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Your friend
Rich. Yates

THE HISTORY
OF THE
THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER VETERAN
INFANTRY.
(Yates Phalanx.)
IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.
1861-1865.

BY

CHARLES M. CLARK, M.D.
(LATE SURGEON.)

Illustrated.

"Quid non pro patria."

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION
OF THE REGIMENT.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
1889.

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TO WEST
AUSTRALIA

DEDICATION.

.....
TO THE CHILDREN,
THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

OF THE
VETERAN SOLDIERS

OF THE
Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Veteran Volunteers,

WHO SO NOBLY RESPONDED TO THE CALL OF THEIR IMPERILED COUNTRY
IN THE TIME OF HER NEED; AND WHO SUFFERED UNTOLD PRIVA-
TIONS, DANGERS, AND THE SHEDDING OF THEIR BLOOD,
THAT "GOD'S BEST COUNTRY" MIGHT BE PRE-
SERVED AND HANDED DOWN IN ITS
INTEGRITY TO THE DEAR
ONES, FOR THEIR
INHERITANCE.

INTRODUCTORY.

COMRADES:

It was with feelings of great diffidence and misgiving that I approached the task of writing the history of THE THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS during its four years and two months of active service in the field; and now that the task (not its history) is completed, I feel more than ever my disqualification for undertaking it. I was a medical officer, and therefore not always acquainted with the real object of your movements, and seldom present as a participant when they were carried into execution. (I have reference to your movements on the battle-field, not the marches or the many other matters incidental to the life of the soldier.) In my feeble and imperfect way, however, I managed to keep track of you, and with the kind assistance of Major Homer A. Plimpton have given a fair recital of your deeds, both offensive and defensive, when confronted by the enemy. This history will be read by many of the men who personally helped to make it, and doubtless they will see errors and discrepancies, and will note the absence of numerous details and incidents connected with the movements and operations of the regiment. This must necessarily have been the case under the most favorable circumstances; but it must be borne in mind that the writer has had but little co-operation in the compilation of the facts presented, although the most earnest solicitation has been frequently made to all concerned, in order to make this history as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The "Roster" of officers and men was transcribed from the books of the Regimental Adjutant at Norfolk, Va., in 1865, by Lieutenant John L. Ripple, and they were found to be very incomplete, and full of errors. This has been rectified in so far

as it was possible, and has necessitated a great deal of research and much time. It is yet imperfect in many respects.

I have requested from every member of the regiment now living and who could be reached, that I be furnished with a biographical sketch of his life prior to, during, and after the war. Some have responded, but the majority have not; and this will explain why some members have been more prominently noticed than others.

I have tried to be generous and just to all; and I do not think that I have given to any one man or to any one company more than his or its share of the glory they were entitled to, in any battle or assault that they participated in. Where *all* did their duty so well, it is impossible to individualize.

This history was commenced in 1871, and completed in 1872; but for reasons not necessary to mention it was laid aside and practically abandoned. At the solicitation of many of the members of the regiment it was again taken in hand in 1887, and in most part has been re-written, and much interesting matter added.

The discouragements encountered in the efforts to get the history published have been immense. That you now possess it is wholly due to the unwearied efforts of the writer, and the generous subscriptions of a few members of our Veteran Association.

Acknowledgment is due for the generous gift of money by Comrade N. B. Kendall, and generous subscriptions from Comrades Mann, Sweetser, Baker, Savage, McGregor, and others.

My thanks are due to Major Plimpton for his generous aid in contributing material for the book; also to General Mann, Captain Baker, George Riddle, S. S. Brucker, Ed. D. Conley, D. H. Slagle, S. S. Linton, and some few others.

The portraits of the surviving officers and men which appear in the volume have been introduced at their own personal expense.

This book, Comrades, will recall and refresh many half-buried recollections of the days when you were soldiering. It will revive memories of much suffering, hardship, and perhaps may cause some old wound to ache and grumble. It will remind you of old comrades who fell at your side, and who now lie far

away from their homes in the hurried graves you made for them. Your children, I hope, will appreciate this record of your achievements at a time when the very foundations of this Government were being undermined and threatened with destruction, and Human Liberty was poised in the balance; and may it teach them a greater love for their country.

To all, or any, who may care to read it, I hope that it may teach them the great Brotherhood of Man.

I am deeply conscious of its imperfections, but it is the best I could do under the circumstances. Treat it with all the indulgence you can, and with that charity and consideration that is meted out to one who has faithfully tried to do his duty.

CHARLES M. CLARK, M.D.

CHICAGO, 1086 GRENSHAW ST.

July 1st, 1889.

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CORRECTIONS.

On page 6, in speaking of the presentation of the flag by Miss Helen Arion, it is stated that the presentation speech was made by Colonel C. P. Arion. It should read, the Hon. Fernando Jones, of Chicago, made the presentation speech—a gentleman who took a lively interest in the organization and equipment of the regiment, and who ever proved its friend and takes pride in the record it made during the war. At a late re-union he was made an honorary member of the Veteran Association of the regiment.

On page 84, second paragraph, sixth line, April 24th should read May 24th.

On page 228, second paragraph, first line, Marseilles should read Wilmington, Ill.

Page 458, Hazzard, Monroe, should read Hazzard, J. Monroe.

On page 496, Pettijohn, James, Company G, should read Pettijohn, Jacob.

ADDENDA.

George Howells, Company E, is living; his postoffice address is Braidwood, Ill.

Lester B. Dickey, Company G, resides at Orland, Cook county, Ill.

There should be added to the record of William H. Reed, Company A, that he was a prisoner at Andersonville for eighteen months and was about dead when he reached his home.

REVEILLE.

THE day-star shines upon the hill,
The valleys in the shadows sleep;
In wood and thicket, dark and still,
My comrades lie in slumber deep.
Far in the east a phantom gray
Steals slowly up the night's black pall,
And, herald of the coming day,
The distant bugle's soft notes call—

*"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!"*

A thought of motion at the sound—
As though the forest caught its breath,
And belted sleepers on the ground
More restless, like life in death,
And slumbering echoes, here and there,
Awaken as the challenge floats,
And louder air on the morning air
Ring out the cheery bugle notes—

*"I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up at all!"*

And as the shrilling strains prolong,
Flames into rose and gold the day,
And springing up, with shout and song,
Each soldier welcomes march or fray,
Through wooded vale, o'er wind-swept hill,
Where camp-fires gleam and shadows fall,
Louder and clearer, cheerily still,
Rings out the merry bugle call—

*"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up—
I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up—
I can't get 'em up at all!"*

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



THE FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

From Photograph taken on Morris Island, S. C., 1863.

HISTORY THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

How and When Organized—Difficulties Encountered in Getting Accepted—
Partial Disbandment—Reorganizing and Acceptance—Camp Mather
—Contest for the State Agricultural Flag—Election of Field Officers—
Ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.—Presentation of a Flag
by Miss Arion—Mustering into U. S. Service—March to Depot—Lunch
at Briggs House—Address of Hon. George C. Bates—Response by
Colonel Osborn, and others.

THE THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT had its birth during that period of great excitement and the intense feeling of indignation that followed upon the opening act of the rebellious States,—the firing upon Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, April 13th, 1861.

A party of gentlemen, some of whom were afterwards prominently identified with this regiment, had assembled in the law office of Moore & Osborn in the old Tremont building on Dearborn street, Chicago, to give expression to the feelings engendered by this outrage and insult to the flag of our common country, when it was suggested that a company of infantry be raised at once and tendered to the Governor of the State.

Action was immediately taken, and the names of Thomas O. Osborn, Frank B. Marshall, Dr. S. C. Blake, Joseph A. Cutler, George Coatsworth, Dr. Charles M. Clark and a few others were enrolled as members. Soon the idea occurred that it might be as easy to organize and raise a regiment as

a company, and measures were taken to that end. Money was procured and men selected to proceed to various portions of the State to enlist men and secure companies that had already been formed and were awaiting acceptance in some organized regiment. In the meantime, Orrin L. Mann, William H. Ranstead, William Dircks and others became associated with us, and active recruiting commenced in the city and suburbs. In less than six weeks' time we had some thirteen hundred men ready and impatient for muster into the United States service. Unfortunately for us the State had filled its quota under the first call for troops, and it was found that we could not be accepted as a regimental organization at that time, but were requested to await the next call, which, it was expected, would soon be made; but the men were impatient to get to the front and into active service, and learning that the State of Missouri was behind in raising its proportion of men, the regiment was tendered to the Governor of that State, but with a like result.

Somewhat discouraged, and there being no certainty as to when it would be accepted, the regiment became, in part, disorganized, some companies withdrawing for acceptance into other regiments that had not their full complement of men but had been accepted, and many men joining other companies that were about ready to take the field.

The regiment had decided upon bearing the name of His Excellency the Governor of the State, and became known as the "Yates Phalanx." Governor Yates manifested an earnest desire to have this regiment brought into service and sent Orrin L. Mann, then recruiting a company, to Washington with strong commendatory letters to the President and Secretary of War, urging the acceptance of this body of men, but it was not until the President had been authorized by Congress to make a call for five hundred thousand more troops that hope revived and measures were taken to recruit our losses.

In the latter part of July, 1861, after the disaster to our arms at the first battle at Bull Run, Va., notice was received from Washington that the regiment had been accepted and to prepare at once for muster into the service of the United States. More active measures were immediately put forward to increase our membership, and soon there were some three hundred men quartered in the old Republican Wigwam on Market street. Company A, Captain Munn, was the first full company to report, and they were speedily followed by companies C, D and G. In succeeding chapters more explicit mention of the company organizations will be given.

In the latter part of July, Austin Light, who had seen considerable service in the United States army, came to us well recommended as an organizer and as being well-posted in military affairs, army requirements and regulations, and to him was given the duty of perfecting the organization of the regiment, and it was conceded that he should have the colonelcy, although no election for field officers had as yet taken place.

On or about August 10th, the necessary tents and camp equipage having been furnished, encampment was made on Indiana avenue near Twenty-sixth street, and named "Camp Mather" in honor of the Adjutant General of the State, and we were soon inducted into some semblance of military life and duty.

Daily drill was inaugurated, by company in the mornings and battalion in the afternoons. Awkward squads could be seen maneuvering at most all times. The regimental band, organized by Philip M. Lace at Pontiac, Ill., had joined us, and their music served to enliven the somewhat dull monotony of the camp, and especially did it serve as an attraction for visitors at the time of dress parade.

The camp was pleasantly situated, with plenty of open prairie round about us; and in our near vicinity, to the

south and east of us, was located what was called the Douglas brigade, then in state of formation.

On pleasant days there was no lack of visitors of both sexes, but especially were we overrun with peddlers and traders of every conceivable sort—agents from various arms manufactories soliciting orders for revolvers and ammunition; dealers in horses, who wished to supply the field and staff; drummers from tailoring establishments, etc.

In the early part of September the State Commissioners of Agriculture, while in session at Chicago, voted a flag to be presented to the best drilled company of soldiers in camp at Chicago, and the regimental officers decided to enter into competition for it; and Adjutant Frank B. Marshall, formerly a member of the Ellsworth Zouaves, was selected to organize and command a company made up of men of his choosing from any material in the regiment. This he at once proceeded to do, and in the course of ten days' time, by patient and persistent work with his men he brought them to that perfection in the manual of arms and in field evolutions, that on the day appointed for the contest and the adjudication they won an easy victory and were awarded the flag.

In the closing days of September, the precise date is forgotten, there was an order issued for the election of field officers. It had been very well understood for a long time who were the choice for the positions of colonel and lieutenant-colonel, and, in fact, these officers had already received their commissions; but it was evident that there was to be a lively contest for the majorship. Two candidates were in the field for the position—Orrin L. Mann and William H. Ranstead, both of whom had been active in organizing and recruiting for the regiment. There were two factions, pretty evenly divided in support of the two men; that in favor of Ranstead was the most noisy and belligerent and consisted of what was termed the "bummer" element of the regiment;

the party in favor of Mann was more peaceful and orderly, but fully as determined. On the day of election, the officers gathered together in one of the larger tents and prepared for the ballot, selecting Doctor Clark as judge of election. Slips of paper bearing the name of each candidate were prepared and the voting proceeded, each slip being dropped into a hat on the table before the judge. When the votes were counted, it was found to be a tie vote, each candidate having received an equal number; but the judge of election had not yet voted, and who should be the major wholly depended on his decision; and amid a most profound quiet and anxious, questioning glances, he declared for Captain Orrin L. Mann. As soon as the result became known among the men it was evident that trouble was brewing. Ranstead, who was present on the grounds, was soon surrounded by his admirers and supporters and was lifted upon their shoulders, and as they paraded him around, it was declared that he should be major or they would leave the regiment. Some disgraceful scenes and a few acts of violence followed in the course of the day, but by nightfall matters became quieted down. Captain Mann was not present, being absent sick, and it perhaps was best so, for there were many threats of violence made against him, principally due to whisky. Ranstead declared that he should contest the matter to the extent of his ability, and did exert all the influence that he could bring to bear upon the Governor; but it proved of no avail. Captain Mann received the commission of major.

October 8th the order that we had anxiously and patiently looked for came to hand, and we were to immediately prepare to muster into the United States service for three years, and to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

Absentees were notified and gathered in, and everything made in readiness for the change awaiting us. A grateful surprise, however, was in store, before leaving Chicago,

which was the presentation of a beautiful silk flag, by Miss Helen Arion, the daughter of C. P. Arion, who had taken a lively interest in our affairs from the first. The presentation was made at the close of dress parade, on the evening of October 10th, by Colonel Arion, on behalf of his daughter, and the flag was received by Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, who in a few well-chosen words thanked the fair donor in behalf of the regiment, and finally ended by naming her the "Daughter of the Regiment."

October 11th, 1861, at seven o'clock in the morning, the officers and men were formed for inspection and for "muster-in" by Captain Webb, U. S. A.

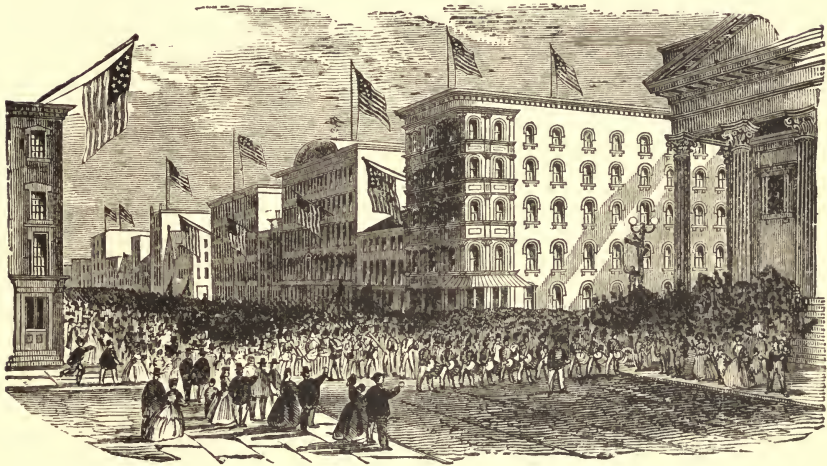
Eight hundred and six officers and men were in line, all being present except Company H, which was in process of recruiting. Some little time was occupied by the inspection, and at the last, when the order was given to raise the right hand and be sworn, the sight was solemn and inspiring as this body of stalwart and eager men took the oath to defend and ever uphold the government of the United States of America.

The orders received directed us to report to General S. R. Curtis, commanding Camp of Instruction at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., transportation being furnished via the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad. At eleven o'clock A.M. we bade a last adieu to Camp Mather, and commenced the march to the depot, stepping out to the inspiring strains from the band of "The girl I left behind me." We were at last "off to the wars," and thus commenced the first of a series of long and often disastrous marches unattended by such pleasurable emotions as at this time filled our hearts. The regiment proceeded by way of Cottage Grove avenue to Twenty-second street, turning into Michigan avenue, thence to Madison street, and to the cars. The men put their best foot forward, making a most creditable and soldierly appearance, although without muskets, gratefully and proudly

receiving the admiring plaudits of the thousands who had gathered to witness the departure of the Thirty-Ninth.

We were escorted from the camp to the depot by the Chicago Zouaves in command of Captain E. L. Brand, and highly appreciated the compliment.

After the men had been assigned and comfortably disposed of on board the cars, the officers, through the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Pratt, one of the officials of the railway, were invited to partake of lunch at the Briggs House, where they



“OFF TO THE FRONT.”

at once proceeded, and with good appetites soon evinced their appreciation of this kindness. After the meal, Mr. George C. Bates, an old soldier and a prominent lawyer of Chicago, arose, and in behalf of the citizens made the following address:

OFFICERS OF THE PHALANX! Although entirely surprised by the suddenness of the command that has summoned me to join you, yet I am too old a soldier, and my heart is too full of the great and glorious cause that has brought us together here to-day, to disobey the order of those who command me to speak. You, soldiers, have just now ended your career as

mere holiday troops, and are now at once to buckle on the armor and to unsheathe the swords of gallant knights enrolled to maintain, uphold and defend that Constitution and that Union which were hammered out amidst the fires of the Revolution, and cemented by the blood of the fathers and heroes of the war of our independence. The morning reveille which has hitherto summoned you to roll-call, will, ere another day's sun shall have gone down into the Pacific, call you "To arms!" "to arms!" against the deadly foes and the rebellious crew that are now endeavoring to destroy and overthrow that gorgeous temple of Liberty reared by Washington, Hancock, Adams, Jefferson and their compeers; that temple which has hitherto challenged, by its beauty, the admiration of all the nations of the earth—a temple in which the exiles of despotism from all parts of the world have always sought an asylum; while the evening tattoo will bid you to sleep on your burnished arms, ready, at any moment, to rally to the bugle call to the rescue of that flag which has always floated in triumph over every sea and in every clime.

The hour, Colonel, is a sad one, and this parting and leave-taking, in some respects painful, for you leave behind you your wives, your little ones, your kinsfolk, and your cheerful, happy homes. And yet, our only regret is, that we, too, cannot join your ranks, enroll our names upon your muster, and rally with you under those dear old Stripes and Stars. You are, indeed, Colonel and officers, to be envied, that you *can* go, and the buttons you wear, the swords that gird your thighs, the epaulettes that mark and designate your rank, are all badges of honor, of chivalry, of duty in the field, which we civilians can only *covet*, not enjoy. You, and such as you, are the honored children of this glorious republic, of whom, in after times, when the Union shall have been successfully maintained, and peace restored, our children shall say, as they point at you with pride, and their eyes sparkle with delight, as you shall pass along the pathway of life: "There goes one of the Army of the Union!" Honors shall cluster thick around you, and garlands of myrtle shall be woven by fairy fingers to entwine around your brows, and when finally you shall be gathered to another and brighter world, on the slab that marks your resting place shall be engraven these words:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A SOLDIER OF THE UNION."

Go, Colonel, and you, officers of the Phalanx, to your respective posts. The voice of your country calls you—the bugle of the gallant Pathfinder summons you to join his ranks, that with him and your fellow-soldiers of Illinois you may once more raise on the very highest peak of the snowy mountains that divide the waters that flow to the Pacific from those that sink into the Atlantic, our time-honored flag, every stripe unchanged, every star undimmed.

It may be that it is your glorious privilege to join the loyal sons of Kentucky, and amidst the lovely lawns and splendid groves of Ashland, with your gleaming bayonets and glittering swords over the very grave that

shields the ashes of the immortal Clay, to contend against the degenerate and dastard sons and the rebel children of him who lived and died to maintain and adorn that Government which they now seek to destroy. In the name of Henry Clay we bid you uphold that banner under which he was born, for the honor of which he lived, and in which his sacred remains now lie enshrouded. Strike the traitors of Kentucky in the name of Clay!—his spirit will uphold, his prayers in heaven will echo and reëcho through its vaults in your behalf, and victory will perch upon your banner over his tomb. Should your command for one moment falter, or your gallant Phalanx hesitate, point them to that gray-haired patriotic Conscript Father of our Republic, the lion-hearted, the chivalrous *Crittenden*, who has come down from that Senate chamber, of which he was so long the proudest ornament, has exchanged the toga for the musket, and with his gray hairs streaming in the wind, at almost four score, has put upon his feeble but sacred shoulders the armor and breastplate of the Union, only to be laid aside when he shall have filled a soldier's grave, or every rebel villain from the traitorous vice-president to his own degenerate son, shall have been driven from Kentucky beyond the Hermitage where sleeps "Old Hickory," into the turbid waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Colonel, well may you and your soldiers feel proud that you are to fight for the burial place of Henry Clay, side by side with such heroes, such statesmen, such orators as John J. Crittenden. Let the watchword of your Phalanx be, Our Union and its great defenders—Clay and Crittenden; and then strike as becomes the sons of Illinois, the soldiers of the Union. From every mountain and in every valley of Kentucky let these two names be sounded, and like the fiery cross of Scotland, from every brake and bush, from every hilltop and in every valley, shall the sons of the "dark and bloody ground," the loyal and gallant Kentuckians, rush to the rescue.

Go, then, soldiers of the Phalanx, to a proud and glorious victory, or to a soldier's honored grave. Our prayer at morning and evening shall be—God bless, protect and save our country and its warrior sons.

"What though destruction sweep these lovely plains?
Rise, fellow-men, our Union yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear *for it* to live, *with it* to die."

At the conclusion of the remarks of Mr. Bates, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas O. Osborn arose, and with a heart full of emotion and in words of burning eloquence, responded in behalf of the Phalanx and its officers. He told of the obstacles in its infancy, the embarrassments in its equipment, and of its successful and perfect organization, and pledged the regiment and its officers to either maintain and defend

the cause of the Union or to leave every man of it on the field of battle and of duty.

A short and stirring speech was then made by Captain Hooker, when the order was given "Fall in!" and the officers proceeded to their respective posts. An excellent collation was also provided by the railroad company for the regiment and Captain Brand's escort, at the *dépôt*, which was discussed with eminent satisfaction and elicited universal sentiments of gratitude for the generosity which had anticipated their wants.

CHAPTER II.

Off for St. Louis—Transferred to a Steamboat at Alton—Man Overboard—
Arrive at St. Louis—Benton Barracks—Scenes in Barracks—Receive
Arms, but not Satisfactory—Sickness—To Join Ward H. Lamon's
Brigade at Williamsport, Md.—Leave St. Louis—Incidents of the
Journey—Arrival at Hagerstown, Md.—March to Williamsport.

AFTER leaving the Briggs House our steps were directed to the cars, where, after bidding adieu to the many friends who had accompanied us, the order was given to move, and we were soon separated from all the blandishments of Chicago, and bade a long good-bye to home scenes and comforts.

The occasion was one that enlisted the energy of thought, and as the train moved forward and onward a mournful silence seemed to take possession of us all, relieved only by the swift-rolling wheels and the jar and clatter of motion; but the re-action soon took place, and the jovial element of some of our comrades asserted a pre-eminence that we could not control, and in mirthful song and strange story we soon forgot the past.

We reached the city of Alton the following afternoon, where a most desirable change awaited us in the shape of a steamboat ride down the river.

The transfer was soon made, and "all aboard!" soon proclaimed, when we heard the cry of "man overboard!" All rushed to see what was the matter, but thanks to the crew of the steamer the man was already landed, and proved to be one of the men who had imbibed too freely of the milk of "human weakness," and he came aboard again dripping and sputtering about a bath in the Mississippi.

The city of St. Louis was reached about seven p.m. and the command disembarked and formed for the march to Benton Barracks, our destination. It was some time, however, before a guide was found, and then we learned that a march of several miles was before us.

The regiment started out, marching by platoons up through the narrow and deserted streets with no one to cheer and no one to make afraid. Occasionally some belated traveler or vagrant would turn to watch our progress. It was not until the band had come together and commenced a lively air that the streets were enlivened by the lights from door and window, but they were generally quickly closed again, for it was nothing but a "Yankee parade" in the estimation of the majority.

We reached the barracks in the early morning, but received no accommodations at all until eight o'clock, when comfortable quarters were assigned to the field and staff officers and to each company.

Benton Barracks, at this time, was a Camp of Instruction and were occupied by several regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry under the command of Brigadier-General S. R. Curtis, U. S. A.

The barracks were named at the request of Major-General Fremont in honor of his father-in-law. They were pleasantly located, some three miles west of the city, and were very extensive, including the old Fair grounds and some three hundred acres beside. The barracks proper were constructed on the border of an oblong square inclosing one hundred acres which was used for parade and drill purposes, and the appearance presented here, at times, was calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the most obtuse.

For the first few days, there seemed to be a general revulsion of mind occasioned by the strange scene and the consciousness of having suffered a great change in social and culinary arrangements. We had but just begun to realize

that pork, beef, beans and hard-tack were the "staff of life" for the soldier, and the continuous use of this provender, badly cooked, was calculated to engender a bad temper. The post sutler was the only alternative, and the extortionate prices for little delicacies in the way of fruit and cakes made one wonder, besides making him sick. All were soon familiar with the new routine of life; and in going through camp, scenes of contented comfort and enjoyment were apparent.

The soldier is ever the creature of circumstances, and we had made up our minds to take "things as they came," and let care go drifting; and the leisure time was employed throughout camp in games at cards, dancing, and practical jokes.

Arms for the regiment were received October 16th, 1861, but as they were of inferior kind the men protested against them. General Curtis stated that they were for drill purposes and for the protection of the camp, and that as soon as possible they should receive better ones; which explanation was satisfactory.

After being in barracks for some days, sickness among the men became manifest, and it was not an unusual matter to have one hundred and fifty report at "sick call" in the morning. Many of this number were pure malingerers, of course, and reported merely for the purpose of being excused from duty, which was becoming too onerous and "played out," in their parlance, and wishing to escape drill, they reported to the surgeon for an excuse.

It had been intimated, and we had reason to believe that we were to be sent to General Sigel's division, but while waiting for transportation, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, Marshal of the District of Columbia, arrived on the 26th day of October with an order from General Fremont for us to proceed to Williamsport, Maryland, to join Ward H.

Lamon's brigade, which was then organizing, and was to be assigned to General Banks' division of the Army of the Potomac.

The order directed us to leave camp on the 29th of October and proceed to Leesburg on the Potomac *via* Alton, Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Our wish would have been, by the way of Chicago; but it was considered that too much risk would be run in the matter of losing men.

For some reason the departure of the regiment from St. Louis was deferred until October 31st, 1861, and the destination changed to Hagerstown, Maryland.

The journey from St. Louis to Hagerstown occupied thirty-six hours. The incidents of the trip were diverse and exciting. Everywhere along the line we met with hearty welcome, amounting to ovations in some instances. At the isolated farm-houses, the inmates came to the portal waving us onward and giving us God-speed to our destination and our mission.

At Indianapolis a collation was bountifully spread and partaken of with thankful hearts, seasoned as it was with cheering words at the hand of youth and beauty (feminine gender). The regimental band under the enthusiastic Lacey gave them some patriotic airs, and we sped onward, traversing a beautiful and picturesque country down the valley of the Beaver and Ohio rivers until we reached Allegheny City at four P. M., November 1st.

We crossed the river, and were soon in Pittsburgh; where a delegation from the "Soldiers' Aid Committee" escorted the regiment to rooms over the city market and where we were plentifully fed with the staples of life, to say nothing of the luxuries.

The boys put away the "hash," as they termed it, with decided relish under the waiting hands and smiles of the patriotic women of Pittsburgh.

At this point we were transferred to the Pennsylvania

railroad, under the gaze of curious thousands who had gathered to look at an Illinois regiment.

As we moved off, the grand hurrahs of the men and the encouraging smiles of the women were sufficient to satisfy even the most apathetic among us. The cars provided for us were very comfortable, and numbered some twenty-six aside from the baggage train, and three locomotives were attached to draw us onwards.

In passing through the train we found the men to be unanimous in the opinion of having been well treated in Pittsburgh, and it was amusing to a great degree to listen to



SUPPER AT PITTSBURGH.

their talk. Some were convinced that old Pennsylvania was the most hospitable State in the Union. "Didn't they treat us well!" says one who had a box of cigars, a package of tobacco and a drinking cup that had been presented to him. Others would only admit that it was second to Indiana—"For didn't they do it brown for us in Indianapolis!" There was gratitude on every side, and we were thankful that the generous people had been so thoughtful for us.

At midnight we commenced the ascent of the mountain and many were the wishes that the darkness of night might be changed to day until the passage was made, that we might enjoy the scenery.

Some hours were occupied in making the transit, and occasionally we caught glimpses of awful chasms and frightful precipices; sometimes were whirling along unbroken ridges, then thundering through dismal tunnels cut through massive rock; then as we commenced the descent, our speed was sometimes alarming; but the only satisfaction obtained was the clangor of the chained wheels as they slid along the rails, awaking shudders for our safety.

November 2d, at three o'clock P.M., we reached Harrisburg, after following along the historic Juniata and the broad and beautiful Susquehanna rivers.

We remained sufficiently long to transfer our train to the Cumberland Valley railroad, and were soon rolling on again, and reached Mechanicsburg, a lively and very pleasant city, and one that will remain "*green*" in the memory of more than one connected with the "*Phalanx*," for as we entered the town a large number of young ladies met us at the *dépot*, from the Seminary near by, each bearing the colors we go to maintain.

Some of the officers and men were so fascinated that they jumped from the train and hastened to pay their respects, thus taking lead of the Field and Staff, who were so importuned that at last *they consented* to show themselves—all being modest and retiring men.

A merry time was had in the few moments that we were permitted to stop. The whole population of the town had seemingly turned out to greet us, and those who remained behind were seen at the doors and windows with fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hats.

At half-past six P.M. we reached Carlisle, our Colonel's old home, and who called our attention to the barracks where he had spent many years as a soldier.

On reaching the station we proceeded to the hotel for supper, much to the annoyance of the engineers, who blandly told us that they would not stop longer than five minutes; but

we soon ended the controversy by asserting that we would remain until our supper was finished, well knowing that their duty would not be compromised, as there were no trains to meet and no trouble to encounter except their willfulness; and we enforced our point by giving orders to have the brakes put "hard down" in case they attempted to start, and many of the boys who had been up to the "trick" before, were only too glad to obey; and the train was soon under "martial law."

On leaving the supper-table we found the non-commissioned staff and men enjoying themselves heartily in making the acquaintance of the many ladies who had gathered along the train and who were presenting edibles and smiles in one motion gratuitously; and there are many of the old "Phalanx" who will cherish thoughts of that occasion for all time.

Carlisle lies about fifty miles from the border of Virginia, and in the track of rebel invasion, and the inhabitants of the town were in constant fear of such a disaster as was realized in the partial destruction of their place in 1863, during the passage of Lee's army through to Gettysburg. The railroad runs through the main street of the town, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the streets were full of people to welcome troops who were going to the front to place themselves between them and danger. The ladies seemed to preponderate, and the boys, when they left the train to stretch their legs, were quite taken by surprise to find so much beauty and such a loving welcome as was extended. One would have thought that they had all come to meet some long-absent brother or son, so demonstrative was their greeting. The boys, after recovering from their surprise, rather enjoyed the affair, and much regretted that it could not be continued indefinitely or taken along.

It was eight o'clock before we were started again, and it will be remembered that every town we passed through was

illuminated with bonfires and lights placed at the windows and portals of the houses—in fact a perfect ovation had been tendered the command from its first starting out to the end of the journey.

We reached Hagerstown, Maryland, at midnight, but did not leave the cars until morning, on account of the rain which had commenced to fall some hours previously.

At six o'clock we removed from the cars, during a temporary lull in the storm, to the market house, which was kindly placed at our disposal and where the morning ration was disposed of. The city was very quiet; but few of the citizens (principally negroes) gathered around to look at us. At twelve m., November 7th, the baggage train and ambulances reported from Williamsport. The train was speedily loaded and we started out, in a drenching rain, for our destination. The march occupied two hours' time, but it was not a gloomy one notwithstanding the heavy rain and driving wind. There was no complaining, for every man behaved himself as a soldier, and the vivacity of spirit and elasticity of step was wonderful in consideration of all the circumstances. Officers and men were soon wet to the skin, and it was only occasionally that some of the more effeminate reported back to the ambulance for shelter.

Williamsport, the "Omega" of our tramp, was reached at three o'clock p.m., and we proceeded to take quarters in several vacant warehouses on the banks of the canal, as it was deemed impossible to pitch the tents on account of the high wind and incessant rain.

But one incident had occurred to mar the pleasure of our progress from St. Louis, Mo., to Williamsport, Md. Before leaving Pittsburgh, Private Daniel Neal, of Company K, while the car in which he was riding was at rest upon a bridge (the train having stopped for repairs), missed his footing upon the platform and was precipitated down through the trestle-work a distance of forty feet. Fortunately the

bed of the stream beneath was shallow, and he escaped drowning; but when picked up it was found that he had suffered a severe concussion of the spinal column, with fracture of two of the processes of the dorsal vertebræ. The lower limbs were paralyzed. He was taken aboard the cars again and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and on reaching Pittsburgh he was placed under competent care at Dr. Waller's Surgical Infirmary. After recovery he rejoined the regiment at Arlington Heights, Va., in 1864, and was discharged by reason of physical deformity.

CHAPTER III.

Making Encampment—Regimental Hospital—Measles—Death of Lieutenant Richardson—His Burial—How the Surgeons were Treated—Reminiscence of Washington—Refugees—The Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers—A False Alarm—Porte Crayon—Colonel Light's Dismissal—Meeting of Company Officers—Colonel Osborn Promoted to the Vacancy—Thanksgiving, and How Observed.

AFTER a good night's rest in our provisional quarters we removed to a camping-ground about one mile from the town, it being located on the summit of a broad ridge near the river, from which and the enemy's pickets it was closed from view by a belt of heavy timber.

The regimental hospital was established in the town, having appropriated a large brick structure, formerly a hotel, for the purpose. It was capable of containing about one hundred patients, and was soon repletely full by reason of an epidemic of measles which broke out about this time among the men of the command, aside from other and frequently recurring diseases incident to camp life. The medical officers of the regiment treated some three hundred cases of measles in this hospital without the loss of a single life; but afterwards, the sequelæ frequently occasioned death.

While here, First-Lieutenant Joseph W. Richardson, of Company A, was taken sick with typhoid fever. He received the best of care at the Globe Inn, where he was quartered, but after a painful illness he succumbed to the disease, November 17th, 1861. The ladies of the house contributed a very pretty wreath of flowers, and the regimental colors, furled with crape, were hung at the window of the room where he lay. He was buried with military honors on the banks of

the Potomac river, between two hostile armies—the friends and foes of the Union.

The regiment had no arms at this time, and upon request to Colonel Leonard, commanding the Thirteenth Massachusetts and the Post, to send a firing party, he responded with his whole regiment, which turned out with the Thirty-Ninth to do the last sad offices for the dead lieutenant. This, perhaps, is the only instance during the war where two regiments, at the front, attended the burial of a soldier, no matter of what rank. Chaplain McReading read the impressive burial service of the Masonic Order, to which the deceased belonged, and soon after the hills echoed the salute which Massachusetts fired over the grave of a patriot son of Illinois.

The medical officers remained in town for the reason that the hospital was located there, but each morning either the surgeon or the assistant rode out to camp at seven o'clock A.M. to hold "sick call." There seemed to be an organized fellowship among members of the several companies to give the "doctor" a warm reception at each visit, and no sooner did we reach the outline of camp than a perfect howl was sent up in which could be distinguished expressions such as "There comes old Salts! Castor O-i-l-l !! Quinine !!!" etc., etc., and which was echoed and re-echoed from one end of camp to the other, making a most unpleasant strain upon the sensitive tympanums of the doctors.

The medical officers, however, had the opportunity for revenge among the large number that always presented for excuse from duty (mainly malingerers), by repeating the doses of salts and oil and quinine, and personally attending the administration.

The practice of catharticism among the men was rendered almost absolute by reason of the continual gourmandizing of indigestible rubbish from the sutlers, and it was a matter of surprise that no more sickness was engendered

from the inordinate stuffing that was continually practiced; but perhaps the epsom salts so lavishly dispensed was the antidote, and, be it known, a six months' supply was consumed in the short space of six weeks.

Opposite the Potomac House in the town, was a quaint structure that possessed more than common interest, and around which many reminiscences of the past clustered that are still dear to every American heart. It was in this building that General George Washington, while looking for a site for the national capital, made his headquarters and remained for the space of two weeks. Williamsport was a locality he had in view at one time, but some circumstance changed it to the present locality.

We were close upon the rebels here, and could see their pickets daily pacing along the high ridges of the opposite shore of the Potomac river, and sometimes we had a view of large numbers of cavalry who were scouting and continually driving the Union-loving men and women from their homes, besides plundering and destroying their property.

Williamsport was full of refugees that had been forced to leave their homes on account of their loyal sentiments. It was also full of spies, who, under the most strict surveillance, managed to communicate with the enemy on the opposite shore. There were rebels in the town, too, but they were securely lodged in the guard-house.

The regiment, at this time, had no arms, but were daily expecting them, and as a consequence we felt ourselves to be in a very lame condition, with no means of offense or defense except what nature had provided.

The Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, then quartered in town, were armed with the Enfield rifle, and besides, there were several companies of cavalry well-mounted and armed, and a section of battery of rifled cannon.

It was promised that two more regiments, one from

West Virginia and one from Pennsylvania, would soon join us, and then it was proposed to cross the river, proceed to Martinsburg, thirteen miles distant, where there was some five thousand of the enemy with heavy ordnance, and we, of course, were going to dislodge them and establish a new base of operations; but

“The well-laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a’glee;”

and so in this instance we suffered disappointment. Had we crossed the river, the example of General Patterson, who



THE CAMP KITCHEN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

was our predecessor, would not have been followed, for we had no sympathy with the rebellion.

November 10th, 1861, there was some indication of an attack, judging from the preparations that were making on the opposite bluffs, but it eventuated in nothing but a scare.

A little episode in our history grew out of the matter, however, which was very personal in its application. At about nine o'clock P. M. the "long roll" sounded through camp, and it being our first experience with it, an unusual excitement and commotion was soon established. Every man, it is presumed, fully believed that the "Secesh" were

coming, full tilt, from the fact that various rumors during the day had prepared them to give credence to almost anything. While the alarm was being sounded, the men were seen slinging their knapsacks and grasping anything that would serve as a weapon before taking their place in the line that was forming, and, strange to say, a perfect alignment was made in the space of three minutes' time. The band came out with their instruments in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, each member looking somewhat bewildered. The females in camp, and there were several, the wives of enlisted men, who had come out as laundresses, were in a maze of bewilderment and fluttered about with bundles of clothing in their arms and slung over their backs, fully intent on preserving their effects from what would soon be (in their belief) a plundered camp.

After the line was formed, the regiment was put in motion and maneuvered about for some little time, when it was dismissed by the colonel with some explanations.

The men were unanimous in considering it a good joke, but confessed to a bitter disappointment that their fears had not been realized.

While we were at Williamsport we made the acquaintance of David Strother, but more familiarly known as "Porte Crayon" from his pen and pencil sketches. He at the time was engaged in scouting, and frequently made his appearance at the Potomac House where he would spend a social evening. We took much pleasure in entertaining him, well knowing him as a literary acquaintance and a staunch Union man in his sentiments and actions. He was afterwards on the staff of Major-General Banks, and before the close of the war had the commission of colonel.

In the latter part of November, 1861, Colonel Austin Light left the regiment by order of the War Department. The reasons for his dismissal are well known to many

who were present with the regiment at the time, and therefore it would serve no good purpose to repeat them here.

What was reported as to Colonel Light's conduct while a corporal in the U. S. Army, may or may not have been true. Even if it were, it is the opinion of the writer (who was acquainted with all the circumstances), that there was no justification for his removal.

The order caused a painful surprise. The men had become much attached to him, for he was an efficient officer and a kind-hearted man. The men marched in a body to headquarters to bid him good-bye. The Colonel thus addressed them:

“FELLOW SOLDIERS, OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE THIRTY-NINTH: It has pleased the War Department through the influence of some political intrigue, I know not how else, to deprive your Colonel of his command. As I leave you, I must say that I have found you soldiers such as command my respect and such as I should be proud to lead against the rebels now in arms. I must now bid you farewell.”

As he passed through the ranks, on his departure, every head was bared and much sorrow expressed in many ways.

As soon as it was known that our “Light” had gone out we went to work to get a new colonel.

The company officers were at first bitterly opposed to supplying the vacancy by promotion, and held a meeting on the night of December 4th, in the parlors of the Potomac hotel for the purpose of choosing a man to fill the vacancy. The first choice was William J. Wyatt, of Illinois, and the second Thomas Morgan, of the same State; but notwithstanding this action on their part, the Governor promoted Lieutenant-Colonel T. O. Osborn to the colonelcy, Major Orrin L. Mann to the lieutenant-colonelcy, and Captain S. W. Munn, of Company A, to the majorship, and matters were soon adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties.

December 5th, Colonel Leonard, of the Thirteenth Massachusetts regiment, commanding the post, received

orders from Washington to send forward, without delay, all the troops he could to re-inforce General Kelly, at Romney, Virginia, who was said to be creeping down to engage the rebels and re-open the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

We had not as yet received our arms, although assured that they were at Hagerstown, and consequently could not go to the assistance of General Kelly.

The health of the command at this time was excellent, the measles having run their course, three hundred and fifty-three cases having been treated in the short space of two months, aside from other diseases. The mortality list was small indeed, the only deaths in the command being Lieutenant Joseph Richardson, from typhoid fever; Private William Parrish, of Company G, from organic disease of the heart; and Private Henry Hoisington, Company B, from tuberculosis.

Thanksgiving Day came, bringing with it a suspension of all but necessary duties, and likewise a considerable number of turkeys and chickens whose age, lineage and previous history were not especially inquired into, having been provided by the genius who watches after the wants of the soldier. Several officers were invited to dinner in town with the officers of the Thirteenth Massachusetts; others dined at the house of Captain Kennedy, of the First Maryland Infantry. In the evening a grand ball was held at the Globe Inn, and largely attended, but did not prove particularly interesting, on account of the scarcity of women for partners. But a "stag"-dance being better than no dance at all, the fun was continued until the small hours of a very *fog-gy* morning in more senses than one.

CHAPTER IV.

Arms for the Regiment—Orders Received to Guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—Depart for Hancock, Md.—Cross the Potomac River to Alpine Station—Posting of Companies—Surmises and Expectancy—"Stag" Dances—The Colonel and Terpsichore—Swan Family—Fort Osborn—Scouting—Applejack—Enemy Approaching—The Detached Companies—How Quartered—Berkeley Springs—The Strother Family—Expedition to Bloomer's Gap—Commotion in Camp—The Chaplain and Lieutenant Belcher, etc.—Dr. Clark goes to Bath—Colonel Osborn's Official Report of Operations at Bath and Other Places—General Imboden's Account of Jackson's Expedition.

THE DAYS passed uneventfully by, the hours filled out with the monotonous routine of camp duties, with the exception of the stir occasioned on the arrival of arms for the regiment in the early part of December. They were the Springfield rifle—a most excellent and serviceable weapon—and the men were jubilant over the possession, having considered that they were only half soldiers with no means of offense or defense.

December 15th, 1861, the regiment broke camp and departed for Hancock, Md., some sixteen miles distant, the camp and garrison equipage being transported by canal-boat. It arrived at Hancock on the following day, after bivouacking at Clear Spring over night, and at once crossed the Potomac river to Alpine Station, Va., having orders to guard the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

The various companies of the command were distributed as follows: Companies A, B, C, and F at Alpine Station and vicinity; Company E at Sir John's Run, six miles distant up the road in the direction of Cumberland; Company G, at Great Cacapon bridge; and Companies D, K, and I at

Bath or Berkeley Springs, six miles in the interior, back from the river. The regimental headquarters were established at Alpine, taking possession of the vacant house belonging to Johnson Orrick, then a member of the Confederate Congress, and who had removed his family to



MAP OF OUR CAMPAIGNS IN VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.

Richmond. The hospital was also established at this place. The Orrick mansion was spacious and roomy; but nothing had been left behind to facilitate the comforts of keeping house, being an exception to the quarters found by the com-

pany officers at Bath and other places. There was, however, good stabling for horses, with plenty of hay and grain.

The cold December days and the long dreary nights here were full of surmises and expectancy, with now and then a stirring rumor of the approach of the enemy. Aside from this, there was nothing to excite or amuse. By way of variety, an occasional dance would be indulged in, and many will remember that it was while quartered in the Orrick house that Colonel Osborn learned his first steps in the contra-dance from Phil. Lace, the band leader; and so captivating did it prove for the gallant Colonel that it was reported that he was often seen, in the dead of night, careering around with his shadow reflected on the wall by the light of a candle. But this, doubtless, was somewhat imaginative.

Alpine Station consisted of a few straggling houses. The only family of any prominence left there was the Swan family, made up of father, mother, and two daughters—all pronounced rebel sympathizers. The old gentleman was such a dyed-in-the-wool rebel that he was accommodated with quarters in the calaboose over at Hancock in charge of Captain Fox, who commanded a detachment of the Thirteenth Massachusetts stationed there. One of the daughters, Miss Fannie Swan, was no less bitter in her hatred of the Yankees, and there was little reason to doubt that she possessed among her other accomplishments, that of a spy, and she was placed under constant surveillance. The Western men found considerable more favor in her eyes, however, than those from Massachusetts, and at times she was disposed to be most gracious. The assistant surgeon of the regiment had especially ingratiated himself, and she had so worked upon his sympathies that he received permission from Captain Fox to take her father home to spend Christmas day; and in this way the doctor and a few others got a solid dinner. But the doctor did not enjoy it overmuch, having to keep the old gentleman

in mind all the time, being responsible for his safe return at a specified hour.

Some earthworks were thrown up near the Orrick house, for the protection of headquarters it was supposed, that was christened Fort Osborn; but there was never occasion for their use.

The men of the various companies stationed at Alpine and other places were kept constantly busy, often being sent out in scouting parties and frequently returning with prisoners and horses, or whatever else was considered contraband of war. And they rather seemed to enjoy it, too; for in this wise the commissariat was often replenished with something more palatable than pork and hard-tack. It will be remembered that when a scouting party under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Mann were out on the road leading to Martinsburg they overhauled the house of a noted secessionist, bringing to light from the cellar some five barrels of old apple-jack, which, by order of the Colonel, was condemned to make a puddle in the road, notwithstanding it was fifteen years old and the party very thirsty. All they succeeded in getting, however, was a good long smell.

Information received almost daily from various sources gave indication that the enemy were preparing to attack in force. Encounters frequently took place with the rebel cavalry and we were kept in a state of constant expectancy and vigilance. Night alarms were frequent—generally resulting, however, in nothing more than a momentary panic and a disturbance of rest among those off duty. "The hour was not yet come," but we felt it to be approaching. The detached companies at Bath were exceedingly well provided for. Company D, Captain Linton, was quartered near the bath-houses. Whether they improved their opportunities to keep clean is somewhat uncertain. Company I, Captain Phillips, was stationed upon Warm Spring ridge, overlooking the town, and the captain and his lieutenants occupied a large

three-story stone house, the former occupants of which had left behind much costly and elegant furniture, such as mahogany bedsteads, large mirrors, marble-top tables, etc.; and when we had occasion to visit his quarters the captain did the honors in regal style. Company K, Captain Woodruff, was also stationed on the ridge, and fared sumptuously, while Lieutenant Muhlenburg, in command of a section of battery of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, occupied the courthouse. He used to remark that court was in session every day and at all hours, and that there was a standing invitation to call up and see his friend Judge Applejack at any time.

All will remember Muhlenburg and the good service he rendered with his two pieces at Bath and Hancock, January 3d and 4th, 1862. He was small in *quantity* but immense in *quality*—a jovial, breezy fellow, and a smart, intelligent and brave officer. Death claimed him some time in 1863.

Bath, or Berkeley Springs, had been the great “watering place” and summer resort for Southern people, and the inhabitants had received their principal support from the many pleasure-seekers. It is situated at the foot of Warm Spring ridge, and lovely scenery surrounds the place. The house at the Springs was occupied by the Strother family, and in it was a large collection of paintings executed by “Porte Crayon” and mostly sketched by him while on a tour through Italy. The Strothers were a loyal family, as was also that of Judge Pendleton, living near by. They always extended a hearty welcome and fully sympathized with our presence among them.

On January 2d an expedition was sent out from Bath to reconnoitre and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. After proceeding out on the Martinsburg road some six miles it returned without encountering anything in the shape of armed rebels.

During the morning of the ensuing day a negro came into camp and reported to Major Mann that the whole of

Jackson's army was moving on Bath and that the advance could not be more than five miles distant.

Acting upon this information Captain Linton, of Company D, with sixty men, was ordered out on another scout. Major Mann, with several cavalrymen, accompanied it. After proceeding some four or five miles in the direction of Martinsburg, the advance of what proved to be Jackson's forces was met and a lively skirmish ensued, which resulted in one man being wounded and nine taken prisoners. The enemy was held in check for some time by the excellent management of Captain Linton, who divided his command into some five or six sections, each under command of a sergeant, and made a show of a much larger force than was present, and by their excellent knowledge of the skirmish drill, for which this company was noted, it made good its retreat from the large and constantly increasing numbers of the enemy. Major Mann, who was mounted, had a narrow escape from capture; the good running qualities of his young stallion saved him. The company made good its return to Bath, reaching there after dark, and was not followed by the rebels.

The news reached camp in a very exaggerated form, and by the time it reached Alpine Station it had become alarming. The writer had gone, late in the afternoon, to visit some patients in the hospital across the river at Hancock, and was returning when he met Surgeon Blake and Colonel Bowles, the latter of whom gave an invitation to go over to his house and listen to some music that Lieutenant Brucker and his daughter were executing in great style.

We accepted, remaining at the house until about nine o'clock P.M., when we started to cross the river to Alpine. On reaching the ferry we heard a great call for the ferryman from the opposite shore. The first voice recognized was that of Chaplain McReading, who was vociferating most lustily, "O-o-o! ferryman! ferryman!! for God's sake come over quick! The Thirty-Ninth has been cut all to pieces!" Then

followed a stronger and more excited voice that we recognized as belonging to Lieutenant Belcher, of Company K. He was shouting like a "Stentor"—notwithstanding the presence of the chaplain: "Ferryman! O-o-o ferryman!! G—d d—n your soul, why don't you hurry up with that boat! Do you want to have us all gobbled up?" The ferryman was in his shanty, but had retired for the night and was totally oblivious to all the noise; but we speedily roused him, thinking that some great disaster had overtaken the troops at Bath, and were soon in the skiff and across to the opposite shore, where we met two of the most frantic and impatient men ever encountered. Nothing could be found out that was at all satisfactory. All that could be learned was that the troops at Bath were all cut to pieces, Major Mann a prisoner, and that they were going for the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, that had that afternoon reached Hancock from Williamsport.

Doctor Blake returned with them and followed them to the headquarters of Colonel Murray, commanding the Eighty-Fourth. The Colonel was found, and as he afterwards stated, "The two men acted as if they were crazy; I could get no definite idea of what had occurred, or where it had occurred, or by whose orders they were sent to me." As soon as Blake appeared on the scene he gave the Colonel the topography of Bath, and matters were explained and made more satisfactory. Colonel Murray said that his regiment was in a poor condition for a fight, as they had just received their guns (the Belgian musket), and they were full of tallow, and his men were now busy thawing them out, but he was ready to obey orders.

The writer, when he reached the Virginia shore, proceeded to headquarters but found no persons except the members of the regimental band and a few other non-combatants, all of whom were much excited, and getting their traps together for a retreat on the first appearance of danger.

A snowstorm had set in during the early part of the evening which did not add much comfort to the situation. The Swan family was greatly excited, and no doubt were much pleased with the prospect of getting rid of the Yankees. They, however, called for protection—not from any fear of the rebels; but they were afraid that our boys, in case they were driven across the river, might commit some overt act in the spirit of revenge. They were not gratified, however; the only satisfaction given was to place a guard at the house to prevent any member of the family leaving the premises.

On the morning of the 4th of January we received some intelligent information of what had transpired the previous day, and which has already been given to the reader. Early in the day we caught the sound of artillery firing and knew that the enemy were advancing on Bath. No medical officer being at that post, Assistant Surgeon Clark was ordered to proceed there at once, which he did, reaching there safely, but found only one wounded man—Private Lankinaw of Company D, and he had been shot through the calf of the leg on the previous evening. There was a cessation of hostilities towards noon and Doctor Clark returned to Alpine for instruments and dressings. The official report of Colonel Osborn regarding this affair is here inserted.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT
ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

HANCOCK, MD., *Jan. 8, 1862.*

TO GENERAL LANDER, *Commanding Division.*

Sir: I have the honor to submit a report of our late skirmish with the rebel forces under General Jackson.

While we were guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from Hancock or Alpine Station, Va., to Great Cacapon, on the 19th of December, 1861, in obedience to orders from General Kelly, then commanding division, the Thirty-Ninth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers under my command crossed the Potomac at Hancock to the Virginia side and were stationed as follows: Companies A, B, C and F, at Alpine Station; Company E at Sir John's Run; Company G with Captain Dikes' Company (Second Maryland Volunteers) at Great Cacapon; while Companies D, K, I and Lieutenant

E. D. Muhlenburg with one section of Captain Best's Battery were stationed at Bath, Va., being the advanced position, and the key to our whole line.

The position of the artillery was such as to command the Martinsburg and Winchester roads. Scouts were sent out daily at different points along our whole line, but no intimation of the approaching rebels was received until the third day of January at four o'clock P. M., when information reached us that a large force of the enemy were advancing on our lines. For the purpose of ascertaining their whereabouts Captain Russell (who reported to me the day before, by order of General Kelly) was detailed with thirty of his cavalry to scout in the direction of Martinsburg from Alpine Station. Major O. L. Mann and Captain Linton with thirty of his men and five of Captain Russell's cavalry proceeded from Bath on the Winchester road, and Captain Slaughter with a small portion of his command took position upon Great Cacapon mountain, commanding a view of the valley between Great Cacapon and Warm Spring mountains, a distance of three miles, where he discovered a rebel force which he estimated at three thousand. Captain Russell reported a force of from six to eight hundred infantry and two cavalry companies which were bivouacked on the Martinsburg road about seven miles from Alpine Station.

Major O. L. Mann and his party had proceeded about four miles on the Winchester road, when they discovered some fifteen of the rebel cavalry whom they pursued until they were fired upon by about one hundred and fifty rebel infantry who in ambush had awaited until our men had passed, doubtless designing to cut off their retreat; but they were disappointed. Our brave boys returned their fire, driving them from their position, killing five of the rebels, including one lieutenant, wounding several and making good their retreat with the loss of three slightly wounded and eight taken prisoners.

In anticipation of a general attack by a much superior force at an early hour on the succeeding morning, our men were kept in readiness for immediate action. I also telegraphed to General Kelly for support, who promptly replied that the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers would come to our assistance by eight o'clock the next morning, and also instructed me to call on Colonel Murray of the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was lying at Hancock on the opposite side of the Potomac. At ten o'clock Colonel Murray, who had just received his arms, which were in rather a greasy condition for immediate action, crossed the Potomac five hundred and fifty strong and proceeded to Bath to strengthen that position.

At four o'clock on the morning of the fourth of January our forces at Bath took position on Warm Spring Ridge, overlooking Bath, and near our artillery.

At Hancock Station Company A took position on the hill commanding the road to Winchester; Companies B and C commanding the road to Martinsburg and Sleepy Creek; and Company F, Mount Alpine, and Com-

pany G (Captain Slaughter), at Great Cacapon, with a detachment of twenty-two men under Lieutenant Rudd, at Great Cacapon mountain.

At about nine o'clock the rebel cavalry made a demonstration by driving in our pickets on the Martinsburg road leading to Alpine, when Captain Russell with twenty-five of his cavalry, and Lieutenant Sellards of Company B with sixty infantry, were ordered to proceed in that direction to check their advance. At the same time the rebels appeared in the woods on the left of our forces at Bath, and a lively skirmishing fire was kept up on both sides; but our position was such that we lost no men, but a number of rebels fell under the fire of the artillery and our long-range Springfield rifles—Lieutenant Muhlenberg doing good service in holding the enemy at bay much longer than we could otherwise have done.

At about three o'clock P.M. the rebels appeared in full force, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, with twenty-two pieces of cannon. Colonel Murray, fearing being surrounded by such an overwhelming force, and believing that he would not be able to hold his position at Bath, ordered a retreat by way of Sir John's Run, which was accomplished in good order, Companies I, K, and D of the Thirty-Ninth covering the retreat.

The Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers were met near Sir John's, but too late to afford any assistance. At this point the artillery, together with the companies above mentioned, forded the river (there being no other means of crossing), Captain Hooker with forty men remaining to defend the point from the Maryland side, the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers proceeding down the railroad to Hancock.

In the meantime a column of the enemy, consisting of three regiments of infantry and two pieces of artillery, advanced upon our position at Great Cacapon. Lieutenant Rudd, of Company G, being posted upon the mountain, selected a position near a bend in the narrow road which he knew the column must pass. He and his men knelt and awaited its approach, and not until the foremost files were within twelve rods, was their presence suspected. At this critical moment they coolly delivered their fire, and several of the enemy were seen to fall, while the head of their column was thrown into confusion. Taking advantage of this, they retreated to another shelter on the road, thus holding them at bay until the darkness of night covered them before the rebels dare descend the mountain.

At about six o'clock the enemy succeeded in planting their cannon and opened fire upon the Union troops stationed at Hancock, and which were placed behind a natural barricade of brick walls aligned on the principal street. The ball opened at last, and the command was kept in a most horrid situation for the following twelve (12) hours by the booming of Jackson's cannon and the reply of our two (2) pieces of ordnance of the Fourth U. S. Artillery commanded by Lieutenant Muhlenberg, U. S. A. We held our own and were receiving reinforcements.

The next morning there was a signal for a "flag of truce," from the command of Jackson and Loring. Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Mann with proper escort and a boat went over to Alpine Station, and brought back with him Colonel Ashby, of the cavalry, blindfolded. He was taken to headquarters under an escort, and made known his wishes and demands, which, of course, were not acceded to.

The day was spent in desultory firing, and as evening approached a huge bonfire was lighted, consuming all our stores except what could be carried away, and the few buildings, with the exception of Swan's and Orrick's, were soon in ruins. The next morning there was no enemy in sight.

Very Respectfully,

Your obed't servant,

T. O. OSBORN,

Colonel Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Commanding.

General Jno. D. Imboden, in his article on "Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah," in the June *Century Magazine*, 1885, says:

Jackson's only movement of any note in the winter of 1861-2 was an expedition at the end of December to Bath and Romney, to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and a dam or two near Hancock, on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The weather set in to be very inclement about New Year's, with snow, rain, sleet, high winds and intense cold. Many in Jackson's command were opposed to the expedition, and as it resulted in nothing of much military importance, but was attended with great suffering on the part of his troops, nothing but the confidence he had won by his previous services saved him from personal ruin. * * * *

In that terrible winter's march and exposure, he endured all that any private was exposed to. One morning, near Bath, some of his men having crawled out from under their snow-laden blankets, half frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; but without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them. The incident ran through the little army in a few hours, and reconciled his followers to all the hardships of the expedition, and fully re-established his popularity.

CHAPTER V.

The Rebel Force and its Object—Bath the Key to the Position—Captain Linton's Reconnoissance—The Enemy Advance—Reinforcements—Retreat from Bath—The Skirmish at Big Capon—A Rebel's Account of it—Account by Lieutenant Savage—Affairs at Alpine—The Assistant Surgeon's Advance and Retreat—The Passage of the River—Muhlenberg's Good Service—A Conflagration—A Flag of Truce, and How Received—Waiting for the Bombardment—A Reconnoissance and What was Discovered—Some Reflections—The Hospital—Orders to March.

THE force under Generals Jackson and Loring was variously estimated to be between twelve and fifteen thousand men with forty pieces of artillery, and the object of the movement was supposed to be, in the first place, to capture the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, then cross the Potomac at Alpine, make a raid through the border of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and by moving rapidly to Cumberland, get in the rear of our forces under General Kelly at Romney, Va., and by severing their communications, and cutting off their retreat, compel the surrender of the entire Federal force operating in Maryland and Northern Virginia.

Bath was the key to the position held by the Thirty-Ninth, and was naturally a very strong position and easily defended. On the north of the town was a range of high hills, or they might be classed as mountains, that extended for many miles from this point up and down the Potomac river. At this point for some miles in either direction was the only gap through which a military force could reach the river. These lofty heights commanded all the roads leading from the interior into Bath, and the Gap itself was favorable for a vigorous defense.

We will now go back a little so that we may arrive at a better understanding of this affair at Bath.

On the morning of the third day of January, 1862, Captain Samuel S. Linton of Company D was ordered to make a reconnoissance by Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, commanding at Bath, and after he had proceeded about five miles in the direction of Martinsburg he encountered the advance of General Jackson's army. A brisk skirmish ensued, in which the enemy was checked with considerable loss, and Captain Linton fell back on Bath with a loss of nine men only. The morning of January 4th Jackson advanced his whole force. The three companies of the Thirty-Ninth which had been reinforced on the previous day by the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, took up a position on the heights on Warm Spring ridge, the artillery of Muhlenberg being planted in a commanding position. A brisk action took place lasting for the period of an hour, and notwithstanding the overwhelming number of the enemy under the command of one of the best of the Confederate generals, the position taken by our force was so strong and "sucker" grit so far above the average that every attempt made by the enemy to carry the heights was repulsed with heavy loss. During the entire day the rebels were held in check, and it was not until the shades of evening were gathering, and learning that the rebels were flanking the position some distance above, that our weary men fell back in good order to Sir John's Run and crossed the river into Maryland. The enemy's force then divided, one portion following on to Sir John's Run and Great Cacapon, the other taking the direction to Alpine Station. At Sir John's Run there was but little fighting, if any, as our men had already retreated, but at Great Cacapon where Captain Slaughter with Company G was stationed, a number of sharp skirmishes took place. Night was already setting in when Lieutenant Rudd of Company G, in order to allow the balance of the command to



MUHLENBURG'S GUNS IN ACTION ON WARM SPRING RIDGE.

retreat, called for twenty volunteers, and proceeded at their head to take position in a narrow defile through which the enemy must pass, and here he awaited the advance of Magruder's brigade, which had already commenced the descent of the mountain, planting two pieces of artillery, and commenced firing.

Lieutenant Rudd awaited patiently until the advance was within twenty rods of his line, when he gave the order to fire, which had the effect of turning the rebel advance into a complete rout, when the Lieutenant and his men retreated in good order, safely rejoining their comrades who had fallen back to the Cumberland road on the Maryland shore.

In corroboration of what has been said in relation to this affair there is presented here the statement of William C. Dutcherage, of Dove Park, Arkansas, who was a member of the Third Arkansas Volunteer Infantry that participated in this raid. He wrote up the history of his regiment some years ago and it was published by installments in the *Washington World* before it became merged into the *National Tribune*. He says:

After some brisk skirmishing with the Yanks at Bath, in which a number were captured and we had compelled them to retreat, Stonewall Jackson divided up his command—he going in person with two brigades to clean out the Yanks at Sir John's Run and the Yankee force opposite Hancock on the Virginia side, while the brigade that I belonged to was ordered to Big Capon to burn the railroad bridge. We left Bath about six o'clock in the evening, reaching the Big Capon mountain about seven o'clock. There General Magruder ordered the regiments to form in line of battle, the Third Arkansas taking the advance. We had two pieces of light artillery. We muffled the wheels, so the Yanks would not hear us coming down the mountain, and had a good deal of fun among ourselves thinking how nicely we were going to outwit the Yankees. We slipped down the old Bath pike leading to Big Capon, and could see dim lights once in a while at the bridge. We slipped along carefully until within about thirty rods [of the bridge, it is presumed] and opened fire with both pieces of artillery, and several volleys of musketry. The Yanks returned the fire so quickly and sharply that we retreated out of range of their guns, leaving our artillery on the field. The next morning we advanced to the Big Capon, but not a Yank in sight. Some of the natives at Big Capon

hooted at us for being such cowards as to let about one hundred Yankees get away with such a big crowd as you'uns.

We had five men wounded and one killed; his name was John Kelly, a New Yorker. We buried him where he was killed, destroyed the bridge and then returned to Bath.*

The following is from the pen of Lieutenant Amos Savage, who participated in the skirmish at Great Cacapon, and will give some needed information. He says:

About twenty-five men of Company E, from Sir John's Run, under Lieutenant Whipple, joined us just before the fight. These men, with about as many more of Company G, were stationed at the railroad trestle-work bridge. About twenty-five men under my command were stationed at the ford, six or eight hundred yards above the bridge, the balance of Company G being stationed along the Cacapon between the two points before mentioned, under Captain Slaughter.

The rebel force attacking us was the Third Arkansas and Thirty-Seventh Virginia, with two pieces of artillery, and was commanded by Colonel Rust, of the Third Arkansas. (See "Life of Stonewall Jackson," page 267).

The attacks at the bridge and ford were nearly simultaneous and were made, as near as I could judge, by a regiment at each place. Both were repulsed, and the affair appears to have been regarded as quite serious by them, as it was not until the next morning when reinforced by General Loring that they ventured to renew the attack on the bridge, which, being no longer held by our men, was occupied by them with no other annoyance than that occasioned by the fire of a squad of men who had waded the Potomac and opened a scattering fire on them from the north bank of the river.

At Alpine Station on January 4th all was excitement. We knew that our boys were engaged with the enemy at Bath, but as to what extent and how progressing nothing was known. Colonel Osborn spent most of his time at the telegraph office, sending dispatches to Generals Lander and Kelly for reinforcements and receiving orders.

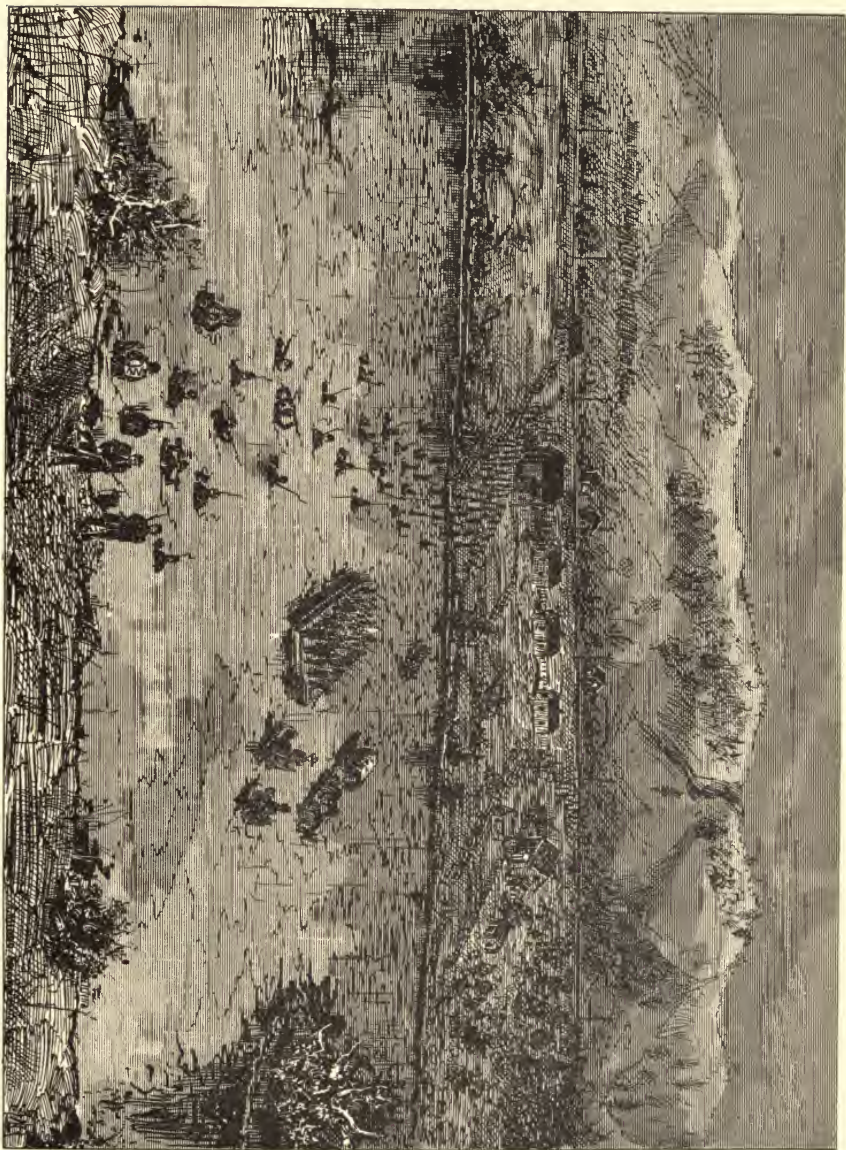
*The above information was given by J. W. Nelson, of Company E, now living at Rensselaer, Ind. He states that he became so interested in Dutcherage's account of this affair at Bath that he wrote to him and they corresponded for about two years. He states that Dutcherage was a Republican and was postmaster at Dove Park, Ark. The last letter received from him stated that the d—d Bourbons had notified him to leave.

Dr. Clark returned from Bath about noon for instruments and supplies and reported that at the time he left all was quiet and our force was holding its own, and it was supposed that the enemy were trying to flank the position. He started again for Bath at two o'clock and had proceeded some five miles, reaching a position overlooking the town, when he saw that it was useless to proceed farther as the rebel cavalry were swarming over the hills to the west of the town, and taking position on the road leading to Alpine. Nothing could be seen of our troops and he presumed that they had retreated in the direction of Sir John's Run. He immediately turned and made his way back to Alpine, nor hesitated long on the order of the going, reaching Alpine soon after four o'clock. He reported to the Colonel what he had seen, and acting on this information Osborn ordered Major Munn with two companies, A and F, to take position in ambush commanding the defile through which the enemy must pass in order to reach Alpine. In the meantime there was great activity and more confusion at the various quarters. There were urgent calls upon the quartermaster for transportation. He had but two wagons, and one of these was over on the Maryland side of the river, and the other was already loaded with quartermaster and commissary stores; but room was finally made for officers' baggage and it was started over the river. The hospital stores had to be abandoned, all that was saved being a few books and instruments. Orders to hurry up intermingled with considerable profanity at the seeming stupidity and slowness of servants and orderlies, with shouts now and then that the rebels were coming—all this was certainly calculated to turn one's head, be it ever so well balanced, and especially when was added the certainty of there being an enemy in our immediate front, and a wide river in which ice was already forming, in our rear. The evening was decidedly chilly and the duskiness of night fast closing about us as the rebel cavalry approached

and prepared for a charge. And soon they came down the road with a yell and a clatter, but had not proceeded more than a hundred yards, when the command under Major Munn with a well-directed volley of musketry gave them such a surprise and proved so effective that the rebels concluded not to advance any farther, only a few riderless horses carrying out the original intention, which were captured. The enemy had been so effectively checked that time was allowed for the four companies of the Thirty-Ninth and the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had retreated to this point from Bath via Sir John's Run, to cross the river to Hancock. Three-fourths of the command were compelled to wade, the water reaching to the shoulders of the tallest, while the shorter ones were almost submerged. One man belonging to the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment was reported drowned in making the passage.

The passage of the river at a temperature considerably below the freezing point was a most trying ordeal, and resulted afterwards in much sickness. As the men emerged from the water, the frosty air gave their clothing a most uncomfortable stiffness.

There was no time for change of clothing, for the command was immediately marched up into the town and placed in alignment along the principal street, running parallel with the river, to afford shelter from the shot and shell of the enemy, who had by this time planted several pieces of cannon on the brow of the bluff opposite Hancock and commenced throwing shot and shell. No fires were permitted, and the condition of some of the men was most pitiable. Muhlenburg had already got his two guns in position and returned the fire for the space of an hour or more with so much effect that the rebel guns were silenced for the night. Fortunately but few of the enemy's shells had exploded and but little damage occasioned. The citizens of Hancock were badly frightened, and those who could, were busily engaged



THE RETREAT FROM ALPINE STATION THE NIGHT OF JAN. 4, 1862. (From a Sketch made at the time by Dr. Clark.)

in removal. Thus passed the night. Shelter and opportunity was given the men as far as possible to change or dry their clothing and prepare coffee. Reinforcements were constantly arriving through the night, and early the following day General Williams with a brigade arrived; also General Lander, who assumed command. We were astir early on the morning of the fifth of January and patiently awaited developments. The enemy could be plainly seen over at Alpine and on the bluffs, but all was peaceful.

At ten o'clock A. M. a white flag was raised and seen advancing to the border of the river on the opposite side, which indicated that the enemy wished to communicate, and Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Mann, who had been appointed provost-marshal that morning, with a small detachment in command of Sergeant Myers was ordered to cross the river to receive it. He soon returned bringing Colonel Turner Ashby, of some cavalry fame at that time, and proceeded direct to General Lander's headquarters, Ashby being blindfolded. On the way over he enquired of the boys, "What regiment do you belong to?" he was answered "The Thirty-Ninth Illinois!" "My God!" said he, "Where in h— is not the Thirty-Ninth! they seem to be ubiquitous." He doubtless was thinking of the many different places he had encountered the Thirty-Ninth on the previous day.

General Lander received Colonel Ashby in a room in which was the telegraph office, and thinking that Ashby might understand telegraphy removed to another room where he read the communication from General Jackson. In this message Jackson demanded the surrender of the Union forces, saying that he had fifteen thousand men and it was his intention to cross the river, and that if he was opposed that he should bombard the town. It also stated that two hours' time would be given non-combatants to leave the place, at the termination of which he would open fire. General Lander read it carefully through and his reply was at once

emphatic, forcible and characteristic. Turning to Ashby he said: "Colonel Ashby, give my compliments to General Jackson and tell him to bombard and be d—d! If he opens his batteries on this town he will injure more of his friends than he will of the enemy, for this is a d—d secesh place, anyhow." Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, thinking the interview terminated, commenced to replace the bandage over Ashby's eyes prior to leading him forth, when General Lander, having reflected somewhat on his answer, said: "Hold on! Take a seat, Colonel Ashby. General Jackson has addressed me in a polite and soldierly manner and it demands a like reply. I take back all that I have said and will write what I have to communicate." This was done, and as Lander placed the missive in his hand, he said: "General Jackson and yourself, Colonel Ashby, are gentlemen and brave men, without a question, but you have started out in a God d—d bad cause"! and shaking hands with him, Ashby departed. He was returned safely to his lines, and afterwards, without making much preparation, we patiently awaited events. The citizens were busily engaged, meanwhile, in hustling out of town, bringing into service all sorts of vehicles and conveyances. Our forces were so placed as to be concealed from view, and we had a very respectable one, sufficient at all events to prevent the enemy crossing the river at this place. At the expiration of the two hours the garrison flag of the Thirty-Ninth was run up to the top of the old liberty pole standing in town and we anxiously waited for the opening of the promised bombardment. At last two shots were fired over, one of which, a small six-pounder solid shot, was picked up and is now in the possession of Captain Hiram Phillips, of Bloomington, Ill. These shots did no damage, and only served as an invitation for our batteries to respond, which they did in a brisk manner and kept it up for the space of an hour. The enemy did not return the fire, but we could see their troops in motion and it was evident that they were

withdrawing from Alpine. But at nightfall it was apparent that the enemy was busy in sacking Alpine, as fires were lighted in many places and soon all the houses save the Swan and Orrick property were in conflagration, lighting up the country surrounding for miles.

The following day a reconnoissance was made over the river by some of the Thirty-Ninth, who found matters and things at the station pretty badly demoralized. The Swan family had removed, bag and baggage, and no one was found to give us any information. The Swan house, as well as the Orrick, was found to have received the many compliments in shape of shot and shell that we had sent over, and both were badly damaged. The railway had been torn up and the rails twisted and bent with fire, and all the railway property destroyed. Where our medical dispensary had stood there was nothing but a mound of ashes. All was ruin and desolation.

Proceeding up along the road to Bath we found a number of newly-made graves, and several of them were occupied by soldiers who had perished from cold, for the weather had been exceedingly severe and the men in Jackson's command from Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas had suffered extremely.

Many notes addressed to the Thirty-Ninth were found. Some were couched in terms of bitterness and hostility, some complimentary and conciliatory, but all exhibiting evident respect for the pluck and fighting qualities of Western men.

Here is a sample copy of one that was addressed

"TO THE BOYS OVER THE WAY."

"We are about to leave you, and our *comfortable* quarters to your tender mercies. If you should happen to pick up anything lying around here, I expect that you will want to keep it as a slight token of our regard, or send it home. How much better it would be for the 'liberty boys' if *they* would go home themselves and leave us poor rebels to enjoy freedom in their own way.

COMPANY G, 1ST REG'T GEORGIA VOL'S.

"P. S. We are poor rebels and cannot offer a more valuable keepsake, but hope you will prize it from the spirit in which it is given.

"COL. J. W. RAMSEY, 1st Georgia Vol's.

"P. S. Go home, boys! go home!! We owe you no ill will further than results from your efforts to conquer the Freemen of the South. We will go home gladly when we have effectually defended our borders.

"COMPANY G."

Jackson's army that had started out on this raid from Winchester animated, no doubt, with high hopes of easily gobbling up an Illinois regiment, and cheered by the prospect of foraging among the quiet hills and valleys of "My Maryland" and the neighboring border of prosperous Pennsylvania, had been most grievously disappointed. He had gained absolutely nothing; but had lost seriously by battle and exposures, and certainly he had not won any renown, but instead had experienced the bitter mortification of having been held at bay with his entire army of fifteen thousand men for nearly a day at Bath, and for hours at different points, by mere detachments from an Illinois regiment, who by delaying his progress gave ample time for the Federal forces to concentrate their strength and turn him back empty-handed from the very threshold of Maryland and victory. This affair might have had a more sorrowful and tragic ending had Jackson fully understood the number of our troops and their disposition.

On January 3d his cavalry had captured several of our men, one of whom was taken before Jackson who questioned him closely about the number of the Union forces in his front. This man proved to be an able diplomat and was equal to the occasion. In reply to the question as to the number of troops, he stated (and it must have been believed) that we had on the Virginia side of the river between six and seven thousand men, and that before leaving camp that morning it was reported that General Banks' army had reached Williamsport on its way to reinforce Lander. It was possible, and could have been accomplished with comparative

ease, for Jackson with his large force to have captured us all by making a vigorous push on the third of January, but the cautious feeling of his way proved our salvation.

We recrossed the river, after having accomplished our mission, and went into quarters at the Old Tannery, the



STONEWALL JACKSON. (Taken from Life.)

most of our tents and garrison equipage having been lost for the want of transportation.

