soon as I can get the necessary consent, I will have both Colonel Veatch's brigade and my regimental reports sent home for publication. I am anxious that our regiment should have a fair share of the honor, as it had of the fighting.

"Say to father and our friends that our regiment fought bravely and did itself and the State credit. I had the entire responsibility of the command. I believe I did my duty well; all assure me of it in the highest terms. I know I saved the regiment from disgrace and annihilation by a little daring exposure and vigorous encouragement of our men. This I write freely, but privately, to you and father. It is a great consolation to me as a citizen to know I have done my duty, but it is a further gratification to know that my friends at home give me credit for it."

On the 13th I write about the return of the steamer *Bowen* to Evansville:—

"I was much out of humor because they let the boat be filled up with slightly wounded of other regiments, and left

thirty or forty of our badly wounded Twenty-fifth in the hospitals at Savannah, to linger and suffer from neglect and bad treatment, and run the chance of getting home on the charity of other parts of the State. But I suppose the committee in charge did what they thought was for the best; still, we are naturally sensitive and jealous for the comfort of our own men."

In my letter of the 13th I speak of the difficulty of getting my letters. Officers and men of the regiment were constantly going and coming from Evansville on furlough or sick-leave, and they were often availed of to carry mail matter, as the mail was not regular, but I note one instance in which my letters by private hand did not reach me for thirty days. I tell my wife: —

"When you can't have opportunities of sending letters to me by private means, send them by mail; they will get here *afterwhile*, and they are never old. Your letter of Sunday was seven days in coming. I have just received your three letters sent by Schoenfield. They were a *little* behind time, being dated March 14! but they were still very welcome. I received by him the 'Evangelist' and 'Independent.' I always like to get them, especially the 'Evangelist,' as it gives a little variety to my religious reading.

"Colonel Morgan's father arrived in camp to-day, expecting to find the colonel nearly dead, and found he had gone home only slightly wounded. These newspaper reporters ought to be severely punished for their wicked and foolish exaggerations. The idea of reporting twenty thousand of our

troops and forty thousand of the rebels killed and wounded serves only to fearfully excite the country, and is so very grossly absurd. It was a terrible fight, but not such as was reported in the first dispatches. These reporters *see* but little of the fight, hear a great deal, and tell all they hear and a great deal more.

"I have nothing new to write, but thought you would love to hear after this terrible battle. Be cheerful, hopeful and patriotic."

My letter of the 15th was in the most desponding tone since I had entered the service. It must be confessed it presented a sorry picture of the 1046 stalwart men who left Evansville eight months before for the war: —

"I enclose you an extract from a communication addressed to our brigade commander. You will see from it that our regiment is pretty well used up, between sickness and the bullets of the enemy, having suffered more than any other regiment from Indiana in battle. In this condition of affairs, I feel constrained to ask that the regiment be somewhat relieved.

"Aleck has been troubled with camp dysentery, and wants to resign soon but I have been doing all I can to keep him up and in good spirits, and to stay with us."

Col. James C. Veatch,
Commanding Second Brigade, Fourth Division.

Sir: —

Permit me to call your attention to the present condition of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers.

In the late action at Fort Donelson we sustained a loss in

killed and wounded of one hundred and fifteen, and in the late battle of Pittsburg Landing of one hundred and forty-nine, making a total of *two hundred and sixty-four*. A number of the wounded have since died; a large number are entirely disabled for any military duty, and nearly all of the wounded will be unfit for duty for some time.

There are now absent from the regiment, sick, three hundred and nine enlisted men, and sick in the regiment one hundred and thirty, making a total sick of four hundred and thirty-nine.

I am left in sole command of the regiment, the lieutenant-colonel being wounded and the adjutant having resigned. Three of our most efficient officers were killed in the late action, and six of them severely wounded and disabled. Two of our captains absent; one of them badly wounded at Fort Donelson, the other sick. Three other of our captains broken down with continuous sickness and hard service, and are asking that they may be relieved or resign. We now report only three hundred and eighty-seven men for duty.

Under date of the 18th I write: —

"It is now nearly two weeks since the battle, and our camp is again resuming its quiet and accustomed ways, as if no terrible conflict had taken place over these grounds. All our wounded are gone, and are now in the hospitals at home. I hope they will be well cared for, as I am sure they will be.

"We don't know how long we will stay here, or what are the intentions of the generals; but I think we shall remain for at least ten days. General Halleck will hardly move till he has his army so disposed as to make victory certain. He says, so it is reported, that enough lives have been lost here, and that he will accomplish the rest without much fighting. I suppose you all hope this will be the case. General Hurlbut

says he will not take his division into the next battle, if he can prevent it, owing to its heavy losses in the late battle. In our regiment and the brigade every third man was either killed or wounded.

"So you may rest in considerable quiet, as I think the probabilities of *us* having much fighting is very remote. But if it becomes necessary and we are called upon, we will do our duty; you would want us to do nothing less. I never expect to witness such another battle in my life; it was most terrible and grand. I could not describe it; it is only to be seen and heard. I had no conception of what a battle was before. The Fort Donelson fight was a mere skirmish by the side of it. You will preserve all things of interest in the papers, especially relating to our regiment in the battle; but there were so many regiments in the fight we do not expect to get much notice, especially as we have no reporters in our employ. I trust, my dear Parke, you will have confidence in my continued safety and health, wishing for a happy termination of our troubles and my speedy return, remembering that I will not expose myself or our regiment more than is essential to our duty, safety, and honor. I send many kisses to my darling little daughter."

My letter of the 20th acknowledges the receipt of the first letter from my wife after the battle of Shiloh: —

"You cannot know how glad I was to receive your letter of the 12th. I have read it over many, many times during the last two hours since I received it. When I read your letter and knew with what feelings of joy you learned of my

safety, I could not keep back the tears. I have something to live for and something to encourage me to do my duty bravely, when I am assured of so dear and loving a wife and such good relatives and friends. I was very anxious to hear from you after the battle, and this was the first letter. I knew there would be great anxiety at home both for myself and the regiment, so I sent full particulars and list of the killed and wounded by the first opportunity."

I have already given a copy of the letter I wrote my father the night after the second day's fighting. Although I cautioned him that it was only for the family, and not for the public, he was so much pleased with and proud of it that he let the newspaper men take a copy of it. The "New York Tribune," in publishing it on April 22, headed it with this comment: "The following account of the great battle, written by Major John W. Foster, of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, is the most clear relation we have yet met with." In my letter to my wife of the 20th I make this comment: "I was very sorry to see my letter to father in the newspapers. I did not want it published. I so stated to him. I don't want to blow my own trumpet. If the people at home can't learn of my exploits in some other way, it is better that they should not hear them at all. Don't publish any more of my letters unless I give my consent."

But other accounts than mine were published. I make an extract from one of them written the day after the battle: "The Twenty-fifth has gained fresh renown, and can point to their thinned ranks as the record of their part in that

dreadful fray. Colonel Veatch had two horses shot under him while commanding the brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan was wounded in the first fierce charge that brought down so many of his men. Major Foster was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, leading the charge or directing the backward movement. The men will follow those officers anywhere and Indiana may justly be proud of them."

In my letter of the 20th, I report a proposed movement of our camp: —

"Our old camp becoming unpleasant after the great slaughter of men and animals in the battle, we have been ordered to a new camp four miles nearer the enemy. We made our preparations, but a heavy rain has delayed.

"I think when Colonel Morgan rejoins the regiment, after we have whipped the rebels at Corinth and our men have a prospect of a little rest, I will have to manage to get sick! — and by this means get a sick-leave of a month, and come home to see my little daughter to keep her from growing entirely out of my knowledge, and to enjoy the long-desired society of my dear wife and friends. But I won't set my heart upon it, neither must you, for the probabilities are we will have to finish up this rebellion before any of us can get home. Then I will come and make a lifelong visit with you; for it will take a very loud and patriotic call from my country to make me leave my family again."

In my letter of the 21st I note an event which led to an important change in my military service. My wife had two brothers, younger than herself, Theodore, a student in the

senior class at the State University, and Alexander, then a clerk in the post-office at Evansville. When the war broke out Alexander (or "Zan") was very anxious to enlist, but he was only sixteen years old, and we refused our consent largely on account of his youth, and besides, as I was about to enter the service, I wanted him to stay at home to look after my wife and their mother. But after the successive victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and he heard from the returned soldiers about me, he became restless to join our regiment. I refer to him in my letter of the 25th: —

"I sent Zan a telegram and also wrote him a letter yesterday, saying if Theodore could take his place in the post-office, I would have him made a lieutenant and assign him to duty as regimental commissary. But I do not want you to be left at home without one of the boys with you, while I am away, and he is not to come without the approval of father and his mother.

"Another reason which has caused me to decide for him to come, on the above conditions, was that Aleck [my brother] has been a little unwell for some weeks, is getting tired, insists on going out of the service, and says he has only stayed on my account. He says if Zan comes he can act as commissary and he (Aleck) will stay a month until Zan gets posted in the business; and we can have him appointed regimental quartermaster. If Aleck goes home, as he seems determined to do, I would like to have Zan with me, as I don't fancy being here alone."

V

ON TO CORINTH AND MEMPHIS

Evidently General Halleck's efforts to reorganize the army after the battle of Shiloh were having a salutary effect in the camp, as indicated in my letter of the 21st of April:—

"We are having greater confidence in the army now. We think Halleck will manage affairs with much system and skill, and will not cause such needless slaughter of brave soldiers as we had on the 6th. I am glad to see the public journals exposing the wretched generalship which permitted a complete surprise of a large army, and its almost complete annihilation. But matters will go on much better now. System is beginning to be apparent in every department, and care and foresight. If we only had a good, full regiment everything would go well with me, but we are sadly cut up. Sickness has weakened us very much, and the two last battles have seriously reduced us. Our officers from sickness, exposure and other causes are resigning; two of them go home to-morrow. My own health and spirits are very good, but it is a little discouraging to see the regiment so weakened."

But I cannot end the extracts without a little glimpse at our home life, for which I so often express a longing in my letters. The Mr. Tubbs referred to was the bearer of my wife's letter:—

"Mr. Tubbs said he called on you before he left and

heard you play, and praised your music extravagantly. I hope you do not neglect your practice, as I want you always to be able to play as well as when we were married. He spoke of what a pleasant home I had; it made me want to be there. I was much moved at father's last letter in which he said I was always in the thoughts of the folks at home; that *the little ones talked about me every day*. How I wish I could be at home with them again to enjoy the company of the little ones, of my own Alice and the rest."

After three weeks of waiting, recuperation, and reinforcement, General Halleck began the movement of his grand army against Corinth in the last days of April. General Grant places its number at 120,000. I reported this movement in my letter of May 3 as having already begun, and in anticipation of another battle I seek to quiet my wife's fears:

"I wrote you of our change of camp, going four miles away from the river beyond Shiloh Church toward Corinth; and we are now under orders to proceed to Monterey, five miles from this camp, so that to-morrow night we hope to be thirteen or fourteen miles from the river, and five or six miles from Corinth. But I think we shall not have a great battle for some days yet, for I think the enemy will wait for us to attack them in their intrenchments.

"You must not be too solicitous if you hear of a great battle, or be too credulous of telegraphic reports. I will try to do my duty, and we will leave the result to our Heavenly Father, who has kindly been my shield and protector thus far through terrible dangers."

On the 7th of May I write: —

"We are all packed up in camp under marching orders to go two miles farther to the front, and are quietly waiting for the orders to move, so while we are waiting I will try to pencil you a little note at least."

For the first time since I entered the army, with the exception of temporary colds, I report a slight illness: —

"I have been a little unwell for two or three days past, but we are having very pleasant weather to-day, and I shall soon be well again. I cannot afford to be sick at this time; I must wait at least till we get the enemy out of Corinth or wherever we meet them. I see by the papers that the reporters have got the enemy out of Corinth. It may be so, but we don't know it here."

May 8 I note the arrival at the camp of Alexander McFerson: —

"Zan arrived at the river night before last, but did not get out here till this morning. I sent a recommendation to Governor Morton this morning for his appointment, and he will go at once to work.

"We are now fourteen miles from Pittsburg Landing, and six miles from Corinth. We are getting forward gradually; moved one mile to the front yesterday."

The letter of May 12 says: —

"We have been moving out slowly and by degrees from Pittsburg. We are now about eighteen miles from the river, and six miles from Corinth. Our pickets are within three or four miles of Corinth, and can hear very plainly the loco-

motives whistle and the drums beat. We have various rumors of its evacuation, but can tell nothing of their truth. I think the enemy are still there.

"I have come very near being quite ill for the last few days with fever, but fortunately have escaped and am nearly well again. We were called out in line of battle the other day by a false alarm, and I thought I *must* go out with my men, though I had a high fever; and standing out in the hot sun for two hours (and we have hot sun now) nearly laid me up permanently. It is the nearest I have come to being real sick since I have been in the service; but I am pretty well over it now, thanks to my strong resolution and Dr. Walker's good treatment. Dr. Walker says I have barely escaped typhoid fever. I have taken medicine quite freely. I cannot afford to be sick now; the enemy must first be driven out of Corinth."

On the 16th I write: —

"We move up slowly, and as we go we fortify our camps by a continuous line of breastworks of logs, brush, and earthwork. The newspaper reporters have kept you unnecessarily alarmed about the battle '*which could not be delayed a day longer*,' and yet it has been delayed for a month. When it is to come off I do not know, or whether it is at all. We have for more than a week past been right in the face of the enemy's pickets, the men of our regiment fighting them all the time; and whenever it becomes necessary for us to move our camp forward, our pickets make a push on them and drive them back the required distance, rather obstinately

however. The pickets are now about a mile in advance, and almost any time we can hear the rifles crack, and frequently they go by volleys. If the enemy are going to fight we can't go much farther.

"Zan is in good health and doing well. He is the most anxious man in the regiment for a fight."

In a previous letter I noted that Colonel Veatch had received his commission as brigadier-general, and that Governor Morton was on a visit to the camps and we might expect our promotions soon. I had also reported Governor Morton's visit to Fort Donelson after the battle there. He was one of the most distinguished civilians which the Civil War brought into public notice, and was especially esteemed for his services toward the soldiers. Many years after the war one of our Presidents, in a public address, said: "When history definitely awards the credit for what was done in the Civil War, she will put the services of no other civilian, save alone those of Lincoln, ahead of the services of Governor Morton."

I reported May 19: —

"Governor Morton visited us yesterday and was warmly received by the boys. He told them he would make Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan colonel and me lieutenant-colonel for our services in the field, and the captains have voted for Captain Rheinlander for major. I will get my commission to-day, and so you can address me as Lieutenant-Colonel Foster hereafter, and call me *colonel*, not *major!*

"We are called out into line of battle now every morning

at daylight, and some mornings we are out in line by three o'clock; thus, you see, we are determined not to be surprised again by the enemy, if early rising is to have anything to do with it. So I am writing my letter to you before sunrise!"

A short letter on the 22d says: —

"I write you this note to say I will write you a long letter to-morrow, to assure you of my increasing health and strength, and to let you know we are still out of a battle. Since Captain Rheinlander has been made major, I can be relieved of a portion of the outside heavy work, and have the responsibility of the command divided. If Colonel Morgan was back again, I could take things comparatively easy."

In the letter of the 23d it is stated that the St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati papers are now regularly on sale by newsboys, showing that the communication with the rear was well maintained, but I still want the Evansville papers, the magazines and the "Evangelist." I go more into detail in the method of our advances: —

"We are slowly and safely approaching Corinth, making our way secure as we go. We have a heavy skirmish with the enemy's pickets; if they are obstinate we get out the artillery, throw a few shells into the woods, drive them back over a ridge into a hollow a half mile or so, then leave our camp equipage behind, and march out with guns, knapsacks, haversacks, spades, axes, and picks in hand and throw up breastworks on the ridge. When that is done we move up our

camp equipage and remain in camp here for a day or more. Then we shove up the enemy's pickets again, and make another camp; and thus we are approaching the enemy's works. Our generals, I believe, are going to consult the lives of the soldiers in winning the next battle. The most of the people in the States seem anxious that the fight should come off *in a hurry*. If they had to do the fighting it might be different.

"If Beauregard will really stand, he will surely be defeated, though it may cost the lives of many brave soldiers; but the life of any of us is nothing in comparison with the life and safety of the Nation. If it were not so I would not risk my life in the contest."

Under date of May 29, I allude to a forward movement of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, similar to others previously made, but which, unknown to us at the time, was a general advance of Sherman and Hurlbut's divisions, and proved to be the last military demonstration against Corinth, as the enemy was then engaged in the evacuation of the place: —

"We went forward yesterday with our brigade and drove the enemy back a mile, thus getting room for a new camp. To-morrow we all move up another mile, getting close neighbors with Corinth.

"We were all glad to welcome Colonel Morgan back to-day, and I have been busy talking regimental matters with him.

"The paymaster has been with us to-day, and I am sending you six hundred dollars. I want you to be at perfect lib-

erty in using the money. Make your house and family comfortable, live well and enjoy yourself. Consult father about the rent of the house, respecting which you wrote me. Don't let these business affairs worry you. Take the world easy."