A hospital had been established by Surgeon Blake up in Pennsylvania, near the border, having found a suitable building that had served the purpose of a church or school house. The Doctor had located there at the time of the threatened bombardment of Hancock by Jackson, and it was

not thought best to make any change as our stay at Hancock was very uncertain.

The Thirty-Ninth was pursuing a sort of independent existence, it not having been brigaded as yet. The brigade that was to have been organized by Ward H. Lamson and to which it was to have been assigned was never more heard of after reaching Williamsport, Md.

We remained at Hancock until the evening of January 11th, 1862, when orders were received to march to Cumberland, Md. The reason for this move was said to be that Jackson was after the military supplies stored at Romney, Va., and General Kelly had ordered the Thirty-Ninth, the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania, and the One-hundred-and-Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers to make a forced march to the assistance of the force already there and that were to be concentrated at New Creek, Va.

In concluding this chapter I give room to General O. L. Mann's version of the skirmish and retreat from Bath, as follows:

In the afternoon of January 3rd, 1862, Major Mann, who was stationed at Bath in command of three companies of the Thirty-Ninth, received a call from a very excited negro who urged him 'In de name of de Lawd' to get out of the town at once. The African had traveled about ten miles on the road from Winchester and was overflowing with startling news. He said that General Jackson with his entire army was moving on Bath, and could not be more than five miles away. A scouting party had been out about seven miles on that road in the morning and had returned without having seen the enemy. Major Mann took Captain Linton and sixty men, and after marching about four miles out met the advance of Jackson's army. Captain Linton deployed his men to the right of the road and Major Mann and Lieutenant Belcher of Company K, who were mounted, and two cavalry couriers kept the road. In a short time the men were briskly engaged by rebel cavalry and infantry. Seeing that they were largely outnumbered, Captain Linton retreated after a brisk skirmish and the loss of nine men taken prisoners.

Major Mann was cut off from his road of retreat and was nearly made a prisoner by Ashby's cavalry, but the good running and jumping qualities of his young stallion helped him to gain shelter in the thick timber and finally to reach camp, bringing with him Lankinaw of Company D, who

had been shot in the leg. (He was the first man to be wounded by the enemy, in the regiment.)

Captain Woodruff of Company K, who had heard the firing from his position at Bath, had so disposed of his troops as to make the best defense possible. The rebels, however, did not follow up the retreat that night.

It is now known that one of the men who had been captured (his name is forgotten) proved himself a most accomplished liar, for when taken before General Jackson, the interview is believed to have resulted much to our advantage. He assured the rebel chieftain that General Kelly had not over five thousand men at Bath, but that he understood before leaving camp that General Banks was crossing his entire army at Sir John's Run and at Hancock, and was expected at Bath that evening. The man knew that he was dealing out large lumps of "taffy" to the General, but that it was also a "military necessity." Jackson must have given some credence to these "whoppers," for he ordered a halt, and sending for his subordinates ordered them to camp in line of battle and be ready for action at any moment. Before midnight of the 3d, two Pennsylvania regiments (the Eighty-Fourth and the One Hundred and Tenth) arrived. Colonel Murray, commanding the Eighty-Fourth, by virtue of rank assumed the command, and on being advised of the state of affairs and the location of the enemy, deployed his troops to the north and east of the town, and an anxious night was passed mid rain, sleet and snow. The following day was devoted to skirmishing until late in the afternoon, when the enemy, being doubtless convinced that the strength of the Union forces had been *magnificently* estimated by their prisoner, determined to surround our force if possible. The position was naturally a strong one, and the two pieces of artillery operated by Lieutenant Muhlenberg did excellent service all through the day in keeping the rebels in check. General Kelly, at Cumberland, had advised Colonel Murray early in the day that the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteer Infantry would reach us from that place by rail, bringing a fresh supply of ammunition, of which Major Mann's command was getting short. At sundown, no help reaching us, and the rebels developing great strength, Colonel Murray ordered a retreat to Sir John's Run, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, distant about two miles, and where it was feasible to ford the Potomac river to the Maryland side. As they neared the station, the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert S. Foster, was met. A short council was held which resulted in an order to "about face" and fight. After the first part of this order had been executed, Major Mann asked Colonel Foster for ammunition and was surprised to learn that that officer had but two rounds to his men, and had been told that he would get ammunition at Bath. This intelligence resulted in another "bout face," for the Thirty-Ninth had but two rounds left, and the Pennsylvania regiments being armed with guns of a different calibre their supply was of no use. Colonel Foster at once ordered his men aboard the cars and returned to Cumberland, and the detachments of

the Thirty-Ninth and the artillery forded the river. The two Pennsylvania regiments retreated down the railroad to Alpine Station, only to ford the river later on. After fording the Potomac, a part of Captain Woodruff's company (K) volunteered to remain there to protect the bridge and station. This they did most effectually, the enemy not being able to accomplish this vandalism under the fire of Company K's sharpshooters. The other companies proceeded to Hancock.

CHAPTER VI.

March to Cumberland—How Quartered—New Clothing—Ordered to New Creek, Va.—Living Aboard the Cars—The Sixty-Second and Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers—Sickness—Expedition to Romney, Va.—Choice of Positions—Move to Patterson's Creek—Washington's Birthday; How Celebrated—Resolutions—Quinine and Whisky—General Lander's Order—His Death—Reconstructing the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—Visit Bath, Va.—Sad Reports—Foraging Expedition—A Practical Joke—Leave the Cars—March to Martinsburg—Harvey's Heroism—Meet General Shields—March to Winchester—Reconnoissance in force—Major Munn's Horse is Wanted—Incidents.

WE moved out of Hancock at six o'clock P.M. in advance of the two Pennsylvania regiments. The night was cold, with some considerable snow on the ground. The distance to Cumberland was forty miles, our route lying over the mountains. The experience of the past two weeks had been amply sufficient to warrant us in drawing the conclusion that the funny and agreeable part of our soldier life had gone glimmering down the vista of time, and we saw little before us but hardship and peril. The boys stepped out gaily and briskly, singing, shouting and making merry for the first few miles, but the grade in the ascent of the first mountain soon subdued them into paying strict attention to the business in hand.

We had left behind all our sick and tender-footed with Surgeon Blake, who had been assigned to the charge of the hospital by Dr. Antisel, the chief medical officer of Williams' brigade which remained at Hancock.

Every few miles a halt was ordered for rest, but many of the men, instead of resting, took advantage of the occasion to forage for something to eat, and opportunities were

not wanting, as the country was well settled by thrifty farmers whose larders must have suffered severely, judging from the amount of provender of all varieties and descriptions that found its way back and was distributed along the line. We reached Cumberland at four P.M. January 12th, eight hours in advance of the Pennsylvania regiments which left Hancock at the same hour with ourselves.

Here the men were distributed around in churches and other places, until other arrangements could be made; some of the officers, however, took rooms at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Russell's cavalry company and Muhlenberg with his artillery had preceded us, and we found these officers already established and ready to show their friends about the city. After remaining at this point for the period of five days, during which time new clothing was issued to the men, and many of our losses made good, we, on the 17th of January, were put on board a train of box and platform cars and started for New Creek, Va., after having been placed in the Second Brigade of General Rosencrans' Division, commanded by Colonel Dunning, of an Ohio regiment, acting Brigadier-General.

New Creek was a small station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, some seventeen miles distant from Cumberland. It was situated in a mountainous region and made up of about a dozen buildings, including the *dépot*. When we reached there the whole place was a sea of mud, and we were given the privilege of either remaining and making our quarters on board the train of cars or making encampment in the open field. Owing to the condition of the ground it was decided to remain on the cars, and the boys went to work transforming them into "sleepers" and dining cars *a la* Pullman, as fast as their limited resources would permit. The officers were privileged to lodge and find meals wherever they could. Only one tent was erected, and that served for the Adjutant's office. We found a regiment of cavalry here

which had been guarding the long trestle railroad bridge at this point, and as frequent attempts to burn this structure had been made it was ordered that, instead of proceeding to Romney, the regiment should remain here.

Soon after arriving at New Creek we were joined by the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, Colonel Pond, and the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, commanded by Colonel A. C. Voris, and from whom we were never afterwards separated until they were mustered out of the service. The officers and men of both of these commands were fully up to the standard and our ideal of what should constitute good soldiers and "*bon camaraderie*." The record they made in after years and left as an inheritance to coming generations has more than justified these few words of feeble praise.

Rain fell almost continuously during the first week of our sojourn here, giving encouragement to those feelings of "nostalgia" and general discomfort that, up to this time, we had been comparatively free from. Sickness came as a flood-tide upon us, due principally to our surroundings, mode of life, and confinement in those horrid box cars, and it became necessary to take a building and establish a provisional hospital, which was soon repletely filled with cases of pneumonia, malarial and typhoid fevers. Dr. Clark, the assistant surgeon, was the only medical officer with the regiment, the Surgeon and the hospital steward, Anthony DeNormandie, having remained at Hancock.

The experiences of both officers and men at New Creek, Va., will be remembered as among the saddest and most sorrowful of any that were encountered in their history as soldiers. On or about January 25th a portion of the regiment participated in a reconnoissance in the direction of Romney and came in contact with a small body of rebel cavalry. A short but brisk skirmish ensued which resulted in no particular advantage to either side. It was undertaken more for the purpose of diverting the minds of the men and

giving them needed exercise, and at the same time to let the Johnnies know that the Thirty-Ninth was "still on deck," than aught else. When practicable as well as necessary the old camel-back locomotive that was attached to the train and always ready for duty in case of need, would take some of us into Cumberland for supplies or carry sick to general hospital.

February 7th a most welcome order came to proceed to Patterson's Creek, thus retracing our steps back through Cumberland in the direction of Martinsburg. We were again to be assigned to the command of General F. W. Lander. Colonel Osborn had been offered, however, his choice of three different positions: either to remain where we then were and construct barracks, or go to Cumberland in command of that post, or report to General Lander at Patterson's Creek, Va., and take the lead on to Winchester and reconstruct the railway and bridges of the Baltimore and Ohio railway as we went along. Upon consultation with his officers it was decided to accept the latter proposition as offering the best means to get into more active service. Before we could leave it became necessary to stop and repair the bridge at New Creek, which the day previous had become much warped and twisted by reason of a freshet in that stream. This occupied the most part of two days, and when at last we did pass over it was very crooked and far from safe.

The regiment reached Patterson's Creek, thirty-four miles distant, safely, February 11th, 1862, still occupying the old and dilapidated freight and cattle cars. On reaching this place the regiment was placed in the First Brigade of Lander's Division. A large brick structure near the station was occupied as headquarters and a building taken for hospital.

On Washington's birthday, the twenty-second of February, after dress parade, the regiment was formed in "hollow square" that they might more easily hear the reading of

some resolutions that had been drawn up expressive of our feelings in relation to the great victory at Fort Donelson and the bravery of our "Western boys."

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: Intelligence has been received announcing in detail the victories lately gained in the valley of the Mississippi, in which our fellow soldiers of Illinois took such a conspicuous part, showing a courage unsurpassed by that of the heroes of modern or ancient times, and a love for the Union stronger than the love of life; therefore,

Resolved: That we, the officers and men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, having assembled to celebrate the birthday of the Father of our country, do seize upon this the most appropriate occasion to express to them our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the noble and heroic conduct which they have everywhere exhibited on the field of battle; and that we most heartily congratulate them upon their glorious achievements.

Resolved: That we, as soldiers of the Government of the United States of America, will never lose sight of the heroic and patriotic examples placed before us by our fellow soldiers of the West; but by our conduct whenever and wherever we meet the enemy we will endeavor to emulate them, and thus sweep rebellion before us, until peace is restored to this fair land, and the Stars and Stripes again wave over every city, village and hamlet of the thirty-four states of America.

Resolved: That while we rejoice over the late victories of our troops we shed tears of sympathy for the fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, daughters and sons of those who have so nobly fallen in the defense of our country; and that our prayer shall ever be, God protect and comfort them in their affliction, and give them the happy assurance that our civil wars will soon cease forever, and that no more of their friends shall fall in unnatural and fraternal strife.

Resolved: That the inauguration of that traitor Jefferson Davis as president of the so-called Southern Confederacy upon this, the birthday of the immortal Washington, is an insult of the deepest dye to the memory of the "Father of Our Country" and to every lover of free institutions, and that we pledge ourselves to avenge the insult *whenever* and *wherever* we meet him or his emissaries.

The resolutions were adopted amid vociferous cheering and were followed by some speech-making, after which the men were dismissed and we returned to our quarters.

Malaria was abundant, and it became necessary to give the men daily rations of quinine and whisky. In all our

after-experience we never encountered so much sickness as existed among the men of the regiment at this time. We were detained here until March 1st, by reason of repairs necessary to be made to the railroad and especially the construction of a bridge over the creek, before we could advance with the train. The order to move was received after midnight, and was accompanied by the following characteristic letter from General Lander:

HEADQUARTERS, 1 A.M., *March 1, 1862.*

Colonel Osborn: I have intrusted you with a highly important service—that of opening the railroad to Martinsburg. If threatened by the enemy, call on Colonel Pond, or on General Williams at Hancock; the latter may be on the road to Williamsport. You will provide for my tents, camp equipage, horses and forage for them at Cherry Run turnout; but it will be time enough to look out for this when they arrive.

If the rebels come on you in force, *fight* under any circumstances, and if you are taken prisoner I will release you to-morrow morning. I start on a forced march across the country to cut them off from Winchester. I commend to your favorable notice Mr. Quincy, who goes down in charge of the repairs to the road. Afford him and the telegraph company all the aid they may require.

F. W. LANDER, *Brigadier-General.*

General Lander's headquarters were then located at Paw Paw, Va., and this letter is perhaps one of the last he ever penned, for on March 3d, while at Alpine Station, intelligence reached us of his sudden death. We were painfully surprised and affected, as we lost in him a valued friend and good counsellor. It was presumed that his death was caused by an apoplectic seizure. He had retired on the night preceding in usual health and was found dead by his servant in the morning. The remains were sent to Washington, D.C., under proper escort.

We left Patterson's Creek on March 1st on board the same old train of cars, our duty being to protect the workmen while making repairs to the road. The first stop for any length of time was made at Sir John's Run in the early morning of March 2d. Taking advantage of this halt,

Lieutenant-Colonel Mann and Dr. Clark got permission to go over to Bath, and getting their horses from the car started.

On arriving at Bath a great many changes were noticeable in the appearance of things since the 4th of January, the date of the advent of the rebels. Old Colonel Strother had died, his death being hastened by the outrages committed by Jackson's troops in consequence of the outspoken sympathies of his family for the Union cause. His home had been pillaged from cellar to garret and much valuable property destroyed.

Judge Pendleton and family were still there and gave them hearty welcome, together with the sad tale of the wholesale destruction of the effects of the Union sympathizers in the town. Bath was neutral ground at this time, and they did not care to tarry long, especially after learning that the rebel cavalry frequently made a dash into the town; but regarding the importunities of their friends consented to remain during the night and were furnished with a room in a remote part of the big house by Mr. Randolph, a son-in-law of Strother. In the early morning they returned safely via Alpine Station, where the regiment had proceeded.

On leaving Alpine the train passed on to a point called Back Creek where a bridge needed repair, and here it was obliged to remain for some time.

While patiently awaiting a forward movement it was apparent that the larder of the field and staff was about depleted, and something must be done in the matter of compensation, otherwise known as *foraging*. We made up a party of four persons, exclusive of the guide who was to conduct us to the plantation of a noted secessionist six miles distant. We started at sun-down, well mounted and armed "*cap-a-pie*," for it was rather a dangerous experiment, knowing the enemy's scouts to be in the vicinity; but it suited our adventurous and somewhat reckless dispositions, and especially our brave Adjutant Walker, who led the party.



REGIMENTAL MEDICAL STAFF.
From Photograph taken on Morris Island, S. C., 1863.

Reaching the place after an hour's ride we rode into the yard, dismounted, and the Adjutant and Doctor Clark approached the door, leaving our companions on guard outside. The door was opened by the lady of the house, who bade us enter, which we did and stated our business as being in search of articles contraband of war, and an officer of the rebel army that was supposed to be in the house. We were told to search and satisfy ourselves.

On opening the door of an adjoining room we were somewhat startled to find seated at the supper table three stalwart men, and on the wall were slung several guns. We were a trifle disconcerted at this discovery, but speedily regaining our equilibrium we held a moment's consultation, the result of which was for Clark to step to the door and order, in their hearing, an imaginary sergeant to take a file of men and examine the premises surrounding, the Adjutant at the same time placing the occupants of the house in arrest and forbidding them leaving their seats. We had absolutely surprised this group of men, and by a little strategy kept them in subjection; otherwise some little unpleasantness might have occurred. After a little time Clark left the house to participate in the search for provender, leaving Walker on guard. He found that the balance of the party outside had secured several chickens and had disturbed a family of ducks, and, to-a-man, were busy in chasing them about the yard, hurling stones and other missiles until a half dozen or more were captured. The noise and clatter of the chase from men and ducks could be heard plainly, and did not exactly tally with the profession we had made, and Walker's position in the house was not envied; however, it was carrying out our plan of operations. After visiting all the out-houses our plunder, when we were ready to start, amounted to six chickens, six ducks, a tub of link sausage, a pot of honey and a sack of hickory nuts, which were all bagged and sent forward to camp. Now, how to

get away was the question. It was finally agreed that two of us should go in and announce loudly to Walker the result of our search and state that we considered it necessary under the circumstances to place a guard about the house for the night, or until we could receive instructions from headquarters. This arrangement, Walker said, met with his views, and he would himself go and consult superiors. On leaving the house we loudly admonished the sentinels (imaginary) to allow *no one* to leave it, and then mounting our horses sped back to camp, or rather the railway train, which we reached in safety.

Before leaving the house, however, a noise under the bed attracted our attention, and on lifting the valance we beheld a young lady who prayed us to spare her life. On assuring her that we had no intention of committing any outrage, she came out, stating that "she would rather be killed than scared to death!" She was much frightened, but soon regained something like composure.

We remained at this place for several days, guarding the road, making expeditions to various points and watching the heavy-laden trains of soldiers passing on to Martinsburg.

While at this point Lieutenant Rudd came in from a scouting expedition bringing two prisoners, two horses, and a large number of turkeys, chickens, etc. One of his prisoners was a Mr. R—— of the Virginia legislature, and the other, a member of Colonel Ashby's cavalry who was home on furlough. The experiences of the party were pleasing to hear. His first captive was found in a bin of oats, the man having covered himself completely, and his appearance when called upon to *report* was most ludicrous.

After the repair of the bridge at Back Creek we advanced several miles to Cherry Run where another bridge spanning the deep and narrow stream needed reconstructing, and the regiment left the cars and made a temporary encampment.

General Shields had been appointed to the command of our division, taking the place made vacant by the death of General Lander, and he had been expected to report for several days. None were more eager for his arrival than the Thirty-Ninth, for we knew him to have been a former resident of our State, and many of us were familiar with his record and reputation made during the war with Mexico.

Lieutenant Simon S. Brucker, of Company C, had been left with a detail of men near the railway station, one-half mile or so from where the regiment was in bivouac near the bridge, and he had established his headquarters in a large residence near the depot. About nine o'clock in the evening the quiet of camp was broken by the report that rapidly spread to the effect that General Shields had just arrived at the headquarters of Lieutenant Brucker. The night was so mild and bright that Colonel Osborn could not resist the temptation to immediately pay his respects to the old hero.

Lace and the band were therefore summoned and directed to accompany an informal march of a majority of the regiment to the place where the General was said to be stopping. Colonel Osborn had instructed Lace to play soon after he and his staff should enter the house, and in due time General Shields should also be called upon for a speech. Osborn was met at the entrance to the spacious mansion by Lieutenant Brucker, who, in response to inquiries from his colonel, replied, "Yes, General Shields is in the parlor. Walk in!" The party removed their hats, and put on their most soldierly appearance and walked into the room—it was vacant. On the parlor table rested a volume which proved to be a history of the Mexican War, and which Lieutenant Brucker, in answer to many questioning glances, proceeded to open, revealing a fine portrait of General Shields and which he introduced to Colonel Osborn and staff.

The pith of the joke was at once visible to all, and while

the Colonel was deliberating just how best to compensate his subordinate for the "chestnut" he had proffered him the band burst out in the most approved style, "Hail to the Chief!"

It was known that calls for Shields would soon follow, and Osborn ordered the Adjutant to notify the command of the disappointment. To this Major Munn entered his demurrer, saying the *sell* was too good not to be shared by the rank and file. He insisted that as Lieutenant-Colonel Mann could imitate the Irish brogue and blarney to perfection, that he should take his place, at the call for Shields, in the shade of the large veranda of the house, and, surrounded by the officers, should make a speech. Colonel Osborn, after muttering a mild reprimand to Brucker, finally acquiesced. The music soon ceased, when "Shields!" "Shields!" "General Shields!!" was shouted by several hundred voices.

Without the formality of an introduction the Lieutenant-Colonel with approved Celtic accent, retaining his position well in the background, said:—

"Me brave boys of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Infantry—"

Here the balmy air was rent with three cheers and a tiger for General Shields, who by proxy continued to say:—

"Me lips will not express the deep gratification I feel in meeting you to-night. [Cheers.] I was once a resident of your great State, and was associated in many public movements with our great Commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln. [Cheers.] It was my good fortune to lead troops from that great State, against the enemy in Mexico, and more gallant men never marched to the music of the Union than were they."

This seemed to electrify Captain Phillips of Company I, who had served under Shields in Mexico, and he shouted out, "That's so! General Shields, and there are several of them chaps here to-night."

"I am profoundly glad to meet you, veterans and heroes of the Mexican struggle," continued the *General*, "and only hope that you and your new comrades in arms will prove just as brave and serviceable when,

under my humble lead, you face the frowning forts at Richmond, as you did at Monterey. The eyes of the civilized world are on men from Illinois to-day; and believing your acts will ever honor your State, I bid ye all, Good-night!"

Lace, the leader of the band, was the first to discover the little deception, and he was anything but amiable until he learned that the joke had reached and been shared by all alike. The men enjoyed it.

On the 9th of March, 1862, we received orders to prepare to leave the cars that had been our home for so long a time, and march forward to Martinsburg, ten miles distant. We had reconstructed the road up to this point, and were now to join the balance of the division which had already passed by us and meet General Shields (for a fact, this time), who was to take command of our division at Martinsburg. March 10th a regiment of loyal Virginia soldiers arrived to take our place, and we moved forward, reaching Martinsburg at four o'clock P.M., and were directed to proceed to the court-house, where, with the greater part of the whole division, we were massed in solid column to receive some remarks from General Shields on the occasion of his assuming the command. His speech is not sufficiently well remembered to give it place in this history.

It will perhaps be remembered that when our forces first entered Martinsburg, the rebellious inhabitants had barricaded the doors of the court-house, and had cut the halyards loose from the flagstaff with the avowed purpose that no Union flag should float over it. The Thirty-Ninth was determined that the Stars and Stripes should fly there notwithstanding that the people of the town had announced that sudden death awaited those who dare attempt it. A member of Company B, of the Thirty-Ninth, Private Lee Harvey, who to-day is employed as an engineer on the Chicago and Alton railroad, and makes his home at Bloomington, Ills., volunteered to do the business, and was soon

seen getting up the side of the building by the aid of the lightning-rod, bearing with him a flag. He reached the roof and with the same energy he climbed the flag-staff and to the top of it nailed the Stars and Stripes where so lately had flaunted the stars and bars of the so-called Southern Confederacy. This brave act made him the hero of the hour.

After General Shields' address the command moved out a short distance from town on the Winchester pike, and bivouacked for the night. The following morning at nine o'clock we resumed our march towards Winchester, and when within two miles of that city went into camp, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The following morning, March 12th, 1862, after guard mount and the duties of the day were disposed of, attention was given to a general cleaning up, which was sadly needed after so long a confinement in filthy cars.

Several officers, after "slicking up," as it was termed, and which mainly consisted in having their boots blacked or greased and attaching a clean paper collar to the shirt, received permission to ride into the city of Winchester to satisfy a curiosity to see the late stronghold of Secession, and the base of operations of Jackson's army.

General Banks' command was encamped near by and the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers was on provost-marshal duty in the town.

After a few days of rest in camp, the Thirty-Ninth was ordered to take part in an expedition up the valley; and leaving knapsacks and all camp equipage we filed out on the morning of March 18th, 1862, to join the balance of our brigade, which was already in line, and at half-past nine o'clock commenced to move, preceded by a company of pioneers bearing axes and followed by twenty pieces of artillery.

During a short halt made in the city, Major S. W.

Munn, who was riding a horse that had been captured at Bath, Va., on the 3d of January, was approached by a young and comely lady and a loyal rebel, who after the preface of some pleasant smiles and words, remarked that he was riding her horse and proceeded forthwith to state the circumstances that led to its being captured, and ended by saying that she presumed the Major would have the courtesy to return the horse to its owner. The Major, as we all know, was an exceedingly gallant and gracious man and especially so when a handsome woman was concerned. After recovering somewhat from his surprise he said in reply: "Well, madam, I do not know about this. The horse, if yours, was found in very bad company, and is a legitimate capture from an officer in open rebellion against the Government of the United States. It is a contraband and confiscation of war and is now the property of the government. I am riding it on the present occasion, being sadly in need of a horse; perhaps the accidents of war may restore it to you. Otherwise it will be turned in to the quartermaster and sold. I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of turning it over to you, but it is not within my power. Good day!" And the Major rode away to the call of duty, leaving the woman much chagrined at her failure and doubtless with a less favorable opinion of the "Yanks" than she had before.

The circumstances attending the capture of this horse were as follows: During a reconnoissance on January 3d near Bath, Va., under the immediate command of Captain S. S. Linton, also accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Mann and several cavalymen, Sergeant Hopkins, of Company D, with a squad of men surprised an officer who seemed to be out prospecting in a neighboring field, and who, as was afterwards learned, was the Adjutant-General of Loring's Brigade. The Sergeant commanded him to halt, dismount, and surrender! The officer quickly dismounted, and taking down some of the top rails of the intervening fence, gave the

horse a stroke that sent him over and into our lines, while the officer, taking advantage of the momentary diversion and the approach of some of the rebel cavalry, sneaked away under cover of the fence and escaped. The horse was captured and turned over to Major Munn, who had been without a horse since his promotion. It was afterwards jointly used by him and Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, whose horse had been severely injured on this expedition while leaping a ditch in efforts to escape capture. At Suffolk, Va., the horse was turned in to the quartermaster, and an order was procured for its sale, when it was bought by money contributed by the officers of the regiment and forwarded to Governor Yates as a present—Major Munn taking it to Springfield in December, 1862, when he left the service.

As we passed through the streets of Winchester many dark and gloomy faces peered at us from doors and windows, and some among the gentler sex were even tearful, thinking perhaps of our mission and their many dear friends in the Confederate service whom we might encounter.

The streets through which we passed were lined with soldiers from General Banks' command who greeted us as we passed with cheering words. At times a familiar voice would admonish us to "take care of yourself, old boy!" and "don't get shot in the back!!"

The spectacle presented by this moving column, fully ten thousand strong, was grand and imposing—the glorious old Stars and Stripes waving to the breeze—the various bands discoursing lively Union music, and the well-clothed and orderly soldiers tramping onward in measured steps.

" 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,—
One glance at their array."

We passed at a quick-step through the city and were soon joined by General Shields and staff, who took position at the head of the column, which was preceded by the Fifth

Ohio Infantry and a portion of the First Michigan Cavalry, who acted as skirmishers.

Along our line of travel we constantly saw traces of the enemy, who, as we approached, had hastily decamped, leaving their camp-fires still burning and their forage scattered. We found enough of hay and oats to give our horses a good feed.

At a distance of eight miles we reached the small village of Newtown, the only remarkable feature of which was the absence of the male population. The women were, as it seemed, the sole occupants, and exhibited themselves freely at the windows and porches of the houses, and it pleased them to wear a most forbidding countenance. The only delighted and happy expressions were seen in the shining faces of the many negroes who had gathered together in little groups at various points.

Several miles further brought us to Middletown, before reaching which, however, we noticed a dense column of smoke from what we soon learned was the bridge spanning Cedar creek, and which had been set on fire by the retreating rebels. Soon after, we heard the booming of cannon, and an order came to open ranks and let the artillery pass, which came at flying speed; then closing up, we rushed forward at double-quick to the scene of action, but found no enemy to fight. One of the Michigan cavalry was badly wounded by Colonel Ashby, in the thigh, and the bone was so badly shattered that amputation was necessary.

We were obliged to bivouac at this point for the night, the Thirty-Ninth being ordered to flank the artillery. No fire was allowed, and as the night was cold, dark and rainy, it was supremely disagreeable; but it being a "military necessity" we stood it out patiently.

The following morning we were up and stirring by the time "reveille" sounded, and after sharpening our teeth on hard-tack passed on to Strasburgh, a temporary bridge



BIVOUACKING AT CEDAR CREEK—IN THE RAIN.

having been provided to cross the creek. Our approach, however, was careful and well-considered, for now and then a shell would come over in our vicinity, which plainly gave us to understand that the enemy were not far off. We halted a mile from town; the sharpshooters and cavalry were sent ahead together with a portion of the artillery, and for the space of an hour a brisk skirmish was kept up with Ashby's cavalry. We finally entered Strasburgh, and proceeded two miles beyond, taking the field instead of the road, as we were afraid of masked batteries, and with reason, too, for they were soon discovered, and in such position that had we kept the road they would have done great damage. The enemy constantly directed their fire upon us, but without effect, as but very few of their shells exploded. We had expected to meet a large force and consequently were drawn up in line of battle, and anxiously awaited the commencement. Twelve pieces of our artillery were put in position, and opened fire, but soon ceased, for we could discover in the distance an attempt to stampede and Ashby's cavalry preparing for a charge upon the Fifth Ohio in order to give opportunity for a successful retreat.

We waited impatiently for operations to commence, but there was no commencement, and we advanced until darkness when the order came to bivouac; and to add to the discomfort a drizzly rain set in and continued through the night. In the morning nothing could be seen of the enemy and at nine o'clock A.M. we were ordered back to our former camp, which was reached at eight o'clock P.M., after a very fatiguing march of twenty-one miles through the rain, which still continued to fall.

CHAPTER VII.

Meet Doctor Owens—David Strother—Reach our Camp—Skirmish with Ashby's Cavalry—General Shields Wounded—Battle of Winchester—Position of the Regiment—Results of the Battle—Following the Army of Jackson—Skirmish with the Rear-guard—Bivouac at Cedar Creek—Pursuit Resumed—Woodstock—Edinburg—Permission to Forage—Early Start in the Morning—Mount Jackson—Charging a Battery—Move on to Strasburgh, the Limit of Pursuit—Call on Colonel Nat. Kimball—Supporting a Battery—General Shields' Recovery—On the March Again—Fording the Shenandoah—Reach New Market—Cross the Massanutton Mountains—White House and Columbia Bridges—Luray—Skirmish at Columbia Bridge and Hold it—Surprising a Rebel—Seeking to Arrest Colonel Boswell—Visit from Plantation Darkeys—A Reconnoissance—March to Fredericksburg—Eastern Soldiers—Reviewed by President Lincoln—Ordered Back—Departure of Shields—Move to Alexandria—Sent to Harrison's Landing.

AT NEWTOWN, on our return, we met with a Dr. J. W. Owens, who invited the Surgeon of the Thirteenth Indiana and Dr. Clark to his house, where a good dinner was furnished, with the "et ceteras." Before dining he took much pride in showing us some of his correspondence with Daniel Webster and several European celebrities. We found him to be a man of culture and refinement. He was a widower; the splendid residence occupied by him being chiefly in care of his much-attached slaves. He showed us a miniature picture of his late wife, who was a descendant of the Washington family, and which he carried in a fold of his pocket-book, for the reason, as he stated, that he did not know when he might be taken prisoner, and he wished to have it with him. He was a most bitter secessionist and owned some twenty slaves which, he said, he would soon free.

On our return we met with our old friend, David Strother ("Porte Crayon"). He is attached to the cavalry service and was stationed at Manassas, but had been detached and put upon General Banks' staff and was proceeding to Strasburgh by invitation of General Shields, who wished to avail himself of his topographical knowledge. In speaking of the late affair at Bath, he stated that the rebels had done him great damage, having destroyed a valuable cabinet of minerals — defaced all his paintings and stolen all his sketches, — a loss irreparable, and one that money could not replace.

We reached our camp near Winchester at eight o'clock P.M., and were glad to get under the shelter of our tents.

This reconnoissance in force was not attended with the results that were anticipated, except that we gained a knowledge of the enemy's strength and location and cleared the way for the advance of General Banks' army, which was moving on Centreville.

The night of March 22nd the "long roll" was sounded, and the various regiments of our division turned out and were soon in line and on the march towards Winchester. The scene of the affray was located about one mile beyond the city, and was occasioned by a body of Ashby's cavalry who had dismounted and were advancing as infantry, under the impression that the Union forces had left, as they had undoubtedly witnessed the departure of General Banks' army. They came howling and yelling like so many demons, but were gallantly met by the First Maryland Cavalry, who delivered a fire that killed nineteen of the rebels who fell like stones to rise no more. The Thirty-Ninth Illinois and the Fifth Ohio Infantry took position on the Romney pike, but fortunately their services were not demanded, for the enemy soon retreated.

During the little skirmish one of our artillerymen was killed, and also the horse he was riding. General Shields

was also wounded by a fragment of shell which broke his left arm. He was soon conveyed to the rear in an ambulance.

During the day Captain Gray of Company C had been stationed some three miles in advance with his company, on outpost duty, and when we met with him, after this skirmish, he told us that he had been engaged more or less during the whole day with the advance of Ashby's cavalry and had lost two men.

The whole division was kept on duty during the entire night, and the retreating rebels were followed up by some five companies of cavalry.

The succeeding day (March 23, 1862) ushered in the battle of "Winchester," with Ashby's cavalry and the whole force of Jackson to combat. The engagement commenced at ten o'clock A. M., and did not terminate until darkness had set in. The Thirty-Ninth occupied the extreme left and was not called into action, but did good service in supporting a battery during the engagement.

The scene of the action was in the vicinity of Kernstown, some four miles in advance of Winchester on the Strasburgh pike. Our division was posted as follows: the brigade of Kimball on the extreme right, General Tyler in the center, and General Sullivan on the left. General Kimball had command, owing to the disability of General Shields. The battle opened with a fierce artillery duel which continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the infantry became engaged, and resulted in a complete victory for our troops after fighting almost hand-to-hand over a distance of two miles.

The carnage was frightful, our division having one hundred and fifty men killed and three hundred wounded, while the enemy's loss amounted to some nine hundred in killed and wounded, two hundred and thirty-six prisoners, and the abandonment of two field-pieces and four caissons,

together with one thousand stand of small arms and several stands of colors.*

General Jackson, it was said, had made the boast in the morning that he would enter Winchester in time for evening service at the churches; and so confident were the women that he would be successful that they were preparing a banquet for him, but it proved as true in this case as in many others that

“There’s many a slip between cup and lip;”

and instead of entering Winchester he was fast retreating on Strasburgh with a crippled army. It was at this battle that General Jackson received the “soubriquet” of “*Stonewall Jackson*” from the fact of his having taken up with a position behind a stone wall which resulted most disastrously to our men while making a charge.

Our men had had nothing to eat since the early morning and it was not until nine o’clock P.M. that the commissary reported with rations.

The men lay on their arms all night, and a bitter cold night it was. The following morning General Banks returned, but too late to be of any service except in the matter of directing the pursuit, and it devolved upon the Thirty-Ninth to lead the advance, which was continued to Strasburgh. Our march during the day was continually interrupted and made disagreeable by the continued assaults of the rear-guard of the enemy, who, with two pieces of artillery, were throwing shells amongst us; but their fire was returned with interest, and as we advanced we could perceive

*The battle and the victory at Winchester was considered so important, occurring as it did after the Bull Run disaster, that President Lincoln and his cabinet paid a visit to the battle-ground. The victory at Winchester was bravely won, but not without the sacrifice of many good and valiant men. The troops were complimented by General McClellan, and General Shields personally complimented them upon opening the campaign on the Potomac, and advised us to inscribe Winchester upon our banners.

that our fire had been effectual from the number of dead and wounded that had been left to our mercy.

We bivouacked for the night at Cedar creek. The pursuit was continued the following morning (Tuesday, March 25), and as we pushed forward the rebel cavalry and artillery seemed to have disappeared; but more or less skirmishing was kept up with the enemy's rear-guard until we went into camp near Woodstock. This town was a county-seat and was built up along one street, and as we entered at one end the rebels left at the other. The enemy had planted a battery of artillery upon an eminence at the further side, and our artillery took position on a rise of ground opposite,



FRESH PORK FOR SUPPER.

the town lying between, and a brief but lively cannonading took place. A shell from one of our guns struck a large brass ball upon the cupola of the court-house, splitting it in halves. General Ashby's horse was also killed under him.

We soon moved on and went into camp at the town of Edinburg, and here, as we were sadly short of rations, permission was given to forage; and as the woods were full of hogs there was soon no lack of provender in the flesh line. We remained at this place until April 1st, when we were called upon at one o'clock in the morning to advance. We passed through the town, our advance-guard driving the pickets of the enemy. The rebels, however, made but little resistance. About sunrise we reached Mount Jackson, a town of some six hundred inhabitants, and here the enemy

set fire to the cars and the bridge before retiring; but our cavalry hastened forward and after a light skirmish in which one man was killed and three taken prisoners the bridge was saved. Jackson endeavored to make a stand on the heights across the river, but Shields succeeded in flanking his position and he moved on toward Staunton. Here it was that the Thirty-Ninth made its first, if not its most brilliant charge. On Rood's Hill, nearly a mile distant, there was discovered what was supposed to be a masked battery. No men were visible, only the mouth of a large gun, at least a thirty-two-pounder, could be seen. This battery must be taken, and the Thirty-Ninth was assigned that duty. At the word of command the boys started out on the "double-quick," but cautiously, making a detour so as to conceal the movement and take the battery in flank. When sufficiently near, the order came to charge, and with a cheer and hurrah they made a grand rush upon the formidable battery, which was found to consist of an old piece of smoke-stack or pipe that had been abandoned by the roadside and was well supported by any number of trees standing in martial order behind it. We then moved on to Strasburgh and went into camp.

This was the limit of our pursuit as directed by General Banks. It was rumored at this time that the enemy had been largely reinforced by Generals Smith and Longstreet, but this proved incorrect at this time. Our force on this occasion consisted of four brigades of infantry, one regiment of cavalry (the Third U. S.) and forty pieces of artillery. On the evening of April 4th the sutler reached our camp, bringing several casks of ale, and it is hardly necessary to add that it was soon transferred from the barrels to the thirsty throats of its admirers. The same evening some of the officers, accompanied by the band, proceeded to pay their respects to Colonel Nat. Kimball, commanding, who was found wrapped in the drapery of his blankets and who declined to listen to any music, as it was not *military* at such

a time, and furthermore, would prevent us hearing an alarm if one was sounded. The General being too much engaged with his fears, we left him and proceeded to the headquarters of General Williams, who courteously invited us in and gave us a hearty welcome.

April 7th the regiment was called upon for duty at the outpost, to support a battery of artillery, and a sorry time we had, bivouacking out in the cold drizzly rain; but in the space of twenty-four hours we were relieved by the Seventh Indiana and proceeded back to our old quarters where there was more solid comfort.

April 12th, General Shields had so far recovered as to be able to review his command. On being congratulated upon his recovery, he stated that he was again ready to give the rebels another chance at him, supported as he would be by his gallant troops.

While we were encamped at Strasburgh Surgeon Blake and Major Munn rejoined the regiment. The Major had been absent sick since March 22d, and Surgeon Blake since the battle, having been detailed to the hospital. Considerable speculation was indulged in as regarded in our next move, but nothing could be learned from any source. It was evident, however, that we should not remain long idle.

At one o'clock A.M., April 17th, orders came to at once prepare to march, and we were soon in readiness for any destination. We left camp before daylight and during the morning crossed the south branch of the Shenandoah river, our skirmishers having now and then a little brush with the rebel cavalry; but they retreated rapidly after burning bridges, railroad cars and other property that might give aid and comfort to the enemy. Our cavalry in the advance had several brisk skirmishes, resulting in the capture of a few prisoners. During the day we forded the Shenandoah river, the water being waist deep and having a very strong current. A large number of the men removed their clothing for this

purpose, remembering their experiences at Hancock, Md., with wet garments.

We reached New Market after a tedious journey over the worst road that we had as yet traveled, and bivouacked. The following morning, April 19th, the regiment was ordered to cross the Massanutton mountain to guard the bridges upon the river which were spanning the south fork of the Potomac. One half of the regiment were stationed at Columbia bridge, while the other part guarded the White House bridge, some six miles distant. The duty at the White House bridge was shared by two companies of the First Vermont Cavalry, who were daily busy in making raids. On the 23d of April we organized a raid to proceed to the village of Luray, some six miles distant, but did not accomplish anything except giving the inhabitants a thorough scare and driving from town a small force of the enemy. We remained in the town some few hours, and while there the larders of its citizens suffered somewhat severely by helping ourselves to something for eating and drinking, which was by no means abundant.

The six companies that were stationed at Columbia bridge, under the command of Major Munn, had quite a lively skirmish with two companies of rebel cavalry at the time they took possession, getting some seventeen prisoners. The Major posted his men in such manner as to hold the place. This bridge as well as the one called the White House was a covered one, and of great length, and it was impossible to determine the character of any persons in the bridge by those approaching, and this circumstance soon gave them another prisoner. It seems that a rebel officer had been off down the river to see his best girl, and in his absence the bridge had fallen into our hands. He was totally ignorant of the fact, and was returning on his horse in a very leisurely and unconcerned manner. He came along singing and chirping and was doubtless in a very happy

frame of mind—just back from seeing his charmer. Our boys noticed his coming and one of them drew up his gun to fire, but was arrested in time by the Major, who said "Let him alone and we will give him a surprise;" and they withdrew back in the deeper shadow of the bridge. The man still continued to approach, wholly unsuspecting of danger. He was allowed to come quite close before the word was given to "halt!" "Halt!" he sang out, thinking the matter a joke. "What the d—l are you halting me for? I'm no d—d Yankee!" "Well, we are. Halt!" And the boys stepped forward presenting their muskets. The surprise and astonishment of this man can better be imagined than described. He was almost paralyzed, but yielded gracefully to circumstances and the fortunes of war.

April 22d, Major Collins, commanding several companies of the First Vermont Cavalry stationed near us at White House bridge, invited several officers of the Thirty-Ninth to accompany him on an expedition made for the purpose of arresting a Colonel Boswell, of the Confederate army, who was known to be at his home several miles distant in the country. At the head of two companies we started off on the gallop. An hour's ride brought us to the house, and attended by a file of troopers we proceeded up to the door, and were met by a lady very much excited and frightened. "Is this the residence of Colonel Boswell, madam?" the Major asked. "It is, sir." "Is the Colonel at home?" "No, sir." "Can you inform us as to his whereabouts?" "I think he has gone to join the army; but, are you Northern or Southern soldiers?" "We are soldiers in support of the majesty of the United States government,—Northern men, madam, and, if you please, genuine Yankees; and you will please be quite certain that your husband is not here, for we intend to search the house and premises." "I tell you the truth, sir, if I die the next minute; but I do hope you will not kill him in case you should ever meet with him, and I

do pray that you will not turn myself and daughters out of our home on such a day as this is." "No fear, madam. We came solely to seek your husband, whom we were informed was here on a visit. You or your home shall not suffer in the least, and we do not war against women and children."

We then proceeded to make a thorough search of the house and outbuildings, but failed to find the Colonel. He must have been apprised of our coming and fled.

After overhauling all his papers and correspondence and appropriating what seemed of importance we returned to our camp very much chagrined at the failure.

The probabilities were that we would remain in the vicinity of White House bridge for several weeks and consequently had ordered forwarded all our camp and garrison equipage. Our life was full of novelty and excitement, and the hours and days passed smoothly away. While here, we were visited by a large and motley group of slaves belonging to the adjacent farmers, and to witness their delight and the well-pleased expressions that beamed from every polished face—their large eyes rolling in a frenzy of amazement and their thick labials shrinking back from the gleaming ivory in merry grins at what they witnessed of company drill and camp scenes, was funny to behold. The regimental band discoursed some lively airs for their especial benefit, awaking in them all the harmony of their natures, which expressed itself in every bone and muscle, and occasionally it found vent in words: "Lor, bress dis y'er time! Chile, jis listen to dat ar! it am mighty fine." They remained until after "dress parade;" which "capped the climax," and a better pleased set of darkeys never existed than left our camp on that day.

May 4th, the detachment located at White House bridge was ordered to Columbia bridge to support the Thirteenth Indiana and First Virginia regiments, which were guarding the bridge. On the 5th rumors of the advance of Jackson

were circulated, and finally confirmed by the appearance of large numbers of rebel cavalry on the opposite side. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms and be in readiness at a moment's warning to either fight or retreat.

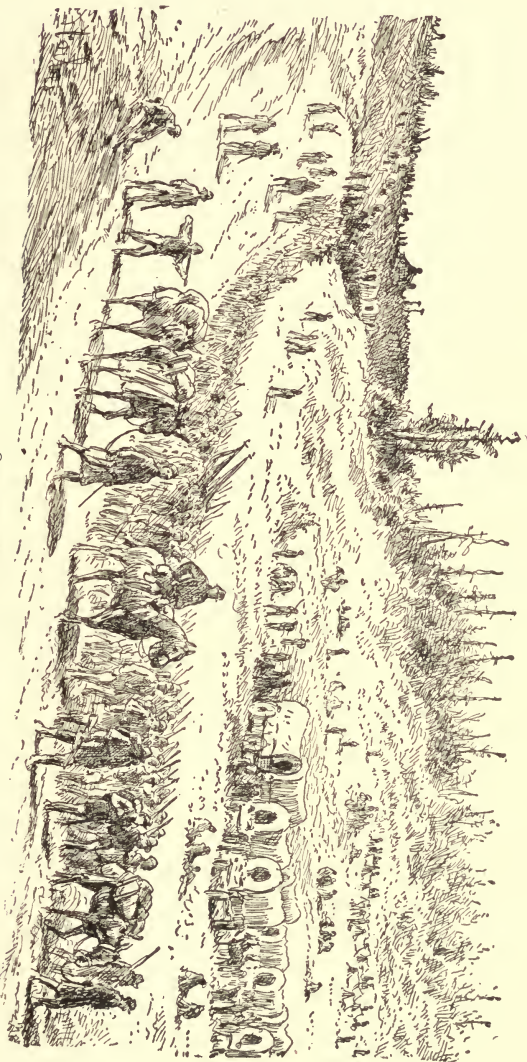
May 6th brought nothing new except that Companies D and G of the Thirty-Ninth were sent out as skirmishers and we were reinforced with five regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery.

At one o'clock the following morning the whole command were ordered forward for a reconnoissance of the enemy's position, which resulted in a severe skirmish with the vanguard of the enemy, wherein the Thirteenth Indiana, which led the advance, lost about fifty men in killed and wounded and taken prisoners. We found their force to be greatly superior to our own and were compelled to make a hasty retreat. The report had reached us that Yorktown had been evacuated, and the force opposite to us was indeed a part if not the whole of that army. During the night the summit and sides of the Blue Ridge for miles were glittering with the camp-fires and signal-lights of the rebel host. In order to mislead the enemy hundreds of unnecessary fires were lighted up on our hill-sides.

The signal corps were kept busy all night telegraphing across the mountain to General Banks, who had been forced to retire from Harrisonburg by reason of the advance of the large army under Johnson and Jackson.

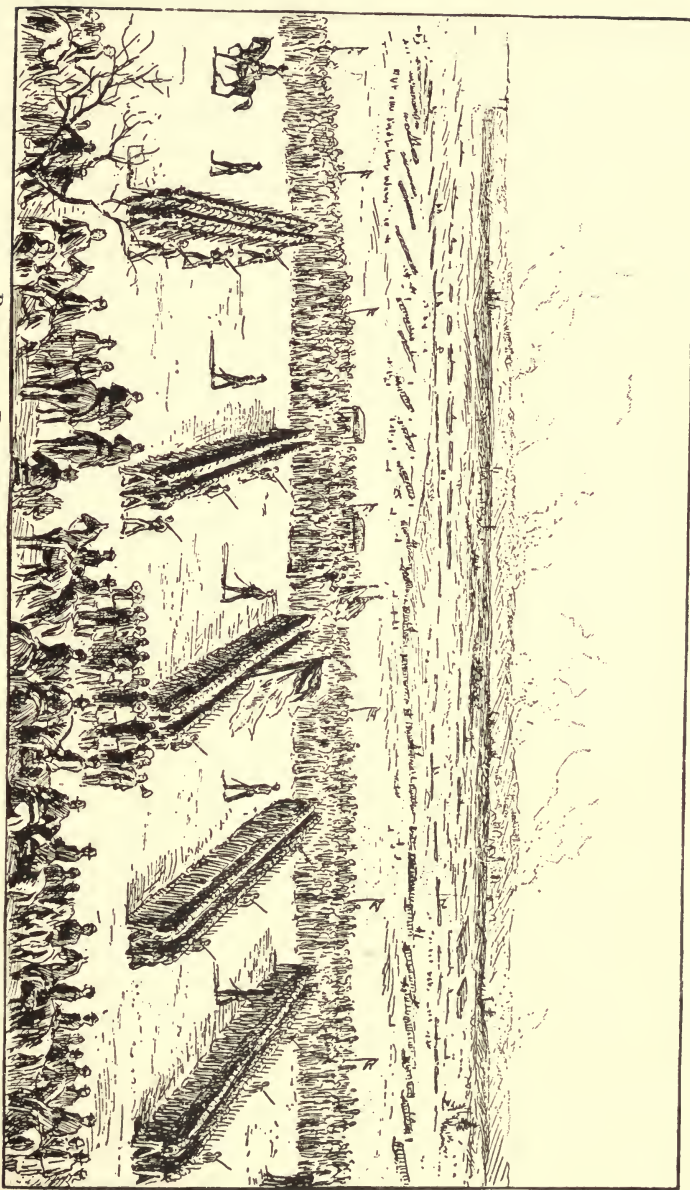
May 10th, orders came to prepare for a march to Fredericksburg and report to General McDowell. The following morning at an early hour we had commenced a weary march, and for four continuous days the rain was unceasing. After crossing the Blue Ridge we met a party of some six hundred rebel cavalry, and a brisk skirmish ensued which delayed our progress for a few hours. This march had extended across the peninsula and through the wilderness of Virginia, and had been undertaken with the expectation of forming,

ON THE MARCH.



with the army of General McDowell, the right wing of McClellan's army. General McDowell had a force of forty thousand men under his command, and at the time of our arrival they were in active preparation for a move "On to Richmond," and we were ordered to at once trim ourselves for the movement. All of our tents were ordered turned over; the baggage train to be diminished to four wagons; our heavy winter clothing to be packed and sent to Washington; all disabled men to be discharged from the service, and those requiring hospital treatment to be sent to Alexandria, Va. There was to be a general purging out of Shields' Division, and his rough Western men must subscribe more fully and obey more strictly "army regulations," so they might harmonize more fully with the popinjay soldiers from Massachusetts and the Eastern States, whom we often noticed looking scornfully and disdainfully at us, until there were several broken heads among them to teach them better manners.

President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Lord Lyons of the British Embassy, and other distinguished persons, were present here, and the next day there was to be a grand review of the army, and there was a great deal to do in order to prepare for a close inspection and the parade. On the afternoon of April 24th, the troops, numbering some fifty thousand, were paraded for review. As President Lincoln rode down our lines at a gallop in company with General McDowell and his brilliant staff, his eye caught sight of our flag, which had our name and number emblazoned upon it, and partly turned and stopped and called out, "What regiment is that?" "Thirty-Ninth Illinois!" was answered. "Well! you boys are a good ways from home, a'int you?" and passed on down the line. After the review and we had returned to our camp the President came and made a tour through the regimental quarters, shaking hands with many and asking numerous questions. He seemed delighted to



REVIEW BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FALMOUTH, VA., MAY 1862.

find a regiment from his own state in the Army of the Potomac.

The lines of army discipline were drawn pretty taut at this juncture, and the duties of officers and men were onerous in the extreme. Dr. Clark was the only medical officer with the regiment, as Dr. Blake had remained at New Market in charge of our sick, and had afterwards been assigned to duty in Banks' army in charge of a hospital near Mount Jackson, Va. Major Munn was also absent on detached service as provost-marshal at Warrenton Junction. The regimental quartermaster, Joseph A. Cutler, was also behind somewhere, and Lieutenant J. F. Linton, of Company D, was acting in his place, and was much more efficient and gave much better satisfaction. Disabled men were being examined and discharged and the sick sent to hospital, and the heavy clothing and overcoats of the men were got in readiness to be sent to Washington.

About May 23d it began to be rumored that General Banks was being driven back and surrounded by the rebels under Generals Johnson, Jackson and Ewell, who were making every effort to tear up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad again, and Shields' division received orders to march back to his relief ; and on the morning of May 25th, at six o'clock, we started on a return forced march. Prior to leaving, however, four captains and two lieutenants from different companies of the regiment went to Dr. Clark for examination and a certificate of disability on which to base an application to enable them to present the resignation of their commissions—right in the face of the enemy, as it were. Dr Clark, upon examination of these six officers, found that he could not accede to their wishes, and they, after some slight unpleasantness with the Doctor, were obliged to return, but soon afterwards tendered their resignations and left the service.

On the return march some trouble occurred between

Generals McDowell and Shields, with the result that General Shields left his command. At Warrenton Junction we heard of General Banks' defeat and utter route from the valley, and there being no further necessity for our joining him, our brigade, which then consisted of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Sixty-Second and Sixty-Seventh Ohio and Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, was ordered to Alexandria, Va.

There were many sick and foot-sore, and they were given transportation on the railroad. Proceeding on from this point the march became more and more tedious and monoto-



GUNBOATS ON JAMES RIVER.

nous. We were yet on the road formerly traversed, noticeable by many signs, chief of which, perhaps, was the complete demolition of the rail-fencing marking our former bivouacs, which had been used for fuel or for shelter, and in many instances for a bed, in order to keep out of the mud. The rail fences of Virginia were a great boon to the soldiers of both armies.

The Thirty-Ninth, with the balance of the division, reached Alexandria about June 12th, where a rest was given us to recuperate from so long a march; but it was not to be a protracted or even a sufficient one, for McClellan's army

was engaged with Lee's in what has been recorded in history as the "Seven Days'" fight, in front of Richmond, and like the Wandering Jew we must move on.

The 26th of June we were ordered on board transports and were soon "en route" for Harrison's Landing on the James river, arriving there in time to take some small part in the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862; but fortunately our positions and duty were such that we lost no men from the regiment.

It should have been mentioned in its proper connection that when we reached Luray, Va., on our return march from Falmouth or Fredericksburg, a portion of our brigade was sent to Port Republic to hold or, if need be, to destroy the bridge across the South branch of the Shenandoah river, where it met a large force of the enemy and a disastrous battle took place. The Thirty-Ninth was ordered there but did not reach the place in time to take part, but assisted in taking care of the wounded, numbering one hundred or more.

The march to and from Fredericksburg had occupied some three weeks' time, and we had covered three hundred and sixty miles of distance. It was a distressingly long march and one that tried the patience and endurance of the men beyond anything in our former experience as soldiers, and crippled many.

CHAPTER VIII.

Assigned to Keyes' Corps—Terribly Hot—Sickness—Sanitary Commission—Outpost Duty—Resignations—Company H Arrives—Terrific Cannonading—Celestial Picket—The Grand Retreat—Much Suffering—Yorktown—Campaign Lyric, "The Craven"—Proceed to Suffolk—Some History—Hospital—Assistant Surgeons Crozier and Woodward Report—The Sabbath—Expedition to the Dismal Swamp and Blackwater—Aunt Sally—The News—Some Reflections—Resignation of Major Munn—New Year—How Celebrated—Off for the Chowan River—Incidents of the March—George Riddle and the Pig—Take Transport for Newbern, N. C.—Arrival—Wreck of the Ambulance—Palatial Quarters—Receive a Flag from Governor Yates—Join Foster's Expedition—Sent to Morehead City—Selecting Transports—All Aboard.

WE were assigned after reaching Harrison's Landing to the corps commanded by General E. L. Keyes, but were yet in General Peck's Division, and General O. S. Ferry commanded our brigade, and the eminent surgeon Dr. Frank H. Hamilton was the medical director. The weather for the most part of the time that we remained at this place was almost unendurable, the temperature often reaching 102° in the shade. The dry soil was so destitute of all moisture that it was fissured in all directions. Many of the camps were destitute of all shade; the water scarce and totally unfit for use; innumerable flies by day destroyed all comfort for man and beast, and myriads of mosquitoes disturbed sleep at night. Sickness in many forms was widespread, and Death was busy reaping a rich harvest in the Army of the Potomac. It will be remembered that we had considerable sickness in the regiment but lost no men by death at this time. A contract assistant surgeon, Dr. J. H. Strobridge, a Canadian,

had been assigned to duty with the regiment and rendered very efficient service. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions came very opportunely to our aid at this juncture, furnishing abundance of ice and delicacies for the sick, and in no small degree contributing to their comfort and return to health. The Thirty-Ninth for the most part was put on outpost duty at the front, remaining out for a week at a time, and this duty was much more desirable than remaining in camp, near the river.

July 26th Captain W. B. Slaughter, Company G, resigned his commission, and Lieutenant Amos Savage was promoted to the position. Captains Gray, Company C, Wilmarth, Company B, and Hooker, of Company E, had previously resigned; also Lieutenants Holderman, Company B, and Nicholson, of Company K. Adjutant Frank B. Marshall, who had been absent from the regiment for a considerable time on recruiting service, had also resigned, Sergeant-Major Joseph D. Walker being promoted to fill the vacancy. Surgeon S. C. Blake had resigned June 3d, Assistant-Surgeon C. M. Clark being promoted.

Company H, Captain Williams, joined the regiment here, together with recruits for other companies, on or about the 12th of July, 1862.

August 9th there was general commotion in McClellan's army, and a move in some direction seemed imminent. The gunboats went up the river and assailed Fort Darling, and much of the infantry, artillery and cavalry were in motion, but as yet we had received no orders. The "celestial picket" up in a balloon, anchored near McClellan's headquarters, reported the enemy advancing and estimated to be some sixty thousand strong. About midnight there was a terrific cannonading. The whole camp was roused by the rapid bursting of shells in the very midst of our encampment, which produced, as can be imagined, a very lively commotion and scattering, in a closely packed camp of about fifty



MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD, 1862.)
This house was the birthplace of General (afterward President) William Henry Harrison. During the month of July, 1862, it was used as a hospital and as a signal-station, the scaffolding about the chimneys having been built for that purpose.

thousand men. It was soon discovered that the shells came from a battery across the James river. In twenty minutes' time, however, a few of our guns had completely silenced it.

Aside from the large amount of actual sickness in McClellan's army, there was noticeable, and especially among commissioned officers, a large amount of nostalgia, or homesickness. Large numbers sent in their resignations, but as a rule they were disapproved. Many feigned sickness, and one instance is known where a *valiant* officer hired two men to carry him to the hospital boat on a stretcher, and he succeeded in getting North to a hospital. The camp was a harvest for the sutlers. These vampires charged double prices for everything they sold, and nothing was sold for a less price than ten cents, if it was a stick of candy.

On the 2d of August Hooker's brigade moved towards Malvern Hill and attacked the enemy near Glendale, and on the 15th the army was in bustle and confusion, and commenced to move somewhere.

August 16th we received orders to march, having no idea of our destination, but soon found out that we were the tail-end and rear-guard of that magnificent army that a month or two before had been mobilized for the purpose of taking Richmond; and now it was ingloriously retreating to Yorktown, its rear protected by a Western brigade. After five days of weary marching under the fierce rays of a vertical sun, and through clouds of pulverized clay that rolled so thickly around and about us as to obscure the men in our rear, and was almost suffocating; water very scarce, and nothing to eat but dry "hard-tack" and the few straggling ears of corn that had escaped capture by the preceding multitude; having to sleep shelterless, and awaking in the morning to find our blankets and clothing saturated with the moisture of the heavy falling dews, we reached the vicinity of Yorktown and encamped on ground made historic by the

early struggles of our Revolutionary fathers for that freedom and that country that we are now striving to perpetuate.

Before leaving Harrison's Landing, there came into our possession in some manner a specimen of camp poetry, a paraphrase on "Poe's Raven," and penned evidently by some one who was no admirer of McClellan. It is reproduced here, not because we endorse its sentiments, but as a fair specimen of a campaign lyric.

"THE CRAVEN."

On that mighty day of battle, 'mid the booming and the rattle,
 Shouts of victory and of anguish, wherewith Malvern's Hill did roar,
 Did a General, now quite fameless, who in these lines shall be nameless,
 Show himself as rather gameless, gameless on the James' shore?
 'Safely smoking on a gunboat, while the tempest raged on shore—
 Only this, and nothing more.

The congressional committee, sat within the Nation's city,
 And each Congressman so witty, did the General implore:
 "Tell us if thou, at that battle, 'mid the booming and the rattle,
 Was on gunboat or in saddle, while the tempest rag'd ashore?"
 Answer'd he: "I don't remember; might have been."—What more?
 Only this, and nothing more.

"By the truth which is eternal, by the lies that are diurnal,
 By our Abraham paternal, General, we thee implore,
 Tell the truth and shame the devil, parent of old Jeff and evil—
 Give us no more of such drivel—Tell us, wert thou on the shore?"
 "Don't remember; might have been."—Thus spake he o'er and o'er,
 Only this, and nothing more.

"On that day, Sir, had you seen a gunboat of the name Galena,
 In an anchorage to screen a man from danger on the shore?
 Was a man about your inches, smoking with those two French Princes,
 With a caution which evinces care for such a 'garde de corps'—
 Were you that man on the gunboat?" "Don't remember; might have
 been." "The bore!"
 Only this, and nothing more.

We remained at Yorktown, pleasantly encamped near the waters of Chesapeake Bay, until August 30th, when orders came to march; and the prevailing opinion seemed to be that we were destined again to the valley of Virginia to co-operate with General Pope's army, as it was reported



DUMMIES AND QUAKER GUNS LEFT IN THE WORKS AT HARRISON'S LANDING ON THE EVACUATION BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. (FROM SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

that the enemy were endeavoring to cross the Potomac into Maryland.

We were, however, to proceed in another direction. We marched to Fort Monroe and there took transport across to the Nansemond river, up which we proceeded to Suffolk, Va., reaching there September 3, 1862, and made encampment just outside the town.

Suffolk is pleasantly situated on the Nansemond river, which is navigable to this place. Before the war it had a population of sixteen hundred, the majority of whom were slaves. The great Dismal Swamp stretches out from its eastern and southern boundaries, connected with the town by canal. Suffolk was burned during the Revolutionary war, but was again rebuilt, and its appearance was quite pleasing and decidedly antique or ancient. The few families left in town were or had been wealthy, and those who found *entree* met excellent society. The female portion were very shy and retiring, however, and on the approach of a Union soldier plainly showed how distasteful and unwelcome he was.

The regimental hospital was located in the town for the better accommodation of the sick, having selected a large two-story structure which proved admirably adapted for the purpose. On or about the 9th of September two assistant surgeons reported from the state of Illinois, having been assigned to the Thirty-Ninth. They were Doctor James Crozier, first assistant, and William Woodward, second assistant. Doctor Strobridge still remained with us, and for the first time in the history of the regiment we had more than the necessary supply of what the men facetiously termed "pill shooters." Lieutenant-Colonel Mann returned from a "leave of absence" that he had received at Harrison's Landing, about this time, bringing with him his bride, and inducted her into the mysteries of "camping out."

The first Sabbath spent at Suffolk was ushered in with

a peal of church bells which we, for a long, long time, had been strangers to. Sunday, in our "calendar," was the day when all marches were commenced, and battles fought, and we had grown to consider it as the most exacting day of the week. In all our previous history, and on an active campaign, there was nothing to herald its approach, and absolutely nothing to distinguish it from the other days, except perhaps the feeble workings of a conscience, and, at remarkably long



ON PICKET.

intervals, the announcement that the chaplain had arrived and would hold service.

In the early part of September a reconnoissance in force was made around the Dismal Swamp, but for some reason it was recalled before having accomplished the mission it had started upon. The Thirty-Ninth was kept busy in cutting timber, throwing up intrenchments and forts, and occasionally participating in expeditions out to the Black-water river, eighteen miles distant, where there was quite a force of the enemy. On one of these reconnoissances the

Thirty-Ninth had a lively brush with the enemy, capturing two pieces of artillery and forty prisoners, without the loss of a man.

Many of the veterans will remember "Aunt Sally," a tall, angular negress, a familiar character about the camp and hospital, full of her oddities and pranks, coming daily with milk, eggs, chickens and oysters to sell. She was a most singular person, possessing a great deal of assurance as well as impudence and a wonderful amount of *lip*. She stuttered and stammered badly, and was exceedingly sensitive in regard to this defect—so much so, that the least appearance of mocking at it would render her furious, and then she could hardly articulate intelligibly at all. Every morning she would come ambling and shuffling along the street with a milk pitcher perched on the top of her woolly head, and with pails or baskets swinging from her arms, and singing "We'll be gay and happy still!" in a voice that would do credit to a "Stentor;" and if the music at guard mount was sounding, she would stop to execute a "pas de seul" to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. "M-m-mawning, boss! want s-s-s-s-ome f-f-f-ine ostahs or e-c-chickuns foh yo' s-s-sick, dis m-m-mawnin?" Poor old Aunt Sally! we wonder if you survived "de wah."

The New York papers were received daily via Norfolk, and the war news was scanned with the utmost interest. At this date (September 13th, 1862,) the news is most discouraging from all points. In the whole of the past year's campaign nothing has been satisfactorily accomplished. The rebels have driven our armies back and back until the Union forces occupy but a very small portion of their territory, and what is still more humiliating and shameful, they have invaded our border and bid fair to make good their threat of dictating their own terms of settlement. The policy of our leaders seems to be to *wait* while the rebels *win*, and the frequent mistakes of our generals are taken advantage of and turned

to good account. While we are planning, they are boldly executing. Their army, inferior as it is in numbers, poorly fed and badly clothed, has a vigor and determination that makes us tremble, and troubles us everywhere.

The people of the North never properly appreciated the magnitude of the rebellion; they have always undervalued the resources of the South, and have consoled themselves with the idea that there was no possibility of failure. Our armies can never be victorious until the whole North, laying aside all party prejudices and the "irrepressible nigger question," unites as one man, and with unity of purpose proceeds to the work of speedily vindicating the "old flag" and reëstablishing the only government worth living for.

The regiment lost two men at Suffolk—one killed by being struck by a falling tree while at work with his comrades in felling timber for use in constructing redoubts; the other dying from typhoid fever. The work devolving upon the soldiers at this post was immense, and very seldom was there a day that could be devoted to rest or amusement, for when not engaged in work on the intrenchments and forts, there was sure to be an alarm from the advance-guard of the enemy's approach, and the men held in constant readiness for defense.

About the 1st of December, Major S. W. Munn resigned from the service by reason of poor health, Captain S. S. Linton being promoted to the position. At the same time Colonel Osborn was granted "leave of absence" and proceeded home to Chicago. New Year's Day came in bright and beautiful, and the officers of the division celebrated it by taking a gallop through town in force, led by Colonel R. S. Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers. Later in the day there was prepared a grand dinner, and in the evening a dance, with a sufficient number of ladies to make it interesting.

The mean strength of the regiment at this time was—officers, thirty-seven; enlisted men, seven hundred and thirty.

January 3d, 1863, it became noised around that orders had been received to prepare for a march and change of base, and such proved to be the case; and on January 5th, after the usual turning over of camp and garrison equipage and the cutting down of the means of transportation, our division moved out for the Chowan river, seventy-five miles distant.



THE SUTLERS.

The weather was fine and the spirits of the men fresh and elastic. During the first day's march the advance of our column encountered a small body of rebel cavalry that occasioned a slight detention. On the second day the novelty of the change had considerably worn off, and there was a little more straggling and weariness. During a halt in the afternoon, just over the state line in North Carolina, a negro was discovered crouching in a fence corner and apparently badly frightened. The soldiers in the vicinity, in the spirit

of mischief, ordered him to "come out of that!" which he immediately did, badly demoralized by fear. "Strip off that coat!" "Now take off your vest!" "Skin off that shirt!" all of which commands were readily obeyed; and had not the order to "fall in" sounded just then, there is no telling what else he would have been ordered to do. He soon mastered all his fear and seemed to relish the fun at his expense, and finally consented to come along as servant to one of the company officers. Large numbers of carts, mules and horses were gathered in by the men on this march, and before reaching our destination nearly every company possessed a mule and cart, which was utilized to carry knapsacks and blankets. It was no uncommon sight to see soldiers mounted on mules and horses, and they, to accommodate their less fortunate comrades, would consent to take their shelter tents, canteens, knapsacks, etc., until there was place for no more, and the appearance presented was most ludicrous. They called themselves "Mounted infantry." This sport did not continue for any great length of time, for when the matter reached the notice of the commander, each horse, mule and cart was turned over to the owner, who in most instances had followed on after them.

Tobacco raising and manufacturing seemed to be the leading industry of this section of country, and we came across large quantities of it in all shapes. On one plantation a large barn near the road we were following was found well stocked, and by order of the General commanding, many hogsheads, casks and boxes of it were rolled down to the roadside, the heads of the casks broken in, and the boys were permitted to help themselves, which they did without much ceremony, although they were not allowed to stop; but it was grab and march on. Some were content with a twist or two of the natural leaf for smoking and a plug or so for chewing, but there were others so avaricious that they grabbed and scrambled for all they could carry, and were then sorry

that they could not take it all. Many were afterwards seen with at least fifteen or twenty pounds of plug tobacco in their arms or slung to their backs, while their haversacks and pockets were bulging with "hunks" of the natural leaf. The day was decidedly warm, and as mile after mile was told off you could notice that those very greedy chaps, who were scrambling and almost fighting for the lion's share, were eager to lighten their load by giving it away to whoever wanted it, and many were glad to throw it all away before the bivouac was reached. It was most excellent tobacco, and it seemed a sin and a shame to have it so wantonly wasted.



BAND BOYS FORAGING.

The country through which we were passing furnished excellent advantages for foraging, and men were specially detailed for the purpose from each company; besides, there were those who went off on their individual responsibility. The members of the band had become experts, and some will remember that on one occasion during this march they captured a young pig, and in order to bring it along secure from notice they placed it inside the big drum and thus brought it to the night camp.

Orders were usually very strict regarding individual

and indiscriminate foraging, nevertheless men would take the chances. George Riddle of Company I tells a little of his experience while on this march. He says: "One day when we had halted for dinner, a comrade and myself left the ranks and started out to look for a little change of diet for supper. We soon found a little sandy shoat, and my comrade had just "stuck" it, when, looking up the road, we saw General 'Sandy' Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, coming. My comrade ran away, but I held on to the pig, and had it by the throat as the General came up and said 'What are you doing with that pig?' I told him that that fellow running yonder had cut its throat and I was trying to stop the blood from staining its bristles. He looked at me a moment quite sharply, and then asked, 'What regiment do you belong to?' 'Thirty-Ninth Illinois,' I answered. 'Well,' said he, 'the blood will be d—d apt to stop by the time a "Sucker" gets through with it; but don't you let anybody see you with that pig, or you may get into trouble; and,' he continued, 'you'll know where to find my quarters to-night, won't you?'"

The afternoon of January 8th we reached the Chowan river, where preparations were made to embark on transports for Newbern, N. C., which was reached the following morning, January 9th. We were now in the Department commanded by General A. J. Foster. Colonel Osborn was placed in temporary command of the brigade here. We were sent some three miles out of the city to make encampment, and selected a timber grove after removing the dense undergrowth. While located here, and during a sudden and violent storm of wind and rain, a tree was blown down which badly wrecked an ambulance in its fall, crushing the medicine chest and hospital knapsack, but doing no further damage.

The men were supplied with the small A or button tent, often called the "dog tent" at this time, no other tents being

furnished except for hospital use. Many of the officers found accommodations for meals and for sleeping in the neighboring houses. One plantation house was quite near our camp and was occupied by a family of the poorer class, who stated that they had been left in charge by the owner, who had removed with his family when Newbern was first occupied by Union soldiers. The house was beautifully furnished throughout, and here it was that a few of us got accommodations that were quite home-like. A grand piano had been left behind, and with the musical talent that we had with us, quite entertaining and *swell* concerts were given.

While at Newbern, the regiment received an elegant flag from Governor Richard Yates of Illinois, bearing his portrait, and on the day of its reception, at the hour of "dress parade," it was placed in the hands of the "color guard" with appropriate ceremonies. Short speeches were made by several of the officers, the sum and substance being, "Never submit to its dishonor or permit its capture by the enemy!" The history of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois shows how well it was guarded and cared for by the many brave men who have constituted the "color guard" during the long and bloody years they were called upon to sustain it. Fully two-thirds of the guard who first received the flag were killed while supporting it at the battles of Drury's Bluff, Hatcher's Run, and Darbytown Cross Roads, and it with the other colors of the regiment was honorably and proudly borne back to the "muster-out" at the capital of the State in December, 1865, their folds scarred and rent with rifle balls, but covered all over with glory. The archives of the State contain no better symbols of the bravery and devotion of her sons than the banners of the "Yates Phalanx."

On the 18th day of January it became known that we were to be sent into South Carolina, and everything was

made in readiness for the trip—wives of officers were sent home, horses, wagons, and ambulances turned in to the Post Quartermaster, and the sick and disabled of the command sent to general hospital. On the 20th we took the cars for Morehead City, a distance of twenty miles, where we were to embark for Hilton Head, S. C. The harbor was full of shipping of all kinds and descriptions, and we were granted permission to select our vessels. A small side-wheel steamer was at first pointed out to us as one of our vessels, but on inspection by the Colonel and Surgeon it was found to be unseaworthy, and besides, would not accommodate one-half the regiment.

We next visited a craft lying near the opposite shore, a two-masted propeller. We reached her in due course of time by small boat, but soon condemned it, for on descending into the hold we found her timbers rotten, and the clapping of her upper deck (could not be dignified by any other name) in a most shameful condition; the seams being wide open, and in many places could look through the interspaces in her siding and view the city beyond. We finally took up with two small propellers that were seaworthy, and a small schooner to carry our baggage and horses. These vessels were soon brought to the wharf and Companies A to E, together with a portion of the field and staff and the band, embarked on the "General Meigs," Captain Watson. The other companies of the regiment went on board the "City of Bath" and the schooner "Skirmisher," and towards evening we started out as a part of the Foster Expedition for South Carolina, the State that first inaugurated the Rebellion.

CHAPTER IX.

Pass Fort McAllister—Storm at Sea—Paying Toll to Neptune—Cleaning up—Fishing—Taking Account of Stock—Generals Foster and Hunter Do Not Agree—Land on St. Helena Island—Make Camp—The Ballad of Paris Island—Dress and Discipline—Hilton Head—"Ain't You Going to Kiss Me, Hass, Before You Go?"—Beaufort—Mrs. General Lander—The Negroes—Fishing—Ordered to Folly Island—View the Enemy—Take Possession of Folly Island—Feeling Our Way up to the Front—Descriptive—The Bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Ironclads—Making Camp—General Vogdes—Lankinaw and the General—Busy Throwing up Intrenchments—Relieve the One Hundredth New York Volunteers—The Rebels Celebrate—Fooling with a Loaded Shell—First Maryland Cavalry—Paymasters Arrive—The Sutler—Some of his Experiences—Visit the "Ironsides"—News from Rebel Sources—Trading with the Enemy—The Blockade Runner "Ruby"—An Expedition to it—The Results—Doctor Woodward Makes the Trip and Vogdes Disciplines Him.

WE passed Fort McAllister at sundown and were soon on the billows of the broad Atlantic. The storm that had been brewing since early morning now broke in all its fury, and we got more than a taste of old Ocean in one of its tragic moods. The storm increased in violence, and the vessel labored heavily in its passage through the heavy seas. Fully two-thirds of the officers and men were settling up accounts with "Neptune," with a large balance in his favor, and felt most thoroughly depleted and disconsolate. The few officers who kept their "sea legs" and a clear head, engaged in games of whist and euchre in the captain's saloon, and in this way passed the night; and a most protracted and gloomy night it was, the rolling and pitching of the vessel often capsizing us from our chairs, and it did seem at times as if the vessel itself would roll over. At last the welcome

morning dawned, and as the sun arose, the wind and waves abated, yet the long and heavy swells of water kept large numbers on the sick list. At inspection in the morning the hold of the vessel was found to be in a most foul and filthy condition. The men were ordered on deck and the ship's crew with hose and brooms were put to work cleaning. During the afternoon the sea became as smooth as a mirror and the many seasick soldiers came from their beds into the fresh and bracing sea air for enjoyment. Some got out their fishing tackle, others baited for sharks, of which we saw numbers, and all found pleasure in watching the antics of the porpoises and the gulls.

While we are at sea it may be well to take an "account of stock," as it were, and find out what the condition of the Thirty-Ninth then was. We had been in the United States service one year, three months and ten days up to the 22d of January, 1863. We left Chicago with eight hundred and six officers and enlisted men, October 11th, 1861. In the meantime we had received 147 recruits, including Company H, which joined us at Harrison's Landing, Va.,—making a total of 953. From this number 19 officers have resigned their commissions; 2 officers have been dismissed the service; 1 officer has died; 32 men have been left behind on marches; 39 men have deserted; 31 men have been sent to general hospital; 38 men have been discharged the service from general hospital; 18 men have died,—leaving us 767 officers and men for active service in the new field to which we are hastening.

We reached Hilton Head, S. C., early in the morning of January 22d, and lay in the harbor for several hours, awaiting, as we afterwards learned, the settlement of some difficulty between Generals Foster and Hunter, the latter of whom was in command of the Department of South Carolina.

Without going into the details of their controversy concerning rank and position, which in itself is not perti-

ment to this history, but which was of prime interest to the two generals, we take up the clew of our personal history again. During the afternoon we were sent down to a landing place on St. Helena Island, where the men disembarked. The schooner carrying our baggage and live stock could not reach the improvised pier during flood tide, and our horses were pushed overboard and made to swim ashore, which they did in gallant style, and were fully as glad as ourselves in reaching *terra firma* once more.

We bivouacked for the night; but the following day had quarters assigned to us about one mile from the river, and as all our equipage for camp and garrison had followed us, we soon had all our tents pitched and camp furniture in place.

General O. S. Ferry remained as our division general, and Dr. Sol. Van Etten the division surgeon. General Hunter commanded the department; Surgeon Crane, U. S. A., was medical director, and Dr. J. J. Craven the medical purveyor, and attached to Hunter's command was General Charles Halpine, otherwise known as "Miles O'Reilly," who was not only a wit but a poet of no mean order.

While we were stationed on St. Helena Island some soldiers from General Nagle's command made a foray on Paris Island and killed a bull, the only one on the island, and its owner came to the headquarters of General Hunter sadly lamenting his loss. The occasion inspired General Halpine to issue the following:

"BALLAD OF PARIS ISLAND."

Dear General H——, my heart is full,
Lamenting for my butchered bull:—
The only bull our Island had,
And all my widowed cows are sad.

With briny tears and drooping tails,
With loud boo-hoos and bovine wails,
My cows lament with wifely zeal
Their perished hopes of future veal.

Sad is the wail of human wife
 To see her partner snatched from life:
 But he—the husband of a score—
 For him the grief is more and more!

No future hope of golden cream!
 Even milk in tea becomes a dream:—
 Whey, bonny-clabber, curds and cheese
 Are now, ah, me! mere idle words!

The cruel soldiers, fierce and full
 Of reckless wrath, have shot my bull;
 The stateliest bull—let scoffers laugh—
 That e'er was "father" called by calf!

A bull as noble, firm and fair
 As that which aided Jove to bear
 Europa from the flowery glade
 Where she amidst her maidens played.

Dear General H——, accept my vows,
 And oh! take pity on my cows,—
 With whom, bereft of wifely ties,
 All tender hearts must sympathize.

Quick to Van Vliet your order send
 (By Smith's congenial spirit penned)
 And order him in language full,
 At once to send me down a bull:—

If possible, a youthful beast,
 With warm affections yet unplaced,
 Who to my widowed cows may prove
 A husband of enduring love.

Great attention was paid to the matters of drill and discipline while located on this island, the whole regiment being exercised twice daily in field evolutions and the manual of arms. Two hours of the morning were spent in company drill, and the same length of time in the afternoon was devoted to battalion exercises. Great proficiency was attained in this manner, and the officers and men of the regiment enjoyed the proud satisfaction of being reported at department headquarters by an experienced U. S. General Inspector as the best drilled and disciplined regiment in the Department of the South.

The leisure hours that were at our disposal, and when permission could be obtained, were spent in making excursions to Hilton Head or the surrounding islands. Hilton Head Island, the headquarters of General Hunter, was at this time quite a city in a business aspect if in no other. The general hospital was located here, together with the quartermaster's and commissary's depot, and the medical purveyor's store; and besides, there were scores of traders in all sorts of merchandise who had built large structures for containing and bartering goods. Several photographic galleries were in full operation and abundantly patronized. One in particular was conducted by a German by name of Hass, and some of us will remember the name distinctly for the reason that we reached his gallery just at a period when he was about sailing for New York on the steam-ship "Arago," to replenish his chemicals and other stocks. He was a burly and phlegmatic Teuton, and was slipping away without saying "good-bye" to his wife, who called out to him in sorrowful tones, "A'int you going to kiss me, Hass, before you go?" The old chap, when thus reminded, removed the pipe from his lips and said, "It ish no time to sthop fooling now. I musht get apoard as quick as never I can. Vait 'till I gets back, my dear!!" and off he went in an excited flurry, under the mid-day sun and through the sand, to get "apoard mit the steamer."

Sometimes a trip was made up Broad river to Beaufort where the Sanitary and Christian Commissions had headquarters. This place was also the location of the "Freedmen's Bureau," and there were two or three hospitals, one of which was under the matronship of Mrs. General F. W. Lander—more generally known as Julia Davenport, the actress.

In passing, this estimable lady is worthy of a more extended tribute for her disinterested devotion and care of the sick and wounded soldiers under her charge at not only

this place, but at all other points where her sympathy or hand could reach them. It was our privilege to have the personal acquaintance of this lady, for she frequently visited the various troops in the department, and our regiment, at one time under the command of her brave husband, entertained the greatest respect for one so lately bereaved and who still in her widow's weeds remained within the circle of the army, giving time, money and patience and the attributes of a sympathetic nature to the care of disabled men. Whatever laurels Mrs. Lander may achieve before the footlights as a tragedienne will never be brighter, fresher, or greener than those won in hospital service on a more tragic stage—the bloody fields of the great strife for National existence.

At other times we would gratify our passion for fishing and hunting by proceeding up the island to a large plantation house which had been turned over to the Freedmen's Bureau and the plantation worked by giving a certain percentage on the sale of products to the negro, or else paying him or her so much a day for labor. There was a school established there, but we were never fully satisfied that the negroes appreciated their advantages. The negroes on this and adjoining islands were the most obtuse and thick-headed that we came in contact with. They came regularly to camp each morning with something for sale—sweet potatoes, oysters, clams, shrimps, etc., and such gibberish, such unintelligible mutterings were never heard before. We might as well have attempted the translation of the "Congo" dialect as try to understand the "lingo" of these "mokes" of both sexes. It must be confessed that we had had some respect for the negro as we had seen him in Virginia and at home, but here, there was nothing but approximation to the monkey tribe, and to call the thick-lipped, monkey-faced negro with his gibberish, a fellow "well met" on all occasions was more than could be expected.

At the plantation house before mentioned, we would secure a boat and a guide and sail down the inlet to the sea. On the way and while passing through the rice swamps we often found wild ducks and reed birds for our sport, and with the use of a trolling hook and line would manage to catch good fish, to say nothing of the crabs fastened to the line at each haul.

In the latter part of the month of March, 1863, we were called upon to make preparations for a move, and on April 1st we embarked on steamers to take part in General Hunter's expedition to Folly Island. For several weeks previous to starting the men had been drilled in the management of surf-boats. On the morning of April 3d we arrived opposite Stono Inlet, but the storm, which had been furious during the night, had not abated, and we were compelled, together with the balance of the fleet, to lie-to for several hours; and besides, several of the transports had lost their surf-boats during the gale. We were in close proximity to the blockading squadron off Charleston harbor, and the scene presented at this time was novel and exciting. Matters began to look like business again, and we were all glad to have the dull and monotonous routine of camp-life dissolved. About noon of this day we steamed up to Edisto Island and soon came to anchor in the quiet waters of Edisto river, where we found seven monitors and five gunboats, aside from other craft. During the day the steamer "Ben DeFord" came in and anchored near us, bringing General Hunter and Admiral Dupont. Early the succeeding morning we got under way again and had a comparatively smooth passage to Stono Inlet, at the mouth of which we found the tug "Harriet Weed" in waiting to pilot us up the river to Cole's Island, where we commenced disembarking by means of the surf-boats and rafts. The men made rather bungling work at first in handling their oars, but soon came down to work. The Thirty-Ninth was the first to reach the island, where

we found the One Hundredth New York Volunteers already in camp. The Sixty-Second Ohio, Sixty-Seventh Ohio and Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Infantry soon followed us.

We made our encampment near the shore and close to Folly Island, which was in possession of the rebels. The entire camp equipage was landed before sunset, and the tents soon pitched, and supper, the first decent meal of the day, partaken of. Near the camp were several old forts and intrenchments, and during the evening some of us took up position on the parapet of a fort where we could plainly see the camp-fires of the rebels—their signal lights and rockets, which were flashing out intelligence of our approach.

April 5th the brigade commenced the work of throwing up rifle-pits, and otherwise fortifying the position, for an attack at any moment was possible. From the head of the island, a mile or so distant from camp, the rebel pickets could plainly be seen, together with squads of men here and there, busy in perfecting their line of earth-works and mounting cannon. At seven P. M. of this day an order came to put out all lights, as General Ferry was under the impression that we would be shelled by the rebels. At ten P. M. orders came to strike tents and move to the landing, and at midnight we got on board the tug "Harriet Weed" and were ferried over in detail of companies to Folly Island. On landing, the regiment stacked arms and lay down for a little rest. At sunrise the following morning we commenced moving up the sea-beach, preceded by a large body of skirmishers, and two pieces of twelve-pounder artillery under the charge of marines and drawn by hand. Several halts were made in our progress, which were necessitated by the slow movements of our skirmishers, they being spread out across the island in order to make a clean sweep. The slow movement was mostly attributable to the dense undergrowth, trailing vines, hedges, etc., that had to be cut away by the

pioneers before progress could be made. At noon the regiment halted in a palmetto grove for dinner, and a siesta was taken until three P. M.; then we started on again and continued until four P. M., when an order came to bivouac. There was an implicit order against building fires, and a cold lunch of ham and hard-tack sufficed for supper.

At ten o'clock A. M. we were awakened with a muffled order to "fall in" and march, and were soon *en route* again, with nothing to disturb the quiet except the song of the mocking-bird and the thud-thud of the many footsteps along the level beach—the clatter of canteens against the knapsack or the gun; but all this was drowned, except to the participants in the march, by the dull and monotonous cadence of the ocean, whose waves often washed over our footsteps. We reached the head of the island at daybreak without meeting the enemy. Our fears had been greatly excited at times from the fact that the skirmishing party would exercise us by firing off their guns, and at one time we thought that we had been attacked in the rear,—all occasioned by the careless handling of firearms. At the head of the island we reconnoitered Morris Island by peeping through the thick foliage that skirted Light House Inlet.

Folly Island is some seven miles in length and was densely timbered with palmetto, pine and magnolia trees, together with a dense growth of underbrush throughout the greater portion. There was no habitation except at the foot of the island, consisting of a two-story frame house and one or two out-buildings, all of which were latterly used for our accommodations—the house for the General's headquarters and the out-buildings for hospital purposes.

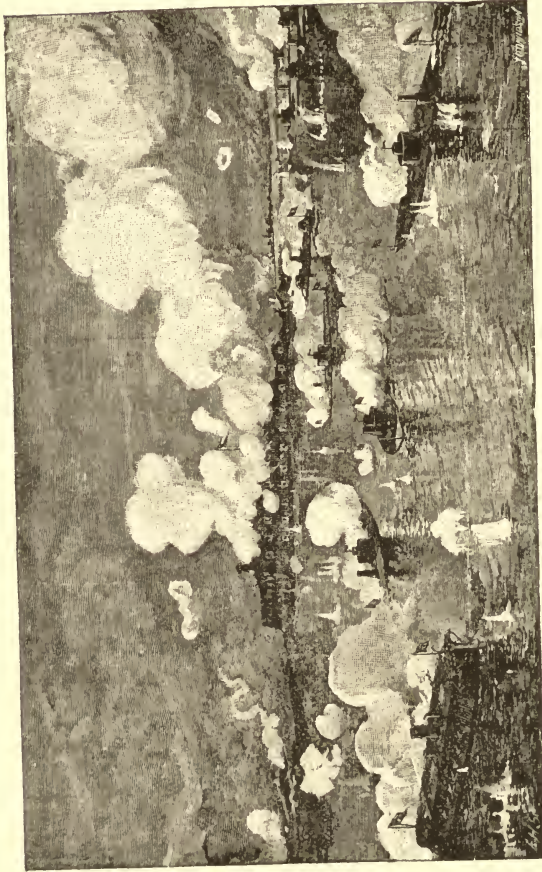
In our position at the head of the island we had a full view of Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Johnson, and the various sand batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands, and in the foreground were numerous "graybacks" perched on the sand hills intently engaged in looking in our direction. At

times they would approach the water's edge on the opposite shore and deliberately fire their muskets towards us. We had an unobstructed view of the blockading squadron seaward, and the monitor fleet that was entering the ship channel to engage the various harbor batteries. At two P. M. the monitors, led by the "Ironsides," were seen in motion, with the "Weehawken" as skirmisher to dispose of obstructions. After the "Ironsides" came the "Passaic," "Montauk," "Patapsco," "Catskill," "Nantucket," "Nahant," and "Keokuk." The fleet paid no attention to the batteries on Morris Island, but pressed forward to the northwest face of Fort Sumter.

At half past two o'clock the ball opened, the first shot being fired from Fort Sumter. Soon the batteries on Sullivan's Island and Morris Island opened most fiercely, followed by broadsides from Sumter, and the din and roar was deafening, which together with the flash and smoke from each gun made up a scene that was deeply interesting to distant spectators; but when we consider the animus that pointed each gun from the fort that inaugurated the rebellion we pause to contemplate the fiendishness of it.

Through some mistake of orders the "Weehawken" missed her course and the line of battle became confused so that the whole power of our fleet was not manifest for a long time. It was impossible for the monitors to get nearer than eight hundred feet of the fort by reason of the numerous floating torpedoes, yet the monitor "Keokuk" succeeded in gaining a nearer position, and in consequence was completely disabled, having received ninety shots in the course of half an hour. By means of her pumps she was brought out from the fray, and finally sank near the entrance of the harbor—her smoke-stack reaching just above the surface of the water. The other monitors were not essentially damaged.

At half-past four P. M. the whole fleet withdrew and,



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMNER AND ADJACENT FORTS, APRIL 7, 1863.

The monitors engaged were the *Weehawken*, *Pascata*, *Montauk*, *Cadskill*, *Nahant*, *Pedipasco*, and *Nantucket*.

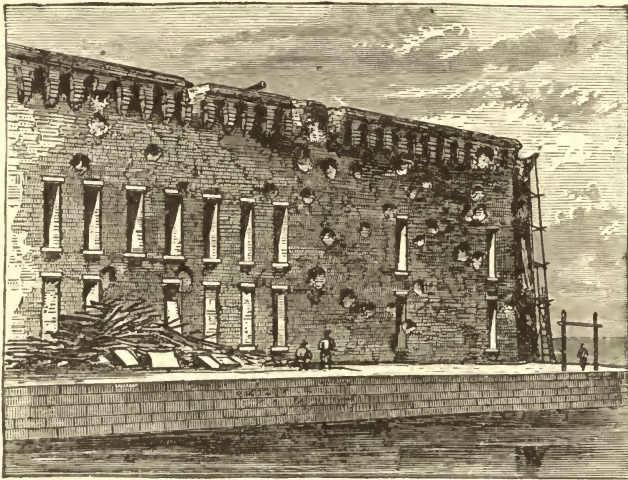
with the exception of the "Ironsides," proceeded to Hilton Head or Port Royal. The number of guns that had been brought to bear upon this little squadron was fully three hundred, and for rapidity of fire and weight of metal they were never surpassed.

We watched this combat with the greatest interest, even climbing trees for a better view. Fort Sumter seemed to be a sheet of flame from the successive discharge of her numerous guns. About once a minute there would be the discharge of a gun from the turret of a monitor and we would watch the effect of the heavy ball as it struck the fort. All that we could discover was a cloud of dust and a fall of debris—no breach being apparent. We have ever considered this naval duel as one of the most novel and exciting episodes of our life and never shall forget it, in any of its details. The wounded in the engagement were principally on the "Keokuk," and they were put on board the hospital ship by her own crew.

The 8th of April opened up gloriously as far as sun, sky and good temperature were concerned, but the want of food from the failure of the commissary to report was intensely felt, and a pall as thick as mud fell like an incubus on our spirits. We had some hard-tack left which was washed down with the mere apology for coffee. During the forenoon heavy cannonading was again heard, but mostly confined to the blockading squadron, which was attempting a little practice to remove the rust from their guns, or give the fleet a little exercise. On bringing our glasses to bear on Fort Sumter, three flags were seen—one the National flag of the Confederacy, one the State flag bearing the Palmetto, and the third one was made out as a black flag, or looked like one. At two p. m. orders were received to remove our camp back some three miles for a permanent position. We picked out a suitable site and finally pitched

the tents agreeably to army regulations, and soon were in quarters for a sleep, with the roar of the ocean for a lullaby.

April 9th, General Vogdes came with authority from General Hunter to assume command of the forces on this island, thus superseding Colonel Howell, who had been acting as brigadier-general. General Vogdes, prior to the war, was a captain in an artillery regiment and a graduate of West Point. At the battle of "Bull Run" he was taken prisoner and lingered in prison at Richmond for some thir-



FORT SUMTER AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

teen months. When exchanged he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

General Israel Vogdes will long be remembered by his command on Folly Island for his remarkable eccentricities of manner and speech. He was a great stickler for discipline and exacted from the soldiers all the honors due his rank and position. Although it was his invariable habit to saunter around camp in a blouse or in his shirt-sleeves, yet he was so puffed out with egotism that he excused no one for not recognizing him as the commanding general. The soldiers

had taken a dislike to him on general principles and neglected no opportunity to annoy and vex him. One night he was caught out while near the head of the island without the "word," or "countersign," and was delayed some two hours on one pretext or another, although it was well known who he was.

At one time when Private Lankinaw of Company D, a stalwart German who had seen service in the Prussian army, was on guard duty near headquarters, the General happened to pass just at sundown and Lankinaw paid no attention whatever. This was so gross a breach of discipline and respect that Vogdes could not pass it by, and the officer of the day was sent for. Colonel Howell, of the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, a very suave and polite old gentleman, was on duty, and when he reported, Vogdes said:

"Colonel, these d—d Western volunteer soldiers do not know their duty, sir. I was passing the sentinel just now, sir, and he did not salute or pay the least attention to his commanding general, and you will at once relieve and punish him, sir."

"Yes, sir; great disrespect to the commanding officer," said Howell. "Will see to it at once, sir, *at once!*" and he started to interview Lankinaw.

"Soldier, the general commanding reports that you did not 'present arms' when he lately passed you. Don't you know your duty?"

"Vell, Colonel Howells, I shalutes no man, by tam, ven it pees sundown."

"Sundown, was it? If so, you were in the right, sir, and will so report."

Colonel Howell returned to the General, saying: "General Vogdes, the soldier says the sun was down when you passed him, and according to the army regulations, you know, the sentinel is not obliged to pay salute to anybody."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I do not think the sun was down,

—at least, I do not think that it was *quite* down. However, let it pass; but see to it that these volunteers are better instructed in their duties.”

The regiment by detail was kept constantly busy in throwing up intrenchments and building forts, and from this severe labor, in connection with the miasm of the marshes, a large number of men constantly reported on the “sick list.” Many were sent to the hospital at the foot of the island, and when accommodations failed, or they could be benefited by a change, they were sent aboard the hospital ship “Cosmopolitan” and transferred to Northern hospitals. The “hospital ship” “Cosmopolitan” came each month to receive our sick and wounded. It was under the charge of Surgeon Otis, U. S. V.

April 11th, under cover of the dark night, some three hundred of the enemy approached the island in boats in the endeavor to surprise our outposts, but were discovered and driven back, but not until they had wounded one man of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers and captured two others.

General Seymour had succeeded General Vogdes in command of the whole force, and on the evening of this day there was a detail from the Thirty-Ninth to deploy as skirmishers across the island. General Ferry went to Port Royal and the fleet of transports there sailed for the same destination, taking with them the whole force with the exception of five regiments under command of Vogdes.

April 12th, the Thirty-Ninth went to the head of the island to relieve the One Hundredth New York, which was ordered to Cole’s Island to relieve the Sixty-Seventh Ohio, ordered back to Folly Island.

A great deal of sickness was prevalent at this time, and as a prophylactic measure whisky and quinine was ordered to be given the men each morning.

April 13th was the anniversary of the capture of Fort Sumter by the rebels, and we notice that they are having a jubilee not only at the fort but on Morris Island. We occasionally see officers accompanied by women that must have come from Charleston, and from our point of observation the officers were engaged in pointing out the position of the "Yanks," and doubtless remarking to their lady friends how easy it will be to dislodge them when the proper time arrives (?).

Soon after the occupation of Folly Island a post hospital was established in a vacant two-story building near the headquarters of General Vogdes, and Surgeon Clark was placed in charge.

There was considerable sickness among the soldiers at this time from the incessant fatigue and exposure attending the erection of batteries and the constant picket duty; and besides, men were continually being wounded by the enemy's shells or by accident and carelessness. It is remembered that among the first to be admitted for wounds were two men belonging to the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers. They, it seems, had found a shell when they were on duty and had brought it with them to their quarters, and when about to cook their dinners had utilized it as a support for their wood fire. They had not, in their stupidity, ascertained whether it was loaded or not, but were soon informed, for it exploded with great force, wounding four men, two of them very seriously, one having to suffer amputation of a leg.

April 15th the steamer "Cossack" arrived, bringing a company of the First Maryland Cavalry, in command of Lieutenant Holt. On the 16th Quartermaster Friedly, of General Ferry's staff, arrived on the steamer "Secor," bringing an order for the Thirty-Ninth to report at Hilton Head; but towards evening, on the arrival of the steamer "Nellie Baker," the order was countermanded, much to our satisfaction, as we wished to remain until after the assault on

Morris Island, for which we had long been making preparations.

Work was steadily progressing in fortifying at the head of the island, under the direct superintendence of Captain Crusoe, of the New York Engineer Battalion, and the rebels apparently had no idea of our plans, so well were they guarded and screened from observation by the thick undergrowth and sand dunes. The rebels were also active in throwing up batteries on the opposite shore of the inlet. Each day brought some new excitement to enliven the dullness of the camp. Either the rebels would open up a lively artillery fire, or the gunboats stationed in Stono River (the "Pawnee" and "McDonough") would proceed, in company with the mortar schooner, up the Stono to Folly River and shell the woods and adjacent islands, accomplishing very little, but invariably provoking the enemy to respond in our direction.

Majors Moore and Mason, Paymasters, U. S. A., put in an appearance about this time, and were gratefully welcomed, and we did what was proper in the matter of entertainment, and received "Uncle Sam's" promises-to-pay in the shape of crisp "greenbacks." The Paymaster was always a welcome visitor, and especially to the sutler, who then received payment for the truck he had credited the soldiers at most exorbitant prices.

The Thirty-Ninth had a sutler at this time who was a most singular character, but possessed of active and energetic qualities for business, often bringing schooner loads of merchandise into the department and disposing of the same, at a great advance from New York prices, to his more impetuous brothers in trade. He had two great passions. One was his intense love for barter, in which the desire for gain often led him to be unscrupulous; it was only the "monish," as he expressed it, that he wanted. The other was his passion for a periodical spree, which generally lasted for a week

or ten days, dependent on circumstances and associations. The occasional habit of exalting himself with "schnapps" came near ending his career on several occasions. It will be remembered that when we first reached the department after leaving St. Helena Island, the captain of our transport had permission to proceed up to Beaufort for a supply of coal, as the bunkers of the steamer were about exhausted. On reaching Beaufort we made fast to the schooner having the coal, and which was moored to the wharf, there being a space bridged over by a single plank from the vessel to the shore. As we were to remain over-night, a party of us, in company with the sutler, proceeded up into town to the hotel, where we found a gay and jovial assemblage of officers, mostly "regulars." Something to drink was the order, which was continued in force during the evening. The sutler, in the meantime, had become quite exhilarated, loquacious and combative, and soon was quarreling with Captain —, on the staff of General O. O. Howard, over the relative merits and bravery of the volunteer and regular soldiers. The sutler was insisting, and would maintain at any cost, that the volunteers who had responded to the call of the President, to uphold and maintain the integrity of the Federal Government, had accomplished more in generalship, in valorous actions, and had done more fighting, marching and effective work so far, than all the "regulars" he had ever seen, met, or heard of. The captain was just as emphatic and abusive in his denial, until finally the matter culminated in a challenge for a duel, and they were about to adjourn to a room up-stairs to fight it out, when another party of officers arrived and put a stop to the disgraceful proceeding. The captain was ordered to his quarters, and the sutler was prevailed upon to return to the steamer. We started out, followed by the sutler, who was still spluttering about having "*shatisfacshun* out of that reg'lar for his 'spersions against the volunteers."

It was ten o'clock and the night very dark when we reached the wharf and commenced the ascent of the plank to the schooner, and had nearly accomplished the passage when the sutler made a mis-calculation in his footing (although we had used all precaution to help him over safely), and plunged down into the water. We hurriedly called for ropes and a lantern, and it seemed an age before they came, and we began to fear the man was lost, for no answer had been returned to our frequent calls to know if he was safe. Looking down, after the arrival of the light, he was at last discovered astride a big hawser, but submerged to his shoulders, and the first words of greeting were, "Shay, you fellows! going to let a man drown?" A rope was secured under his arms and he was lifted aboard the schooner, a wetter but a more sober man. His escape was almost a miracle, under the circumstances. Poor fellow! After amassing a small fortune as sutler, he established a bank at Richmond, Va., after its evacuation, and subsequently a banking business in Chicago, where he died some twelve years ago in very reduced circumstances.

Up to May 11th the troops on Folly Island had desisted from sounding "reveille," or giving the "calls," and at this time were only permitted the use of a drum and fife, for "You know the rebels would know where to shoot, you know!" as General Vogdes explained. On this day several officers of the regiment, on invitation, paid a visit to the "Ironsides," one of the blockading fleet, taking passage on the little steamer "Nantucket" in company with a large number of naval officers who were reporting for duty from the North. We were very courteously received and shown over the vessel by Surgeon Duval and others. Our attention was directed to the injuries received by the vessel during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which were very slight, consisting in a few saucer-like indentations in her armor.

May 13th we received intelligence and a few particulars

of the battle fought at Fredericksburg, Va., which accounts for the firing of minute guns by the enemy to-day. Later in the day a Charleston paper was received, by means of a float, from the "Johnnies." It contained news of the death of Generals Hill and "Stonewall" Jackson, and the information that "the Yankees lost twenty thousand men and eight thousand prisoners at the battle." On the margin of the paper was also scribbled, "If you 'Yanks' expect to stay on Folly Island to combat the sandflies and fleas until you drive us into the Union, you will have to stay there until h-ll freezes over!"

Quite an amicable understanding had and still existed between the soldiers on both sides of the inlet, and a good deal of barter was carried on, exchanging coffee for tobacco and trading newspapers, which was accomplished by constructing little "dugouts" and "floats" and attaching a sail, and when the wind and tide were favorable, sending them adrift freighted with whatever was to be exchanged; and everything was conducted on the "square," but it had to be carried on "sub rosa." When an officer on duty approached, all was changed, and fierce picket firing was indulged in.

The men on advanced guard duty at the head of the island and along the border of Folly river had strict instructions how to deal with persons who could not satisfactorily account for themselves, and it was dangerous to be abroad, especially at night, without the countersign; and then it was necessary to be prompt in answering a challenge from the sentinel. It will be remembered that Captain Rodgers, of the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, when officer of the day, and when making the "grand rounds" at night, was challenged, and failing to answer promptly, was shot while advancing, and died soon afterwards.

In the latter part of May (the exact date is forgotten) the steamer "Ruby," in trying to enter Charleston harbor, after having succeeded in passing the blockading fleet during

the night, was stranded on the bar at the mouth of Lighthouse Inlet. She was what is termed a swift Clyde-built vessel, being constructed especially for the business she was engaged in, that of running the blockade with supplies for the rebels. She had stranded about mid-way between Morris and Folly Islands and had been abandoned by her crew. The rebels had already made several excursions to her, carrying away a good deal of merchandise, and several officers of the Thirty-Ninth had decided to make a voyage of discovery, under cover of night, and see what was to be found. A boat's crew was collected under the command of Major Linton, and they started out, moving with a good deal of care so as not to be discovered and thus draw the fire of the rebels. The vessel was reached without any mishap, and they were soon in undisputed possession. But what was their chagrin and annoyance when they discovered that all the matches they had brought along had become wet in some manner, and therefore useless. Nevertheless, they were not going back without making some kind of examination to find out the character of the cargo. They went to work upon their senses of feeling and smelling and were soon rewarded by finding some pineapples and cigars, and last, but not least, some bottles of fine Scotch whisky. Helping themselves to as much of this commodity as they could well carry, they left and got back all right.

This expedition proved so successful that after a few days it was followed by another, being accompanied by the two assistant-surgeons of the regiment. The visit was so timed as to take advantage of the ebb tide. They proceeded out to the bar, where the boat was left in charge of one of the party, while the others clambered aboard.

The party who had remained with the boat as sentinel had secured the "painter" by placing his foot upon it, and was so intent on some other matters (perhaps looking for

rebels) that he had not noticed the incoming tide, and before he was aware, the water was bubbling at his feet and the boat had floated away, painter and all. The party on board the "Ruby" were hastily notified, and prepared for the return trip before the tide should effectually cut off retreat. It was a most ludicrous as well as disagreeable position to be placed in, and no telling when the rebels might appear. They could now wade for some distance along the bar, but before reaching the shore there was a stretch of deep water that would necessitate swimming. All of the party excepting the second assistant-surgeon, Doctor Woodward, reached the shore without much trouble, and Woodward came along gallantly until within thirty feet of the shore when he found his strength failing him and cried, "Help! help!! I sink!!!" The large number of men on the beach who had been watching the enterprise now made an effort for his recovery, and some twenty men, joining hands, walked off into the water in his direction, and the foremost link of this human chain succeeded in grasping this old disciple of Esculapius and bringing him to dry land; but what was the chagrin of many and the laughter of others when they found him to be weighted down with a heavy plate looking-glass slung about his neck, and several pine-apples in his coat pockets, together with other small trash that he had accumulated while on board, but not least of all was a calf-skin hat-box containing a hat that he had kept possession of, and it is presumed that if he had sunk beneath the waves, that hat-box would have been his companion.

The doctor's troubles did not end here, however, for the next morning the matter came to General Vogdes' ears, and he in his supreme majesty ordered the doctor under arrest, and to report at once to headquarters. Under the shadow of two bayonets the doctor walked down to the foot of the island to confront the General. The result of the examination was that Doctor Woodward should report to the head of

the island and remain until further orders, without daring to transgress limits. The head of the island was constantly exposed to the shot and shell that were daily thrown from Morris Island, and the troops, in order to protect themselves, erected bomb-proof shelters over excavations in the sand, and it was in a place of this character that our second assistant surgeon was located for some six weeks.

Occasionally a number of us would ride up to the head of the island after sunset to see our friends and get some idea of the progress of operations, and would invariably call to see the doctor, who was making the best of his banishment, but pleading, meantime, most energetically for a reprieve. We could not stop long in endeavors to console him, for shot and shell were flying briskly around us; however, we gave him encouragement, and would do our utmost to get a pardon from the General. His looking-glass was still present and reflecting upon him; also the hat and hat-case; but the pineapples had been gobbled. After the doctor's release, which happened a few days after this visit, he magnanimously fractured the looking-glass, and after rubbing off the film of quicksilver, took several pieces down to the foot of the island and had an ambrotype taken on them of himself—portrayed with a pipe in his mouth and a very distressed look, as commemorating his vigils at the head of Folly Island.

The doctor might have escaped this punishment if he had used a little diplomacy by sharing the fruits of his gathering with the General. Vogdes had heard of these expeditions and what had been captured, and he one day remarked to an officer, "Colonel, I hear that the men at the head of the island are going out to that blockade runner and get lots of fruit, cigars and liquor. It's a little strange that none of it has found the way to these headquarters." He felt slighted, and the accidents of this last expedition gave him the opportunity to visit vengeance on some one, and

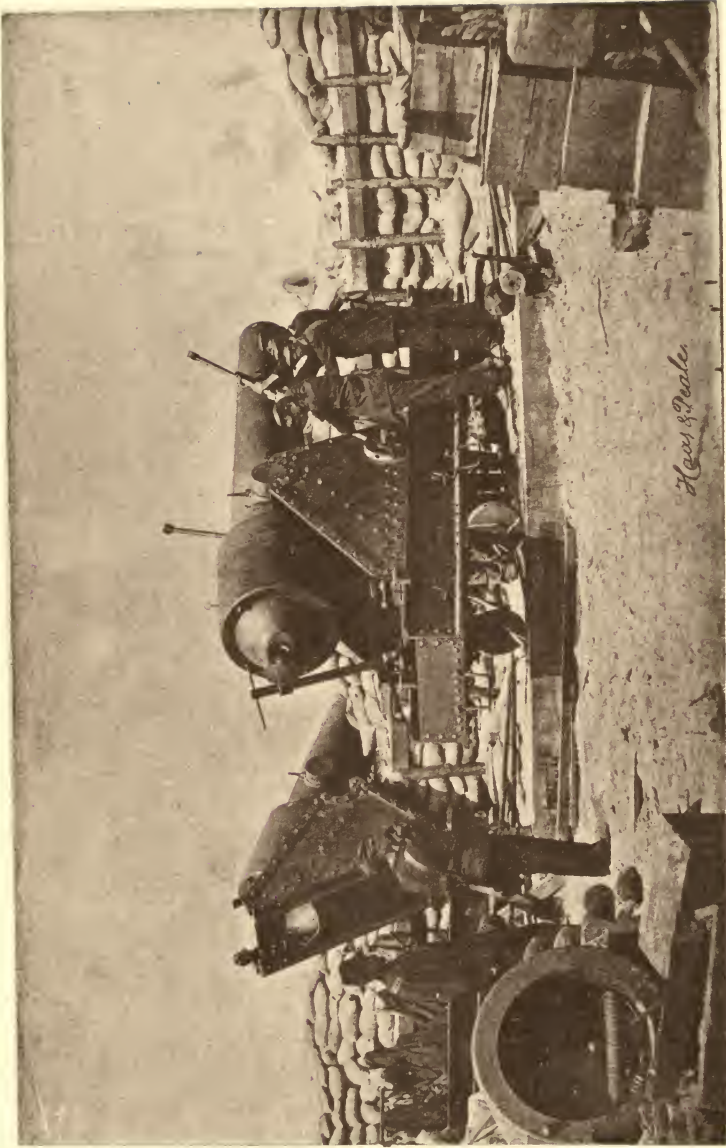
Woodward proved to be the *one*. After this he authorized an expedition to go aboard and take what cargo was left, but it proved too late to get any of the *delicacies*. It, however, brought from the vessel a large quantity of white cotton cloth, which was mostly turned over to the medical department for bandages and dressings.

CHAPTER X.

Fowler of Company K Hurt—Card Playing—An Accident—Board of Administration for the Sutlers—General Gilmore Succeeds Hunter—Gilmore and Seymour Arrive—Troops Arriving—Plan of Operations—Battery Completed—Guns Mounted—The Boys Tired Out—Field Hospital Organized—The Capture of a Part of Morris Island—How it was Done—Might Have Had it All—The Wounded—The First Assault on Fort Wagner—How Conducted—Rebel Account of It—After the Repulse—Morris Island—Heavy Details for Work—More Batteries Erected—The Ironclads Bombard Wagner—The Second Assault on Wagner—The Colored Regiment—Troops Sacrificed—Blundering—The Tale of a Participator—Killed and Wounded—Troops Sent Away—Gilmore Rifles—Nuisances—Colonel Howell Injured—Reflections—The Parallels—Capture of Rifle Pits—Fort Sumter in Ruins—The “Swamp Angel”—Prepare for Another Assault—Wagner Abandoned—Call for Volunteers to Reconnoitre—Dispatch to Gilmore—Orders, Etc.—Death of Captain Woodruff—Resolutions—General Gilmore’s Order of Congratulation.

JUNE 1st, 1863, Private Fowler of Company K was seriously injured by the falling of a heavy branch from a tree that had been severed by the passage of a shell fired by the enemy. Several accidents of a similar nature occurred while we were on the island. Some days previously a negro boy, servant to one of the regimental officers, had been killed by the passage of a shell through camp.

When our soldiers were not busy with the spade or on picket duty, they spent a large portion of their leisure, even intruding on bed hours, in playing poker or some other game of chance, and many were the dollars lost and won. Beans were the prevailing currency until the Paymaster arrived, when each individual bean, representing so much value, was cashed. These set-downs or squat-downs to a



Hayes & Peale

THREE HUNDRED-POUNDER PARROT GUN BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.
Operated by Detail from Thirty-Ninth Illinois, in Command of Lieutenant A. B. HOFFMAN, Co. F.

game of poker, euchre or "seven-up" were frequent among both officers and men, and the invariable accompaniment was a canteen of commissary whisky or some vile decoction from the sutler. Gatherings of this character were sometimes attended with unpleasant results. Some of the veterans will remember the shooting of Lieutenant C—— of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers at the quarters of Lieutenant Holt of the First Maryland Cavalry in a wrangle over a game at cards. A witness to the affair thus described it to Doctor Clark, who was called to attend the wounded man: "You see, they were drunk! and got into a skirmish over the game, and all at once Lieutenant Holt, of the Cavalry, snatched a pistol from the table and said, 'D—n you! I will shoot you!' and sure enough, the pistol exploded and we thought we had a dead man; but he rallied, you see, Sir, and there he is." The Lieutenant was badly shot through the face. He was taken into the hospital, and after recovery received a "leave of absence" for sixty days. He never returned to his regiment, resigning his commission. He was badly disfigured for life.

Gambling was interdicted in the command. Yet it was not and could not be wholly suppressed, although a careful watch was always kept and punishment often inflicted. The regimental sutlers also came under surveillance from the fact that they were constantly selling intoxicating liquors under false names, and which were brought into the department in cases that were variously marked as "boots and shoes," "preserved fruits," etc., and it was found necessary to appoint a "Board of Administration" to examine their goods and govern their prices. This board convened as occasion justified, but generally once a month. The sutlers protested vigorously against the rulings of this "board," but it was of no avail. It was doing a much-needed service to the soldier who with his thirteen dollars per month could ill afford to pay such outrageous prices as were demanded for

little comforts. Besides, their traffic in sweets and other indigestible goods wonderfully increased the sick list, pandering to the vitiated appetites of the soldiers with their displays of edibles, giving, as it were, "stones for bread."

June 14th, Generals Gilmore and Seymour made their appearance on the island, and it was evident that operations were to be commenced in earnest. Since the bombardment of Fort Sumter, when nothing of importance was accomplished, there had been but little done in the matter of effecting the reduction of the forts in Charleston harbor. Gilmore had succeeded General Hunter in the command of the land forces, and Admiral Dahlgren had superseded Dupont, who had never been very sanguine after his first attempt and failure. It was fully understood that Gilmore should pursue his own plans, untrammelled by any outside influences, and he and Dahlgren were to co-operate.

Troops were arriving daily in large numbers, and we began to consider that an active campaign was about commencing in which there would be some serious fighting. There were in the Department of the South at this time some eighteen thousand troops, all well drilled and disciplined, and of the very best material, all being volunteers who had enlisted in 1861 for the purpose of putting down the Rebellion—not hirelings or drafted men. Only about eleven thousand of these troops could be concentrated for active service, for it must be remembered that Gilmore had a coast line of twenty-five hundred miles to picket and garrison.

The plan of operations to be pursued was, first, to take the south end of Morris Island; second, to reduce the forts on Morris Island; third, to destroy Fort Sumter, and then, with the help of Dahlgren, to threaten and demand the surrender of Charleston. These plans were all feasible and were eventually most effectually carried out, but required a vast sacrifice of life, as is now known.

Heavy ordnance and ordnance stores were continually

arriving, chiefly one-hundred-pounder Parrott guns and fifteen-inch mortars. The battery at the head of Folly Island, made of sand and marsh sod, was soon completed and ready for its guns, and by the 1st of July forty-eight heavy guns were in position; and so quietly did the work progress that the rebels were totally unconscious that such a thing existed until it was uncovered on the 10th of July, and spoke for itself in away that produced much discomfiture to the rebels. The enemy undoubtedly knew that we were being reinforced, for they were more active and annoying, not a day passing without their opening up with a shower of shot and shell, which would continue for an hour or two, and at intervals during the night.

The men of the Thirty-Ninth were about worn out by constant picket and fatigue duty, with loss of sleep, and were ordered to Cole's Island for a rest, the Sixty-Second and Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers taking its place at Camp Seymour. July 7th a Field Hospital was organized near the head of the island, and prepared to receive wounded men, Surgeon William Brown, of the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers being placed in charge, and Surgeon M. S. Kittinger, of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers, and Surgeon Clark, of the Thirty-Ninth, detailed as operating surgeons. The weather was generally fair, with a temperature ranging from 87° to 96° in the shade, but the nights were cool, and it was always comfortable to sleep underneath a blanket.

July 8th, orders were received to be prepared to move at a moment's notice. Tents were struck and the whole equipage of camp placed in care of the quartermaster. The sick and wounded were ordered sent away to Northern hospitals, and the ambulances and hospital tents were taken to the field hospital. This was all accomplished on the evening of the 9th, and we patiently awaited the signal for attack. In the meantime General Alfred H. Terry, in command of

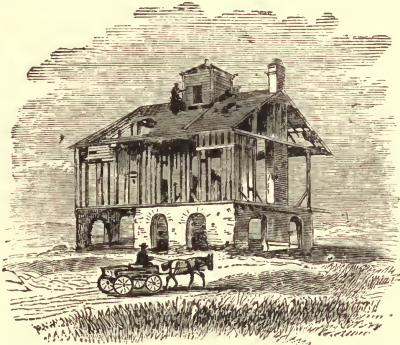
some three thousand men, among whom was the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, was sent over on James Island to divert the attention of the enemy.

Brigadier-General George C. Strong had already selected six regiments to make the assault on Morris Island. They were the Forty-Eighth New York Volunteers, Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Third New Hampshire, and Ninth Maine, and they were in place on Folly river where the boats were in waiting to convey them across the inlet. General Vogdes had command of the reserve force, consisting of the Sixty-Second and Sixty-Seventh Ohio, Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, One Hundredth New York, and Battery B, First U. S. Artillery. The batteries at the head of the island were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson and Major L. L. Langdon, First U. S. Artillery.

The hours of the night of the 9th passed very slowly and very quietly away, but at sunrise, the morning of the 10th, thirty-two guns and fifteen mortars opened fire upon the Confederates, and a few minutes later four monitors had taken position and opened with fifteen and eleven-inch guns on the rebel left, and four howitzer-launches pulled into position and opened on the enemy's right; and for three hours the fire of sixty guns was concentrated on the rebel position. About seven o'clock General Strong was signalled to advance,—which was done in a gallant and vigorous manner, and in twenty minutes his boats were in the surf on the Morris Island shore, with the loss of only one boat and two men wounded. The regiments formed quickly after leaving the boats, and, with General Strong at their head, pressed forward, driving the rebels out of their first and second line of rifle-pits. On they swept, victorious, over the sand dunes, past the old Beacon House and up to within rifle shot of Fort Wagner, where the rebels had hurriedly retreated and made a stand. Dr. Kittinger and the writer witnessed the

most of this assault from the "Lookout" near the head of Folly Island, and only retired when the wounded were brought to the hospital, which was near by. Three-fourths of Morris Island was now in our possession, and the whole of it might have been had the troops pushed on, according to a rebel account, which says: "Only a little dash on the part of the Union army would have given them the whole of the island. All they had to do was to press on with even one-half of the troops they had landed. In my opinion it did not justify their excess of prudence; fortunately, however, it saved us."

Our losses in this affair were 53 killed and wounded, of



BEACON HOUSE.

whom 14 were killed. The Confederate loss was 294, of whom 127 were prisoners. We captured twelve guns, several flags, and many tents and small arms. A pontoon was now thrown across the inlet, and the reserves and other troops ordered across. Another hospital was also established at the south end of the island.

The first wounded men to receive attention were two gunners who were injured by the premature explosion of a gun. They were so mangled that they suffered amputation of both arms; and besides, their sight was destroyed. The wounded were attended to as speedily as possible and sent to

the hospital boat "Cosmopolitan," at the foot of Folly Island, for transfer to Hilton Head.

It was determined that Fort Wagner should be carried by assault the next morning, and three regiments were selected,—the Ninth Maine, Seventh Connecticut and Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and General Strong was to lead them. At daybreak on the 11th he had formed the assaulting column of the regiments mentioned with the Third and Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers as reserves. The Seventh Connecticut led the advance and strictly followed the orders that had been given; "But unfortunately," says General Strong in his report, "when the enemy opened fire along the whole line, and within a range of two hundred



FORT WAGNER. POINT OF FIRST ASSAULT.

yards, the Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania halted and lay down upon the ground. Though they remained in this position but a few minutes, and afterwards moved gallantly forward, some of them even to the ditch, that halt lost the battle, for the interval was lost and the Seventh Connecticut, unsupported, was driven from the parapet and the force retired."

Our losses were eight officers and three hundred and thirty-two men. The loss to the enemy was one officer and five men killed, and one officer and five men wounded. The Confederate force in Wagner at the time was about twelve hundred officers and men.

The following Confederate account of this assault was taken from a Charleston paper of July 18th, and was written by Col. Rian, who commanded the picket line (rebel) that morning:

At peep of day my attention was called to a dark mass approaching my front. When about twenty-five yards off I ordered the videttes to "fire by file," which they did; then the whole battalion rose, formed lines, and gave an almost simultaneous "yell." This meant for me "all right;" for Battery Wagner, "They are coming." My first line had come to a "ready;" we could see the beard on the faces of the Federals. "Aim—fire!" Then a sheet of flame bursts into the advancing line; this doubles up their front, but on comes the body at a "double-quick." We fall back, loading as we retire, and form on the left of the second line, coming to a "ready, aim—fire!" and we poured another volley into their faces. Their front staggers, but on come the survivors at a stately "double-quick." We fall back to the third line, the whole battalion coming to a "ready;" they are now within ten steps of us. "Aim—fire!" for the last time. The effect is terrific—it appears as when a wind strikes the stalks of a wheat field. I actually felt sorry for them. It was "war," hence "fair," but it did seem to me that we were taking unfair advantage of them; they could not stop to fire upon us, for time was all-important to them; their success depended on reaching the battery without delay, and hence they had to receive these dreadful volleys without responding. The enemy dashed on, but barely gave us time to reach the inside of the works before they were repulsed.

After this repulse General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren consulted and it was decided that no more assaults should be made until works had been erected, and Wagner destroyed by bombardment; and work at once began, erecting batteries. The Thirty-Ninth had taken no part in these assaults. It returned from James Island on the 11th and made encampment about midway between Fort Wagner and the south end of the island. The Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers had been attached to our brigade at St. Helena Island, and Colonel Joshua B. Howell, its commander, being senior in rank, was acting brigadier-general.

Morris Island is a narrow ridge of sand formed by accumulations from the beach, having an area of about four hundred acres. It is wider at its southern than in its northern part, the extremity on Lighthouse Inlet being about one thousand yards in width. Its surface is irregular and broken by sand ridges or dunes, affording excellent shelter for troops. It gradually slopes inwards, terminating in a series of marshes. The northern extremity was very narrow, termin-

ating in what is called Cummings Point, and distant from Charleston about five and a half miles. The main channel into the harbor was some twelve hundred yards distant and parallel to the island. On Cummings Point was located Fort Gregg, and about two thousand yards this side (south) was Fort Wagner. Heavy details were made every few days from the regiment to work in the intrenchments and for grand guard duty at the front. Fort Sumter and the batteries on Sullivan's Island kept up an almost continuous fire across Fort Wagner upon our trenches and not a day passed that one or more men were not killed or wounded. Gilmore, however, soon had some twenty-six heavy guns in position



FORT WAGNER. SEA FRONT.

and vigorously returned the enemy's fire, and in great part put a stop to this constant annoyance, enabling our men to more easily, rapidly and safely push forward the work. Lines of rifle-pits were thrown across the island in front of the batteries and were constantly advanced. Fort Wagner was never silent.

Work thus continued, preparing for the great assault which was soon to take place. At last the morning of the 18th July, 1863, dawned and gave promise of a hot, sultry day. In the early morning the fleet of ironclads and other vessels, under the command of Admiral Dahlgren, were seen in motion moving up the channel towards Battery Wagner, prepared for the great bombardment. The "Ironsides" led, followed by the monitors "Weehawken," "Patapsco," "Nan-

tucket," "Montauk" and "Catskill," and the wooden vessels "Seneca," "Paul Jones," "Ottawa," "Chippewa," and "Wissahickon," with six mortar boats. They were soon in position and opened fire upon Fort Wagner. Our land batteries opened fire at the same time, and for a period of some eleven hours an incessant firing was kept up from over one hundred guns, and within this time over nine thousand shells were hurled against Wagner. The enemy's firing was also rapid, throwing from their various forts an average of fourteen shots per minute. The shells thrown from our guns were so timed that when they struck or reached Battery Wagner they exploded, raising vast columns of sand and burying many of the guns, and uncovering to a great extent the bomb-proofs. The bombardment as witnessed by many of us from the summit of the sand hills above our camp was grand and terrifying, and when the mind contemplated the assault that was to take place, with the inevitable loss of life that must follow, it was filled with sorrowful forebodings and sickening fears that brought pallor to the face and tears to the heart, if not to the eye.

At seven o'clock P.M. the assaulting columns commenced forming at a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty yards from the fort. General Strong's brigade had the advance and was composed as previously in the assault of the 11th, with the addition of a regiment of colored troops—the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, commanded by Colonel Robert G. Shaw. Why this regiment of colored men was chosen and placed at the head of the assaulting party is unknown. It may have been for political reasons, or to allow a race so lately emancipated from slavery to share in the glory of this undertaking; or again, it may have been to infuriate the rebels. But no matter what the reason was, placing them in this position and at the last moment, took up valuable time.

Darkness was approaching, made more dusky by a

storm that threatened. Putnam's brigade was in support of Strong's and Stephenson's followed. The balance of the troops on the island were also under arms, back midway of the island. The whole of the assaulting force was under command of General Seymour. General Gilmore was back, on the island.

At half-past seven P.M. the order to charge on the double-quick was given by General Strong, and is thus described by an eye-witness and one who participated in it:

The Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts (colored), six hundred and forty strong, at the command "charge!" started out on the "double quick" in column of "wings," with the right resting on the sea, and passed obliquely to the left towards the land face of the fort. They were met by fully twice their number in the garrison, who opened upon them when within one hundred yards of the battery with a terrific volley of grape, shrapnel and musketry which had the effect of turning back the majority of the regiment. A small number, however, still followed their brave colonel across the moat or ditch and up the sides of the fort, and succeeded in planting their flag upon the ramparts; there Colonel Shaw was shot dead together with many of his brave men; the others were panic-stricken, and fled.

General Strong with the balance of his brigade remained still standing in columns of companies awaiting orders. It was not until the negroes had been repulsed that he again gave the order "Column, forward! double-quick, march!" and forward the brigade rushed, the Sixth Connecticut leading. All was quiet as the grave save the clatter of our tramp; not a gun was fired; the darkness of night was fast closing around us. As we neared the ditch, which contained some three feet of water, the parapet of the fort seemed to swarm with the enemy, who gave a fearful "yell" and then opened a withering fire with cannon and musketry. The column reeled and swayed, and many fell; it was light as day with the incessant flashes of the guns; the air was filled with the cheers of the living and the moans of the dying as they fell under the deadly missiles of the enemy until they lay in rows and heaps far up the fatal slope of the battery. The solid column of a few moments ago had melted away, with here and there a man standing in the gathering gloom; but they continued to press forward, stumbling over spikes, spear-heads and wire entanglements that had been placed with fiendish ingenuity to impede progress. We reached the southeast bastion, the strongest part of the works, drove the rebels from their guns; followed them over the terrace, and over the superior slope, and at last stood upon the parapet—one hundred and forty men, a mere handful—victorious! But at what a cost! We stood there in the darkness, awaiting orders and reinforcements, but none came. Nearly

three hours passed, each man acting for himself, until the enemy, having been reinforced, made an assault which we could not withstand and had to surrender.

The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Putnam, had in the meantime made a furious charge to reinforce those in the fort, but it was now dark, and they were driven back; and at last, late in the night, the shattered remnant of these brigades fell back, with Fort Wagner no nearer taken than it had been in the morning. General Strong was mortally wounded. Colonel Putnam was killed just as he reached the fort. Colonel Shaw had been killed at the first assault and was buried the next morning in a pit along with his dead negroes. Eight hundred of our dead were left behind and rudely buried in the sand the next morning by the Confederate soldiers. General Seymour was also wounded. Every field officer at the front, with the exception of Major Plympton of the Third New Hampshire, had been killed or wounded, and the entire Union loss in this assault was fully twenty-five hundred officers and enlisted men, although it was never fully ascertained. General Gilmore's quarterly report ending July 20th, 1863, showed that since the commencement of his operations on Morris Island he had lost thirty-three per cent. of his troops (thirteen thousand) in killed, wounded, missing and sick. The Sixth and Seventh Connecticut and the Forty-Eighth New York had been more than decimated in number.

Was this assault a sacrifice of life to incompetency? There were many bad, almost stupid blunders in the management of this assault, but it is not the intention of the writer to point them out or attempt an explanation, even were he competent. It was considered by the country a most disastrous failure, and history has never done full justice to the courage and heroism there displayed.

The hospital at the south end of the island, consisting chiefly of shelters for the operating tables, presented a most

distressing and sickening sight even to the experienced surgeon during the whole night of the 18th and a part of the following day. As fast as the wounded could be cared for they were placed upon the hospital transport to be taken to Hilton Head.

In a few days many of the Eastern troops were ordered away to Hilton Head and some to Florida, but our division remained, under the command of Brigadier-General A. H. Terry.

Work was at once commenced again at the front with the spade (which was becoming known as the "Gilmore rifle"), and sapping and mining and running parallels was



BOMB-PROOF.

vigorously prosecuted by heavy details of men from the various brigades both night and day, and exposed to constant fire from the enemy. Numbers of heavy guns were also arriving, mostly three hundred-pounder Parrotts, and were hauled up the beach by teams of twenty or more horses to the positions they were to occupy.

In our hours of rest by day we were called upon to fight innumerable nuisances in the shape of sand-flies, fleas, and other pests; and besides, the heat was most intense and debilitating. At night the mosquitoes made it lively for us, and after an uneasy sleep it was no unusual thing to awaken with the eyes, nose, and mouth filled with sand that had

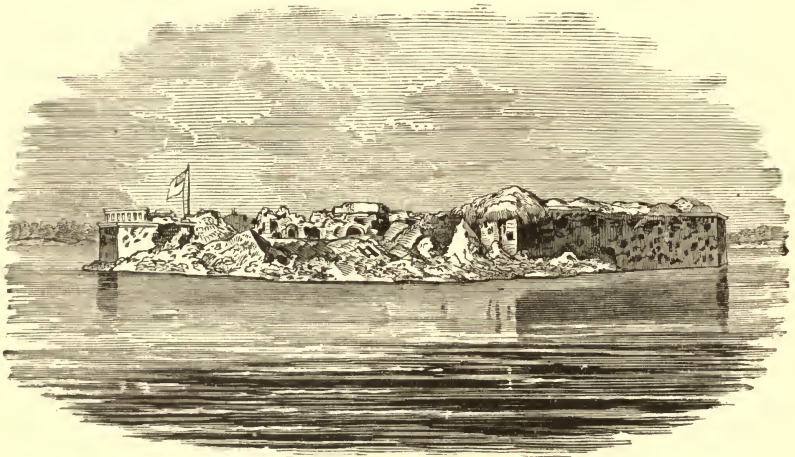
drifted in through the interstices of the tent. During the night and when there would be unusual activity at the forts we would ascend the high sand-hills and watch the shells as they came towering up and over and then bursting with a dull, heavy sound and a scintillation that was brilliant in the extreme. Our details at the front were protected by heavy bomb-proofs which afforded them shelter from the storms and security from the enemy's shot and shell. Occasionally, however, a litter would come back bearing some poor wounded mortal to the hospital.

August 20th, Colonel Howell, of the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, who temporarily commanded our brigade, was injured severely by the falling in of a bomb-broof under which he was sheltered, causing concussion of the brain and scalp wound. After receiving the necessary attention and he was able to travel he was given leave of absence and departed for his home near Philadelphia, Colonel Osborn of the Thirty-Ninth succeeding him in command of the brigade.

The location of our quarters gave a splendid view of the whole scene of operations. In our front were our heavy batteries, and almost continually in exercise, together with Forts Sumter, Wagner, Gregg and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. At our right was the imposing fleet, under command of Admiral Dahlgren, and at night the ships were splendidly lit up with signal lights and rockets. The scene presented was enjoyable, but when we thought of all this combination engaged in active and fratricidal warfare, a shade of sadness would involuntarily creep over us, and we turned to our beds wondering as to the result. During the subsequent operations on the parallels, and while Colonel Osborn was inspecting, as "officer of the day," the various batteries, he was partially stunned by the premature discharge of a three-hundred-pound gun, and was laid up for several days in consequence.

The second parallel was opened by the flying sap at

seven hundred and fifty yards from the fort on the 23d of July; the third parallel at four hundred and fifty yards on August 9th; and beyond this point the trenches were pushed forward rapidly, sometimes by the flying sap and sometimes the full sap, as occasion required. The fourth parallel was completed on the 23d of August, and the fifth parallel, at two hundred yards, was finished and a ridge wrested from the enemy August 26th. Beyond this point there was not front enough for a parallel, and the approach was made by zigzags with sharp angles.



FORT SUMTER IN RUINS.

Fort Sumter had been continuously bombarded, and on the 24th of August General Gilmore reported it a mass of ruins. It was curious to watch the heavy solid shot and shell when they struck the fort, as they invariably did, the range being so perfect; and when they did strike, a heavy cloud of debris was lifted, and as it settled we could plainly see the break it had made in the wall of the fort.

In the latter part of August it was discovered that the enemy had a number of sharpshooters in some strong rifle

pits just in advance of Fort Wagner, and it was determined to dislodge them. Two hundred and fifty picked men from the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers were selected to do this business. They crept quietly to the head of the sap, and upon the order being given dashed from there over the open space, and soon found themselves at the rifle pits in close contact with the rebels. The enemy opened fire from both Wagner and Gregg, and for a short time the air was full of death. The Union boys received the fire from the rifle pits, which did but little execution—the aim had been too high, and before the “graybacks” could reload, seventy-five of them were taken prisoners. From that time until the fall of Wagner no Confederates ventured outside the fort in our direction.

September 1st, a large number of light mortars were taken to the front, and the position for the sharpshooters was enlarged; and on the morning of the 5th another heavy bombardment by the land batteries was commenced, and continued for a period of forty-two hours, the whole fire being concentrated upon battery Wagner. On the evening of the 6th, five companies of the Thirty-Ninth were ordered to the front as “grand guards” at the trenches, and a like number from some of the other regiments, all under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Mann. At or near midnight a young man, an Irishman, small in stature, and whose clothing was dripping with sea brine, was brought by a corporal of the guard before the commanding officer as a deserter from Fort Wagner, and who stated that the fort was being evacuated by the rebels. Upon being questioned, he said, “I deserted because I have no love for the rebels or their cause. I was taken some few months ago from a vessel that had run the blockade from the Bermudas, and placed in Fort Wagner as a soldier, and I want to go home. The majority of the garrison of the fort have gone, leaving a squad of men to set fire to the fuse connecting with the

powder magazines, with the intent to blow you all up, and I escaped and made my way by swimming around to you in order to give the information." He was told that the matter would be immediately inquired into, and if the intelligence he brought proved true that he would be rewarded and sent home; if otherwise, he would certainly be shot. "Well, sor, I'll take the chances!" said he. He was given in charge of the guards, to be taken to General Gilmore, but not before a rough plan of the fort was drawn, with a request for him to point out the location of the magazines, which he did. Just previous to the arrival of this man, General Gilmore had sent up a dispatch from his headquarters on Folly Island, inquiring about the working of the calcium lights that had recently been placed in position. The answer had been returned, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, in his hurry and excitement over the good news, sent the following dispatch to General Gilmore direct, forgetting the courtesy due the Division Commander, Brigadier-General Terry, through whom it should have been sent:

12:05 O'CLOCK A. M.

General Gilmore: A deserter just in from Wagner reports that they have evacuated the fort, except a few men left to blow up the magazines; says they have gone to Fort Gregg. Shall I turn my guns on it? Prisoner is Irish, and swam in. Have sent him to you.

LT.-COL. O. L. MANN.

To this the following answer was returned:

12:15 O'CLOCK A. M.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mann: Turn all your batteries on Gregg.

GENERAL GILMORE.

1:10 A. M.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mann: Cease firing on Gregg and open on Wagner actively for about fifteen minutes; then gradually slacken; then cease. When you have ceased, send five resolute men from the head of the sap into the fort to ascertain whether it is evacuated. If it is evacuated send in twenty men to seize any men who may be lurking there to blow up the magazine.

GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE.

1:20 A. M.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mann: If the fort is evacuated send the calcium light up to Wagner and put it on the parapet of the sea-face, so that it

will be sheltered from James Island and Fort Johnson. Let the light be thrown on Gregg and the intervening ground.

GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

3:30 A. M.

General Gilmore: One of the five men sent in has returned and reports all quiet. Captain James Wightman and twenty men have gone in and the colors of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois are planted on the ramparts.

LT.-COL. O. L. MANN.

The telegraph line was now ordered to be extended and taken into Fort Wagner. At five o'clock A.M. General Terry had his division under arms and in motion proceeding to Forts Wagner and Gregg. One regiment was left to garrison Fort Gregg and the Second Brigade, one thousand strong, was put into Fort Wagner, while the balance of the troops were sent back to quarters.

At eight o'clock A.M. the telegraph line was completed to Fort Wagner by Lieutenant Dana, and the first dispatch to be sent over the completed line was the following;

8:20 O'CLOCK A. M.

General Gilmore: The general officer of the trenches sends his compliments and congratulations to the General commanding, from the bomb-proof in fallen Fort Wagner. His confidence in God and General Gilmore is unshaken.

LT.-COL. O. L. MANN.

Among the five men who volunteered to enter the fort after the news of its being evacuated, was Private Cornelius Cox of Company G, and with a view of giving as much information as possible concerning the occupation of this formidable battery, the brief and modest account of Cox is here inserted.

STATEMENT OF CORNELIUS COX.

Some time after midnight September 7th, a man came in from battery Wagner, having swam out in the water to elude detection, and reported to the commanding officer of the trenches that Wagner was being evacuated. Soon after, Major Linton came around and called for volunteers from each company to enter the fort and ascertain whether the report was true or false. I volunteered for Company G. There were five of us. We separated, and passed around on top of the parapet until opposite each other, and then came through the fort and met in the center. While we were doing this, the rebels fired two shots from their small mortars, which was the last of them. After looking around and finding

some of the guns spiked, one of the five was sent back to report the fort evacuated, after which the regiment marched in and took possession. This was just at daybreak. I did not see any lighted fuse, but was informed afterwards that one of the five before mentioned did find a lighted fuse, supposed to lead to the magazine, and cut it. I do not think any particular officer, man or company is entitled to credit for first occupying the fort after the fact had been established that it had been evacuated. I do not write this because I wish to figure as a hero, for I am aware that it would be unjust to mention names, unless all that did their duty could be mentioned; but I do think five men from the regiment, regardless of any particular company, are entitled to the credit of first entering Fort Wagner under very perilous circumstances.

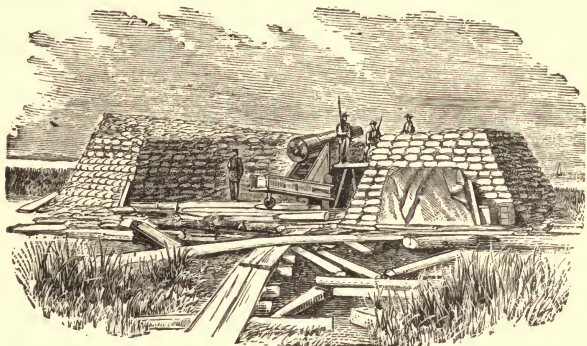
I may add that we each received a complimentary "furlough" of thirty days indorsed by General Quincy A. Gilmore and Lieutenant-Colonel Orrin L. Mann.

There was great rejoicing over the downfall of this great earthwork—the most formidable of ancient or modern times, that had successfully withstood the combined efforts of both army and navy for nearly three months, and would have still held out had there been a larger force for its defense. The event was soon heralded in song.

"Yes, Wagner is ours! Oh, glory, hurrah!
 Won't all those head rebels feel gay!
 And the greatest arch-traitor the world ever saw—
 Old Jeff—will feel tickled to-day.
 All honor and fame to the gallant and brave,
 Who have forced the 'rebs' out of their holes;
 Bring out the old banner, and proud let it wave,
 With the sun shining bright on its folds.
 Then, hurrah, boys! hurrah! shout glory and sing,
 For the traitors look sadly forsaken;
 Our glorious old Eagle is still on the wing,
 For Wagner is taken! boys, taken!"

The possession of the whole of Morris Island placed Sumter and many of the enemy's other forts, and the lower part of the city of Charleston within reach of our guns, and these forts were soon abandoned. The city of Charleston, however, had been reached by shot and shell some weeks previously by a little battery known as the "Swamp Angel." This battery had been constructed about the middle of July.

General Gilmore ordered Colonel Surrell of the New York Engineer regiment and Major Michie to explore the marsh lying between Morris and James Islands in the direction of Charleston, and report if it was feasible to erect a small battery there whose shots could reach the city. After three days' patient investigation a favorable report was made, and an order was given to one of Colonel Surrell's subordinate officers, Captain Crusoe, to make the necessary requisitions and proceed with the work. This officer, after exploring the marsh and finding the mud not less than fifteen feet deep, closed his requisition by asking for one hundred men



"SWAMP ANGEL."

eighteen feet high to do work in a marsh into which they were liable to sink eight feet. The officer was arrested instead of being promoted for his witticism, but the work was begun. Planks were laid from the island westward across the marsh for nearly two miles to the spot on a small creek designated for the battery, and anchored down by sand bags to keep them from floating off in high tide. Over this pathway, in single file, details of soldiers carried bags of sand from which, with the aid of timbers floated up the creek from Folly Island, a small fort with capacity for one gun was in due time constructed, and all done under cover of darkness. As soon as ready, a one-hundred-pounder Par-

rott gun was floated there on a scow boat, under the same cover, and placed in position. The 18th of August, General Gilmore, under flag of truce, notified General Beauregard of the Confederate forces that he was prepared to reach the heart of the city with his guns, and that unless Forts Wagner, Gregg and Sumter were surrendered to the authority of the United States, he should bombard the city; and further suggested that if his demand was not recognized the women and children be removed from the city. General Beauregard thought this to be all buncombe on the part of Gilmore and refused. The next day the "Swamp Angel" was trained on the spire of St. Michael's church, plainly visible, and at two o'clock the following morning the first shot was fired. Those who witnessed the occurrence could trace the shell by its burning fuse as it went over on its mission. Shot succeeded shot until the third, whose shell exploded in the city of Charleston, and soon flames were seen ascending. It was learned the next day by the "exchanges" received by the courtesy of the pickets, that this shell, charged with Greek fire, had fallen through the roof of a large building filled with medical supplies and had started a serious fire that consumed an entire block of buildings before extinguished. The succeeding shots that were fired reached the city, but none proved so disastrous as did the third one. At the thirty-second shot, the reinforcement or rear portion of the gun was blown out, and this accident ended the brief but brilliant career of this famous little battery. The gun was never replaced, for before a new one could have been placed in position Forts Wagner and Gregg had fallen, which brought us within easy range of the city. This little battery took its unique name from a remark made by a member of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. As a Chicago paper said at the time of the fall of Wagner, "the Thirty-Ninth Illinois regiment being the only one in that military department from Illinois, it of course was expected to furnish

a name for the most famous little fort ever erected, and be the first to plant its colors on the strongest earthworks ever constructed." Late at night the adjutant of the regiment made a detail of fifty men to help construct the pathway across the marsh. When they returned early next morning, all covered with mud and slush, Corporal John Kipp of Company K, a good deal of a wag, was asked where on earth he had been and what he had been doing to get so bespattered. "I will tell you," replied the jolly corporal. "We have been out in the great marsh, and as nearly as I can guess we have been constructing a pulpit of sand for some swamp angel to preach from." From this little incident the battery took on a name by which it was known as far as intelligence could reach.

The "Swamp Angel" gun at the close of the war, or when the forts on Morris Island were dismantled, was sent North to be broken up, and was taken to the Arsenal at Trenton, New Jersey. It was not to meet so ignoble a fate, however, for while lying at the Arsenal it was recognized by some one as the "Swamp Angel," and measures were at once taken to insure its preservation. It was repaired, nicely mounted and inscribed and placed in the public square of the city of Trenton, a most interesting relic of the "War of the Rebellion."

There was great rejoicing over this victory among the troops already forming for the assault, and, poor fellows, they were to be congratulated upon this much saved from the bloody wreck of war, for the loss of life during this abortive siege had been terrible.

The Thirty-Ninth garrisoned this fort and also battery Gregg in their turn for a long time after their evacuation, and during the time lost several valuable men. On the night of September 23d Captain Joseph Woodruff of Company K was struck with a fragment of shell that had been thrown from Sullivan's Island. The piece entered his

abdomen, wounding the intestines, but he continued breathing for several hours. The Captain was one of our bravest officers; quiet and sedate in his manner, but always genial and sociable in his intercourse with both officers and men. After his death the officers of the regiment were convened and the following resolutions drafted and adopted as expressive of our sense of the irreparable loss that had befallen the regiment:

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, On the night of September 23d, 1863, Captain Joseph Woodruff, of Company K, Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, while on duty as officer in command at Fort Gregg, and when about to be relieved from said duty, was wounded by a shell from Fort Moultrie which carried away a large portion of his right side, causing his death in less than two hours after the receipt of the injury; therefore,

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of God in all things, we can but mourn the loss of our brother officer, and one of our country's noble defenders; and, while we so deeply regret the violent death that snatched from us one whose every act endeared him to all—whose loyalty, patriotism and bravery proclaimed him a true man and soldier, we cannot but feel that our loss is *his* gain, and that he has left a world of suffering and gone to join that band of noble patriots that have fallen before him in their country's defense.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family and friends in this their sad bereavement of a kind husband, father, and generous companion, and trust that they may find consolation in the fact, that he fell while at his post and in the discharge of his duty; and that in dying, he evinced, while sensible, that spirit of resignation which bespeaks the faith of a Christian.

Resolved, That as a token of our respect and esteem, the officers of this regiment wear the usual badge of mourning for the next thirty days, and that a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that a copy of them be sent for publication to the Chicago Press and the Ottawa papers and the two papers of this Department.

CHAS. M. CLARK, *Surgeon Thirty-Ninth Illinois,*

CAPT. L. A. BAKER, *Co. A, Thirty-Ninth Illinois,*

LT. C. J. WILDER, *Co. H, Thirty-Ninth Illinois,*

Committee.

The captured forts were enlarged and new batteries were erected, which still kept our men busy at work both night

and day. The rebels still gave us at intervals a galling fire that was very troublesome, although doing no very great damage. The forts of the enemy were constantly bombarded and the shelling of Charleston was continued. The vessels constituting the naval force at times consented to join in, but as a general thing they were most gloriously inactive.

It was considered by us landmen that after the taking of forts Wagner, Gregg, and the reduction of Fort Sumter, our fleet would push forward to the city of Charleston and demand its surrender or level it to the ground, but we were mistaken; and the plea for their hesitation was, that the channel was full of chains and torpedoes. But what if it was! Could they not sacrifice a ship or two and a few lives in common with us in the endeavor to abbreviate and crush out the headquarters of this audacious rebellion? We were assured time and again that a portion of the channel was free from all obstructions, and the fact was reported to Dahlgren, but he would put no faith in the statement. He made the assertion that he believed there were cables submerged in that direction, to entrap his vessels, and declared that he would not make the attempt under any circumstances.

A serious difficulty, in consequence, sprang up between General Gilmore and Dahlgren, and the troops on the island were gradually withdrawn, whereby General Gilmore divested himself and his gallant troops of the responsibility of the future of the siege.

September 16th the following General Order was received from General Gilmore congratulating his troops and announcing the destruction of Fort Sumter:

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., *September 15th, 1863.*

GENERAL ORDERS.

It is with no ordinary feeling of gratification and pride that the Brigadier-General commanding is enabled to congratulate this army upon

the signal success which has crowned the enterprise in which it has been engaged. Fort Sumter is destroyed. The scene where our country's flag suffered its first dishonor you have made the theatre of one of its proudest triumphs.

The fort has been in possession of the enemy for more than two years; it has been his pride and boast; has been strengthened by every appliance known to military science and has defied the assaults of the most powerful and gallant fleet the world ever saw. But it has yielded to your courage and patient labor. Its walls are now crumbled to ruins; its formidable batteries are silenced; and though a hostile flag floats over it, the fort is a harmless and helpless wreck.

Forts Wagner and Gregg,—works rendered memorable by their protracted resistance and the sacrifice of life they have cost,—have also been wrested from the enemy by your persevering courage and skill, and the graves of your fallen comrades rescued from desecration and contumely.

You now hold in undisputed possession the whole of Morris Island; and the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of your artillery from the very spot where the first shot was fired at your country's flag and the rebellion itself was inaugurated.

To you, the officers and soldiers of this command, and to the gallant navy which has co-operated with you, are due the thanks of your commander and your country. You were called upon to encounter untold privations and dangers; to undergo unremitting and exhausting labors; to sustain severe and disheartening reverses. How nobly your patriotism and zeal have responded to the call the results of the campaign will show, and your commanding General gratefully bears witness.

Q. A. GILMORE, *Brig. Gen'l Commanding.*

CHAPTER XI.

Ordered Back to Folly Island—Sent to Hilton Head—Vaccination—Re-enlist as Veterans—Had to Pass an Examination—The Thirty-Ninth Popular and Given an Escort and an Ovation—Letter to Governor Yates from Generals Seymour and Gilmore—Embark for New York—Grounded on Frying Pan Shoals—Final Release—The Captain's Fault—The Vessel on Fire—Big Storm off Hatteras—Horse Loose—Another Calamity—Men Injured—Reach New York—Park Barracks—Take the Cars for Chicago—Arrival—Respects to the *Tribune*—Supper at Bryan Hall—Lady Managers of the Soldiers' Rest—Camp Fry—Furloughs—Dr. Woodward as *Hamlet* at MeVicker's Theatre.

THE Thirty-Ninth were soon ordered back to Folly Island and went into camp where company drill and battalion exercise occupied the most part of the time. We remained here very pleasantly under the shade of the magnolia and palmetto, with considerable diversion by way of fishing and hunting and paying visits to our friends. While here, Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Mann was ordered on recruiting service and departed for Chicago the 10th day November, together with several subordinate officers. That they made good use of their time was manifest when some two hundred and fifty recruits joined our ranks on our return to the front after our veteran furlough in February, 1864. We still retained our regimental hospital organization and all sick who could not be comfortably cared for were sent to St. Augustine, Florida.

About the first of December we were ordered to report at Hilton Head and went into camp there. The same drills and exercises were continued, with a little more attention to discipline and the police of camp. Otherwise our life was as automatic as could be. While here, an order came to re-

vaccinate the whole command, and the detail of surgeons to accomplish the matter was made. We were receiving large numbers of negro troops, and they had brought with them the small-pox. Every man in each regiment of our brigade was vaccinated, and some curious scenes occurred; but this is no place to give the results of this forced vaccination.

During the time that we remained on the island the regiment was induced to re-enlist for three years or the continuance of the war, with the exception of about one hundred who preferred to remain in this department until the term of their service expired and then proceed home for good. A large number of those who were willing to re-enlist could not be accepted by reason of physical disability. Each man had to undergo a rigid and thorough examination at the hands of the regimental surgeon. During the few days that the examination was in progress the sick call was but slimly attended, and it was exceeding wonderful to notice how rugged and healthful men would appear and represent themselves, who had formerly been the best patrons of the dispensary, and all through their eagerness to re-enlist and get the opportunity of proceeding home. Each regiment that enlisted as a body was granted a furlough, and the Thirty-Ninth was the first in the department to accept these veteran honors.

All was in readiness on the morning of January 28th, 1864, to move down to the wharf for the purpose of embarking for home, but it was fully afternoon before the march was commenced, and this delay was occasioned from the fact that three brigades of the division were preparing to escort us, a compliment which gratified every man of the regiment. Our progress to the wharf was a perfect ovation, all the troops in the department turning out to greet us with a "*bon voyage*." The regiment numbered at this time four hundred and fifty men—the minimum number of a regiment that could retain its organization and receive "leave of absence" from

the Department for the purpose of proceeding home to recruit.

The Thirty-Ninth was deservedly popular and a favorite in the Department of the South, as evinced on all sides at this time, and the following letters given to Colonel Osborn by Generals Gilmore and Seymour for Governor Yates plainly showed the esteem of our commanders.

HEADQUARTERS, HILTON HEAD (PULASKI),
January 25, 1864.

To His Excellency, the Governor of Illinois:

Sir:—The Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Colonel T. O. Osborn, having re-enlisted as a “veteran regiment,” has been furloughed and will soon proceed homeward. I cannot permit it to leave my command without expressing, so far as I am able, my entire satisfaction with its conduct under all circumstances.

It will display to you, possibly, a state of discipline and excellence of instruction that will not be diminished by contrast with the very best of our volunteer regiments, and you may justly be proud of its past and present efficiency, for which Colonel Osborn, a most excellent officer, deserves great praise.

Your Excellency will, I am sure, afford Colonel Osborn every reasonable facility for filling his command, and you can entrust the interests of your citizen-soldiers to no better hands. And I am

Your Excellency's Obedient Servant,
T. SEYMOUR, *Brig. Gen'l Commanding.*

On the back of this letter was the following endorsement by General Gilmore:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, January 25, 1864.

I heartily endorse everything Brigadier-General Seymour says of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and their commanders, and hope the Governor of Illinois will use his influence to have the regiment returned to my command when recruited, unless Colonel Osborn prefers some other.

Q. A. GILMORE, *Maj. Gen'l Commanding.*

Two large propellers, the “Mary Boardman” and “City of Bath,” had been assigned to carry us to New York, and the regiment was divided for the passage. The right wing of the regiment and the regimental staff took passage on the

“City of Bath,” while the other wing took the “Mary Boardman.”

We left the harbor at about ten o'clock P.M. The sea was tranquil and the weather most enjoyable during the night, and the morning was ushered in with a glorious “sun-burst” and a clear sky, with the ocean as smooth as glass. About nine o'clock in the morning we neared “Frying Pan shoals,” and those on deck had their attention called to what was considered a school of porpoises disporting, but we were not quite certain in the matter, and went forward to the pilot-house to make inquiry. The man at the wheel did not know exactly what it was, at least he said so, but as we approached nearer and nearer we became convinced that it was shoal water; and our conjectures and fears were more than realized in a moment more when the ship struck the bar with a dull heavy thud which brought us to our knees. After striking, the ship careened over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and we all rushed to the opposite side in the endeavor to balance her. The sea was calm and smooth when we struck, but there was evidence of an approaching storm in the light puffs of wind that occasionally reached us, and the increasing ripple on the wide undulating billows around.