At last the grand march on the rebel stronghold of Corinth was over. My letter of June 1 says: —

"I suppose there was at least one anxious heart relieved by the news which ought to have reached home yesterday that the rebels had evacuated Corinth, and concluded not to give us battle. So you, and the thousands of wives and relatives of our soldiers, can rest quiet for some time. After the long preparations and constant and watchful readiness we had maintained for battle, it was and is now a great relief for us to relax and take some comfort. For weeks men have been sleeping with all their accouterments on and their arms by their sides, and were ordered out in line of battle sometimes at midnight, or any other hour; but always at early daylight. It is a great relief to us all to lie down quietly now and sleep without being disturbed by the 'long roll' or hasty orders from the generals. I have enjoyed the luxury of the good morning naps, waiting for the rays of the sun to waken me. Until last night I have slept with all my clothes on and in utmost readiness for a prompt turnout. I am thankful for good sleep now, and you are thankful that we had no battle.

"None of our regiment has been killed, but several were wounded on picket and in the recent skirmishes. I have passed through several narrow escapes, but then 'a miss is

as good as a mile.' In the last skirmish three days ago, Dr. Walker and I were talking together, on horseback, discussing the close range the enemy had upon us with their cannon, while the shot would occasionally rattle through the trees, when an unwelcome visitor in the shape of a shell came whizzing along, and went into the ground right between our horses, tearing up the dirt at a fearful rate. The boys dug it out, and it was found that the rebels in their hurry had forgot to gouge the fuse, and fortunately it did not explode.

"I rode into Corinth yesterday. The fearful ravages of war are visible on all sides, in the charred walls, solitary chimneys, smoking ruins, and waste all around. The rebels burned all their storehouses full of supplies, their magazines, armories, etc. In peaceful times the town was a very attractive place.

"General Hurlbut is said to be anxious to get the position of commandant of Memphis, and to march our division over immediately and occupy. It is uncertain whether he will succeed. My health, also Zan's, is good now."

The escape of the Confederate army from Corinth, and the subsequent breaking up of Halleck's great army was a disappointment to the people of the North. Halleck's generalship has been severely criticized by both Grant and Sherman in their "Memoirs." Grant describes the movement upon Corinth as "a siege from the start to the close" and says, "I am satisfied that Corinth could have been captured in a two days' campaign commenced promptly on the arrival of reinforcements after the battle of Shiloh." Sher-

man laments that "the advance on Corinth had occupied all of the month of May, the most beautiful and valuable month of the year for campaigning in this latitude"; and he adds that "by the time we had reached Corinth I believe that army was the best then on this continent, and could have gone where it pleased."

While Buell's army was sent toward the east, Sherman and Hurlbut were sent west toward Memphis. Our regiment was destined to have no rest, as the day after we entered Corinth, June 1: —

"We received orders to support Sherman's division which had gone forward on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad toward Memphis. In half an hour we were in line of march, with two days' rations and no tents. We had a heavy rain that evening. The men marched two hours into the night, and then lay right down by the roadside on the wet ground and slept till morning. In the morning we went to work cleaning out and chopping the fallen timber from the railroad, and then went into camp, and here we are now, five miles out west from Corinth. Our camp baggage was not all up for five days.

"We have a very pleasant camp in a shady forest, everything to make us comfortable in camp but the *wood-ticks*, which are multitudinous, pestiferous, and unescapable; they have almost worried the life out of me by their biting. This country abounds in snakes, lizards, and all kinds of troublesome insects.

"I have taken a few rides out into the neighboring coun-

try, and find it tolerably well settled, but the soil is very poor, the people likewise and very ignorant. Since we have been in this camp we have managed to get for our mess fresh milk, young chicken, eggs, green peas, onions, and lettuce, which are great luxuries with us, who had had nothing but Government supplies and what we could get from the settlers.

"We find very little bitter feeling or hostility exhibited toward us by the country people, and all willing and longing for peace. But the men are almost all gone, either in the army or afraid to trust us. They who did not volunteer have been forced into the rebel service by the conscription system, until there are hardly enough left to gather the wheat, which is now ready for harvesting. The farmhouses were full of women and children. They have no money but Confederate scrip and 'shin-plasters.' How it makes their eyes sparkle to see our soldiers' silver and gold. But what is more desired by them than silver and gold is *coffee*. It very often happens that we are utterly unable to get their consent to sell one of the few remaining chickens on the farm with silver at high prices, but a pound of coffee will get the last old hen on the place.

"We don't certainly know what is to be our future destination, but it is semi-officially stated in camp that W. T. Sherman's and Hurlbut's divisions are to constitute the branch of the army which is to move on Memphis. We are anxious to go to that place, but our wish has nothing to do with it, as we are Government soldiers to be disposed of as

our generals think best. There you see I have filled up the sheet with a matter-of-fact business-like letter, without assuring you how much I long to be with you and at home. But I don't allow myself to think too much of these things or I would get homesick. I long with you for the war to end, that I may lay aside my emblems of the army, and return to my dear wife and child, and the comforts and enjoyments of civil life, but I must be patient."

Some days later an undated letter says: —

"I had thought of writing you a good long letter this morning, but all human hopes are vain. This morning we have marching orders for the west, and there is no time for letter-writing. We are not informed as to our destination, but the general impression among the officers is that we are bound for Memphis. Will you come down to see me there, or shall I jump on a boat and come up the Mississippi and Ohio and see you?"

My next letter was written from Grand Junction, a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, midway from Corinth to Memphis. The marching orders mentioned in the preceding letter were for Memphis, but on reaching this station our regiment was diverted from its course, as will be seen from the letter of June 20: —

"We arrived here five days ago, but our brigade was sent on an expedition down to Holly Springs, thirty miles south in Mississippi, to destroy the Mississippi Central Railroad, which took us till last night: the rest of the army remaining here to support us in case of danger. We came back all safe.

The march was a very rapid, but pleasant one, through a beautiful country and to one of the prettiest towns in the South. We hope to leave for Memphis to-morrow."

This was the last letter written by me from the Twenty-fifth Indiana. On my arrival at Grand Junction I learned that Alexander McFerson, my wife's brother, was ill at Lagrange, a station on the railroad a short distance from Grand Junction. I at once hastened to his bedside, and found him suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, which was prevalent in the camps. Notwithstanding he received the most skillful medical attendance, the virulence of the disease soon placed him beyond human aid, and he died on June 27.

I secured a furlough to take his body home. The regiment continued on its march to Memphis, and I went on my sad journey to Evansville, bringing the body of the young soldier to his bereaved mother and sister. The sequel shows that I never returned to the Twenty-fifth Indiana, with which I had passed through so many dangers and privations, and with whose men I had formed the deep attachment of soldier comradeship.

The following editorial in the "Evansville Journal" of July 2, 1862, reflects the sentiments of all who knew him: —

A telegram last night brought the melancholy news of the death of Lieutenant Alexander McFerson to his friends in this city. He died at Lagrange, Tennessee, on the 27th ult. at the age of seventeen.

When he asked permission to join the army he said that he felt it his duty to go into the service; that neither of his mother's

sons were there, and he would never feel satisfied unless he did his share in putting down the rebellion. Less than two months ago he left his friends and home, buoyant in health, and with high hopes of a pleasant and useful career in the grand army of the Mississippi, having been appointed commissary to the Twenty-fifth Indiana Volunteers. But how soon those hopes are blasted, how soon that health is destroyed by a fatal disease. In early youth, he is cut off. Young McFerson was a generous, noble youth, warm-hearted, and highly esteemed by the whole community, who will warmly sympathize with his bereaved friends in this hour of their affliction.

VI

GUERRILLA WARFARE IN KENTUCKY

When I arrived at Evansville in July, 1863, on furlough, I found the border country on both sides of the Ohio River in Indiana and Kentucky in a state of feverish excitement. The counties of western Kentucky were overrun with Confederate soldiers, who had secretly and singly passed through the military lines, and were engaged actively in the work of securing recruits for the rebel army, and, after mounting them on horses taken from loyal citizens, sent them back through the lines to the South. Guerrilla bands were roaming through these counties, terrorizing the Union men, and threatening to cross the Ohio. In fact, about the time of my arrival at home a small guerrilla force had occupied Newburg, a town nine miles above Evansville, and robbed the stores, striking terror into the inhabitants.

As no regular forces were available for defense, Governor Morton had rushed several bodies of Home Guards to Evansville, and was organizing thirty and sixty days' men for service in various parts of Indiana, to serve until the Federal Government was able to protect the disturbed districts by regularly organized and armed troops. General Love, who had charge of these State forces, with his headquarters at Evansville, requested me to take command of these irregular levies, and occupy Henderson, the most important town in

that section of Kentucky, ten miles below Evansville on the Ohio River, as a base for operations against these marauding rebels. This I consented to do, as a temporary expedient.

On the 26th of July, a few days after we had occupied Henderson, Governor Morton repeated from Indianapolis a telegram from General J. T. Boyle at Louisville, commanding the United States military forces in Kentucky as follows: "Give the order to Lieutenant-Colonel Foster in my name to command at Henderson." As my furlough from the Twenty-fifth Indiana was about to expire, and neither Governor Morton nor General Boyle would listen to my intimation that I would have to rejoin my regiment, estimating highly the value of my military experience in the absence of other available officers, the Governor secured from General Grant an order detaching me temporarily from the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and authorizing me to continue in the service in Kentucky.

I was clothed by General Boyle with the most drastic authority to put an end to the troubles in western Kentucky. The order above quoted by which I was placed in command at Henderson contained also the following instructions: —

> Order the officers in my name to kill every armed rebel offering resistance and all banded as guerrillas. I want none such as prisoners. Order them to disarm every disloyal man.

Only a few days after I was put in command by General Boyle. August 2, he sent the following telegram: —

> If officers and men do not obey my orders to shoot down the armed rebels, every bushwhacker, guerrilla, or banded villains,

our forces had better be withdrawn from the field. We can only save the State by putting them to the sword. I want none of them as prisoners. Take no oath or bonds. You will shoot down the scoundrels.

These and other orders from him of like character which I quote will indicate the bitter spirit which prevailed at that time in Kentucky between the loyal and disloyal citizens. General Boyle was a native-born citizen of Kentucky.

Immediately after I assumed command at Henderson I set to work to get the irregular and inexperienced forces collected there into such organized shape as would enable me to go out into the country to attack and drive out the rebel bands which were infesting that region. While engaged in that work, I was embarrassed by a civil duty which I had to face. A short time before my arrival an election had been held in Kentucky for city, county, and other officials. General Boyle had issued an order regulating the election to this effect: —

No person hostile in opinion to the Government will be allowed to stand for office in Kentucky. The attempt of such a person to stand for office will be regarded as in itself sufficient evidence of his treasonable intent to warrant his arrest. In seeking office he becomes an active traitor, if he does not become one otherwise, and is liable both in reason and in law to be treated accordingly. All persons of this description in offering themselves as candidates for office will be arrested and sent to these Headquarters.

The election at Henderson had resulted in the choice of a mayor and city council, all of whom were sympathizers with the rebellion. On my arrival the mayor fled from the city.

I telegraphed General Boyle: "The mayor of this city has left town without leave. Been absent a week. Strongly suspected of being among the guerrillas. The city council are secessionists in sympathy. Have you any action to direct?" He replied: "When mayor returns arrest him. If you deem proper arrest any of the council, and send all to Camp Morton. The men elected to office in Hopkins County I wish taken and sent in with others. Leniency and conciliation do no good. The scoundrels must be subjugated or killed."

It was soon established that the mayor had fled through the lines and joined the Confederate forces, whereupon I summoned a meeting of the council and requested them to declare the office of mayor vacant, and each of them to take the oath of loyalty exacted of suspected citizens. Rather than take this action all the members of the council resigned. The city marshal likewise refused to take the oath of loyalty, and I declared his office vacant. This left the city without any civil government.

I therefore issued a proclamation as military commander of the post, assuming control of the civil affairs "until the loyal citizens shall have filled the offices with loyal men," and ordering an election to be held on a day designated. Meanwhile a citizen of Henderson was appointed by me provost marshal and furnished with a military guard to enforce order. My action in the matter was approved by my superior commanders. Thenceforth during my command in western Kentucky I had no trouble with the civil authorities of Henderson.

Having gotten my forces in a fair condition for a campaign against the guerrilla bands, I was about to make an expedition into the adjoining counties, when I received a report that the Confederate trooper John Morgan, with a large force, was just across the line in Tennessee and learned that one of his subordinates, Adam Johnson, a noted guerrilla chief, was already in my district. Before moving, I inquired of General Boyle as to Morgan's whereabouts, and he replied: "Morgan is near Gallatin. He cannot venture into your section. No danger from that source. Johnson is a great liar, as all rebels are. You can go where you please. Act on your own discretion. Shoot down the banded scoundrels as guerrillas or as recruits for the rebel army."

I had received reliable information that a considerable band of armed and organized rebels were quartered at Madisonville, the county seat of Hopkins County, about forty miles from Henderson, actively recruiting for their army and levying upon the loyal citizens for horses and supplies. With several companies of infantry and such force of cavalry as I could get (a mere handful), I embarked at night on a steamer, going up the Ohio and Green Rivers to within three miles of Madisonville, where we disembarked early in the morning, and moved toward the town, hoping to surprise the enemy. But we found them posted in a forest, heavily wooded and thick with underbrush, in the suburbs of the town. I ordered forward our skirmishers, who engaged them with a brisk fire, but before our line of battle could reach them they fled precipitately, mounting their horses

and scattering in every direction. The result of the skirmish was a few soldiers wounded and a number of the rebels as prisoners.

We went into camp at Madisonville, and scouting parties were sent out in various directions. A few prisoners were brought in, but no banded rebels could be met with, as, being mounted on good horses and aided by resident sympathizers, they were able to get out of the way. During our stay some of our soldiers on picket duty were shot down, murdered in the darkness of the night, by persons claiming to be Southern soldiers, skulking behind rocks and bushes. We were indignant at such warfare, and I issued a proclamation which was scattered throughout the county, denouncing this irregular and barbarous warfare as contrary to the rules of civilized nations, declaring that the firing upon pickets, when no enemy was near, was cold-blooded murder, and giving notice that for every picket thereafter murdered one of the captured guerrillas in our hands would be put to death as a felon. I never had occasion to put this threat into execution, and probably never would have done so, but the proclamation had its desired effect, and the killing of our pickets ceased.

The expedition to Madisonville was heralded by the papers of Indiana as a great victory and magnified into a battle, but to me who had so recently come from Fort Donelson and Shiloh it seemed a mere skirmish of slight proportions. I soon returned to the post at Henderson, leaving a small detachment at Madisonville to protect the loyal citizens from the depredations of the guerrillas.

On my return I found that a reign of terror existed in the adjoining county of Union; that the loyal officers recently elected were not permitted by the secessionists to act; that a returned Union soldier at home on furlough had been ambushed and murdered; and that unarmed steamers on the Ohio had been repeatedly fired on from Uniontown. Reporting these facts to General Boyle, I was authorized to levy on the secession sympathizers of the locality a fund for the support of the family of the murdered soldier. As to Uniontown he telegraphed me: "If the rebels take any town on the river and use it to fire on boats, you will burn or demolish it. It would be well to burn down Uniontown, if it is likely to fall into the hands of the rebels."

I made an expedition into Union County with a view to overawe the rebel sympathizers and place the loyal officers recently elected in the exercise of their duties. But it proved of no avail. The guerrillas easily got out of our way and the rebel residents denied all knowledge of them or of the parties guilty of the soldier's murder. The loyal officials were unwilling to attempt to assume their duties unless I would agree to keep a force of soldiers permanently at the county seat, and this I could not do with my inadequate command.

For the first month or six weeks of my Kentucky service I put forth as much activity as was possible with the forces I had, to destroy or drive out of my district the guerrillas and Confederate recruiting men, and I received the repeated thanks of Governor Morton and my commanding officer, General Boyle, for what I accomplished. But I encountered

considerable embarrassment in the exercise of my command. I was still lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, then in General Grant's army on the Lower Mississippi, and the troops sent into my district might be, and at times were, commanded by officers of higher rank than mine, and who according to the Army Regulations would displace me. It was the desire of both Morton and Boyle that I should continue in charge of the district, and they recognized that I deserved promotion.

In a letter, dated September 19, Governor Morton wrote me as follows: —

"I desire to say frankly that it would be very gratifying to me to have you remain in command of the forces at and in the vicinity of Henderson, if in justice to your own feelings and the interest of your own regiment, you could do so. The ability, energy, and sagacity you have thus far displayed is sufficient proof of your fitness for the command. But should you, on any account, feel embarrassed in your personal position, I cannot insist that you shall remain; and, as to this, I beg you will exercise your own discretion.

"It would afford me much pleasure to show my recognition of your gallant, efficient, and faithful services, by promoting you to a colonelcy, and I should have done so before this, giving you one of the new regiments, had not orders from the War Department, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, prevented me from promoting officers connected with 'old regiments' to new commands. I regard you as entirely competent to lead a regiment, and your experience

and uniform good conduct in the field, in my judgment, fairly entitle you to promotion. The orders alluded to have embarrassed me very much, but the Secretary of War has announced them as inflexible."

When it became apparent that I would have to rejoin the Twenty-fifth Indiana unless I was promoted, a way was found (how I do not know) whereby I was appointed colonel of the Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry, a new regiment which had just been organized at Evansville. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-fifth was Thomas Johnson, my uncle, who six months before had been forced to resign on account of ill-health. My promotion enabled me to continue in command of the district of western Kentucky continuously until our forces were transferred to another field in the following year.