There was no panic among the men, and the only concern manifested was on the part of the captain, who got a little excited as hour after hour wore away without much progress made in getting off. The Colonel and Dr. Clark descended the hatchways into the lower hold to see if there was any sign of leak or damage to the ship's bottom, but could not find anything to alarm them.

But here we were, aground on a sand-bar—no land in sight, the nearest being twenty miles distant, and no progress made in our constant efforts to back off. Under the orders of the captain we rushed from side to side of the ship and full steam was put upon the reversed propeller. The

wind continued to freshen and the waves became quite respectable in size, and we began to feel a little uneasy at the prospect, when all at once, at the expiration of the third hour, the cry came, "She moves! she moves!!" and sure enough we were soon free again and moving in a direction that gave the shoal a wide berth. Such a glad shout of thanksgiving as went up from the hearts of two hundred and fifty war-worn soldiers never was listened to before or since. We had struck the bar with great force while under the momentum of a full head of steam, and had grounded along for the distance of two ship's lengths, and our good fortune in getting off was mainly due to the rising tide and the coming storm. It was a piece of gross carelessness that we were brought into the difficulty, but the captain explained that he wished to make a quick trip and had taken an unfrequented channel with the hope of getting through, and that the pilot at the wheel had missed it.

The captain of our vessel was an Englishman and had in conversation expressed his sympathy for the South, and when we struck the bar we did not know but what it was a preconcerted plan to wreck us. We held a short consultation and came to the conclusion that, if he did not make the proper endeavor to extricate the vessel or show a pretty liberal interest in our safety, we would, before compelled to leave the vessel, hang him and his officers to the yard-arm. The poor man, however, was more frightened at his situation than we were, and we accepted his explanation readily, but not without informing him of our suspicions. He was a jolly and good-natured tar, and after this did everything he could to afford us pleasure and comfort.

Our trip was destined to be an eventful one, for in a short time after the late disaster we discovered the ship on fire around the smokestack on the second deck, but a few pails of water sufficed to extinguish it.

The storm came on apace, and as we rounded Cape

Hatteras it seemed to reach its greatest fury and it became impossible to keep a footing. The vessel rolled fearfully, and at times we had some fears of completely rolling over, especially when our course led us into the trough of the sea. To add to the horrors of our situation, word was brought by a seaman that Dr. Clark's horse had broken loose from his stall and was in the hold among the men. The Doctor crept up to the deck, and then crawling dog-fashion on all-fours succeeded in reaching the forward hatch and descended to the hold, and, sure enough, there was the poor horse, reeking with perspiration and frightened out of his senses. At each roll of the ship he would go sliding along the deck, each muscle braced to the utmost tension; and bang! he would strike against the side; and this was repeated many times before we were able to throw and secure him on a bed of hay prepared for the purpose. When his stall first gave way he came very near falling through the lower hatchway, and was only saved by the efforts of the men.

Still later in the day, another and more grievous calamity befel some of the men of Company I, who were located in the vicinity of some huge water-casks which broke away from their lashings and came like an avalanche upon them. Six men were seriously injured—broken ribs, arms and collar bones, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we got them aft into the cabin where their injuries could be attended to. It being impossible to transport them up and over the deck, we with the consent of the captain knocked down a partition separating the cabin from the hold, and soon had them in berths where they were made as comfortable as possible until our arrival at New York, when four of them were taken to the hospital on David's Island.

A dense darkness overtook us before reaching Sandy Hook and no pilot-boats were visible, and after vain efforts to signal one by the use of rockets for fully the space of an hour, our captain determined to try and make the outer

harbor, for it seemed madness to anchor and try to ride out the storm until daylight on such a dangerous coast; and the captain succeeded, much to our delight, and we were soon at anchor in quiet waters.

In the early morning we steamed up to the city and made fast to the pier at the foot of Cortland street, where we speedily disembarked and marched to the Park barracks, where we found the other companies of the Thirty-Ninth which had reached the harbor some twelve hours previously. Their vessel had not encountered all the trials that we had been subjected to, yet their progress had been marked with some disagreeable incidents, for their ship had twice caught fire, which had given some alarm, but fortunately it was discovered soon enough to be easily extinguished.

The regiment remained in Park barracks on Chatham square until the following morning, February 3d, 1864, when it took up the line of march for the New York and Erie railroad depot. The regiment presented a fine appearance after the rest afforded, and the brushing and cleansing they had received; and their passage to the ferry was witnessed by thousands eager to see an Illinois regiment, and their plaudits were incessant as the veterans passed with even, measured step—proudly erect and conscious of the honor paid them.

The passage over the North river was soon made, and we were speedily aboard an elegant train of cars awaiting us in the depot, and after a few moments delay to await stragglers were rolling out of Jersey City for home. We passed on swiftly and safely, enjoying the rare and beautiful scenery along this line of railway, with nothing to mar the pleasure of the trip except the attendant fatigue that must necessarily accompany so long a journey by rail.

Some little delay was always consequent at our stopping places, for the men would ramble and stray about, glad of a little opportunity to stretch their limbs and seek refresh-

ment both solid and liquid, and when all were "on board" again there were merry times in which "King Gambrinus" took no small share.

As we neared our destination a telegram came for us to "hurry up!" as the ladies of the Soldiers' Rest and the citizens of Chicago generally were waiting to give us a reception, and we did hurry—the train fairly flying over the rails; but it was midnight before we reached Chicago, and it was supposed that we would have to go supperless to bed. All haste was made in the disembarkation and the line was soon formed. Marching up to Clark street, the regiment pursued its course to the *Tribune* building where three cheers were given for the loyal press, and then counter-marched to Bryan Hall, where a good supper awaited us at the hands of the lovely, loyal and patriotic ladies of Chicago. After a feast of good things seasoned with the loving smiles of our pretty waiters, some speech-making was indulged in by Lieutenant-Colonel Mann and Colonel Osborn, and the festivities closed with a song or two by the regimental glee club. The men then marched to North Market Hall and bivouacked for the night. The following morning, February 7th, the regiment again repaired to Bryan Hall for breakfast, and were more than satisfied with what they received at the hands of the ladies.

It would appear like base ingratitude, and it certainly would be doing great injustice to the lady managers of the Chicago Soldiers' Rest, did we not give them more than a passing mention in this volume, and we are sure that the surviving members of the Thirty-Ninth (to say nothing of the shades of our many dead heroes) would never be satisfied unless we meted out to them some measure expressive of their common gratitude. The patriotic devotion of these ladies—their incessant labor both day and night in endeavors to give a cheering and home-like reception to the many weary soldiers who were constantly going and coming—

their care, patience and watchful kindness for the sick and disabled that were sheltered and fed and clothed, enshrined them in the hearts of the soldiers.

“They were women, to their glorious nature true,
And did all that angels would be asked to do.”

There are not a great many of that devoted band left now—they have gone up higher. The writer cherishes a grateful memory of them all—Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. James B. Bradwell, Mrs. Dr. Hamill, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Sayres, Mrs. Blane and a score of others whose names are not so easily recalled. There was one, Miss Julia R. Hamill, who after the war became his wife, and who proved a most devoted and loving companion until death claimed her in 1871. Her many virtues and lovely character have been a cherished memory these many long and wearisome years.

After our breakfast the boys were given furloughs to proceed to their homes and to report back at Camp Fry, Chicago, within ten days or else be considered deserters.

Active measures were taken to recruit, and within the period of thirty days we had received about two hundred and fifty men, making our aggregate strength nearly seven hundred and eighty.

The long days and nights at Camp Fry (now Wright's Grove) will long be remembered as making a sum-total of misery that was illy borne; for a large city was near that afforded pleasure and enjoyment, and to be guarded in a circumscribed camp was unendurable. Passes were freely given, however, to visit the city and return within twenty-four hours, but each man was prone to think he was entitled to more freedom, and taking advantage of the Colonel's sympathies and good nature often remained away for forty-eight.

Nothing of especial interest occurred during our stay in Chicago excepting, perhaps, the appearance on the boards of McVicker's Theatre of our second assistant surgeon, Dr.

Woodward, who volunteered his services at the benefit of Mr. Warren, the treasurer, in the third act of "Hamlet." The doctor was, or wished to be considered a second Forrest, Booth, or Murdoch in the rendition of *Hamlet*, and often had amused us at the bivouac or when in winter quarters by spouting the various soliloquies that Shakespeare so ingeniously and artistically fashioned for the character, and our appreciation of his power had culminated in the vanity of appearing before the public in this character. We finally secured for the doctor an engagement for this particular time, and telegraphed for him to be ready on the evening of March 11th. The doctor arrived from Belvidere (his home) the preceding day for rehearsal. On the morning of the eventful day we saw placarded on the bulletin in prominent places of the city in large type:

BENEFIT

OF THE TREASURER OF THE THEATRE

HENRY WARREN!

WHO HAS THE PLEASURE OF ANNOUNCING TO HIS FRIENDS, THAT THE DISTINGUISHED

MILITARY AMATEUR

DOCTOR WM. WOODWARD,

ASSISTANT SURGEON,

THIRTY-NINTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY,

HAS KINDLY VOLUNTEERED TO APPEAR AS

— HAMLET —

IN THE THIRD ACT OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF THAT NAME, ETC., ETC.

The doctor felt his *oats* just a trifle, and made preparations for the evening performance. The regiment was permitted to come to the city in a body and witness the triumph of this "protege" under the especial care and guidance of the spirit of the immortal master, and were prepared to sustain him, if their presence was capable of inspiration.

Seven o'clock came and the house was rapidly filling with the beauty and gallantry of the city. The regimental band was discoursing lively airs and everything was full of

promise. Adjutant F. B. Marshall and Dr. Clark had taken a box on the left of the stage and were soon joined by Colonel Osborn and Governor Yates, with ladies. In a few moments we went out on the stage making inquiry for Woodward, and were directed to his dressing room below. We found him already dressed for the character, but he said that he felt a little nervous and uneasy, and "by the twitchings of his lips" we knew that a little stimulation was the remedy, so we marched him across the alley where a superior quality of "wet goods" was said to be "furnished," and gave him a stout fitting out with A. 1 "Irish courage" in the shape of "B" whisky, and shortly he announced that "Hamlet" was himself once more. Returning to the theatre we found that the curtain had been "rung up" and the farce of "A Regular Fix" was in progress. This was soon ended, and then came our amateur in the shape of a bald-headed, spindle-shanked *Hamlet* with his conventional habit of sombre hue and with "To be, or not to be, that is the question" upon his lips. We watched him and the audience most critically, for we were intensely interested not only for him but for ourselves, for we felt that we must share in whatever reward was given. He, happily, accomplished the role very satisfactorily and received the plaudits of the audience. The morning papers of the following day took some notice of the Doctor's performance, and all spoke of it in a good-natured way except the *Times*, which in the course of its comment remarked: "If the Doctor of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois murders the men of his regiment in the same manner he did Hamlet last night, he had better leave the service." Woodward felt quite indignant over this "slur" and always — Wilbur F. Storey and his dramatic critic when the subject was mentioned.

CHAPTER XII.

Assemble at Bryan Hall—Speeches of Governor Yates and Others—Orders to Go to the Front—Poem—Leave Chicago—Trouble at Pittsburgh—How it all Ended—Arrive at Washington—Cross the Potomac—Arlington Heights—Camp Grant—First Connecticut Heavy Artillery—Major Cook—Colonel Osborn Sick—Fort Barnard—Start a Masonic Lodge—Move to Gloucester Point—Vast Array and Great Preparations—Embark—Halt at Fortress Monroe for Orders—Proceed Up the James River—Debarb at Bermuda Hundred.

BEFORE our return to the army the regiment assembled at Bryan Hall to listen to words of encouragement, congratulation and counsel from Governor Yates. The night was stormy and the mud and slush in the streets made our march to the hall anything but comfortable. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the hall was filled with men and women and hundreds were unable to get in even for a standing position.

Upon the appearance of His Excellency Governor Yates the applause was loud, prolonged and deeply earnest. He commenced his address by alluding to the activity that had been evinced from the time of the rebel eruption until the present hour, by the people of that glorious commonwealth, Illinois. From the moment the booming of the incendiary gun, directed at the heart of the nation, rolled over the land, the cities, towns, villages, hamlets and prairies of the great Northwest gave, without stint or limit, men; and he was proud to say that his State was foremost in the response for hands and hearts to uphold the constitution, the country, and the laws.

He spoke of those who, in the spring of 1861, came

ready and willing into the ranks, and leaving behind them homes, comforts, loved ones and dear kindred, to meet a deadly and vindictive foe. He alluded to the flags that the people of Chicago had entrusted to the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, and then pointed to them as they were being unfurled by the men who had borne them in the hour of strife and deadly conflict. "You see them there," said he, "tattered and torn, riddled by shot and shell, and stained by the blood of brave men, but you will find no blot upon their escutcheon." The applause that followed this remark lasted for a long time, the ladies joining heartily in the evidences of patriotic and loyal approval.

The Governor then remarked that it was a source of joy to our men in the field to know how earnestly the people of their State labored for the cause in which they were actively engaged. The women had been unremitting in their efforts to send them aid, and to support and assist the helpless and dependent wives and mothers, sisters and children whom they had left behind them. The merchants, manufacturers, the bar, bench, pulpit and the press of Chicago, with but one exception (and God have mercy on that exception!) have spoken in unmistakable tones, and let the world know the fact, that the capital, enterprise, industry, piety and brains of all the loyal people were devoted to the perpetuation of the great Republic.

The regiment had brought with them two six-hundred-pounder solid shot from Morris Island—one a round shot and the other conical, such as were thrown into Fort Wagner on the day of the bombardment by the monitors. Previous to the meeting they had been placed in position on the platform in front of the speaker, and Governor Yates when he referred to the Peace Commissioners that our government had been requested to send to confer with several sent by Jeff Davis and who were then resting under a "flag of truce" on their rebel craft off Fort Monroe, said,

“Yes, I am in favor of sending peace commissioners to meet the gentlemen from Richmond.” This remark met with a very cool reception, for the movement was not favored by the North. “But,” he continued, “I would desire to name these commissioners, and do you ask whom I would name? I would name this (placing his foot on one of the shot) for one of them and I would name that (pointing to the conical shot) as the other.” This was a masterful stroke, and old Bryan Hall never witnessed a wilder scene of fervid patriotism than the one that followed.

The Governor continued in a most eloquent strain—lashing the copperheads right and left, speaking of the efforts for the disruption of the Union, and finally ended a two hours’ speech by showing the propriety of all loyal persons sustaining the right, and thus render the government adequate to any emergency. He wanted to see the rebellion crushed and forever; to be driven into the lowest depths of perdition, never again to rise to our own annoyance or to imperil the liberties of our posterity.

The regiment seemed to consider carefully every word that was uttered, and not one instance of disorder occurred, nor was there noticed among this large gathering a disorderly person.

After the discourse of the Governor short speeches were made by Colonel Osborn, Lieutenant-Colonel Mann and others, and then we departed for our quarters at Camp Fry.

In a day or two afterwards (February 28th) we received orders to return to the army and were instructed to report at Washington. It was again a sorrowful time, to break loose from the home ties that bound us, but the remorseless clutch of war had its grip upon every one of us, and it was forward, march! We could not help but reflect upon and repeat the sentiments of the poet “I. B.” who says:

When fortune has severed the home ties that bind us,
Though peaceful vocations have called us away,

How anxious we feel for the loved ones behind us,
 And deprecate every unlooked-for delay.
 Nor less do the loved ones partake of the sorrow,
 Who bide by the hearthstone, though silent, yet sad;
 Not sustained by excitement, or hope for the morrow,
 Even fancy refuses to make the heart glad.

But when ruthless war has, with power unrelenting,
 Torn warm loving hearts from each other's embrace,
 And made to face death with no time for repenting,
 How fearful the picture no pencil can trace!
 If love to our country and God, without measure,
 Shall rule and prevail in each patriot's breast,
 We can welcome such trials—yes, hail them with pleasure,
 And anchor our hopes in the land of the blest.

It is well at all times to prepare for the parting,
 Which falls to the lot of us mortals below.
 Earth is transient at best, and the briny tear starting,
 Should point to the land where the tear does not flow.
 Yes, there is a land that is free from all sorrow,
 Where friend can greet friend without fearing to part;
 Earth is hollow:—our footsteps may crumble to-morrow;
 Then "build on the Rock" and have peace to thy heart.

We left Camp Fry at seven o'clock on our march to the depot of the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne railroad, and on the march were the observed of all observers, more especially after we had reached the South Side, where the most of our friends were congregated. The regiment never looked better or marched with more precision of step and soldierly bearing than on this trip to the depot.

The train provided for us was comfortable and we had a pleasurable journey to Pittsburgh, where a change of cars was necessitated. The only train that we could get at the time was made up from the debris of the rolling-stock of the road and consisted of old, worn-out cattle and stock cars with rough pine boards for seats arranged around the sides, for the men, and a second-hand coach for the officers. The majority of the officers were justly indignant at such treatment, when their transportation called for first-class, and they came in a body to Dr. Clark, to have a protest made,

based on sanitary reasons. He went to the Colonel, who was busy talking with the Superintendent of the road, and opened his battery of wrath (backed by all the mutineers), saying that a protest had been made by all the commissioned officers against submitting to such indignity for themselves or men, adding that he, in his capacity of surgeon, charged with the sanitary condition of the enlisted men, most strenuously objected to the train, which was fit only for the transportation of cattle and hogs. "Go 'way," says the Colonel, "and mind your business!" This settled it. There was no farther use in trying to get a change of cars, and the Doctor left the Colonel's presence, merely remarking that if he persisted in accepting that train he might ride alone. Before the train started some of the officers relented and jumped aboard, leaving some nine or more behind to await the express train. After loitering around the city until fairly tired, and with the conviction that we had been guilty of a great breach of discipline as well as being very silly, we made steps for the depot at midnight and took the express. We overtook our train on the other side of the mountain, at Altoona, where the regiment had stopped for breakfast, and rejoined them with very guilty feelings as well as looks. After breakfast we got aboard the proper train, and were soon *en route* for Chambersburg.

After a little the Colonel sent his orderly around with invitations for such and such an one to report, and on reporting, they were invariably placed under arrest to await a future disposition. At last the Colonel sent his orderly with his compliments, and would be glad to see Dr. Clark at his headquarters on board train. The Doctor mustered his courage and dignity, and amid the smiles of his *confreres* in the same fix went up the aisle to the front of the car and took a seat beside his superior officer—the Colonel, who said, "Why did you, sir, disobey my orders when told to get aboard the train?"

“Well, sir,” replied the Doctor, “why did you pay no attention to the protest, which was made in the interests of your command? I am intrusted with their health and felt in duty bound to remonstrate against their being huddled together like so many dumb brutes, and still maintain my position in the matter.”

“Well, sir,” said Osborn, “you have disobeyed my orders, and I shall write to the Surgeon-General concerning your conduct.”

“All right, sir,” replied the Doctor, who said he also would write, detailing particularly all the circumstances.

As was expected, before reaching Washington all the disobedient officers had been released from arrest and everything was again pleasant and serene, although it would have served us right to have been more severely punished for this mutinous conduct. The discipline in a majority of the volunteer regiments for infractions of this character was more apparent than real. It was impossible for a superior officer of the same command to enforce the rigid discipline of the regular army and tyrannize over men who, at home, were fully his equals, if not more, in all relations of a social or pecuniary character, and as the war would not last forever there might come a reckoning for past grievances in the shape of insults and punishments given and taken while dressed in a “little brief authority” and protected for the time by military law. This, however, would be no excuse where the good of the service would be compromised, and in all well-disciplined regiments the disobedience of a subaltern of whatever grade, or the refusal to do duty while in the face and front of the enemy, was most rigidly punished.

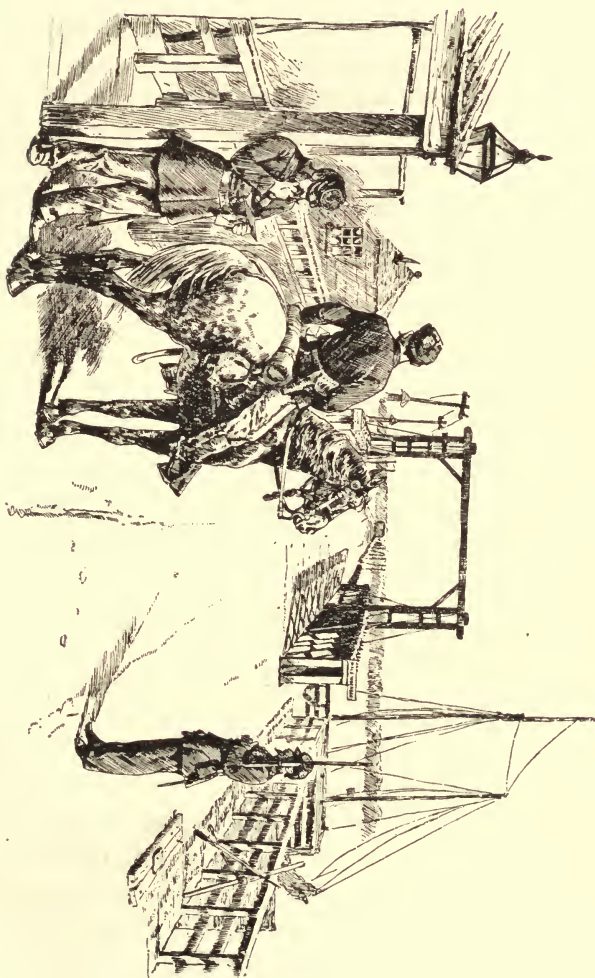
We have heard men speak most scandalously of their officers, using all the opprobrious epithets they could call to mind when being punished for some infraction of duty, and many examples might be given, but as this was seldom the

case in the Thirty-Ninth their mention is not relevant to this history.

We reached Baltimore after a safe and speedy passage, on the morning of March 3d, and were obliged to remain several hours to await means of transportation to Washington. Our destination was reached in the afternoon and we were provided with temporary quarters in the barracks adjoining the "Soldiers' Rest," where we passed the night in comparative comfort.

The following day, March 4th, 1864, we had orders to cross the Potomac into Virginia, and were soon on the tramp again, passing down Pennsylvania avenue to the long bridge which was crossed, and a march of several miles brought us into camp at Arlington Heights on a side hill at the foot of Fort Barnard, which was garrisoned by two companies of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery under the command of Major George B. Cook, a very pleasant and gentlemanly officer, who did all that was possible to make our camp agreeable, giving us lumber for flooring, bunks, desks, etc., from the unoccupied barracks above at the fort.

The weather during our stay was most disagreeable, raining almost every day, and being located on the hillside great care was necessary in ditching to conduct the water to the little creek below in order to prevent the flooding of the tents at the foot of the hill where the hospital and headquarters were located. The soil was a mixture of clay and sand, and it was seldom that we could step outside without sinking to our ankles in the mud, which adhered most tenaciously to our boots. Soon after reaching this place Colonel Osborn was stricken down with double pneumonia and was a very sick man for some days, and had not Major Cook of the Artillery given up his comfortable bed and quarters for the use of the Colonel, which he most generously did on learning of his illness, the Colonel would never have helped to place the finishing touch on the rebellion at



LONG BRIDGE — EXAMINING A PASS.

Appomattox. A large number of men were taken sick at this camp with pneumonia, typhoid and remittent fevers, and some six of them died. The Augur general hospital at Camp Distribution was near by, and the most serious cases were sent there to be treated.

There were in the regiment quite a number of both officers and men who belonged to the Masonic fraternity, and the idea was conceived of opening a lodge in one of the many unused buildings at Fort Barnard. After a dispensation had been received from the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois a lodge was opened and soon in working order, several of us being initiated into the mysteries of this ancient body.

After leaving this camp our lodge was broken up, for active operations in the field commenced, and during the succeeding months at the front the majority of the officers of our lodge were either killed or wounded—Captain Chauncey Williams, Company H, our Worthy Master, being killed in action August 16th, 1864; and two other officers of the lodge, Captain Leroy A. Baker, Company A, and Lieutenant Norman C. Warner, Company E, were each so seriously wounded at the same time that amputation of their legs became necessary, and they were discharged.

Tents were struck, extra baggage turned over to the acting quartermaster, Lieutenant N. C. Warner, and we were in readiness to leave camp on the morning of April 25th. At ten A.M. the march to Alexandria was commenced; there we took transports and proceeded to Gloucester Point on the York river where we were assigned to the First Brigade, First Division of the Tenth Army Corps, temporarily commanded by Brigadier-General Robert S. Foster, or "Sandy" Foster, as we termed him, while the corps was temporarily under the care of General Alfred H. Terry. We remained at this point for several days, reorganizing the regiments, brigades and divisions of the corps, turning over

all surplus equipage and baggage, even to our extra clothing, which was boxed up and either stored away or sent home—thus reducing the command to a fighting condition.

Everything at last was ready, and on the morning of May 4th we embarked on the transports to accompany General Butler's expedition up the James river to City Point. In the meantime the medical department had been entirely revised. The Ambulance corps was thoroughly organized under the command of a lieutenant, an Antenneith dispensing wagon attached to each division, details made for the carrying of hospital knapsacks and stretchers or litters, with two wagons to convey the medical supplies for each brigade. Details were also made of medical officers, hospital stewards, and men for the flying hospital, so that when we took the field everything would be arranged and everybody know their duty in the active campaign before us. Surgeon Clark was temporarily detached as chief medical officer of the division and ordered to report to General R. S. Foster, which he did on the evening of May 3d, Dr. Kurtz of the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania supplying his place as brigade surgeon.

There was some delay in getting the ambulances and other transportation connected with the division aboard, but at last everything was ready by ten P.M. May 4th. During the afternoon of this day the steamship "Arago" came in bearing General Gilmore and staff, who was to assume command of the troops at this point. After all was aboard, we moved out into the stream and anchored for the night. We spent some hours on the deck of our steamer in company with General Foster and staff, during the evening, enjoying the scene presented by this vast fleet of vessels at anchor in the river. It seemed like a fairy scene—the brilliant lights of varied colors swinging from the masts; bands of music here and there discoursing lively tunes, and the glorious Stars

and Stripes above all, floating and flaunting in a delicious breeze.

At daylight, May 5th, the whole fleet got under way and went gallantly down the York river to Chesapeake bay, reaching Fort Monroe at nine o'clock A.M. We halted just long enough to get instructions that ordered us to proceed up the James river. The day was lovely, and we enjoyed the scenery along the river, which was beautiful; often recalling to mind, as we journeyed along, the many reminiscences attaching to General McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula, especially Harrison's Landing, where we could point out the location of our camp in 1862, and the view called up many pleasing as well as sorrowful recollections.

We reached City Point about four P.M. where there were the ruins of some recently burned buildings and where the advance of our fleet had a skirmish with a small body of the enemy. Our division did not stop, but proceeded on to Bermuda Hundred—so called from the fact that a settlement was made there by one hundred persons from the island of Bermuda many years ago.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Army of the James—Move Towards Drury's Bluff—Intrenching—Skirmish at Chester Heights—Driving the Rebels Back on Fort Darling—Colonel Osborn Wounded—Digging Rifle-Pits—Jenkins Wounded—The Surgeons in a Fix—A Gentlemanly Aid-de-Camp—Butler Anticipated—Plimpton's Account of the Battle of Drury's Bluff—Casualties—Major Linton Points out a few Errors—Loss to Butler's Army—A Remarkable Battle—Adjutant Walker and Captain Wightman—Kendall Says He's Dead—Other Incidents—The Honor of the State of Illinois Must be Maintained—Experience of Lacey and Crozier—Get Back to the Old Camp—The Wounded.

WE were now in the "Army of the James," consisting of two Army Corps—the Tenth and Eighteenth, under the command of General Benjamin F. Butler. General Grant, now Lieutenant-General, had taken the supreme command of all the Union forces, and with the Army of the Potomac was preparing to move against General Lee by way of the Wilderness, and the Army of the James had been organized for the purpose of moving on Petersburg and Richmond while the attention of the Confederate army was being diverted by Grant; and it is now known that if a rapid advance had been made by Butler's army after landing at Bermuda Hundred, the capital of the Confederate government would have easily fallen into our hands.

We landed at Bermuda Hundred and bivouacked for the night in an open field. We were now within fifteen miles of Richmond, and only seven from Petersburg. At break of day we took up the line of march in the direction of Drury's Bluff. Our progress was very slow, owing to frequent halts made necessary to await the action of the skirmishers. We were almost a full day in making a distance

of six miles, and finally bivouacked on the night of May 6th, and the following morning made encampment. The men were soon put to work throwing up intrenchments, spades having once more turned up as the trump card in the game. The policy of our commander seemed to be to act on the defensive and to prevent reinforcements being sent to Lee by tearing up the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, which ran some three miles in front of our position.

The Second Division of the Tenth Corps, in command of General Turner, was ordered out for this purpose on the 7th, and a brisk skirmish with the enemy took place near Chester Heights. Our force succeeded in reaching the railroad and destroyed it for some distance, but gained no other advantage after losing some two hundred and fifty men. General Beauregard, who commanded the Confederate forces in our front, had succeeded in reinforcing Petersburg the previous night; otherwise the results would have been different.

The 12th of May General Butler sent out a still heavier force under Generals Gilmore and "Baldy" Smith, which forced the rebels back on Fort Darling, where they were intrenched. At two o'clock on the morning of May 14th the Thirty-Ninth were ordered to advance, being called upon to guard an ammunition train to the front. We reached the front at two o'clock P.M. and at five o'clock received orders to advance to the extreme left of General Gilmore's line to support a battery of artillery quite near the railroad. While advancing, the rebels opened up a lively firing with grape and canister, and the men were ordered to lie down. Colonel Osborn, however, still remained upon his horse, "Old Mack," and here it was that he received a wound in the right elbow-joint, the first and last hit of the war, and which confined him to hospital for some months, and to-day he carries a stiff arm with the "souvenir" the rebels gave him somewhere embedded in the joint. Colonel Osborn re-

mained on the field until his regiment occupied the desired position, and then reported at the field hospital, only because forced to do so from pain and loss of blood. Patient search was made for the ball which had lodged in the joint, but it could not be found; and after giving the limb a dressing the Colonel was directed to go back to our camp within the intrenchments. The following morning, without waiting for another examination which was promised, he mounted his horse and rode to Bermuda Hundred landing, where he took the hospital boat and was conveyed to Chesapeake hospital at Fort Monroe. Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, who had been on the sick list for several days, accompanied him for the purpose of giving him assistance and for instructions before going to the front to take command. The Colonel, however, strongly advised him to stay back, for said he "The rebels are going to give us h-e-l-l! The regiment is fully officered, Major Linton will handle it well; and bear in mind you will soon have a chance to command it in battle."

Notwithstanding this advice, which was emphasized most strongly by the Colonel's painful wound, Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, after seeing Osborn safely to the boat, returned and made his way to the front, reaching there as the regiment, or what was left of it, was falling back, bravely fighting for each foot of ground almost single-handed—their support on either flank having retreated almost an hour before.

On his way back the Lieutenant-Colonel saw sutler Brown, who had become demoralized and shut up shop, and was doubtless on his way to the boat. Brown was reclining at the foot of a tree with his carpet-sack under his head, and was fast asleep.

Colonel Mann, familiar with Brown's habits and concluding that he must have a large sum of money with him, and thinking to give him a good wholesome scare as well as lesson, removed the grip-sack from under his head and placed it behind an adjoining tree. Then remounting his

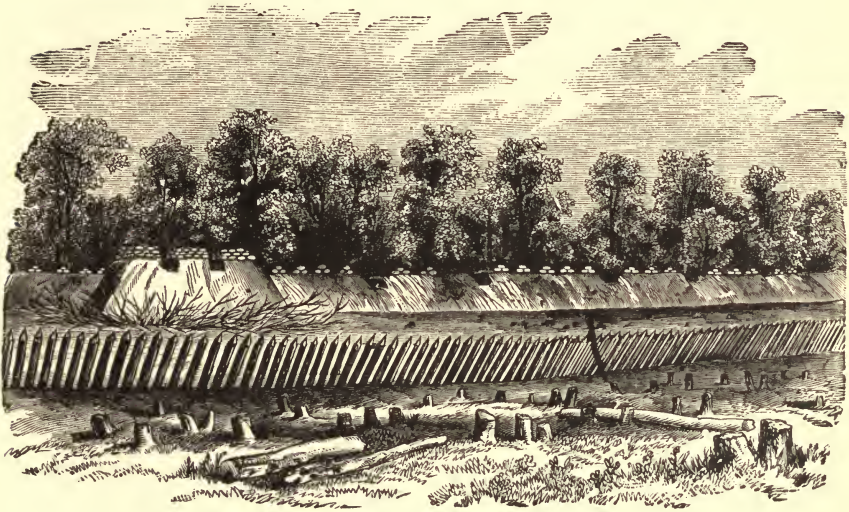
horse he awoke the sutler from his slumbers. Brown's first concern on awaking was his satchel, and finding it gone, he instantly exclaimed in his quick, incisive manner, "Where's *my* satchel! Where's *that* satchel!! My God! thirty thousand dollars in that satchel! and I'm ruined, Sir, RUINED!" and he bustled about like a crazy man. In a few moments the Lieutenant-Colonel, thinking that a sufficient lesson on his folly had been given the now thoroughly frightened man, pointed out the resting place of the wealth, and with one bound the sutler cleared the space that separated him from his god—Money, and took up his march to the landing, a wiser man. Begging pardon for this digression, we now resume the thread of our narrative.

The regiment lay in support of the battery in command of Major S. S. Linton during the night, and on the morning of the 15th, having been provided with spades, dug a trench, throwing up rifle-pits the whole length of their line, for they were exposed to a more or less constant fire from the enemy. During the whole of the 15th an intermittent firing was kept up from sharpshooters on both sides, and no sooner would a man expose himself, than he was sure of becoming a target. William H. Jenkins, of Company C, in his enthusiasm, and withal curious to see what was going on, received the compliments of some watchful "Johnny" in the shape of a bullet in his neck which made a clean passage through his "meat pipe;" and before falling, another ball grazed his shoulder. Jenkins received four different wounds while in the service, the last one of which (October 13, 1864) resulted, after two years of painful suffering, in amputation of the thigh, which was done at the "Soldiers' Home" in Chicago, after vain endeavors to save the limb.

During the afternoon of the 15th Surgeons Clark and Kittenger had orders to advance with a section of the field hospital nearer the front and prepare for the reception of the wounded from the general assault that had been ordered for

the next day. Their tables and shelters were advanced nearly half a mile, having selected a grove near General Butler's headquarters.

At night the surgeons and assistants occupied the second story of one of the brick out-buildings for a dormitory, and retired early in order to be refreshed for the work of the morrow. All was peaceful until three o'clock A.M. when a "Whitworth bolt" from the enemy came crashing through the building just over their heads, scattering bricks



LINE OF DEFENSE—BERMUDA HUNDRED.

and debris in all directions. This was the first gun—the prelude to the opening of the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, and proved a decided "eye-opener" for the doctors, who scampered out into a dense, foggy atmosphere that completely veiled everything.

Beauregard had anticipated Butler, and under cover of the fog and darkness made a furious assault on the right of our lines, which unfortunately was a weak point and poorly prepared to receive the shock. The rebel column

came on with terrible yells and forced their way through our lines, becoming badly mixed up with our men. Beauregard had evidently discovered the weak point in Butler's right wing the evening before—the extreme right for the distance of a mile to the river being thinly picketed by a single negro regiment. Beauregard's attack had been successful, the dense fog contributing largely to his efforts. But he was in no condition to follow our forces in their retreat, and by ten o'clock A. M. the fighting for the day was over.

It is probably a fact that for a distance of one-half mile beginning at the river there were absolutely no pickets whatever, hence the Confederates were massed on the flank and in the rear of General Hickman's brigade, and easily captured a large portion of it.

The surgeons still remained in the grove, where bullets began to spatter against the trees thick and fast. They did not know which way to turn, and could see nothing, but could distinctly hear the roar of the combat. While debating on what course to pursue an "Aid" of General Butler's came hurriedly by, and seeing them, halted and said, "You d—n fools! if you don't want to be captured by the enemy, you had better make tracks from here, and lively too! They're closing fast upon us!" The surgeons did not stop to resent this unmannerly address, for the *gentlemanly* Aid and they retreated to the rear, after securing their instruments and horses, and were soon back to their old place of the preceding day, feeling badly demoralized.

Affairs remained comparatively quiet until eight o'clock A. M., when Beauregard advanced on Gilmore's troops occupying the position behind their breastworks at Drury's Bluff. Massing his column, he made three successive and desperate charges upon our line and each time the enemy was driven back. The position occupied by the Thirty-Ninth was along an extended line of ridge running through an open field from the Richmond and Petersburg railroad to a piece of

timber on the left. In front was a plat of low, open ground. The line of our troops across the railroad was through the timber and extending somewhat in advance of it. The left of the regiment was entirely unsupported even by a cavalry squad. In order to present a detailed account of the part the Thirty-Ninth took in this battle, the narrative of one who participated in it is here inserted.

CAPTAIN HOMER A. PLIMPTON'S NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE
OF DRURY'S BLUFF, MAY 16TH, 1864.

The Thirty-Ninth was called out early on the morning of the 14th inst. and ordered to guard an ammunition train to the left of the line of advance. At four A.M. it left camp and marched two miles to the Richmond and Petersburg pike, thence to the railroad a mile farther at Chester Station, where it halted some two hours waiting the arrival of several coal cars that had been discovered up the track. At last it started up the railroad towards our line of battle, which was over two miles in the advance, but it only advanced a short distance when the looked-for cars arrived, and Companies G and I were detached from the regiment to push the cars to the front for the wounded who had been gathered up and laid by the roadside; the main portion of the regiment remained near Chester Station to guard the ammunition train. The hotel there was transformed by our surgeons into a hospital for the wounded. As fast as the coal cars would be loaded with the wounded a dozen men or more would push them up to Chester Station and unload, and return to the front for more. Such were the duties of Companies G and I. They had succeeded in removing all of the wounded up to one o'clock P.M. when they received orders from General Gilmore to report to him at the front immediately. The balance of the regiment was brought forward and moved to the left of the line, where in a short time it was assigned to the duty of supporting a portion of the First New Jersey Battery. There was some delay in posting the battery, owing to the incessant and heavy firing of the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters, during which time our regiment had quite a number wounded. The battery having got into position on a rise of ground just to the left of the railroad and in good view and easy range of the rebel fortifications, opened with decided effect.

Then began a hot contest between the rebel forts and our batteries along the whole line, which continued until darkness set in. During the heat of the engagement the Thirty-Ninth moved from the timber in rear of the battery, every man lying flat on the ground for protection as he got his place in line. All of this occurred on the 14th. In passing from the timber and over the open field for a distance of fifteen rods the crashing

of shells and whiz of balls was terrific, and quite a number of the regiment were wounded. Colonel Osborn, who was on horseback, was struck in the right elbow by a shrapnel shot, fracturing the bone at the point of the elbow. He continued on duty until dark, when the command of the regiment was turned over to Major S. S. Linton, the Lieutenant-Colonel, O. L. Mann, being in camp sick. The New Jersey battery plied their guns well and bravely, but lost heavily in men and horses. At dark the battery went to the rear and the Thirty-Ninth moved to the right, and the right of the first company (I) rested on the railroad; the Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania, being the next in line on the right, rested its left on the railroad opposite our right.

At daylight on the 15th the regiment retired from the top of the ridge where it had remained during the night and formed a line parallel with its first one, about five rods to the rear, again lying flat on the ground to avoid the rebel missiles. Companies I and G, being on the right and most exposed, threw up a slight ridge of earthworks in front of them, sufficient to protect the front rank; the other companies did the same, so that by evening the little ridge extended along the front to the extreme left of our line of battle, there being two other regiments on the left of the Thirty-Ninth.

The day was very quiet until late in the afternoon, when the enemy opened upon us with artillery, doing some mischief. Two men of Company E were killed—Silas Benton and Elisha Karr, and two severely wounded, by one shell.

The ground between the Thirty-Ninth Illinois and the rebel rifle pits, about six hundred yards off, was descending, with now and then a shrub to obstruct the vision. On the right was the railroad, along which ran a rail fence, almost obscured by tall grass and shrubs, extending to the rebel rifle-pits; and on the left was a board fence reaching the rebel rifle-pits on the left just at the edge of a small grove of about three acres in area. Beyond the rifle-pits of the enemy the ground was ascending to their line of forts about four hundred yards farther back, bringing them on a level with us.

The night of the 15th was spent by the regiment in strengthening the works in our front in order that the two ranks might be secure from rebel shell and shot.

The 16th dawned and the fog was so dense until seven o'clock that it was impossible to discover a man six rods off. About four o'clock in the morning the rebels opened on the right, where the Eighteenth Army Corps was stationed, and the firing continued to increase towards the left until seven o'clock, when the regiments on the left of the Thirty-Ninth were ordered to another point, the supposition with us being that a charge was about to be made on a rebel fort just to our right. The Thirty-Ninth then formed in single rank and occupied their own and the most of the left trenches, and prepared to do its part should the rebels make a demonstra-

tion in that direction. As the fog arose we gazed toward the rebel lines to observe their maneuvering, and as a sudden fierce and loud renewal of the strife to our right began we saw slowly wending their way from their pits near the railroad and endeavoring to advance by the flank up the track, two columns of the enemy with flags spread to the breeze, evidently determined on attacking us. Another column was also approaching the left of our regiment along the fence. All nerved themselves for the contest, believing that much depended upon their holding the position they had been placed in, and knowing that if the enemy attacked them in front they were equal to twice or thrice their own number. But on the columns came, steady and apparently confident; the combat on our right which had raged with great fierceness had become reduced to desultory firing; the men we had out as skirmishers along the fence by the railroad were driven back hurriedly to our breastworks, when we opened on the enemy from the entire line. They returned the fire, and the fighting commenced with energy and determination.

In the meantime all of the other troops had retired, and an order had been received by our Major* for the Thirty-Ninth to retreat; but before he could communicate the order he was severely wounded through the left side, and the regiment remained in ignorance of the condition of all around it, but resolved to hold its own or be driven to some desperate strait. But the column on the railroad was protected from our fire by the high bank on either side, and therefore advanced rapidly and securely; as it got even with our flank resting on the railroad a severe fire was suddenly opened lengthwise with the trench which made the position of the regiment untenable, and hence the men "took for the woods" the shortest way under a raking fire of musketry from front and flank. On getting a short distance into the timber, and being under the impression that the balance of the line was perfect, and that by our leaving the position we held the whole line might be flanked, the order was given to "charge on the trenches," thus hoping to regain our works. That order was repeated immediately by a dozen voices, and a simultaneous charge, though every one for himself, was made by Companies I, G, and C. The rebels were driven from our line, and by rushing up to the railroad and concentrating our fire on the column passing along it our forces cut it in two, driving half of it back to their works whilst the portion in advance continued on its way within *our* lines, as we thought.

The left of our regiment having by that time learned that a retreat had been ordered, did not come back to the trenches; so the three companies before mentioned were left to triumph in a victory which proved to be of short duration. The column which we had sundered had "about-faced," and was coming back slowly and steadily on the railroad track, of which fact we were speedily apprised and also assured that we were

* See Major Linton's letter, p. 186.

surrounded—that our whole line had fallen back. Captain Rudd went to the bank above the railroad at the edge of the timber and ordered the rebels to surrender; they lowered the muzzles of their pieces but advanced slowly, their eyes fixed upon the Captain and the small squad about him as if in doubt what to do. Our men were cautioned not to shoot, a dozen singing out the word at a time. Still the “rebs” came on, when a shot heedlessly or inadvertently fired by one of the men brought a volley from the rebel column which set all parley aside. The Captain and his squad turned just in time to escape the rebel bullets. A brisk skirmish then ensued, but the fight was unequal, for the enemy had closed upon us from front and left and the column on the track began to spring into the woods to our rear to prevent our retreat, and we again had to cross the open space between our trench and the timber under a most galling fire. Every man for himself, firing as he could, struck for the timber, but many went but a short distance when they were cut down in their career by the bullets of the enemy and left on the field where they fell.

The loss in the regiment was one hundred and nineteen enlisted men and eight officers killed, wounded and missing. Adjutant J. D. Walker and Captain James Wightman, Company C, were mortally wounded. The entire force which so successfully on the 13th inst. retired within our line of fortifications returned to their camp on the evening of the 16th, badly crippled, and almost decimated in numbers. General Butler assured us, however, that the objects of the move were fully achieved and the whole affair was satisfactory. However that may be, it leaves the bitter cup of sorrow to be drained by many friends and relatives of those who have met a sad fate, meted out to them by the stern realities of battle.

The account of Major (then Captain) Plimpton is, with a few exceptions, correct. The errors have been pointed out to the writer by a letter received from Major S. S. Linton and which in part is here presented.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., *December 28, 1887.*

Dr. C. M. Clark—Dear Comrade: * * * * * I find Plimpton's account of the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864, to contain a few errors. For example,—we never received an order to fall back. The only order we ever received was to “fill the trenches and hold them;” and that order was received in the early morning.

Again:—Captain Wightman, of Company C, and Adjutant Walker were both wounded and taken off the field before I was wounded. Also, Companies I, G, and C went to the rear on my order to re-form in the woods, my idea being to fall back as soon as my command was closed up in two ranks, as we were then in one very thin rank; but they evidently misunderstood my order, as they went back in confusion. I ordered them to halt, in

a loud voice, and ran after them in the woods; but not seeing them I ran slowly towards the left of the regiment and came upon the rear of Company D, which was the center company of the regiment, intending to order the left wing of the regiment to fall back, but as I crossed the open space I saw that the right wing had returned to the trenches and were in vigorous combat with the rebels. As I crossed the open space I was struck by a bullet. I saw at once that we must drive the enemy back before we could retreat in order, and I immediately turned to go to the right and assist in driving them back when I got my second and lung wound. I was aware that we were flanked on the right by the rebel line across the road, by seeing the Pennsylvania regiment in retreat. The regiment fell back inside of twenty minutes after I was wounded. The men who undertook to carry me back were captured, and it was not over five or ten minutes time before I saw Captain Baker, Company A, with the left wing, and they carried me off the field. Yours, etc,

S. S. LINTON.

The battle of Drury's Bluff was in fact the first real battle that the Thirty-Ninth was engaged in, and it lost in killed, wounded and missing one hundred and nineteen officers and enlisted men; and the loss to Butler's army numbered fully three thousand. It lasted fully thirteen hours, and was most hotly contested, and in many respects it was a remarkable battle, considering the early morning hour in which it began, the dense fog that obscured the combatants up to seven o'clock, and the surprise and the great superiority in the numbers of the assailants. There were many hand-to-hand encounters and bayonet charges, and many acts of heroism that will never be recounted. The Thirty-Ninth was at one time nearly surrounded by reason of the retreat of the Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania on the right of the line, but they heroically cut their way out, bringing with them a large number of prisoners. The rebel loss greatly exceeded ours and it was a great disappointment to the rebel leader that he did not crush and destroy Butler's army. The deportment of the regiment in this battle was such that it received the personal thanks of the General commanding for their display of heroism and endurance. There were many incidents connected with this fight, some painful, but several rather pleasing in character. Adjutant Joseph D. Walker

was mortally wounded, and also Captain James Wightman of Company C, at the time that the assault of the second line of rebels had been gallantly repulsed. These officers were so elated with the success of our "boys" that they sprang upon the embankment of earth in front of the pits waving their swords, and calling for cheers, when they were shot down by a volley from rebels on the flank.

Captain N. B. Kendall of Company G (then Corporal) was wounded by a rifle bullet which struck him on the head, causing a severe scalp wound and a great confusion of ideas. McKee of that company says that he passed him just after he was hit, and Kendall was crying out "O! I'm dead! I'm dead!" and the presumption is, that anybody under the same circumstances would have been somewhat "mixed up" as regarded their condition.

After the rebels had succeeded in flanking the position, the right wing fell back, and after getting back some twenty rods, near the timber, an order came to "Rally on the rifle-pits!" This order was supposed to have been given by Major Linton, but it proved to be from a rebel officer on the flank. Captain Leroy A. Baker, Company A, was with the colors at this time, and the boys at this command followed him back with cheers, and on arriving at the pits found the third line of the enemy within short range, and advancing with the confidence of securing an easy victory; but our men, flushed with the pride of two successive victories over the assaulting rebels, and feeling that the honor of the State of Illinois must be maintained by its sole representative in the Army of the James, delivered a steady, well-directed and deadly volley which quickly upset all their calculations, and in a few moments they were in retreat; then turning their attention to the flanking column they succeeded in cutting their way through them, and returned to the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

At the time the enemy were flanking the line of the

Thirty-Ninth, Assistant-Surgeon James Crozier, who had accompanied the regiment to their position, and Philip M. Lace, the leader of the band, and who had supervision of the stretcher bearers, thought it about time that they should be retiring from the front, and the following is the version of that attempt as given to the writer by Lace, afterwards:

“You see, Doc, we were laying back some two hundred and fifty yards from the rifle-pits, watching and waiting for something to ‘turn up.’ The ‘boys’ were all doing their



THE HOSPITAL STEAMER.

‘level best’ and giving the Johnnies particular h—ll every time they came up. Soon we saw the regiment on the right of the Thirty-Ninth give way—couldn’t stand the pressure, you know; and a body of rebels came swooping around on the flank of ‘our boys’ and they delivered a lively fire that swept the trenches. Some stray shots came in our direction, and we could see the ‘rebs’ just more than jumping up around us. Then, Doc, Crozier just went off on a tangent! with coat-tails flying! and I after him; and when the bullets

came singing and whizzing by, we would just drop down and go it on all-fours; then when there would come a little lull and quiet, we would up again, and those long legs of Crozier's would just go flying like a jackass rabbit's. I wish you could have seen us about the time of our liveliest gait! nothing more than shadows, and then half the time invisible by reason of ducking and stumbling. We finally reached a safe position back among our troops, and after so long a chase thought we'd take a little 'nip' of 'Frumenti;' but there was 'nary drop' in the canteen, for a bullet had pierced it and let the whisky all out."

We reached our old camp back of the intrenchments late in the afternoon, where Walker and Wightman had been taken, together with some other wounded men of the regiment. Wightman was found to be insensible and dying. Adjutant Walker was suffering greatly with a wound in the abdomen, the ball having penetrated the bowels. He was quite anxious about his condition, and wished to be told if he could live. When told that it was impossible, he merely said, "It is well!" which were the last words he spoke to Doctor Clark. He died two hours subsequently. Lieutenant Kingsbury's wound in the arm was of such a nature as to require amputation. Major Linton's wound through the lung was at first considered mortal, but happily he made a good recovery in general hospital. Our wounded were sent as soon as possible to Bermuda Hundred and there placed on transports and taken to Fort Monroe.

CHAPTER XIV.

Butler's Force—Grant Calls for the Eighteenth and Part of the Tenth Corps—Butler "Bottled Up"—All Quiet—Recapture of Rifle-Pits, May 20th, or Battle of Wier Bottoms Church—Short but Brilliant—Colonel Howell's Official Report of it—Lieutenant-Colonel Mann Wounded—Loss to the Regiment and Brigade—General Mann's Account of it—Howell Shows How to Draw the Enemy's Fire—Dog Tents—The Camp—Battery No. 6—Lieutenant Burrill and Amos Reese Wounded—Jacob Franks Drowned—Comparative Quiet—The Second of June—The "Rebs" Get a Roasting—Lieutenant Fellows Killed—Lieutenant Sweetser Wounded—A Rebel Colonel in Our Hands—General Alfred H. Terry.

GENERAL BUTLER'S force numbered some twenty-six thousand men when it was again behind the intrenchments, and it was said that he proposed to cross the Appomattox river and advance on Petersburg; but before his plans could be put into execution General Grant ordered the Eighteenth Army Corps and a portion of the Tenth Army Corps to reinforce the Army of the Potomac at Cold Harbor. This was a disappointing blow to Butler at this time, depriving him of the means of making any move whatever,—“bottling him up,” as he expressed it in a letter to General Grant. General Butler was an ambitious man as well as an able one, and he may have been a great military genius, but the results of the battle of May 16th did not prove it, and failed to satisfy General Grant.

The regiment was permitted to remain quiet in camp, taking a rest that was so much needed, until the afternoon of the 20th, when they were ordered out for the purpose of coöperating with the balance of the brigade in the recapture

of a line of rifle-pits which the enemy had wrested from our troops a few hours previously. The preceding attack had been made during the night by the rebels and was chiefly directed against the line held by the brigade under command of General Ames. For the space of half an hour the cannonading was terrific, and the volleys of musketry were incessant. Twice the enemy attempted to break through the lines and came forward with a rush—screaming and howling like a pack of hungry wolves, but each time they were hurled back with fearful slaughter and only succeeded in occupying the first line of rifle-pits, which our brigade was ordered to recapture. The brigade was under the temporary command of Colonel Joshua B. Howell, and we cannot do better than give Colonel Howell's report of this engagement, which gives all the particulars of the fight with the exception that it fails to mention the fact that when the charge was made the Thirty-Ninth succeeded in occupying their part of the line, while the Sixty-Seventh Ohio, which charged with them, found their work too hot and fell back, which necessitated the falling back of the Thirty-Ninth.

Both regiments soon re-formed and again advanced, carrying everything before them until the line of pits was occupied—the "rebs" slinking back to the cover of the woods, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

COLONEL HOWELL'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
FIRST DIVISION TENTH ARMY CORPS.

May 21st, 1864.

Captain Adrian Terry, Asst. Adj't. General.

Captain:—I have the honor respectfully to report to you for the information of the Brigadier-General commanding the Division, the operations and result of the fight of yesterday by the troops under my command.

At two o'clock p.m. yesterday, I received the order from Brigadier-General Terry, commanding the Division, to take with me the Thirty-Ninth Illinois and Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, two regiments of my Brigade—the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers being already there at

the front and under fire—and the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, and proceed to the front, assume command of all the troops already there, and retake the ground and position which had been lost in the morning, and recapture the rifle-pits, and re-establish the line and hold it. It was suggested to me by General Terry, that I should go out in advance of my brigade to the picket line and see the state of things existing, then the nature of the ground, etc. I went out at once, and the wisdom and propriety of the General's direction struck me as soon as I came on the ground. I found the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers in very imminent peril of being overwhelmed by the superior force of the enemy. It was boldly sustaining itself. The Lieutenant-Colonel (Campbell) commanding that regiment has since told me that ten minutes later and my old regiment would have been crushed.

The Sixth Connecticut Volunteers had been ordered out before I left the intrenchments—I passed them on my way out. That regiment came promptly and boldly up under its brave and gallant leader, Major Kline. I formed it in line of battle, threw it rapidly forward. It was succeeded by the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers (noble and brave regiment—officers and men); they came up on the double-quick. I threw that regiment forward, also the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers; they came up bravely on the double-quick and were formed in the general line of battle on the run. These three regiments went forward with cheers, directing their fire rapidly, steadily and with low aim. I never saw troops behave better; the fire of the enemy was very rapid and very heavy, but my brave boys dashed forward gallantly. We drove the enemy, and soon made a connected line of battle with the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and with the One Hundred and Forty-Second New York Volunteers, Colonel Curtis commanding.

I communicated the fact to General Terry by Captain Hooker, my acting Assistant-Adjutant-General, that my troops were all engaged. I received an order from General Terry directing me to swing my right towards the left and recapture the rifle-pits and hold them. That order was promptly obeyed and carried into successful execution. We drove the enemy like the wind, captured and re-occupied the rifle pits and held them firmly. Directly after taking the rifle-pits, Brigadier-General Walker of the rebel force dashed out on the road in front of the rifle-pits and was wounded and immediately captured by Company C of the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers and sent in as a prisoner.

It was a brave and gallant fight by all the brave and gallant officers and men who constituted my command, and engaged in it. I never saw officers and men behave better. Their promptness, zeal, dashing and daring courage was beautiful—their fire steady and deadly to the enemy.

I beg leave respectfully to recapitulate the names of these regiments, for I love to repeat them and honor them. The Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, Major Kline commanding, temporarily assigned to me; the

Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell commanding; Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, Colonel Voris commanding; Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, commanding.

I regret to have it to say that the brave and valuable officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, was badly wounded in the leg in the action. It is an honorable mark of distinction, and was gallantly won by him. I am glad to say he is now doing very well. There were two brave officers of the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania wounded also.

You can form an idea of the severity of the fire through which my command dashed and drove the enemy, when I say to you that in about thirty minutes I lost one hundred and forty-nine men, killed and wounded. The casualties of the fight have already been reported to you. They amount to some three hundred killed and wounded; none missing. The enemy's loss we now know to be eight hundred in killed and wounded.

I beg leave to speak in the highest terms of praise of the valuable services rendered me by the officers of my staff in that action—Captain Hooker, my acting Assistant-Adjutant-General, Captain Dawson, Brigade Inspector, and Lieutenant McGregor my Aid-de-camp. Their promptness, activity and efficiency are deserving of the highest praise.

In this connection, Captain, I beg leave to refer to the valuable services of my Medical Director, Charles M. Clark, Surgeon of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. His zeal, energy, courage and skill are deserving of the highest praise. His thorough knowledge of his profession and his skill in the practice of it, secures to all the wounded the greatest care and attention and has saved many a limb from the amputating knife.

I am grateful to know that my brave command and myself received the commendations of our gallant and distinguished leaders, Major-General Gilmore and Brigadier-General Terry.

I have the honor to be, Captain, with great respect,

Your Obed't Servant,

JOSHUA B. HOWELL,

Col. Comd'g 1st Brigade 1st Div. 10th Army Corps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mann was wounded in the early part of the engagement by a musket ball in the lower third of the left leg. The ball passed completely through the large bone (tibia) of the leg, lodging beneath the skin; and the curious circumstance in the case was, that the bone was not fractured—merely a hole punched through it. After his wound was dressed he was sheltered for the night in a corn-crib near by, and the next morning was sent on a stretcher with a

detail of six men to the hospital boat at the landing, and taken to Chesapeake hospital at Fort Monroe.

The loss sustained by the regiment in this engagement amounted to seventy officers and men, killed and wounded; no missing; and the loss to the brigade was three hundred.

The following is General Mann's account of this battle:

After the repulse the Army of the James had met with on the 16th of May at Drury's Bluff, there had been more or less severe fighting almost daily, and on the morning of the 20th, at Wier Bottom church, the enemy seemed determined to crowd our forces as near to the James river as was possible. Soon after two o'clock p.m., a vigorous charge was made by a Confederate division, led by General Walker of South Carolina, on a brigade of General Terry's division, under command of Brigadier-General Ames. The enemy were driven back after a stubborn resistance and gained an eminence of advantage to them and soon began to throw up earthworks.

An hour later General Terry rode to our camp, and calling together the brigade and regimental commanders, spread out a chart of the field to be re-taken, and said he "expected the First Brigade to do the work with neatness and dispatch."

The brigade, under the command of the brave and venerable Colonel Howell, moved out with promptness to its bloody task. Less than two miles from camp they reached the contested ground and deployed into line to the left of the main road, cheered by the roar of artillery whose shot and shell soon began their deadly work, and the hiss of smaller missiles whose mission was equally fatal. The Thirty-Ninth was on the extreme right, and like the other regiments, was soon almost lost to view in the dense undergrowth which all this time had veiled the enemy from us, although we were constantly receiving their metallic and murderous compliments. The Thirty-Ninth was making its way through the thick chapparal, firing, in the meantime, like the veterans they were, when an officer rode up to me and said:

"For God's sake, cease firing! You are killing the men of a New York regiment in front of you. Cease! Cease!!"

"Are you sure of that?" I inquired.

"Certainly I am; the rebels have fallen back some time ago."

I then gave the command to cease firing, ordered the acting adjutant to pass the word down the line, and requested my informant to order the New York regiment in our front to "cease firing" also.

A few moments later Lieutenant-Colonel Cumminger of the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, appeared on the right, mounted on his old iron-gray horse, and said to me, "Why are you not fighting?" The reason was given, when Lieutenant-Colonel Cumminger replied, "Not so, at all!

Nothing but rebels in our front. I have just seen them there, and rode here to ascertain why you were not firing."

I was about to order the regiment up and forward, when I thought I would mount an old pine stump of great size near by and see what I could for myself. The large stump proved a mere shell from decay, and I had scarce mounted when it collapsed and incased me in the ruins. The few of the regiment who saw the ridiculous plight I was in, rushed to my assistance, thinking I had been wounded. I saw nothing, however, but some of the enemy's dead and wounded just in our advance, and was satisfied as to whom we were facing, and the boys were soon on their feet again and doing splendid execution, though fighting by faith rather than by sight.

Well under way again, I found myself to the right and front of the regiment, urging them forward and hurriedly sighing for the brave fellows who were falling in the ranks, when I received a bullet in my left leg below the knee-joint which barred me from active field duty during the continuance of the war. We had been under fire for about twenty minutes—had crowded our way over a broad space of contested ground, but excepting the dead and wounded over whom we passed I did not see a Confederate soldier in that battle.

Captain Baker of Company A now took command and most ably led the regiment out of the entangling bushes into a small open space. In the woods, at the further border of this clearing, the "Johnnies" were plainly visible, some throwing up earthworks and others hastening their retreat behind them. It was but the work of a few moments and the brigade was charging on the double-quick over the open space upon the rebels, who, surprised at the audacity of the assault, fled in confusion to the dense woods beyond. Our orders were to capture and hold the line of works, hence there was a halt here. Orders were issued to "change front to the rear" on the works the rebels had commenced.

At this time, and before skirmishers had been sent into the woods, there appeared a Confederate mounted officer issuing from a thick growth of young pines. He saw that he was covered by a regiment of Union guns, and he subsequently told me at Chesapeake hospital, that his first impulse was to surrender, so complete was his surprise; then he thought that by means of a little strategy he might escape. He would personate a Union officer. So raising his hand he shouts:

"Hold your position firmly, boys, and I will ride back for reinforcements and we will drive these rebels to h—!"

Here the fine charger he bestrode presented a broadside to a score of hungry muskets in the hands of men whose keen and experienced eyes had discerned the ruse, and the next moment the rider and horse lay bleeding at our feet. The horse was dead, the receptacle of ammunition enough to make a "brevet" arsenal. The gallant rider was General "Live Oaks" Walker of South Carolina, whose division had been making the day lively from the time of their arrival from Charleston early that morning. Our

prisoner was wounded in the arm, in the right side, and in the left leg so severely that amputation was necessary, which was performed that night at the headquarters of the corps commander, General Q. A. Gilmore, with whom our distinguished prisoner had been a classmate at West Point.

It was on this occasion that the great kindness of heart and the matchless courtesy of Colonel Howell were very pleasingly illustrated. The moment General Walker fell, Colonel Howell bounded over the earth-works and approaching him asked, with a preliminary salute, if he could assist him in any way.

"Certainly," said the prisoner. "Take me into your lines as soon as possible; my entire division will be here in a few moments and I shall be under a cross-fire if not removed."

"Thank you, Sir!" said Colonel Howell, this time lifting his hat—"thank you, Sir! order them on at once; I shall be very glad to meet your entire division."

General Walker was taken to the rear, but his *entire* division failed to make their appearance.

It may be interesting to comrades to know what Thomas P. Kettell, a historian of some note if not of accuracy, says of this engagement in his history of the "Great Rebellion" published in 1865. He says:

"In an attempt to re-take the rifle-pits, the Ninety-Seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers [it should be the Eighty-Fifth] and the Thirteenth Illinois [should read the Thirty-Ninth] regiment were ordered to move through the skirt of the woods to co-operate with a movement made by another portion of General Gilmore's forces. Misunderstanding the order, the troops were moved by the flank along the skirt of the woods. Marching steadily forward they came unexpectedly upon a battery, which opened a murderous cross-fire, literally mowing them down. It appeared to the looker-on as though the entire force melted away before this terrific rain of grape-shot and canister. The loss is estimated at three hundred. The rebel General Walker was dangerously wounded, and captured."

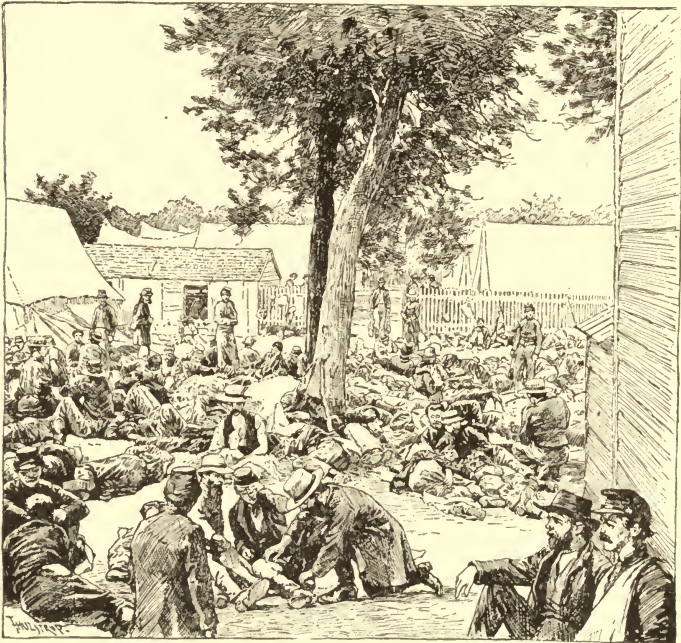
If this author had watched the course and conquests of these two regiments until they stood victors at Appomattox, he would have concluded that the "melting away" process had not been very effective. They fought in the same brigade on the 20th of May, 1864, and did not march under any cross-fire of the enemy.

In connection with this engagement we relate a little anecdote in which the late Colonel Howell, who commanded the brigade at this time, was the hero.

The day following the fight Colonel Howell, who was "officer of the day," made the "grand rounds," and at a particular point of the line our men were greatly annoyed by a sharpshooter, who would pick off, from his ambush, any

man who dared to show his head. Various attempts had been made to finish the career of this rascal, who had succeeded in wounding several, and at last the gallant old Colonel came to the rescue, and hit upon the following expedient, which was ingenious though dangerous.

“Boys,” said he, coolly, “you look out where the smoke



THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

comes from; for as soon as the traitor sees me he will let fly;” and getting deliberately up from the trenches where he had been watching operations, the Colonel walked a few paces and calmly seated himself on a stump. Scarcely had he done so, when bang! went a rifle, and a minie ball flew past in too close proximity to be agreeable; but ere the smoke had cleared away half a dozen bullets had sped on their way

to the spot where the rebel lay, and in a few moments after, the body of a "Johnny," reeking with gore, was dragged from the spot with no less than three bullets through it.

"There!" said the Colonel, "did I not tell you that I could draw his fire?"

Colonel Howell was brave, even to desperation. He would on *all* occasions expose himself at the front, and seemingly courted death at the hands of the enemy. But he bore a charmed life, and bullets were not yet made to kill him. It was ordained that he should meet death in a sadder and less heroic form, the circumstances of which will be detailed further on, when in this history we reach the place, and the time.

The regiment was now lying close to a large intrenchment under shelter tents, or as we termed them "button hole" tents, from the fact that four men each carried a piece that when brought together was pitched and buttoned together. It was scarcely large enough for four men, yet was made to answer the purpose.

The camp was situated on rolling ground, sparsely timbered, with good running water near by. The soil was a mixture of clay and sand, which, when sun-baked, was hard and unyielding, and the yellow glazed surface could be kept clean with a broom; but let rain come, and the hard flooring of camp was soon converted into the vilest of mud.

On the left, some three hundred yards distant from the intrenchments, was a battery called No. Six, which was garrisoned weekly by details from the different regiments, and the men there immured suffered great hardships, the least of which was the want of water. Diagonally at the right was another fort or battery, some six hundred yards distant, and armed "at all angles." Not a day passed without more or less skirmish firing, and we lost several men from the constant fusilade kept up from the enemy. The batteries would

at times open up, and the dodging of shells was made a pastime both day and night.

May 23rd, Private Amos Reese, Company H, was wounded through the thigh by a stray ball from the enemy while asleep in his quarters at dead of night, and in the early morning of the 25th Lieutenant James Burrill, while asleep, was wounded by a stray bullet which passed through the neck. The ball entered just above the apex of the right scapula, passing out just anterior to the sterno-mastoid muscle, three inches above the collar bone. The same ball struck Private John Scanlan of Company A in the breast, but did not penetrate the skin by reason of its striking a button; the ball distinctly bearing the impress of the eagle, when picked up.

Jacob C. Franks, Private of Company B, was drowned on the 25th while swimming in the James river.

From the 20th of May to the 2d of June there was comparative quiet along our part of the line. We had been constantly annoyed by the desultory firing the "rebs" gave us both day and night, which had occasioned the loss of some five or six men from the regiment. The enemy had put forth every conceivable effort to dislodge us, but had failed each and every time.

On the 2d day of June, at three o'clock in the morning, they made their last and grandest effort. Beauregard opened lively with his heavy artillery and pushed his troops forward to our lines. This action was undoubtedly precipitated by the knowledge of the departure of General Smith's corps and two of General Gilmore's divisions, and the enemy naturally inferred that we had not troops sufficient to hold the fortifications in our front. But alas! for the "rebs;" they did not know that the First Division of the Tenth Corps, Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry commanding, was holding the right of our lines, and that the center and left were equally well guarded, although not so easily assail-

able. With their accustomed sagacity they chose the most exposed and open part of our position as the point to be attacked. The time was also well selected—when night shrouded everything in impenetrable gloom.

After the heavy fire of the batteries, which was mainly directed on our center for the space of an hour and promptly replied to by our own, there was a cessation on both sides and quiet was restored almost as suddenly as it had been broken.

Soon we perceived the rush of a large body of rebels who had been massed and who came yelling like demons on our thin line of pickets. They took our line in reverse and broke it in two places, and forming in the rear took a large number of our men prisoners, chiefly belonging to the Third New Hampshire and Sixth Connecticut regiments. The enemy were gallantly met by our boys, who after a protracted struggle sent them back with thinned ranks and a higher opinion of what the veterans from Morris Island could achieve.

During this engagement Second Lieutenant A. W. Fellows, Company I, was killed by a bullet passing through his brain. Lieutenant Al. C. Sweetser of Company B was wounded through both legs. The wound of the left leg was not serious, the ball making merely a flesh wound. The right limb fared worse, the bullet passing through the knee-joint and so disrupting the articulation that amputation at the lower third of thigh became necessary.

We shall never forget the courage and fortitude of Lieutenant Sweetser while on the operating-table, or while suffering for long months at Chesapeake hospital by reason of hospital gangrene and the subsequent operations that become necessary from the necrosis of bone. He came back to the field hospital on a stretcher, calmly smoking a cigar, and after an examination, and when told that he must sacrifice a limb, he said, "Well, 'Doc,' just go to work, and

do the very best you can for me." Lieutenant Sweetser was a brave and gallant officer.

The other losses to the regiment amounted to thirty-three enlisted men in killed, wounded and missing. The rebel loss was much heavier than our own, and must have been, when we consider with what desperation they faced our fire.

Colonel Dantzler of the Twenty-Second South Carolina regiment, which attacked our left, was left wounded in our hands, and on the third of June he was taken within the rebel lines under a flag of truce. Our division captured some eighty prisoners.

General Terry, who commanded our division of the Tenth Army Corps, was always spoken of as a cool and able soldier as well as a polished and courteous gentleman, and he is to this day respected by each and every member of the regiment as well as by the whole command which he so ably and surely conducted. He has won his present rank, Major-General U. S. A., by hard service in the field, and it is our wish that he may long live to wear the laurels that have been bestowed on so generous and brave a soldier by the grateful nation.¹ His command was made up of veteran soldiers who had become hardened to the vicissitudes of camp and field, and presented the bronzed and "brawny" look of experienced men. They were as familiar with battle-fields as with their muskets, and could always be relied upon in any emergency.

¹ By reason of failing health General Terry has been placed on the retired list before the usual time.



ALFRED H. TERRY, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.

From Photograph taken in 1885.

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CHAPTER XV.

Some Leisure—Captain Snowden Wounded—Hot Weather—The 16th of June—Grant's Army Crosses the James—The Thirty-Ninth Encounter Pickett's Division—Captain Rudd Wounded—The 17th of June—Take a Lot of Prisoners—General Gilmore Relieved—Return to Old Camp—President Lincoln Reviews the Army of the James—Our Wounded at Fort Monroe—How Treated—Hospital Chaplains: "No Good"—Chaplain McReading—An Incident—The 13th of August—Plimpton's Account of the Battle of Deep Run—Williams, Lemon and Franc Killed—Baker and Warner Lose their Legs—The Casualties—Poem.

THERE was comparatively little to do from this time until June 14th, and the men were free to pursue their pleasures in camp with "turn about" for picket duty, and appearance at "dress parade" in the evening.

Occasionally there would be a man wounded from the almost continuous fire of sharpshooters in our front. We remember that Captain George O. Snowden of Company D was wounded, June 3d, through the right thigh, in this manner, and on June 12th there were other casualties. But there was, otherwise, little to do under the little huts of canvas that sheltered the men on the hard-baked yellow clay camp back of the intrenchments.

The thermometer ranged from 103° to 105° in the shade, and evergreen boughs and brush were plentifully brought into use in shielding the men from the glaring rays of a hot sun. Occasionally the General would come to inspect, or the regimental band would come out and enliven the scene with lively music; otherwise the men would seem to hibernate, except when running to the sutler's for sweet-

meats, or a pack of cards for a little game of "poker," or "seven-up."

On the 16th of June the men were called on for a march of several miles out on the Richmond pike, together with the balance of the brigade and division. The reason for this move was that we had found the enemy in our front evacuating their line, which as we moved forwards proved only too true. Our line of march was directly through their late position, and we followed on through the timber and clearings until we reached Wier Bottom church, where we met the "rebs" in large force. In fact, the whole of Lee's army was in motion to oppose General Grant, who visited us on the 15th, and whose army, after battling in the Wilderness for days, had crossed the James river and was advancing on Petersburg. The Eighteenth Corps and that portion which had gone to reinforce the Army of the Potomac had returned and was again behind the intrenchments in Butler's army. The principal force that the Thirty-Ninth met with on this day was Pickett's division, and a lively time was had with them for some hours. It was said that Generals Lee, Beauregard and Longstreet were present at the front, witnesses of the engagement. The regiment was thrown out as skirmishers, and suffered considerably. Captain Oscar F. Rudd, Company G, was mortally wounded, and twenty enlisted men were killed and wounded. Captain Rudd was brought back to Dr. Clark who had followed his regiment to the front that morning, shot through both shoulders, the ball, in its passage, injuring the spinal cord. He was given a hasty examination and dressing and sent to the rear, as the shells and bullets were flying around thickly. At nightfall, two successive assaults were made by the enemy and were handsomely repulsed each time with great loss on both sides.

The morning hours were very sultry and oppressive, and when the enemy was met the fighting was fierce and most sanguinary for several hours.

“The combat opened, ominous and dire;
Fast to the front the trained battalions poured,
While batteries belched their streams of murderous fire;
While bayonets flashed, while sword met sword;
While bombs were bursting and while cannon roared;
While the old soldiers, veterans trained and tried,
Broke in confusion, never to be restored;
Or manfully pressed forward side by side,
Till, bleeding, torn, they sank to earth, and sinking, died.”

On the morning of the 17th the rebels again assaulted our picket line and were again repulsed and driven back, the regiment taking twenty-six prisoners. The whole number of prisoners taken by the Thirty-Ninth during the two-days' fight was ninety-six. At four o'clock P.M. the same day the enemy opened with a heavy artillery fire followed by another assault which resulted most disastrously to them, and where they lost many men taken prisoners. The Sixth Army Corps came to our relief at this juncture, and Terry's division, thus strengthened, felt that it could withstand Lee, Beauregard, and the d—l, if necessary.

General Gilmore at this time was relieved from the command of the Tenth Army Corps, and was succeeded by General Brooks. It was also rumored through camp that Grant had taken Petersburg, and that General Hunter had possession of Lynchburg, Va.; but these rumors proved to be silly canards.

We returned to our old camp on the 18th of June, and were glad to receive the order, for we had no food except what could be gathered from the surrounding country, and that had been pretty thoroughly gleaned by the Confederates.

On June 22d President Lincoln, accompanied by General Butler and a brilliant staff, rode along our line of intrenchments and was greeted with hearty cheers.

Nothing of any particular interest took place after the fight of the 16th of June until August 13th, there being a

great lull in military operations along our line. Some of the Tenth Corps had been removed to join the army in front of Petersburg. On July 29th we heard of the great assault and the mine explosion at Fort Harrison in the front of Petersburg,—another great blunder of the war, accompanied by a useless sacrifice of life. General Brooks, commanding our corps, was succeeded by Major-General D. B. Birney on July 22d, and some other changes were occurring which it is not necessary to mention.

During this period of inaction the writer had permission to proceed to Fortress Monroe to look after the wounded of the regiment in that hospital. He found Colonels Osborn and Mann occupying a room together on the second floor of the hospital. They were both doing well under the care of Assistant Surgeon David G. Rush, U. S. V., but they were both still confined to bed and suffering with the pain of their wounds.

Dr. Rush was much respected by those who were so fortunate as to come under his care, not only for his professional skill but for his gentlemanly demeanor. The acquaintance there formed with the officers of the Thirty-Ninth who were under his special care doubtless had some influence in the Doctor's selection of Chicago as his future home, as he removed there soon after the war, and the same may perhaps be said concerning Dr. Daniel R. Brower, whom we first met with at Norfolk, Va., but who was formerly on the medical staff of Chesapeake hospital.

In this connection we may mention another medical gentleman—Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, now a prominent physician of Chicago, whom the writer first met in March, 1864, when he was an acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and had been assigned to the flying hospital of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps by Medical Director J. B. Morrison. The Doctor was with us some months, and was assigned to the duty of



CHESAPEAKE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Fort Monroe, Va., 1864.

keeping the hospital records. We found him to be a very capable and pleasant addition to our staff.

Captain O. F. Rudd occupied a room in the near vicinity, and his wife was with him, but the Captain was fast failing and could not possibly survive more than a day or two. Lieutenants Sweetser and Butterfield, and the other wounded officers of the regiment were in the large ward on the first floor and were not doing as well as could be desired, especially Lieutenant Sweetser, who had been attacked with hospital gangrene and had undergone some painful operations; but he was still happy and hopeful, and said that he would see us later in the war, and he did, for when the writer took charge of the hospital at Ferry Point, Norfolk, Va., he came over and remained until he left for home.

The hospital was in a very bad condition, hospital gangrene being very prevalent, and it was a most unfit place for wounded men—especially the main hospital building. It was under the control of Assistant Surgeon McClellan, U. S. A.

The enlisted men of the Thirty-Ninth who were at this place were located in tents, and seemed to be well cared for, yet there were many complaints made relative to the manner of treatment and the quality of rations that were furnished; but this was to be expected in even the best regulated hospitals.

Great dissatisfaction was often expressed at the conduct of the chaplains, and with good reason, too, in many instances, for their ministrations often resulted in doing more harm than good, especially where they were so persistent and officious in looking after the spiritual interests of the men as to worry and irritate them. The chaplains, as a class, were noble and patriotic men, and were as zealous in caring for the physical wants of the wounded and dying as their spiritual, both on the field of battle, in hospital, and in camp. But then there was a large number of clerical parasites clinging to the hospitals who were too timid to take the field

or even accompany their regiments. They were *Pharisees*, who made it a business to pray aloud in public places that they might be seen and heard of men—they were rotten at the core, not caring half as much for their soul's welfare or "anybody else's" as for the dollars they received per month from "Uncle Sam."

One of our boys made a grievous complaint to me about the religious counsellor that frequented his ward. He would come half a dozen times a day, scattering tracts; and sitting down on the cot would tell him that he was looking very poorly and must prepare to die; that if he did not repent of his sins he would surely go to h—ll.

"Now," said the boy, "I don't want any such sycophant coming and preaching to me, disturbing the rest that I so much need—irritating me beyond all control by his canting about my sinfulness and telling me that I must die and go to perdition. He is doing me harm all the time! I feel that I shall get well if I have proper care; and if I don't, I am ready to go when the time comes. It was only the other day that one of the sick men here got so incensed at him that he threw a plate at him and told him to go to the d—l, and whenever he comes palavering round me I feel like doing the same thing."

This forcing of religious counsel upon men at such times and under such circumstances was most unwise and reprehensible. No good came of it, but rather great injury sometimes.

The writer has stood beside hundreds of soldiers when dying from disease or wounds, and he has never yet seen one manifest the least fear in facing death. Often have they expressed themselves as being willing and glad to go. One case is well remembered, that of a young drummer boy suffering with chronic diarrhœa and under his care at the post hospital Norfolk, Va., in 1865. He knew that he could not get well—was wasted away to a mere shadow which was

growing darker and darker for him each day. In visiting through his ward one morning he found him clothed and sitting up beside his bed. Says he: "Doctor, I want to ask you a question. You know that I cannot live, and I want to know how long it will be before I die."

"Why, Johnny, you seem pretty strong and cheerful this morning, and you must not go so gloomily."

"Yes, I know, Doctor, that I feel a little better, but it's all owing to the milk-punch and the stimulants. I want to know how long you think I can live. I am getting tired of living, for I feel myself a nuisance to everybody and I want to go. I have got a mother and sisters at home, and oh! I should be so glad to see them and have them here with me for a little time; but I shall never see them again in this world."

He was told that it was impossible to say how long he might live, but that he would soon be released from his troubles. It was promised to write to his friends. In making the evening round through the wards his bed was found vacant—he was in the dead-room.

While on the subject of army chaplains it may be proper to mention a little incident connected with our chaplain, the Rev. C. S. McReading. While we were at Winchester, Va., in 1862, Chaplain Mac, as we termed him, was invited to pray in a Methodist church presided over by the Rev. Dr. Brooke. It was seldom, during our stay near Winchester, that public service was held in the churches on Sabbath day, for the reason, as a soldier said, "the people were afraid to show themselves in their home-made clothes"; and it was a fact that even wealthy families were obliged to wear clothing of the coarsest description. The chaplain, who was invited to occupy the pulpit and assist in the services, was called upon to make the prayer, and he invoked the Deity most fervently for the "success of the Union armies"—"the speedy suppression of this wicked and causeless rebellion"—"for

Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States," and for "the Congress then in session at Washington"—a style of invocation that was new to the people of Winchester. He was never again invited into the pulpit at Winchester during our stay.

On the 13th day of August the regiment, then in command of Captain Leroy A. Baker, the senior officer present, was called upon to move out of camp to once more face the enemy. The movements of the Thirty-Ninth on this day, and the fierce and sanguinary battle that followed on the 16th of August, are graphically described by Homer A. Plimpton, who took an active part in it, as follows:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF DEEP RUN, VA., AUGUST
16TH, 1864.

When we broke up camp on the 13th of August, we concluded, from the nature of the orders, that we were to embark on transports and proceed to some point which, according to various surmises, was supposed to be somewhere between Washington and Mobile. When, however, we reached the river where we naturally expected to find the transports with steam up and everything in readiness for our reception, we beheld not the above, but a long line of pontoons stretched across the river. Over these we went "marching on," and did not stop until we found ourselves massed in a piece of woods near the enemy's line of advanced works not far from Deep Run. When morning dawned, skirmishing commenced, and it was not long before our brigade was in motion and in readiness for a charge. We charged the rebels and drove them from their first line to a second, more formidable.

During the balance of the day we moved about from one place to another, and at night went on picket. At one o'clock, however, we were quietly withdrawn and moved back to the pontoon bridge, crossed over, and moved down the stream about half a mile and recrossed on another pontoon, and found ourselves with the Second Corps, General Hancock commanding. Both corps commenced moving toward Richmond. We advanced to within about eight miles of the city, when we came in contact with the enemy intrenched. Our regiment supported a battery all day and the next night. No general engagement took place that day.

On the morning of the 16th, the day following, our brigade received orders to move to the right of the rebel works in support of regiments thrown out as skirmishers. We were soon brought under fire, and were not long in ascertaining that the force before us was by no means small. We

found that the enemy had been driven from their rifle-pits, and were now inside their main works. We soon moved forward over the line of skirmishers to within two hundred yards of the rebel intrenchments, screened, however, from view by dense woods. We here received notice from our Division General, A. H. Terry, that our brigade had been selected to *charge those works*. Between us and "those works" was a strip of slashing about one hundred yards wide, and it was no easy matter to cross such obstacles under a galling fire. We formed just inside of the woods, out of sight, but near enough to the rebels for them to hear our commands.

The brigade was formed in double column on the center at half distance by regiments, the Thirty-Ninth being on the extreme left. When all was ready, the command "Forward!" was given, and we moved off on common time, with arms at a "right shoulder shift"; but as soon as we reached the edge of the slashing we received a deadly volley from the enemy which brought the guns down to a "trail," and our *colors* to the ground. These were immediately picked up by an officer [Lieutenant Norman C. Warner, Company E], and away we went with a regular Western yell, on the full jump, over logs, tree-tops and stumps thrown about in inextricable confusion.

The scene that now presented itself to my view I shall never forget—whole divisions of the advancing column swept down in the twinkling of an eye. On every hand could be seen the dead and dying men—our own comrades, who but a short time before were buoyant and hopeful, with no thought of death to make them sad.

But notwithstanding this terrible slaughter, the old Western brigade did not stop, but made directly for the rebel breastworks bristling with bayonets and alive with men; nor did the enemy give way, but fought us hand-to-hand as we attempted to mount the works. Our colors were again shot down, Lieutenant Warner, who was carrying them, losing a leg. Another officer snatched them up and sprang upon the parapets, followed by scores of others, who leaped over right among the "Johnnies," and commenced using the bayonet and clubbed musket. Soon a break was made and then began the capturing of prisoners. After we got over the works, we immediately swung to the left and moved down the trenches, hauling out the "graybacks," who begged lustily for mercy. In a short time we had possession of the line and nearly eight hundred prisoners and five stands of colors.

A brave young private, Henry M. Hardenburgh, of Company G, captured one of the latter after a hand-to-hand fight with the color-sergeant of the Tenth Alabama, whom he left dead on the field. General Birney, our corps commander, to whom he delivered the flag, complimented him very highly. Since coming here, while on duty in the trenches, he was mortally wounded by a piece of shell. A day or two after his death his appointment as First Lieutenant in the Thirty-Sixth United States Colored Troops was received at our headquarters from Major-General Butler,

for gallantry on the field, but it came too late. He is silent in the grave, all unmindful of earthly rewards.

After getting possession of the works spoken of before, the fighting by no means ceased. The enemy was constantly receiving reinforcements, and by some means or other succeeded in regaining possession of a portion of the line on our left, to which another brigade had been sent. Having gained this advantage, which uncovered our left flank, they soon rendered our position untenable, and we were, per consequence, compelled to give back, which we did under a raking fire.

We remained on the north side of the James, skirmishing and fortifying, until the 20th, on the night of which we returned to our old camp. Our loss while on the north side was ninety-seven men and seven officers killed, wounded, and missing. Three of the seven officers are among the killed.

The morning report of the regiment on the 16th day of August showed only two hundred and twenty-eight men fit for duty, fifteen of whom were on detail, leaving only two hundred and thirteen men with eleven officers to enter into this assault. The loss was ninety-seven men and seven commissioned officers, and when it retired and returned back to camp it did so with one hundred and sixteen men commanded by four officers, of whom Captain Plimpton, Company G, was the senior officer and in command of the regiment.

Captain Chauncey Williams, Company H, Lieutenant James Lemon, Company I, and Lieutenant Frane, of Company D, were struck dead by rebel bullets, and were buried on the field where they so gallantly charged and so bravely met their death.

Captain Leroy A. Baker, who commanded the regiment, fell, struck by a bullet that so shattered his leg that amputation was found to be necessary.

Lieutenant Norman C. Warner, Company E, was struck down while gallantly bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had torn from the bloody hands of Sergeant Henry M. Hardenburg, Company G, and so tight was the grasp of Hardenburg upon the folds that the piece grasped by him remained within his hand when the banner was taken by Lieutenant Warner. Lieutenant Warner was also compelled

to lose a leg, and as he was being borne back to the hospital his thoughts reverted to the mother at home, whom he was so anxious should be spared the intelligence of this calamity until able to communicate the matter in his own way, that he cautioned the boys, "Don't tell mother! Don't tell mother!" This seemed to occupy his mind more than the painfully shattered leg that was being borne back to the surgeon's knife.

Lieutenant Butterfield escaped with a severe flesh wound



SCENE OF ASSAULT, AUGUST 16, 1864.

of the face and was soon able for duty. Lieutenant Horace Knapp, Company D, received a bad wound in the shoulder, the ball having to be cut out.

These officers together with our other wounded were placed on the hospital transport near by, after being attended to, and sent to general hospital.

The wounds received in this assault were more than usually severe in character, a great number requiring amputation, excision of bone and resection of joints. The number

of wounded that our division of the flying hospital disposed of in the ensuing forty-eight hours was nine hundred, who were placed on board the "Hero of Jersey," under the medical charge of Surgeon A. C. Barlow of the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers. The entire list of casualties on the 16th of June at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains amounted on the Federal side to five thousand, and it was impossible to say what had been accomplished, if anything, in our advance upon Richmond.

In closing this chapter the following lines from the pen of the Rev. William E. Miller, of Tompkins Cove, N. Y., seem to be appropriate.

"WOUNDED."

Let me lie down,
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree;
 Here, low in the trampled grass, where I may see
 The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
 The glad cry of victory; cheer upon cheer:
 Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
 Like the tempest we charged, the triumph to share;
 The tempest!—its fury and thunder were there.
 On! on! o'er intrenchments; o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot and the flag overhead:
 Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
 Prone on the soldier's couch, oh! how can I rest,
 With this shot-shattered head and saber-pierced breast?
 Comrades! at roll call, when I shall be sought,
 Say I fought 'till I fell, and fell where I fought!
 Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
 Right through the dread host tore shrapnel and shell,
 Through without faltering—clear through with a yell!
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
 Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom:
 Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!

Some things are worthless, some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For freedom and Union, each man owes his part;
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart:
It is duty.

Dying at last!

My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you forever and aye:
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last.

I am no saint!

But, boys, say a prayer; there's one that begins
"Our Father!" and then says, "forgive us our sins."
Don't forget that part, say it strongly! and then—
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!
Oh, I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout!

Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!
Up, up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Oh! there flies the flag, with its star spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!

Oh, God of our fathers! our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong.
Oh, land of earth's hope! on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!

I'm mustered out.

CHAPTER XVI.

General Birney's Order—Pretty Well Thinned Out, but Always Ready—
In Front of Petersburg—Brigade Hospital—The Petersburg Express
—Rebel Lines—Grant's Headquarters—Whitworth Bolts—Execution
of a Soldier—Colonel Howell's Death—Eulogy and Elegy—Position
of the Army of the James—Election Commissioners—Feeling of the
Soldiers—Light Marching Order—Cross the James—Battle of
Darbytown Cross-Roads—Assault of the Fort—Plimpton's Account
of It—Sergeant Slagles—Yates' Death—Steele's—Bad Place for
Surgeons—The Wounded—Lieutenant Wilder Killed—An Incident—
Miss Clara Barton—A Great "Skedaddle"—General Birney's Death
—Grand Review by Lincoln and Grant—Some Medical Matters—
Winter Quarters—Some of Butler's Orders.

THOSE were very busy days in that hot August month. Fighting was almost constant at some point along our lines. General Ord had succeeded to the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps. General Butler had commenced operations on his "Dutch Gap" canal. On the 19th General Birney, commanding the Tenth Corps, issued the following congratulatory order to his troops:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,
FUSSEL'S MILLS, VA., August 19, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS.

The Major-General commanding congratulates the Tenth Corps upon its success. It has on each occasion, when ordered, broken the enemy's strong lines. It has captured during this short campaign four siege guns protected by the most formidable works, six stands of colors, and many prisoners. It has proved itself worthy of its old Wagner and Sumter renown. Much fatigue, patience and heroism may yet be demanded of it; but the Major-General commanding is confident of the response.

(Signed)

MAJOR-GENERAL D. B. BIRNEY.

EDWARD W. SMITH, *Lt. Col. and A.A.G.*

The afternoon of the 21st of August the regiment—if it could be so called, for there was but a mere fragment left of it—moved back to our old quarters, but had no sooner disposed of ourselves for a comfortable rest than orders were received to prepare for another move. We were like the men set out upon the chess-board—subject to the will of the players in this great game for National existence; which called to mind the song of Omar Khayyam:—

“ We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes, that come and go
Round with the illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show;
But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon the chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays,
The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But here and there, as strikes the players, goes;
And he that tossed you down into the field—
He knows about it all—he knows, he knows.”

It was not, however, until the 24th of August that our division filed out from behind the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred and took up its march to the trenches in front of Petersburg. We reached the vicinity of the works on the evening of the same day and bivouacked for the night. The following day the division took position near the huge works that rise some six or more feet above the level. Our brigade (the First) spread their shelters in the open timber some rods back from the line of intrenchments, and protected their quarters by throwing up heavy embankments on the side fronting the enemy.

The regimental camp was near Cemetery Hill, where General Burnside exploded the heavy mine on the evening of July 29th which was to have accomplished such wonders, and would, possibly, had the affair been properly managed; but it was successful only in a great and useless slaughter

of human life. In the rear of our position, distant about one mile, and on higher ground, Surgeon Clark established the brigade hospital, marking its position with the hospital flag run to the top of a high pole; and during our stay in the front of Petersburg not a day passed without receiving wounded from some point along the line occupied by the brigade.

August 25th, Sergeant Henry Hardenburgh, Company G, was killed in camp by a fragment of shell which penetrated his left side. He lived but a short time after being brought to the hospital.

Near the hospital and to the right there had been placed in position a fifteen-inch mortar which was named the "Petersburg Express," and every half hour both day and night it sent a messenger, in shape of a fifteen-inch shell, over into the city of Petersburg. At night when the lighted fuse of this monster shell could be seen, it was a sort of satisfaction to watch its progress through the air and to hear its explosion over that stronghold of treason.

About this time we heard that Colonel Osborn and Lieutenant-Colonel Mann had so much improved in health that they had departed for home on "leave of absence."

September 3d news came that General Sherman had taken possession of Atlanta, Ga. It was received with general rejoicing.

The rebel fortifications in our front were most formidable, and some of the forts and redoubts on the left were very strong, especially Forts Sedgwick and Steadman. The length of the rebel line of fortification was some forty miles, extending from the left bank of the Appomattox river around to the western side of Petersburg and to the James river, and thence to the east of Richmond. The opposing line of Grant was equal in length but not so heavy and strong. General Grant's headquarters were at City Point, and there had been constructed a railroad from that place

to the extreme end of his lines, and as trains passed to and fro they were made the target for numerous "Whitworth bolts" sent over with the design of disabling the locomotives; but as a rule they seldom did any damage. We often went out and picked them up as curiosities where they had fallen.

On September 3d the First Division of the Tenth Corps was called out to witness the execution of a young soldier belonging to a New York regiment who had been tried and convicted by court-martial for willfully and maliciously killing a comrade, and he had been sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead. At two o'clock P.M. the division marched to the place of execution and was formed in hollow square, inclosing the gallows, which had been erected during the morning. The condemned man was escorted to the platform of the gallows by a file of soldiers. He mounted to the trap with apparent indifference, where the charge and sentence of the court-martial were read; after which he was asked if he wished to say anything; but he remained silent. A white cap was then drawn over his head and face, the chaplain made a short prayer, the signal was given, and in a moment the young "homicide" was dangling at the end of the rope, and soon he was pronounced dead. His soul had advanced to judgment.

Affairs remained comparatively quiet in our front, and there were no very exciting episodes connected with the daily routine of duty.

On the morning of September 13th we were painfully shocked to hear that Colonel Howell, then temporarily commanding the Third Division, had been seriously injured the previous evening by the falling of his horse. The orderly who brought the intelligence also conveyed a request from General Birney for Surgeon Clark to come and attend to the Colonel. The writer immediately proceeded to Corps headquarters accompanied by an ambulance.

Colonel Howell was found in a small tent near General Birney's headquarters, alone and unconscious, no attention whatever having been paid to him. His clothing and even his sash and sword were still on him, and the front of his coat was incrustated with dejections from his stomach. Calling an orderly, and assisted by the driver of the ambulance, the Colonel was placed aboard and taken to the brigade hospital. No person about Birney's quarters seemed sufficiently interested to put in an appearance. The Colonel had been placed in that tent at the time of his injury and had remained there during the night without care or any attempt being made to ascertain the nature of his injuries. On reaching the hospital a thorough examination was made. No bones were found broken, but he was suffering from a severe concussion of the brain, and possibly hæmorrhage. It was evident, however, that he could not live. He remained unconscious up to a few moments before dissolution, when he opened his eyes and made an effort to speak, but was unintelligible. He died at sundown on the evening of the 24th.

Thus closed the life of as gallant and brave a man as ever entered the service. After death he was embalmed and his brother, Dr. Howell, was informed by telegram of the sad event. As soon as his death was known, and which was wholly unexpected by his late comrades, large numbers of his friends came to do him honor. General Terry came, and sincerely mourned over the old comrade and officer whom he had so lately seen in the full enjoyment of health, and so full of enthusiasm over the news of Sherman's victories on his "March to the Sea." All the members of his own regiment (the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania) came to look upon their dead commander as he lay under the shelter of the boughs, with the sharp cracking of musketry and the booming of rebel cannon for a requiem. The burial service for the dead was conducted by his brother officers of the

Masonic fraternity, and the remains, in the care of his brother, were sent home.

It was a sad and shocking death to us all. He was a father to his whole command and they had learned to love and respect him. Notwithstanding his age (sixty years) he was always alert for duty, and in times of danger was ever at the front and ever vigilant. Colonel Howell was a gentleman of the "old school." You could almost fancy you saw the long queue, the well-powdered hair, and the silk hose and silver buckles of a century ago. He was dignified in manner, yet affable, courteous and kind in behavior; generous and affectionate in disposition and profuse in hospitality; and when he spoke, one could almost feel the warmth of his generous heart, there was such a sense of sincerity and truth in his greeting.

That he was brave, even to desperation, no one who knew him will question. We remember at one time when a body of deserters from the enemy had come within our lines, that one of them, on espying the Colonel near by, said:

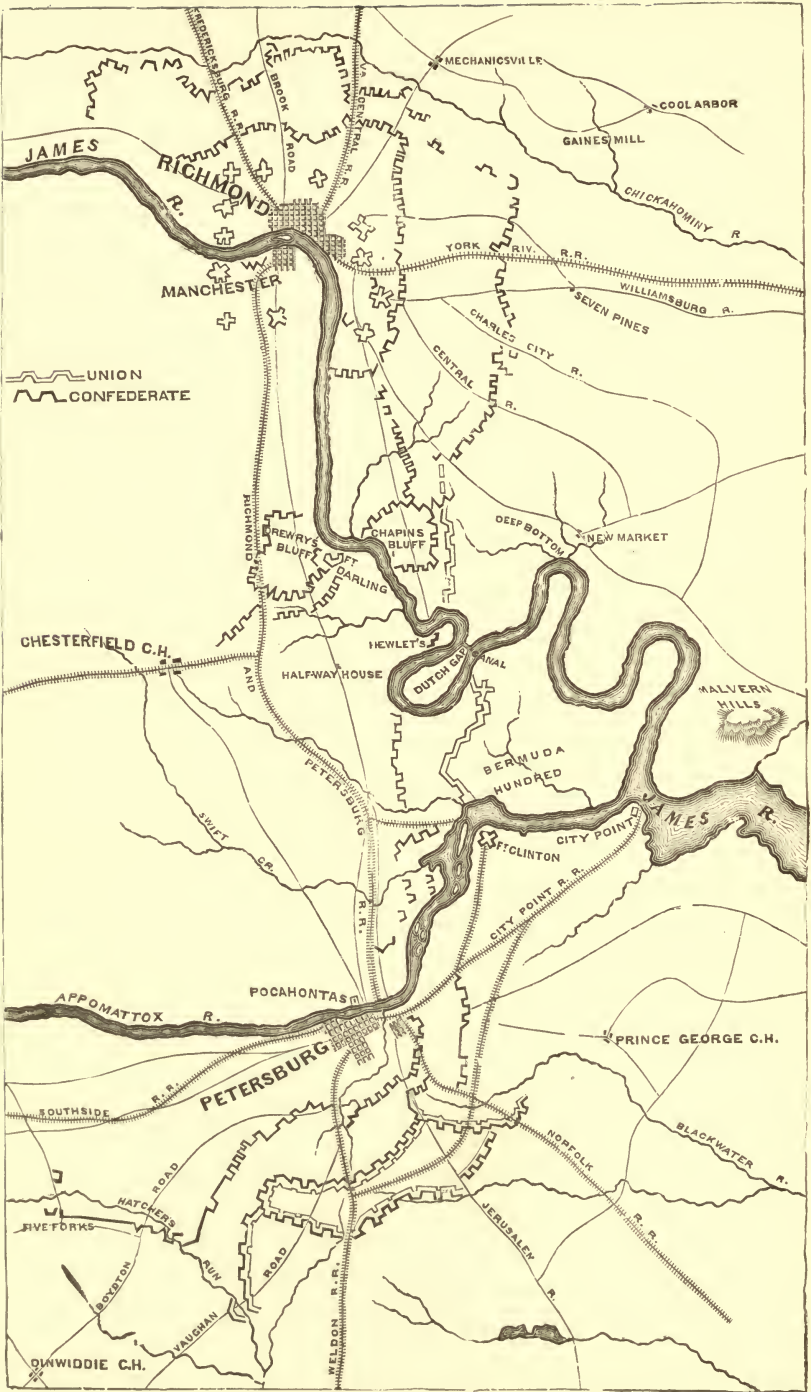
"Ah! that gray-headed and bearded old gentleman over there looks like Howell!"

On being told that it was, he continued:

"Our folks know him mighty well and don't like him at all, and our pickets have frequently had orders to shoot him. They say he's a brave old man!"

It was indeed wonderful that he had so miraculously escaped death at the hands of the enemy, for he was always at the front, and seemed to invite death on the field of battle. He was a dear friend of the writer, who feels that in paying this tribute to his memory after so many years have sped away, he has but given voice to the sentiments of all who knew him.

September 18th, the sharp and continuous crack of musketry still echoed and re-echoed along the whole picket-line, accompanied now and then by the fierce screaming of



MAP OF THE DEFENSES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

shells and the loud detonation as they exploded overhead, carrying death and wounds in their course.

Preparations were making for the departure of the Eighteenth Army Corps and a portion of the Tenth, and our division was in a constant state of expectancy, for orders might be received at any moment.

The troops in front of Petersburg at this time were disposed of in a semi-circular line. Our left (the Army of the Potomac) extending across the Petersburg and Norfolk railroad on the south, and the right resting on the Appomattox river at the Mills house, four miles north of the city. The Army of the James (Butler's) occupied a position on the right and front, to the north and westward, near the Petersburg and Richmond railroad.

At about this time commissioners from the various States were coming into camp for the purpose of taking the vote of the soldiers for the coming election, and it was a busy and quarrelsome time. We had for a long time expected that we would be permitted to proceed home as a regiment for the purpose of voting, but it was not to be, for active preparations were making for a movement against the enemy.

We had received the full details of the Chicago convention, the platform adopted, and heard with dismay of the nomination of McClellan for the presidency. But we were convinced that George B. McClellan, the hero who had won no battle and captured no city except Trenton, New Jersey, would appear "*non est inventus*" when the result of the November election was known. Considerable excitement was rife, and we took some pains to ascertain the feeling of the soldiers in the matter and to probe the popular sentiment. In several of the brigades the election had already been held with the result of a seven-eighths vote for "Old Abe Lincoln"—the man whom the soldiers considered as

best fitted to hold the helm of State until our cruise through the troubled waters of a treacherous rebellion was finished.

The commander of an Eastern regiment had told us that there were six officers and many men in his command who had openly declared their intention to support McClellan for the presidency, but who after reading his platform turned completely about and voted for Lincoln. "Little Mac" had but few friends in the army operating against Richmond.

We as a regiment were loud in expressing our condemnation of the Illinois Copperhead legislature in not permitting us to vote, and a meeting was held and resolutions passed to that effect.

On September 25th the First Division of the Tenth Army Corps had orders to move, and left camp in light marching order at eight o'clock p.m., and after marching until near midnight, turned into an open field and bivouacked, with a single blanket to each man for covering. Ah, me! what an uncomfortable night was passed, and how cold it turned before morning in that spacious and breezy dormitory of Nature's!

Light marching order in those days consisted in being equipped with gun and bayonet, cartridge-box filled with "sixty rounds," haversack containing five days' rations, overcoat and blanket, canteen of water and drinking cup. Quite enough to keep a man from flying. We remained in camp until the following evening, and then resumed the march.

On the 28th we reached the James river and crossed it at Deep Bottom, on the pontoon bridge, after a most fatiguing march, and bivouacked. A portion of the Tenth Corps which had preceded us, together with the Eighteenth Corps, had advanced below Chapin's Bluff, and on the 29th of September had taken a large portion of the enemy's fortified line, with fifteen guns and many prisoners. Gen-

eral Ord, commanding the Eighteenth Corps, was badly wounded, General Godfrey Weitzel succeeding to the command. General Birney had taken the enemy's fortified lines at New Market heights, and had attempted the taking of Fort Gilmer at Laurel Hill, within six miles of Richmond, but the assault proved a failure. This was the same works that the First Brigade of the First Division, Tenth Corps, attempted later on at the battle known as "Darbytown Cross-Roads" the 13th of October, in which the Thirty-Ninth lost more than sixty men and the brigade over three hundred.

September 30th the rebels made an effort to retake their line, but were repulsed; and another and more vigorous effort was made on the evening of October 6th, when a terrible battle ensued, that resulted most disastrously to the Confederates. The Thirty-Ninth had taken no active part in these movements and assaults, but had moved to a position connecting with the Eighteenth Corps, the line of the First Division of the Tenth extending from Chapin's Bluff on the left to the New Market road on the right, and had been busy in throwing up intrenchments, with now and then a skirmish with the rebels.

On the 9th of October the enemy came in force to drive us from our position and turn our flank, but were repulsed with great slaughter and driven back some miles.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 13th we had orders to advance on a reconnoissance. We found the enemy strongly intrenched, and after some lively skirmishing the First Brigade was selected to make a charge.

The following from the diary of Lieutenant-Colonel Homer A. Plimpton describes the

BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN CROSS-ROADS, OCTOBER 13TH, 1864.

On the 13th of October we advanced on to the Darbytown road about three and a half miles from Richmond, where we found the enemy strongly intrenched. We skirmished with the "rebs" until about two p.m., when

our brigade was ordered to charge the works. The circumstances surrounding us at the time were very discouraging indeed. We were compelled to charge their works at a point where they had a heavy flank fire upon us, and through thick underbrush and small timber, and then over heavy slashing where their artillery could rake us. The men all knew before going in the difficulties ahead; all the officers of the brigade were opposed to the charge, and reported so to the General commanding the corps; but it made no difference. *Charge we must, and charge we did*, and Death reaped a rich harvest as the result.

Nobly did our old brigade stand up before that terrible storm of lead and iron, but human endurance could not withstand it, and it was hurled back with fearful loss. Our little regiment lost sixty brave men in less time than it takes to tell it. Our colors were completely riddled, and the color-guard all killed or wounded with the exception of three.

There was one sad incident connected with that color-guard that will never be forgotten by any who survived that desperate charge. Our Color-Sergeant, George W. Yates, of Company A, while deliberations were going on in relation to the expected charge upon "those works," took out all of his letters from his pocket, read them over, and then tore them to pieces and scattered them to the winds. He then called his guard about him and told them that in all probability a charge would be made at that point and it would be a desperate affair; and "Boys, I shall in all likelihood fall. When the order is given to charge, let not one of you desert those colors. Save them, whether I am lost or not." When the order was given to charge, Sergeant Yates sprang forward with the colors like a deer, but no sooner did he come in sight of the rebel works than he became the target of a terrible volley from their guns and fell pierced with four balls. It was at this point that the regiment was hurled back and the rebels sprang over their works in hot pursuit. Yates hung to the colors, and when one of the guard sprang to snatch them from him to save them from capture, he was compelled to tear them from the Sergeant's hands. And when the rebels took the bleeding and dying Sergeant, they found him clinging to a fragment of the old flag dripping in his own blood. He was paroled at once, and died in Annapolis, Md., October 26th.

It was a sad sight to look upon the colors after the fight, and when on our next inspection, the day after the charge, they were brought out, and only one line officer, and he a First Lieutenant, it made my heart grow sad. The question would arise, Where are the rest? Sleeping beneath the sod, or scattered in hospitals suffering from wounds? The regiment is now commanded by a First Lieutenant. The only officers we have present for duty, aside from the one just referred to, are a Second Lieutenant (acting Adjutant), and myself. I am now the only officer belonging to Company G. My Captain, O. F. Rudd, died of wounds; the two Lieutenants are discharged, one by reason of expiration of term of service, the other on surgeon's certificate of disability. There are no other Illinois regi-

ments in this Department; we are all alone and a long way from home; and although we are the sole representative of the Prairie State, we have ever endeavored to acquit ourselves like men and not bring dishonor upon her fair name.

* * * * *

January 28th, 1865: Everything in our front remains quiet at present, although on the 24th all was excitement and a desperate struggle was expected. Three rebel rams, the "Drury," "Virginia," and "Richmond," came down the river with the intention of breaking our pontoons and



THE ASSAULT.

destroying our stores at City Point. Having cut our communications, their army in our front was to come down upon us and capture us, *i. e.*, if they could. This was the movement which General Lee had intimated, when made, would "startle the world." By the interference of Providence and our heavy Parrott guns their scheme was thwarted. The "Drury" was blown up by a shot from our land battery. The other two got aground and had to remain there under the fire of our batteries until high-tide, when they succeeded in getting off and putting back. The "Drury" went

to the bottom. The failure of this part of the game, of course compelled the abandonment of the other.

It has been reported that Semmes, of "piratical fame," had charge of the naval part of the programme.

General David B. Birney, commanding the Tenth Corps, was sick at the date of this battle (the 13th), and the Corps was in command of Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, the First Division being temporarily in command of Brigadier-General Ames, and our brigade was commanded by Colonel A. C. Voris of the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers.

At a regimental re-union held at Marseilles, Ill., February 4th, 1885, Sergeant D. H. Slagle, Company K, made the following remarks in relation to this battle:

At two o'clock P.M. we are in front of the enemy's works at Darbytown Cross-roads. Our regiment and brigade are deployed in close column by division; the order comes down the line to charge! You all recall that terrific *yell*, as we made the assault through the brush, the air seeming filled with whizzing bullets, the scream of solid shot and shell, the rattle and sweep of grape and canister through our ranks. Comrades fell on our right and on our left; we find the "Johnnies" too many. Their force behind protected works outnumbered ours two to one. The old brigade find they cannot take the works this time, and are compelled to fall back and re-form their line. That day myself and many others were wounded and made prisoners at the "abattis" of their fort. Our killed were quickly despoiled of their clothing by the enemy; the wounded are quickly hustled away by their ambulance corps at early moonlight, and that autumn evening finds us landed in Castle Thunder at Richmond.

Our re-unions are to recall the unwritten incidents of our active service; to mention the valor of those that bravely fell on the field of battle, some of whom are sleeping in unmarked graves,

"Far from their own proud land's heroic soil,
Which should be their fitter tomb!"

Color-Sergeant George W. Yates, Company A, who sleeps in the cemetery near by, that day received his fatal wounds and was made prisoner. I was transferred in the same ambulance with him on to Richmond; blood from his wounds trickling along the pike the entire distance from Darbytown battlefield to the city, he having received four severe wounds that proved fatal a few days after our parole and arrival at Annapolis, Md.

You will recollect that just before the order came to make the assault our mail arrived and was distributed. Company A was on the skirmish

line; their letters had been handed to Sergeant Yates, of the color-guard, who placed them in his left breast coat-pocket. In the assault he received a bullet which pierced those letters and also his watch, and penetrated his side, the letters turning the bullet from the heart. The next day I noticed those letters saturated with blood, and I have often wondered if they ever reached the parties to whom they were addressed, or whether the writers ever knew that their letters had helped to turn a rebel bullet from the heart and for a brief period spared the life of one of our brave men.

In that charge the Thirty-Ninth lost one-third of the number engaged. There Lieutenant Wilder, of Company H, fell; also Sergeant William E. Steele of Company E. The latter fell near me. A bullet struck him in the center of the forehead, and when he fell on their works he retained a firm grip of his musket at "charge bayonet," with his eyes firmly set on the enemy—dying in the perfect attitude of a brave and fearless volunteer soldier yielding up his life in the defense of and for the perpetuation of the Union.

The writer's experiences at this battle were unusually disagreeable. On the 7th he had established a hospital at Temple Hall church, about one mile in advance of the Tenth Corps field hospital, which was located at Chapin's farm, in charge of Surgeon S. W. Richardson, Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers. On the morning of the 13th, he with other surgeons of the First Division of the Tenth Corps was ordered by the Medical Director to take the field and follow the command, with strict orders to keep within three hundred yards of the line of battle. When the First Brigade were preparing and forming to assault the rebel redoubt, he took position behind a corn-crib in the yard of the Gerault house. As the brigade advanced, there was a painful hush, like that of an audience awaiting some terrible denouement. Then came the roar and rattle of guns and a rain of shell and grape-shot in a most careless manner, shattering the old crib and scattering splinters and debris in all directions. One ambulance horse was killed and the driver wounded, and much other damage done. The wounded soon came back in numbers, and among them Captain George Heritage, Company B. Finding our position untenable, we felt justified in transgressing orders and removed to the left and

rear inside an old earthwork, where at last we could give our undivided attention to our work without fear of being either killed or wounded. The wounded, as fast as they were temporarily dressed, were sent back to the corps hospital some three miles distant. At about four o'clock P.M. our troops fell back, and having sent all the wounded to the rear, the surgeons retired to the corps hospital. On the way back the writer met Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Pineo, Medical Inspector, Army of the James, who said, "Doctor, you have anticipated my wishes, for I have already sent an



COUNTING THE SCARS IN THE COLORS.

order for you to report to the operating theater, where your services are much needed; and," he continued, "I shall make it my first duty to inquire if surgeons are to be compelled to stand as targets on the field of battle, or be placed in a position where they can do some good."

Captain Heritage had received two wounds, one a slight flesh-wound of the side, the other more serious, the ball entering at the outer border of the left scapula, passing through to the left shoulder, where it lodged and was cut out. In its passage it had struck the spinal column slightly,

and to-day Captain Heritage is much disabled from the results of that wound, suffering attacks of epilepsy.

Lieutenant Nathan E. Davis, Company E, had received a ball in the right shoulder joint, destroying the head of bone and a portion of its shaft, so that resection of the joint with removal of four inches of the humerus was necessary. He was sent to Chesapeake hospital, where hospital gangrene attacked the wound, and by reason of having been in poor health at the time he was wounded, he soon died from blood-poisoning.

James G. Hamilton, Company G, was so badly wounded that amputation of the leg was required.

George Howell, Company E, and John Larkins, Company C, each suffered the loss of an arm.

William H. Jenkins, Company C, received a wound of the thigh which two years later required amputation.

Lieutenant Charles J. Wilder, Company H, was killed.

The loss in this assault was fifteen officers and men killed, and forty-seven officers and men wounded and taken prisoner. The losses to the regiment on the 7th of October had been one man killed, fourteen wounded, and one taken prisoner. Among the wounded was E. J. Thayer, Company D, who received severe wounds in both legs. The main strength of the regiment present after this battle was less than three hundred men, and there were but three officers left to command them—one Captain and two Lieutenants.

There is one incident connected with this battle that will bear relating. While the doctors were located back of the corn-crib, near the house before mentioned, there was great consternation and excitement reigning therein. It was occupied by a German family, consisting of man, wife and child, named Gerault. We found them huddled together in a room that they had fortified by placing barrels and sacks of potatoes and furniture around the exposed sides. As the battle waxed warmer and the shells and bullets

screamed and whistled loud and fast, the woman and child took refuge under a big feather bed, on the floor, and it is presumed that she thought herself and child safe from harm. But alas! a shell exploded directly over the house and the fragments penetrated to the room, scattering feathers in all directions and severely wounding the woman in the leg so that amputation of the member became necessary back at the hospital, which was performed by Surgeon M. S. Kittinger, One Hundredth New York Volunteers, assisted by Miss Clara Barton. In conversation with the woman shortly afterwards, she seemed to deplore the loss of her feather bed more than the loss of her leg.

Miss Clara Barton was present at the corps hospital at this time and rendered most effective and grateful service in ministrations to the wounded both day and night. She was a "Florence Nightingale" in her devotion to the sick, wounded and dying that came and went from that hospital during the following winter. She was placed in charge of the "light diet department," and furnished with untiring zeal delicacies and appetizing dishes for the many sick. She only left us when we were again ordered to advance "On to Richmond." After these many years, her memory is still fresh and green with us; and we wish her God-speed in her philanthropic mission as President of the "Red Cross" Association of America.

The last of our wounded was sent away on the afternoon of October 14th, when the writer returned to his old quarters at Temple Hall church.

On the morning of October 15th the surgeons and attendants at the church suffered a big scare—in fact, became somewhat demoralized for the time.

Several companies of Kantz's cavalry who were on picket duty in our front, came flying back in the greatest excitement and disorder and cried out to us, "The rebels are coming!" and from appearances we thought it must be a



COLLECTING THE WOUNDED.



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fact, and at once prepared to vacate. Looking up the road towards the front could be seen a mass of disordered and tangled-up cavalry in a wild stampede; some horses were riderless, with saddles turned and the stirrups swinging and flapping about, which served to increase their speed. Troopers, hatless, with hair flying, rushed frantically by, whooping and cursing; scabbards and canteens swinging and clanging amid the clatter of hoofs, made up the scene of a most disgraceful rout. There seemingly was no one to command, and the horses were as frantic as the riders. Hospital Steward DeNormandie of the Thirty-Ninth, with his assistants, soon had our equipment aboard the wagon, and the six-mule team in place, and speedily joined in the retreat, the surgeons bringing up the rear. We had not proceeded more than twenty rods, however, when an officer made his appearance and succeeded in checking the retreating cavalry.

It seems that the enemy in considerable force had made a sudden and unexpected attack on that portion of our line guarded by Kantz's cavalry, and had routed them and created a panic. The First Division, Tenth Corps, were soon in line, however, and turned the rebels back with some considerable loss. On visiting the scene of the attack soon after we found a large number of dead rebels lying promiscuously around.

On the 18th we heard of the death of our corps commander, General David B. Birney, who was a brave and efficient officer, and his loss was deeply felt and was deemed irreparable. General Terry, who had previously commanded the corps during the illness of Birney, now succeeded to the full command.

October 20th, the writer was permanently detailed to the flying hospital of the Tenth Corps as chief operating surgeon, and was succeeded by Surgeon Samuel Kurtz, Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, as brigade surgeon. He there-

fore took up quarters at the corps hospital located at Chapin's farm. On the evening of this day, the corps celebrated another victory of Sheridan's in the valley of Virginia, and salvo after salvo of artillery at our front proclaimed or emphasized the fact to the rebels opposite.

October 25th a grand review of the Tenth Corps took place on a broad "plateau" near the hospital. President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Secretary Fessenden, Surgeon-General Barnes and many other notables from Washington were present to witness the "fighting stock" of the "Army of the James." The old corps never appeared to greater advantage, and everything passed off creditably. Our division had been almost decimated and did not present the same appearance as regards numbers that it did when the President last reviewed us, some six months previous. The Thirty-Ninth at this time numbered only two hundred and twenty-five men for duty and had but two commissioned officers with it, aside from the medical staff.

October 26th, orders were received to prepare for an advance which was to commence in the early morning, and there was every prospect for more bloody work. The following morning, October 27th, the corps advanced to the front again, near the scene of the late engagement on the 13th of October, where they met the enemy, and for two days more or less fighting was done. The Thirty-Ninth were not at this time compelled to take a very active part, and hence the losses during these days to the regiment were small. The corps suffered to the extent of some four hundred officers and men, three hundred and eleven of whom were brought back to the hospital, and the number of severe and serious casualties was greater than in any other fight of this campaign. Out of this number it was necessary to perform ninety capital amputations and twenty-three excisions of bone, chiefly of the femur and humerus and the inferior maxillary.

After this battle a large number of deserved promotions were made for brave and gallant conduct on the field. Among these was our friend Colonel N. M. Curtis, of the One Hundred and Forty-Second New York Volunteers, who was in command of a brigade at the time. The Colonel took the field when he was scarcely able to stand from illness, and, strange to say, was knocked down four different times on the 27th by spent balls. His escape from death was simply among the greatest of marvels.

At this time there seemed to be a general cessation of operations at our front, and the whole army prepared to



WINTER QUARTERS AT CHAPIN'S FARM.

go into winter quarters. Pleasant camps were selected near our line of works, which were very heavy and complete, and the men, when off duty, went vigorously to work in erecting log houses. Timber was cut and hauled to the ground, and layer after layer of logs arose until the desired height was obtained, and then was covered with their shelter tents or boughs from the pines. The interstices between the logs were filled in with clay; the door hung with leather hinges, or, if possible, with stronger ones from the doors of the many vacant houses in the vicinity; and the same source supplied the necessary window-sash for the soldier's dwelling. The

huts or cottages were arranged in conformity to army regulations and presented a very interesting appearance. The men built like structures for some of the officers, and the regimental medical officers were thus favored. Each little building was furnished with a fireplace or else a sheet-iron stove, and many of these buildings were very cosy and comfortable.

The headquarters of the brigade and division were under canvas shelters, but with good frames of timber to support them in lieu of poles, and besides had good flooring.

The Thirty-Ninth's band, which had a position at



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, CHAPIN'S FARM.

brigade headquarters, were prolific in putting up shelters and digging wells, and theirs were among the best.

About this time (October 31st) General Butler left his command for a few days' recreation at Fort Monroe, leaving it in charge of General Terry.

Butler was quite popular with his command, winning our respect and confidence by unwearied attention to the details that make up the sum of a soldier's comfort. He was better at planning than executing, yet his record in this capacity will compare well with that of other Generals who were placed in the same position. He was no friend to those

who did not perform their duty in all and every respect, as the following orders will show, which we have copied for insertion in order to exhibit the character of the man:

HEADQUARTERS
DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
ARMY OF THE JAMES.

IN THE FIELD, VA., *October 29th, 1864.*

ORDERS.

-It having been certified to me by Colonel Abbott, commanding Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers; Brigadier-General Hawley, commanding Brigade; Brigadier-General Ames, commanding Division; and Major-General Terry, commanding Tenth Army Corps, that Captain Joseph E. Clifford has tendered his resignation in the face of the enemy, and that he is guilty of "skulking" in the face of the enemy, and of absence without leave, he is hereby dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances.

II.—Citizen Joseph E. Clifford, having declared that he desired to get out of the service, and was bound to do so, either honorably or dishonorably, is hereby ordered to be set at work under the charge of the superintendent of prison labor at Norfolk.

By command of Maj-Gen'l Butler.

ED. W. SMITH, *A. A. Gen'l.*

ORDERS.

Special Orders, No. 372:

III.—David B. White, late Major of the Eighty-First New York Volunteers, who has left the service, cannot be elected as sutler in this Department. Field officers leaving the service voluntarily cannot take the place of boot-blacks here. If they have no more respect for the service which they have left, they will find that officers here have. David B. White will at once leave the Department.

By command of Maj-Gen'l Butler.

(Official.)

ED. W. SMITH, *A. A. Gen'l.*

Other orders of a like nature could be given, but the foregoing will suffice.

Matters remained quiet at the front during the months of November and December, with the exception of some artillery practice occasionally, and now and then a little musket firing. Colonel Osborn returned to the front during the month of November, after a "leave of absence" home, and was soon placed in command of the First Brigade of the First Division.

CHAPTER XVII.

Organizing the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps—The Twenty-Fifth and Part of the Twenty-Fourth Corps go to Fort Fisher—The Field Hospital at Chapin's Farm—Medical Examining Board—Malingers, and How Treated—Christmas Eve—Music by the Band—Egg-Nog, Etc.—Dutch Gap Canal—Victory Everywhere—Visitors—Ed Conley's Version of a Serenade Aboard the "Hunchback;" and How it Terminated—Surgery on a Horse—Deserters—Shooting Deserters—Sad and Shocking Scene.

IN December the work of re-organizing the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps was commenced, conformably to the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, *December 3d, 1864.*

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 297.

By direction of the President of the United States, the following changes will be made in the organization of the "Army of the James."

I. The Tenth and Eighteenth Corps will be discontinued.

II. The white infantry troops of the Tenth and Eighteenth Army Corps, now with the Army of the James, will be consolidated under the direction of the Major-General commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and will constitute a new corps, to be called the Twenty-Fourth Corps.

III. The colored troops of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina will be organized into a new corps, to be called the Twenty-Fifth Corps.

IV. The present corps staff and the artillery of the Eighteenth Corps will be transferred to the Twenty-Fourth, and the present corps staff and artillery of the Tenth to the Twenty-Fifth Corps.

V. Major-General E. O. C. Ord is assigned to the command of the Twenty-Fourth Corps, and General Godfrey Weitzel to the command of the Twenty-Fifth Corps.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, *Asst. Adj't-General.*

December 3d, the Twenty-Fifth Corps was ordered away, and also a portion of the Twenty-Fourth Corps. The surmise was that they were going to aid Sherman, but their destination proved to be Fort Fisher; and on January 15th, 1865, we had the pleasure of knowing that the expedition had been successful—the fort having yielded to our old commander, General Alfred H. Terry, and Admiral Porter, but not without severe loss, the casualties amounting to some nine hundred. The loss in the land force under Terry amounted to six hundred and ninety-one; the Navy losing a little more than two hundred in killed and wounded.

Three of our best and most active surgeons lost their lives by disease contracted during the operations against Fort Fisher. They were Surgeon A. J. H. Buzzell of the Third New Hampshire, acting Chief Medical Officer of Division; Surgeon Palmer of the Fourth New Hampshire; and Surgeon Washburne of the One Hundred and Twelfth New York Volunteers.

Our winter quarters were fully completed at this time, and we commenced a life of partial hibernation. Even at the field hospital we had completed a system of permanent wards for the sick, constructed of pine posts set upright in the ground and covered with hospital tent-flies. Three wards, each a hundred feet in length by twenty-five feet wide, were constructed on this plan, while hospital tents joined together and supported by inside frames made two other wards for surgical cases. The small-pox hospital consisted of a single hospital tent which was located a hundred yards in the rear. Walks were laid, evergreens planted, and everything was done to embellish and add comfort. At the front we had erected a large flag-staff which flaunted the hospital flag and could be seen from all the camps.

A medical examining board had been instituted, consisting of the chief medical officers at the hospital, which

met in session each week for the purpose of examining all applicants for furlough or discharge from service, as well as those presenting for the position of assistant surgeon.

Our work on the board was decidedly heavy and lively, for a large number of both officers and men were making applications for either a "leave of absence" or a discharge from the service by reason of disability. We are sorry to say that many presented who had not the least claim to this indulgence, and they were sent back to camp, "disapproved."

A large number of men who had been drafted and forwarded to our corps gave us more trouble and annoyance than all the old soldiers put together. Men were drafted in New York city who had but lately landed from emigrant-ships, and pushed forward to the front. They, on reaching the army, would malingering and feign all sorts of disorders.

We remember meeting with two persons of this class who were sent to the hospital for examination. They both claimed to suffer from acute rheumatism, and had suffered for years with the complaint until their limbs had been contracted. They were brought in an ambulance to the hospital and placed in bed. On examination day they were conveyed on stretchers to our room, and a thorough investigation was made. Both protested that they could not walk by reason of the contraction of tendons and muscles, and in fact our efforts to bring the limbs into normal position caused a great outcry. We placed them on a table and administered chloroform, when lo and behold! they each, during the exciting stage of the drug, moved their limbs as vigorously and with as much suppleness as we could wish to see. After they had regained consciousness their limbs relapsed back to the former condition with a power of will that was astonishing. We all agreed in pronouncing them a fraud, and so told them; but instead of confessing, they persistently clung to the falsehood they had agreed upon.

We had a summary way of punishing this class. They

were told to get up and proceed to their regiment; and calling two men of the guard to take position behind them with fixed bayonets, with orders to march at a "charge bayonet," and if the villains faltered, to run them through, they were told to Forward, march! and they finally concluded to go nimbly to camp.

One other case of this character we will mention. A man from a New York regiment had been lying in hospital for some weeks with what he termed "hip-joint disease." During a meeting of the "board" he was brought in for examination, and was accompanied by the assistant surgeon in charge of the ward, who stated that the man had been under treatment there for some weeks, and after doing all that he could for him, there was no improvement in his case. The assistant also stated that he had carefully watched the man, and had noticed him at times walking naturally, when he thought himself unobserved. Each of the four surgeons constituting the examining board gave his opinion, after a full and free examination, and we all concurred in pronouncing the case one of fraud. Chloroform was administered, and the limb put through all its motions and examined thoroughly, and we were more fully convinced that he was malingering. We told him our conviction, but he stoutly maintained that he was an invalid.

The steward of the hospital was called and directed to place two irons or pokers in the fire, and we would soon cure the man. He watched the irons until they assumed a white heat, and was ordered to uncover the hip, which he did without any protest, and then, one after the other, the burning irons were applied over the hip-joint. He made no exclamation until the third application, when he confessed that he had been "playing off" on the doctors, and if we would let him go he would never do so again. We kept the man in hospital until he recovered from the cautery, and

then sent him to his company, where he proved a good soldier afterwards.

December 24th, the band of the Thirty-Ninth came to the hospital in the evening chaperoned by the hospital steward, Anthony De Normandie. After some music in front of our headquarters, we showed them the way to the quarters of Miss Barton, where several pieces were played, and at last we were invited in to take a little milk-punch, provided for us, together with a "Christmas eve" collation. After doing the "nice thing" by the band we returned to the writer's quarters, where we found the band of the Eighth Connecticut, who had also come down for a little stimulation. In proceeding farther we met with General Osborn and his acting Assistant-Adjutant-General, Captain Nevins, and at once ordered in egg-nog, for this was possible, as we had a large number of hens connected with the hospital and belonging to Surgeon Richardson. The affair was enjoyed amazingly, and the "wee sma' hours" approached before we were permitted to go to bed.

The Thirty-Ninth and the Eighth Connecticut bands took turns in giving us music, and when invited inside were as zealous in appropriating "something to wet their lips." The whisky was bought from the division commissary, and how they ever got home was a "nine days' wonder" to us.

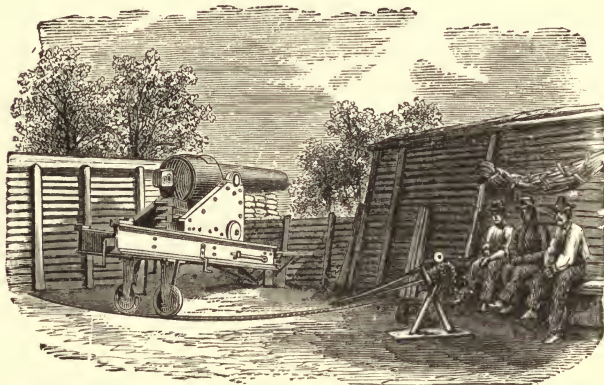
Before leaving, the bands got considerably mixed, and in playing their "finale" it was impossible to state whether it was "Schubert's Serenade," the "Mocking Bird," or the "Volunteer's Return." However, they did their best, and we have never yet seen members of a band who could not keep their legs, and the necessary "pucker" of lip.

During the winter, although a most ominous quiet had been observed at the front, the men were detailed to go out on picket duty at the front and at the rear near where a cut was being made which would save some six miles journey by river, and was known as the "Dutch Gap Canal" of General

Butler. The men at work on this canal were continually harrassed by the shot and shell of the enemy from the Howlett House battery, and they had the range so completely that it was dangerous to work at any time. The details that were sent there excavated pits in the embankment where they were comparatively safe during a bombardment from the battery.

The canal was finally completed, with the loss of many a good man, and had, up to this time, been of no particular benefit, and we counted it as so much lost time.

January 24th we were awakened by the heavy booming



BATTERY AT DUTCH GAP.

of cannon, and at each discharge of the heavy guns our room fairly quivered and the window-sashes seemed to have the ague. On getting out of bed in the early morning the cannonading was still in progress and continued for perhaps an hour in great fury.

The occasion was the appearance of the enemy's gunboats. The result was, the destruction of one rebel ram, and two others ran aground in attempting to get down the river to "Dutch Gap Canal," and they, before getting off, were severely injured.

In the early part of February we received some visitors from the North. Among them was Joseph A. Cutler, our former quartermaster, and a Mr. Garrison from Chicago, who had come down on a semi-political mission pertaining to the promotion and commissioning of several officers.

February 11th Mr. Garrison took his departure for Washington *via* Norfolk to see Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, and was accompanied to the landing by several officers, including General Osborn, who was to accompany him to Norfolk on a few days "leave of absence." The regimental band had preceded the party and met them at the boat.



GEN. BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS—DUTCH GAP.

In this connection is mentioned a little incident that happened during the evening on board the gunboat "Hunchback," where the band, Surgeon Clark and Dr. Woodward had been invited. The following version of the affair from the pen of Edward Conley, a former member of the band from Wilmington, Ill., and who was the editor of the *Wilmington Advocate*, but now of the *Joliet Signal*, is inserted:

On the evening of February 11th the band proceeded on foot from the brigade encampment on the New Market road, near the outer defenses of Richmond, to the "landing" at Deep Bottom—about four miles distant,—with a view of visiting the medical purveyor (Dr. Woodward, of the Thirty-Ninth), and his barges on the James river, and of seeing Colonel

Osborn and his Chicago guest off to Norfolk on the steamer "Thomas Powell." On arriving we gave some music, and as soon as the "Powell" departed we descended the hatches of the purveyor's barge, where a genial and hospitable circle, including Surgeon Clark, greeted us. The evening passed with vocal and instrumental music, pleasant repartee and general hilarity; all, however, within the bounds of decorum.

At about eleven o'clock a signal lantern appeared on the "Hunchback," a "double-ender" gunboat lying off a hundred rods distant, guarding the approaches to "Four Mile Run," and forming the extreme right of the Union lines, at that time. To be brief, our band and the officers were invited on board; and having accepted the courtesy, were conveyed to the vessel in a cutter and the captain's gig,—the former for the band and the latter for the "shoulder-straps."

The crew were in their hammocks and asleep, but not so the commander, Captain Fyfe, a splendid specimen of humanity, six feet in his stockings, if an inch—a handsome, swarthy, robust, dare-devil sea-captain of the regular service.

The officers of the vessel had now assembled in the cabin, and the immediate programme may be easily guessed. Music, wine and song ruled the hour; there was indeed "a sound of revelry by night."

Captain Fyfe felt "mellow," and hurled his jokes at the volunteer service generally; as though volunteers on land or sea were a sort of non-descript when compared with "regulars."

The band, being his guests, threw aside rigid formality, and parried his thrusts freely; in fact, all in the cabin appeared to have ignored or forgotten the existence of such a thing as *rank* for the time.

Suddenly a gong sounded, and all hands beat to quarters. The men sprang from their hammocks and rushed to their respective posts, armed for action, in a moment of time. We "land-lubbers" thought that an attack had certainly been made on the line, not having noticed the captain *secretly* and *quietly* giving the command to "beat to quarters" a few minutes previously.

We were assigned a place on the larboard bow; while a platoon of sailors with cutlasses lined the starboard wheel-house and gunwales, supported by a platoon of musketeers in the rear.

Captain Fyfe, jolly enough, raised his trumpet to his lips and gave the command, "Repel boarders!" which rang out on the frosty midnight air like a clarion; then in succession came the commands, "Fire!" "Board with cheers!!" At the second command a volley of musketry shook the vessel, and the report resounded for miles around, through Federal and rebel camps alike. The next command was heartily responded to by the jolly tars with echoing and re-echoing cheers. It was with difficulty that the captain was restrained by Dr. Clark from firing his heavy broadside Dahlgren guns.

The band looked on in amazement, just realizing the fact that all

these noisy and alarming proceedings with an imaginary rebel craft were for our surprise and entertainment.

Soon the ship was hailed from the shore and a cutter came alongside conveying an aid from General Weitzel, commanding all the forces in that vicinity. The officer stepped on deck and said:

"The Major-General commanding sends his compliments to Captain Fyfe, and desires to know the cause of this alarm and firing."

"Captain Fyfe responded: "Give General Weitzel my compliments; tell him I'm at the top of my profession, and have such a lot of d—d green Ohio volunteer recruits on this vessel that I sometimes have to drill 'em all night; also say to your superior officer that I have instructions from the Navy Department to drill my men whenever I choose, and d—n me if I don't do it! Good morning, sir."

Our band boys saw the "situation" at once and took leave of Captain Fyfe for the shore, where we felt safer, and soon were toddling back to camp over four miles of corduroy road, and reached our bunks just before sunrise. The following day the New York papers reported "heavy firing was heard last night near Deep Bottom. Troops were put in the trenches and awaited an attack until daylight."

The affair was signalled and telegraphed to General Grant's headquarters at City Point, and we afterwards learned that Captain Fyfe was arrested, tried by court-martial, and finally sent with the "Hunchback" out of the James to the coast of Hatteras, with loss of pay for six months.

So much for the spree and Captain Fyfe's entertainment of the Thirty-Ninth band.

The boys often chuckle over the sensation of which they were the authors.

February 19th, we at the hospital, not having much to do except making "sectio cadaveris" of the dead who were brought to us with a new malady called "spotted fever," which takes men off suddenly, turned our attention to removing a bullet from the hip of Surgeon Richardson's horse where it had remained since May 16th, 1864. The horse was cast and the bullet removed, and it is presumed that the poor brute felt grateful.

During the evening a large body of "rebels" came within our lines, consisting of two colonels, six captains, and two hundred and fifty enlisted men. They all deserted in a body. They expressed themselves as having no confidence in the success of their arms; that the Confederacy was built upon sand, and the tidal-wave that Grant and Sherman

were sending was fast crumbling the whole fabric of their superstructure.

February 21st, official news came of the occupation by our forces of Branchville, Columbia and Charleston, S. C., and at twelve o'clock one hundred guns were fired along our lines. The Richmond papers of that date acknowledged the fact of the surrender of these places, and they seemed to know that the "bogus Confederacy" was fast falling.

Day after day succeeded with unvarying uniformity—the same duties to be performed at the front, in camp, and elsewhere. In fact, life was monotonous, and we all wanted a change. To be sure there was novelty enough in the varied circumstances that were daily occurring to keep us from brooding, but we were in haste for active service to commence that we might finish the work so near completion and return to our homes.

During the long winter in camp we had been comfortably housed and provided for. The daily routine of duty was made as pleasant as possible, and there was ample time and opportunity for amusements and social interchanges, and we made many valuable friendships with officers and enlisted men from all parts of the Union. The paymaster did not forget us, and came regularly through the winter bringing the "promises to pay" of "Uncle Sam," and his arrival was always the anticipated event of all, the sutler *especially*. After pay day, old scores were settled, furloughs applied for and granted, and games of "draw poker," "seven up," etc., indulged in by many without limit, and "everything was lovely" for a short time.

March 11th, the division was again called out to witness the execution of a soldier who had been guilty of deserting to the enemy. He had been tried, found guilty, and was sentenced to be shot to death with musketry. The day previous two others had been shot for a like offense, and others were yet to follow if they were not pardoned.

The division was formed in hollow square, and in one corner a grave was dug and a coffin placed near it. After all was in readiness the man, who belonged to a New York regiment—a bounty-jumper and a most reckless piece of humanity—was brought forward and commanded to kneel on his coffin. After his arms had been secured and his eyes bandaged, a firing party consisting of twenty-four men in two platoons was marched up to within six paces of the victim, and when the signal was given by the commanding General, the officer in command of the firing party gave the order, First platoon! make ready! aim! fire!! and twelve muskets belched forth a volley that completely riddled the man. Dr. Barlow, Sixty-Second Ohio, and Dr. Clark stood within three paces of him, and when the orders were given we watched the man closely, but not the least tremor or motion could be detected except the nervous twitching of some of the facial muscles.

Immediately after the volley the surgeons went to the man, or rather the corpse, to see if life were extinct. The firing party had done their work well. We found that nine bullets had penetrated the body—two through the heart; six within a circumference of four inches of it; and one through the brain. When the volley was fired the man jumped up and backward at least four feet. If the volley that was fired had not done the work, the other platoon behind would have finished it, as was necessary on the day previous when the two that we have mentioned were executed. One of the men was killed, the other only wounded, and it was necessary to put him in position again.

We have often tried to conjecture what the feelings of that man were when he was made to kneel on the coffin that was to enclose him, and near the grave that was to contain him, and especially when he heard the sharp and decisive commands that were so soon to send him on his last journey. They must have been terrible beyond expression.



GENERAL U. S. GRANT
GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE
GENERAL S. R. CURTIS
GENERAL GEO. C. STRONG
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7. GENERAL DAVID HUNTER.

1911
1912

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another Review by General Grant and Ladies—General Grant at the Hospital—How he Looked—Still Another Review—Feeling Like “Green Bay Trees”—Orders to Prepare to Move—A Clearing Out—General Sheridan Arrives—March All Night—Major Plimpton’s Description of Movements and Battles from March 27th to April 9th—General Osborn’s Official Report—Something About the Doctors—Statistics—Ride Into Petersburg—Negroes and Massa Linkum—Forward to Appomattox—The Surrender—War Practically Ended—Visit the Rebel Camp—Osborn Gets a Horse—Relic-Hunters—General Lee Departs—His Last Order.

MARCH 12th, 1865, the First and Second Divisions of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps, under the command of General John Gibbons, the only representatives of the Corps in the Army of the James, were reviewed by General Grant. A large number of ladies in carriages were present; also many notables from Washington.

General Grant had a numerous and brilliant staff with him; the day was fine and the troops were in excellent spirits and trim. Our brigade, in command of Brevet Brigadier-General Osborn, elicited much admiration for their soldierly bearing and behavior, and was commented upon much to its advantage. The balance of the division appeared fully as well and the occasion was one of satisfaction to all concerned.

March 17th General Grant and staff, on their way to the front, stopped at the hospital. The General dismounted and came forward unattended and was met by the writer. He stated that he wished to write some dispatches and requested the favor of using the desk for the purpose. He remained

for nearly half an hour, writing several orders, and after inquiring for the nearest telegraph station took his departure. While he was seated at the desk we had an excellent opportunity to observe the Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. He wore his uniform coat unbuttoned; a slouch hat encircled with a gilt cord; but had no sash or sword on his person. He was not arrogant, conceited or at all formal in speech or manner; and to one ignorant as to who he was and the position he occupied, and not bearing the insignia of his rank, he would have passed for some ordinary mortal connected perhaps with the commissary or quartermaster's department. His face wore a look of anxiety,



CHAPIN'S BLUFF, VA.

but withal there was an expression of satisfaction noticeable, as if affairs were progressing in the right channel. We looked upon this man, who was burdened with so great a responsibility and on whom the hopes of a great nation were centered, with feelings approaching to awe and wonder as well as admiration, and heartily wished him God-speed in his efforts to crush the great rebellion. Before the General took his leave he asked for a drink of water, which was given. After he was gone an officer who had been present wished to know why he was not given something stronger, as he looked tired and dusty; but we felt somewhat diffident in the matter, although having seriously thought of doing so.

After dinner we rode to the front to witness another grand review of the "Army of the James" by General Grant, Secretary Stanton, Secretary Seward, Generals Ord and Gibbons, and there was also present a large number of ladies.

In the evening we received a visit from Generals R. S. Foster, commanding the First Division; Thos. O. Osborn,



PONTOON BRIDGE—JONES' LANDING.

commanding the First Brigade; and Colonel Dandy of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers. They expressed themselves as well pleased with the review and the compliments that had been paid the troops under their command, and as Colonel Dandy expressed it, "were feeling like green bay trees!" but after being introduced to the several varieties of Surgeon Richardson's "milk punch" it was difficult to say how they felt; possibly they felt as if a cyclone had

struck them, for they gathered themselves together and silently rode away.

March 21st orders came to prepare for a move, and we were directed to turn over tents and camp equipage. The sick and disabled were to be examined and sent away, and everything betokened forced marches and lively times for the Army of the James. Four hundred sick and disabled were sent to hospital at Fort Monroe.

March 26th General Sheridan with his cavalry arrived and crossed the James river at Deep Bottom. President Lincoln also came and reviewed the First Division, Tenth Corps.

March 27th the order came to move, and the troops marched out of their winter quarters fresh and active at sundown. We were in motion all night and part of the succeeding day, making forty miles, and reached the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac and expected to remain in the place of the Second Corps, but on the 29th were again ordered to move.

Here again is introduced the narrative of Captain Homer A. Plimpton, commanding regiment at the time, which fully describes the movements and operations of the Thirty-Ninth from the 27th of March to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox April 9th, 1865. There is also presented the official report of Brevet Brigadier-General Osborn, who commanded the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-Fourth Army Corps.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,
APRIL 28TH, 1865.

When we crossed the James, which was on the night of the 27th of March, we marched to the defenses on Grant's left, which we occupied, while the Second and Fifth Corps, with Sheridan's cavalry, moved farther to the left to initiate the long talked of movement which was to wrench the strongholds of Petersburg and Richmond from the grasp of the enemy.

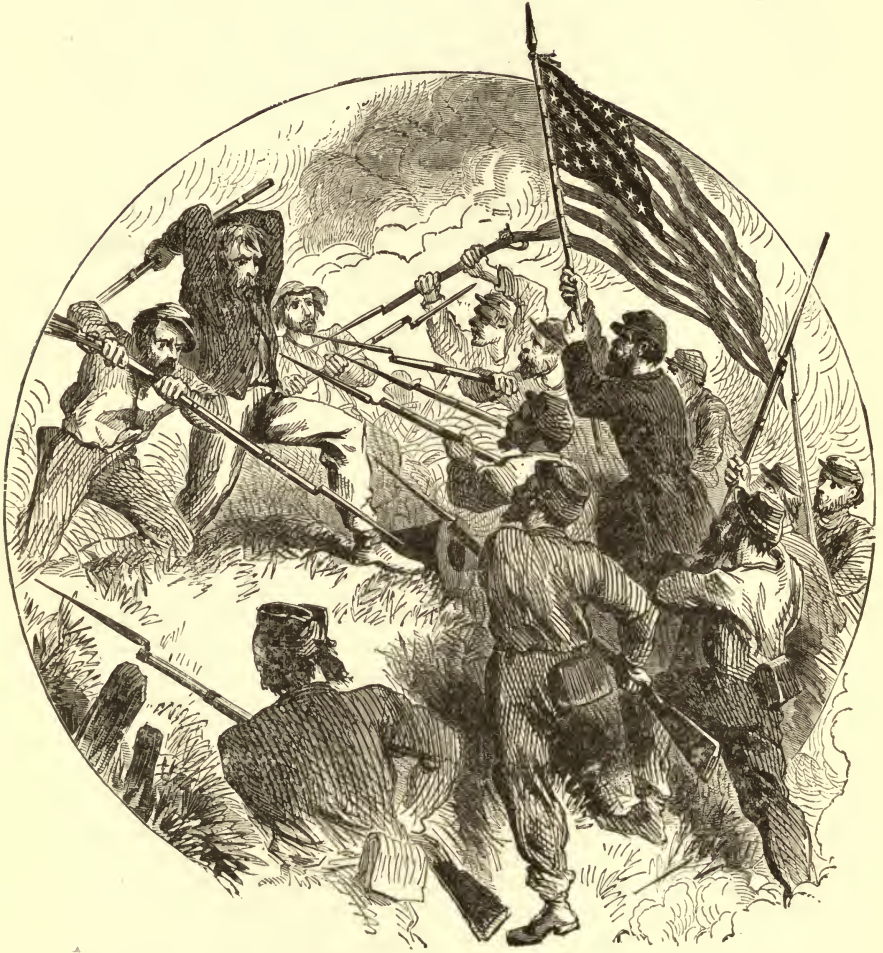
The Sixth and Ninth Corps broke the enemy's line on the morning of the 2d inst., when we were called upon to hasten to the assistance of the

Sixth Corps, the principal part of which, after breaking through the works, had swung to the right towards Petersburg.

Our Division, the First, commanded by General R. S. Foster, of Indiana, went through the line on the double-quick, and passed the Sixth Corps, charged two of the enemy's redoubts, capturing them and turning the guns upon the flying foe. We advanced to within a short distance of a stronghold or work called Fort Gregg, where the enemy made a bold stand. This was a key to all the forts about Petersburg, and its capture necessitated the fall of the city, as well as of Richmond.

Fort Gregg commanded five other forts. It was built upon a high prominence, the country about it open, affording no covering. It was an enclosed fort; surrounding it was a ditch ten or twelve feet deep and same in width. It was garrisoned with nearly five hundred picked men who swore to hold the fort against all odds or die in the attempt. General Lee visited the fort about two hours prior to our arrival and exhorted them to hold it at all hazards, for the salvation of Petersburg and the safety of Richmond depended upon the fate of that fort; and nobly did they endeavor to carry out his instructions, but it was all in vain. They were not counting on meeting with Western men in the coming conflict.

Our brigade, composed of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Sixty-Second and Sixty-Seventh Ohio and the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was soon in position in line of battle, ready to try its mettle. At the command, Forward!!! away we went for the fort. As soon as we started, the enemy arose from behind their parapets, where they had been compelled to keep down by our sharpshooters, and poured into our ranks a destructive fire of musketry and grape, which mowed down our men most unmercifully; but we faltered not. On we went; we reached the ditch, the Thirty-Ninth reaching it first, and was first in planting her colors upon the fort; and, by the way, our colors are to be sent to Washington to have an eagle, cast for the purpose, placed upon them, by our corps commander, General Gibbons, in honor of the event. Into the ditch we plunged; it was there we encountered a difficulty unforeseen when we started. The steepness and slippery nature of the sides of the fort for a time rendered futile all our efforts to scale them. The excitement which now prevailed beggars description. The men were nearly frantic in their attempts to gain the top of the works. The enemy continued to fire grape and minie balls at all who attempted to come to our assistance. It was only by digging footholds with bayonets and swords that we were enabled to work our way up inch by inch, fighting all the time. We finally gained the top of the parapet, and now the fighting was hand-to-hand, and continued for twenty-four minutes by the watch. It was the first time since entering the service that I ever thought it necessary to use my revolver in battle; this time I made good use of it, as I stood near our colors and fought the enemy on the parapet. I was one of the first of the officers to enter the fort, and was not even touched by the missiles flying on all sides of me. When we



THE ASSAULT OF FORT GREGG, APRIL 2, 1865.

rushed over the top the sight was truly terrific—dead men and the dying lay strewn all about, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could prevent our infuriated soldiers from shooting down and braining all who survived of the stubborn foe. Not a rebel escaped; those not killed were captured.

Immediately after the capture of Fort Gregg, two others near by were evacuated. And during the night succeeding this, Petersburg was abandoned; and no sooner did we hear of that than the announcement ran along our line that Richmond, too, was ours, and Lee's army was on the retreat for Lynchburgh.

Our brigade and division gained quite a reputation in this brilliant affair of Fort Gregg. It was witnessed by thousands of spectators in both armies, who crowded the surrounding hills and house-tops; and the Thirty-Ninth Illinois stands No. 1 in the brigade.

Out of one hundred and fifty men, the number I took in of my regiment, the balance being on picket duty at the time, sixteen were killed outright and forty-five wounded; six of whom, I understand, have since died. They lie buried where they fell.

It hath appeared good in the eyes of the commanding generals to reward your friend the writer for what they were pleased to denominate "gallantry at the battle of Fort Gregg." At least my brigade commander informed me, soon after the affair was over, that my name had been sent on to Washington to the War Department, with a recommendation for Brevet-Major, and also to the Governor of Illinois, for the regular commission as Major in my regiment.

Of our marches and fightings from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House where we compelled General Lee and his army to surrender on the 9th inst., it would run my letter out to too great length to give you a full account. Suffice it to say, our Corps, the Twenty-Fourth, followed the route along the Southside railroad, marching day and night, skirmishing with the enemy wherever he would make a stand. It was by this rapid marching, some days without stopping for meals or sleep, that we succeeded in getting around in Lee's front and heading him off at Appomattox Court House about twenty-two miles from Lynchburg.

Our Division was in the lead of all of the infantry when we arrived at that place, and our brigade in the advance of the division, and the Thirty-Ninth Illinois in the advance of the brigade.

We did not arrive upon the scene of conflict five minutes too soon—Lee's advance was steadily pushing Sheridan's cavalry back, which he was determined to do before we could get up. General Sheridan sent word back to us for instant assistance. We arrived on the ground at the double-quick and immediately flew into line of battle, six companies of my regiment being thrown out as skirmishers. A narrow strip of timber concealed us from the advancing rebels. As soon as we formed we emerged from the woods with a regular Western yell, pouring a volley into the astonished

rebels. At our first fire they halted and seemed to be dumbfounded, and as they saw the long line of blue-coats continuing to emerge from the woods they began to falter, and soon to break, and as we continued to advance, firing at every step, away they went in all directions, over the hills and down the gullies. I never, since entering the service, saw such a general "skedaddle." It was our sudden appearance directly across their only avenue of escape, and that right in their immediate front, that told them that their doom was sealed.

We had not advanced over a quarter of a mile after the flying rabble ere the announcement ran along our line like wild-fire, "Lee has surrendered! The white flag was sent out from his army in front of our division."

It is useless for me to attempt to give a description of the scene that followed the tidings. The tears rushed to my eyes—my heart was too full for utterance. There I stood at the head of my regiment on the very ground where the Army of Northern Virginia, made up of the flower of the so-called Confederacy, led by their pet General, Robert E. Lee, was compelled to surrender by our brave boys. It was to accomplish this very end that they had left home and friends, and perilled their lives time and time again; and oh! how many of them are now sleeping the soldier's long, long sleep, unmindful of this great achievement! Here we recognized the end of this wicked rebellion, and you may be sure gratitude filled our hearts when we contemplated this grand result of all our toils, our hard marches, hard fightings and exposures.

I saw General Lee when he took his leave of General Grant after the papers were all signed, and I watched the countenance of our gallant chieftain as he came away, and I shall never forget it. It was beaming with a smile of satisfaction; and as he raised his hat when passing one of our sentinels who presented the proper salute, I knew that he did it as a mark of homage to the noble boys who had so gloriously accomplished this great work.

We left Appomattox Court House on the 16th and arrived at this place on the 25th inst. It was when we were on the march back that we were *shocked*, yea *horrified* by the tidings of the death of our beloved President—killed by the cowardly hand of an *assassin*. Deep and revengeful was the indignation of the army when the truth was known. Emblems of mourning meet the eye on all sides. We never knew the depth of our love for that noble man until we heard of his cruel murder.

This morning we heard of the death of the assassin.

"*Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.*" Amen. So let it be.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL OSBORN.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
FIRST DIVISION, TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

APPOMATTOX C. H., April 14, 1865.

Major P. A. Davis, A. A. G.

Major,—I have the honor to forward the following report of the operations of this Brigade since leaving the north bank of the James.

The brigade, preceded by a battalion of sharpshooters under command of Captain Curtis, moved from camp on the New Market road at 6:45 P.M. March 27, 1865, crossing the James river at Deep Bottom at eleven P.M.; crossed the Appomattox at Broadway landing at daylight, halting about two hours, a mile beyond, for breakfast. Marched during the day towards Hatcher's Run on the left, bivouacking for the night near Humphrey's Station. At four A.M. March 29th, 1865, moved forward and relieved General Miles' (First) Division of the Second Army Corps, occupying his entire Division front at three P.M. on the 31st of March, the Third and Fourth Brigades of this Division being engaged on our left; our pickets were strongly reinforced in accordance with orders of the Brigadier-General commanding, and a brisk skirmish was commenced with the enemy's pickets which continued about two hours, drawing heavy reinforcements to their line. But two of our men were wounded,—one of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers and one of the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers; both slight.