The action on my part, during my command of the district of western Kentucky, which attracted the most attention and comment, was the enforcement of a money levy made upon the disloyal residents of Hopkins County to reimburse the Union citizens for losses sustained at the hands of the guerrillas. This action on my part was reported in full at the time to General Boyle and to Major-General Wright, commanding the department, and was unreservedly approved by them. General Wright, in endorsing his approval, added: "A few such exhibitions of zeal and energy would go far toward breaking up the lawless bands, which have been so long a terror in that quarter, and restoring peace and quiet in that section of Kentucky." Efforts were made in

vain to the military commanders to have this levy revoked. Finally Hon. L. W. Powell, one of the Senators from Kentucky and a citizen of Henderson, after having failed with the War Department, visited President Lincoln in person, presented to him a list of the names of individuals assessed by me and the amount, and asked that in the exercise of his power as Commander-in-Chief of the Army he disapprove of the levy and order the money returned.

The request of Senator Powell, with his list, was sent by President Lincoln through the military channels calling for a report from me. I quote the following from my letter to General Boyle, dated February 16, 1863, in reply:—

"I am in receipt of the letter of President Lincoln, with your endorsement thereon, instructing me to report on the names contained in the paper submitted by Senator Powell.

"You will remember that I made a full report of all my action in these matters at the time, giving in detail the condition of the country, the causes which led to my action, the amount levied, the manner in which it was distributed, and the effect which it has had upon the community. This report has been read by yourself and Major-General Wright, commanding this department, and in all respects fully approved. I desire that this report be sent to the President. It was made upon my honor as an officer, and by it I desire that I may be judged. The money levied had been appropriated and paid out, as stated in my report, to the citizens of Hopkins County, who were the sufferers by the action of these very men and their friends, who ask the President for

redress. The money cannot now be refunded by them. I am the only person who should be held responsible, for if any wrong was committed it was through the action taken by me as set forth in my report.

"I know that my action in the matter has had a most salutary effect upon the people, and Hopkins County is now enjoying a degree of peace and security which has not heretofore existed since the commencement of the rebellion. I trust my action may be approved by the President, as it has so flatteringly been done by yourself and Major-General Wright."

As I relied entirely upon my previous report to General Boyle for my vindication, I make some extracts from that document: —

"For more than three months previous to this levy, I had been laboring as earnestly as the force under my command would permit, in efforts to rid this part of Kentucky of the lawless bands of guerrillas. They had succeeded in breaking up the civil organization in all the counties lying between Green and Cumberland Rivers; forcibly preventing the administration of the laws; stopping the mails; robbing peaceable citizens on the public highways, causing loyal men to flee from their families and homes; plundering them of horses, arms, goods, and anything of value that their comfort required, or fancy demanded; interrupting the navigation of the rivers by firing into unarmed steamers; and were engaged in carrying on a warfare, cowardly and cruel, and entirely unwarranted by the rules of civilized nations.

"These bands of guerrillas were mounted on the best horses in the country, stolen from the citizens; they were active and wily, and thoroughly acquainted with the by-ways and hiding-places; and were supported by vigilant friends on every side. I found it very difficult to drive them out. And one great obstacle to this was the fact that they were supported, encouraged, and harbored by the friends and sympathizers of the rebellion, who were enjoying the possession of their property and their homes under the protection of the Government, while very many loyal citizens were driven from their families, and their homes plundered by these armed robbers. The guerrillas possessed not a single tent, and made no arrangements for a commissariat, yet they never wanted for a friendly roof to shelter them and were bountifully supplied with cooked rations. Wherever they went they were encouraged by hearty welcomes and approving smiles. They never could be surprised in their hiding-places or overtaken in their flight, because some sympathizers, enjoying the immunities of the Government, would go before and warn them of our approach. I had exerted myself to drive out these bands and restore peace to these counties and had only partially succeeded. I had time and again warned the secession sympathizers that if they continued to harbor, feed, and encourage these plunderers and assassins, I would be compelled to hold them responsible; that Union men, on account of their patriotic faithfulness to the Government in this time of public distress, should not be driven from their homes, their property carried away,

and their lives endangered, without some compensation for their losses. They were daily making their complaints known to me, some loyal farmers having lost their last horse, not one being left to gather the corn, or till the soil. Others had their stores or houses plundered. The secessionists were living in the peaceful enjoyment of their homes, and the undisturbed possession of their property.

"The county of Hopkins was one of the strongholds of the guerrillas and their friends; they were numerous, active, and bold. After consulting with the most prominent Union men of the county as to the proper course to pursue, I organized the expedition, a partial report of which I gave you, in which I succeeded in scattering, capturing, or driving away all the organized bands in that county. Then in order to give peace in future to the county, I determined to carry out the threat I had so often made to the aiders and harborers of the guerrillas by holding them responsible for the depredations committed by their lawless friends. I accordingly made a money levy upon every prominent harborer or sympathizer of the guerrillas that I could reach, making the assessment against each individual in proportion to his property and support or countenance of the traitors. The amount so levied and collected has reached the sum of thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-five ($13,335) dollars. This fund I have caused to be paid over to an upright, loyal, and responsible citizen of Henderson, Kentucky. I have appointed a committee consisting of men of acknowledged probity, influence, and responsibility of Hopkins County, who are

thoroughly acquainted with the people of the county. I have placed the matter entirely in the hands of citizens, removing it as far as possible from the control of the military. I have made it the duty of this committee to investigate the losses sustained by Union citizens of Hopkins County through the agency of the guerrilla bands, and to compensate them out of this fund in proportion to their necessities and losses."

My report was forwarded through the War Department to President Lincoln and approval of my action was made by the endorsement of the President in his own handwriting. Nothing further was heard through official channels of the levy.

The town of Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland River was in my district, and as it was an important dépôt for supplies for the forces operating at and through Nashville, I was required to maintain a force there, and I was often called there in discharge of my duties. Under date of November 1, I received a letter from General Boyle enclosing two orders from Major-General Wright, one placing under arrest and ordering a court-martial for the major commanding a detachment of a Wisconsin regiment stationed at Smithland, and the other ordering the detachment to be sent away to another army. It appears that the major enforced very little discipline and that the troops were inflicting all kinds of outrages and terrorism on the residents. I was directed to take with me one or more companies of Indiana troops for a garrison. He added: "I think, if prac-

ticable, you had better go down in person to Smithland. The citizens are apprehensive of an outbreak and great wrongs to them, on finding that the Wisconsin troops are ordered off and the major placed under arrest. You will take prompt and decisive steps to prevent anything of the kind, even if you shall be under the necessity of using the musket or bayonet for the purpose. Exercise prudence but firmness."

I encountered no difficulty in executing my orders. The major quietly accepted his arrest, the disorderly troops were sent away, and the garrison of a portion of my Sixty-fifth Regiment gave the citizens assurance of order.

Some time after this visit I was again called down to Smithland, but for a very different reason. The emancipation of the slaves, brought about by President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, was greatly resented by many of the Union men of Kentucky. Upon the publication by President Lincoln of the notice of his intended action on September 22, 1862, quite a number of the officers of Kentucky regiments in the Federal army resigned their commissions and returned home. Others, while remaining loyal to the Government, deeply regretted the President's action, and General Boyle was among them. Large numbers of slaves escaping through the lines from Tennessee sought refuge within our encampments. In November, I received the following letter from General Boyle: "Do not allow negro slaves to come into your lines. All such must be turned out and kept out. Have nothing to do with negroes. Let them go. You will see that your command attend to this matter.

I am anxious that Indiana troops especially have nothing to do with slaves."

I sought to have this order observed by my command, distasteful as it was to many, and General Boyle commended me for my action, but called attention to the non-observance of the order, especially at Smithland, and asked me to give it my personal attention. I wrote my wife under date of January 25, 1863: "I shall have to go down to Smithland again to-morrow. Considerable complaint is made about Major Butterfield on the negro question; Governor Robinson of Kentucky complaining to General Boyle and the general referring the matter to me. This eternal negro question is a perfect nightmare to our loyal Kentucky patriots. We have to humor them amazingly. I try to act prudently, but I sometimes get vexed and disgusted."

I have already noticed various occupations in which I have been engaged other than of a strictly military service. While in command of the district of western Kentucky I was ordered to go with a suitable force to the Cumberland River, midway between Smithland and Nashville, where the rebels had obstructed navigation by sinking barges loaded with stone in the channel. With vessels suited for the purpose, I spent two weeks in cleaning the channel for navigation. I sent my wife a Christmas greeting by telegraph from this point, reporting my success, and also that we had captured thirty guerrillas.

During the greater part of my service in Kentucky I had been much hampered by the lack of a sufficient force of

cavalry to enable me to pursue and hunt down the guerrillas. After continued efforts in that direction, I received the following Special Order from General Boyle's headquarters. "Colonel John W. Foster is hereby authorized to mount the Sixty-fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteers to be used as mounted infantry. The Quartermaster's and Ordnance Departments will furnish the necessary horses and horse equipments upon Colonel Foster's requisition." After my regiment was mounted and fully equipped, I had little trouble in clearing the country of guerrillas and giving peace to the Union citizens.

I was greatly grieved in January, 1863, to receive a letter from my wife telling me of my father's failing health. He had always been a devoted parent to his children, but he had doubly attached me to him at the opening of the war in patriotically encouraging his boys to enter the army, with the assurance that he would look after and care for their families. He wrote me frequent letters, and no day passed without a visit from him to my house to inquire for the health and needs of my wife and child. I wrote my wife: "Your letter made me sad when I read of father's poor health. I wish I was at home to comfort him somewhat and to aid him in his business. You will do all you can to make his time pleasant. He thinks much of you. Visit him often, and let Alice go over to see him whenever he wants her or she wants to go, and teach her to be affectionate to him. These little acts of kindness will gratify him in his feeble health and declining years."

My father's ill-health continued after the date of this letter, but I was afforded the opportunity of visiting him several times and doing what I could to comfort him in his last days. On April 13, 1863, he passed away. An account of the manner in which he met death is recorded in the "Biography of Matthew Watson Foster," pp. 81–83.

Fortunately for the human race, our sorrows and our joys follow each other, often in quick succession. Two weeks after the death of my father, while on an expedition into the interior of my district in pursuit of guerrillas, I received intelligence of the birth of our second child, Edith. She was our "war baby," but she proved the harbinger of peace. Blessed with a sweet and even temper from her birth, she has spread peace and sunshine in her path through life.

Although my field of military service was so near to my home, I did not cease to long for the time when I might return to my family. Writing to my wife on a Sabbath day, January 11, I say: —

"Oh, when will this terrible war be over, so that we may spend our Sabbaths together as we have in the past, so peacefully, so pleasantly, so profitably? It has always been one of my greatest privations in the army that I was away from my family and Sabbath Church enjoyments. God in his own good time will give us peace, and return us to our Christian privileges and our home blessings. I can't help but wish I was at home, and wish it every day, and that circumstances were such that I might come with honor. I trust that time may come soon. But I do not want to dishonor all I

have done by leaving at present. I want first to see the war looking toward its close."

I wrote the following brief epistle to my wife in a jocose spirit: "For the love I bear you, I herewith enclose to you the fruits of my toil, danger, privations, and glory for the past two months, $381.65, according to the estimate of my services by the paymaster."

I have referred to the embarrassment and trouble which came to me soon after I assumed command at Henderson by the condition of the State elections and the rebel civil officials. Another annual election occurred just before the close of my service in 1863, and I was required by General Boyle to see that his orders were enforced. In addition to the order that no one who was not *in all things* loyal to the State and Federal Governments should be allowed to be a candidate, a further order was issued which made it the duty of the judges of election to allow no one to vote unless he was known to them to be an undoubtedly loyal citizen or unless he took the "iron-clad" oath of loyalty prescribed by the State law. It was made the duty of the military authorities to see that these orders were enforced. I did not have a sufficient force to station a detachment at every voting-place, but I scattered the military election proclamation broadcast, and had a force at a number of the leading voting-places.

In one of the Congressional districts within my command I had a peculiar condition. The regular or State Union candidate was opposed by a prominent citizen, who had stood by the Federal Government at the beginning of the rebellion,

had raised a Federal regiment, and had fought gallantly at Donelson and Shiloh. But after the President's announcement of the Emancipation Proclamation, he resigned from the army and returned to Kentucky to array himself with the peaceful opponents of the Administration. He was permitted to make a canvass of his district without any interference by the military, and at the election none of my command found it necessary to interpose. But the fact was that many who would have supported him at the polls abstained from voting because they were unwilling to take the "iron-clad" oath. Although the State Union candidate received a decided majority of the votes, his seat was contested by his opponent on the ground, among others, of military interference with the election, and my name was freely used in the debates; but the Union candidate was seated by Congress. In the course of the debate, the Union candidate, referring to the attacks upon me, said: "Colonel Foster's services protected all that region of Kentucky, my home, the contestant's home, from rebel and guerrilla outrage and depredation. Without those services the courts could not have been held nor the laws administered in a large district of country. He afterwards led a brigade with brilliant success in East Tennessee. And the contestant will not forget that day on the banks of Green River, when he and I waged a bloodless battle of words about politics in stone's throw of where Foster and his gallant Hoosiers stood in battle order, expecting John Morgan and his avalanche of cavalry."

During my year's service in Kentucky my command was

frequently disturbed and put in battle array by reports from time to time that the rebel General Forrest or John Morgan was about to enter my district with a large force of cavalry. These reports were so frequent and unfounded that we became incredulous, but Morgan finally did come into Kentucky with quite a formidable force. General Boyle early notified me of his presence in the State, and that he might seek his way out by crossing Green River and passing through my district into Tennessee; and I was ordered to move my entire command to Green River, remove or destroy all the boats, and give him battle if he came my way.

But Morgan had other schemes on hand. At noon July 9, 1863, General Boyle telegraphed me that Morgan had crossed the Ohio River into Indiana some distance below Louisville with a cavalry force of four thousand men. I was ordered to secure transports and put my command on board to move up the river. At 9 P.M. the same night I received the following from Boyle: "Morgan may deflect west and try Evansville. I think he will move on New Albany. Gather your men, seize boats, and come up river. Send out scouts on Indiana side to learn of enemy's movement. Direct your movements accordingly. Attack and fight Morgan wherever he can be met." About the same time I had telegraphic advices from Governor Morton of Morgan's presence in Indiana, and that he was likely to move toward Evansville.

When I received these orders and the information that Morgan had crossed the Ohio River into Indiana, in accord-

ance with previous instructions I was with my entire command on Green River awaiting an expected attack from Morgan in that locality. I at once crossed Green River on the night of the 10th *en route* for the Ohio, but did not reach its banks until the night of the 11th, by which time Morgan was well on his way toward the State of Ohio. I was therefore not to share in the pursuit of this noted raider.

I returned with my command to Henderson and redistributed them at various exposed places in my district. But this proved the end of my military operations in Kentucky. General Burnside had been ordered from the East to assume command of the Department of the Ohio, and was preparing the concentration of his forces for a movement for the relief of the loyal people of East Tennessee, and I felt sure my regiment would be included. Hence I was not surprised to receive orders on the 7th of August, 1863, to move the Sixty-fifth Indiana Mounted Infantry to Glasgow, from which place Burnside's movement was to begin.

I was quite satisfied at this change. As early as February I had made a visit to Louisville to ask General Boyle if he could not give me a more active service. The guerrilla warfare which I was carrying on was of a very unsatisfactory and unprofitable kind. My troubles with the disloyal citizens and the civil duties as to officials and the elections were not to my taste. As a soldier I longed to be relieved from these unwelcome duties, and to bear my share in the real military campaigns of the war. During my year's service in the district I had received the warmest exhibitions of friend-

ship from the Union citizens of Henderson and that region. Being stationed so near to my home, my wife often visited me, and these kind-hearted citizens always insisted on making her their guest. I received various testimonials of their esteem, among others a beautiful jeweled sword, sash, and belt. When it became known that my regiment was to be ordered away, an earnest petition was sent to General Boyle asking our retention, signed by all the Union citizens, headed by ex-Governor and ex-Senator Dixon.

Hon. Thomas E. Bramlette, Governor of the State of Kentucky, wrote President Lincoln, asking that I might "be retained in western Kentucky in charge of the defenses of that section. I have recently passed all through western Kentucky and find from personal observation the immense good which the vigilant and successful military guardianship of Colonel Foster has done for that section." General Boyle, in a letter to the Secretary of War, said: "I beg to say that Colonel J. W. Foster is one of the most vigilant, active, and useful officers in the volunteer army. He is a man of the first order of ability, with capacity to fill almost any place in the service, and no man known to me has done better service than Colonel Foster."

In an editorial notice of some length the "Evansville Journal," in noticing the departure of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, said: —

> While we are glad the gallant boys of this excellent regiment are about to be 'afforded an opportunity to engage in more active service, and to see some of the excitement of war on its

grander scale, yet we cannot help regretting their departure from our vicinity. For a year past the people along the border have felt that the Sixty-fifth was a wall of safety, a mountain of rocks between them and the guerrillas. Colonel Foster during his administration of affairs in the Green River region, has won not only the admiration of the friends, but also the respect of the enemies, of the Government.

VII

THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN

No portion of the people of our country had shown more devotion to the Union or suffered greater hardships on account of their loyalty during the Civil War than the citizens of East Tennessee. Almost the entire population of military age had fled over the mountains into Kentucky and enlisted in the Federal army. And those who remained — the old men, the women and the children — endured many privations and much persecution. It had long been the desire of the Federal Government to occupy East Tennessee with troops and free the loyal people from their oppression, and President Lincoln in 1863 determined that this relief should no longer be delayed.