Being relieved by a brigade of colored troops April 1st, 1865, at seven P.M. I moved my brigade to the left in accordance with orders, reporting to the Brigadier-General commanding. Arriving on the ground designated, my command was placed in readiness to charge. In the meantime, by direction of General Foster, I sent six men forward to ascertain, if possible, the strength of the enemy, and the nature of the ground and obstructions intervening between our forces and the enemy's works; which was satisfactorily accomplished, the scouts giving full and reliable information.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April I ordered forward one regiment of my command, the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, by direction of the General commanding, to support the Third Brigade which was skirmishing with the enemy. At six o'clock A.M. I withdrew the regiment, and in accordance with orders from the Brigadier-General commanding I moved left in front to the grounds of the Sixth Army Corps, some four or five miles to the right, nearing the front of the Sixth Corps; and word having been received that the enemy were re-occupying a portion of the line of works from which they had been driven early in the morning, the command "double-quick" was given. Passing through the lines of the Sixth Corps, the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers being in advance, I threw them forward as skirmishers while the other regiments of the brigade were thrown into position "in echelon" in the following order: the One Hun-

dred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the right, their right resting on the line of rebel works; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers in the center, the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers being on the left. At once pressing rapidly forward we drove the enemy from their position, capturing some twenty-five prisoners, with two pieces of artillery; and turning these guns upon the enemy moved forward until we gained the hill, immediately in front of Fort Gregg and the chain of forts in the interior line of the defenses of Petersburg, which we found to be strongly defended by artillery and infantry.

At this point I halted my brigade and prepared to charge the fort. The Third and Fourth Brigades moving up formed on my left at fifteen minutes past twelve m. At one p. m. orders were received to move forward and carry the enemy's works. I moved my command forward about half the distance in quick time at "right shoulder-shift arms," and having passed a deep and difficult slough gave the command *to charge*, when the brigade with cheers swept up the ascent at the double-quick under a terrible fire of grape, canister and minie balls tearing through the ranks. The Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers moving straight forward struck the angle of the fort on the left and next the angle on the road; the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers and the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, striking this angle and the angle still further on the right, swept around to the rear, striving to gain an entrance, but it was found to be an enclosed fort admirably constructed for defense. The men rushed into the moat, and clambering up the exterior slope fought hand-to-hand across the parapet with the enemy, who stubbornly refused to surrender, although surrounded on all sides. The fighting lasted twenty-four minutes, when we forcibly burst over the parapets and the fort was ours. The redoubt on the right of the fort was also carried in the charge, by a portion of the skirmish line of the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, assisted by two companies which had been detached from the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers for this purpose, capturing a number of prisoners together with two cannon and five caissons.

In this assault on Fort Gregg Captain Patrick O. Murphy and First Lieutenant Robert McMillen, One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, were killed; as also First-Lieutenant William Lamb, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers; Captain O. M. Eddy and Captain Ansil, Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers; Lieutenant Neil, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, and Captain Gregory and Captain Beppus, Lieutenants Williams, Patton and Allison, One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Captain Hitchcock and Lieutenant Murry, Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, were wounded. The One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers lost fourteen enlisted men killed and sixty wounded; the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, three killed and twenty-five wounded; the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, nineteen killed and forty-four wounded; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, seven killed and fifty-four wounded.

At eight A.M. on the morning of the 3d of April the brigade moved at the head of the division, the right in front, and marched towards Lynchburgh, bivouacking for the night about eighteen miles distant from Petersburg. On the 4th reached Wilson's Station, halting at Ford's Station for dinner. On the 5th, after a long and tedious march of twenty-five miles, by way of Nottoway Court-House, we arrived at Burke's Station at eleven P. M. At one o'clock P. M. on the 6th of April we marched, in accordance with orders, towards Rice's Station. Arriving there we found the enemy in heavy force throwing up intrenchments at the station to oppose us. In accordance with orders from the General commanding, throwing forward skirmishers, I formed line of battle and moved forward the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers and the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers a little to the left and in advance of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, which was held in reserve, its right resting upon the railroad; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers upon the right of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, the railroad intervening, and connecting with the Fourth Brigade on our right. I advanced my line as far as the Phillips House, nearly one mile southeast of the station, under a severe shell and musketry fire, driving back the enemy. Halting at this point we remained during the night sleeping upon our arms.

In this engagement Lieutenant-Colonel West of the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers and Captain Oliver C. Gregory of the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers were wounded. The One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers lost also in wounded, three enlisted men; the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, thirteen enlisted men; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers, seven enlisted men.

At six A. M. the 7th of April my brigade, advancing upon the enemy's works and finding them abandoned, moved out, taking the advance, following closely after the enemy; our skirmishers under command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Hughes of the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers constantly engaging their rear, taking several prisoners. Crossing Sandy river, where General Crooks' cavalry division came up on our right, we moved forward to Bush river, where we found the enemy inclined to dispute the passage. By direction of the General commanding, I formed line of battle, the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the right, its right resting upon the left of the road; the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers in the center; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers on the left; the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers supporting—and moved forward to the bank of the river, which was impassable except at the bridge. The One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, being on the right, was immediately thrown across the river, moved to the top of the hill, the enemy falling back before them. Moving across with the remainder of the brigade we arrived at Farmville at five P. M., and encamped for the night on the west side of the town.

At six A. M. April the 8th the march was resumed, bivouacking at

twelve midnight, having marched a distance of thirty-seven miles. Moving forward again at half-past three A. M. on the 9th inst., we halted at six A. M. for breakfast. At seven o'clock, heavy skirmishing being heard in advance in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-House, my brigade moved rapidly forward to the scene of action, arriving on the ground at the "double-quick," the cavalry falling back in confusion; and having thrown out a portion of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers as skirmishers, and throwing my brigade forward into line, the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers on the right, the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers in the center, the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers on the left, the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers in reserve, I charged with a yell upon the enemy, giving them notice that the old Twenty-Fourth Army Corps was again in their front. Moving forward at "double-quick," I soon gained the edge of the woods, where I halted until the Third Brigade coming up extricated my left, which had become enveloped; when I again advanced, driving the enemy from the field, capturing one heavy piece of artillery.

Changing direction by the left flank, in accordance with orders, I was passing the enemy's right when I was ordered to halt, word having been received that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered to the Army of the United States.

In this engagement the One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers lost five enlisted men killed and twenty wounded; the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, one commissioned officer and six enlisted men wounded; the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers lost one enlisted man killed and six wounded; the Sixty-Second Ohio Volunteers, eighteen enlisted men wounded. Two commissioned officers and thirty-eight enlisted men captured. A consolidated report of casualties is herewith transmitted:

CONSOLIDATED REPORT OF CASUALTIES OF FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS, FROM MARCH 27TH TO
APRIL 9TH, 1865.

REGIMENTS.	Com- missioned Officers.			Enlisted Men.			REMARKS.
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	
39th Ill. Vols.	1	2	19	50	One man taken prisoner. Two C. O. and 38 E. M. taken prisoners.
67th Ohio Vols.	1	2	8	63	
199th Pa. Vols.	2	6	20	86	1	
62d Ohio Vols.	1	2	4	56	48	
Total.....	3	11	2	51	255	49	

Of the endurance and patience of the officers and men of this com-

mand during the tedious marches, and of their heroism and gallantry upon every battle-field I cannot speak too highly. I cannot close this report without speaking in high terms of the officers of my staff, Captain Childs, Captain Denny, Lieutenant Doud, and Lieutenant Ripple, for their heroic conduct.

I have the honor to be, Major,

Very respectfully,

Your ob'd't serv't,

T. O. OSBORN,

Colonel 39th Ill. Vols. Com'd'g Brigade.

Official Copy:

LE ROY DOUD, *Lt. and Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.*

The letter of Major Plimpton and the official report of General Osborn have given a full and detailed account of the operations of the Thirty-Ninth from the 27th of March to the 9th of April. The writer now goes back a little and takes up the thread of his narrative. It will be remembered, however, that he was with the flying hospital of the Twenty-Fourth Corps, and what is said cannot very well be dissociated from the operations of that branch of the service. In fact, it has been the intention of the writer to give some prominence to the medical service of the army, which has never received the recognition that was its due except in the "Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion." It was the general impression that the medical staff of the army—the "doctors!" as they were called, were exempt from the dangers and chances of war; but the following figures from the Surgeon-General's Report show to the contrary: Thirty-two surgeons were killed in battle; nine by accidents; eighty-three were wounded in action, of whom ten died; four died in rebel prisons; seven of yellow fever; three of cholera; and two hundred and seventy-one of other diseases incidental to camp-life and exposures. The medical staff as a body were efficient and faithful in the performance of duty; and were actuated by the highest motives of National and professional pride. They not only underwent the fatigues and exposures of the march and the chances on

the field of battle, but many of them were also exposed to the contagion of disease. Some idea of the labor performed by the medical department of the armies may be had when it is stated that 5,825,480 cases of wounds and disease occurred among the white troops, and 629,354 among the colored soldiers.

The work devolving upon the flying hospital during this short but decisive campaign was enormous. The troops had been engaged with the enemy almost every day since the 27th of March. We had stopped at eight different points along the line of advance since leaving Petersburg and put up our tents, tables and cots, and had cared for twelve hundred wounded men, and four hundred out of this number required operations. At the time the Army of Northern Virginia was paroled we received two hundred of the enemy's wounded into our care, and after giving them all the attention they required sent them back where they could reach their homes as soon as able. We had been a *flying* hospital in so far as celerity of action could make it. No sooner was one lot of wounded disposed of, than we started onward again, keeping pace with the army.

We reached the scene of the assault on Fort Gregg in time to witness the return of our victorious troops, and in ample time to receive the wounded of the First Brigade. After they had been cared for, which consumed the most part of the night, the writer rode into the city of Petersburg to gratify a curiosity to see the stronghold that our troops had been pounding at for so long a time and at so fearful a cost. On reaching the city the first party to encounter was made up of President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton and Generals Grant, Meade and Sheridan. Little did he think at that time that it would be his last look at the noble Lincoln, our beloved President. After riding through the district that had suffered so severely from the Federal shot and shell while on the other side of the river, and witnessing the

great destruction to property, he rode back to quarters through the almost deserted streets of the fallen city. The only persons met with were groups of joyous negroes who seemingly could not repress their enthusiasm, and they all wanted to see their great emancipator "Massa Linkum."

On getting back, the Twenty-Fourth Corps was in motion, advancing in the pursuit of Lee's army. Cannon were already booming at the front; aids-de-camp were hurrying to and fro, delivering orders; batteries of artillery were swiftly wheeling to the front, and the various regiments of infantry were deploying into marching order. The scene was grand and inspiring. The men looked weary and worn, but their spirits were jubilant and flowing over at the prospects before them of soon ending the rebellion.

At about noon of April 3d we came across the remains of the brave Assistant-Adjutant-General Theodore Reed, of General Ord's staff, who had been killed the day previous, and who had been buried in a very rude way by the rebels; his feet protruding out of the ground. In a short time we had his body exhumed and sent back, much to the satisfaction of his many friends.

Thus we followed on. Occasionally there was a lively brush with the rear-guard of Lee's army, and some quite severe battles until Appomattox Court House was reached April 9th, where we set up our tables for the last time on the field of battle, and dressed the last man wounded in the finishing campaign of the war, belonging to the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps.

We started out on the preceding morning, April 8th, at six o'clock A.M., and continued to press forward, with an occasional halt for rest and to await the movements of the advance-guard, until midnight, when we turned into a field for bivouac. It was a brief one, however, for at three o'clock A.M. the call to "fall in" sounded, and we were soon in motion, encouraged and stimulated by the reports that

reached us, to the effect that Sheridan's cavalry was in the front and flank of the enemy, and fighting desperately to arrest the progress of Lee's army, and the orders were to "hurry up." The boys were very weary and foot-sore, but courageously pressed onward, feeling—yes, knowing that the Confederates would be forced to surrender.

At six o'clock A.M. a halt was ordered for breakfast, but before the coffee was ready orders came to move forward on the "double-quick." Sharp firing was in progress at the front, and under this incitement the old brigade started out at a swinging gait and soon covered the mile of distance that separated them from the advance of Lee's army. They were immediately formed in line of battle as they ran, with the Thirty-Ninth in the advance as skirmishers.

The rebels were totally unaware of the presence of infantry, the timber which we were in hiding them from view, but they were soon apprised of the fact by hearing the unmistakable crack of the Springfield rifle, which was easily distinguished from the cavalry carbine. The surprise was as complete as unexpected, and we had not pressed forward on a forced march of forty-five miles in the past twenty-four hours for nothing. The enemy stood their ground faithfully, and even desperately, until either shot down or taken prisoner. "At one time," said Charles C. Hudson, Company E, "we thought the rebels had gained an advantage and got in our rear, as we heard lively volleys of musketry in that direction, but it proved to be a volley fired by a negro regiment to celebrate the news of the surrender of the 'Army of Northern Virginia,' which fact had not yet reached us; but soon the welcome order 'Cease firing!' came to us, with the glad tidings that Lee was capitulating."

Appomattox Court House was a town of about two hundred buildings. It lay in a valley which divided the two armies. On hearing that Lee had surrendered it was almost too good news to be believed all at once, but later, on

riding out of the timber, we saw the wagons of the enemy perched on the slope beyond the town, and little white flags all along their line. Negotiations were then pending between Grant and Lee at McLean's house down in the town. We finally fully comprehended what all this scene meant,—all this quiet. It meant that the war was practically at an end; it meant that millions at our homes away in the northland were filled with joy and thanksgiving. There was as yet no cheering or manifestations of feeling, as the terms of the



MCLEAN'S HOUSE—PLACE OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

surrender were still being considered. It was about four o'clock P.M. when the capitulation was announced. Even then there was no outbreak among the victorious soldiers, flushed as they were with the greatest triumph of the war. Soldier grasped the hand of soldier in honest pride, and to his honor be it said, he was not wanting in a God-like charity and sympathy for the remnant of that misguided, fallen and half-starved army over there on the slope beyond.

The writer rode over into Lee's camp, and mingled some-

what with the poorly-clad and emaciated rebels who had proved on many occasions foemen worthy of our steel. We outnumbered Lee's army three to one, and such sorrowful-looking men and beasts we had seldom seen. Many of the officers wished to sell their horses, or any other valuables they possessed, in order to get the means to return home. One officer came riding up to the writer, mounted on a splendid thoroughbred horse, who sent him to General Osborn, who had no horse, "Old Mack" having been killed while bearing the General gallantly forward to intercept Lee. "Old Mack" was so well thought of, having been with us throughout the war, that almost martial funeral ceremonies were paid him. The General purchased that horse of the rebel staff-officer, and brought it home with him.

On our return to our own camp, there was noticed a large crowd of officers and soldiers surrounding a small apple tree near the borders of a small stream, and they were all busy in securing trophies, for they stated that the tree marked the spot where the terms of surrender had been decided upon by Generals Grant and Lee; and the hundreds securing pieces of the bark and limbs believed it too, and before night-fall that tree was gone—a victim to the relic-hunters. That Sunday Eve, April 9th, at Appomattox Court House, at the vesper hour, the Federals, in the true spirit of charity, divided their "hard tack" bread with their late bitter, uncompromising and deadly foes.

General Lee and many of his officers departed for their homes that evening, and the following is the General's last order to his Army of Northern Virginia.

GENERAL LEE'S LAST ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.
10th April, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the brave sur-

vivors of so many hard-fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to the result from no distrust of them.

But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

(Signed) R. E. LEE, *General*.

Official:

D. D. PENDLETON, *A. A. General*.

After the surrender the First Division of the Twenty-Fourth Corps was ordered to guard, collect, and send back the war material that had been surrendered by the enemy. This duty occupied the attention of officers and men until the 17th of April.

CHAPTER XIX.

On to Richmond!—News of the Assassination of the President—Burdened with Woe—Lincoln's Favorite Poem—Reach Farmville—Entertain Ladies—Enter Richmond—City of Richmond—The King Dead—Where Does the Credit Belong—Make Encampment—Duties—Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Army Pass through Richmond—General Terry Again—Corps Hospital—General Grant's Order—Reporter Merriam—Ladies of Richmond—Doctor Mayo—George Fitzhugh—Richmond Theatre—Grand Spreads and "Blow Outs"—The Thirty-Ninth Ordered to City Point—Thence to Norfolk—Twenty-Fourth Corps Disbanded—Corps Hospital Closed—Post Hospital—"Ferry Point in a Minit"—District of Southeastern Virginia—Niggers Want the Earth—Terry's Order—Muster Out of Service—School is Out—Go Home—Reach Chicago—Springfield—Final Payments—Exercises in the Chapel—Salute the Flags for the Last Time—Valedictory.

AT five o'clock, April 17th, we commenced the march to Richmond. Before leaving, however, the news came of the President's assassination. We could not at first credit the report; but the telegraph soon confirmed it, and when we reached Burkeville we received news of his death. It would be impossible to give expression to or present a word-picture of the feelings each and all shared alike. A great sorrow possessed our minds as we thought of *Lincoln dead!* he whom we had so lately seen in health, and so apparently satisfied that his armies had at last reached the "beginning of the end." And to think that the hand of an *assassin* should strike him down just as the great "sun-burst" of victory was dispelling the gloom that had hung like a pall over the Nation for nearly four years! All of our gladness was gone. Tears and mutterings of *Revenge* were seen and heard on all sides. It seemed that all hope had departed. A few days ago were the happiest of our lives, but now the



Brvt MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS O. OSBORN.

From Photograph Taken at Buenos Ayres, S. A., while U. S. Minister to the Argentine Republic.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

most sorrowful; each felt as though the loss was a personal one. The gaily swinging "route step" of our march on to the late rebel capital changed to the mournful cadence of a funeral pace. The men of the First Division were burdened with woe. The President's death called to mind some stanzas of his favorite poem.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

* * * * *

"The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

* * * * *

"'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the pallor of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

That

"Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint,
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint."

We reached Farmville April 19th, where the division went into camp for a few days. The surgeons took possession of a large building where there were some one hundred and forty sick and wounded of the late Confederate army, as well as some of our own.

April 20th, late in the afternoon, some twenty-two young ladies, escorted by Confederate officers, who were on their way to Richmond, came to us, seeking accommodations for the night, having been sent by General Meade. They were provided for and entertained as well as possible under the circumstances, and on taking their departure the following morning confessed to having a pretty fair opinion of the

“Yankees.” The string band of the Engineer Corps came over and gave them a serenade in the evening.

April 22d, at four o'clock A.M., orders came to move forward to Richmond, which at last was to be our destination. The afternoon of April 24th we reached Manchester, opposite Richmond, and went into camp, and where preparations were made for our triumphal entry into the capital of the exploded Confederacy. At nine A.M. the following morning we crossed the James river on the pontoon bridge and were received by the Third Division of our Corps, which had been the first of our troops to enter the city with General Weitzel. It was a grand and imposing sight to see the old war-worn veterans of the First and Second Divisions of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps moving up Main street with tattered banners flying, bayonets gleaming in the warm sunlight, and the troops marching and displaying as became them when entering the capital of the conquered, and especially after we had been so long a time in getting there.

The uniforms of officers and men were weather and travel stained, but this made little difference at such a time; all was happy within, and, to the music of the Union, the “boys” marched proudly and firmly over the pavements of the long-sought-for, long-fought-for, and at last *won!*—the late throne of “Rebeldom,” Richmond.

We passed up through the city, between two lines of the Third Division, who “presented arms” and lustily cheered the heroes who had followed the army of Lee to the extremity of surrender.

The great victory that had been achieved was mainly due to the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps, and the First Brigade of the First Division of that Corps was entitled to the credit of being the first infantry to intercept the army of Lee which was pushing on toward Lynchburg as fast as possible. There were no war correspondents for the press with our division at the time, which accounts, probably, for the little

notice we received. From the tenor of the dispatches to the New York papers at that date it would appear that the Fifth, Sixth and Ninth Corps of the Army of the Potomac had done all the fighting and were deserving of all the honors.

Since leaving our encampment at Chapin's Farm on the 27th day of March, the Thirty-Ninth had marched over two hundred and fifty miles; had fought or participated in eight engagements with Lee's army, one of which (the assault on Fort Gregg) had carried the key-point of the defenses of Richmond, and which rendered both Petersburg and Richmond untenable; and besides, it had out-flanked the advanced portion of the rebel army, compelled its surrender, and afterwards assisted in the disposal of the captured property.

The regiment went into camp about two miles from the city, together with the balance of the division, where a pleasant encampment was made.

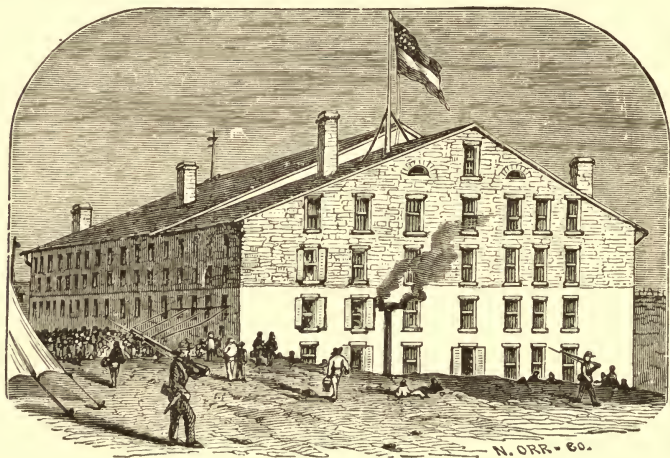
General Osborn received his commission as Brigadier-General here, and planted a "star" on his shoulders. Captain Plimpton also secured his commission as Major, and was in command of the regiment.

After we were established in quarters we rode to the city to look over the burnt district. It was sad to behold such a wanton destruction of property in the business district, and to know that it had been caused by rabid and lawless ruffians who, in the absence of the military and under no restraint, had fired the city for the purpose of plunder. There must have been a fearful state of affairs in the city of Richmond in the interval between the departure of Jeff Davis and his minions and the arrival of the Federal force under General Weitzel.

The city of Richmond, like ancient Rome, sat upon seven hills; and (to carry the parallel a little further) like Rome, it had fallen. "Pompey" Davis, after having exhausted all his resources and means for defense, had been overcome by the rapidly-moving columns of "Cæsar" Grant,

who had passed the "Rubicon" (James) and created such alarm that the Senate and "Pompey" Davis party abandoned the city, leaving all the treasure (that he could not carry away) behind. The great King of the South was politically dead and buried, and we had assisted at the funeral with as joyous feelings as would well comport with such a *disaster*.

The people of the city seemed disposed to accept the situation as graciously as possible, and extended to us, in many ways, a cordial greeting. How *honest* it was at that time was not questioned.



LIBBY PRISON.

May 5th, the Army of the Potomac passed through the city on its way to Washington for the grand review, and to be mustered out of the United States service. The Twenty-Fourth Corps did the honors of receiving them. On May 10th General Sherman and his army of veterans reached Richmond and passed through on the way to Washington, and were also heartily received by the Twenty-Fourth Corps. All the inhabitants of the city had turned out to see them, and were amazed at their strength and equipment, and the fine soldierly appearance of officers and men. They often re-

marked that "they did not see how their army had held out so long as it did," having to antagonize such well-equipped, well-fed and disciplined soldiers as they had seen pass through Richmond. Some hours were occupied in their passage through the city. It was a grand and imposing spectacle to witness these bronzed and hardy veterans, some sixty thousand strong, fresh from the "March to the Sea," passing on homewards for "muster out."

"They were coming from the wars,
And bringing home their scars,
They were bringing back the old flag, too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story.

"They have broken up their camps,
They are laughing o'er their tramps,
They are joking with the girls, who flock around them;
They have left the scanty fare,
They have left the fetid air,
They have dashed to earth the prison walls that bound them.

"Yes, they are coming from the wars,
They are bringing back their scars,
They are bringing back the old flag, too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story."

Our old commander, now Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry, the "Hero of Fort Fisher," was in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina with headquarters at Richmond, and Brigadier-General Joseph R. Hawley was his chief-of-staff. General Terry had been with us since July, 1863, with the exception of the interval when he took command of the land forces in the expedition against Fort Fisher and the subsequent reinforcing of General Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina. Our "boys" had confidence in Terry, and he was entitled to it; and besides, he had won their respect by his uniform kindness and courtesy of man-



GEN. JOHN GIBBONS.

ner. He was a firm disciplinarian but never exacted anything from his command that he was not willing to share in. He was the friend of orderly and willing soldiers but despised shabbiness in either dress or action. His figure was commanding, tall, and straight as an arrow; manner dignified, but nothing approaching austerity; and one could seek his presence without the fear of being incontinently snubbed in so doing.

Major-General John Gibbons commanded the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps and Brigadier-General Robert S. Foster the First Division, while Brigadier-General Thomas O. Osborn was in command of our Brigade.

Soon after reaching Richmond a grand review of the Corps was held, and was made the occasion for the presentation of a new flag to the Thirty-Ninth by General Gibbons. On the standard was perched a magnificent bronze eagle which had been especially ordered by him and suitably engraved, to commemorate the gallant conduct of the Thirty-Ninth at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.

One of the Ohio regiments of the brigade was likewise honored in the same manner.

This was the last general review before the disbanding of the old corps, and it passed off in the most satisfactory manner to all concerned, and especially so to the officers and men of the Thirty-Ninth, who were proud as well as grateful to be honored in such a complimentary way and in so public a manner.

The duties of the men at Richmond were not excessive or burdensome, only such as the exigencies of the situation required. It was principally camp and provost-guard duty in and around the city.

The corps hospital was located at Camp Lee, formerly a camp of conscription and instruction for the Confederate army. The buildings upon the ground had been erected before the war by the State Agricultural Society and were

well adapted for hospital purposes. Soon after getting established, Miss Dix, chief of the Nurse Department of the army, made us a visit of inspection, and expressed herself as well pleased with our surroundings and the accommodations for sick and wounded.

Surgeon Simonds, U. S. A., was our Medical Director, and is gratefully remembered for the interest he manifested in the welfare of our sick and disabled men.

In the early part of June the following General Order was promulgated, which was congratulatory and promissory, and we looked forward to a speedy muster out of service; but we were destined to remain yet longer in Virginia before that much-desired event.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 2, 1865.*

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 108.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES: By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm—your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance—you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the Proclamation forever abolishing **SLAVERY**—the cause and pretext of the Rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of result, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the Patriot's precedent, in defense of Liberty and Right, in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriot hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens.

To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen, and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless

legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Official:

....., *Assistant Adjutant General*.

War correspondents for the New York and other papers were still numerous around headquarters, and for the most part were jovial and interesting associates. We still bear in memory William H. Merriam, reporter for the *New York Herald*, a genial old soul done up in a wrapper of adiposity, and who was as broad as tall, and rolled and trundled about in a sea of humor. We had first met him in May, 1864, at General Butler's headquarters, when he had a great appetite for news items of all kinds. He was full of "wise saws and modern instances," and when he would relax from his sphinx-like dignity of manner and expression, would entertain his friends with his store of anecdote and adventure, containing so much dry humor that it was necessary to wash them down with a bottle of his *imported*(?) champagne that he kept for these especial occasions. He had his quarters in the State House, and seemed to be the custodian of the Confederate archives, or what was left of them, and was constantly circulating "Senate Journal Documents" among his friends.

The Richmond ladies, in course of time, having doubtless become convinced that the "Yankees" did not "wear horns," only drank them, began to show themselves more freely; and here it may be of interest to mention that Sam Greenbaum, of the band, was fortunate enough to secure a wife, who he says has been a blessing to him ever since. Sam was always on the lookout for chances.

Some of the Thirty-Ninth will remember Dr. Mayo and his brother, the mayor of Richmond, the former of whom gave the writer a lock of hair from the head of "Stonewall" Jackson, who died at Dr. Mayo's house. And some will

recall with pleasant memories Governor Pierpont and the members of his staff; also Drs. Cabell, Hancock, and others who paid us friendly attention.

Some of you will remember old George Fitzhugh, a most bitter and uncompromising rebel, who had written several books in defense of Southern institutions—"Sociology for the South," "Cannibals All," and others of like stamp, but who now accepted the situation and the favors of the "boys in blue." You will recall pleasant memories of the Richmond theatre and its manager, R. D'Orsay Ogden, and Staples, his executive, and the actors—Frank Drew, Brink, Wm. H. Leake; and the Misses Annie Waite, Revell and Tillinghast; and there will be some remembrance of the banquet that De Normandie spread for them one night at Camp Lee when Generals Foster and Osborn and Colonel Dandy honored the occasion with their presence. And then there was the grand "blow-out" at Division headquarters, given by Surgeon A. C. Barlow of the Sixty-Second Ohio, acting Division Surgeon, to the medical profession of Richmond as a return for like civilities, and where the extra, double B commissary whisky so astonished the nerves of the invited guests that they were soon paralyzed and laid out—another "victory!" establishing the superiority of Yankee whisky over that of the F. F. V.'s.

On or about the 10th of July the Thirty-Ninth were ordered to City Point, Va., where they remained for a period of three weeks doing guard duty. While there they were called upon to suppress a riot between some cavalry soldiers and the negroes, but happily they were not forced to use their guns. From City Point they proceeded to Norfolk, Va., and reported to Brevet Brigadier-General O. L. Mann, who was in command of the Southeastern District of Virginia. General Mann, after recovering from the wound received at Weir Bottom church, had been assigned to duty

as provost-marshal at Norfolk and afterwards succeeded to the command of the district.

August 1st the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps ceased to be an organization, but a sufficient number of troops were retained at Richmond to maintain order and await the time when the control of the State should be turned over to the civil authorities, the election for State officers having taken place on the 25th of July, which passed off very quietly. The corps hospital, also, was soon closed out, and after the settlement of its affairs the writer reported to the Medical Director for orders, and was soon sent with orders to report to Surgeon J. J. Craven at Fort Monroe, who assigned him to duty at Norfolk, Va., as Chief Medical Officer of the District and to take charge of the post hospital, reaching Norfolk with hospital steward De Normandie about September 6th, where he was once again among the members of his old regiment. Affairs at Norfolk were in the control of the Thirty-Ninth. The regiment were pleasantly encamped in the open square of the city, fronting on Church street.

The district was now under the command of Brevet Major-General A. T. A. Torbert, who had succeeded General Mann, September 4th. Captain Myers, Company K, had command of the hard-labor prison; Captain Samuel Gilmore was acting as provost-marshal, and afterwards was appointed on the staff of General Torbert as Assistant General Inspector; and Lieutenant LeRoy Doud was acting Assistant Adjutant-General on Torbert's staff.

The post hospital, called DeLamater Hospital, was under charge of acting Assistant Surgeon W. F. Litch, and was located in the court-house; and when the writer took possession was in bad shape and over-crowded. On representing the matter to General Torbert, the hospital was transferred to the old Marine Hospital situated on Ferry Point, midway between Portsmouth and Norfolk, after the premises had been inspected by Generals Torbert and Mann. It was then

in possession of the Freedmen's Bureau, and was occupied as a school; but it was soon scrubbed out and whitewashed, and made most admirable quarters for the sick of the Thirty-Ninth and the Ninth Vermont Infantry, stationed at Portsmouth. Many of the Thirty-Ninth remember the hospital and the cry of "Ferry Point in a minit!" of the negroes who conducted the little wherryboat that ran hourly between the hospital and Norfolk.

The duties at Norfolk were rather pleasant than otherwise, but we were not contented or satisfied. The war was finished and we wanted to go home, having filled our contract with the Government to the very utmost, and we were in daily expectancy of being "mustered out."

General Mann we remember as being very pleasantly and comfortably situated in fine quarters on one of the desirable residence streets near the bay, and had his wife with him. General Pennypacker, who had been seriously wounded at Fort Fisher, was still an invalid, and was located near by, and under the care of Surgeon D. R. Brower. The writer remembers both gentlemen with much satisfaction. Dr. Brower, prior to our leaving Norfolk, went to Richmond and accepted some position under the new State Government.

The District of Southeastern Virginia embraced the counties of Princess Anne, Norfolk, Nansemond, Southampton and Isle of Wight, and there was a large negro element to be cared for and kept at work. The negroes had become possessed of the idea in some manner that on Christmas Day they were each to receive from the United States Government large quantities of land, and in consequence of this impression many of them refused to make any contracts to labor after Christmas. In order to correct this impression General Terry issued an order for the detail of proper officers to be sent into every county, and as far as possible into each neighborhood, to explain that the Government had no intention, even if it had the power, to do anything of the kind.

This entailed a great deal of labor, but ultimately saved a great deal of trouble.

On December 1st, orders were received for the “muster out” of the Ninth Vermont Volunteers. Prior to their departure the officers of that regiment gave a grand military ball, and cordial invitations were extended to the Thirty-Ninth, who gladly responded. The affair passed off with much satisfaction and enjoyment.

On the 3d of December, 1865, orders came for the Thirty-Ninth to prepare for “muster out.” It is quite unnecessary to add that the tidings were received with great rejoicings. This formality took place on the afternoon of December 6th, and at night-fall we were safely on board a steamer for Springfield, Illinois, *via* Baltimore and Chicago.

On the boat, and well assured that we were on the way home to stay, everybody was jolly and happy, and the jollity was long-drawn-out, lasting until we reached Baltimore early the next morning. After breakfasting, the regiment took its place on the train awaiting it on the Pennsylvania Central railroad and was soon speeding to Chicago. The journey was safe, comfortable and afforded enjoyment to all. We felt that at last “school is out!”

At Chicago a bountiful repast was spread at Bryan Hall by the noble-hearted ladies of the “Soldiers’ Aid Commission.” The ensuing morning, after breakfast at the same place, we took the cars for Springfield, Ill. Our march to the cars was accompanied by cheers and shouts, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the loyal people of Chicago.

We reached Springfield the morning of December 9th without the occurrence of anything worthy of mention, and proceeded to “Camp Butler,” where we encamped. Here the time was fully occupied in turning over all government property in our possession and in making out the final discharge papers and pay-roll of men and officers, and on the

16th of December receiving the pay due from "Uncle Sam" and assembling once more together as an organization before Adjutant-General Haynie to surrender our war-worn, battle-torn and well-loved flags that the regiment had carried through four years and two months of active service

We met all together for the last time, soon to separate in widely diverging paths. The following exercises took place in the chapel.

The regiment, under command of Brevet-Brigadier-General O. L. Mann, was massed in the chapel of the camp, where the ceremony of surrendering the flags of the regiment to the State authorities transpired. The flags were three in number, and were severally presented. No. 1 was a "prize flag," awarded by the State Agricultural Society, as a premium for superior drill and discipline, and was called "The Agricultural Flag." The brazen eagle, ball and socket, attaching to this flag, were presented by Major-General John Gibbons, commanding the Twenty-Fourth Corps, for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Gregg, Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865. No. 2 had been presented by Governor Yates, and contained a life-size picture of His Excellency. This flag, General Mann said, had been consigned to the care of a Sergeant of the same name, who had been shot down in one of the engagements, while unfurling it to the breeze, and when his lifeless body was about to be removed for burial, it was discovered that his right hand still grasped a shred of the flag, and that its folds were saturated with his life-blood. The name of Sergeant Yates should therefore be associated with that old flag, and his memory should be dear and sacred to every patriotic heart in the State. No. 3, in its tattered, riddled and ragged condition, bore unmistakable traces of original beauty, and was the gift of a young lady named Miss Arion, and had been tenderly and sacredly regarded for her sake. The flags were all literally in ribbons, and bore incontrovertible evi-

dence of the fiery ordeal through which they had passed. General Mann observed that these old flags were very dear in the sight of the men of the Thirty-Ninth regiment, and he hoped that if the State possessed no secure and proper receptacle for them and others of like history, that she would lose no time in providing one.

General Haynie, in taking charge of the precious relics, observed that he had no language in which to express the emotions of his soul on that occasion. He regretted that the State possessed no fire-proof building in which to deposit them, and keep them secure against casualties, and earnestly hoped that that matter would engage the early attention of our Legislature. He said that these old, tattered and riddled banners constituted the jewels of the State, and, if lost or destroyed, could never be replaced. Diamonds or precious metals, if lost, could be made good again, but these were priceless and invaluable, and no pains on his part would be spared to protect them against any possible contingency. They were made sacred by the blood which, they had been told, was shed upon them.

Turning from the flags to the men, on behalf of the State and its Executive, Governor Oglesby, who was absent therefrom, General Haynie bid them a most hearty welcome back to its generous soil, and gratefully thanked them for the noble and heroic services they had rendered to the Nation. In conclusion, he hoped that on their return home to the quiet pursuits of civil life, they would not abandon the principles they had fought for in the field; that they would be true to their own record, and true to the Union and its friends. There were, unfortunately, as they should find, still rebels at home, who had kept up a fire in the rear while they were in the field, and there was no reason why they should change front at home and vote in favor of the party and principles against which they had fought and bled in the field. This part of the General's speech was received

with rounds of applause, amid which he retired from the platform, the band striking up a stirring air.

At the conclusion of General Haynie's speech, General Mann again ascended the platform, and for the last time demanded the "attention" of his command, on this occasion to deliver to them his last "order" and take his final leave as their commander. He spoke as follows:

SOLDIERS: The period toward which your attention has been directed for a long time is at hand. Having served your country faithfully for nearly five years, you are to-day honorably discharged from the army of the United States. You will soon leave off your veteran garb of valiant blue, and, putting on another suit, become honorable citizens of an honorable State—a State that has sent over two hundred and sixty thousand troops to the field, and given to the country a PRESIDENT who has fallen a martyr to that cause which, like the voice of God, called you from your homes to engage in the stern realities of fierce and bloody warfare. In parting with you, it is not necessary for me to remind you of the different departments in which you have served with distinction. The graves of your fallen but gallant comrades, in Missouri, in Maryland, in the Carolinas and in the Virginias, will keep them fresh in your memories. Nor need your commanding officer enumerate the many stormy, moonless nights you have passed on picket, guarding your sleeping comrades from the midnight assaults of those who sought alike your lives and the life of your country—these will never be forgotten. The sanguinary fields which you have gallantly fought, and the frowning, formidable forts you have heroically stormed, you will always remember. Some of you will remember them by the wounds which are still fresh in your bodies, and by the limbs you have left to bleach on Southern soil, while on all your memories they are as deeply engraven as they are on your victorious old battle-flags, which you to-day turned over to the authorities of your State, unsullied by even an imaginary shade of dishonor.

The fortunes of war have been such as to prevent your commander from participating with you in the final campaign that crowned our common country with Victory and Peace. Yet from his post of duty elsewhere he watched your interests with a jealous eye, and heard of your deeds of valor with feelings of pride and regret. To your gallantry and efficiency in the field is he largely indebted for his present rank and position, and he therefore most cheerfully embraces this last opportunity to thank you, one and all, for your soldierly bearing towards him, and for the promptness with which you have observed and executed his orders. He will ever regard it his sacred duty to contribute in any way to your individual prosperity, wherever he can, and bespeak for you that recognition of the glorious services you have rendered your country, and so nobly and dearly

earned. Go to your homes, VETERAN SOLDIERS, and strive to perpetuate that peace, whose purchase was effected at so vast a price—which has made your once long lives short, and your full ranks thin. But should the emergency again arise, when either National honor must be compromised, or personal life laid on the altar of your country, let no member of the YATES PHALANX be slow in rushing to the conflict as a representative of the honored old THIRTY-NINTH.

Urging upon you, possibly for the last time, the vital importance of maintaining characters of honesty, integrity, industry and stability, and hoping that again in the peaceful circles of home and friends you will leave far behind any habits contracted in the army that may tend to retard you in a manly career in the great campaign of life, your commander bids you, officers and men, one and all, an affectionate FAREWELL!

For some moments after the General ceased speaking, a deep silence prevailed, which was then relieved by a burst of loud and prolonged cheering. The old colors were again, and for the last time, saluted, when the men passed out of the chapel to join the Paymaster, who had established a "headquarters" at another point, and was ready to distribute a large quantity of promissory notes, issued on the credit of Uncle Sam.

The men who participated in the final "muster-out" have sought homes in almost every State and Territory of the Union, and have proved good citizens and worthy members of society. The number is growing less and less as each year makes its changes. Soon "taps!" and "lights out!" will be sounded for the last one of our number by the grim camp-follower of us all—Death! only to awake at the "reveille" of Gabriel as he summons us for final account; and we earnestly hope and trust, in closing this faithful yet imperfect record of your history in the War of the Rebellion, that there may be a balance in our favor at the Judgment.

Comrades, the following letter will explain itself. It is introduced here thinking that it would prove eminently satisfactory to yourself and your posterity to know the opinion of Major-General Alfred H. Terry, the hero of Fort Fisher, concerning your conduct during the time (nearly three

years) that you were in his command. You will regret to learn of his serious illness from Bright's disease of the kidneys with its many complications. He states that his sufferings make writing a difficult task, and hence his letter is to be the more appreciated by us all.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

May 14th, 1889.

My dear Doctor:

You ask me to express my opinion about the "Old Thirty-Ninth Illinois." What can I say about it—what can any one say about it except that it was one of the most gallant of regiments and was as distinguished for its discipline and good order in camp and on the march as it was for its gallantry in action.

Sum up all soldierly qualities and attribute them to the regiment and you will do it no more than justice.

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED H. TERRY.

Surgeon CHARLES M. CLARK,
Chicago, Ill.

* * * * *

One last word before you close this poor recital of your heroic deeds on many fields and under varied circumstances.

Do you not, all of you, comrades, feel gratified and proud of the noble and active part the dear old regiment took in the "War of the Rebellion"? In tracing out its movements the writer has lived over again the days when this history was made; forms and faces, together with events almost lost to memory, have appeared with a brightness that seemed impossible; and so, doubtless, have appeared to you.

This history of the Thirty-Ninth has been written, not alone for your satisfaction, but for the gratification of your children and your children's children, who will hand it down to still remoter generations with the pride and boast of an ancestry who fought and died and were crippled in order to sustain and perpetuate the Union of the States of North America.



“W'AT WAR DEY FIGHTIN' 'BOUT.”

CHAPTER XX.

REMINISCENCES AND INCIDENTS.

How Lieutenant Brucker Opened the Battle of Winchester, Va.—Disobedience of Orders Saves Many Lives—Some Tales by Commissary Sergeant Frisbie: A New Dish: Frisbie's "Mountain Rabbit"—"Bury Me Where I Lay, Boys"—Reminiscences of General Mann: How He was Frightened: A Good Lawyer Wanted—The Hegira of Colored Servants at Edinburg, Va.—Ely's Foraging Expedition—Captain Botsford's Narrative—Dr. Clark and the Rebel Flag—Charley McGregor and the Pig—General Butler's Narrow Escape from Capture—Capture of a Doctor—The Reminiscences of Ezra A. Cook, Company G—Searching for Buried Wealth—The Last to Cross the River at Sir John's Run—The Sutler in a Rage.

HOW LIEUTENANT S. S. BRUCKER OPENED THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA.

AS you are probably not aware that I had the honor to *open* the battle of Winchester, I will give you a brief account of the matter.

On the Friday evening, March 21st, 1862, before the battle, I was detailed to report, with fifty men of Company C, at the headquarters of General Shields. Upon arrival, I was ordered to await a detail of fifty men from the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, who would report to me, and I was then to proceed out a distance of about two miles on the Front Royal road to relieve picket outposts belonging to General Banks' army, which was preparing to move on Centreville.

It having rained almost continuously the preceding three days, the roads were in bad condition and almost impassable, and being a very dark night our progress was necessarily slow. After marching nearly four hours, I concluded that it was about time we found the pickets that we

were to relieve, so I halted my command near the border of some timber, where we found a large plantation-house and outbuildings.

As was usual in such cases, in less than fifteen minutes the "boys" had ascertained what the barns and houses contained, and they reported that there were several fine horses and saddles in the stables. I borrowed three of them without taking the trouble of asking permission, and mounting a sergeant and two men, sent them forward to find out if the pickets were still in advance of us. In an hour's time they returned, having failed to discover them. After a short rest I ordered my men to fall back towards Winchester, and having taken about the proper distance I deployed them in regular picket-line between the Front Royal and Strasburg pikes, leaving a small reserve at both ends of the line.

We had barely got our line fully established as day began to break, and I concluded to take some rest; but before I could accomplish this, my attention was called by the corporal of the guard, who said that he could see Banks' pickets coming in; and on looking I could perceive some fifteen cavalymen, dressed in the Federal uniform, coming towards us from the Front Royal road. They continued to approach until within about fifty yards, when they raised their carbines and opened fire, but their aim being hurried no one was hurt. After the volley they immediately whirled about and rode off at a gallop. Every one seemed to be surprised, having little doubt but that they were our own men, and the pickets that we had been in search of, and that perhaps they were playing a joke upon us. Nevertheless, I instructed my men to return the fire in case of a repetition.

One half hour later they returned with an increased force, and quite a lively skirmish took place for an hour's time. I soon found a more advantageous position behind a stone fence, such as are found in that locality, and where I had a better chance to pepper into them without exposing

my men, and which shortened the distance between the two roads.

The enemy must have realized the fact that our position was such that they could not dislodge us with their tactics, and to our great surprise an artillery fire was opened, throwing shells. This was continued quite lively for awhile in order to distract our attention from the cavalry, who in the meantime attempted to flank our position, but without success, as we kept them at bay and held the position. Meanwhile we were looking toward Winchester for reinforcements, and wondered why none came, for we reasoned that the firing must have been heard, and I had sent a messenger to General Shields' headquarters some time before; and yet no sign of answer, and we were beginning to despair. But at last, about eleven o'clock A.M., we heard the welcome sounds of the bugle and fast-galloping troopers coming down the Strasburg pike to our assistance. They found us still masters of the situation.

We had been attacked and had successfully repulsed the enemy's pickets and skirmishers at least a dozen times, and it was surprising that we had escaped with so small a loss, which was, one killed and three wounded of the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, and two wounded and five prisoners taken from the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. The Confederate loss, as I was afterwards credibly informed, was three killed and fifteen wounded.

When I reported at General Shields' headquarters the following evening, I found him confined to his bed suffering from a shattered arm, caused by a fragment of shell from the enemy's guns, received early in the evening of the 22d. I gave him a detailed account of the occurrences of my two days and one night's outpost duty, and inquired why no support was sent me after the firing was heard. He replied that he had heard the firing of musketry and artillery, and on inquiring the cause had been informed that our artillery

and infantry were drilling and practicing. He was very angry when he learned that General Banks' pickets had left their posts without waiting to be relieved. He highly complimented us and our noble regiment, and expressed the great interest he took in the old brigade, remarking that if the balance of the army consisted of such material the war would soon end.

DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS SAVES MANY LIVES.

BY LIEUTENANT S. S. BRUCKER.

While proceeding on a scouting expedition to the Dismal Swamp, the Thirty-Ninth was accompanied by two cavalry companies and one battery of artillery. After marching all the day and until about dark, we made camp on what was termed an island in the swamp. Major Munn was "officer of the day," and I had been detailed as "officer of the guard and pickets." Before going to the front with my detail, the Major gave me strict orders to be vigilant, as we were near where a large body of the enemy was reported to be, and as our command was small, he said "We cannot afford to give the rebels a chance to surprise or capture us. You are therefore commanded to fire on any body of men that advances from the road in the swamp coming toward you, and without giving the usual warning of halt!"

I proceeded to the post assigned me, established my picket line, and left my reserves about one hundred yards in the rear. In order to understand the nature of the surroundings it is necessary to state that the road was built of logs, a "cross-way" in the midst of a swamp for miles ahead and to the right of us, and no one could approach towards us except on this "cross-way." About midnight, while visiting my outpost, my attention was called to a slight noise as if made by a body of horse in the distance. It became more and more distinct, and the clang of metal (such as the clatter of sabres makes) left no doubt in my mind that a large

body of cavalry was advancing upon us. We quietly fell back upon our reserves, who had also heard the approach and were on the alert. I first cautioned my men to silence, and to have their guns ready and bayonets fixed, but not to fire under any circumstances until I gave the word of command.

I had my orders implicit and strict, yet I hesitated to fire. I cannot tell even to this day what possessed me, but something seemed to whisper "Do not fire until after you have challenged them." The time was passing quickly and they came nearer and nearer. We could neither see them, nor they us, as the night was very dark, but we were conscious that a few seconds of time would bring them up to our position. I then called out loudly and distinctly, "Halt!" The command must have surprised and startled them wonderfully, judging from the almost instantaneous check given the horses and the rattle of the sabres. I was quickly answered "Friends!" to which I replied, "Advance *one*, Friend, and give the countersign!"

"Who are you?" was asked.

"We are friends."

"Friends of whom?"

"Friends of the Union!" I replied.

"So are we!" he said.

I then asked "What rank do you hold? Where are you from, and where going?"

"Captain! from Chowan river, and *en route* to Suffolk!" he replied.

Knowing, of course, that we held Suffolk, I felt satisfied they were not rebels, yet I called upon the Captain to dismount and advance twenty paces, and I would meet him, which we did. Satisfying myself that he was all right, I yet ordered my men to hold the cavalry while I escorted the Captain to headquarters, where he proved to be Captain Wyland of a New York cavalry regiment on a scout from

Beaufort, N. C., to report to headquarters of commanding General at Suffolk, Va. When Major Munn stated to the Captain the instructions he had given me, that officer turned a few shades paler and was ready to embrace me for joy at his narrow escape. It was simply a case of disobedience to orders, but proved a great mercy.

SOME TALES BY COMMISSARY SERGEANT FRISBIE.

A NEW DISH.

While we were on Morris Island, S. C., the larder at the headquarters mess used to run pretty slim at times, having to depend almost entirely on the Government rations and the canned goods of the sutler. One morning early I met with Colonel Voris of the Sixty-Seventh Ohio Volunteers. The Colonel was always an early riser, and this morning had been out among the sloughs and bayous near the camp on a tour of discovery. He was very fond of practical joking, and never felt better than when he could get the laugh on some of his comrades. He says to me:

“Charley, what have they got for breakfast up at Osborn’s headquarters this morning?”

“Well,” says I, “I don’t exactly know; but about the usual dishes, I guess—beans, hard-tack, piece of army beef, etc., etc.”

“Well, here,” says Voris, “I caught a young alligator this morning, and you take a good big piece over to your cook and have him prepare it nicely for their breakfast, and don’t you mention anything about it—where you got it, or what it is, and we’ll see how they like the new dish.”

Accordingly I took over a piece and gave it to the cook, telling him to serve it nicely for breakfast—boiled, I supposed, would be best. When breakfast was ready, Colonel Osborn, Dr. Clark, Adjutant Walker and the others came in and took seats at the table, and the cook brought

in the new dish, smoking hot, and set it down before the Colonel.

"Hello! what's that!" said he, "where did you get the fish?" helping himself quite liberally and passing it to the others. "Seems very coarse kind of meat, anyway, but smells good—and tastes very well. What is it, Adjutant?"

"I do not know what it is," said Walker. "I never saw anything just like it before."

"Well, Doctor," says the Colonel, "you ought to know something about flesh—what do you call it?"

"Looks like shark or dog-fish," said the Doctor, turning it over and smelling it.

"Where's the cook?" Osborn called out. "Here, sir, what do you call this meat, and where did you get it?"

"Charley Frisbie brought it this morning and told me to cook it for breakfast," said the cook.

"Where's Frisbie? Tell him to report here at once!"

I went in and the Colonel says, "Charley, where did you get that meat?—what is it?"

I told him that I met Colonel Voris, and he sent it over with his compliments, and said he thought it to be quite a delicacy for the season."

"Well! well! but what is it?"

"Young alligator!" said I.

"Well, I thought as much when you said Voris sent it, and I suppose we'll never hear the last of it; but you needn't say we ate any of it."

Then the laugh went around.

The balance of it was dished up for the servants, and Colonel Mann's dinky, a long, gaunt fellow, appropriated the most of it to his own use; and afterwards, when told that it was alligator, a more disgusted nigger you never saw. He didn't get over it for months.

FRISBIE'S "MOUNTAIN RABBIT."

At Rice's Station, Va., when we were following up the Army of Northern Virginia to the final surrender of General Lee, General Osborn, then commanding the First Brigade of the First Division of the Twenty-Fourth Corps, called to me and said:

"Charley, I haven't had a mouthful to eat for twenty-four hours, except a hard-tack or so. Can't you scare up something in the eating line?"

Says I, "General, you know how strict the orders are about foraging, and what's a fellow to do?"

"Oh, well, I thought you had been a soldier long enough to know how to get around orders," said he.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," and started off.

I had previously seen some sheep in a field as I passed along, and calling a comrade we went in search of them. On reaching the place, I told him to get around them and drive them down to a little gully where I stationed myself out of sight, and as the sheep came along I grabbed one and immediately cut its throat and proceeded to skin it. I then divided it, and telling my comrade to take the forequarters to his mess I shouldered the hindquarters and proceeded to General Osborn's tent. When I entered, I saw Generals Ord and Foster there, and was somewhat taken aback. Osborn says, "What you got there, Sir?"

"Mountain Rabbit," says I, and passed on to the cook's quarters, telling him that Ord and Foster were with General Osborn and to cook it nicely for supper.

The Generals remained to supper, seeing, I presume, a good chance for a meal. When the meal was ready, and a smoking leg was on the table, they commenced eating with a degree of appetite and relish seldom witnessed at an army table in those exciting days. During the meal, General Ord, giving a sly wink to Foster, remarked, "This mountain rabbit has a remarkable leg!"

“Yes,” replied General Foster; “and remarkable feet, as I noticed when it was brought in. The rabbits in Virginia must be quite different from any that I have heretofore seen.”

General Osborn said nothing. After the Generals had departed, Osborn wanted to know why I had called that sheep a mountain rabbit. I told him that I was so confused when I entered the tent at seeing the Generals, and knowing that I had violated orders, that I named it the first thing that came into my mind, not thinking of the apparent dissimilarity. There was nothing more said about it, however.

“BURY ME WHERE I LAY, BOYS!”

BY W. O. L. JEWETT, COMPANY E.

On January 4th, 1862, half of our company was sent from Sir John's Run to guard a railroad bridge across the Big Bethel. It was some five or six miles up the Potomac river from Sir John's Run. The detail was in command of Lieutenant Lewis T. Whipple, a gallant and excellent officer and man. Some of us took position behind a pile of railroad ties we had arranged near the bridge. Jackson was coming upon us—our pickets had been driven in and we were awaiting events. The Thirteenth Indiana Volunteer Regiment had come down from Cumberland and had built fires to cook supper, some eighty rods above us. Lieutenant Whipple had started for the Indiana camp, and the rebels had muffled the wheels of a cannon and brought it to the end of the bridge about ten rods from us, unheard and unnoticed, and discharged a shot at the Indiana encampment. This was about nine o'clock P.M., and very dark. The shot passed over the head of Lieutenant Whipple, and just as the report of the gun reached him he caught his toe in a snag, and fell. Thinking himself shot, and not fully realizing his position, and withal desirous of telling the boys how to dispose of

his body, he called out, "Bury me where I lay, boys!" Only a moment elapsed, when, finding himself more scared than hurt, he quietly arose and proceeded on his journey, saying nothing more about the disposition of his body.

We at the pile of ties fired a number of rounds at the place we had seen the flashes of the gun, but the firing soon ceased on their part, and we were ordered to retreat across the Potomac, and wading that swift stream in the darkness, with the water freezing cold and reaching to one's arm-pits, was no laughing matter. We emerged, and went rattling through the weeds on the Maryland shore, incased in sheets of ice, until after several hours' march we reached an inn where we stirred up big fires and thawed out.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL MANN.

HE RELATES HOW HE WAS ONCE FRIGHTENED.

The troops had all been sent forward from Patterson's Creek, Va., to Paw-Paw Tunnel, except the Thirty-Ninth, which General Lander said he ordered left there to guard the bridge and to send forward material for reconstructing the railroad. The General and his full staff were about ready to leave when I was sent for, in the absence of Colonel Osborn, who had gone to Cumberland.

General Lander met me in the hall of his headquarters and directed my attention to a very stringent and vigorous order he had published, prohibiting marauding on the part of our troops, and ordered me to see that it was obeyed. I had seen some Generals before that, and have seen a great many since, but I think I never saw one who appeared every inch the soldier more completely than did Lander at that time. His splendid, tall form was the commanding figure in a field of which his large, well-equipped staff was the impressive background. I listened to the General's instructions, and realized that weighty responsibilities were crowd-

ing heavily upon my shoulders. I was fresh, and had never before stood face to face with a live General. When he had concluded what he had to say, I promptly saluted and boldly said, "General, I will *try* and see your orders obeyed."

"Try! G—d d—n your soul to h—l! Try!! What in h—l do you mean, Sir, by such talk? Is that any language for a soldier to use, d—n you!" and each oath was emphasized by a terrible stamp of his foot.

I looked for a way to escape from his severe presence—a large rat-hole in the floor afforded momentary hope; but at last my wits came to my rescue, and straightening myself up to more than full height, as I now remember, I gave the most graceful salute possible, and in tones that I meant should be heard, I said, "General Lander, your orders shall be obeyed to the letter!"

The General immediately extended his long, sinewy hand, and clasping mine warmly, said, in subdued tones, "That is right, Colonel; that is soldierly! I bid you good-bye, and hope we shall soon meet again."

But we never did. General Lander was a corpse ten days later, but his impressive lesson was of great service to me. I never thereafter allowed myself to think of *trying* to execute a military order.

A GOOD LAWYER WANTED.

At this same post (Patterson's Creek) Captain S. W. Munn was ordered to Paw-Paw to fill detail on a "general court-martial" to try Colonel Ansel, of the First Virginia Cavalry. General Lander had started his troops from Paw-Paw across the country to attack Jackson at Winchester, and was anxious to get there before General Banks should from Harper's Ferry. Ten miles out, he met the enemy at Bloomer's Gap, and ordered Colonel Ansel to "charge" them. It was charged that the enemy showed some "pluck,"

and Colonel Ansel fell back with his regiment in great confusion.

General Lander was rushing to the front, and meeting Colonel Ansel, ordered him in arrest, and taking command of the regiment, led it in person to a nice victory, capturing some seventy-five rebels and dispersing the rest. Lander wired the facts to Secretary Stanton, and asked for instructions. Secretary Stanton had just assumed the duties of the War Office, and was not as familiar with military law as he became in later years. He telegraphed Lander to order the Colonel tried by court-martial, and if found guilty of cowardice in presence of the enemy, have him shot at once. The entire army and the country at large were shocked at the order, for at that time no person could be legally executed for military offenses, except on the approval of the sentence by the President of the United States.

The court-martial was ordered, however. When Captain Munn arrived he found that Colonel Ansel had no counsel to defend him. Munn's high ideas of law and justice led him to suggest that counsel be furnished the accused before he was forced to trial, and arrangements were consummated whereby Munn was relieved from the court and assigned to the defense of the accused. Colonel Ansel was found guilty as charged, but Munn succeeded in getting him off with loss of pay and rank, and dismissal from the service. The Captain's good reputation made at home as a criminal lawyer now became noised abroad in army circles in the field, and he was frequently called upon to defend delinquents.

THE HEGIRA OF COLORED SERVANTS FROM THE REGIMENT.

While we were at Edinburg, Va., in 1862, the negroes who had come out from Chicago with the officers as servants became greatly exercised and excited over some information

which they had received from some source concerning the disposition that would be made of them in case they should be captured by the rebels. One morning after breakfast some eighteen of these "mokes," under the leadership of Bill Baker, who was "chief-of-staff" to Surgeon Blake, and the veterinary for the officers' horses, appeared at the headquarters tent; and Baker, who officiated as spokesman, said to Colonel Osborn that they had all come to the front in good faith, but they had recently heard that all colored people, free or slaves, with the Union army, if taken by the enemy, would be placed in the trenches for duty. They were not fighting men and could not therefore defend themselves, and proposed to go back to Chicago while the way was clear. They at once left, and Ben Butler's famous "contraband doctrine" was regarded by the Thirty-Ninth from that time forward, as strictly orthodox, and under its operations other servants were soon substituted.

To the credit of these colored boys it may be said that, though partially demoralized at the battle of Winchester, many of them afterwards enlisted in colored regiments and helped to open the highway to their freedom with their muskets and their shovels. Bill Baker, venerable in his years and useful in his citizenship, still lives, and may be found in most any Chicago Republican convention trying to direct the "ship of state" into such channels as will most benefit the colored people.

ELY'S FORAGING EXPERIENCE.

On a foraging expedition all alone by himself, while the regiment was in front of Richmond, Ely discovered in his preliminary searches an old blind horse which he pressed into the service, and mounted, with a halter to guide him, and found him to be quite a help. He had secured several turkeys and had attached them to the saddle by strings, and

was returning to camp, when he was surprised by a party of guerillas who sprang out from their ambush in his front and opened fire on him. The rattle of the muskets and the sudden clamor frightened not only himself but the horse, which turned and went off on a jump through a "stake and rider" fence, scattering the rails in all directions. The horse fell down in a pasture field, and Ely made a run for the woods near by, leaving turkeys and everything else, and succeeded in getting a safe shelter and finally reached camp. The next morning as he passed the place with the regiment he saw the horse lying dead where he fell, having been shot in several places.

A REMINISCENCE

FROM CAPTAIN BOTSFORD, COMPANY F.

In the early part of June, 1864, when General Grant extended his lines on the north side of the James river, an order came to the headquarters of the regiment for a detail of one hundred and fifty men to report at the pontoon bridge at night.

About dark, the acting Adjutant (Lieutenant Knapp) formed the command, and there was not a commissioned or non-commissioned officer to be found, when he turned it over to me. Of course there was no alternative, only to go as directed.

In the meantime it had become rumored about the camp that we were to go back to our old quarters at Bermuda Hundred, and everybody volunteered to go. It was a queer command at best,—only one officer.

The bridge was not far away, and about ten o'clock P.M. a mounted officer rode up to me with orders to place my men in three pontoon boats and proceed to the creek called Deep Run, where I was to establish a post. In case of an attack, the gunboat "Hunchback," anchored near by in the James

river, would support me, etc., etc. Some of the boys heard the order and didn't like the situation of affairs, and at once attempted to run the guards at the bridge, and a few succeeded in getting away.

Having had some experience as a sailor when a boy, it served me to good purpose on this occasion, for we reached our destination safely. Climbing the steep bank of the creek, I divided my command into three reliefs and posted them as pickets. The line had scarcely been formed when rapid firing from a post in the advance indicated an attack by the enemy. Just then a private of Company F thought it about time to retreat, and made a break for the gunboat. In his haste and fright he stumbled and rolled down the steep and stony bank into the river and then swam to the gunboat; but the sentinels on board refused to assist or let him come on board, and he swam back to the shore again. The early morning revealed a wet, bruised and crest-fallen soldier who never heard the last of his visit to the "Hunch-back" to escape from the enemy. In a search made in the morning to ascertain the cause of the firing during the night, we found only a cavalryman's coat and belt, and nothing more, to account for it.

We were relieved on the third day by the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, having had rather a pleasant time. We were on the same ground where the disastrous charge was made on August 16th following, by our brigade. I remember that on the morning of that day our regiment could muster only two hundred and sixty men for duty, and at the close of it only ninety-five men answered to the roll-call; and out of the eleven officers who went into that charge seven were either killed or wounded. I was the only lieutenant that was not wounded, and the first on the rebel works. It was myself who took the one hundred and fifty rebel prisoners and flag and turned them over in charge of a sergeant whom I did not know, but afterwards learned that it

was a sergeant of Company G, Thirty-Ninth Illinois, who was afterwards commissioned by General Birney for the gallant act,—a clear case of “stolen thunder.” But, poor fellow, he was killed soon after, in front of Petersburg, Va. It was the excessive heat of that day, together with the extraordinary excitement and fatigue and the rain of the next night, that brought me down with typhoid fever, and which nearly terminated my life.

DR. CLARK AND THE REBEL FLAG.

In the latter part of November, 1861, while the regiment was at Williamsport, Md., Dr. Clark, then Assistant Surgeon, was ordered to Hancock, Md., to attend the sick at that post.

Two companies of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, under the command of Captain Fox, being stationed there, the Doctor took up his quarters with the other officers at the hotel and was made comfortable. Through the courtesy of Captain Carey, who was the provost-marshal, he soon became acquainted with many residents of the town, among whom was the family of Colonel Bowles, consisting of the Colonel, his wife and daughter, who were strongly Union in sentiment and very hospitable.

One evening at a little social given by Miss Bowles, and where had gathered quite a number of her young lady friends, the Doctor met with a Miss Pendleton, from Berkeley Springs, and also a Miss Fannie Swan, living at Alpine Station, Va., across the river from Hancock. Miss Pendleton, the daughter of Dr. Pendleton, was a very pronounced Union sympathizer, while Miss Swan entertained quite different sentiments—in fact she had the reputation of being a “little rebel.” Her feelings had also become somewhat intensified against the “Yankees” from the fact that her father had lately been arrested for his disloyal utterances,

and was at this time an inmate of the calaboose or jail. She scarcely noticed the Massachusetts officers who were present, but learning that Dr. Clark was a Western man, and not a detestable Yankee, as she expressed it, from Massachusetts, she laid aside some of her reserve and coolness of manner and condescended to speak with him.

In the course of conversation the rebel flag was mentioned, and Dr. Clark remarked that he had not yet seen the flag of the Southern Confederacy, but would much like to see it for curiosity's sake, if nothing more; and gaining some confidence from his affable reception and her obliging mood, made the request for a miniature copy of one. Miss Swan replied that she would be much pleased to accommodate, but owing to the present status of affairs in her family she dare not undertake such a thing, but that Miss Pendleton, her cousin, would doubtless be pleased to bestow the favor, as her sympathies with the Union cause were well known, and if the Doctor desired she would ask her.

Nothing more was thought of the matter for some days, when an envelope was handed to the Doctor by a colored man, who said that he had brought it from Berkeley Springs and was told to hand it to "Doctah" Clark with the compliments of Miss Sally Pendleton. On opening the envelope there was found a small Confederate flag very tastefully made from pieces of ribbon. It was about three inches long by two inches in width, and very pretty. The Doctor placed it carefully in his pocket, with no suspicion that any person was informed of this little transaction other than the two ladies and himself.

Two days subsequently Captain Carey suggested that they invite ladies and take a horseback ride. He said that he had already spoken to Miss Bowles, who had consented, and that she had expressed the wish that the Doctor invite Miss Swan. This was done, and the answer being favorable, the party started off that afternoon up the river to visit some

mountain scenery near Sir John's Run. Everything passed off very pleasantly and gaily until they had entered the town on their return and were passing the quarters of a company of the Massachusetts men, who no sooner saw them than they ran out shouting and jeering and behaving in a most shameful manner, calling Miss Swan a rebel and passing other insulting remarks. No attention was paid to them at the time, but quickening their pace, the party passed on to the residence of Colonel Bowles, where they dismounted.

Captain Carey was much ashamed and exasperated at the conduct of his men, and left the house almost immediately for Captain Fox's headquarters, leaving Dr. Clark behind. The Doctor endeavored to apologize for the rudeness offered to the ladies, but was interrupted almost at once by Miss Swan, who said that it was not at all necessary, for it was nothing more than might be expected from a lot of abolition boors from Massachusetts.

Scarcely half an hour had passed when the sound of fife and drum was heard, and looking down the street there was seen a company of soldiers approaching, in command of a Lieutenant. They halted in front of the house and were brought to a front-face, grounded arms, and stood at "parade rest," and the Lieutenant advanced to the door. It was opened by a servant, who soon announced that Colonel Bowles was wanted. The ladies present were very much frightened and excited. Mrs. Bowles went to the door, however, and stated that Colonel Bowles was at Hagerstown, but would return during the evening, and wished to know what was wanted. The Lieutenant replied that it had been reported that there was a rebel flag concealed in the house, and that he had been ordered to come and demand it; and if it were not given up, to search the house, and place the inmates under arrest. Mrs. Bowles made reply that there was no rebel flag concealed anywhere about the house or premises, and never had been; and what was more, she con-

sidered it to be a great outrage and a most unwarrantable proceeding on the part of any one to discredit the well-known loyalty of Colonel Bowles and his whole household. She then called the Doctor to the door. He responded at once, and was told what was wanted.

“What!” said the Doctor, “you bring a company of some sixty men here on the silly pretext that there is a rebel flag concealed in this house! You must be a fool! and those who sent you.”

“Well, well!” says Mrs. Bowles, who saw that trouble was brewing, “let the officer search the house, if he wishes, and be satisfied; but I know that if the Colonel were home it would not be permitted.”

The Lieutenant said that he must obey orders, however unpleasant it was; and calling for a sergeant and file of men they proceeded to make the search.

About this time it occurred to the Doctor that perhaps the little rebel flag that was yet in his pocket might have some connection with this affair; but he awaited the result of the search. The Lieutenant and his men soon returned from the apartments upstairs, where they had not found anything, and were proceeding to other portions of the house, when the Doctor, calling the Lieutenant out on the porch, and in the presence of the soldiers and the crowd of citizens that had assembled, said perhaps he could explain the whole matter; and taking from his pocket the little rebel flag mounted on something like a match-stick, he flung it to the breeze with the remark, “Is that what you’re after?” and tried to explain matters; but amid such shouts of derision at the abashed flag-hunters, that it was impossible. The feather in the Lieutenant’s hat fairly wilted as he ordered his company to “Shoulder arms! Right face! By the right flank, forward, march!” and he with his brave command slunk away.

Captain Carey soon appeared, but was totally ignorant

of how the whole affair originated. Suitable apologies were made to Colonel and Mrs. Bowles, and the affair was soon forgotten by them, but the Massachusetts men never could look pleasantly at the Doctor afterwards, who was a most unwitting character to the whole proceeding, and has often questioned if it was a *joke!* and if so, on whom.

CHARLEY MCGREGOR AND THE PIG.

After our forces had advanced their lines beyond the Howlett house, the premises were visited by large numbers of soldiers, some out of mere curiosity, others in search of relics, etc. The family of Dr. Howlett had removed a great portion of the furniture and other chattels, but there was left many articles of value that could not be removed for the want of transportation, owing, doubtless, to the hurried manner of their departure. A fine piano was found in the parlor; also many books and surgical instruments, and some wearing apparel. Some pigs were also left behind.

McGregor, having, like the others, some curiosity to satisfy, and also, it is presumed, having an eye to business in the direction of getting something good to eat, which was the chief end of soldiers about that time, while making an inspection of the premises accidentally, of course, espied a young pig or shoat, and at once decided that that pig was his meat; and suiting the action to the thought, it was run down and captured. After giving it the *coup de grace*, he slung it around his shoulders and proceeded to camp, accompanied by glad visions of fresh pork for supper. On his way he chanced to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, who commanded him to halt, and asked him, "Where did you get that pig, Sir?"

"Mac" cheerfully and very frankly informed him, and was told to go to camp and report himself to Colonel Osborn. McGregor had not been long in the service and knew but

little of the "tricks" of old soldiers and their way of evading orders. He passed on to the camp and presented himself before the Colonel's tent, the pig still on his shoulders.

"What have you got there, Sir? and where did you get it?" inquired the Colonel, fixing him with his stab-like glance.

"Mac" got frightened, it being his first experience in this line, but made out to say that Lieutenant-Colonel Mann had told him to report with the pig.

"Go and stand up against that tree, Sir, and take the position of a soldier!"

"Mac" did as ordered, but found his porcine necklace somewhat in the way in taking the position of a soldier.

"Hold up your head! Place your heels together."

In obeying, "Mac" must needs see that the position is correct, and bends over, and the order is fiercely shouted;

"Hold up your head! Place your arms in position!"

Thus the play went on, until "Mac" fairly shook in his shoes, and was told to go to his quarters, and never to be caught foraging again.

The final disposition of the pig was unknown, but it was doubtless turned over to the commissary of subsistence, as the headquarters mess *never* relished fresh meat.

GENERAL BUTLER'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE.

When Butler's expedition up the James river landed at Bermuda Hundred, Va., the Thirty-Ninth Illinois was the first regiment to debark, and was immediately deployed on either side of the road leading to Petersburg; skirmishers were sent forward, and the regiment was gradually advanced to make room for the other troops of the expedition. Evening found us about two and a half miles from the landing.

Comrade Mann says: About this time I heard great

cheering at the rear, which was renewed several times, each time coming nearer; and looking for the cause, I saw General Butler and his entire staff approaching on the main road. When they reached my outer line I halted them. General Butler asked if we had seen any "rebs" in the front. I told him that several squads of cavalry had appeared about a quarter of a mile distant. After examining a large chart the General said that he desired to go forward to a creek and a small church beside it, thence down the creek about one-fourth mile, and back to our line, forming, as he said, a triangle in the scout. I offered to advance my command to the creek, saying to the General that it would be safer for his party. I was thanked and told to hold my men as they were, but to instruct them to admit his party on their return. I looked for an episode, and it soon came.

Butler and staff galloped to the front. The country was quite level (called the Wier bottoms), and excepting scattering pine trees was quite open for some distance around us. Securing a commanding view from a tree stump, I soon saw the General's party halt on the banks of "Butler's Creek" (as it was subsequently called by the men of the Thirty-Ninth), close to Wier Bottom church. Field-glasses were brought into use and the "unpenetrated beyond" was carefully explored. Soon the party turned to the left, intending to run out the base of their triangle, but it was never completed. At this moment there sprang out from behind a dense thicket of alder bushes on the opposite side of the creek a squad of rebel horse, who yelled "Halt!" and fired their carbines. Butler had no armed escort and but two mounted orderlies, both of whose horses fell dead to the ground and their riders were taken prisoners. Butler and his staff came dashing through the tall pines back to our lines with more regard to speed than order of coming. The prisoners were taken to Petersburg that night, and

the name and fame of their chief, who had so narrowly escaped death or capture, was revealed. Before the next night the Petersburg *Morning Index* was in our lines where we saw a full account of the affair.

It appears that a Confederate Major, with over two hundred horsemen, was carefully concealed beyond the creek, eagerly waiting for General Butler and his staff to cross over. The paper scored the Major most fearfully, for not capturing the "beast," and called on the authorities at Richmond to discipline him for neglect of duty. It is quite safe to conclude that General Butler was seldom found in front of the skirmish line after this experience.

CAPTURE OF A DOCTOR.

After landing at Bermuda Hundred the Thirty-Ninth were advanced out on the Petersburg road, and Captain O. F. Rudd, of Company G, had charge of the skirmish line. About two o'clock P.M. a man approached on horseback, and of course was halted; and upon being questioned, stated that he was a doctor, and said that he had a very sick patient near the landing whom he desired to visit. He was quite a venerable-looking fellow, very polite, and seemed honest. He was placed under guard, however, and sent to General Butler, who, on learning his business, also furnished him with a military escort, to visit his patient. House after house was visited, but no invalid was to be found, and matters began to wear a suspicious look. Upon a close examination into the case, and feeling satisfied that the doctor had some other motive in passing our lines than the one given, General Butler ordered him in arrest and sent him to the "Rip Raps" off Fort Monroe. This man proved to be Dr. Howlett, whose splendid mansion a short distance up the James river soon gave name to the celebrated Howlett House

battery, planted there by the Confederates to enliven Butler's proceedings on the "Dutch Gap" canal.

REMINISCENCES OF EZRA A. COOK, COMPANY G.

The first incident of special interest to me was connected with "Stonewall" Jackson's first raid. His march from Winchester on Bath was witnessed by our pickets on Prospect Rock at the summit of Great Cacapon mountain, and they notified our small force at Bath of the impending attack. The gallant style in which they bushwhacked the rebels and checked the march of fifty times their number was duly reported, and thrilled us all. Breastworks were constructed of railroad ties, and when brave Lieutenant Rudd with his twenty men on the mountain, who gave the rebel column a volley at close range, brought in his men unharmed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch, especially as a long train bearing the Thirteenth Indiana regiment passed us towards Sir John's Run about this time. The train soon returned, however, and we were astonished to see that the Thirteenth made no preparation to take a hand in the fight which we were momentarily expecting. We afterwards learned that they were under strict orders not to go away from the train. The train stopped a short distance from Great Cacapon bridge and most of the men stood around large fires built by the side of the track, for it was mid-winter.

Soon after we were stationed at Great Cacapon, Frank O. Sherwood became so ill that he could not care for himself, and I soon found that he got very little care except when I was off duty, so that I could attend to him, and at last, at the urgent request of comrades, I was detailed to take sole care of him. No physician was accessible. Later, Austin Handy was laid up with a badly sprained ankle, and he also came under my care. Shortly before dark, the day

of the attack, Sherwood was carried on a shutter to the house of a Mr. or rather Mrs. McCubben, about half a mile up the railroad, so as to be out of range of the rebel attack. Mr. McCubben was in the rebel army, and, as we afterwards learned, the guide of the rebel attacking column.

While I was helping Handy to McCubben's the rebel attack began with both artillery and infantry, and a moment after, along came the train with the Thirteenth Indiana, and soon got out of range. Handy could not hurry. As soon as Handy was settled there, and I could get my gun and accoutrements ready, I started for the scene of battle and found our boys just starting to retreat, though there was not a shot being fired at them then. The battle was over. A report had been received that the rebels were coming down "Long Hollow" and would soon cut off their retreat, hence the backward movement.

The train of cars had stopped a short distance away. On meeting the company in retreat, I at once asked Captain Slaughter to let others help me carry Sherwood and his things to the train. Handy, we knew, could hobble along with a little assistance. He said No; Sherwood would have to be left. I hurried ahead to tell Sherwood and Handy. It was terribly disagreeable news to Sherwood, but he bore it about as well as a sick man could.

I succeeded in getting out with Handy just as the company came up, and again I appealed to Captain Slaughter on Sherwood's behalf, but with no better success than before. Lieutenant Rudd brought up the rear, and was naturally talking of the events of the past few hours, when I broke in with a remark about Sherwood which he evidently did not understand. It was hardly reasonable to expect that a Lieutenant would go contrary to an emphatic, repeated decision of his superior officer, but I determined to risk whatever retort I might get, and again broke in on the conversation with some vehemence, and succeeded in getting

the case before him, when he denounced Captain Slaughter as a miserable coward and declared he would serve under him no longer than he was obliged to. He then asked who would return with him for Sherwood. Robert Smith and a member of the Thirteenth Indiana who had stayed behind hoping to get a shot at a "Johnny," volunteered to go with us, and dropping our knapsacks we hurried back, Lieutenant Rudd ordering one of the company who was in hailing distance to ask Captain Slaughter to send a squad back to meet us and to have the train wait for our return.

Knowing that McCubben would be likely to be promptly apprised of our retreat and hurry home with his Confederate comrades, we thought it probable that we would have a lively time when we reached there, even if we did hurry; but the coast was clear and we soon had Sherwood out of bed and were on our way, one of us on each side of Sherwood, supporting most of his weight on our shoulders, while he walked as best he could, and it was marvelous to us that he had strength to get along so well with our aid. Unfortunately his boots had not been brought to McCubben's, and as the Baltimore and Ohio railroad there was rock-ballasted, the sharp stones cut through his stockings and hurt his feet at every step; but he bore it all bravely, and the joy at being rescued, with the excitement, aided his strength wonderfully. So we hurried on, hoping soon to overtake the train, or at least to meet the squad Lieutenant Rudd had asked to have sent back to meet us. We soon found that we were abandoned to our fate, whatever it might be, and had no one to depend on but ourselves and the protection of God.

Lieutenant Rudd hurried ahead to find a home for Sherwood, whom it was evident we must leave, and soon returned with the good news that he had found at a house near the railroad, an old couple who promised to take good care of him till we could return for him. They said they

would hide his uniform and conceal his identity, so we left him in a much more contented frame of mind than when deserted at McCubben's, and hurried on, knowing that we would not be safe if we did not get a considerable distance away before morning dawned.

I was so exhausted that, though it was a cold night, I was soaking wet from perspiration, and I could not have gone much farther, when to our great joy we came up with the train, six or seven miles from Great Cacapon. The cars were already crowded, but I managed to get into a slat or cattle car, where I was soon chilled to the bone, and of course caught a severe cold. We finally reached Cumberland and got thawed out.

A few days later Sergeant Spencer with Henry S. Parkhurst and myself were sent back to rescue Sherwood as promised. A train took us to Clear Springs, where we learned that most of the Baltimore and Ohio road was again in possession of the Union troops. At North Branch, two miles further on, we secured a hand-car, on which we sped along at a lively rate for a short time till it began to sleet, when it soon took all of our strength to pull and push along the empty car. A little after midnight we lifted the car from the track near a house, roused its inhabitants and took shelter for the night, one of us by turns guarding our comrades and the hand-car.

We expected when we started that we would not be able to go all of the way to our destination on the Virginia side, but would have to get a boat, cross to the Maryland side, follow the river till opposite where Sherwood was left, and then, by boat, cross and get him, if he was alive, and able to be moved.

In the morning we started on, very slowly at first, until the sun cleared the ice from the track, when we ran along merrily. As we neared Great Cacapon we were joyfully surprised to hear that our troops had the day before taken

possession there, so with mingled hope and fear for Sherwood's safety we hurried on, and about eleven A.M. that day we found him safe and undisturbed and much improved, though still an invalid.

Going to our old quarters we found a company of the Second Maryland occupying them, and near by, Captain Dyke's company of the same regiment which had been associated with us in the defense of Great Cacapon bridge and the surrounding country. It was of course very gratifying to learn that the rebel official report of the fight there put our force of not over one hundred men at fifteen hundred, which was the number of the attacking force, and when we learned that they abandoned their artillery and retreated back to Bath that night, as the result of the well-directed Union fire, we were confirmed in our belief that the rebel notion that one of them could whip five Yankees, was a mistaken one.

We spent that night (January 9th, 1862) with Sherwood, and the next day planned to start for Cumberland. We were warned, however, by the Major of the Second Maryland that it was not safe, as a train of cars was expected from Cumberland, and it was a single track railroad.

The hand-car had been left near our old quarters. Several soldiers took hold to help get it on the track again, and it was thrown onto Mr. Parkhurst's leg, laying him up completely. We ran the car up opposite McCubben's, and expected to spend that night there. About nine o'clock Mrs. Barker called and told us that the Second Maryland boys, fearing a night attack, had all crossed the river; so Spencer and I helped Parkhurst in the hand-car, went on to Sherwood, where we roused him, and soon got him aboard, and bade good-bye to the kind friends who had so nobly cared for him. There were two helpless men, and two of us to run the hand-car. We knew that there was still danger of meeting the expected train, so we kept eyes and ears

open. Several times we put our ears on the track, to listen, when there was danger that we might meet it coming around a curve.

The long, dark Paw Paw tunnel we knew was especially dangerous, as to meet a train in that meant destruction; so we put our ears to the track at its mouth, and hearing no train, plunged into the Stygian darkness. Though going up the river it was down-grade through that tunnel, and we made good time. We rode about fifteen miles that night, and stopped at "No. 12" till morning, when we went on, reaching Patterson's Creek about noon.

At Patterson's Creek we received from a brigade quartermaster whom we had carried several miles on the hand-car a cordial invitation to dinner at an eating-house. He went in with us and ordered our dinner. When we got through we found he had decamped, leaving us to pay the bill. From Patterson's Creek a train took us to Cumberland.

At Cumberland we were quartered in an old theater, which answered very well for a sleeping-room, but, as there was no fire or other means of heating this large room, it was a cheerless place for any other purpose. There was a small room adjoining this where the cooking was done, that a few could crowd into, and had the men been allowed to sleep till daylight, when they could scatter around town and get warm in the stores, it would have saved much needless suffering.

But Captain Slaughter wanted to put on style and astonish the natives. He had an official account of his great services at Great Cacapon published in the Cumberland papers, and he was not at all modest in his claims of credit. To keep up military discipline he had the men roused up to roll-call regularly, two hours before daylight, when they were compelled to stand around that cheerless room, shivering with cold, till daylight, when they could get warm in offices and stores about town. The severe cold I caught in

the slat-car, on the way to Cumberland, had been added to, and soon after my return from the trip after Sherwood, my cough became very trying, and nobody that saw or heard me needed to be told that I was seriously ill. Those who were sick, or wished to be considered so, had comrades answer "sick" for them at roll-call.

The morning of January 15th, Captain Slaughter himself attended this early roll-call, and seeing that about one-third were reported sick, he gave orders that every man thus reported should at once go on duty or go to the hospital. Nearly all reported for duty, but I and three or four others said we would go to the hospital, as we needed care and medicine. Orderly Greene went with us to the hospital, which was found to be full, but the doctor in charge gave us medicine.

The next morning this same Orderly Greene came to me and said I must go on duty as guard in the streets of Cumberland. In vain I told him I was sick and reminded him that he took me to the hospital the day before, and I was under the doctor's care, and would be in the hospital were it not full. He said it was the Captain's orders, and I should go on duty or go to the guard-house. As a cold rain was falling at the time I feared it might cost me my life if I was exposed to it, and told him I would go to the guard-house, though I felt the disgrace keenly, as I had never before been in the guard-house, or even on extra duty, for any offense. *He said I was detailed for extra duty for not being at roll-call the morning before;* the very morning he had taken me to the hospital. Several members of the same "mess" with me (No. 1), learning that I was to be taken to the guard-house for disobedience, came at this juncture, and made a great ado about the disgrace it would bring on the mess if I went to the guard-house, and so worked on my feelings that I yielded. Before we started Captain Slaughter came in, and I appealed to him, but in vain.

When we first reached Cumberland I promptly wrote my father a full account of the Great Cacapon affair, telling how Lieutenant Rudd denounced Slaughter's cowardice. The entire letter was published in the *Northern Illinoisan* and was copied by other papers. I afterwards learned that Slaughter had seen that account, and for that reason wanted to slaughter me.

By the providence of God I was stationed that day at a stairway where I was sheltered from the rain. My terrible cough attracted the attention even of passers on the street, and a lady living near by who noticed my condition brought me a cup of splendid, hot coffee; so it is possible that I got no harm from the exposure.

But I cherish no feeling of revenge towards either of these men. Orderly Greene was afterwards reduced to the ranks. Captain Slaughter soon left the service and is now dead. I met him last in Omaha, Neb., at which time he was pastor of a Methodist church and chaplain of the legislature. He greeted me cordially, and I visited the legislature with him at his earnest invitation.

The only other incidents that I will mention are connected with the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 14th to 16th, 1864.

As we came into line of battle Saturday afternoon, in easy range and in plain sight of the rebel works, a shell burst amongst us, a piece of it striking Colonel Osborn's elbow, and a large piece, the force of which was nearly spent, striking a comrade near me on his side, and though it knocked him over, as it was the smooth or rounded side that struck him, he was simply bruised by it. There we lay till dark, under an incessant fire of both artillery and infantry, and if ever a lot of men got weary lying on the ground, we certainly did. But the darkness hid us, and during the night some one got hold of a shovel, and with that single shovel (I think there was but one) a ditch was dug which, with the

dirt from it, made a great protection to all who chose to sit or kneel in the ditch.

Bullets were constantly whizzing by us, and several were hit. A comrade close by me had his throat cut by a bullet on Sabbath morning, while eating his breakfast.

The Richmond and Petersburg railroad ran through the battlefield, the main body of the army extending from the railroad to the James river on the right, but the Thirty-Ninth extended from the railroad to the left.

Early Monday morning, in a dense fog, the rebels made a furious attack on the entire line and the right seemed to yield at once. Skirmishers in front of our line gave the alarm and we were ready for them and opened on them "fire by file!" Under our incessant fire the line soon wavered and broke. The lifting fog gave us a good view of them. Line after line formed and advanced to the same fate. The sound of battle, however, soon told us that the battle line on our right had been forced far back of us, and a galling fire was opened on our flank by a force just across the railroad. We retreated in good order to the edge of the woods, a few rods away, when every man seemed to yell, Halt! We paid our respects to the "Johnnies" across the railroad, who soon ran, and then the cry was passed, "Hurrah for our ditch!" I think the man who started that cry was a new recruit close by me, for I first heard it from him, but it was echoed all along the line. He furnished us an excellent example of valor without discipline. Noticing that his bayonet was not fixed I told him to fix bayonet, and was not surprised to learn, on asking him, that his gun was empty. He loaded quickly, and was ready to start with us by the time our rallying cry had passed down the line, and away we went, and hustled out the few rebels who had got into our ditch. Brave Captain Rudd was the only commissioned officer I saw with us. Soon after our return to our ditch a rebel force appeared directly in our rear and close at hand.

"Surrender!" yelled the rebel leader.

"Surrender yourself!" answered Captain Rudd.

"Fire!" yelled the rebel, and every man of us fell flat.

"Up and at them!" commanded Captain Rudd, and with a volley, a yell, and the bayonet, that rebel force was cleared out in less time than it takes to recount the fact. It was evidently time for us to join the main body of the army, then far in our rear, as we could tell by the noise of battle; so we leisurely withdrew, following the course of the railroad.

Sergeant Spencer, previously referred to, brought up the rear, and when out of sight of the rebels behind us, he stepped up to the railroad, which was there about breast high, and seeing a squad of "Johnnies," let drive, and called to me asking if I did not want a good shot. I ran over, and as he stood loading I threw my gun into the fork of a sapling and took deliberate aim at one of the squad just across the railroad. With the report of my gun, I heard Spencer yell "Cook!" and turned to find a large rebel force right on to me, certainly not three rods away. The dense underbrush had concealed their approach. Just as I faced them one of them fired and shattered my right hand, and the stock of my gun just in front of the lock. The ball and two of the three buckshot tore through the inside of my hand, and nipped the end of the little finger. I then turned and ran the gauntlet of a perfect cyclone of bullets, amid yells of "Halt!" "Surrender!" "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" and other choice greetings. The dense underbrush favored me, and though bullets through my clothing told how narrow was my escape, I speedily overtook Sergeant Spencer and we were soon out of sight of our pursuers.

On seeing that I was wounded, Sergeant Spencer insisted on taking my gun which I still held on to, and then I saw he had lost his. He said that on hearing a noise behind him he turned, and, seeing the rebels, started to run, when

he found his gun caught by a root or branch, and so he left it.

I had become much attached to that rifled musket, and hoped to take it home with me, as we were told we would be allowed to buy them, but I have not seen it since, as poor Spencer received a wound from which he died, but a short time afterwards.

Before we overtook the company I became very weak from loss of blood, and but for the fact that I got a chance to soak my wound in the cold swamp-water, and wrap it in a large handkerchief also wet, I should probably have soon fainted. As it was I could hardly keep my feet with the aid of a comrade. We, however, duly reached the main body of the army, much to the surprise of its commander, we were afterwards told. He did not doubt that we had been captured.

Some coal-cars had been captured, and in these many of the wounded were conveyed towards the field hospital. I was helped into one of these, and soon felt better, as the chill from the cold water had checked the bleeding. When we came to another group of wounded men and I saw there was not room for them all, I climbed out and started on foot for camp at Bermuda Hundred, for some time walking just behind an ambulance. Just as we got in sight of the field hospital the cry was raised, "Rebel cavalry! Rebel cavalry are coming!"

The fields and roads were full of stragglers, most of them Colonel Dandy's New York regiment, and as this rebel cavalry cry was raised I saw Colonel Dandy trying to rally his men. Pointing his revolver at a group of men on the run towards camp he would yell "Halt!" and they would stop till he turned to another squad, when they ran on again. A moment after, the rebels with a yell and a volley were upon them, and doubtless most of them were captured. A squad of rebels even fired into the ambulance that I had

been following, and though they may not have hurt any one in it they did wound one of the horses. I think this ambulance escaped capture, for from my hiding place in the underbrush I saw them dashing along at a furious rate, one horse apparently on three legs, he was so badly wounded.

As I was not in fighting trim, though I had picked up a sword, which I carried into camp, I kept out of sight till the cavalry dash was over, and then quietly proceeded to camp.

The coal-car in which I rode a short distance was captured with its occupants, and poor Luscomb, of my own company, whom I left in it, with a wound in the arm, died in the rebel hospital at Petersburg.

During that night what was left of the Thirty-Ninth arrived in camp, and the next morning I was glad to restore to its owner the sword I had picked up on the battle-field. It belonged to Lieutenant Kingsbury, of Company E, whose arm was being amputated when I sent the sword to his tent for him.

Though my wound was then painful, I had no idea that it was of so serious a character as it proved to be. The following morning the rebels attacked our camp, and with the bullets whistling around me I was sent to the brigade field-hospital, thence to Fort Monroe, and from there by boat to the great Government hospital on David's Island, New York harbor. By this time I began to realize that my wound was pretty serious. The whole inside of my right hand was a mass of torn flesh; gangrene soon developed, and I became very weak and restless from the intense pain, especially when the flesh was being burned with bromide, as it was daily.

TO MY RIGID TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES I OWE MY RIGHT HAND, without doubt. Whisky was sent in for my use, as it was for all the severely wounded, and I feared I would be forced to take it. On appealing to Surgeon Thompson he said I should have the best wine there was

in the hospital instead of whisky. I stated my objections to all stimulants, and was not a little astonished to find that Dr. Thompson's views exactly coincided with mine. He explained that he was under authority and had orders to furnish stimulants to those who were weak from wounds, but was not under orders to force men to take them; so it was agreed that I should take none, and the decision was rigidly adhered to. I bore the terrible pain of cutting and burning my wound without anything to deaden it. The flesh was cut and burned away clear to the bone, leaving the large cords on the right side of my hand entirely bare, the flesh around and beneath them being removed, and while dressing the wound one morning an artery burst, and Dr. Thompson worked over me the entire day, not less than seven hours consecutively, not leaving even for his dinner. The gangrene had at last been cut and burned away, and my hand began to heal, and was a marvelous sight. Hundreds, many of them soldiers who had lost a limb, came to look at it when it was being dressed. It seemed as if you could see the new flesh grow while you were looking at it. I was assured by the hospital attendants that the saving of my hand seemed almost miraculous. They supposed, as soon as they saw it, that it would have to be amputated, and did not believe Dr. Thompson could save it. While I was there limbs less seriously wounded were daily amputated, and an officer with a flesh-wound in the arm died of lock-jaw. The muscles of my hand contracted so as to draw my hand around at nearly a right angle with my arm, and it was double its normal thickness when it was healed five months after I was wounded, and I had very imperfect control of my fingers. Dr. Thompson recommended that I should, whenever I could, whether sitting or standing, gently strain on my hand and fingers till they were straight, and the plan proved effective, though it took fully five years to accomplish it.

It was evident that my days of military service were over, and I learned soon after I reached the hospital that my discharge was recommended, but it did not reach me till August 23d, just eleven days before my time was out, when I naturally hurried home.

That winter (1864-65) I taught school in Champaign county, and on my way home secured a clerkship in a stationery store in Chicago, where I served a little less than three years, when, in December, 1867, I started a manufacturing stationery business at 88 La Salle street, where I was burned out in the great fire of 1871.

SEARCHING FOR BURIED WEALTH.

BY COMRADE MANN.

A ludicrous incident occurred at the field hospital just after the fight at Wier Bottom church, May 20th, 1864.

When night approached, Colonel Mann, who had passed through the ordeal of Surgeon Clark's anæsthetics, scalpels, and *prophylactics*, was removed from the shade of a spreading oak and placed, by the Doctor's order, in a large brick smoke-house for the night, it being the best accommodation at hand. Near midnight, an officer displaying the rank of a Lieutenant of cavalry struck a light at the door and desired to know who was there. On being told, he demanded that the patient vacate the place at once, as it was to be searched for silver plate which one of his dusky attendants, now a soldier, assured him had been buried there by his former master.

A little deliberation, and the patient told the officer that it would be necessary for the surgeon to direct his removal, and a guard stationed near by was sent for Dr. Clark. The door was closed, and it was determined that the Doctor should send for assistance and a stretcher, and the prospectors were so advised.

A moment later the Doctor returned, and with him a corporal and four armed soldiers. The Surgeon now placed the Lieutenant and his two soldiers in arrest. A parley followed, in which the Lieutenant insisted that the wounded officer was resting over much wealth, and that one-half of it was at the Doctor's disposal if he would let the search be made. The bribe was refused, and the intruders were marched beyond the hospital lines and ordered to "git."

It is hardly necessary to say that early next morning Dr. Clark and his patient both thought it admissable to have the premises searched, and a careful investigation was made, but without discovering any plate or treasure.

This reminds the writer of more remunerative "diggings" discovered by some of the Thirty-Ninth boys and others, the following winter, near General Butler's famous "Dutch Gap" canal.

Fatigue-parties prosecuted the work on this great scheme for getting nearer to Richmond, in reliefs, and those off duty frequently killed time by fishing in the James river. In searching for bait, a soldier lifted a board that rested beneath a large apple tree, and began digging for worms with his bayonet. A few inches deeper he came in contact with another board. This was found to cover a small iron kettle which contained about three thousand five hundred dollars in gold and silver coin. A great scramble followed, in which the Thirty-Ninth chaps got away with about one-tenth part of the plunder.

This money had evidently been buried there in July of 1862, when the Army of the Potomac was approaching Harrison's Landing, near by. The occupants of the place had fled, and the house had been burned, probably by shells from our gun-boats in that region.

THE LAST TO CROSS THE RIVER AT SIR JOHN'S RUN.

A REMINISCENCE OF CAPTAIN E. C. MYERS, COMPANY K.

On the night of January 4th all of the troops had crossed the river by eight o'clock excepting the Pennsylvania regiment, which followed the railway to Alpine Station, and the last company to cross was Company K, of the Thirty-Ninth.

Captain Woodruff and myself—I was then a Sergeant—lingered a little with the hope of securing a boat, as one or two had been in use ferrying over the sick and disabled. The idea of fording the river was not at all inviting that cold night. While waiting and watching for a boat I discovered quite a number of muskets lying around, perhaps a dozen or more, that had been purposely thrown away by some of the men before they took to the water. They were all loaded. I gathered them together and said to the Captain, who was becoming impatient and somewhat fearful of the enemy's approach, that we had the means for making a fair defense, even if we were attacked; and as the night was quite dark the enemy could not estimate our force, and by the rapid discharge of our dozen muskets they could be held in check, anyhow, until we crossed the river.

Soon I saw a boat near the opposite shore with a man in it, and I called to him to come over; but he paid no attention whatever. I then aimed a gun at him and told him to bring that boat over or I would shoot. This proved a bad move on my part, for the man, doubtless thinking us to be rebels, left his boat and sprang up and over the canal bank for shelter. There was then no hope from that direction, and we had about concluded to ford the river when I saw a man in a boat coming across from another direction. He evidently had not seen us, and passed by, landing some rods below where we stood.

It was now so dusky that we could not distinguish who

or what the man was—whether a soldier or civilian, and did not much care, being more exercised about getting safely over the river with a dry skin than aught else. The man in the boat, after landing, drew it up on the shore and immediately started off through the woods at a lively pace, as though he had some important business, and I have since thought that he was a spy.

We immediately went to the boat and took possession, and after putting the muskets aboard, started across the river. Landing safely, we found a portion of our men still there, and after disposing of the muskets we started for Hancock. On reaching the hotel sometime after midnight, I sought a place to rest myself, and going up-stairs entered a room which was occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, who was stretched out on the bed, boots and all, and with permission I laid down beside him, hoping for a little rest.

The room we occupied had early in the evening been pierced by a six-pounder solid shot fired by the enemy, and in its passage had cut off the foot-board. It was then occupied by the chaplain of the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, who naturally got out, and it was owing to this circumstance that the Lieutenant-Colonel had secured the bed. The night passed quietly enough except for the noise made by the men down below, who were busy in drying their clothing and making a resting-place on tables, chairs, and floor.

SUTLER BROWN IN A RAGE.

While stopping at Patterson's Creek, Va., in February, 1862, the weather was something horrible, raining daily, and the mud was ankle deep. There were many on the sick list, due to the inclement weather. One evening a heavy detail of men was called for to go out on a reconnoissance, as it was rumored that a portion of General Jackson's army

was approaching. After the detail had been made they were ordered by the Colonel, at the suggestion of Surgeon S. C. Blake, to be brought into line at the commissary's headquarters and be given a ration of quinine and whisky as a prophylactic and to tone the men up for their work in such nasty weather.

They were accordingly brought forward into line before a barrel one-third full of commissary whisky, into which had been dumped an ounce of quinine, and Hospital Steward De Normandie, provided with a gill cup, proceeded to deal out the ration. The majority of the men considered it a treat; so much so, in fact, that they took advantage of the occasion (not knowing when it would be repeated) to make it a good and satisfactory one, and many of them, eluding the vigilance of the steward, would, after getting their ration, slip around and fall into line for another one, and thus got more than they could comfortably carry. It would have been all right if the detail had started out, but before all was in readiness an order came countermanding the movement, and the men were dismissed and sent to their quarters.

A half hour had perhaps elapsed when Sutler Brown made his appearance at headquarters demanding in a very excited manner to see the Colonel. On the appearance of that officer his pent-up wrath found expression in some very forcible and emphatic language.

"Those d——d soldiers of yours have broken into my quarters and stolen all the cordials, bitters and everything else they could lay hands on, and the whole shanty is a wreck, Sir—they are all drunk as lords on the quinine and whisky that those d——d surgeons dealt out to them awhile ago; and by G—, Sir, I'm ruined!" He spluttered around at a great rate, demanding payment, and punishment of the whole lot. He was quieted down, however, with the assurance that the matter should be looked into, and the officer

of the guard was sent for and instructed to go and repair damages and arrest the riotous proceedings as well as the offenders. This was the last of the quinine and whisky ration during that campaign.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEVOTED TO NARRATIVE, INCIDENTS, AND MISCELLANY.

George Riddle's Experiences—Narrative of Martin Van Buren Peters—Narrative of William H. Howard—Emile Guntz's Prison Experience at Andersonville, Ga.—An Incident at Castle Thunder, Richmond, Told by David H. Slagle—The "Bummers" in New York City—Letter from Sergeant E. J. Thayer to Captain Snowden Relative to the Skirmish of June 16th, 1864—General Shields Gives the Band an Irish "Compliment"—Reminiscence of Surgeon S. C. Blake: Female Spies—Dr. De Normandie on Guard—The Wilmington Monument—General Grant's Terms of Surrender—The Place of Lee's Surrender—A Confederate Song—Poem, Dedicated to the Thirty-Ninth, by Mrs. Mary C. White—The Regimental Flags, and the Eagle.

GEORGE RIDDLE, COMPANY I, TELLS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

MY first night in camp, and my breakfast the next morning, somewhat disappointed me. I was taken to a tent and told that I could sleep there. They didn't even ask me if I preferred to sleep alone or with some one, but just told me that I could sleep there. So I rolled myself up in a wisp of straw and managed to pass the night quite comfortably. In the morning I heard a rattling of drums all around me and the boys all tumbled out "hollering" "Roll call! roll call!" so I rolled out too. They told me to "get in line there!" and I got into line same as the rest. Then they called "breakfast!" and I saw all the boys run, and I followed, and got around a table made out of some rough boards put on sticks driven in the ground for legs. I found a piece of fat meat on a tin plate, and a tin cup with some

black stuff in it, and a little "hunk" of bread. The boys all "pitched in!" but I thought I'd wait until breakfast was ready. I didn't see no sugar, no cream or butter—no potatoes; in fact, nothing but a little fat meat, and bread, and the little tin of what they called coffee. I still kept waiting, thinking they would soon bring on something like what us boys had been used to. By this time the "boys" had "downed" the meat and bread. They shouted out for me to "grab hold" and make myself at home. And then I did.

My first night on guard (it so happened that during our stay in Chicago I did not have to go on guard duty) came at Benton Barracks. I got along fine in the day time, but, Oh, Lord! the trouble I had that night! They gave me an old carbine that Santa Anna had in the Mexican war! and put me on a "*beat*" close to a little lot that had corn in it, and gave me the "countersign," which I never will forget; but I forgot it that night. They told me that I must keep a good "look out!" for they were looking for "Price's" whole army to come on us.

My relief was put on at twelve o'clock that night, and I had to look out for Price and the "grand rounds" both, and it kept me so busy that I forgot part of the "countersign," which was "Sangomingo." I could think of "Sango," but for my life I couldn't think of "mingo," so I walked to the other sentinel and asked him what it was. He said, "By golly! I've forgot it too!" but he said it was "mingo" something. "All right!" I said, "I've got it now—'Sangomingo!'"

It was n't long then before the "grand rounds" came. I could hear the other sentinels halt them, and my heart began to flutter. I let Price and his army go to thunder and I stuck to the "countersign" and the "grand rounds." When they came up within speaking distance I cried out, "Halt!" and they halted, and for the life of me I couldn't

think of what else to say, and they still halted! I thought I must say something, so I says "Come on with your grand rounds!" and they came up, and I saw it was Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn and Dr. Clark; and the Colonel says, "Soldier! don't you know the duties of a sentinel?" "Yes, sir," says I. "Well, I don't think you do," says he; "and I'll report you to your company commander." This kind of frustrated me, for I thought I had halted them all right—just as good as a soldier of 1812.

Soon after I heard a noise in the cornfield near by, and thinks I, Price and his men are coming! I listened closely, and felt sure I could hear them, and cocked the old carbine to be ready; but they *never* came. But I'll tell you, if they had come, I would have cleaned them out right then and there and gone to camp faster than a bank cashier going to Canada.

The first time I was drawn up in line of battle and ordered to "load at will," I would much rather have taken the time and came home to load, for I was somewhat scared. My heart got between my teeth and I couldn't bite my cartridge, so I finally got it torn off; and the trouble was then to hit the gun-barrrel with the cartridge, for the muzzle of the gun wasn't half large enough. If it had been as large as an iron kettle, I don't think I could have got my cartridge in it; but I finally got her loaded, but had a hard time returning the rammer. You may think I was *scared!* but I got 'er there all the same, Eli!

. The first time we were called upon to charge a battery was at Winchester, Va., or at least I thought we were going to charge, and I made my preparations accordingly. As you all remember, we were on the left, and the rebels had their battery off in the woods. They shelled us pretty lively. I'll tell you what I thought then, boys! At that time I had two months' pay due me, and I thought, if the Colonel was willing, I would give my two months' pay and get the other boys to

“chip” in and buy the “dumb’d” battery and have no fuss about it. But as good luck would have it, the battery pulled off and left just as they heard the Thirteenth Indiana “holler,” and I felt considerably better.

Now I will tell you how I bought “applejack” without money.

While we were at Suffolk, Va., our company was ordered out on the railroad towards Blackwater, and when we got out some distance they wanted a “darkey” to stop at a wood-pile and saw wood for the engine. I was left to guard him. I set him to work, and we did finely for awhile, until I wanted him to go with me out into the country to see if we couldn’t get something to eat and drink. But the darkey said he was afraid. Said he, “Ef dey eber git holt of dis chile, dey wud kill ’em, sure!” He was afraid to go and afraid to stay alone, so for awhile I didn’t know what to do. There was two big “ricks” of wood, so I told him to lie down and I would pile wood around him, and he would be safe until I came back. So I left the nigger well covered with wood, and struck out for the country. I soon found a farm-house and a little “distill” house, run by a “Johnny.” I asked the old man if he had any “applejack” to SELL! He said he had. So I asked him if I could *buy* a canteen full, if I would pay for it. He said I could. I asked him what he would take to fill my canteen. He said “One dollar.” I asked him what kind of money he would rather have—“greenbacks” or Southern Confederacy. He said he couldn’t read, and didn’t know anything about “greenbacks,” and would rather have Confederate money. I had neither kind, and yet felt like doing the fair thing by the “Johnny”—and, you know, I didn’t want the “applejack” for myself, either.

As luck would have it, I had a label in my pocketbook that I had taken from a bottle of “Plantation bitters,” which looked very much like a five-dollar bill of Confederate

money. I asked him if he could change a five-dollar bill. He said he could. So I gave him the label, and he gave me back four dollars in silver and the canteen full of applejack, and I went back, both feeling entirely satisfied.

As for bravery, I can't say that I have ever done anything to brag on. I always did my duty when called on, and was always with the regiment. I was never on the "sick-list," and never missed guard duty, or a *meal* if I could get it. If there was any fun in camp I had my share of it.

There is one thing I do feel proud over, and always shall, and that was carrying Captain Sam. Gilmore off the field at Drury's Bluff on the 16th of May, 1864, when he was wounded. When we started to leave the works, I was with him alone, but soon came across comrade Asa Wren. He helped me a short distance. We put the Captain astride of my gun, and then put the gun on our shoulders, the Captain holding around my neck. We carried him some distance in this way until Wren gave out. I then took the Captain on my shoulder, and had carried him a short distance when I saw the rebel cavalry gaining on me, and also saw a number of our cavalry about the same distance away from me that the rebels were. I told the Captain that I couldn't carry him any further. He said, "Oh, God! George, don't leave me!" I told him that I would save him, and laid him down and started for our cavalry, and fortunately one of them saw me. I beckoned him to me, and placed the Captain behind him. By this time the rebels were within a short distance of us. The cavalryman asked me, "What, in the name of God, are you going to do?" I told him to take care of the Captain and I would take care of myself, and when he started I grabbed hold of the stirrup of his saddle, and I tell you, I held on for dear life until we reached the railroad, where I saw an old log lying partly up off the ground. I was "play'd out," so I threw myself down under it, panting

like a lizard. Lots of our wounded had been left there. The rebel cavalry had come up by this time. All at once I saw comrades John Berry and Jeff Everts pop up out of the brush just as the "Johnnies" came along, and the "rebs" called upon Berry to surrender or they would fire upon him. Berry was an Englishman, and as brave as a brick! He looked up at the "rebs" and told them to go to "ye—ll!" for he had been under a 'ot fire all day, 'eny 'ow; and he struck out for the brush with the rebels after him, while I crawled from behind the log and struck for the brush also. We all three came out all right, and the cavalryman brought in the Captain.

I had some pretty close calls—was knocked senseless by the explosion of a shell in front of "Wagner"; had my gun smashed in my hand at Drury's Bluff, a button shot off my coat at Hatcher's Run, and several other close calls too tedious to mention. I enlisted in Company I September 14th, 1861, and was "mustered out" September 14th, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va., which ended my career as a soldier.

NARRATIVE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN PETERS, COMPANY F.

I was thirty-one years of age when I enlisted in Company F at Chicago in August, 1861, and my first real experience in "skedaddling" from the rebels was at Alpine Station, Va., the night of the 4th of January, 1862.

I remember I had just placed a goose in the oven to bake when the order to "fall in!" came, and we hurriedly marched to the river. The ice was running and the water looked anything but inviting for a bath or anything else that cold night. The old scow-boat was already occupied by a portion of Company C, and there was no other recourse but to wade in and ford the stream. Ah, me! but it was cold! and before reaching the other side I became so chilled through that I could hardly stand. With my clothes all

dripping and stiffening on me, I made a rush for a house where some of the other boys had gathered around a red-hot stove. Before I could get a good "sniff" of the grateful warmth, some officer popped his head in at the door and says, "Out of this, boys! You are between the fire of two batteries and the house will be in splinters in less than five minutes!" We "outed," and, in fact, the shells were flying pretty thick, and we had to take a place in line behind the brick buildings on the main street running parallel with the river, where we remained until the cannonading ceased. As soon as possible we found shelter where we could dry our clothes and make some hot coffee.

My first experience in a regular "out and out" battle was at Winchester, Va., March 23d, 1862. We were on the left supporting a battery, and were there nearly all that day, Sunday. We did not have much real fighting to do, but were where we could hear and see it; and I remember that our old division had the "rebs" on the full retreat before dark.

After Fort Wagner, S. C., was evacuated, I was with the regiment when it entered the fort, and while a squad of us were sitting there eating our "hard-tack," washed down with "Uncle Sam's" mocha, a big shell came over from Fort Moultrie across the harbor and exploded over our heads, covering us with sand. Fortunately no one was hurt, and the "hard-tack" tasted as well as ever after the seasoning of dirt.

During the siege of Fort Sumter I was on detached service as coxswain of a boat on picket duty at night, and we pulled up so near that we could hear the sentinels talk. Towards morning the boat-guard neglected to lift the anchor as the tide went out, and the result was that we got stuck fast in the mud. It was near morning, and I ordered the men to lie flat in the boat, and there remained until the tide came in again to release us. We were within rifle range of

the fort, but were not noticed. When the boat floated once more, we drifted out of range and then took the oars and got back all right.

I re-enlisted at Hilton Head and went back home on "veteran furlough."

I was in that terrible battle at Drury's Bluff, Va., where so many of our regiment were killed and wounded. I was also on the skirmish line at Bermuda Hundred, Va., where stumps and trees were in good demand. Some minie balls had whistled very close to me, when a comrade sung out, "Don't you see that 'reb' shooting at you?" "No!" said I; "where?" and just then along came another, and it struck a small sapling close by and went so near through it as to bulge the bark on the opposite side. I saw the smoke of the gun that fired it, then saw the motion of the sharpshooter's hands in reloading, and I slid down on one knee with my gun all ready; in a moment I saw his head appear from behind his tree; then his neck and breast; he was looking for me, and I had changed position. Then I let him have the contents of my gun; but whether I hit him or not, he did not trouble me any more.

Ere long, as I was loading, a shot came from another direction, the bullet striking me at the outside corner of my left eye, tearing the flesh away and chipping the bone. It turned me partly around. I did not know what had struck me at first—thought my comrade had struck me, and asked him what he did it for. "I didn't strike you!" he said; "you're wounded, man!" and by this time I began to think so, too, as the blood was streaming down my face in a rivulet. It was a close call. I was soon all right again, however.

In October, 1864, I was transferred to Company F, Eleventh Regiment of the Invalid Corps, and assisted in guarding the assassins of our noble President.

NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM H. HOWARD, COMPANY G.

I enlisted at the age of nineteen years in Chicago, together with some nine others, mostly schoolmates, August 14th, 1861. We went into Company G, Captain William B. Slaughter.

Among the many reminiscences of my soldier life the following may be of some interest to the comrades.

I was once arrested by order of Brigadier-General Vogdes, commanding on Folly Island, S. C., in June, 1863. He charged me with being in company with a suspicious character dressed in a *red shirt*. I was taken before the General, who wanted to know *who* the man was. I told him that I had not been in company with any man wearing a red shirt. "O, yes, you were. I saw him with my own eyes, and can't be mistaken. We have to look out for spies on this island, and no doubt he was one, and you must tell me all about him." I told the General that he was mistaken; that I was in company with my comrade, H. D. Pond, and going from the post hospital to our company quarters, and had seen no man with a red shirt at all. "Well," said he, "you shall go to the guard-house and be kept there until you can remember who that man was." And I was marched off. The guard, however, instead of taking me to the guard-house, took me to his own company quarters (Company D), where I was made comfortable; for, he said, he knew that I was not guilty of the charge.

Meantime a lot of soldiers had been ordered to carefully search the island for the man, but they never found the myth. The fact was, General Vogdes was "color blind"—couldn't tell blue from red sometimes, and this was the cause of my arrest. I was never brought up for trial, but remained for many days at Company D's quarters. My Captain endeavored to get my release but failed, and finally he went to the post-surgeon, Dr. C. M. Clark, who said that

he would see what he could do. He asked for my detail as a nurse in the hospital, and succeeded in thus getting my release.

On the night of April 1st, 1865, after our regiment had reached the left of the line in front of Petersburg, I lay down for a little rest; but soon there came an order for me to report to General Terry, and he sent me out through our lines to locate the enemy's batteries and to ascertain the nature of the ground in our front. I was sent out without arms, and if possible I was to get inside the rebel lines and find out what I could; and if captured, to play the part of a deserter. I started out, and had proceeded some distance when I was shot at while crossing a little stream on a log. I soon found out that I could not get through, and returned at three o'clock in the morning and reported to General Terry the position of the rebel batteries to our left and right, and what other facts I had gathered.

We were in line at four o'clock for an assault, but at seven o'clock we were ordered to the right again, where we made preparations to assault Fort Gregg. While we were standing in line in the advance of the assaulting column I asked Captain Plimpton, commanding the regiment, to let me advance as a sharpshooter. He at first declined, but finally said that I might go. I advanced about half way to the fort to a good sheltered position, and made several pretty fair shots at the rebel gunners. When the command to "charge" was given, I started to the left oblique for a trench that ran out from the fort, but before I reached it there was some terribly hot work going on. I could see our "boys" falling thick and fast. After reaching the trench I noticed a rebel officer with his hat in one hand and sword in the other, advancing from the rear to get into Fort Gregg. Two of Company D's boys who were with me fired at him, but missed. I then jumped out of the ditch near the stockade and took aim at the officer's belt-plate, fired, and the

officer fell dead. As I rose up to get back to the ditch I was struck in the neck by a rifle-ball and knocked down, but it was a nearly-spent ball and did no great damage.

After the fort had been taken I went out where the dead officer lay and took his spurs and a pair of sleeve-buttons, also some Confederate money. Some soldier from another regiment took his sword, which was a beauty. This officer, I have good reason to believe, was General A. P. Hill.

April 3d, as we were about starting out after Lee's army, the Adjutant of the regiment rode up and, calling upon me to advance, informed me that I had been promoted to Corporal, and ordered that I should take my place in the color-guard. On our arrival at Manchester, Va., I was given our State flag to carry, and I carried it from that time until the final "muster out" at Springfield, Ill.

I received a shell wound in the arm, near Fort Wagner, S. C., but nothing very serious. At Norfolk, Va., when on duty with six others under Sergeant J. R. Ward, at about nine o'clock P.M., I was attacked by a negro who stabbed me with a knife near the heart. The wound was thought to be mortal, but with good care and nursing I recovered. My present residence is Sterling, Ill., where I hold the position of police constable.

NARRATIVE OF EMILE GUNTZ, FIRST SERGEANT COMPANY K.

At the outbreak of the war I was seventeen years old, and was at that time a photographer. I think a great many of the boys will remember my taking their tin-types on Folly and Morris islands. At the first call for men I enlisted in Company B, Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, for three months. We were sent to Cairo, without uniforms or guns, to stop steamboats running the blockade. From there we were sent to guard a railroad bridge at Big Muddy, with

clubs. We had a rough time of it, on the start, and when our three months were nearly up we were sent to Springfield, where we received our uniforms. There they wanted us to enlist for three years, but I thought I had had enough of it, so I was discharged, and went back to Chicago with my mind made up never to enlist again. But I soon got tired of staying at home after seeing so many of my friends leave for the war, so I made up my mind to enlist again, and joined the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Company K. They then had a recruiting office on the corner of Clark and Monroe streets, and the few that were there boarded at the Briggs House. "High-toned" for recruits!

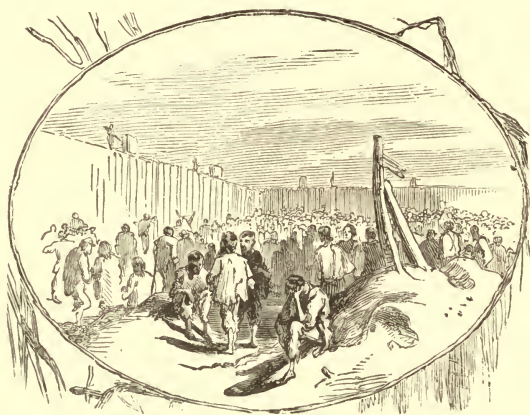
After the companies kept coming in we took up our quarters at the old Wigwam, where our noble Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. From there we went to Camp Mather; then to St. Louis, where we received our guns—that is, old muskets.

I served my three years, when the call came for us to enlist as veterans, and I was one of the first to put down my name for three years more, or during the war. I was with the regiment wherever it went, until I was captured at the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, 1864. That was the time my hardships commenced. We were in retreat at the time, and got onto the railroad track, when we saw a lot of cavalry coming toward us and thought they were our men, but we got badly fooled. The first thing we knew we were ordered to throw down our guns, "You Yankee sons of b—." We were driven like a lot of hogs on a run, with revolvers at our heads. We were taken to Macon, Ga., and there robbed of all we possessed, they telling us that they would return everything in a few days, when we would be paroled; but that day has never come. Stayed there a few days and were then taken to Savannah, Ga., and put in a bull pen—hardly enough room to stand in; no shelter of any kind and nothing to eat for twenty-four hours; and when we did get

anything it was a pint of cornmeal and about two ounces of bacon.

We stayed there about two weeks, when we received orders to get ready—that we were going to be exchanged; and oh! weren't we happy! A happier lot of men you never saw. But we were to be disappointed. We were put on board a train of cattle and open cars, packed in like so many hogs, and away we went, not to our lines, but to that hell-hole, Andersonville, the most God-forsaken place that men were ever put in—not fit for cattle.

I don't think there is any use of my giving a detailed



THE PRISON PEN AT ANDERSONVILLE.

account of our hardships and sufferings while there, for I imagine there is not a person in the United States who has not heard of or read about it. I might fill a book twice as large as this one.

At one time we received the news that Sherman was coming to set us free. Then they moved us to Millen, and in going there the train ran off the track and I was thrown out of the car and received a severe bruise on my shoulder that I feel to this day. We were then taken back to

Andersonville, when Wirtz said it was a pity that it had not killed all of us "Yankee sons of b—." After that we received hardly anything to eat except about half a pint of cornmeal a day, and not fit for hogs to eat.

I don't see how any of us ever lived to get out of there. Many of our brave soldiers were left there. We used to quarrel to get a chance to carry out one of our dead comrades, so that we could get a little wood to cook our cornmeal.

At last we received notice that we were going to be exchanged. We were taken to Savannah again, where we found out that instead of being exchanged they were going to take us to Mobile, Ala., excepting those who could not move any further, and these were to be paroled, and I managed to get among them. We were put on board and taken out to where "Uncle Sam" was waiting for us, and that was the happiest moment of my life, when I saw the old Stars and Stripes once more.

I think that is where our Government made a great mistake—letting our soldiers starve in those Rebel Hells. They might just as well have exchanged us, and I don't think it would have helped the Confederacy any. Wirtz made his brags that he could do more for the cause by killing our men in prisons than they could in battle.

I was, in all, at prison nine months, and it seemed to me so many years. I don't see how anybody who went through those rebel prisons can ever forget. I never will, for I lost part of my hearing, and my eye-sight has been very poor since, and is getting worse, all from exposure when there.

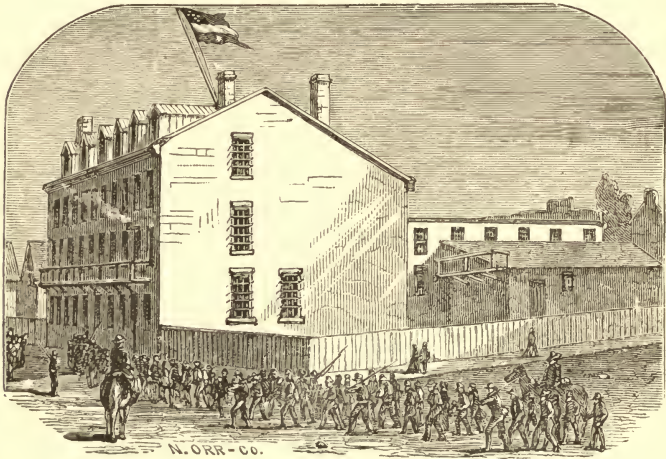
We then received a furlough to go home, and in about three months I joined the regiment again, when I went through all the hardships with them, until we were mustered out at Springfield, Ill., in 1865.

AN INCIDENT AT CASTLE THUNDER PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.

BY SERGEANT SLAGLE.

During the latter part of the war, soldiers were unfortunate who happened to be taken prisoner, especially if wounded. As he is hustled from the battle-field he pictures his doom of several months in the prison pens, and how he will fare with a bad wound.

Your attention is called to my observation of the successful scheme of a Pennsylvania soldier who planned to



CASTLE THUNDER PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.

get away from Castle Thunder—myself being among our wounded and captured at Darbytown Cross-Roads. A few hours after, we were landed in this notorious bastille. It so happened at that time, the Confederates were massing a boat-load of Union prisoners at this prison preparatory to sending them down the James river to near City Point, to meet Colonel Mulford's exchange boat, who would return a corresponding number of Confederates, the boats meeting under a flag of truce. This particular boat-load of prisoners was to be the last during the fall of 1864. Union prisoners

eligible to be included in this batch for exchange had to be badly wounded, or so reduced from sickness that they would hardly last till the exchange boats swapped prisoners—or, to be more explicit, all the Union soldiers placed on this exchange-roll had to be carried aboard on a stretcher, unless, minus a limb, they could use crutches.

We had been in this prison from the 13th till the 20th, when the rolls were completed for exchange. These four hundred for exchange had occupied the four floors of the building. During this time, on the first floor at least fifteen had died. On each floor the Confederates had a detail of four or five able-bodied Union soldiers to act as nurses for the sick and wounded. These nurses were not included on the roll for exchange. I must state these nurses were very kind and attentive, and did the best they could for our men, considering they had but very little to do with. One of these nurses dropped on a plan to get away in this manner:

On the night of October 20th was to commence the transfer of the sick and wounded prisoners from Castle Thunder to the boat to go down the river. The rolls had been called two or three times during the afternoon. Just before night, on a cot near me was a Pennsylvania soldier (I cannot now recall the name) who was delirious, and about ready to answer the roll-call from on high. Presently he pulled his remnant of blanket over his head—and died. Those around him could not tell just the time, within an hour, when he passed away. Shortly after, one of the able-bodied nurses came around and raised the blanket and discovered the lifeless form. No one around recollected his name, although they had heard him, but a short time before, answer to it when the exchange-roll was called. The nurse then examined his memorandum-book and found his name; he then took possession of the contents of deceased man's pockets, requesting those near by to keep quiet. He then covered the man over with the blanket, and went away.

Shortly the hospital steward came around. This nurse returned, and, in an innocent way, discovered the dead man—the steward could not learn his name. The remains were, by steward's order, removed to dead-house and given a number as one of the "unknown."

Just after dark this nurse came and laid down on the cot lately occupied by dead man, and covered up his head. About midnight the transfer commenced. The officer would call a name; they would answer "Here!" "Are you able to walk?" "No." "Send him a stretcher." Then the nurses would place the soldier on the stretcher and carry him out to the ambulance. After awhile they reached the name of the dead soldier that occupied this cot. The name was called; the nurse made a faint reply, "Here!" "Are you able to walk?" "No." "Send him a stretcher."

They lifted the form on the stretcher. He was "not as light as the usual loads," they remarked, as they lugged him away; "this fellow has not fallen away much! Guess we had better leave him till he gets thinner!" But they did not happen to detect the game, and placed him in the ambulance. When I was taken on the boat I happened to be placed by the side of this nurse, and when they carried him off to the Union boat the same remarks were made about him being so heavy. Just as soon as the boats separated—the Union boat returning down the James, and the Confederate up towards Richmond with a load of able-bodied men in return for our lot of invalids, there was one of our number that very suddenly bounded on his feet and turned a hand-spring—to the delight of those interested in the successful scheme of escape.

The nurse now declared that as soon as he could obtain a furlough, he would go to the family of the deceased prisoner and deliver to them the articles taken from the body, and also give them the number he was buried under. You may judge how happy this fellow was to get away from prison.

NEW YORK STRAGGLERS.

In January, 1863, after the regiment had re-enlisted as veterans, they left Hilton Head, South Carolina, for Illinois, to spend their thirty days' furlough. They came by sea to New York city. Every man had four or five hundred dollars, and was prepared to have a good time. The regiment came up to New York on two different boats—one battalion reaching New York twenty-four hours in advance of the other. This gave them an opportunity to take in the New York sights. After leaving New York city, when roll was called to take cars for Chicago at Jersey City, there were fourteen men missing. They were back in the city. The list was as follows: Sibert, Smith, Company A; Shaffer, Jenkins, Griffith and Rairey, Company C; Root, Swabbs, Company D; Sergeant Hanson, Company E; Bailey, Lochren, Company F; Cohlín, Company H; Carr, Company I; Alex. Cordell, Company K, and one from Company B.

Colonel Mann detailed Sergeant Slagle, of Company K, to return and hunt up and bring on these stragglers in a great city. The Sergeant was introduced to Mr. C. H. Vaness, of 240 Broadway, who would assist him in getting the transportation to Chicago. He then found out from each company where these men were last seen, and returned to the city. Inside of an hour and a half he succeeded in finding all. The man from Company B got away, and stayed for some time after.

These men were loud ones, and with plenty of money were bent on having a good time, and did; but many of this number were good soldiers, and lost their lives during the battles of the following summer. All were "painting the city red." One had rooms at the Astor House; another at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They were a jolly and loud set as they were escorted down to the ferry by a squad of Broadway police. When they boarded the train for Chicago

they took a car for themselves, had big times, reaching Chicago in good shape in advance of the regiment.

"Sellick's Brigade," "Christ," "Deacon," "Preacher," "Grubby," "Pretty," "Motsey," "The Brute," "The Longest Corporal," "Old Scullion," "Happy Jack," "Uncle Hubbard," were characters in Company K. All except one or two were good soldiers. "Sellick's Brigade" did not gain much of a record. One time he got into trouble for making a suggestion to Colonel Light, at Indianapolis, when *en route* for the East. Cars were limited to two on a seat, and no chance to do better. Colonel Light was passing through the cars and placing the men, seeing that there were no reserved seats, when "Sellick," in an officious way, said to him, "*Colonel, damn it, if you will put the fire out of the stove, you can seat two men on the stove!*" The Colonel had Mr. Sellick placed under arrest, and a man to guard him, and made room for two without disturbing the stove.

THE SKIRMISH OF JUNE 16TH.

LETTER FROM SERGEANT E. J. THAYER TO CAPTAIN GEORGE O. SNOWDEN.

CAMP THIRTY-NINTH ILLINOIS, *June 18th, 1864.*

Dear Captain: Your letter of the 14th found me on the picket line yesterday. I was very glad to hear from you and that you were doing so well, and that the rest of the officers were doing finely. Remember me to the Major and tell him our boys are paying the "rebs" for damage done, and we think have some the start. Day before yesterday the "rebs" abandoned our front, so the picket reported at midnight; by eight o'clock they had advanced to their big forts in Howlett's field and found all gone. Got thirty or forty prisoners, some muskets, etc. The troops were speedily put under arms and marched to the front. Our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and from the forts to the pike had the extreme front. Saw no "rebs," however, save about one hundred that gave themselves up. As soon as we struck the pike the pioneers pitched into the telegraph wire and before we left had cut three miles, removing the wire and burying it. A couple of regiments also went to the railroad and tore up a mile or so of track, warping the rails with fire. As soon as we were on the pike we moved by the right flank about three-quarters of a mile to that house,

where we lay in line of battle across the road the evening of the 16th ult. On the other side of the field was plenty of "rebs." We held them as long as we could and then fell back slowly to the first line of rebel pits. The Third New Hampshire were on our right. Captain Rudd got an ugly wound in the rear of the picket line. From there we went back to camp and got supper, and then out on picket. After we left, the "rebs" drove our forces from the fort and our advance was in that ditch we dug the 20th. The "rebs" had filled them up, but as soon as we were posted I took some men and went to camp, got a lot of shovels, and opened them again.

All was quiet until three a.m., when the murmur of voices told us that "Johnny Reb" was getting ready for a spree. As soon as it was light enough to see, the videttes reported two lines of "rebs" in our front, covering a fatigue party building an abattis. We hauled in the videttes and opened out heavy on them about three hundred yards distant. They gave us a volley or two and then broke for their pits. Then all day there was the devil to pay. If you didn't want to be shot at, keep out of sight. About two o'clock they made a break on the Seventh New Hampshire in about the place they came on us on the 2d, and sent them back kiting. Opened the Eighty-Fifth flank and they fell back and that left us open. A, B and part of K were on the reserve. Captain Williams was in command of the picket line and Baker of the whole. Williams was at the reserve when the fuss commenced, and John found himself the only officer in the three left companies. Not thinking it prudent to let them get too far to the left and rear of us, he ordered a retreat, and we fell back to what used to be the "rebs" advance pits. Taking the shovel again, we soon reversed them, and with our reserves made a good line of battle. Company I and the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts kept their position on the old line, and Companies F, G and K were deployed as skirmishers to protect their flank.

In this position we lay until night, when we again took our pits as far as where that road crosses the pits to the right of where we were on the 2d, and Company B was put out on our flank as skirmishers and at right angles with our line. H did not come up, so D was the left of the line. We had not been there more than five minutes when they opened a fire from a line of battle on our flank and at the same time from the front. B left us in no time, and D, E, I and F moved by the right flank until we found ourselves in line of battle; then I broke round about half of D for flankers. As I was going to the left of the line a shell passed and exploded right by my head, knocking me on my hands and knees. I thought I was hit, but not finding any blood I did not mind it until the fuss was over, when I found I was stunned and hurt a good deal. I was sick when I went from camp, and the hard work on the skirmish and digging pits, the excitement and shell, quite laid me up, so after all was quiet and no prospect of a relief I came to camp about midnight. The company had not lost any at noon to-day, and about fifteen or twenty in the regiment. Two or three killed; one in K, and Sergeant Harris of Company A.

The Sixth, Second and Fifth Corps are here, and I expect that they will charge the "rebs" to-night, or at least relieve our boys, who have now been on picket forty-eight hours, and that after a big day's work in skirmishing through the most infernal hot hole on a hot day. General Terry, when we deployed, ordered us to fix our bayonets. Wan't that smart? Godfrey was on vidette on the pike, and seeing two "Johnnies" advanced alone and ordered them to throw down their arms and surrender, which they did, but felt rather cheap when they saw only one little "Yank" to yank them in. Our company took four.

Rumor says that we have twenty-five pieces of cannon at headquarters captured at Petersburg yesterday and day before. They have been on a big fight there for two days now. I have commenced on our rolls.

Hoping you may be soon with us, I am, with respect,

Yours truly, E. J. THAYER.

GENERAL SHIELDS GIVES THE BAND AN IRISH "COMPLIMENT."

The second day's march out from Front Royal, Va., was fearfully rainy; water literally tumbled from the clouds during the day and until about the time the division filed into a large field of stout timothy for bivouac. The "dog tents" were soon spread and occupied by a tired lot of bedraggled soldiers. General Shields and staff took shelter in an inviting farm-house near by our camp. His host proved to be a jolly old Scotchman whose sideboard was overflowing with ancient apple-jack. Was it necessary to inform an Irish veteran of two wars that this was a sure cure for all the ills that a drenching day could engender? The General drank himself *dry*, and with this drouth came the thirst for music.

At nine o'clock at night Colonel Osborn was aroused by an "aid" from Shields who sent his compliments and a request that he would report with his band for some music. For a moment Colonel Osborn hesitated. The band men were tired and probably sound asleep, but this was a request from the Division commander and brought to him by a staff officer. It must be granted if possible. The Colonel found

his way to the quarters of the musicians and heard no noise save the stertor of the nose. The request is made, however, in eloquent terms, and soon the weary band is regaling the old Scotchman and his Irish military friend with choice music.

General Shields in time made his appearance, and at the close of a short rambling speech he told the band that they could return to their quarters, assuring them that he expected soon to hear them "play *much better music* than you have given to-night, in the fallen city of Richmond."

Leader Lace, like most musicians, was exceedingly sensitive. He had a good band, and a choice selection of music, and knew it. It was difficult for him, therefore, to pass lightly by the reflection the General had carelessly cast upon them, and on his return he was exceedingly wroth and showered words of no very elegant prose on Shields. Hoping to soothe and calm his perturbed spirit one of the officers assured him that it was but a little "Irish bull" that the General had given him, and that he must so consider it. "No little Irish bull about it!" retorted Lace. "It is a full-grown jackass!"

REMINISCENCES OF SURGEON S. C. BLAKE.

FEMALE SPIES.

When the regiment arrived at Williamsport, Md., two female spies came into the camp and asked to see the commander of the post. These women were sisters. One of them was a single woman and the other was a widow. From their appearance, they had been exposed to severe weather, and had been on a hard tramp. They had also evidently been camping in the woods, as their clothes were soiled and badly torn, and they looked as if they had had no opportunity to wash their faces and hands for a number of days. These women claimed to be Union spies, and told our com-

mander that they had important information to impart in reference to the strength, condition, and position of the enemy on the other side of the river in Virginia. It turned out that the women were what they represented themselves to be. We found out that they were sisters, born and reared in Martinsburg, Va., but had been faithful to the Union and loyal to their country, and were ready to sacrifice even their lives for its preservation. The oldest sister, some few weeks after they came to us, while making a visit to the enemy's camp, was arrested and tried as a spy, but was so ably defended by a Confederate officer, a companion and friend, from childhood, of the brave and loyal women, and who was also a very able lawyer, that she escaped punishment.

These were remarkable women—intelligent, brave, and loyal to the cause of the Union. They had been loyal to the Nation from the commencement of its trouble, and did not fail to make known their patriotism to their neighbors. As soon as the war commenced these patriotic women placed the National flag over their front door, and would not allow it to be taken down, although it was often undertaken; but the brave women defended it, saying they would defend it with their lives; and although a military guard was placed at their house and kept there until our army entered Martinsburg, the guard allowed it to remain rather than have a fight with women. So all persons who entered their house had to pass under the United States flag.

For some weeks before our army entered Martinsburg we had missed the return of our fair spies, and had come to the conclusion that they had been arrested and perhaps executed, but we found them safe and ready with a warm welcome for us. They had been so perfectly guarded since the trial of one of them for being a spy that they could not come to us.

It so happened that the lady who was tried for being a spy had an opportunity to show her gratitude to her Con-

federate friend who so ably and gallantly defended her. When our regiment entered Martinsburg this friend, who was a Major in the Confederate army, was captured with a friend who was a surgeon in that army. When Major Munn and Surgeon S. C. Blake arrived at Martinsburg these ladies besought them to use their influence with the commanding officer of the place to secure a parole for these officers, who were then occupying a cell in the county jail. In consideration of the services rendered by the gallant Major in behalf of our loyal friend, which no one else would undertake for her, Munn and Blake gladly used their offices to secure their parole, and succeeded, to the delight of all, especially the lady whose life had been saved by the Major's earnest efforts.

These brave and patriotic women should certainly have a prominent place in the history of our country.

DR. DE NORMANDIE ON GUARD.

The following incident will show how little true conception our volunteer army had of the discipline and rigid enforcement of army regulations necessary for efficient and effective service in actual warfare. Soon after we arrived at Williamsport, Md., an extensive epidemic of measles broke out in our regiment. About five hundred members of the regiment had the disease,—most of them, however, in a mild form; and as it was mild and very pleasant weather, only about ninety were obliged to be taken care of in the hospital.

Of course there was no regular hospital in a small village like Williamsport, consequently Surgeon Blake was obliged to extemporize a hospital. The ninety patients in this hospital were very sick and caused the attending surgeons a great deal of anxiety. Among others, Company A had quite a number of very sick members. Captain Munn,

of this Company, afterwards Major of the regiment, was very solicitous about his men, and anxious that they should have the best of care. He, like many other officers, had recruited his company from among his neighbors and acquaintances, and was prompted by his warm heart and patriotic zeal to promise the wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the recruits that he would see that they were well taken care of, and especially when they were sick or wounded; and now it seemed to these officers the time had come for the fulfillment of these promises.

Surgeons Blake and Clark fully appreciated the responsibility so suddenly thrown upon them, and were obliged to make very stringent rules for the government of the hospital, and in order to prevent interference with their duties, Surgeon Blake issued an order that no one should visit the hospital unless having a pass either from the Surgeon or Assistant Surgeon. As soon as these officers learned this fact they were very angry, and boldly announced that no d—d surgeons were going to interfere with their looking after their men, and that they would soon convince these surgeons that they would visit the hospital when they pleased.

Consequently a number of officers, headed by Captain Munn, in a very determined and boisterous manner started for the hospital. Upon arriving at the door of the hospital they were halted by a guard, who of course had not seen much real service, and as his superior officers demanded to pass, the guard was trying to persuade them to desist and first get a pass; but Captain Munn told the guard that he would give him to understand, and also Surgeon Blake, that no d—d surgeon could keep them from visiting their men when they pleased. De Normandie, who was then hospital steward, hearing the noise at the door of the hospital went to ascertain what the trouble was, and Captain Munn informed him; the Doctor, taking up his new Springfield rifle and

stepping back a few feet, placed the gun to his shoulder, saying,

“Captain Munn, you are my friend and the captain of my company, and you ought to know better than to attempt to force a guard; and I can assure you that unless you have a pass from one of the surgeons you cannot enter this hospital, and if you attempt it I will put a bullet through your body or the body of anybody else who attempts it.”

Captain Munn afterwards said that the “old Doc,” as he called him, showed by his eye that he meant business. These officers, now more enraged than ever, started for the headquarters of the commander of the regiment, Colonel T. O. Osborn. As it happened, Colonel Osborn, with the Colonel of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, and other officers, was visiting Surgeon Blake at his quarters, and while pleasantly conversing about affairs of the command in rushed Captain Munn with his fellow officers, and in great excitement began to abuse the surgeons and especially Surgeon Blake, telling the Colonel what an outrage had been committed towards himself and comrades. To the great chagrin of both Captain Munn and his comrades, the Colonel coolly informed them that he had no control over the medical department of the regiment, and advised them to go to their quarters and look at the army regulations, and see what sort of a position they had placed themselves in.

On the next morning after this episode, as Surgeon Blake was sitting on the front porch of his quarters, he saw coming down the street a little squad of officers, but they looked very meek and were apparently in very earnest conversation about some serious affair. When they saw the Surgeon, Captain Munn called him one side, and in a most anxious manner asked him what he was going to do about the affair of last night. The Surgeon, with an apparently offended air, very coolly said to the Captain that he had not yet determined what he would do about it. Whereupon the

Captain in an excited manner replied that he had heard that the Surgeon intended to have them all court-martialed; and then in a most imploring way, said:

“Blake, do you know that if you call a court-martial we shall all be shot? The regulations say that to attempt to force a guard while in active service shall be punished by death! For God’s sake, let’s settle the matter. We made d—d fools of ourselves, and will assure you that we will never be guilty of such foolishness again.”

Surgeon Blake, after keeping them on the anxious-seat for a few days, never had occasion to mention the matter again. This incident did more to establish discipline in the regiment than anything that ever happened to it.

It is gratifying to be able to state that every man who was sick at that time recovered, and that this severe attack of sickness thoroughly established the surgeons in the confidence of the entire regiment, which was never lost during the war.

THE WILMINGTON MONUMENT.

The modest white shaft, but one foot square at its base and six feet in height, which marks the burial place of Adjutant Joseph D. Walker at Oakwoods Cemetery, Wilmington, Ill., is also the cenotaph whereon is recorded the names of many comrades who fell in battle or died of wounds and disease from Companies A and E of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry. It is located in a beautiful spot on the bluff of the east branch of the majestic Kankakee river, within one hundred and fifty feet of the tranquil water, which is only disturbed by the occasional passing of a canal steamer, or ruffled by the storm-winds that whistle a requiem over the graves of fifty or more martyrs representing various commands in the great “War of the Rebellion.” It is laden with flowers annually, and

often visited by the friends of those whose names are modestly chiselled in the snow-white marble.

On the front or east-side surface of the shaft are the names of—

ADJUTANT JOSEPH D. WALKER.
 LIEUTENANT JOSEPH W. RICHARDSON, COMPANY A.
 LIEUTENANT JOHN CONLEY, COMPANY E.

On the south front is inscribed the names of—

SERGEANT DAVID M. HANSON.
 SERGEANT GEORGE W. BURTON.
 ALEXANDER GRAY.
 ALMON MERRILL.
 THOMAS STEWART.
 WALTER VAN DEBOGART.
 JAMES McMASTER.
 ALL OF COMPANY E.

While on the north surface of the shaft appear the following names :

SERGEANT GEORGE W. YATES.
 WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD.
 IRA NICHOLS.
 ANDREW SEYBERT.
 GEORGE LYONS.
 HENRY STARKWEATHER.
 JOSEPH CARTER.
 HUGH ROURKE.
 ALL OF COMPANY A.

And the name of MAJOR S. W. MUNN, who organized Company A, will be added before the regimental re-union of 1889.

TERMS OF SURRENDER:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9th. 1865.

General Robert E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

General:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms; to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate—one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate

The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged, and each Company or Regimental Commander to sign a like parole for the men of their command. The arms, artillery and public property, to be packed and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses, or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authorities so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very Respectfully,

(Signed) U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-General.*

Official:

E. S. PARKER, *Lieut.-Col. and A. A. A. G.*

THE PLACE OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

[*From Old and New for August.*]

It has been popularly reported that the first interview between the two commanders took place under an apple-tree, which has consequently been crowned with historic associations. This is false. The fact is that on the morning of the 9th of April, General Lee, with a single member of his staff, was resting under an apple-tree, when Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff, came up under a flag of truce, saying that if General Lee remained where he was, General Grant would come to him by the road the latter was then pursuing. This was the only interview under or near the apple-tree; and it may be mentioned here, that the following day Colonel Marshall, who attended General Lee on the occasion, was surprised to find Federal soldiers hacking at the tree, and was amused at their idea of obtaining from it mementoes of the surrender. Obtaining news of Grant's approach, General Lee at once ordered Colonel Marshall to find a fit and convenient house for the interview. Colonel Marshall applied to the first citizen he met, Mr. Wilmer McLean, and was directed to a house vacant and dismantled. He refused to use it; and Mr. McLean then offered to conduct him and the General to his own residence, a comfortable frame house,

with a long portico and convenient "sitting room," furnished after the bare style of the times. The house was about half a mile distant from General Lee's camp. The Confederate commander was attended only by one of his aids, Colonel Marshall, a youthful, boyish-looking scion of the old and illustrious Marshall family of Virginia, who had been the constant companion of General Lee in his campaigns, and, as his private secretary, had done good literary service in the preparation of reports of battles, etc., which are now historical. With Grant, there were several of his staff-officers, and a number of Federal Generals, including Ord and Sheridan, entered the room, and joined in the slight general conversation that took place there. The interview opened without the least ceremony. The story has been frequently repeated, that General Lee tendered his sword, and that General Grant returned it with a complimentary remark. There was no such absurdity. General Lee wore his sword (which was not his usual habit); and, on the exchange of salutations, General Grant remarked, "I must apologize, General, for not wearing my sword; it had gone off in my baggage when I received your note." General Lee bowed, and at once, and without further conversation, asked that General Grant would state, in writing if he preferred it, the terms on which he would receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Grant complied by sitting down at a table in the room, and writing with a common lead-pencil the note so well remembered.

CONFEDERATE SONG COMMEMORATING THE FIRST BULL RUN
BATTLE, JULY 21ST, 1861.

THE NEW "WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

TUNE—"Wait for the Wagon."

ABE came unto Manassas,
With all his gas and pride,
Resolving, when he'd gained the day,
To take a jolly ride!
But Johnson he drove hard and fast,
Jeff. Davis held the reins,
While Beauregard and Jackson
Rushed on with might and main.

Chorus: Abe came in his wagon,
Scott came in his wagon,
Wilson came in his wagon,
To take a jolly ride.

Valiant "Fuss and feathers,"
And many more beside,
In the Confed'rate wagon swore
They'd all take a ride.
A goodly number of the "Rump."
With many Ladies (??) fair,
To feast upon the "picnic,"
And take a ride, were there.

Chorus: Greeley waited for the wagon,
Seward waited for the wagon,
Riddle waited for the wagon,
All bent upon a ride.

They couldn't stand the rifles
Of the "Old Dominion" boys;
Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee,
For Abe made too much noise:
They sloped, and made for Jericho,
Like mules in a stampede—
John Gilpin's famous birth-day race
Fell short on them for speed.

Chorus: They shrieked aloud for wagons—
For any sort of wagons—
For all sorts of wagons,
To ride to Washington.

Scott being fat and fluffy,
 Not fancying the fun,
 Resolved to be the first to start,
 And get to Washington.
 He staid not for his wagon,
 So great his terror grew—
 Eggs might have laid on his coat-tail,
 So devilish fast he flew.

Chorus: So "Fussy" left his wagon,
 His pretty fancy wagon,
 In which he meant to Richmond
 To take that famous ride.

Just such another wild-goose chase
 Was never seen before,
 Pots, kettles, pans, legs, heads and arms,
 Were strowed ten miles, or more;
 They dropped their Turkey "fixins,"
 Champagne and hand-cuffs too;
 Like beaten hounds, the Yankee thieves
 In wild disorder flew.

Chorus: They ran and left their wagons,
 Their ammunition wagons,
 They never thought of wagons—
 So they had "nary" ride.

There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
 As the Yankees have found out,
 Their army grand was broken up,
 In most disgraceful rout.
 Old "Fussy" has lost his renown,
 To warriors most sweet,
 His laurels trampled in the dust
 Beneath the Baboon's feet.

Chorus: Now glory to our Wagon,
 Our dear Confed'rate Wagon;
 In our new Secession Wagon
 We'll have a jolly ride.

THE REGIMENTAL FLAGS AND THE EAGLE.

Mention has heretofore been made of the regimental banners, and how obtained. They are now safely placed in the Archives of the State—the scarred, torn, silent yet eloquent witnesses of the heroism displayed by her patriotic sons on many a well-contested field for the supremacy of the right over injustice and wrong-doing. The two regulation United States flags—one presented by the daughter of Colonel C. P. Arion, and the other won at a prize drill in Chicago—were carried throughout our whole term of service from October 11th, 1861, to the final discharge at the capital of the State, December 16th, 1865. They have gaily waved and flaunted through the valleys and over the mountains of Western Virginia, and have victoriously floated in the sun-kissed breezes of the Sea Islands of South Carolina; their folds have been rent and riddled by swift-flying missiles and stained by the battle-smoke of many campaigns in the “Old Dominion”; they have marked the rallying point for the final assault, and have been planted on many battlements with the cry of Victory.

Crowning the staff of the blue banner presented to the regiment by Governor Richard Yates is a magnificent bronze eagle bearing the following inscription:

“PRESENTED TO
THE THIRTY-NINTH ILLINOIS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS
BY MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBONS,
Commanding Twenty-Fourth Army Corps,
For Gallantry in the Assault upon Fort Gregg,
Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865.”

The presentation took place at a grand review of the corps held at Richmond, Va., in the early days of May, 1865—General Gibbons making the presentation in person, accompanied by some very flattering remarks.

In this assault, which was witnessed by General Grant, who pronounced it one of the most brilliant affairs of the



SECTION OF REQUA BATTERY.

Commanded by Lieutenants WHEELER and KINGSBURY, Thirty-Ninth Illinois.
Morris Island, S. C., 1863.

war, it was the first standard planted upon the fort—the key that unlocked the doors of Richmond; but ere it gained an entrance, sixty of the brave men who fought to support it were smitten by the missiles of the enemy, and sixteen of that number lie side by side under the shadow of that stronghold where they fell.

At Appomattox Court House, on the 9th of April, it was again foremost in the conflict which compelled the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. On both occasions, at Fort Gregg and at Appomattox, the brave men who bore it were shot down. The Color-Sergeant, Henry M. Day, who was wounded when planting it on Fort Gregg, was rewarded by the War Department with a medal of honor. The deep cut near the center of the colors was made by the thrust of a rebel bayonet when it was planted upon the parapet. The other rents, and they are numerous, mark the passage of whizzing minie balls and whirring grape and shrapnel.

If these old banners could speak in other fashion, what a tale they would unfold, and with what interest would we not listen!

THE REQUA BATTERY.

This battery, used in the operations on Morris Island, S. C., consisted of six pieces, each piece or section comprising twenty-five heavy rifled gun-barrels, mounted on a two-wheeled carriage. The accompanying illustration of a section of it will give a much better idea than a written description. The barrels could be elevated or depressed and spread fan-shape to cover a greater lateral range if necessary. It was loaded at the breech, the cartridges being fixed upon a bar and taken from the caisson in that manner—the bar, in fact, being the breech of the gun—and all the cartridges were exploded simultaneously by pulling a lanyard.

In case of an assault at short range, each section or piece of the battery was intended to be as effective and would throw as much lead as a regiment of men in a given time. Sections of this battery were stationed along the advanced lines at the siege of Fort Wagner, and proved to be of especial service in protecting the sappers and miners while extending their parallels. The men required to operate it were detailed from various regiments, and at the time it was photographed, as is shown, the full battery was manned by details from the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Third Vermont, and Ninth Maine regiments, and was commanded by First Lieutenant A. W. Wheeler, Company K, and Second Lieutenant E. Kingsbury, Company E, of the Thirty-Ninth regiment. Among the detail from the Thirty-Ninth were Sergeant Daniel Smouse, of Company K, Corporal George Burton, and Privates W. W. Ely, Charles C. Hudson, Thomas Kinney and Hugh R. Snell, with some few others whose names are not recalled.

The section in charge of Corporal Burton and Ely and Snell did excellent service in supporting the charge made by the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts one evening in the month of August, 1863, to dislodge the rebel sharpshooters in front of Wagner, the rapidity of firing and the well-directed aim of the piece rendering it very unsafe for the rebels within the fort to go to the assistance of their sharpshooters in the rifle-pits outside, and they were easily captured. But as soon as the battery disclosed its whereabouts, Forts Gregg and Moultrie and the mortars at Sumter opened a most vigorous fire upon it for a short time, but without effecting much damage.

One section of the battery was placed out on a platform erected in the water some distance from the beach, and protected by bags of sand. It was often the target for the enemy's guns.

The detail to this battery were not kept so busy but

that they found ample time to concoct schemes for mischief, and opportunity to execute them. Judging from the "yarns" Comrade W. W. Ely tells on some of that detail, they were not exceptionally moral or honest; but here is the opportunity to judge for yourselves.

He says: "One evening when the sutler went away from his quarters, leaving his 'cullud' servant 'Lias' in charge of his establishment, some of the boys put up a job on 'Lias' to get some of the delicacies in store. 'Lias' was a very honest, frugal and economic darkey and disliked very much to see anything wasted; and the boys, taking advantage of this peculiarity, played him a trick. Securing a canteen and filling it with colored water they proceeded to the tent and awoke the negro and told him that they had whisky, and also that they were obliged to get rid of it; and suiting the action to the word commenced to turn it out upon the ground.

"'Hol' on! hol' on!' says 'Lias;' 'doan yo' frow away dat stuff—gib it hyar;' and he started in search of something to hold it. And while he was so employed they had the desired opportunity to execute a well-matured plan. Ely continues:

"As the streaks of dawn made their appearance over Sumter and Charleston harbor, two men were throwing the last shovelful of dirt over the resting-place of twenty-four kegs of Sutler Brown's choice pickled pig's-feet, put away as a reserve for luncheon."

We close with the relation of one other incident wherein the boys of the battery made another "spec," but in a little different way, which shows how fertile they were in expedients.

At one time when the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Colored regiment was holding a revival meeting in their camp, some of the boys gathered together a lot of empty champagne-cider bottles in the region of the sutler's establish-

ment and filled them with water colored with coffee-grounds. These they nicely corked, sealed and boxed, and one of the number, wearing a navy cap and blouse which had been picked up somewhere near the wharf, carried the box over into the camp of the negroes to sell. Nearing the vicinity of the meeting, which was attended with all the customary shouting and enthusiasm of the colored brethren, he came to a tent where the occupants were engaged in something very dissimilar to prayer and praise—they were playing poker; and besides, they were actively “cussing” about the loud shouting, which seemed to disturb their game. Thinking that the place to sell cider was where they “cuss” Christians, the “peddler” poked his head in and asked them if they wanted to buy some good champagne-cider, pretending that he was just off the vessel then lying in the harbor. “Ob cou’se we’ll buy cider!” said one, and a bargain was soon made for the whole lot; and before the corks could be pulled and the cider sampled, the “pseudo” sailor was out of reach with twenty-five dollars in greenbacks.

POEM.

Dedicated to the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, by MARY C. WHITE, wife of J. R. White, of Company K.

When dangers internal our native land threatened,
And our flag in the Southland was trailed to the earth;
When the cloud of "Secesión" burst on us in fury,
And Liberty bled in the home of her birth;
Then like wild-fire along the brave North flew the watchword,
Our land, undivided, forever shall be!
From the lakes of the North to fair Mexico's border,
And across its broad expanse from sea unto sea.

From farm and from workshop, from office and college,
The Nation's defenders came gallantly forth.
They had but one thought, 'twas their Country's sore peril,
And they pledged her their service, brave sons of the North!
They fought with a foeman most worthy their metal;
The conflict was fierce, but the vict'ry complete;
They fought with a faith that ne'er wavered or faltered,
'Till they rescued success from the jaws of defeat.

But the lives of brave men was the price of their triumph,
For they fell on the field that their valor had won;
Or in marsh, or in jungle, or prison-pen loathsome,
They languished and died 'neath the fierce Southern sun.
The remnant, by wounds and diseases enfeebled,
Returned to their homes to do battle for life;
Their hearts undefiled by the malice of hatred,
Animosities dropped, with the ending of strife.

Yes! when our proud banner with stars undiminished,
On the soft Southern breezes again rose and fell,
Then the soldier ré-echoed the voice of his chieftain—
"We are brothers forever! in peace let us dwell."
Oh, battle-scarred veterans, our heroes forever!
We will weave your brave deeds in undying song;
We will cast you in bronzes and carve you in marble,
And enshrine you forever! our saviors from wrong.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIELD AND STAFF.

Who They Were and What Has Become of Them—Roster and Biography—
The Non-Commissioned Staff—Shoulder-Straps and Chevrons—The
Original Band—The Band of 1864-'65.