The army under General Burnside numbered approximately twenty thousand men, a force which it was thought was sufficient for the purpose in view of the fact that General Rosecrans with a much larger army was moving from middle Tennessee toward Chattanooga and northern Georgia. In a letter to my wife from Glasgow, dated the 18th of August, I say: —

"We arrived here yesterday. Found marching orders for this morning to go to Burksville with our brigade. The brigade left this morning, but I got permission to stay over to-day to shoe horses and more fully equip the regiment. The

indications are that the cavalry division will go direct to Knoxville, after a few days' delay at Burksville."

From Ray's Cross Roads, I write on the 20th: —

"We reached here yesterday. How many days we will remain I do not know. We are anxious to move forward, wanting to get into East Tennessee as soon as possible. I drilled my regiment to-day, had a good dress parade, and made a very fine appearance. I think there is no regiment in the corps that will make a better show. It attracts very general attention. We are stopped here waiting for the supply trains to come up. If it were not for the stomachs of men and horses an army could accomplish wonders. Kiss little Edith for me and tell Alice her papa thinks of her very often and loves her very much."

A letter the next day from the same place says: —

"We leave at 11 A.M., camp to-night at Marrowbone, to-morrow at Burksville, thence to Albany and Jamestown, Tennessee. I am well and in good spirits. Do not be uneasy if you do not hear from me very soon again, as we shall probably draw in our couriers and close our line of communication to-morrow. The Twenty-third Army Corps has one cavalry division of three brigades, each brigade consisting of four regiments and one battery; also one independent brigade of cavalry. The second brigade is the one in which is our regiment, and is commanded by Brigadier-General Hobson. You see we have a very strong force of cavalry, with which we can overrun the whole of East Tennessee and a good part of North Carolina, if we can ever get through the gaps and

over the mountains, and can manage to take along with us our supply of forage and rations.

"General Hobson is absent from the brigade sick. I am the senior colonel of the brigade, and in the absence of the general, I will be entitled to command. Before I arrived, Colonel Graham, Fifth Indiana, was commanding, and as I had even more than I could well attend to, and as General Hobson was expected soon, I did not ask for the command, and will not do so unless I learn that General Hobson will not be able to join us soon. My regiment is the largest (and I think the best) in the brigade, having eight hundred and fifty fighting men with us."

On August 28, I wrote: —

"We have been here in the vicinity of Jamestown for a few days. We are out of forage for our horses, and have to get green corn and what hay, straw, and oats we can find, feeding them also on wheat and rye. We are up on the top of the mountains, and the soil is very poor, the farms small, and there is little forage of any kind; consequently, if we stay here much longer we shall be driven to pretty close straits for our horses and possibly for rations for ourselves. We are already short and very little prospect of any soon, but as long as there is green corn the men will not starve. The route from Glasgow is very hilly and rugged, and we had great difficulty in getting our wagons over it. We are now up on the level of the mountains where it is not so hilly. All the country is very poor, and the only good features about it are that it is healthy, has good water, and a goodly number

of Union people. I will take command of the brigade to-day, as General Hobson is still sick at home. When we are so straitened for forage and rations the responsibility is great and the task not a very desirable one."

My next letter dated September 2, gave an account of our occupation of Knoxville, the goal of our long march over the mountains: —

"Yesterday was the proudest day of my life. Sunday last Generals Burnside and Curtis came up and a juncture of the forces was formed at Montgomery. My brigade arrived at that place on Saturday in advance of all other. On Sunday afternoon General Burnside sent for me to report, and I received orders to move my brigade five miles to the front. This seemed to indicate that I would be permitted to keep the advance and we were all well pleased. But about daylight the First Cavalry Brigade marched past us and out to the front on the Kingston road, and we had no orders to move. At sunrise, the Third Cavalry Brigade (General Shackelford) passed by and out to the front toward the reported enemy on the Kingston road. I began to be impatient and somewhat disgusted. I waited for two hours more very anxiously, but no marching orders came.

"At nine o'clock Generals Burnside and Curtis, with their staffs and escorts, came up and I thought then we were to go clear to the rear. But they halted at my headquarters, came in, and after examining the organization of my brigade, General Burnside held a private interview with me, in which he told me he wanted me to take my brigade on the Knox-

ville road and force Winter's Gap, which would flank the enemy on the right and compel them to fall back, when, if matters went on smoothly, he would give me orders to push right on to Knoxville. Nothing could have suited me better. I would rather then have had those orders than to have received the commission of a general. So at 11 o'clock I formed my brigade, and, leaving every one of our wagons behind, marched to Winter's Gap, arriving there at sundown and occupied it, finding that the enemy had fled in the morning. I reported promptly to General Burnside, and about four o'clock yesterday morning I received orders to push on into Knoxville and occupy the town, attacking any force of rebels which might be there.

"We were in motion within an hour, and all along the road, as everywhere heretofore in our march through East Tennessee, we were received with the warmest expressions and demonstrations of joy. In the morning I expected that I would not be able to take the town without a fight, but as my brigade had been assigned the post of honor, I was satisfied it would do its full duty. A few miles before we reached the town we ascertained that the rebels had all left, the last of them that morning. The Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, which was in the advance, surrounded the town, and about four o'clock yesterday afternoon I rode into town with the staff and escort, and such an ovation as we received was never before during this war given to any army. The demonstration beggars all description. Men, women, and children rushed to the streets, — no camp-meeting shouting

ever exceeding the rejoicing of the women. They ran out into the streets shouting, 'Glory! Glory!' 'The Lord be praised!' 'Our Savior's come!' and all such exclamations. The men huzzahed and yelled like madmen, and in their profusion of greetings I was almost pulled from my horse. Flags long concealed were brought from their hiding-places. As soon as I could get to a hotel I was waited upon by the mayor (a true Union man) and a large number of loyal men, prominent citizens, and they received me with heartiest congratulations and welcome. All afternoon and into the night until the provost guard sent all citizens to their homes the streets resounded with yells, and cheers for the 'Union' and 'Lincoln.' A marked feature of the loyalty of this section (so different from western Kentucky) is that the people have no scruples about hurrahing for Lincoln, — they recognize him as the leader and head of the Government.

"It is stated that last night, after the occupation of the town, the intelligence was communicated to the people throughout the country by the firing of guns from place to place and by signal fires on the mountains. And this morning the streets were crowded with people from the country far and near, and such rejoicing I never saw before. How they shouted and stood with uncovered heads beneath the old Stars and Stripes. With what sincere welcome they met the soldiers. The mayor of the city brought forth an immense flag, which he had kept, waiting anxiously for the day when he could unfurl it. This was suspended early this morning over Main (or Gay) Street, and at the sight of it

the people as they came in from the country yelled with a perfect frenzy of delight. Early in the day a procession of ladies was formed, and bearing two American flags, they marched down Main Street and under the large flag, in order that they might fulfill a vow they made early in the war that they would in a body march under the first American flag raised in Knoxville. It does soldiers good to fight for such a people. It is a labor of love. Every soldier in my brigade has been paid a hundred times over since we came into East Tennessee for all our hardships, short rations and exposures, by the hearty welcome of the people. We can see upon their faces the recognition of the fact that we have delivered them from a cruel bondage.

"Although the rebels have for five days been removing their property, we came upon the town so suddenly yesterday that we captured a large amount of army property, five locomotives, a number of cars, and saved the mills, foundry, railroad works, hospitals, and other army buildings from burning.

"*September* 3.

"I went yesterday to visit the prison where the rebels kept the Union men confined. It is a dirty, filthy, jail, hardly fit for the lowest criminals. I saw the room in which Parson Brownlow was confined. On the wall of it in large black letters is written, — '*Death to our persecutors.*'

"When we came in on Tuesday the gallows was standing near the railroad, at the edge of the town, where the Union

men were dragged from the jail and, contrary to all law and civilized warfare, hung like felons for faithfulness to their Government. You will find something of this in Brownlow's narrative. I rode over to see it as soon as I could on the morning after we arrived, and to place a guard over it, but some enraged soldiers and citizens had gone there before me and cut it down and burnt it. I was sorry, because it was in a prominent place and I wanted it preserved as a monument of the wickedness and cruelty of the persecutors of these people.

"We had this morning a fresh outbreak of patriotism. The news of the Federal occupation of the town had by last night spread into the adjoining counties, and the people flocked in from every direction. A large delegation of men and women of all ages formed in long procession (from Sevier County) and carrying the American flag, paraded through the town and out to camp, and the town again ran wild with patriotic joy. Men who had been hiding among the rocks and caves of the mountains, and who had not seen each other for years or since the rebellion broke out, stood grasping each other's hands beneath the folds of the old flag, while tears streamed down their cheeks. I have read of 'tears of joy,' but never saw so much of it as here.

"But General Burnside and the rest of the army will be in town this evening and I must get ready to receive them, so good-bye for the present."

In my letter of the 7th I gave an account of my first expedition out of Knoxville: —

"A day or two after his arrival General Burnside sent for

me to say that he had received information which he thought was reliable to the effect that the rebels had left the railroad up as far as Bristol, on the Virginia line one hundred and thirty miles, in good condition and unguarded; that at Bristol there was a round-house and a great supply of locomotives and cars; and that it was very desirable to get possession of this rolling-stock, if possible. He proposed that I make up a train out of the rolling-stock I had captured on my occupation of Knoxville and go up the railroad as far as I could do so safely, and reach Bristol if possible.

"It was a new business for me to go a-soldiering on a railroad train, but I cheerfully undertook the expedition. I had to secure the engineer and brakemen out of my own command, as there were none others available. Putting three of the companies of the Sixty-fifth dismounted on the train, we started out early in the afternoon, hoping to get over a good part of the road before dark, but within ten miles of Knoxville we encountered a small bridge burnt, but with the tools we had brought with us some of our expert railroad men were able to arrange a temporary crossing for the train. It was nearly dark when we reached Strawberry Plains, only seventeen miles out, and here we stopped the train, as I had learned that the President of the railroad lived here, and he would probably be at home, as he had fled from Knoxville before our arrival. I took a small guard with me to his house, where I found him. I explained that our general had sent me on an expedition up his road toward the Virginia line, and as we had no one on the train who was familiar

with the road, I should esteem it a great favor if he would accompany us. Seeing the situation with my armed guard, he accepted the invitation with the best grace possible, but as we moved off the ladies of the household set up a fearful wailing, beseeching me not to take him, as they felt sure he was going to his death, notwithstanding I assured them that no harm should come to him.

"After comfortably seating the President, I took post with the brigade bugler on top of a pile of wood on the locomotive tender, and the train moved off at slow speed in the darkness on the strange road, without a stop until we reached Jonesboro, ninety-eight miles from Knoxville, after midnight. Here our engineer, not being familiar with the switches, ran the fore wheels of his locomotive off the track. While a few of us dismounted to aid in getting on the track again, I discovered that another train was lying on the track with a lot of invalid Confederate soldiers, who told us the train had just arrived that evening from Richmond. About the same time we heard a great commotion in the town, with loud military commands indicating the presence of troops. It was very dark and we were strange to the locality, but I ordered out a platoon of soldiers, who fired a volley or two in the direction of the noise, which was followed by a great clatter of horses' hoofs. The next day, as we came back, the citizens told us that the rebel troopers could be seen in all directions flying away, some bareback, others without firearms or hats. It proved to be a detachment of Confederate cavalry stationed in the town.

"At Jonesboro we learned from the station employees that another train would be due from Richmond about eight o'clock in the morning. Thirteen miles above that place the railroad crossed the Watauga River, where there was a rebel blockhouse or fort protected by artillery, and which we learned was garrisoned. Our only hope of getting to Bristol was to capture the incoming train and rush our own train unawares into the fort and take the garrison by surprise. So after leaving a guard in charge of the train found at Jonesboro, we moved up quietly about day-break to the first station this side of the fort, surrounded the town with orders to allow no one to pass out, and we lay quietly in ambush waiting for the train. Sure enough, it came along on time and we were greatly elated. But just before it got within gunshot of our ambush, it whistled down the brakes, stopped, and instantly ran backwards at full speed and whistling into the fort. Some one had given them a warning signal, and the fort was at once notified of our presence. With that our expedition to Bristol came to an end. General Burnside had been misinformed. The railroad above Knoxville was not only guarded but was in use from Richmond.

"Our return journey was uneventful except that, as we neared Jonesboro, some of the soldiers we had scattered had quite dexterously loosened a rail and slightly displaced one end at a sharp curve in the road on a down grade, which tumbled our locomotive down an embankment and disabled it. Several of the soldiers were bruised and the railroad President got a few slight scratches on his face. For-

tunately we had the captured locomotive, and with it we took all the cars back to Knoxville. Our return was on Sunday, and as the news of our passing up in the night had got noised about, the whole country turned out in gala dress and with flags to welcome us."

My next letter is from Greenville, seventy-four miles above Knoxville on the railroad, the home of Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States. It is dated September 12: —

"I have my brigade at this place, as also the One Hundred and Third Ohio Infantry assigned to my command and stationed here as a provost guard. Generals Burnside and Hartsuff (corps commander) have been very pleasant and kind and are disposed to do everything they can for me. They promise to send me on an expedition by way of Bristol into Virginia to destroy the Salt Works, probably the most important movement left in East Tennessee. I am in very good health and spirits."

We were still at Greenville on September 16. My chief trouble seemed to be with the mails. I had not heard from home for nearly a month. I write my wife: —

"It has been so long since I have heard from you. How I would appreciate a letter to-day from my dear wife, telling me about our family affairs, that she was well, that our dear little children were well, giving me some of the sayings and doings of my little Alice, to have some news from Evansville and the families there. If it had not been that I had so very much to do and such great responsibilities resting upon

me that kept me actively employed, I should have been lonely, indeed. When I go a-soldiering again I want it along a river or railroad so I can get some communication with the outer world *and my wife*.

"I am glad to assure you that in this long interval of suspense I have been in good health and I think discharging my duties to the entire satisfaction of my superior officers. I am very well satisfied at being ordered away from Henderson and placed in active service. It has given me a very prominent and choice command, and brought me in close contact with the commanding generals of the army. During the past three weeks I have been in close and intimate relationship with Generals Burnside and Hartsuff, and acting directly under their orders.

"We have been for a week at this place in front of an army of rebels at Jonesboro twenty miles above here, momentarily expecting an attack. I think that within a few days we will make a movement that will completely drive them out of Tennessee. If so you may expect to hear of the Second Brigade dashing away up onto the sacred soil of Virginia. I have a very good brigade of near three thousand effective men. For the present I am holding this position with my brigade and two regiments of infantry till General Burnside comes up with the army which is on the way. Several times a day I am called to the telegraph office for conversations over the wires with General Burnside on the situation at the front and he freely calls for my views as to movements. He is a very kind-hearted and pleasant gentleman,

and willing to give every officer his full share of credit. I write thus freely to my wife of these matters because she will be interested to know them and to her it will not appear boasting or self-praise.

"I wish I had time to prepare a letter for the friends at home on the state of affairs in East Tennessee, and give a simple narrative of facts as to what the Union men have suffered. Such cruelty, such oppression, and heartless wrong has no parallel at least on this continent. It may have been equaled by the barbarians of Europe. No wonder that the people receive us with tears and perfect ecstasy of rejoicing and unbounded enthusiasm. The rejoicing and demonstrations I have witnessed will be probably the brightest of my reminiscences of the war. No wonder these people have wept tears of joy at the sight of the old flag, for it has brought to them freedom from a tyrannical oppression. It was the happiest epoch of my life to first carry that flag into Knoxville, and to bear it in the advance along up this valley for more than a hundred miles, and receive the welcome of the loyal people. And I hope in a few days to have the honor to say that we have driven the enemy entirely beyond the borders of the State.

"At our advance men have come to us all bleached and weak, who have been hiding in the rocks and caves and in pits away from the light of day for months. Men have been chased through the mountains for conscription in the rebel service, and a bounty offered for their arrest or death. Women have been driven from their homes, and their houses

and their all were burnt before them, because their husbands were in the Union army. The scaffolds were to be seen where loyal men were hung for suspicion of bridge-burning without any trial whatever. The tales of cruelty and wrong which I have heard go to make up a history of tyranny which will be the blackest record of this slave-holders' rebellion.

"There is a valley over the line in North Carolina about twenty-five miles from this place, just under the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains, almost shut out from the world. The valley along the creek is rich and inhabited by a bold but simple race of men. These men, partaking of the true spirit of the mountains, were true and unalterably attached to the Government, and no bribes or threats could induce them to go into the Southern army. There was but a small community of them and they were unanimous. When the conscripting officers came to take them into the army by force and the foragers to carry off their horses and provisions, they met them along the mountain-sides with their squirrel-rifles and drove them back; it was almost worth a Confederate officer's life to venture into the valley. Finally they sent a large force of cavalry and Indians among them and drove the mountaineers before them. They fled to their hiding-places and none of the men fit for military duty could be found. The cavalry gathered up all their horses and cattle. The women and children, old men and boys, were left at home, thinking them safe from conscription. The savage traitors drove the families from their houses and burnt them

and everything in them. But this was not all. The old men, the women, and children were driven out of the valley and made to walk on foot over the mountains and down to Greenville. Old and prominent citizens of this place have told me that it was the most pitiable sight they ever beheld. A stout-hearted and manly citizen in talking to me about it could not restrain the tears, saying that he never related the circumstances without tears, because it brought the sight so vividly before him. Women came carrying children in their arms, with other little ones barefooted and almost naked clinging to their skirts. There were women of all ages and children driven like sheep before the soldiers. There were women in a most delicate situation who were made to walk with the rest; if the suffering were the greater the punishment was the more appropriate. They were brought to the railway station and kept over night, and it was the determination of General (called 'Mudwall' in contradistinction to 'Stonewall') Jackson in command here to send them over the Cumberland Mountains to Kentucky. Governor Vance of North Carolina heard of the brutal proceeding in time, and declared that women and children should not be banished from his State so long as he was its governor, and they were ordered to be returned.

"Since then these men of the Laurel Valley have been the wild men of the mountains. Their homes have been in the caves and cliffs of the rocks, and woe to the rebel soldier who came within range of their rifles. The most vigorous measures have been taken to ferret them out, but few of

them have ever been caught, their hiding-places and their daring were a good protection. A company of them twice attempted to break through and cross the Cumberland Mountains to join the Union army in Kentucky, but were driven back before they could get out of East Tennessee. Day before yesterday a company of over fifty of these brave men came over from the mountains and asked me for help. An old man, who was the spokesman and the wise man of the valley, said they were a poor, ignorant, wild set of 'cusses' who did n't know much but devotion to the flag of their country and how to shoot. He asked me to give them a little good advice and *some guns*. I could not refuse the latter, at least. I gave them the arms and sent them home, and a merciful God will have to protect the savages who have murdered their fathers, plundered their farms, burnt their houses, and driven their wives and mothers from their homes, for these men with their muskets will not remember mercy.

"This is no fancy sketch or exaggerated story of the war. It is the plain, unvarnished truth, to be vouched for by hundreds of citizens of Greenville. Could you have believed that such atrocity could have been committed in the land of Washington? This same General Jackson is now in front of us, and I have been asking General Burnside for days to let my brigade after him, but he withholds for the present. It will not be many days before I shall try to capture him or drive him out of East Tennessee, I hope forever."

The expedition from which I had so greatly longed to drive

out the rebel General Jackson, and which General Burnside had promised, did not come off. General Rosecrans had suffered a severe repulse at Chickamauga, and Burnside was ordered to give him what support he could. This brought all of Burnside's plans above Knoxville to a dead halt. Bragg's rebel cavalry was reported to have crossed the Tennessee River and was threatening Rosecrans's rear, and all of Brunside's cavalry was ordered to follow up Bragg's movement. My next letter was written at Knoxville, October 1, to which place I had come with my brigade. On arrival here I was still without letters from home. I had attempted to telegraph, but could get no replies. Apparently my disconsolate condition had worked upon General Burnside's sympathy, as he sent a telegram in his own name inquiring about the whereabouts and health of my wife, which soon brought an answer that she was at Evansville and "all well." How this news was received is told in the letter:—

"You can hardly imagine how gratifying it is to me to know to-night that my dear wife and children are well, from whom I am so far separated. I can go to-morrow to execute the orders of the general with much more alacrity that I now know that you are well and at home.

"Aside from its inaccessibility for the mails, I find East Tennessee a very pleasant country to be in. The Union people are very kind and friendly, the climate is very healthy, and the valley of East Tennessee one of the most beautiful in America. I tell the people here that if we can get peace again and they will abolish slavery, I would like very

well to come and live with them. I have been very kindly and considerately treated by them. Being in the advance all the time, I have been the first to make their acquaintance, and they consequently know me better than others. I need not live in camp at all while about Knoxville. I have been here now four days and have had only one meal in camp. The society of the Union people of Knoxville is very pleasant and quite cultivated.

"But my visits to Knoxville are only pleasant episodes in my military life. Cavalry must be active. I am off again. The brigade left to-night for Loudon, starting at dark in a pitiless rain, and it has been raining ever since. General Burnside had me wait over here to-night that he might confer with General Shackelford and me as to my movements, and he will give me a special train in the morning for myself and staff. He has invited me to come in the morning and take breakfast with him, when the matter will be definitely settled and I will be off. Bragg's cavalry has crossed over to the north side of Tennessee River, threatening Rosecrans's rear and communications, and we must do something to checkmate them if possible. I have a good brigade and the general is disposed to give me work to do. General Shackelford commands our division now, and is very kind and partial to me."

My next letter was written from Knoxville October 4:—

"I wrote you three nights ago. Then my brigade had been ordered to Loudon, and I was only remaining behind to get the last and special instructions of the general before

going myself, expecting to be off in the morning, but I am still here and my brigade at Loudon. Every few hours I have been expecting definite orders, and something transpires to prevent it. During the last few days I have been getting a pretty good insight into the inner workings of our military affairs. I have been in General Burnside's private room daily and frequently, in conference with him and other generals, and know something about the interference of Washington City.

"The plans were all laid, my guides were selected, the rations were all issued, my brigade was ready and waiting, and in a short time I was to be off on a grand raid into Georgia in rear of Bragg's army, tear up the railroad system of the State, and alarm the rebels generally, when orders were received from General Halleck that raids into Georgia are not now contemplated, and all that is stopped. Probably you will thank General Halleck for that. It may have made me a general. It may have run me into Libby Prison. But it was a great disappointment to me and I think to the general.

"I have seen more of General Burnside than any of our generals, and I regard him as one of the best of men, a pure patriot, a just man, and, I hope, a Christian. Let me give you an instance. Yesterday evening everything was ready for a general movement of his whole army. I telegraphed my brigade at Loudon to be ready to move at two o'clock this morning; the forces at Cumberland Gap were notified to be in readiness; it appeared a matter of importance that we

should be off. I went up to his room last night to get my final instructions. The general said he believed we would wait a day, as he forgot about to-morrow being Sunday. He said he always felt a disinclination to commence a movement on Sunday, and he would not do it, unless he should learn during the night that it was very urgent. So to-day we have a quiet Sabbath, the only one since we left Kentucky. It is very pleasant to me and doubtless is to the whole army."

It turned out that Bragg's cavalry was not a severe menace to Rosecrans and my brigade was recalled from Loudon and we moved up into Virginia as a part of the general movement just indicated. In a fight near Bristol the Sixty-fifth Regiment lost four killed and thirteen wounded, and had another fight at Jonesboro, from which place the letter of October 18 is written: —

"We have just returned from a fatiguing march into Virginia. We have succeeded in driving the enemy away from Zollicoffer, having another fight at Blountsville, and destroying the Virginia Railroad for ten miles, but I have no time now to write about it. I have stood the last two weeks' campaign remarkably well and continue in the best of health. I enjoy the cavalry service very much, only lately we have had a little too much of a good thing. During the past five weeks we have been continuously on the march, with a number of sharp fights. But we have now a prospect of a few days' rest. If I get it I will improve it to write you a good long letter, but the enemy may interfere with my plans any

day. This is likely to be our outpost station until Rosecrans and Bragg settle affairs below.

"How often and how much I desire to be at home with the dear ones and families of relations and friends. As we rode along through the mud and rain to-day I thought of home and what a pleasure it would be for me to be with you all at home. But I must content myself, believing I am in the line of duty and pray that a kind Providence may bring me home at an early day. I have always believed that God is doing his will and accomplishing his purposes of right and freedom in this war, and if I can be one of the instruments in his hands of accomplishing a portion of this work we should be content. Kisses in abundance to my darling little children. Does my little Alice talk much about her papa? Tell her he thinks all the time about her."

Extract from letter of October 25: —

"I wrote you a few days ago, just as I was starting on a reconnoissance toward Bristol. We found no enemy nor heard of any this side of Abingdon, Virginia, in any force. We had a very disagreeable march, raining most of the time, very hard on both men and horses. Our campaigning has been very hard and tiresome,though I have stood it myself very well, in fact better than if we had less active duty; but it has tried the mettle of our brigade. We have run our horses nearly down, a large number of the men are dismounted, and more than half of the rest have horses that will not stand a march of any length. The Sixty-fifth came out with eight hundred and fifty men; there are now in camp about

six hundred. The marching, rain storms, short rations, and especially the whistling of bullets and ball have driven a number of our officers out of the service.

"But I fear the worst of our campaigning is yet to come. It is becoming a serious question how we are to sustain our army in East Tennessee this winter. There is enough bread and meat, but the men have no winter clothing, and unless it comes soon it cannot get over the mountains. Winter will soon be upon us, with muddy roads and swollen rivers. We have just started a train of wagons from our division over to Kentucky for clothing and supplies, but I do not expect to see it short of six weeks, if ever. We had been hoping to get railroad communication open by way of Chattanooga, but the disaster to Rosecrans has at least postponed that. Just now I am anxious to get over into North Carolina with my brigade, but military movements are very uncertain and most likely I shall be disappointed."

On the 29th of October I wrote again: —

"General Shackelford had a report of the advance on us of an army of eighteen thousand and out of due precaution ordered us to fall back eighteen miles, but this morning matters look as if we ran too soon from an invisible enemy. It will not surprise me if we are ordered back to our old camp at Jonesboro. It will suit me very well if we are, for I may then have a chance to make my contemplated raid over the mountains into North Carolina. I am anxious to get over there to see the people. The trip would take us through the Blue Ridge."

I quote from a letter of November 1: —

"I wrote in my last how we got down here, how we ran from Sancho Panza's windmills. We are still here. We had orders to march and were all ready an hour before daylight yesterday morning, when the orders came countermanding the marching. We were to go back to Jonesboro. We are having a delightful day and a very quiet and most welcome Sabbath. I have been reading 'The Words and Mind of Jesus,' and I got hold of an 'Independent,' which was quite a treat, as I don't often see any religious paper here. I went over to the house of Mr. Henderson (the leading citizen of this place) and found he had quite a good religious library; plenty of Presbyterian works. I told him he appeared to be sound religiously, if not politically; he is considerable of a rebel.

"We have been enjoying our rest of late very much, and if we were not stirred out every little while with reports of large rebel forces right upon us, we could get more real enjoyment out of it. This evening a citizen (a *reliable* one, of course) reports the enemy advancing in force. To-morrow an equally reliable and *intelligent* one will know that there are none this side of the Holston River. If Willie were out here he would see a great deal more about soldiering than he used to see at Henderson."

In my letter of November 8 I give an account of a bold dash of the rebels to Rogersville, which routed a Federal force stationed there, and captured four hundred and four guns: —

"General Wilcox, who was in command in upper Tennessee, when he got the report of the fight from the scared fugitives, became alarmed for fear the enemy would get in our rear, and he caused a general retreat of the whole army. Our cavalry and all marched all Friday night and till late in the morning of Saturday, and abandoned the whole country for eighteen miles below Greenville, thus giving up all we had gained. And all without reason, for as it turned out while we were marching all night one way the rebels were retreating with their booty and prisoners the other! Where we will go next I do not know, but I hope right back and occupy the country clear up to the Virginia line. We can do it without difficulty.

"The whole cavalry force of Burnside's army has been formed into a cavalry corps and placed in command of General Shackelford. The corps is composed of two divisions. Our brigade is in the Second Division. It would be commanded by Colonel Carter, if present, but he may be absent for some weeks, and I have been assigned to the command of this division. It will be a very nice command and quite complimentary to me."

I may state that I remained in command of this division of cavalry during the remainder of my service in Tennessee. I extract from my letter of November 13: —

"Major Brown and nine men of the Sixty-fifth are about leaving for a recruiting service in Indiana, and I send this letter by him. I told Major Brown that I did not know that I could say I wished (as he) that I too was going home, but

I could say with emphasis that I wished the war was over and that I was going home to return no more. This going home to stay a week or two and then come back, tear away from home and all its dear attachments, is worse than the first departure. I can't say that when the campaign is pretty well over I may not apply for a leave of absence; but when I think of the parting from home again and the long muddy winter ride across the mountains, I begin to balance the matter. When I come home I want it to be my last 'leave.' When shall that be? I am too great a lover of my little wife, my darling children, and my happy home to make a good soldier, at least a professional soldier. How sweetly you wrote in your last letter of our little Alice praying her evening prayer for her absent papa. I believe He who noticeth the fall of a sparrow will hear and answer the prayer of innocence and childhood, and bring me home in safety that I may be the guardian of our dear family."

My letter of November 14 reports an unfavorable change in the situation in East Tennessee. General Bragg commanding the rebel forces in front of Chattanooga, feeling that he had Rosecrans's army safely besieged, dispatched Longstreet, one of the ablest of the Confederate generals, with his army corps to capture or drive out Burnside. It is to that situation my letter refers: —

"The intelligence this afternoon from Knoxville was rather ominous of evil to us. General Wilcox telegraphs me that the enemy have forced the right bank of the river below Loudon, that General Burnside had gone down to-day, and

that if the enemy were too strong for our forces there we would have to look out for a retreat to the gaps in the Cumberland Mountains. Our line of march would be to Cumberland Gap, and I am notified that I with my division will have the important work of guarding the approaches to this route, down the valleys of the Holston, Clinch, and Powell Rivers, and also keeping open the communication with General Burnside on our right to Knoxville. We will know more definitely to-night or to-morrow.

"I hope and pray that we may not be driven to that dire necessity. In proportion as our joy was great in the occupation of this country would our regrets be deep at being compelled to abandon it. But I have hope that to-morrow will bring the welcome intelligence that our army below has driven the enemy back over the river. It would be with a sad and heavy heart that I turned my back upon the loyal people of East Tennessee. I have confidence that God does not will it so."

When my next letter November 22 was written from Tazewell, on the route to Cumberland Gap, Burnside had been besieged for a week by Longstreet: —

"We are lying quiet here, just out of hearing of the fighting that is raging at Knoxville. Our messengers from Knoxville report Burnside holding out heroically. I have little time to write and less inclination, even to my dear wife. I am heart-sick and gloomy, though not discouraged. General Burnside, the best man of the generals I know, and a gallant army have been beleaguered at Knoxville for a week, and are

still fighting manfully. We are almost powerless to do him any good, but I have asked General Wilcox to let me take my cavalry and support me at the fords of Clinch River with his infantry, and I would make at least one vigorous effort to break the rebel lines and raise the siege. He is at the Gap. General Burnside ordered him to look out for his line of retreat and at all events to hold Cumberland Gap. This he is in a position to do."

I wrote the 26th from Cumberland Gap, where I had come to try to get horses: —

"We have no news from General Burnside direct since the 23d, when he said he could hold out ten days, that his position was a strong one, and we are hopeful of his success for Grant at Chattanooga will push vigorously against Bragg. I will be off in the morning to harass the enemy. I shall make my headquarters at Tazewell, and send my old brigade over Clinch River toward Knoxville to stir up the enemy a little, and try to divert them from Burnside. Our cavalry is in such wretched condition it is almost impossible to do anything, the horses worn out, without shoes, and with very little forage. I regret it exceedingly when so much is expected of us and needed. General Wilcox is ordered to keep his infantry near the Gap and send my cavalry out toward the enemy to gather information and annoy them."

I wrote again on the 29th when we had just heard of Grant's victory at Chattanooga, but were without information of the gallant defense of Fort Stevens and the bloody repulse of the rebels at Knoxville: —

"We have no news except the glorious victory of Grant's army, and we are hoping to see its effect in the deliverance of Burnside. The enemy seek to starve him into a surrender. I sent out yesterday my old brigade to go down toward Knoxville and feel out the enemy. I am getting a little anxious about them as there was cannonading heard below and I have had nothing from them since they left. It would be a serious affair for me to have my old brigade captured.

"We are having rather a hard time to live, subsisting entirely upon the country. Our cavalry get along better than the infantry; the latter have been for days without flour or meal. Twenty-five cents have been refused for a cup full of corn. Parched corn is a luxury. But we are hoping for better times in a few days. The men bear it manfully."

In my letter of December 4, in acknowledging receipt of a late letter from my wife, I reply: —

"I wish very much I could be at home to enjoy with you the entertainments you write about, but I shall have to forego all these pleasures, and live on corn-bread and pork, cold nights, muddy roads, and occasional skirmishing. I don't know when I can promise you to come home, but not while the enemy is before us, as now. I think a few days hence will see them driven away. I mentioned in my last letter sending the Second Brigade down to the vicinity of Knoxville. They were attacked by the whole of Longstreet's cavalry and pressed back. They gave the enemy a severe fight, killing and wounding a considerable number of them. Our losses were a few taken prisoners, four killed and thirty

wounded. Our men did bravely. My whole division will try it again to-morrow. We expect Sherman, who was sent up by Grant after his victory to relieve Burnside, will reach Knoxville to-morrow, when if Longstreet has not retreated there must be a severe battle. We want to be near at hand with our cavalry. I would have been there two or three days ago with my whole division, but have been constantly held back by General Wilcox."

Sometime before the siege of Knoxville General Burnside had asked to be relieved of the command of the department, and General John G. Foster (of New Hampshire) of the Eastern army had been appointed to succeed him. He arrived at my headquarters while the siege was in progress. In this letter writing about a leave to come home, I refer to General Foster: —

"If matters quiet down here there is a probability that I may come this winter, but nothing certain; a man in the army can't go when he pleases. If General Burnside had remained, I think I would have had no difficulty, but it is uncertain as to General Foster, how strict he will be. I have been with him here for three or four days, being frequently consulted by him as to movements, the country, etc., and have been quite intimate at his headquarters. He is quite a Yankee and not so agreeable in his manners as Burnside, but withal he may make a good commander. But there is no man like Burnside for this department with his soldiers. I especially will regret his leaving."

The day after I wrote my last letter, Longstreet retreated

from Knoxville (December 5) up the valley toward the Virginia line, and the next day (the 6th) General Sherman reached Knoxville. On December 10 I wrote:—

"Bean Station, where we are now camped, you will find on most maps of Tennessee. It is ten miles from Morristown on the road to Cumberland Gap, just at the foot of the Clinch mountains, forty-two miles from Knoxville. We have followed the enemy this far up from Knoxville. From Tazewell I joined the Second Brigade near Knoxville. Colonel Graham of that brigade reported that an encampment of the enemy was over the mountain about five miles, so I sent him over, had a skirmish, captured a captain, several prisoners, and seventy-five horses, and drove them clear over Clinch Mountain. Since then we have followed the enemy in their retreat, skirmishing with their rear guard all the way. I doubt whether we shall push the enemy much farther, as it will be difficult to get supplies."

The siege of Knoxville was one of the most gallant events on the Federal side during the Civil War. Burnside with an inferior force successfully sustained a siege of twenty days, resisting the assaults of the enemy with comparatively small losses, endured short rations, and by the heroism of his command saved East Tennessee to the Union. The result gave great joy to all loyal men, and President Lincoln issued a proclamation, calling on the people "to render special homage to Almighty God for this great advancement of the National cause," and Congress thanked Burnside and his army. General Grant in his "Memoirs" says: "The safety

of Burnside's army and the loyal people of East Tennessee had been the subject of much anxiety to the President, and he was telegraphing me daily, almost hourly, to 'remember Burnside,' 'do something for Burnside,' and other appeals of like tenor." In my letter of December 10, I say: "Burnside goes out of this Department with the admiration of the whole army. His defense of Knoxville was glorious, and his goodness of heart and purity of character endear him to all who know him." Years after, while Minister to Mexico, I visited Washington at the time when Burnside was a Senator from his State, and received from him much social attention in recognition of our army friendship.

From Bean Station I wrote again on December 13:—

"We are still at this place, from which I last wrote you, being comparatively quiet. We daily send out reconnoissances toward Rogersville and Morristown. They generally meet the enemy nine and twelve miles out, have a pretty sharp skirmish, lose a few men killed and wounded, and then return to camp. The enemy do not appear to be retreating, or rather appear to have stopped retreating. My health continues very good, and I am in good spirits, only I get quite homesick at times. I will get home as soon as I can, but the prospect for doing so is not very flattering."

In a hurried visit to Knoxville I wrote on the 23d of December:—

"As I got to thinking about home, I said to General Foster that when my services could be dispensed with, I would like to take a leave of absence. He says he cannot think of letting

me go for ten days or two weeks, but hopes at the expiration of that time that the exigencies of the service will permit him to let me go home. That means that I may probably go home if the enemy will let me. Don't fix your heart on my coming soon. It will be as soon as I can consistently."

This is my Christmas letter: —

"I can do nothing better to-night than to write you a letter by way of a Christmas present. We have to-day unexpectedly had a quiet, if not a Merry Christmas, though it did not appear last night as though it would be so. About 3 P.M. yesterday I received orders (in camp near Blain's Cross-Roads) to move over at once and join General Sturgis at New Market, where the main body of the cavalry are. We got off about sunset, but did not arrive here till midnight, having to ford the Holston and travel over a very bad road. How longingly I thought of what you and the dear ones at home might be doing at that hour as I marched along in the clear, stinging cold night.

"After the cold and cheerless ride we fortunately got into comfortable quarters, and have been quiet to-day, enjoying the rest and comfort. We improvised a pretty good Christmas dinner. Among the delicacies we don't get often, we had eggs and butter. We are not living in excellent Epicurean style just now, as the country is pretty well eaten out.

"I cannot see any prospect of our getting into winter quarters, such as the papers report the Army of the Potomac and of the Cumberland are enjoying. The climate of East Tennessee is very similar to that of Indiana, and the men are

very scantily supplied with 'dog' or shelter tents and many have not even these to cover them. My commands since we came into East Tennessee have been on one continuous campaign without cessation. Up the country, over the mountains, across the rivers, down the valley, then up again, driving the enemy before us, then falling back, to drive the enemy up the valley again — thus we have been for four months, until we have run down our horses and about half of our men. But we are enduring it very well, still after the rebels with as much zest as ever. There is a vast deal of excitement in the cavalry service."

My last letter to my wife from East Tennessee was written on the last day of 1863, which I began with a prayer: —

"Let us not forget to thank our dear Heavenly Father for all His mercies of the past year. Oh, how good He has been to us, even with all our troubles! How little we have done in our lives to repay that goodness! May He make us more worthy of His mercies and blessing in the New Year, and may He preserve our lives that we may together meet and praise Him. To His watchful care I commit my dear wife and little ones.

"I last wrote you from New Market. I was enjoying a quiet rainy Sunday there, reading some good book I found at the house where I was quartered, when about noon I received orders for my division to move forward and attack the enemy and drive him back from Mossy Creek. It was an unwelcome order that rainy Sabbath, but we executed it, and after considerable skirmishing took up a new line two

miles beyond Mossy Creek. Yesterday Colonel Wolford's division and mine were ordered out at three o'clock in the morning to Dandridge, where it was reported a division of rebel cavalry was encamped. We went, but found the enemy had left the night before, and we returned at 4 P.M. just in time to miss a nice little fight at Mossy Creek. The enemy attacked our outposts at 11 A.M. and drove our troops back two miles, but ours in turn drove them back again beyond our lines. It is not often that my men have the fortune, or misfortune, to miss the fighting, as we did yesterday.

"We have here our entire force of cavalry, and one brigade of infantry. The rest of the army is at Strawberry Plains and Blain's Cross-Roads. Longstreet is reported at Morristown with the main body of his army. I suppose General Foster intends to drive him away from there, if possible, how soon I don't care because I want to come home as soon as the fighting here is over, and take a little rest with my dear wife and darling little girls."

I may venture, before closing my East Tennessee correspondence, to give in part the last of these letters, as a specimen of letters to a soldier's child, written on January 1, 1864: —

"Why should I not write a letter this New Year's Day to my dear little Alice? I am so far away I can't give you any nice present; all I can do is to try to write you a good letter. . . .

"What have you and Lillie and the other little children been doing to-day? And did you have a Christmas tree and

a happy time then? Papa has not had much of a New Year's Day. It has been so cold, oh so very cold to-day. Was it cold at home? I could tell you a story about the cold. Would you like papa to tell you a little story in his letter? Do you still like to hear stories? Well, I can tell you part of it, and mamma can tell it over to you and *fill it up*.

"Papa, you know, is away off, out in the mountains, so far away from home, in the army, and you know there are so many poor soldiers in the army. Yesterday, the last day of the old year, was such a gloomy day, it was so muddy and wet and rainy. And then last night it blew so hard and rained so much; it was like a hurricane (get mamma to tell you what that is). And the poor soldiers have no houses to live in, like little Alice, with nice warm beds, and they don't have large tents like you saw out in the woods near home last summer when Uncle Jimmy and the rest of the boys and men were out soldiering. They have to live in the fields and woods, and their tents are like grandma's tablecloth, only smaller, and they stretch that up over a pole and it is open at both ends, and at night two or three or four of them get down on their hands and knees and crawl into it and pull their blankets over them when they go to bed. The soldiers call them 'dog-tents.' Ask Lillie if she thinks it would be good enough for her 'Trip.' Well, last night, after many of the soldiers had been marching in the rain, and when most of them were wet and their blankets wet, they built large fires, but they would n't burn well because it was too wet, and they crawled into the 'dog-tents,' and were trying to

get to sleep when the naughty wind commenced to blow and it began again to rain, and the rain would blow on their heads and they would draw them further into their tents, and then it would rain on their feet, and pretty soon there came up such a hurricane that it blew all their tents clear off of them, and there they were lying on the muddy ground, and the cold rain pouring down on them. And they all had to get up out of bed. It had rained so hard that it put all their fires nearly out so they could n't get warm. Poor soldiers, don't you pity them?

"Some of the soldiers were out, away off in the dark woods on that terrible night on *picket* (get Willie or Uncle Aleck to tell you what that is). And they had to sit all night on their poor horses away out by themselves with their guns in their hands and swords by their sides, watching to keep the wicked rebels from slipping into camp in the dark night and killing your poor papa and the rest of the soldiers. After a while the rain stopped, but the wind kept blowing and whistling through the trees and over the mountains and making such a terrible noise. You can hear it whistle around the corner of grandmamma's house, but it moans and whistles so much louder out here over the mountains, it might frighten little girls if they did not know what it was. Soon the wind began to change around toward the north where Jack Frost lives and from where the white snow comes, and the rain began to freeze, and the ground got hard, and it was so cold, oh bitter cold. The poor soldiers could sleep no more that night, their blankets were all

frozen stiff as an icicle, and they had to build great big fires to keep their coats and pants from freezing on them. It was all they could do to keep from freezing; they could not keep warm.

"Some of the men, when we went out to drive away the rebels from the other side of the mountain, were hungry and they stopped behind us at a farmhouse to get something to eat, and the wicked rebels caught them and took their overcoats away from them, and took their warm boots off their feet; and some of the poor fellows got away from them and walked all the way from the rebel camp over the frozen ground barefooted. To-day the soldiers have done nothing but build big fires and stand close up to them and try to keep warm.

"These poor soldiers and your papa have come away from our homes and left good mammas and dear little daughters to keep the wicked bad rebels from making this country a poor, unhappy one, and that when little Alice and the dear children of the other soldiers grow up they will have a good and a happy country, and won't have to know about wars and such terrible things. You must remember about the poor soldiers, and pray God that He will be very kind to them and make the time soon come when they and your papa can all of them go home to their dear little daughters and good mammas.

"Kiss mamma and little Sister Edith for me, and tell your little cousins Gwyn and Foster and Johnny that your papa hopes to come home soon and that he will then come around with you and see them all."

As intimated in the last letter to my wife, General Foster did make a forward movement with his entire force, and pushed the enemy toward the Virginia line, but thereafter there was a lull in army operations for the rest of the winter on both sides. The time had come for which I had so long looked when I could without injury to the service ask for a leave of absence, which General Foster, commanding the Department, cheerfully granted, and before the last of January, 1864, I was on my way home, going by way of Chattanooga and Nashville, as the railroad communication was then well established.

I have noted the death of my father in April, 1863. He had been actively engaged in extensive mercantile affairs, and while not wealthy (as the world estimates wealth now), was possessed of considerable property, both real and personal. By his will he made me the executor of his estate and guardian of the two minor children. In August, 1863, after I was well on the march to East Tennessee, I received a letter from my brother stating that the court at Evansville had required my presence in the proceedings for the settlement of my father's estate, but I obtained a stay until I should be able to get released from my army duties, with the assurance on my part that I would make as little delay as possible.

When I reached home I found the affairs of my father's estate in such condition that I could not conclude my duties as executor in the time fixed for my "leave" from my command. There was the widow, two minor and four adult heirs

claiming attention to my duties as executor. Under the circumstances I felt it proper to tender my resignation from the army, especially as I had already determined to do so at the expiration of my three years' term of service, which would be within four months.

There was no reason for me to tender my resignation except the undischarged duty of executor and my earnest desire to be with my family. During my entire army service I had enjoyed good health and was pleased with the active life. I had been reasonably successful in military affairs, and had held large and important commands to the satisfaction of my superior officers, and there was every prospect of my early promotion in rank. But I put aside preferment and possible military distinction for the more immediate call of family duty. The outlook for the suppression of the rebellion was at that date most favorable. Grant had been made commander-in-chief, and was organizing his army for the final march on Richmond; Sherman was preparing for his advance on Atlanta and his march to the sea; and at no time since the opening of hostilities had the cause of the Union looked so auspicious.

General Sturgis, in command of the cavalry corps to which I belonged, in forwarding my resignation to the Department general made the following endorsement:—

"In approving this resignation, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret in parting with so intelligent, energetic, and brave an officer. I have for some time been aware of the business and family interests which I feared would

sooner or later deprive the army of the services of Colonel Foster, yet after so long and faithful service he should be, I think, relieved under the circumstances. His loss, however, will be severely felt in this corps and his place hard to fill."

When my resignation became known to the Sixty-fifth Regiment the officers held a meeting in which a series of resolutions were adopted declaring "that Colonel Foster, since his connection with the regiment has been unceasing in his labors in, and untiring in his devotion to, the cause in which we are engaged, and has spared no means to render his regiment efficient; that he has commanded the regiment with distinguished honor to himself and to the regiment; that in his resignation the regiment and the service have lost an efficient and valuable officer; and that he bears with him to his home our highest esteem and our best wishes as a citizen."

An editorial of considerable length appeared in the "Evansville Journal," from which the following is an extract: —

> We regret exceedingly to learn that Colonel John W. Foster has felt it to be his duty to resign his commission as colonel of the Sixty-fifth Indiana Regiment, and that his resignation has been accepted. We have known for some time that circumstances — growing out of his father's death, occasioned an almost absolute necessity for his personal attention to the settlement of a vast amount of unfinished business left by the Judge — were conspiring to force Colonel Foster out of the service, but we were in hope that matters might be so arranged as to enable him to remain in the field. It seems, however, that this could not be done, and our Government loses the services of one of its most gallant, energetic, and experienced officers.
>
> Colonel Foster entered the service of his country in the sum-

mer of 1861, as major of the Twenty-fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteers. He laid aside the profession of the law, and took upon himself the profession of arms, from a conscientious belief that his first service was due to his Government. Without experience, or even a theoretical knowledge of military life when he entered the service, so close was his application to study, that but a short time elapsed before he was a thorough master of all the duties incumbent upon his position as Major of the regiment, or for that matter with any position connected with the regiment. Colonel Foster was a rigid disciplinarian, yet he exacted nothing from his men that was not essential to the efficiency of his regiment, or that he was unwilling to perform himself.

After a detailed review of my military service, it adds: —

Colonel Foster has proven his patriotism by his actions and in retiring to private life he will carry with him the assurance that he has merited the good wishes of his countrymen and secured the great satisfaction of an approving conscience.

From an editorial in the "Louisville Journal" the following is extracted: —

The resignation of Colonel John W. Foster of the Sixty-fifth Indiana Regiment has been accepted. His retirement from the army is to be regretted, as he was one of the most experienced, efficient and gallant officers in the service.

After a sketch of my military career, it says: —

Colonel Foster accompanied the expedition of General Burnside in the movement on East Tennessee, at times commanding brigades and even divisions. Just before tendering his resignation he was recommended for a brigadier-general's commission by Generals Burnside and Grant. Important business relating to his father's estate demanded immediate attention, and forced his resignation. The army and the country alike regret his retirement to private life.

VIII

WITH THE HUNDRED DAYS MEN

About three months elapsed after my return home from the East Tennessee campaign when a new appeal was made to me to reënter the military service. General Sherman was assembling at and near Chattanooga an army to make his great drive on Atlanta and into the very heart of the rebellion. To succeed in his decisive movement he had to draw his supplies from north of the Ohio River over a single long line of railroad communication, reaching from Louisville through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee to Chattanooga, and beyond as his army advanced. This line of supplies was mainly through hostile territory, and every part of it had to be guarded by armed soldiers. In order to give Sherman every possible trained soldier to swell his army so as to make the movement a success, it was determined to send all the soldiers then guarding this line of railroad to the front, which would prove a large addition to the fighting force of Sherman's army, and to replace them as guards with new recruits, who could be effective behind intrenchments and when on the defensive. Accordingly the Governors of the States of the Middle West made a call upon their several States for regiments of volunteers to serve for one hundred days, the estimated period of Sherman's campaign to Atlanta.

The call upon the State of Indiana was responded to with alacrity, and within a few days several regiments were formed and in a short time made ready for service. It was the desire of Governor Morton to have these raw recruits commanded, as far as possible, as colonels and other staff officers, by men who had already seen service and were experienced in actual fighting. One of these regiments, largely made up from Evansville and the adjoining counties, expressed a strong desire that I might be appointed to command them, and this action was followed by a telegram from Governor Morton tendering me a commission as colonel, and making a strong appeal to me to again give my services to the country in this great emergency.

I confess the call did not strongly appeal to me from a military viewpoint, as the contemplated service did not promise any distinction in warlike operations; but on the other hand, it was a service which would be just as useful in promoting Sherman's success as if we should be sent to the front and take part in the actual fighting, for without this line of communication for supplies being maintained his campaign must assuredly prove a failure. I recalled the fact in ancient history that the greatest of Hebrew generals, following the well-recognized rules of warfare, insisted on giving to those who guarded the camp and protected the line to the rear the same honor and emoluments as those who did the fighting. The Scriptural historian has preserved King David's words: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike." So

important did he deem this principle that the historian records that "from that day forward he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day."

I had made much progress in the business of settling my father's estate, the cause of my previous resignation, and having secured my wife's consent to my reënlistment, there seemed to be no good reason for not responding to the call of the Governor and my townsmen and neighbors, and within three days after tender of my commission I was on the way to put myself at the head of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry Volunteers. I have indicated that the character of the service to which we were to be assigned, the guarding of the railroad, did not promise any brilliant military exploits, and the extracts which I shall make from my letters may not be found of much interest, but they will at least set forth the manner in which we filled up our Hundred Days' service in the cause of our country.

The One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Indiana was mustered into service May 23, 1864, at Indianapolis, and passed through Louisville. My letter of the 31st states: —

"We left Louisville on Saturday morning, and I stationed the companies along the railroad from Shepardsville to Nolin, ten miles below here (Elizabethtown) on the railroad. I had hardly got the companies distributed, selected my headquarters here, and got my dinner, before the train arrived from Nashville bringing an aide to Major-General Rousseau, who was on the hunt for the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Indiana, which should go to his command in Ten-

nessee, but he saw by the Louisville papers that it had been stopped, and would go along the railroad. The aide had orders for me to go direct to Nashville at once, disregarding all orders from all sources but the War Department; but as General Burbridge had ordered me to come here, and as I was in his district, and was guarding important bridges which should not be abandoned, I decided to wait until the generals should get their conflict in orders adjusted. We have been waiting in doubt as to our future for two days; meanwhile the generals had been telegraphing with each other and with me, until last night I received orders to go to Nashville as soon as transportation was provided. How soon the cars will be ready to take me down I do not know."

Within two days we arrived in Nashville whence my letter of June 4 says: —

"I wrote you a note yesterday that we would go to Murfreesboro. I went down there yesterday and returned this morning. I will be off for that place again in an hour with three companies. The rest of the regiment will follow tonight and in the morning. We shall not be quite so well situated there as we were at Elizabethtown, nor for that matter as comfortably situated as *at home*, but I think we can get through the one hundred days there at least tolerably *safely*, which is the great point with you, is it not? Uncle Tom arrived here yesterday from the Sixty-fifth in poor health. I have been hunting for him this morning, but have not as yet been able to find him."

This last refers to Colonel Johnson, of whom I have made

reference in previous letters. Three times he had been granted furlough on account of ill-health, but with the grim determination of a martyr, he persisted in his effort to remain with his command, at that time at the front with Sherman's army.

In my letter of June 8, I give an account of our camp and surroundings at Murfreesboro:—

"When we arrived here the general directed me to camp the regiment in the fortress, a large and very strong series of earthworks and rifle-pits, built by Rosecrans's army after the battle of Stone River. The enclosures are large, open spaces, without a particle of shade or grass, entirely exposed to the sun. The troops already in the fortress have erected tolerably comfortable barracks, but there was no material out of which to make any more; and as our men had nothing but shelter tents, I was afraid if put into such a camp the exposure would bring on sickness. So I rode all round the vicinity of the town and found several very good camping-places, and induced the general to let us camp out of the fortress, in such suitable place as I might select. I found a very fine camp in a beautiful grove just at the edge of the town, and adjoining a very fine spring of water, which pleases officers and men very much. Two companies are stationed below on the railroad, and we shall have eight companies here, making a very respectable battalion.

"How long we will remain here is very uncertain, but we shall be very well satisfied to stay here during the remainder of our one hundred days. Since we went into camp I have

been putting the regiment through in drill and duties of soldiers, keeping officers and men quite busy. Besides these drills, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker drills the officers an hour, and I have two recitations of officers an hour each in Tactics and Regulations. In the evenings after supper I give them a lecture on the Army Regulations, organization, and military customs, which is quite as profitable to me as to them, as it requires considerable study and posting on my part. We had our first battalion drill to-day and it proved quite interesting. At the present rate of daily duties in one month I shall have the regiment in a condition to compare favorably with the veteran regiments in drill at least. I want to bring them home well drilled and thoroughly instructed in the duties of the soldier. I have the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, but I think the officers and the intelligent men appreciate it. The exercises not only make them better soldiers, but the active service makes them more healthy than to lie idle in camp.

"Our camping-ground is on the lawn in front of one of the finest houses in the State. The surroundings were before the ravages of war very beautiful. The house was the headquarters of the rebel General Bragg, before he fell back after the battle of Stone River. The owner was formerly quite wealthy, the possessor of a large plantation here and one in Mississippi. He is now keeping a store in town for the support of his family, reaping the reward of the rebellion of himself and relatives."

In my letter of June 13 I give another view of camp life: —

"Yesterday was our first real Sabbath in camp, and we spent it very pleasantly. We had the Sunday morning inspection at eight o'clock, beginning it with a short religious exercise by the chaplain. The inspection would have been very creditable to old soldiers. The men had their arms and accouterments and clothing in fine order and looked well. These Sunday morning inspections have a fine effect, it causes the men to clean up themselves and their arms, and makes them feel it is a real Sabbath, which they are likely to forget in camp.

"After inspection we were quite liberal in allowing the men more passes for the day, going out in squads in charge of officers. Some went to church, but many went to stroll over the battlefield of Stone River, which is about two miles from town. Major Hynes and I went in town to church, and heard Dr. Gazeton preach. He has just returned from the South. The Doctor is (or was) a New School Presbyterian of some reputation in Tennessee before the rebellion. He is a bitter rebel, but, of course, did not give any manifestation of it in his services. There was a strong New School Church here before the war, but they were all rebels; the church building almost ruined by the armies, and its members very much scattered.

"At five we had preaching by our chaplain, a Baptist brother from Spencer County, a good man but a very poor preacher, an old farmer and ignorant; is worse than the chaplains of my other two regiments. I shall go out of the war, I fear, with a poor opinion of chaplains from personal

experience. Although our chaplain's sermon was a poor affair, the men were attentive and respectful. Altogether the day was very creditably passed by the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Indiana. But how much more pleasantly and profitably it would have been spent by me at home, with my own family and in our own church."

In a letter of June 15 I refer to the character of the regiment: —

"We are getting along very pleasantly in camp; everything passes off quietly; the men are making a commendable degree of progress in the drill, and take to soldiering very readily. Thus far I have had no difficulty in controlling the men. I never saw a regiment more easily governed. This comes in part from its personnel. Being called upon for only one hundred days of service, many business and professional men, who could not well afford to give up their business entirely, can arrange to go into the army for so short a time; and as a result the lower officers and the men are many of them among our best citizens. Besides, the service is easy. We have none of the hard marches and exposures described by me in the campaigning of the Twenty-fifth and Sixty-fifth Indiana. As a private in one of the Evansville companies, was my younger brother James H., who left the senior class at the Indiana University before graduating to serve his country."

This letter also relates an event which brings out the terrible consequences of war in dividing families, especially in the border State of Kentucky: —

"I wrote you some time since that a brother of Major Hynes (of our One Hundred and Thirty-sixth) was in the rebel army and had been at home at Bardstown, Kentucky. Hynes received a letter this evening from his father telling him that his brother had been killed in trying to get back through our lines to the Southern army. He was shot in the woods and lay in the bushes two weeks before his father found the body."

Referring to the rebel cavalry raids which were just then threatening Washington and Baltimore, I wrote: —

"Even if Washington is burnt the rebels can't hold it, and it would be the means, I hope, of raising up the North to renewed efforts, and then there would be a good opportunity to remove the Capital to the West, where it ought to be. We have not suffered enough in the North yet to make the people see that there is to be no peace with the rebels except by their complete overthrow. Otherwise we are disgraced, ruined, forever destroyed as a nation. We must and will in the end put down this wicked rebellion. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' but He is a God of Justice and Right, and we will triumph in the end. Had I been an infidel or a weak believer in the righteousness of God, long since I would have been discouraged, but I am not. Let us pray for our country, for the triumph of right, of truth, of freedom, and that God may in His wisdom hasten the end of this bloody war and the return of peace; and that we may together live to enjoy our family and Christian privileges under it."

On July 16 I report: —

"General Van Cleve has been called temporarily to Tullahoma, which leaves me in command of the post and brigade here, including Fortress Rosecrans. The change will probably be only for a few days or a week. I would much rather be with the regiment, as I am interested in the drill and instruction of the regiment, and can spend the time pleasantly with them.

"I am now at headquarters of the post very comfortably situated; have a room for myself carpeted and well furnished. Captain Otis, General Van Cleve's adjutant-general, a very competent officer, is left here, and he has his wife with him. It looks quite homelike to sit down at a table with a lady to preside, and also to nurse the baby. It was reported that the rebels were crossing the Tennessee River yesterday at Claysville, intending to make a raid on the railroad, but I hardly believe it."

A bright side of the soldier's life is given in my letter of July 21: —

"We have no news of special importance. I don't have very much to do in my post command, am comfortably situated in quarters, and have about enough business to keep the time from being dull. Captain Otis and his wife and I are the only members of our mess, and we have a very pleasant table. When General Rosecrans was in command here he established a large hospital garden, worked by the convalescents in the hospitals. It is now producing large quantities of vegetables, and our table is very liberally supplied from

it with green corn, tomatoes, beets, cucumbers, potatoes, squashes, etc. We also enjoy plenty of milk and butter, with ice to cool them. The general left his servant here, and he has nothing to do but take care of my room, black my boots, and brush my clothes, etc. There are a number of officers' wives here, and we have frequent company in our parlor of these and occasionally of rebel ladies. So you see the hardships of the poor soldier's life at present being undergone by me are such as I may be able to endure with safety to my life!"

In my letter of July 30, I report my return to the regiment: —

"General Van Cleve arrived last night and I returned to the command of the regiment. I think it was needing my attention from appearances. In the two weeks I have been absent there has been only one battalion drill. Although this is Saturday afternoon and we are not accustomed to having drill that afternoon, yet I am going to give them battalion drill to make up for lost time. I want them to make a fine appearance when we return to Indiana. We are now drilling in the bayonet exercise, which interests the men very much."

A week later I write: —

"We are having as usual a quiet Sabbath. My present term of service is so very different from that which I have heretofore been used to. Before it was all activity, bustle, battles, pursuits or retreats. But now it is all the quiet monotony of camp life, broken only by the routine of drill. Heretofore I seldom had a quiet Sunday. Now I can read my Bible and religious papers regularly, write to my dear one,

and attend Church services. But with all these privileges there is no day in which I miss home so much."

Taking advantage of our quiet camp life, I obtained leave to visit Knoxville, where I had spent so many pleasant days the year before. My letter of the 13th of August gives some account of that visit: —

"Does it look natural to you to see this letter dated from Knoxville? I left Murfreesboro day before yesterday, woke up in the morning and found myself across the Tennessee River and in the midst of the mountains. The scenery is quite romantic and attractive. I felt at once that I was in East Tennessee. There is nothing in scenery like the mountains. In a little while we came in sight of Lookout Mountain, stretching far away with its range into Georgia, and jutting up with its bold promontory into the Tennessee River, and far above the mist of the river rose the spur so celebrated as Hooker's Battle of the Clouds. Soon we came into Chattanooga, bristling with its many battlements, and alive with the hurry and bustle of that great army dépôt. It is astonishing to note what a vast machinery it requires in the rear to support and keep supplied a large army.

"The run up to Knoxville was quite pleasant, where we arrived at half-past five in the evening. On my way up to the hotel I met an old Tennessee acquaintance who acted as a guide for me in my raids last autumn. He would listen to nothing but that I must be his guest, so I went around and stopped with him. I came down in town in the evening, and called on some of my old friends who showed much pleasure

in seeing me again. To-day I have been busy in calling on other old friends, and took dinner to-day with Mrs. Locke, who was very glad to have me again at her house. I am to take supper with General Tillottson, commanding the post. I have found a number of the old Sixty-fifth and of my staff here on detailed duty.

"They are organizing an expedition for a raid into upper East Tennessee, in my old route of campaigning, and, to be frank, I have been very much tempted to go up with them, as they are anxious to have me. But it would detain me beyond my leave, and I might expect a scolding from my dear little wife. So I will leave in two or three days and return direct to Murfreesboro."

As the term of enlistment of our regiment was drawing to a close, a movement was set on foot to have me continue in the service. The Union men of western Kentucky were very anxious to have me return to that district and drive out the guerrillas, who had been very troublesome after I had left that region. They had been in conference with my older brother George, who took a great pride in my military career and was very ambitious for me. The plan was to have me made a brigadier general, and given a special command of western Kentucky. When this was made known to me I answered my brother George that if the command was tendered me without any effort on my part I might take it into consideration, but only on the express condition that my wife would consent to it. It is to this plan I refer in some of my letters to her. In the one of July 31 I say: —

"The expiration of our term of enlistment is drawing near and a strong effort will be made to get our regiment to re-enlist for one, two, or three years. What do you say, — must I go in for it? They are also writing me from Kentucky urging me to come back there and clear the guerrillas out of my old field of operations. I must confess the latter proposition is something of a temptation to me. I would like to spend three or four weeks there in chasing out the guerrillas, and then I really do believe I could come home and stay there in peace."

On August 7 I write my wife: —

"I had been back from the army just long enough with my wife and little darlings to appreciate how much I had missed during the three years gone, and I do believe when I get home this time I shall be able to conclude that I have discharged my duty to my country and done my share of the fighting, and that I have also a duty to discharge to my family, which I have sadly neglected for the three years past; and I hope that for the rest of my life I shall devote myself to them. Major Hynes was saying to me the other day that you had acted so nobly during my absence he thought I owed it to you and my children when I was out of the service this time to stay at home. But I take so much interest in the war and am so thoroughly satisfied with the correctness of the principles for which it is being prosecuted, that I must confess I do not like to leave the army, when all of our experienced officers and men are so badly needed, but I hope I will be able to see my duty clear to stay at home. I trust my influence and efforts there will not be entirely useless."

I wrote fully to my wife of the plans of my Kentucky friends and my brother, and from my letters it appears they met with her decided disapproval. On August 20 I wrote: "I was sorry on my return from Knoxville and read your letters and saw how you felt about my going into the service again, that I had written George on the subject." And again I wrote: "I was sorry to know from your letter that my letter in which I had said something about reëntering the service had given you any pain or solicitude, as I did not design that it should do so. I never yet have entered the service or left home except with your consent or approval, and I will not do it in the future. As I have written heretofore, I think I have served my country long enough to serve my family awhile; and I hope nothing will occur to prevent my early return to my home."

Some fear was entertained that the efforts of the Confederate cavalry to break up the railroad connections would detain our regiment in Tennessee beyond the term of enlistment, but no such untoward event occurred. The One Hundred and Thirty-sixth left Murfreesboro on August 25 under my command, passed through Louisville the next day, and the day following took the cars at New Albany for Indianapolis. The citizens of Bloomington, the seat of Indiana University where the "Foster boys" had received their education, having notice that the regiment would pass their town about noon, entertained them with a hurried but sumptuous dinner. We found a warm supper awaiting us and were comfortably quartered at Indianapolis in barracks,

where we spent one week waiting to be paid off and mustered out of the service. During this time we took part in a review by Governor Morton of six thousand troops gathered at the Capital of the State, and in this and our regimental parades we were enabled with much pride to exhibit our accomplishments in soldiery.

In the introduction to the compilation of these letters I described myself in entering the service as a peace man, as having no desire for military glory, having no special fitness for the life of a soldier, and entertaining a horror of war. The reader of these letters must have noted the gradual development of a taste for or satisfaction with the service. Even at the outset in Missouri, in describing in glowing colors the exposure to the climate and the hard marching, I manifest a certain enthusiasm for my success as a wagon-master, or for my prospective work of an architect of the log-hut winter quarters. I early mastered the tactics, army regulations, and camp régime, and often wrote of my interest in the drill and regimental and brigade exercises. I refer to the gallant charges of our regiment and brigade at Donelson, and speak of some parts of the bloody battle of Shiloh as "grand beyond description." I hardly had words sufficient to describe the deliverance by our army of the Union citizens of East Tennessee. My intercourse with my comrades, superior and inferior officers and men, is noticed as in all respects agreeable. When I entered the army I was not robust, having too long led a student and office life, but during my entire service I enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health, the letters constantly speaking of how the outdoor life and the most active campaigning best agreed with me. So that it has been seen that while at the end of three years of army service I was

rejoiced to go back to my home, to my wife and little ones, an offer to reënter the army was quite a temptation to me.

But my life in the army did not alter the views I had formed in my college life of the horror and futility of war, but rather strengthened and confirmed them. I witnessed the sad effects of the conflict in dividing and embittering brothers of the same blood, the ravages of the battlefield and the hospital, the valuable lives lost and the widows and orphans, the enormous expenditure of money, and the great war debt and pensions to be paid by a coming generation. All these evils might have been avoided by a peaceful adjustment of the questions which were settled by the armed conflict. The emancipation of the slaves by purchase would have been many times less than the cost of the war in money, without counting the saving of the lives lost, the widows and orphans, and the bitterness engendered. There is a certain glamour about warfare which attracts the participant, but it is fictitious and unchristian. I pray God that our country may be delivered from its horrors in the future.

THE END

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS

APPENDIX

INDIANA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

Some years after the close of the Civil War the Legislature of Indiana determined to erect a monument at Indianapolis, "designed to glorify the heroic epoch of the Republic and to commemorate the valor and fortitude of Indiana's Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Rebellion and other wars."

The corner-stone of this monument was laid in 1887 with appropriate services, including an oration by President Benjamin Harrison. It was completed and dedicated in 1902. It stands upon a terrace 110 feet in diameter, with a foundation of 69 by 53 feet, the height of the monument from the street level is 284 feet, and is crowned by a Victory statue of 38 feet. On subordinate pedestals occupying positions in the four segments are bronze statues of Governor Morton, Governor Whitcomb, General William Henry Harrison, and General George Rogers Clark. It is claimed to be the largest and most expensive soldiers' monument in the United States, and one of the grandest achievements of architectural and sculptural art in the world.

The dedication services on the completion of the monument were held on May 15, 1902, attended by military and civic delegations from all parts of the State, parades, salutes, dedication exercises, and illuminations, occupying the entire day and evening. The dedication address follows.

Address of John W. Foster, delivered at the Dedication of Soldiers' Monument, at Indianapolis May 15, 1902

Mr. Chairman, Governor Durbin, Comrades and Fellow Citizens:

We are gathered to-day inspired by mingled feelings of joy and sadness, of pride and sorrow. To the generation who have come upon the stage of public life since the scenes were en-

acted which are glorified in this noble monument, it may well be an occasion of exultation, for they see only the blessings conferred upon the State and Nation by the deeds of the heroic dead whose memory we are assembled to honor. But to those of us who were their comrades in service, there arises the sad recollection of the carnage of battle and the wasting experience of the hospital. While the stirring notes of martial music, the booming of cannon, and the waving of flags awaken the enthusiasm and the patriotic pride of the people, there are many mothers and widows to whom this brilliant scene is but the reopening of the fountain not yet dried up by twoscore years of weeping.

It is for no idle purpose I recall the solemn phase of the pageantry of these dedication exercises, for it cannot fail to impress more deeply upon us the debt we owe to the men for whom this magnificent memorial has been raised.

It commemorates the sacrifice of twenty-five thousand men — Indiana's contribution to the cause of the Union. A fearful price this Nation paid for its life. A veritable army is this, larger than any gathered under Washington or Scott. In those dark days, when our comrades were pouring out their life's blood on a hundred battlefields, when new calls were made for more men to fill the depleted ranks, when the scales hung trembling between success and failure, it seemed sometimes as if the State could not endure the fearful slaughter. But the triumph of the right came at last. And time has healed the scars of war. We can now look back upon the scene as one only of heroic deeds.

It was highly appropriate that on the apex of this shaft there should be placed the emblem of Victory. Never in the history of human warfare has there been a triumph more significant of blessing to mankind. The Goddess of Victory crowns this monument, but it is not in exultation over a fallen foe. I thank God that in the dedication services to-day there is no feeling of bitterness toward the men who fought against our dead comrades. We rejoice to know that they are loyal citizens with us of a common country. We must not, however, belittle the sacrifice of our honored dead. Right, humanity, and progress were

on the side of the Union armies, and it was chiefly for this reason we have reared this noble pile of bronze and marble.

What the victory they gained signifies to this Nation, to this continent, and to all peoples, has been so often, so exhaustively, and so eloquently told, that I hesitate to even allude to it. But my observation in foreign lands has so forcibly impressed on me one of the inestimable blessings which has been secured to us and to future generations by the triumph of the Union arms, that I deem this a fitting occasion to call it to mind.

Scarcely second in importance to the maintenance of republican government in its purity and vigor and the extirpation of slavery, are the reign of peace and deliverance from standing armies, which the unbroken Union guarantees to us and to our children. It requires no vivid imagination to conceive of some of the results which would have followed a division of the states — a frontier lined with fortifications, bristling with cannon and garrisoned by a hostile soldiery; conscription and taxation such as had never been known before; constant alarms of war; and political and international complications which would have put an end to our boasted American policy and Monroe Doctrine.

One of the things which most attracts the attention of foreigners who visit our shores is the absence of soldiers about our public buildings, in our cities, and along the thoroughfares of commerce. And those who have never seen our country can scarcely realize that it is possible to carry on a government of order and stability without a constant show of military force. In all the nations of Europe it has been for so many generations the continuous practice to maintain standing armies, that it is considered a necessary and normal part of the system of political organizations. The existence of rival and neighboring nations, constantly on the alert to protect themselves from encroachment on their territory and to maintain their own integrity, and the recent advances in military science and warlike equipment, have caused a great increase in the armies, enormously enlarged the expenditures, and compelled a rigorous enforcement of the most exacting and burdensome term of service; until to-day, in this high noon of Christian civilization,

Europe is one vast military camp, and, with such tension in the international relations, that the slightest incident may set its armies in battle array — the merest spark light the fires of war and envelop the continent, if not the whole world, in the conflagration.

Germany and France maintain an army on a peace footing of about a half-million of men each, Russia of three quarters of a million, and other Continental powers armies of relatively large proportions. The term of military service required in each is from three to four years. To support these enormous burdens the nations of Europe have imposed upon their inhabitants the most oppressive taxation, and, besides, have multiplied their public debts to the utmost extent of their national credit. But great as these exactions are, they are as nothing compared to the heavy demands made for the personal military service of the people. To take from the best energies of every young man's life from three to four years, just at the time when he is ready to lay the foundations of his career and establish his domestic relations, is a tax which can scarcely be estimated in money value, and is a burden upon the inhabitants so heavy and so irritating that they stagger under its weight and would rebel against it, did they dare resist the iron tyranny of military rule.

Thanks to the soldiers who fought triumphantly for the maintenance of our Union of States, and that there might continue to be one great and supreme nation on this continent, we are released from this curse of a large standing army, we are free from its burdensome taxation and debt, our young men are permitted to devote the flower of their lives to useful industry and domestic enjoyment, and our free institutions are not menaced by military oppression. To conquer a peace such as the world has not heretofore seen, and to secure a reign of prosperity and plenty which no other people of the present or the past has enjoyed, did the men of Indiana fight and die.

We are here to honor the soldier and the sailor; but it is well to recall that ours is not a warlike people, and I pray God they never may be. An event which greatly attracted the attention of Europe was that when our Civil War was over the vast armies

of near two millions of men quietly laid down their arms and, without outlawry or marauding, retired to their homes to renew their peaceful avocations. They had not become professional soldiers. They were citizens of a great republic, and felt their responsibilities as such.

In all, our foreign wars have occupied less than five years in a period of one hundred and twenty of our independence. Our greatest achievements as a nation have been in the domain of peace. The one aggressive war in which we have been engaged was that with Mexico, and it was the unrighteous cause of slavery which led us to depart from the line of justice in that instance. It is to be hoped that no evil influence or ambition will ever again lead us into acts of unjustifiable aggression. In the Spanish War, I think I speak the sentiment of the great majority of my countrymen when I say, it was a feeling of humanity which occasioned that conflict. It brought with it results which we could not anticipate and which many of our people lament. It has led to the expulsion of Spain and its bad system of government from this hemisphere, certainly not an untoward event. If it was a desire to benefit our fellow men that led us into that contest, I feel sure the same spirit will control our conduct toward the millions of people on the other side of the globe whom the fortunes of war have so unexpectedly brought into our dominion.

We are proud of the record which our country has made in the settlement of disputes with foreign nations by the peaceful method of arbitration. It is possible that all matters of difference cannot be adjusted in that way, but it offers a remedy which commends itself to the lover of peace and good-will among men, and it is our boast that we have resorted to it more often than any other nation.

It is not incumbent on me to give any account of this structure, so perfect in art, so appropriate in design, embracing all arms of the military service on land and sea. I must, however, as a comrade of those whose fame it perpetuates, bear cheerful testimony to the generosity of a grateful people, who have reared this costly column. It is in keeping also with the munificence of the Federal Government in all that relates to the

memory and the welfare of those who fought to secure the Union of these States. In the National Capital and throughout the land, in every city, and in almost every town, there are monuments to the Union soldiers, and the important battlefields have been turned into public parks consecrated to the Nation's dead.

And no government has been so liberal in its provisions for the surviving veterans. Listen to a few eloquent figures. At the close of the War for the Union our national debt amounted to the stupendous sum of $2,700,000,000. And yet there has been paid out of the National Treasury, since that date, for pensions an amount equal to that sum. Before the Spanish War the pension roll amounted to two fifths of the entire expenses of the Government, and it is even now, with the large increase of both the civil and military list, one fourth of the total. The payments on this account for the last year were about $140,000,000. There are now on the roll, nearly forty years after the war, 997,735 pensioners. Of the amount paid out, the pensioners from Indiana receive $10,291,000 every year, and the Indianians on the list number 66,974. The two great martial nations of Europe are France and Germany, but their expenditures for military pensions are only one fifth and one sixth of ours. In addition to these unparalleled disbursements, vast sums have been expended for the establishment and maintenance of Soldiers' Homes in various parts of the country. Surely the old soldier cannot charge his Government with ingratitude.

This day constitutes the culmination of the history of Indiana. This imposing monument, peerless of its kind among the nations, the gift of a rich and prosperous Commonwealth, the testimonial of a grateful people to the men who gave their lives to save the Union and perpetuate free institutions, stands to-day, with the quaternion of soldiers and statesmen about it, a memorial of past achievement, an evidence of present accomplishment in government, society, and industry, an assurance of future prosperity and happiness. It was a wise discernment of the memorable epochs in the history of the State which cause to be associated with this central monument the statues of the two soldiers and the two statesmen who adorn this artistic Circle.

Of all the soldiers who were famous in the War of the Revolution, few have rendered more imperishable services to the country than General George Rogers Clark. I have not the time to dwell upon his military career. You recall the repeated journeys he made across the mountains from his Kentucky home to implore the Revolutionary authorities to furnish him the means to save the great Northwest to the new nation. The story of his voyage down the Ohio with a mere handful of resolute patriots, his capture of Kaskaskia, his marvelous march in the dead of winter to the assault and capture of Vincennes, are among the most thrilling narratives of that heroic struggle; yet history has failed to give him due credit for his great achievement. But for his expedition, it is safe to say that the Northwest would have remained British territory, and Indiana would to-day be a crown colony or a Canadian province, rather than a free commonwealth of an independent people. Had the United States been confined in its territorial extent to the Atlantic seaboard, as our ally France wished it to be, the young republic might have survived as a shriveled and sickly nation under the guardianship of France; but the vast expansion to the Northwest, across the Mississippi, to the Pacific Coast, and to the Islands of the Orient never could have taken place. As we look upon that dashing figure, moulded in bronze, let us not forget the great debt we and all this Nation owe to the intrepid soldier who conquered the Northwest.

The second period of the history of Indiana is fitly represented by General William Henry Harrison, the territorial Governor and the defender of the frontier. He stands for the men who laid the foundations of our government and society, and freed the territory from the ruthless savage.

In Governor Whitcomb we have a typical Indianian of the early period of statehood. A farmer's son, he had his share, as a boy and young man, of the privations of frontier life, the Herculean labor of clearing away the forests, and bringing the land under cultivation. At the same period of time Indiana was nurturing another young man in like experience and labors of frontier life — that matchless American, Abraham Lincoln. In this era of abounding prosperity and luxurious living, we are

too apt to forget that they rest upon the toils and trials of our fathers. Whitcomb showed the stuff of which he was made by supporting himself at school and college by his own manual labor. He filled many public offices with usefulness and honor, and had the distinction of occupying the gubernatorial chair during the Mexican War, in which Indiana soldiers did their full share toward the victories which gained for us the wide domain stretching to the Pacific.

For the fourth period of the history of Indiana, which records the contest for the preservation of the Union, there could be but one man whose statue should be a companion piece to this superb monument. No soldier, no citizen, no man high or low, could take rank in point of heroic service, of tireless labors, of commanding influence, of exposure to dangers, of courage, self-denial and suffering, with Oliver P. Morton. He was a man endowed with rare intellectuality, and made a high place for himself in the Nation as a statesman, but to the people of Indiana, and especially to the old soldiers, he will be remembered as the Great War Governor.

It is fitting that the name of another son of Indiana should be mentioned on this occasion. His statue is not in this Circle, but will soon adorn another portion of this beautiful capital. When the corner-stone of this edifice was laid thirteen years ago he took part in the exercises, and, but for his untimely death, would doubtless have been called to occupy my place in this day's dedication. Benjamin Harrison has the distinction of being one of the first to inspire this great undertaking now so happily consummated. He himself was a gallant soldier and would have rejoiced to participate in this pageant. In every department of public and private life he did his work well, and we are proud to honor him as President and citizen.

It is a pleasing service to thus recall the names of some of our public men. I heartily believe in State pride. I believe in local attachments. The associations which cluster about the home are the dearest and the best. If we as Indianians have not, in times past, been as conspicuous as some of our neighbors for our State pride, it was not because we loved Indiana less, but the Union more; and since we have forever settled the ques-

tion of State rights, I see no reason why we should not on all proper occasions and with the vehemence of domestic loyalty exalt our State, and boast of its resources, its merits, and its memories. Among these there are none which constitute a nobler heritage or awaken more enthusiastic pride than the services and attainments of our public men.

I have not dwelt at any length upon the wonderful prosperity which our country is now enjoying, as one of the direct results of the preservation of the Union. We all rejoice in our present high and honorable position among the nations of the earth, and we may well look forward to a continuance of this era of peace and prosperity. But in the day of our exaltation we should remember that no people of the earth have proved to be indestructible as a nation. Every country may carry within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. We need not revert to the history of Rome, Greece, Egypt, or Assyria to learn of the decay and death of empires. The archæologist tells us that in the territory covered by the State of Indiana there once existed, at a period so remote that no legend of them remained among the aborigines at the discovery by Columbus, a great and powerful people who built populous cities, were possessed of a high grade of military science, were advanced in the arts, founded dynasties, had an educated priesthood, and were of a heroic frame.

I have not time to moralize upon this, but I venture a few practical suggestions which may appeal to us as citizens of a great nation whose prosperity and happiness we desire may continue through all time. If we would realize this expectation we must have an honest government, Federal, State, and local. I have given the figures which show the enormous expenditures for pensions. It is common rumor that this sum has been swelled by perjury and fraud. Every faithful soldier who receives a pension from the Government justly regards it as a badge of honor. He should watch with jealous care that no deserter, no skulker, no unworthy camp-follower, through the cunning of dishonest claim agents, should have the same badge of honor. So, also, bribery and corruption in our public and municipal bodies, may soon destroy the foundations of our

national life. All good citizens should denounce and combine to punish every attempt at corruption.

As we should have an honest government, so we should have a pure government. I have spoken of State pride. More than once I have been made to blush when away from home to hear the charge that the elections in Indiana were sometimes corrupt. I trust I may entertain the hope that there is exaggeration in this, and that our errors of the past no longer exist. It is a sure sign of national decay in a republican government, when the fountain head of power, the ballot, becomes corrupt.

While we must have an honest and pure government to insure the perpetuation of our institutions, we should also have an efficient government. And this I think can best be brought about by the universal application of the system of competitive civil service. I know that many an Indiana politician has mocked at it as the dream of the idealist, but it is the only democratic method of filling the offices where all applicants stand upon a common level, and the only way of securing the best results in administration.

I have entered upon a fruitful theme, but must not pursue it further. I have suggested three points which seem appropriate for our consideration to-day, when we are gathered to honor the soldiers who died that our country might live. We owe it to them to so act as citizens that they shall not have offered up their lives in vain. Let us cherish their memory, and in our day and generation do what we can to perpetuate for the people in the ages to come the blessings of free institutions among men. Should we thus prove true to our trust, this imposing memorial, so patriotic in design, and so perfect in execution, will stand in future years as a testimonial, not only to the fallen heroes of the war, but also to the faithful citizens, who handed down unimpaired their heritage of republican government to mankind.

MILITARY SERVICE OF JOHN W. FOSTER

War Department
The Adjutant-General's Office

Statement of the Military Service of
John W. Foster

Lieutenant-Colonel, Twenty-fifth Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and Colonel, Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiments, Indiana Volunteer Infantry

The records show that John W. Foster was mustered into service August 19, 1861, as major, Twenty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, to serve three years. He was subsequently commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the regiment and is recognized by the War Department as having been in the military service of the United States as of that grade and organization from April 30, 1862. He was mustered out of service as lieutenant-colonel to date August 24, 1862, to accept promotion. He was mustered into service as colonel, Sixty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, to date August 24, 1862, to serve three years. He was in command of the District of Western Kentucky, Department of Ohio, with headquarters at Henderson, Kentucky, in October and November, 1862, and in March, April, and May, 1863, but the records do not show either the date on which he assumed command or the date on which he was relieved therefrom. From August 21, 1863, to September 5, 1863, and from September 7, 1863, to October 18, 1863, he was in command of the Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Twenty-third Army Corps. The designation of the brigade was changed to the Fourth Brigade, same division, October 18, 1863, Colonel Foster remaining in command to November 3, 1863. This brigade was assigned to the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Ohio, November 3, 1863, and Colonel Foster commanded the Second Brigade of that division from November 3 to November —, 1863, and he commanded the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of

the Ohio, from November —, 1863, to January —, 1864, exact dates not shown. He was honorably discharged March 12, 1864, as colonel, upon tender of resignation.

The records further show that John W. Foster was mustered into service as colonel, One Hundred Thirty-sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, May 23, 1864, to serve one hundred days, and that he was mustered out of service with the regiment as colonel September 2, 1864, at Indianapolis, Indiana.

In the operations February 12–16, 1862, resulting in the capture of Fort Donelson, Tennessee, Major Foster was commended by his brigade commander for "the fearless and energetic manner" in which he discharged his duties. His conduct was said to be "worthy of the highest commendation."

At the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, April 6–7, 1862, the command of his regiment devolved upon Major Foster on the first day. The brigade commander, in his official report of that battle, stated with reference to Major Foster as follows: "The command devolved on Major Foster, who proved himself every way worthy of it. He was active, brave, and energetic, inspiring his men with courage and confidence. His worthy example was felt by all around him."

Official statement furnished to Hon. John W. Foster, 1323 Eighteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., October 13, 1915.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

P. C. MARTH
Adjutant-General
In charge of office