ROSTER OF FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel Austin Light. Received his commission July 22d, 1861; dismissed the service of the United States November 25th, 1861. Is still living, and is a resident of Chicago, Ill., employed by the Western News Company.

Colonel Thomas O. Osborn. Promoted *vice* Austin Light, dismissed the service. Promoted to Brigadier-General May 11th, 1865. Wounded May 14th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., while leading the regiment to a position in support of a battery of artillery. After his recovery he rejoined his regiment, and was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-Fourth Army Corps. He led this brigade in the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865; at Rice's Station, April 7th; and at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, where his horse ("Old Mack") was shot from under him.

General Osborn was born in Jersey, Licking county, Ohio, August 11th, 1832. He received his education at the University of Ohio, from which he graduated at the head of his class. Soon after leaving college he commenced the study of law at Crawfordsville, Ind., with Lewis Wallace, late Major-General of Volunteers. After being admitted to the bar, he removed to Chicago, Ill., in the winter of 1858, to commence the practice of his profession, locating his office in the old Tremont building on Dearborn street.

When the "War of the Rebellion" was inaugurated, he with some of his friends enlisted in a company then organizing. For some reason this company was never fully recruited, and failed in getting accepted into the three months' service. It eventually, however, became the nucleus of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

The record General Osborn made during the war is one that he may well feel proud of. After the engagement with the enemy on the 14th day of May, 1864, he was breveted Brigadier-General for brave and distinguished services, and after the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, and the closing battle at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, he was made full

Brigadier-General and received the brevet of Major-General of Volunteers. He was not only a popular officer in the field among his command, but his popularity had extended to his home in Chicago, where during the Soldiers' Fair held in June, 1865, he was awarded one of the prize pistols that was to be presented to the officer receiving the greatest number of votes. He distanced all competitors, receiving 369 votes to Colonel Stockton's 348, the whole number of votes cast for all the candidates being 2,320. After his return to civil life he was nominated by President Johnson and confirmed by the Senate as Postmaster at Chicago, but as he could not accept of the terms accompanying the nomination, the commission was withheld.

In 1868 he became a candidate for the office of country treasurer of Cook county, and was elected by a large majority. After serving faithfully and acceptably through his term of office, he received the appointment as one of the Board of Managers of the National Asylums for Disabled Union Soldiers, serving with Generals B. F. Butler, John A. Logan, and others. He remained in this service up to 1873, when he was appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic. He filled this position with great honor and distinction to himself and most satisfactorily to both Governments until the change in the Administration, 1884, when he engaged in the business of railroad construction in South America, with headquarters at Buenos Ayres, where he yet remains.

The following account of a presentation to General Osborn by the Government of the Argentine Republic will be of interest to the comrades. It is taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of March 19th, 1884:

"A year or more ago General Thomas O. Osborn, Minister Resident of the United States to the Argentine Republic, and the Hon. Thomas A. Osborne, of Kansas, our Minister to Chili, by invitation of the Governments of those countries respectively, officiated as arbitrators to determine a boundary question which had long threatened to disturb their peaceful relations, and would have soon culminated in war unless so settled. By persistent and conciliatory negotiations the question was at length settled to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

"For his ability and final success in the negotiations, General Osborn has been the recipient of distinguished honors at the hands of the Argentines, manifested in many ways; but the most important and gratifying is the presentation to him by President Roca of a magnificent allegorical shield on behalf of the Argentine Government, commemorating the event.

"Of course General Osborn cannot accept the testimonial without the consent of Congress, but as the action of the arbitrators was, in a sense, the friendly intervention of the United States, averting an almost certain war, vindicating the principle of arbitration where its application is possible, and thus reflecting credit upon our country, it is hardly to be doubted that the consent of Congress to the reception of the beautiful testimonial will be granted. A recent number of *El Diario*, a Buenos Ayres paper, says:

"Yesterday the magnificent present that the Argentine Government makes to the Minister of the United States, General Osborn, in commemoration of his good offices in the happy arrangement of limits question between this Republic and the Chilian, was placed on view.

"The shield, which is ninety centimetres high by seventy-four wide, is sculptured in haut and bas-relievo, and bears the signatures of Gustave Doré, author of the allegorical design; Vernier, the engraver; Cameré, goldsmith; and the famous Froment-Meurice, under whose direction this work of art was executed; and is composed of oxidized silver, gold, iron, and enamel.

"In the center are three figures in relief, emblematic of the Argentine and Chilian Republics and of the United States, the two former with their right hands joined as a sign of fraternity, and the latter, with arms extended, offering to each of the former an olive branch as the emblem of peace. Beneath these figures are placed the arms of the three nations, elegantly embossed in gold. Above is the Argentine shield, in blue and white enamel, ornamented with oak leaves, and the sun of May spreading golden rays.

"Surrounding the central figures are three symbols of pastoral, agricultural, and industrial pursuits. In the upper part of the shield is a band of gold, twining round sheaves of corn, palms, and vines laden with golden grapes. On the band is this inscription:

BUENOS AIRES, XXIII de Julio
MDCCCLXXXI
El Gobierno de la Republica Argentina
al
General D. TOMAS O. OSBORN
Ministro de los Estados-Unidos de la
America del Norte
Recuerdo de estima-de limites entre la Re-
cion por los amistosos publica Argentina y la de
oficios de S. E. du-Chile.
rante la negociacion

"A fanciful enameled border serves as a frame to the shield, which is made of silver and gold."

Colonel Orrin L. Mann. Promoted Brigadier-General by "brevet" May 11th, 1865.

General O. L. Mann was born in Geauga County, Ohio, November 25th, 1833. His grandfathers on both the paternal and the maternal side served in the Revolutionary War, and several of his uncles served in the War of 1812. At the age of five years his parents moved to Monroe county, Michigan, where, three years later, his father, a carpenter and builder, died. He was one of a large dependent family of children, and hard work on the new farm, with a few weeks' schooling each year in the log school-house, was his occupation until he reached his twentieth year, when he entered a blacksmith-shop at Ann Arbor, Mich., to learn the trade. He worked at this trade for one year, when, by reason of a severe physical accident, he was compelled to abandon it. After spending several years in study and teaching, he removed to Chicago, Ill., to make a permanent home, arriving there the night that the news of the firing on Fort Sumter reached the city. His business engagement was soon cancelled and he enlisted in Barker's Dragoons, but owing to the surplus of recruits, did not go to the front with them. He was soon engaged, however, in recruiting a company for the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, and entered the service as its Major.

Prior to the acceptance of the regiment into the United States service, at the request of Governor Yates, Major Mann went to St. Louis,

Mo., with letters to Governor Blair and General Lyon, and urged its acceptance into the service of the State of Missouri, but did not meet with success; and returning to Chicago, he obtained letters from Governor Yates and others to the authorities at Washington, D. C., and started immediately for the National Capital. Through the efforts of Senator O. H. Browning and Congressman Owen Lovejoy he soon had interviews with President Lincoln and the Secretary of War, but they could not order the regiment into service. President Lincoln advised him to take cheap quarters and watch the developments at the special session of Congress that was to convene the next day. The President might better have said watch the developments of the rebel army then at Bull's Run, Va., for, three weeks later, that army had put to rout the Union forces, and the order was received accepting the regiment.

After the regimental election Major Mann was sent to Springfield with the returns, and while waiting for the commissions was attacked with typhoid fever, which confined him in that city of strangers for six weeks. He was not able to join the command, then at Williamsport, Md., until the latter part of November, 1861.

Major Mann's first engagement with the enemy was early in January, 1862, at Berkeley Springs (Bath), Va., which is elsewhere recorded. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in December, 1861. He served for a short time on the staff of Generals Lander and Williams, but insisted on joining his regiment when active service in the field commenced. He was General Field Officer of the Trenches the night Fort Wagner, S. C., was evacuated, and had the honor of first sending the intelligence to General Gilmore, and it was under his immediate direction that the Thirty-Ninth, then at the front, was first to plant the Stars and Stripes on the fort.

In November, 1863, Colonel Mann was ordered home with several non-commissioned officers on recruiting service. He immediately presented his cause in various localities where companies had been raised for the regiment, and when, a few weeks later, the veterans were home on furlough, the fruits of his labors were clearly manifest.

He was seriously wounded in the left leg May 20th, 1864, while leading the regiment in a "charge" on the enemy's works near Bermuda Hundred, Va. He was confined in Chesapeake Hospital, Virginia, for six months, and served for the next two months on a general court-martial at Fort Monroe, Va. In January, 1865, he was sent by General E. O. C. Ord to Norfolk, Va., as provost-marshal of the Southeastern District of Virginia. He was commissioned Colonel, May 11th, 1865, and Brigadier-General by "brevet," and was placed in command of the Southeastern District of Virginia and held the position until he joined his regiment for the final "muster out" December 6th, 1865.

General Mann's home is in Chicago, Ill., where he is engaged in the real estate business. He has been active in Republican politics and has several times been honored by his party with elective office.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas O. Osborn. Commissioned July 22d, 1861.

Lieutenant-Colonel Orrin L. Mann. Commissioned December, 1861; wounded May 20th, 1864, in the left leg.

Lieutenant-Colonel Homer A. Plimpton.

Homer A. Plimpton was born June 11th, 1838, in northeast Erie county, Pennsylvania; came West to Illinois with his parents in 1840. His father was a physician, and from overwork and exposure in the comparatively new and thinly-settled country became broken in health, and in 1847 returned East with his family, settling in Ohio for the purpose of rest and the education of his children. In 1854 he again removed to Illinois, and in 1856 Homer entered the freshman class in the Northwestern University at Evanston and graduated with honors in June, 1860. The following winter and spring he was occupied in teaching. At the breaking out of the war, he felt it to be his duty as an American citizen to respond to the call of his country in the great struggle for National life, and in August, 1861, enlisted in Company G, Thirty-Ninth Illinois. He served for nearly one year in the ranks, when he was detailed to the regimental hospital department as clerk, where he remained until January, 1864. He re-enlisted as a veteran.

After the battles of May 16th and 20th, 1864, he was made fifth sergeant of his company to fill a vacancy, and was almost immediately detailed to act as Sergeant-Major *vice* Reese Bishop, taken prisoner. He was slightly wounded in the head by a fragment of shell, October 7th, 1864, and soon after was commissioned First Lieutenant *vice* Amos Savage, promoted; and on December 4th, 1864, was commissioned Captain of Company G *vice* Savage, discharged for physical disability, and by virtue of seniority of rank took command of the regiment, retaining it until the regiment was mustered out of service.

During the final campaign which resulted in the surrender of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, he was promoted to Major of Volunteers by the War Department for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865, and he received a commission as Major of the regiment and was mustered on the same May 11th, 1865, and soon after received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. He was mustered out with the regiment at Springfield, Ill., December 6th, 1865.

Colonel Plimpton was never absent from his command except for a period of thirty days, after Lee's surrender, being called home to attend the funeral of his sister. His career as a soldier was noticeable for unwearied attention to duty of whatever kind, and was remarkable as an example of rapid and well-deserved promotion. It fully illustrated the fact that *merit*, although slow of recognition, is always sure of it when circumstances admit. Fortune seems to have withheld all her favors until the last moment, in order to make a grand *coup de main* at the finish of the rebellion, for honesty, fidelity, and bravery.

After the war, Colonel Plimpton filled the position of Assistant Assessor of the United States Internal Revenue Department; after which he engaged in some mining operations in Colorado. He is now occupied in stock-raising in New Mexico, while his family still remain in Chicago for the purpose of educating their children. His address is Silver City, Grant county, N. M.

Major Orrin L. Mann. Commissioned July 22d, 1861.

Major S. W. Munn. Promoted January, 1862, *vice* Mann, promoted. Resigned December, 1862, by reason of disability.

Major Sylvester W. Munn was a native of St. Lawrence county, New York, and was taken from there by his parents when but a child to the dense forests of Ohio. In that new State, which was the cradle for so many of the rank and file of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, young Munn reached his manhood. His time was industriously occupied on the new farm, and in the district school, both as pupil and teacher; and after a short polishing process in the village academy, he entered a law office, and in due time was admitted to practice.

Early in the 'fifties he moved with his young family to Wilmington, Ill., where he began the practice of his profession. There, the firing on Fort Sumter found him in the midst of increasing volumes and clients. He was the first to report with a full company for the regiment, and hence he was mustered in as Captain of Company A. No officer entered the regiment better equipped than Captain Munn for the duties before him. In the full vigor of healthy manhood, standing six feet high, splendidly developed physically and well-poised mentally, he appeared, as he really was, a fine type of the Volunteer Soldier.

Captain Munn was promoted to the rank of Major early in 1862, and was constantly on duty with his command, excepting a short interval when he was ordered by General Shields to duty on his staff. The hardships and exposures of 1861-62 so impaired his physical condition that he was obliged to tender his resignation late in 1862, at Suffolk, Va.

After leaving the service he was elected to the office of State Attorney in the district of which Will county forms a part; the duties of which he discharged creditably and with great distinction. In 1868 he removed to Joliet and was several times elected to responsible offices, the last being State Senator. In this capacity he became interested in the organization of our State Guards, and did much to help bring that body to its present fine condition. He served for several years on the personal staff of Governor Cullom, with the rank of Colonel.

Major Munn died very suddenly of apoplexy, September 11th, 1888, at his home in Joliet, and was laid away for his great and final rest in the cemetery at that place. He was sixty-four years of age.

Major Samuel S. Linton. Wounded through the lung May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.; he also received a flesh wound of the side in April, 1862, near Winchester, Va.

Major Linton was born in Miami county, Indiana, April 21st, 1836, but was raised in Warren county, Ohio, about fifty miles from Cincinnati, near the village of Waynesville. At the breaking out of the war he was living in Lee county, Illinois, where he recruited a large part of Company D, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. After the resignation of Major S. W. Munn, he was promoted to that position and filled it with honorable distinction until wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va. He was mustered out of the service November 10th, 1864, and went to his farm in Illinois, residing there for one and a half years, when he sold out and went to Toledo, Ohio, where for the next twelve years he resided, being engaged the most part of the time in the milling business. In 1876 he was elected sheriff of the county, and after serving for the term of two years, he removed to Missouri, where he remained for the period of one year and a half, then removing to Minneapolis, Minn., where he engaged in the grain commission business, the firm being S. S. Linton & Co., with branch office at Duluth, Minn. His address is 1031 Sixth Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Major Homer A. Plimpton. Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel May 11th, 1865.

Major Minor W. Milliman. Commissioned, but could not muster for the reason that the aggregate strength of the regiment did not warrant it. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Major Milliman was a popular officer and thorough soldier, winning his promotions fairly and wearing them gracefully. For the first two years after leaving the service he did nothing but speculate, as he says. He then tried to farm it a little, then engaged in the grocery business, jumping from that into trade in furniture, and after a while sliding into hardware and general merchandising. For the space of one year he was in the creamery business at Sheldon, Ill., then moved to Nebraska and went into raising stock—principally feeding sheep. This is his present occupation, and his address is Silver Creek, Merrick county, Neb.

The Major had command of eight companies of the Thirty-Ninth on April 9th, 1865, which was the first infantry that faced Lee at Appomattox Court-House, Va.

Adjutant Frank B. Marshall. Commissioned August 5th, 1861; resigned July 15th, 1862.

Prior to joining the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, Adjutant Marshall had been a member of the famous Ellsworth Zouaves of Chicago and was well versed in military tactics. He took an active part in recruiting and was much interested in the organization of Company K, which was forming at Marseilles, Ill., and was elected as First Lieutenant, but before muster into the United States service he was appointed Regimental Adjutant. He gave much time and attention to the instruction and drilling of the newly-made officers, from the Colonel down; and before the regiment left Chicago, he made the selection from men in the regiment to

form a company to compete for a flag offered by the State Commissioners of Agriculture to the best-drilled company of volunteers then in Chicago, and won it. During his term of service he was on recruiting service a large portion of the time.

When he resigned his commission he returned to Chicago and entered into the real estate business, and for some years was an energetic business man and did well. The great fire in Chicago, 1871, upset his calculations to a large extent, and he entered the regular army as a lieutenant, serving for a short time on the frontier, but soon resigned and returned to Chicago, where he engaged in various enterprises with more or less success. He is yet a resident of Chicago, living on Bissel street, and operates in real estate to some extent. Frank has had his full share of the "ups" and "downs" of life, the "downs" perhaps predominating.

Adjutant Joseph D. Walker. Promoted July 15th, 1862; died of wounds received at the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, 1864.

Joseph D. Walker enlisted from Lockport, Ill., and was appointed Sergeant-Major. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he was pursuing the study of law in the office of E. C. Fellows, Esq. He first entered the three months' service at Cairo, where he organized a company from among the men gathered there, which was called the "Prentiss Guards." After the expiration of his term he joined his fortunes with the "Yates Phalanx" (Thirty-Ninth Illinois). He was a faithful man in his line of duty, and a brave, enthusiastic soldier. He shared in all the fortunes of the regiment with an even temper and most cheerful spirit. When Fort Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., was taken, he had the honor of first planting our flag upon its ramparts. Socially he was agreeable and entertaining; morally, he was pure and without reproach.

The wound that caused Adjutant Walker's death was received in the bowels, and was a most painful one. He was conscious and sensible of his condition up to within a short time of his death. The first question he asked the writer as soon as he saw him was, "Doctor, is my wound mortal? Can I live?" Upon being told that it was impossible for him to recover, he merely said, "It is well!" and turned his face away. His body was sent home, and at his own request it now reposes in the cemetery at Wilmington, Ill.

Adjutant Leroy Doud. Promoted May 16th, 1864, and mustered August 19th, 1864. Mustered out of service January 23d, 1866.

Lieutenant Doud enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., as a private in Company B. His intelligence, correct deportment and faithful attention to duty soon recommended him to his superiors for promotion. He was first taken from his company and assigned to the non-commissioned staff as Commissary of Subsistence, ranking as Sergeant; and on the death of Adjutant Walker was chosen to fill his place, serving as Adjutant of the regiment until January, 1865, when he was detailed on the staff of Brigadier-

General T. O. Osborn as Assistant Adjutant-General of the First Brigade, First Division, Twenty-Fourth Army Corps. He retained this position until the brigade was broken up and ceased to be an organization. He was then detailed by the order of Major-General Terry, commanding the Department of Virginia, as acting Assistant Ordnance Officer of the Southeastern District of Virginia, with headquarters at Norfolk. Subsequently he was transferred to the Inspector General's office as assistant. When the War Department order came to muster out all volunteer staff officers Lieutenant Doud was detailed to the staff of Brevet-Major-General A. T. A. Torbert, commanding Southeastern District of Virginia, to act as Assistant Adjutant-General, where he served until the command was dissolved, January, 1866.

In the various positions that he was called upon to fill Lieutenant Doud was respected and won the confidence and esteem of his superiors by his honest discharge of duty, and on leaving the army was breveted Major for faithful and meritorious service.

Returning to his home he soon found his way to Chicago, where he received the appointment of Gauger in the Internal Revenue service, a position that he held for some years. Afterwards he became connected with the Shufeldt Distilling Company, married, and settled at Englewood, Ill. Misfortune, however, visited him through some unwise speculations, and he became a bankrupt, and for several years he was on the "ragged edge" of life financially and otherwise. He finally, in 1874, departed for new pastures in the West. He was last seen at Omaha, Neb. Since that time news of his death has been received—which, however, lacks confirmation.

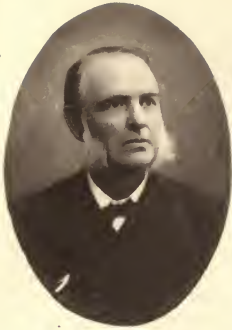
Quartermaster Joseph A. Cutler. Commissioned July 22d, 1861; discharged July 15th, 1862.

Nothing is known concerning the early history of Cutler. The writer last saw him in New York city in 1866, at which time he was an agent for Drew's line of Hudson River steamers. He is living, but his address is not known.

Quartermaster Jonathan F. Linton. Commissioned June 12th, 1862; mustered out April 19th, 1864—expiration of service.

Jonathan F. Linton was born,—but just when and where, and under what circumstances, deponent saith not, because he has not been advised. He was the son of his father and mother, however, and grew up in course of time as most boys do, and after the usual disciplining and some help he became a self-reliant and a self-made man, although he did not grow his own hair. At the breaking out of the late unpleasantness between the sections, his patriotism bubbled over to the extent of offering his services to help *whack* out Secession. He made his first appearance in the arena of war as First Lieutenant of Company D, and made an honest, brave and efficient officer.

Among his chief characteristics were *neatness* and *pride* in dress—an



1. DOCTOR S. C. BLAKE.

4. MAJOR S. W. MUNN.

7. MAJOR MINOR W. MILLIMAN.

2. BRIG. GEN'L ORRIN L. MANN.

5. WM. W. ELY, CO. E.

8. MAJOR S. S. LINTON.

3. LT. COL. HOMER A. PLIMPTON.

6. B'VT-MAJOR N. C. WARNER.

9. CAPTAIN N. B. KENDALL.

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unusually good appetite for his rations, and a *suaviter in modo* that was unexcelled. He always complimented the intelligence of his comrades by prefacing his remarks to them with "You know"; and they in turn conferred upon him the title of "Uno" as a distinction.

After the regiment had lost the very *distinguished* and *capable* services of Quartermaster Joseph A. Cutler, whose loss, it was thought, would prove irreparable, Lieutenant Linton was elevated to the position, and, to his credit be it said, the Quartermaster's Department became what it should have been from the first—a well-ordered and well-administered office. There was no more hungering or nakedness. He was punctual, pugnacious and perennial in the performance of duty; somewhat calculative, as well as cumulative in disposition, but bold, brave, brawny, and brainy, as occasion required.

After his term of service he modestly retired to his former home to renew, it is supposed, an independent struggle for subsistence and existence, and report says that he has succeeded beyond expectation. He has gathered together a great many "shekels"—more, in fact, than is necessary for any one man, and we would feel much obliged if he would remember us in his will.

He is living at Columbus, Ohio, or was at last accounts, but we feel justified in thinking, after repeated failures to get response to a request for a brief biographical sketch, that he must be dead, or good as dead. This will account for the present imperfect piece of biography.

Quartermaster Stewart W. Hoffman. Promoted *vice* J. F. Linton, mustered out. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

Hoffman enlisted from Sandoval, Ill., August 27th, 1861, in Company F, and was made a Corporal. He was a very intelligent, active, and reliable young man, of fine address and good manners. He was soon transferred to the non-commissioned staff as Quartermaster Sergeant, and filled the position most acceptably. July 7th, 1863, he was commissioned First Lieutenant, but not choosing to muster upon it and serve with his company, it was cancelled, and he remained in the Quartermaster's Department until the expiration of the service of J. F. Linton, whose place he then took. The writer is not acquainted with any facts concerning his early life or *post-bellum* record. All that is known is, that after the war he went to Gettysburg, Penn., and engaged in business, and there he died some years ago.

Surgeon Samuel C. Blake. Commissioned August 5th, 1861; resigned June 3d, 1862.

Samuel C. Blake was born in the city of Bath, Maine, July 25th, 1826. The Doctor came from Revolutionary stock, his grandfather, John Blake, having served at the age of eighteen years in the Continental Army as a member of his cousin's company, Captain Dearborn, afterwards Major-

General Dearborn, for whom Fort Dearborn, Chicago, was named. Grandfather Blake was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and also at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, and was one of the thirteen survivors of that battle who were present at the completion of the monument. On the maternal side Dr. Blake is connected with John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. His father, Rev. S. P. Blake, was a member of the Maine Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for half a century.

Samuel received his academical education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and graduated in medicine at the medical department of Harvard University, July 20th, 1853. He served as house physician in the Massachusetts general hospital one year.

After practicing medicine in Boston three years and a half the Doctor went West to Chicago in 1856. When he reached Chicago there was but one medical college (Rush) and only one hospital (Mercy). In 1858, in connection with the late Professor Brainard, Dr. De Laskie Miller, and J. P. Ross, he leased the old City Hospital building and organized the second hospital in the city. In 1861 Dr. Blake assisted in the organization of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, but the regiment failing to get accepted, he was commissioned Surgeon of the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers, and accompanied the regiment to Missouri. While in the Nineteenth he was detailed on the staff of General Hurlbut and ordered to inspect the regimental hospitals at Quincy, Ill., which duty was acceptably performed. He organized a general hospital at Quincy which was continued during the war.

After the Thirty-Ninth Illinois was accepted by the Government, Dr. Blake was transferred to it as the surgeon. In January, 1862, at Hancock, Md., he was detached from his regiment and ordered to organize a brigade hospital, which he proceeded to do, and had charge of it until the troops were ordered to advance to Winchester, Va. During General Banks' campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, he was detailed to take charge of the general hospital of his army at Mount Jackson, Va. Dr. Blake organized three large hospitals, and when the army fell back to Strasburgh, Va., he organized a large field hospital in which he had a thousand sick and wounded soldiers of both armies.

That the Doctor's professional skill and devotion to duty was appreciated is manifest by the accompanying letters:

"HEADQUARTERS
"FIRST DIVISION, DEPARTMENT OF SHENANDOAH,
"NEAR EDENBURG, VA.
"April 12th, 1862.

"DR. SAMUEL C. BLAKE, *Surgeon Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers:*

"*Dear Sir:* * * * * * I have had ample opportunity of estimating your ability as a hospital surgeon, and feel much pleasure in being able to testify to the care and attention bestowed upon the men, and to the professional skill displayed on many occasions, when the service

required it. In field hospitals, where many things needful for the comfort of the sick soldier have to be improvised, a faithful devotion to duty and self-sacrifice are qualities eminently needed; in your display of these I have also been witness, and put on record here my complete approval and satisfaction with your conduct at the Brigade Hospital, Hancock.

"I am, Doctor,

"Yours, respectfully,

"THOMAS ANTISELL,

"*Brigade-Surgeon Volunteers, and Medical Director First Division, Department of the Shenandoah*"

"HEADQUARTERS

"THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,

"HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER, VA.,

"ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"August 5th, 1862.

"DR. S. C. BLAKE,—

"*My Dear old Surgeon:* * * * * * If at any time you should need my good offices, they shall be freely given you, for that good name and reputation which you won for yourself and my regiment in the medical department of the army in the field, and I cannot forget that high and never-to-be-forgotten compliment paid me as your commanding officer by Major-General Williams, in your behalf, for your distinguished services when in charge of the general hospital. * * * * * Please accept the kindest wishes of

"Yours, truly,

"THOS. O. OSBORN, *Col. 39th Ills. Vols.*"

Owing to the severe exposures and great responsibilities resting upon the Doctor during the campaign, he found himself suffering with chronic hepatitis and diarrhoea which compelled him to resign his commission. After seeking health for a year, and being partially restored, he again entered upon the general practice of his profession in Chicago. In 1863 he was elected County Physician of Cook County, and in 1865-66 was the City Physician. It was during Dr. Blake's term as City Physician that the last epidemic of cholera visited Chicago. At that time there was no Superintendent of Health, no Medical Inspectors, and no Sanitary Police force, the duties of all these offices devolving upon the City Physician and one health officer, a layman.

In the year 1868, Dr. Blake was elected a member of the old Board of Supervisors, and for the whole year labored with all the influence he could bring to bear upon the board, assisted only by the late Hon. J. P. Ross, to prevail upon them to open the old City Hospital building as a county hospital; and after a year's hard and earnest work, prevailed upon them to do so as an experiment. Thus was laid the foundation for the present magnificent County Hospital, the largest and best equipped hospital in the Northwest.

Dr. Blake also aided in establishing the Women's and Children's Hospital of Chicago, being now one of the consulting staff, having been on that staff most of the time since its organization.

Dr. Blake also was one of the physicians who organized the Woman's

Medical College of Chicago, and occupied the chair of "Diseases of Mind and Nervous System" for seven years; has been a Fellow of the Massachusetts State Medical Society, Boston Medical Society, American Medical Association, Illinois State Medical Society, and Chicago Medical Society; is now one of the consulting staff of the Women's and Children's Hospital of Chicago, and consulting neurologist of the Wesley Hospital. He resides at 576 Fullerton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Surgeon Charles M. Clark. Promoted June 3rd, 1862, *vice* Blake resigned.

Dr. Clark was born October 8th, 1834, at Manlius Square, Onondaga county, New York. In 1836 his parents removed to New York City, and in 1840 went to the western part of the state, locating at Gaines and later at Albion, Orleans county. He received a liberal education at the Albion Academy, and after graduating commenced the study of medicine with Dr. William Noble at Albion, and pursued it for some two years, when he went to New York City and commenced clerking in a drug store on Avenue B, and later at Williamsburg, Long Island. In 1855 he entered the medical department of the University of the City of New York, and graduated the 4th of March, 1857. After graduation he returned to Albion, N. Y., but shortly afterwards removed to Portage City, Wis., and from there to Horicon, Wis., where he associated himself with Dr. Harshaw and commenced the practice of his profession; but in the winter of 1858 went to Chicago.

In the Spring of 1860 the Doctor went to the Rocky Mountains in search of health and fortune—the former was gained, but the latter was not found; and returning in the fall of 1860, he wrote and published a book on his trip to "Pike's Peak." In April, 1861, he together with Thomas O. Osborn enlisted in a company then forming in Chicago, but it was not mustered into the service, and he then engaged in assisting the organization of the "Yates Phalanx," and in August, 1861, after passing examination before the State Medical Examining Board, was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon of the regiment. He followed the Thirty-Ninth all through its long term of active service, occupying the various positions of Brigade and Division Surgeon, and after all battles was assigned to the operating tables. In April, 1863, he was made Post-Surgeon and in charge of hospital at Folly Island, S. C.; also member of the Examining Board. At the capture of Morris Island he was made an Operating Surgeon.

April 30th, 1864, by order of General Terry, Dr. Clark was announced as Chief Medical Officer of the First Division, Tenth Army Corps. January 8th, 1865, he was permanently detached from the regiment by General Ord and appointed Chief Operating Surgeon of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps, and June 18th, 1865, after the surrender of Lee, was appointed by General Gibbons Surgeon-in-Charge of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps hospital at Richmond, Va., and September 6th, 1865, he was ordered to report to General A. T. A. Torbert, commanding at Norfolk, Va., as



SURGEON CHARLES M. CLARK.

From Photographs taken in 1863—1889.

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Chief Medical Officer of the District and Surgeon of the Post Hospital, which position he retained until his muster out of service, December 6th, 1865. He left the service with a good record and with the commendations of Surgeon-General Barnes.

February 22d, 1866, Dr. Clark married and settled in Chicago in practice. In 1868 he was appointed Surgeon to the Soldiers' Home at Chicago. After the death of his wife in 1872, he accepted an appointment in the Regular Army, and served at Fort Larned, Kansas, for some months; was then ordered to Fort Riley, and from there to Fort Union, New Mexico; then to Santa Fe, Fort Bascom, and then back to Fort Union, where he acted as Post Surgeon until he left the service.

In 1875 he was induced to locate at Salina, Kansas, where he engaged in practice and remained until 1880, when he returned to Chicago. His address is 1086 Grenshaw street, Chicago, Ill.

Assistant Surgeon Charles M. Clark. Commissioned August 5th, 1861. Promoted Surgeon June 3d, 1862, *vice* Blake resigned.

First Assistant Surgeon James Crozier. Commissioned First Assistant Surgeon, December 6th, 1862; joined the regiment at Suffolk, Va.

Dr. Crozier comes of Scotch-Irish parentage and is descended from the "old Revolutionary stock." He was born in Davis, Edgar county, Illinois, April 8th, 1834. His father was a soldier in the Indian war of 1832 and built the first house and the first mill in Davis, Ill.

The Doctor moved to the village of Chicago in 1836, and from there to Joliet, Ill., and in 1840 moved to a farm in Johnson county, Iowa, which he helped to improve. He attended the county schools and in 1850-51 attended the Academy in Iowa City, and afterwards the Edgar Academy, where he received a practical and finished education. He taught school for several years, and in 1857 commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Samuel McClure at Olney, Ill.; attended Rush Medical College in the winter and spring of 1858-59. In the spring of 1860 he married and went to Parkersburg, Ill., and hung out his "shingle."

At the breaking out of the war Dr. Crozier raised a company for the three months' service and afterwards assisted in recruiting a company for the three years' service, and went to St. Louis, Mo., with them in the fall of 1861. The Thirty-Ninth Illinois was then in Benton Barracks. He had recruited forty men for the First Missouri cavalry, but finding that they were being swindled in their horses, he turned them over to Captain Dodson's Company of Illinois cavalry, and they became the body-guard of General S. R. Curtis. His men honorably released him, and he went into the hospital at Springfield, Ill., under Dr. R. S. Ford as Assistant Surgeon.

In the fall of 1861 he went before the Medical Examining Board at Chicago and was assigned to the Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers. After the war he went to Clinton, Ind., where he practiced his profession up to 1883, when he went to Washington, D. C., in the office of

the Medical Pension Examining Board and where he yet remains. The Doctor was continuously with the regiment from the day he joined it, and for a large portion of the time was acting Surgeon by reason of the Surgeon's absence on detached service.

Second Assistant Surgeon William Woodward. Commissioned December 9th, 1862, and joined the regiment at Suffolk, Va.

In January, 1865, Dr. Woodward was appointed acting Medical Purveyor of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps. April 11th, 1865, he was transferred to the Fifty-Eighth Illinois Volunteers (consolidated) Infantry, and commissioned as Surgeon, and was mustered out of the service April 1st, 1866.

After the war he removed with his family to some point in Missouri, somewhere near Moberly, and after some years went to Wisconsin, where he engaged in the practice of his profession. Never a very robust man, his health began to suffer before he left the service, and at the time of his "muster out" it was very much broken.

He died of consumption of the lungs some seven years ago.

Second Assistant Surgeon Anthony De Normandie. Promoted July 13th, 1865; could not muster. Mustered out as Hospital Steward December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

De Normandie entered the service from Gardner, Ill., enlisting in Company A. On reaching Chicago he was appointed Hospital Steward. He served faithfully and satisfactorily in this capacity to the close of the war. In 1863 he was detailed to the post hospital on Folly Island, S. C. In May, 1864, he was again detailed to act as steward and assistant at the field hospital of the Tenth Army Corps with Surgeon Clark, and as Commissary Steward at the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps hospital at Richmond, Va., and again at the post hospital at Norfolk, Va. After the transfer of Assistant Surgeon Woodward to the Fifty-Eighth Illinois, De Normandie was recommended to the Governor of the State for a commission, which was granted on the basis of meritorious service. He was ever ready for duty and always at hand, and was prompt and reliable, and became known in the regiment as the "old wheel-horse." After the war he returned to his home and resumed the practice of medicine. Some years ago he removed to Braceville, Ill., where he now resides.

Chaplain Charles S. McReading. Commissioned October 9th, 1861; resigned August 9th, 1862.

Chaplain "Mack," as he was familiarly called, entered the service from Channahon, Ill. Nothing can be said of his early history, as the writer is wholly unacquainted with it. While in the service he was active and devoted to his duties, although but seldom with the regiment on account of its being continually on the move, and his health did not permit of his sharing the privations and exposures that were encountered up

to the date of the regiment going into winter quarters at Suffolk, Va., in September, 1862. The spiritual comfort derived from the Chaplain's ministrations, for the reasons above mentioned, were almost "nil," but he proved most useful after the visit of the paymaster in being the messenger for those who wished to send money home. December 21st, 1864, he was again commissioned as Chaplain to the regiment, but could not muster, and in fact never joined it. He died some years ago.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major Joseph D. Walker. Enlisted September 19th, 1861. Promoted Adjutant July 15th, 1862, *vice* Marshall, resigned.

Sergeant-Major Reese Bishop. Enlisted from Leroy, Ill., October 18th, 1861. Died at Andersonville Prison, Georgia, November 7th, 1864.

Reese Bishop was an excellent young man, prompt and faithful in the performance of duty, and much loved by his comrades. He was taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Never the possessor of a very rugged physique, and more than usually enfeebled from a late sickness at the time of his capture, his condition was little calculated to withstand the rough and brutal treatment of his captors, and sustain the exposure and privations of that most vile and loathsome prison-pen. The only news we ever had from poor Reese was, that he was last seen by a comrade in a most pitiable condition and just able to crawl about on hands and knees, when he remarked that he was not able to stand it much longer, and was praying for release.

Sergeant-Major Ephraim W. Hawthorne. Enlisted from Fremont, Ill. Promoted February 9th, 1864, *vice* Reese Bishop, died. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

Nothing further is known of Hawthorne since he left the service.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Frederick Clapp. Enlisted from Chicago, Ill., August 5th, 1861. Was reduced to the ranks and assigned to Company A, September 30th, 1861. Mustered out September 9th, 1864, at expiration of service.

The last known of him he was living at Buffalo, N. Y.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Stewart W. Hoffman. Enlisted from Sandoval, Ill. Promoted to Quartermaster August 5th, 1864.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Christopher E. Courson. Promoted August 5th, 1864, *vice* Hoffman, promoted. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

Christopher E. Courson was born September 4th, 1837, in Tioga county, New York; was brought up on his father's farm, and lived there until his twenty-first year, when he emigrated to Illinois, and was employed as a farm hand until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted for the three months' service in a company that was organized at Centralia by Captain Probst, but the company failed of acceptance. He then enlisted in Com-

pany F, Thirty-Ninth Illinois, for three years. He proved an able and efficient soldier, and participated in all the movements of the regiment, ending with the parole of Lee's army at Appomattox. After the war he returned to his old pursuit in Marion county, Ill., but his health failing, he went East, endeavoring to find an occupation better suited to his strength, but was not successful.

In 1867 he married and settled upon a small farm in Pennsylvania, where he remained six years. He removed in 1873 to a homestead in Kansas, and commenced improvements. Soon after making settlement, a postoffice was established at Courson's Grove, and he has been the postmaster for the past twelve years, but without profit. He states: "I cast my first vote for Uncle Abraham Lincoln and my last for Benjamin F. Butler for President. In religion I am and always have been *minus*. I realize that I am, with the remaining veterans of the Thirty-Ninth, somewhat along the down-grade of life, but just how soon I shall reach the bottom I cannot tell; nor can I say with Horace Greeley that 'I await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world'; but without fear or anxiety I look forward and await that eternal *oblivion* which must surely o'ertake us all."

Commissary-Sergeant Allen B. Johnson. Enlisted August 5th, 1861, and appointed Commissary-Sergeant. Promoted Second-Lieutenant of Company A. (See Lieutenant Johnson, Company A.)

Commissary-Sergeant James Wightman. Enlisted from Odell, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Appointed Commissary-Sergeant, *vice* Johnson, promoted. Promoted First Lieutenant, Company C. (See Captain Wightman, Company C.)

Commissary-Sergeant Abiram B. Johnson. Promoted January 24th, 1862, *vice* Wightman, promoted. Enlisted from Le-Roy, Ill., September 12th, 1861, in Company I, and was mustered out September 12th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Comrade Johnson was born in Harrison county, Ohio, February 20th, 1832, and after his school-days were over, he turned his attention to the carpenter's trade. In 1854 he left Ohio, thinking it advisable to proceed further West. In 1859 he caught the "gold fever," and ventured a trip to Pike's Peak, but his expectations were not realized—that is, he did not pick up a fortune. When "Uncle Sam" wanted soldiers he enlisted, as previously stated, in Company I, and in due time was promoted to Commissary of Subsistence. The comrades know that Johnson was a good soldier and a good provider; that he always had the best the market afforded, and that when he could make connections there was no danger of going hungry. We remember him as always good-natured, jolly and obliging, as well as faithful, prompt and soldierly.

We have met with him several times since the war, and always found him to be the same Johnson we are writing about. He and Father Time seem to have compromised on the matter of growing old. He is married,

of course, and we lately heard that he had been celebrating his silver wedding at his home in Le Roy, Ill. We congratulate him, and wish that he and his may live to celebrate the diamond one, fifty years hence, and that he may be honored as a great-great-grandfather.

Commissary Sergeant Charles F. Frisbie. Promoted January 1st, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

While he carried the knife and steel, Charley was the peer of all his predecessors. His long service and intimate acquaintance with a soldier's needs, prior to his elevation, had admirably fitted him for the position. He had been well trained in all the details that made foraging an accomplishment, and if "Uncle Sam's" fresh beef failed to go round, he could be depended upon to make up the deficiency in fresh pork and mutton that somehow or other would come at his call. He always knew where the fattest turkeys, the most juicy mutton, the choicest pork and the sweetest honey was to be found—knew it by intuition and without much effort; and he also possessed the faculty of appreciating and anticipating the wants of the headquarters' mess. When army beef was deficient in South Carolina he could furnish "alligator steaks;" and in Virginia, when mutton was scarce, he could furnish "mountain rabbits." He was active, vigilant, reliable; was a thorough patriot; did not believe in giving, lending or *leaving* aid or comfort to the enemy; and, withal, Charley was a good soldier. After the war, he returned to Chicago, married a most estimable lady, and has a family of eight children, one of whom, the eldest son, was lately married and has a brilliant future before him. Frisbie, for the past eleven years, has been connected with an extensive livery establishment—in fact, runs it—on Madison street, Chicago, and resides at 1335 West Fulton street.

Hospital Steward Anthony De Normandie. Enlisted August 5th, 1861, from Gardner, Ill., in Company A, and appointed Hospital Steward. Promoted Second Assistant Surgeon July 13th, 1865, but could not muster. (See Assistant Surgeon.)

Chief Musicians.

HENRY T. JONES, enlisted from Pontiac, September 21st, 1861, and appointed Chief Musician. Discharged, June 3d, 1862, for disability. Is living at Atlantic City, Iowa.

ROBERT C. HOLLOWELL, enlisted from Le Roy, Ill., September 18th, 1861. Mustered out September 18th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.

LEANDER M. MOTT, enlisted from Chicago, Ill., August 15th, 1862. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Mott is living at Englewood, Ill., and makes as good a citizen as he was soldier, and is daily assisting in building up that suburban town with his labor, being a carpenter and builder.

PHILIP M. LACE, enlisted from Pontiac, Ill., January 5th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment. He had previously, September 20th, 1861, enlisted as leader of the regimental band, but was mustered out by order of the War Department, as has previously been mentioned.

Lace was an excellent musician and teacher, and was much respected for his many good qualities. He labored diligently and unceasingly to develop the full capacity of each member, and strove faithfully to bring his band up to his ideal of what a military band should be. It ultimately reached a standard of excellence that made it the leading band of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps. Lace had inherited the seeds of consumption which the exposures in the army served to develop, and he died from consumption of the lungs in 1872, and is buried at Channahon, Ill.

FRANKLIN L. FOX, enlisted from Chicago, January 1st, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment. Was promoted Principal Musician July 1st, 1865, *vice* Mott, mustered out.

FOX is living at 203 Thirty-seventh St., Chicago, Ill., and at last reports was a leading candidate for postmaster of the South Division station. He has a nice family, one of whom, a grown daughter, inherits his musical taste and ability. He is the same old Fox you used to know, except that he is the trifle of twenty-four years older than when some of you last met him. Yet he carries his years gracefully.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND.

The Thirty-Ninth during its period of service was perhaps fortunate in having plenty of music to relieve the monotony of the camp and the tedium of the march. The original band that left Chicago with us in October, 1861, was, by order of the War Department, mustered out of service June 4th, 1862. This order dispensed with all regimental bands that had been enlisted as such. Its "roster" will be found on another page.

The second band was organized by Philip M. Lace, who enlisted and was placed on the non-commissioned staff as Principal Musician, but it was the understanding that his pay should be that of second-lieutenant, which was made up by tax on the sutler. The members were detailed from the various companies and were enlisted soldiers. This band left Chicago with us, when we returned to the front from



THE REGIMENTAL BAND OF 1864-65.

From Photograph taken in 1864.

our veteran furlough in March, 1864. The instruments for them were bought with money subscribed by the officers of the regiment (six hundred dollars), while at Arlington Heights, Va., April, 1864. This band, under the drill and teaching of P. M. Lacey, became in a short time most excellent from a musical standpoint, and attained such proficiency in the rendition of first-class music that it was considered and had the reputation of being the best band in the Army of the James. During a battle it was the duty of the members to act as stretcher-bearers, and carry the wounded from the field. This duty was bravely and faithfully performed, as many will cheerfully bear testimony.

The band comprised many good fellows whose social attributes were fully equal to their musical talent, and their services were always in demand. They often performed at the Richmond and Norfolk theatres and on many social occasions. I cannot do better perhaps, in order to give the band a fair representation in this history, than to make place for what one of its members (E. D. Conley) has to say.

“The band was an institution in itself; and many incidents might be told of its experiences in ‘junkets,’ serenading and ‘missionary work’ in the ‘wee sma’ hours’ on many occasions. More than once have officers doffed their shoulder-straps and carried a brass instrument as a means of gaining *entree* into circles otherwise inaccessible to them. Some of its members were accomplished vocalists, so that song and chorus often diversified an evening’s entertainment.

“An incident occurring just after ‘making a night of it’ in serenading some time in 1864 will serve to show the effect of camp life in corrupting the morals of otherwise staid, sober characters when under the influence of the home-circle in civil life. Bill L— and Theodore P—r were rival ‘tuba’ players. The former became quite convivial at a certain serenade, and as they were returning to camp at about midnight, the writer of these lines mischievously

took up a handful of withered weeds and rammed them into the bell of Bill's 'tuba.' He only discovered the obstacle after a vain attempt to blow through his instrument, and then flew into a towering passion. Striking a dramatic attitude he said, 'Gentlemen, when I'm at home I'm considered a pretty good Methodist; but I'll be d—d if I can't whip the man who put those weeds in my horn, even if he is "Theo" P—r.'

"We all remember how little Tim Cannon would show his belligerent spirit whenever any other spirits were down; also, how Colonel Osborn stood McGregor against a tree as punishment for confiscating a pig near the Howlett House, which same pig subsequently went to the Colonel's mess; and how Brown captivated Sam Greenbaum's best girl at Norfolk, Va. It can also be mentioned how Ed. Conley's speculation in dried-apple pies came to an inglorious termination when he was mobbed and capsized in a neighboring camp in which he offered his wares for sale.

"On a little trip from Norfolk up the Elizabeth river, the band boys were interested in seeing a Freedman's school at a point some fifteen miles from Norfolk. Two young white ladies and about fifty negro children came to the river bank as we approached, and our attention was called by the captain of the boat who said, 'Gentlemen, this is the confiscated plantation of Governor Wise who hanged John Brown; and those ladies are Brown's daughters who are engaged in teaching a Freedman's school here.' So much for the whirligig of Time in even those few years.

"The members of the band have seen Jeff Davis on the parapet of Fort Monroe, a prisoner; and General Lee in St. Paul's church at Richmond. They played at the unveiling of the Thomas Wilder monument in Baltimore, and later in the capitol of the late C. S. A. at Richmond on July 4th, 1865.

"One brief incident and I have done. On a dark, driz-

zling night at the Bermuda Hundred defenses a terrific artillery duel took place. The band was huddled together in its 'dug-out' 'bomb proof,' which was without any sort of cover, when a rebel missile came crashing through the pines, struck a tree, rolled up the elevation, and having almost spent its force, fell over among the members of the band. It struck Phil Lace upon the shoulder and then fell on Conley's leg. It was at once, while yet warm from the gun, picked up and thrown from the bomb-proof. Next morning it was examined, and proved to be a spherical case shot. If it had exploded there would have been no more music for the Thirty-Ninth from us" in all probability.

The only attempt at a meeting of the band members since the disbandment of the regiment was at the re-union held at Wilmington in 1884. There were present then, with their instruments, Comrades McGregor, now a druggist at Pontiac; A. J. Wilson, of Jackson, Mich.; Sam Greenbaum, of Fairbury; Theo. W. Pitcher, then of Marseilles; W. W. Hughes, of Chicago; Sam Hull, of Morris; and lastly, Ed. Conley, who was President of the Association for that year. They played the Slumber Polka and other airs familiar to the "vets" on that February night with an almost electrical effect. As to the last-named comrade, Conley, it may be remarked that he has been the publisher of the *Wilmington Advocate* for the past eighteen years, and editor of the *Joliet Signal* since December 1st, 1886. Philip Lace, the band leader, and Enoch Hedge died long since; "Wall" Hughes and "Tim" Cannon are also dead; and Uncle Mike Fuller, now in his eightieth year, is an invalid in Wilmington and will probably see few more re-unions of the regiment.

ORIGINAL BAND OF THE THIRTY-NINTH ILLINOIS
VOLUNTEERS.

Leader of Band.

PHILIP M. LACE. Enlisted September 22, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department June 4, 1862.

First Class Musicians.

N. B. BOWMAN. Enlisted October 2, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

B. B. HULL. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

WM. C. HARRAH. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

WM. HANNING. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

FRANK R. SUMMERS. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

HENRY F. WILLIAMS. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

SAMUEL R. WILLIAMS. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862.

Second Class Musicians.

CALVIN HANNAH. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862. Taken prisoner at Strasburgh, Va., May, 1862; paroled, and discharged by order of the War Department.

ED. H. LANE. Enlisted October 2, 1861; taken prisoner at Strasburgh, Va., May, 1862. Paroled, and discharged by order of the War Department.

T. W. PITCHER. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged June 4, 1862, by order of the War Department.

ANDREW THAER. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

D. C. MEARS. Enlisted October 8, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

J. C. TOWNS. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

Third Class Musicians.

JAMES M. JOHNSON. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

A. A. LADD. Enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

B. W. FISHER. Enlisted October 8, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

ALFORD SCHERMERHORN. Enlisted August 17, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

C. E. SMITH. Enlisted October 5, 1861; discharged by order of the War Department, June 4, 1862.

THE BAND OF 1864 AND 1865.

* PHILIP M. LACE, Leader.....	Eb Cornet,	1st.
ENOCH C. HEDGE.....	Eb "	2nd.
JAMES A. WILSON.....	Bb "	1st.
EDWARD D. CONLEY.....	Bb "	2nd.
HENRY T. JONES.....	Eb Alto, Solo	1st.
CHARLES A. MCGREGOR.....	Eb "	2nd.
EDWARD A. SACKETT.....	Eb "	3rd.
SAMUEL F. HULL.....	Bb Baritone	Solo.
SAMUEL GREENBAUM.....	Bb Tenor,	1st.
FRANK L. BUTTERFIELD.....	Bb "	2nd.
WILLIAM H. BROWN.....	Bb "	2nd.
WILLIAM C. LACE.....	Eb Tuba,	1st.
* THEO. W. PITCHER.....	Eb "	2nd.
JOHN LEWIS.....	Cymbals.	
* JAMES M. JOHNSON.....	"	
TIMOTHY CANNON.....	Small Drum.	
WILLIAM HUGHES.....	Bass	"
M. H. FULLER.....	"	"

* Members of original band.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Company A—How Organized—Roster and Biographies—Summary of Casualties, Etc.

SKETCH OF COMPANY A.

THIS company was enlisted in the early part of April, 1861, during that exciting period following the firing upon Fort Sumter, and within three days many more men had been enrolled than could be taken in one company, so that selection was made in securing what was considered the best material for soldiers. The election for officers resulted in the choice of—

SYLVESTER W. MUNN FOR CAPTAIN.

JOSEPH W. RICHARDSON FOR FIRST LIEUTENANT.

LERROY A. BAKER FOR SECOND LIEUTENANT.

The full muster-roll of one hundred and three men was immediately forwarded to Springfield, Ill., for registry by the Adjutant-General of the State, and it should, by reason of precedence, have been assigned to the Twentieth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, but through some favoritism a second company, raised at Joliet, Ill., received the place. The majority of the men who had enlisted were anxious to enter into active service, and the company was practically disbanded, many enlisting in the Twentieth Illinois and other organizations that were preparing to take the field. A sufficient number, however, remained behind to form the nucleus for another company. The Thirty-Ninth Illinois Infantry were organizing in Chicago and this company was offered a place as soon as the War Department would accept the regiment.



GROUP OF LINE OFFICERS.

From Photograph taken on Morris Island, S. C., 1863.

After the first battle of Bull Run notice was received that the Thirty-Ninth was to be accepted, and measures were at once taken to recruit; and August 5th, 1861, Captain Munn with about fifty men proceeded to Chicago, and upon presentation of the muster-roll to Captain Webb, U. S. A., they were mustered into the service of the United States and assigned as Company A, Thirty-Ninth Illinois.

The company was made comfortable in quarters in the building known as the Republican Wigwam on Market street, and remained there until about the first of September, when the regimental encampment was established on vacant grounds on Indiana avenue, near Twenty-sixth street.

The men forming this company were principally from the vicinity of Wilmington, Ill., and mostly farmers, or farmers' sons. They made earnest and loyal soldiers, ever maintaining a good state of order and discipline, each man contributing his due share in making the record of the Thirty-Ninth regiment the peer of any that the State sent forth.

The company took part in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, as well as having several independent skirmishes in which it won commendations not only from its immediate commanders but from general officers.

It re-enlisted as veterans in January, 1864, at Hilton Head, S. C., for three years, or during the continuance of the war.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A.

Captain Sylvester W. Munn. Commissioned August 5th, 1861. Promoted to Major December 1st, 1861, *vice* Orrin L. Mann, promoted.

Captain Leroy A. Baker. Promoted from First Lieutenant December 1st, 1861, *vice* S. W. Munn, promoted. Discharged from the service by reason of the loss of a leg, August 5th, 1864.

Captain Baker was born May 10th, 1835, in Cortland county, New York, and removed to Will county, Illinois, in the year 1855. He assisted in the recruiting of Company A, and took much interest in its organization and equipment. At Williamsport, Md., he was taken sick with typhoid fever, and when the regiment was removed to Hancock, Md., he was trans-

ported to that point by canal-boat. He was unable to take any part in the operations at Alpine Station, Va., in resisting the rebel advance on January 3d and 4th. He had command of the provost-guards of General Shields' division for some time, and while at Luray, Va., made a search for articles contraband of war at the house of General Jordan, who was chief-of-staff to General Beauregard, and took possession of a large number of hospital tents, together with some barrels of sugar and syrup. After the battle of Port Republic he took possession of the house for hospital uses. He was "officer of the day" and in charge of the picket line at the time of the assault on Morris Island, S. C., July 10th, 1863. At the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, 1864, after Major S. S. Linton had been wounded, and the senior Captain, Hiram Phillips, of Company I, had been captured, he was called upon to assume the command and retained it until Lieutenant-Colonel Mann relieved him, late in the afternoon of that day. Again, on May 20th, after Lieutenant-Colonel Mann had been wounded, he took command of the regiment, retaining it until the 16th day of August, when he received a wound in the right leg which so shattered the bones of the member as to require amputation.

Captain Baker was a capable and considerate officer; brave and conscientious in the performance of whatever duty was assigned to him, and was always respected by his command. After his return to civil life he secured the appointment of postmaster at Wilmington, Ill., filling the position most acceptably. After his retirement from public life the Captain engaged in the real estate and insurance business, which still occupies his attention at Wilmington.

Captain Horace B. Parker. Enlisted in 1861; promoted to First Sergeant December 1st, 1861; promoted to First Lieutenant December 7th, 1864; and to Captain, March 31st, 1865—this being the date of his muster to that rank, although he had performed the duties of the position since Captain Baker's wound.

Captain Parker is now living at Albaton, Iowa.

First Lieutenant Joseph W. Richardson. Gave assistance in raising the company, and received his commission August 5th, 1861.

Lieutenant Richardson was born at Morristown, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., July 12th, 1830. He commenced life by teaching school in the State of New York, and followed that vocation for three or four years, when he took up the study of law at Ogdensburg, N. Y. After his admission to the bar he removed to Wilmington, Ill., and associated himself with S. W. Munn in the practice of his profession, and where he remained until Company A joined the Thirty-Ninth at Chicago. October 26th, 1861, while at Williamsport, Md., he was stricken down with typhoid fever, and died November 17th. He was buried at Williamsport, on the banks of the Potomac river, with military honors.

First Lieutenant Leroy A. Baker. Promoted Captain December 1st, 1861, *vice* Captain Munn, promoted.

First Lieutenant Allen B. Johnson. Promoted December 1st, 1861, *vice* Baker, promoted.

Nothing is known of Lieutenant Johnson's antecedents except that he was born in Pennsylvania. He died at Newbern, N. C., September 10th, 1864, of yellow fever, while on detached service as ordnance officer.

First Lieutenant Horace B. Parker. Promoted to Captain March 31st, 1865, *vice* Baker, mustered out.

First Lieutenant John E. Herriott. Promoted March 31st, 1865, *vice* Parker, promoted.

Lieutenant Herriott proved to be an excellent soldier, and was a popular officer. On leaving the service he returned to his former home and resumed the occupation of farming. He attends most of the annual re-unions of the regiment. He lives near Wilmington, Ill.

Second Lieutenant Leroy A. Baker. Commissioned August 5th, 1861.

Second Lieutenant Allen B. Johnson. Promoted March 17th, 1861, *vice* Baker, promoted.

Second Lieutenant James Burrill. Promoted December 1st, 1861, *vice* Johnson, promoted. Wounded in the neck while in camp at Bermuda Hundred, Va., May 25th, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of his term of service, October 26th, 1864.

Lieutenant Burrill is now residing at Braidwood, Ill., engaged in coal mining.

First Sergeant Allen B. Johnson. Enlisted July, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant November 17th, 1861.

Sergeant James Burrill. Enlisted from Wilmington August 5th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant December 1st, 1861.

Sergeant George Krauskup. Enlisted from Wilmington August 5th, 1861. Discharged February 5th, 1862, for disability.

Sergeant William H. Johnson. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks March 1st, 1862. Transferred to the regular army December 20th, 1862.

Sergeant Henry G. Smith. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Wounded October 9th, 1863, by a fragment of shell while passing up the beach on Morris Island, S. C., which wound required the amputation of his right leg.

Sergeant Smith at the time of being wounded was in charge of some thirty men, and was proceeding to Fort Gregg for duty. As he was passing Fort Wagner a shell from a rebel battery exploded over him, wounding him in the leg, and immediately afterwards another one exploded very near him, throwing him some ten feet and badly injuring his side. He has been an invalid since his discharge from the service, and confined to his house. At Hancock, Md., in January, 1862, he was detailed and put in command of thirty-five men as guard to an ammunition train belonging to Second Brigade, Third Division of Banks' Army, in command of General

Williams. At the second battle of Bull Run he was ordered to burn his train, but succeeded in taking it through to Washington all right. He was at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and rejoined his regiment in October, 1862, at Suffolk, Va. He is living at Dawson, Sangamon county, Ill.

Sergeant Horace B. Parker. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted First Lieutenant, September 8th, 1864.

Corporal William J. Harris. Enlisted August 19th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1862. Killed June 17th, 1864, in skirmish near Chester Station, Va.

Corporal John E. Herriott. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1862. Wounded at Fort Gregg, S. C., in the face. Promoted First Lieutenant March 31st, 1865, *vice* Parker, promoted.

Corporal William J. Russell. Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Discharged for disability August 15th, 1862. Is living at Chicago, Ill.

Corporal David O. Herrin. Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Reduced to ranks January 1st, 1862. Discharged July 20th, 1862.

Corporal William A. Keepers. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded at Fort Gregg, Va., and promoted to Sergeant April 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Corporal William R. Jones. Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Transferred to regular army November 17th, 1862.

Corporal Michael Dorr. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Mustered out at expiration of term of service, September 10th, 1864.

Corporal Thomas Deline. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner near Drury's Bluff, Va., June 2d, 1864. Mustered out under General Order 77, War Department, August 16th, 1864.

PRIVATES.

Ahrens, Claus. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va., May 20th, 1864.

Atkins, William C. Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Discharged for disability July 21st, 1862.

Adams, Samuel. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged for disability June 1st, 1862.

Adams served as nurse in regimental hospital for some time. Is living at Minooka, Ill.

Ashton, Daniel. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864. Mustered out under Order 77, War Department, August 16th, 1865. Lives at Nickerson, Kansas.

Abrams, Frank. Enlisted January 4th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Armstrong, Patrick C.** Enlisted November 1st, 1861. Taken prisoner in 1862. Mustered out August 6th, 1863, for disability.
- Brooks, L. R.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Served for two years as brigade postmaster. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Butterfield, William.** Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 22d, 1863. Killed August 16th, 1864. He was one of the color-guard.
- Brannackman, B. C.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Dropped before muster.
- Baxter, William.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the shoulder May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Burden, John.** Enlisted August 17th, 1861. Veteran. Killed August 16th.
- Brown, William H. R.** Enlisted August 21st, 1861. Wounded in the hand and finger amputated at Wier Bottom church June 2d, 1864. Mustered out at expiration of service, August, 1864. His present address is Salida, Colorado.
- Benton, Silas.** Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Transferred to Company E, November 15th, 1861. Is dead.
- Bailey, Patrick.** Enlisted October 14th, 1861. Transferred to regular army November 27th, 1862.
- Brown, Henry.** Enlisted December 26th, 1863. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 16th, 1865.
- In the Adjutant-General's Report the name is given as *Henry H. Bowen*. The writer does not know which is correct.
- Bracket, Florence.** Enlisted February 19th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, and sent to Andersonville, Georgia.
- Brown, Kental.** Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Substitute.
- Clapp, Fred G.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Promoted to Quarter-Master Sergeant December 31st, 1861. Mustered out at expiration of service.
- Croop, George W.** Enlisted September 16th, 1861. Discharged July 21st, 1862, for disability.
- Croop, Jonas F.** Enlisted from Gardner August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded August 16th, 1864. Mustered out August 1st, 1865.
- Carpenter, Joseph M.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged February 16th, 1862, for disability.
- Carpenter, A. F.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Carter, Joseph.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died of wounds received at Fort Wagner, S. C., August 26th, 1863.
- Carter, William C.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged November 15th, 1862, for disability.

- Cochran, David M.** Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 15th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Calhoun, Wm. W.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Died at regimental hospital February 23d, 1862, at Patterson's Creek, Va.
- Collinge, Alexander J.** Enlisted September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1862.

Collinge was injured in a collision on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad near Crestline in April, 1864, when going home on a furlough. On his return to the regiment he was detached for duty in the ambulance corps. He now resides at Manchester, Iowa, and is practicing veterinary surgery.

- Curtis, Cyrus.** Enlisted September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Discharged September 2d, 1865, under General Order 396, War Department. Is living at Channahon, Ill.
- Conroy, Francis.** Enlisted October 1st, 1861. Discharged May 25th, 1862, for disability.
- Coons, Montreville.** Enlisted February 20th, 1864. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Corrigan, Hugh.** Enlisted December 30th, 1863. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died of wounds June 3d, 1864.
- Cambellick, William.** Enlisted October 8th, 1864. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at Fort Gregg, Va. Is now farming near Gettysburg, Dakota.
- Cubberly, Mills.** Enlisted April 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Conley, Edward D.** Enlisted January 5th, 1864. Detailed to the regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Conley entered the service from the town of Wesley, Ill. His brother, John Conley, had entered the service previously as Second Lieutenant of Company E. After the muster-out Conley returned to Wilmington, Ill., and soon started in the newspaper business, editing and publishing the *Wilmington Advocate*, and made it very popular. Some years ago, together with Mr. Zarley, he established the *Joliet Signal*. He is a vigorous and entertaining writer and is always "on deck" and at the front. Although doing business at Joliet, he still makes his residence at Wilmington. His social qualities were always agreeable and made him popular with his comrades, and he still retains them. We remember his old-time jollity and jokes, and they sometimes crop out even now, although much sobered down since he joined the *benedicts*.

- Connell, Charles C.** Enlisted February 28th, 1862. Discharged June 21st, 1862, for disability.

The Adjutant-General's report has his name Charles O'Connell. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Dailey, Daniel.** Enlisted December 28th, 1863. Wounded May 20th, 1864. Died at Newbern, N. C., March 26th, 1865.

- Day, Henry M.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to Corporal March 1st, 1862; to Sergeant June 1st, 1865. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., while planting the colors of the regiment on the fort. Discharged for disability July 3d, 1865.
- Day was rewarded with a medal of honor for his bravery, by the War Department at Washington.
- Dobson, James.** Enlisted December 23d, 1863. Wounded May 20th, 1864, and suffered the loss of an arm. Discharged November 3d, 1865, for disability.
- Douse, Casper.** Enlisted February 23d, 1864. Mustered out May 22d, 1865, under Order No. 77, War Department.
- Dolan, Timothy.** Enlisted December 26th, 1863. Wounded May 16th, 1864. Transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Absent, wounded, at muster out. Is living at Joliet, Ill.
- Farable, David E.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died at Newbern, N. C., April 22d, 1862.
- Fitzpatrick, Michael.** Enlisted August 14th, 1861. Transferred to the regular army November 26th, 1862.
- Fuller, Myron C.** Enlisted June 5th, 1864, and was detailed to the regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Goss, Andrew.** Enlisted January 4th, 1864. Died at Chicago, August 11th, 1864.
- Galherer, John.** Enlisted December 28th, 1864. Wounded in the hand October 13th, 1864. Discharged under Order 96, War Department.
- Glasson, Peter.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.
- Hartman, William H.** Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., February 6th, 1862.
- Hicks, William.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died February 5th, 1862, at Cumberland, Md.
- Holz, Ernest.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1865; to Sergeant July 3d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hedge, Enoch C.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Detached to regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hedge took a gun and entered the ranks at the battles of Drury's Bluff and Strawberry Plains, Va., and did excellent service.
- Holter, John.** Enlisted August 17th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1862. Wounded May 20th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Houghton, Herrick.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Fairbury, Ill.

- Howell, George.** Enlisted August 19th, 1861. Discharged February 5th, 1862, for disability.
- Hughes, William J.** Enlisted February 24th, 1864. Was detailed to the regimental band. Died at Chicago, — 1886, of consumption.
- After leaving the service in 1865, Hughes engaged in the saloon business, corner of State and Eighteenth streets, and amassed considerable wealth.
- Hennings, John.** Enlisted February 18th, 1864. Wounded in the head October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va. Taken prisoner and paroled April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Hopkins, Joseph.** Enlisted February 29th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hurlbut, Amos.** Enlisted December 29th, 1863. Discharged February 16th, 1865, by order of War Department.
- Hines, James H.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out June 3d, 1865.
- Higgins, James T.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Irish, Frank.** Enlisted February 19th, 1864. Wounded October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Johnson, Ed. J.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged March 19th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Kankakee, Ill.
- Killfoyl, James.** Enlisted September 10th, 1861. Deserted March 17th, 1864.
- Kyle, Joseph.** Enlisted October 8th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Knowles, Benjamin F.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged for disability July 22d, 1862.
- Knowles was injured in the leg at Cumberland, Md., by being run into by a coasting sled. Is living in Chicago; address not known.
- Lyons, George.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died February 23d, 1863, at St. Helena Island, S. C.
- Lawler, Michael.** Enlisted September 16th, 1861. Discharged July 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Lynch, John.** Enlisted October 31st, 1861. Mustered out at expiration of service, October 30th, 1864.
- Murphy, Orrin.** Enlisted September 10th, 1861. Discharged September 4th, 1863, for disability.
- Mott, George.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died February 2d, 1862, at Cumberland, Md.
- McCullum, Alexander.** Enlisted September 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to Corporal October 15th, 1865; was transferred from Company E, November 16th, 1861. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- McCarty, Peter.** Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Died June 12th, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.
- McCulloch, John.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Mustered out at expiration of service September 10th, 1864.
- Martin, James.** Enlisted August 16th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McDonald, James.** Enlisted September 10th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Maher, John.** Enlisted September 10th, 1861. Died January 16th, 1862, at Cumberland, Md.
- McKnight, William.** Enlisted October 22d, 1861. Mustered out October 22d, 1864, at expiration of service.
- McKendrick, Michael.** Enlisted December 26th, 1863. Wounded in skirmish with the enemy near Chester Station, Va., and taken prisoner June 16th, 1864.
- Malony, James.** Enlisted December 4th, 1863. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Blackberry, Ill.
- Murray, James.** Enlisted January 16th, 1864. Wounded in shoulder October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McGlasson, Leonard.** Enlisted April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McGraine, Con.** Enlisted April 10th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Mahone, Michael.** Enlisted April 4th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Nichols, Ira.** Enlisted August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded and taken prisoner May 20th, 1864, and escaped, but was recaptured, and died in prison at Florence, S. C.
- Nichols, Benjamin.** Enlisted December 24th, 1863. Promoted to Corporal September 28th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Osgood, Thomas.** Enlisted February 19th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864. Died in hospital September 28th, 1864.
- Osgood, Jerry.** Enlisted February 19th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ottenheimer, Solomon.** Enlisted October 1st, 1864. Discharged June 21st, 1865, under Order 96, War Department.
- Pelton, Alsen D.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Taken prisoner at Strasburgh, Va., May, 1862. Discharged December 1st, 1862.
- Proud, Samuel F.** Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the arm May 20th, 1864. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.
- Perkins, James.** Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Died September 7th, 1861, at Chicago, Ill.
- Phillips, James P.** Enlisted August 13th, 1861. Discharged June 8th, 1863, for disability.

- Pemberton, Henry.** Enlisted January 1st, 1862. Died June 18th, 1864, in general hospital.
- Preston, William.** Enlisted March 8th, 1864. Mustered out January 21st, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Rourk, Hugh.** Enlisted August 20th, 1861. Veteran. Killed April 2d, 1865, at Fort Gregg, Va.
- Randall, Frank R.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged October 28th, 1863, for disability.
- Reed, William H.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1863. Captured by the enemy June 2d, 1864. Mustered out August 15th, 1865.
- Ryan, Thomas.** Enlisted August 25th, 1863. Acted as Orderly on General Osborn's staff during the spring campaign of 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Rodgers, Thomas.** Enlisted December 24th, 1861. Discharged December 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Ruppenthal, Henry.** Enlisted January 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864. Arm so shattered that amputation was necessary. Died in general hospital June 18th, 1864.
- Rollins, L. P.** Enlisted October 8th, 1864.
- Starkweather, Henry.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Died July 14th, 1863, on Folly Island, S. C.
- Stumph, Michael.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged August 4th, 1862, for disability.
- Scanlin, John.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Wounded at Bermuda Hundred, Va. Mustered out November 20th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Stewart, James.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged August 4th, 1862, for disability.
- Smith, Nicholas.** Enlisted August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Died of wounds April 4th, 1865.
- Sullivan, Michael.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged May 19th, 1862 for disability.
- Sherman, Martin.** Enlisted September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Sovereign, Milton.** Enlisted September 14th, 1861, as musician. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Sovereign is now living at York, Nebraska, and holds the office of clerk of the county court.
- Seybert, Andrew.** Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in Andersonville prison August 11th, 1864.
- Smith, Charles W.** Enlisted February 25th, 1864. Deserted October 26th, 1865.

Taylor, Galveston A. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to Corporal September 10th, 1864; to Sergeant March 1st, 1865; to Second Lieutenant October 10th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Tewkey, Edward. Enlisted August 14th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Tracy, Harvey. Enlisted August 19th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and sent to Andersonville prison.

Taylor, Bufort. Enlisted December 25th, 1863. Died at Richmond, Va., May 14th, 1865.

Tower, Frank H. Enlisted February 29th, 1864.

Tower held a clerkship during his term of service—first as company clerk; then clerk in Regimental Adjutant's office; also held the position of chief clerk at headquarters of the First Brigade, and subsequently the position of chief clerk in the office of the Assistant Inspector General of the Southeastern Department of Virginia at Norfolk. After his return to civil life he located in Chicago, Ill., and engaged in the insurance business. Subsequently he removed to Milwaukee, Wis., still pursuing the same line of business, and where he may now be addressed.

Thewlis, William. Enlisted February 19th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Vowal, Christian. Enlisted February 24th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Walters, Charles L. Enlisted October 10th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died at Annapolis, Md., March 26th, 1865.

Wiser, Theodore S. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Wounded June 2d, 1864. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Watson, John M. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged May 16th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Spencer, Iowa.

Whitney, Henry P. Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va., and suffered the amputation of his right arm.

After leaving the service Whitney served as Deputy United States Marshal for some years. Is now residing at Chicago.

Weldon, Jacob M. Enlisted August 8th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Watts, Charles W. Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Dropped from the rolls as deserter, October 22d, 1865.

Wilcox, James M. Enlisted August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged June 30th, 1865, for wounds.

Wayne, Winters. Enlisted March 11th, 1865. Discharged by War Department Order 96.

- Wells, Pomeroy.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged May 25th, 1862, for disability.
- Wirts, George.** Enlisted August 27th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Willard, C. S.** Enlisted September 17th, 1861. Wounded October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va., and at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865. Discharged August 17th, 1865, for disability.
- Wilcox, William.** Enlisted October 10th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Welch, James.** Enlisted October 14th, 1861. Transferred to regular army November 26th, 1862.
- Willard, William.** Enlisted December 26th, 1863. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Is living at Channahon, Ill.
- Yates, George.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Promoted to Corporal August 1st, 1862; to Sergeant August 8th, 1864. Wounded at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., October 13th, 1864.

Yates was pierced with four bullets while carrying the regimental colors in the charge made upon the rebel works and was captured and taken to Castle Thunder, Va. He was paroled October 13th, 1864, and sent to Annapolis, Md., where he died from his wounds October 26th, 1864. After his death a commission was received for him as Captain United States Colored troops.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	6
Died of wounds.....	10
Died in prison.....	2
Died of disease.....	14
Lost limbs.....	6
Wounded.....	36
Discharged for disability.....	30
Transferred.....	7
Deserted.....	11
Taken prisoner.....	12
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	21
Enlisted as veterans.....	26
Number originally enlisted.....	97
Recruits.....	61
Returned at muster-out of regiment.....	57
Known to be living (1889).....	32

NOTE.—It is to be regretted that the roster and history of the enlisted men is not more perfect. There has been found a great discrepancy existing between the roster prepared by the Regimental Adjutant (which has been principally the guide for the writer) and that published by the Adjutant-General of the State. If it could have been prepared or even revised by a Company officer it would have been more satisfactory. The name or record of a man might as well be omitted entirely as to have it misspelled and misquoted. These remarks apply to all of the companies except K, the roster of which was furnished by Sergeant Slagle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Company B—How and Where Organized—Roster and Biography—Summary of Casualties.

HISTORY OF COMPANY B.

THIS company was organized at Bloomington, Ill., on the 12th day of August, 1861. After the old Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry had served its three months on the banks of the "Big Muddy" and at Cairo, Ill., those who did not wish to re-enlist for the three years' service returned to their homes with their honorable discharge in pocket, feeling in a measure unsettled as to what they would do. The news of the first battle at Bull Run spreading over the country as fast as electricity could carry it—a battle and a defeat,—so excited and stirred up the feelings of the boys that it soon decided the old members of Company K of the Eighth Illinois who had seen service as above mentioned, to re-enlist, and thus they became the nucleus of Company B, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. These men were George T. Heritage, Al. C. Sweetser, James Gibson, D. F. Sellards, L. D. Kidder, Harvey Bailey, James S. Haldeman, Stephen Johnson, and others whose names we cannot at present recall. After a few days active work in recruiting we had a sufficient number on the rolls to call a meeting, which was held at No. 214 North Front street, for the purpose of electing officers and perfecting the organization. At this meeting, which was largely attended by those who had enlisted, the following officers were chosen:

FOR CAPTAIN, ISAIAH W. WILMARTH.

FIRST LIEUTENANT, DAVID F. SELLARDS.

SECOND LIEUTENANT, JAMES S. HALDEMAN.

The company proceeded to Chicago, where it was assigned to the Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers as Company B, having at that time thirty-four enlisted men. While at Chicago thirty-six more recruits joined it before muster into the United States service October 11th, 1861.

Company B participated in all the movements and battles the regiment was engaged in, and won for itself an enviable reputation for soldierly conduct. At the battle of Drury's Bluff on the 16th day of May, 1864, when the troops on the right of the line had been driven back, and the men on the right of our own regiment were giving way file by file, stubbornly contesting every inch of the ground, and as the men of Company B were dropping back until Alexander Paul was reached, Sergeant Joseph Hallett said to him, "'Aleck,' there is no orders to retreat; hold your ground!" and then drawing his revolver and covering the "color bearer" commanded him to return with the colors, and at the same time called upon the regiment to rally—which it did in grand style; and while the right of the line was making rapid strides to the rear, the Thirty-Ninth alone was advancing on the enemy and keeping his left in a spirited engagement, so much so, that General Alfred H. Terry was heard to say, "In the name of God! what troops are engaged on our left?"

On the 20th of May, at Wier Bottom church, Va., it did noble service, losing several men in killed and wounded. At this battle Lieutenant Al. C. Sweetser acted as Adjutant to the regiment. On the 2d day of June, 1864, while it was on duty at the front near Wier Bottom church, Lieutenant Sweetser was wounded through both legs. It took an active part in the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., losing heavily in killed and wounded. Captain Heritage was severely wounded in this action and to his credit be it said, he entered into the engagement after his term of ser-

vice had expired, and his order for "muster out" was at brigade headquarters.

At the time the regiment was preparing to assault the rebel works, Companies B and G formed the fifth division of the regiment under command of Lieutenant Harrington of Company G. The Lieutenant's term of service had expired, and not feeling willing to undergo the risk of his life, he turned his command over to Sergeant Joseph Hallett of Company B, remarking, as he did so, "I am a citizen, and by G—d it is getting too close for me, and I shall go where there is more room!" He did not stand long on the order of his going either, but went at once. Some may think that Lieutenant Harrington showed the "white feather," but we that knew him could vouch to the contrary, and we felt that under the circumstances he was fully justified in taking the course he did. The company followed the fortunes of the regiment through to its final "muster out" at the close of the war, and ever maintained a high order of discipline, especially after Captain Heritage was called to the command. It was always ready and willing for duty, and in its performance evinced those sterling qualities that gave it the name of the "Old Reliable."

ROSTER OF COMPANY B.

Captain Isaiah W. Wilmarth. Commissioned August 12th, 1861.
Resigned May 26th, 1862.

Captain David F. Sellards. Resigned on account of ill health
August 31st, 1862.

After leaving the service Captain Sellards moved into the State of Iowa, locating near Mt. Ayr, where he commenced the study of medicine, and graduated as a physician in 1867, and commenced practice. He pursued this business until 1877, when he died from disease of the lungs, leaving a widow and a large family of children. During the last years of his life he led a miserable existence—that of a chronic dyspeptic, complicated with tuberculosis of the lungs, and subsisted chiefly upon stimulants.

Captain George T. Heritage. Wounded in the shoulder and back October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out December 7th, 1864, at expiration of service.

George T. Heritage was the only son of Thomas and Susan Heritage. He was born in Deddington, Oxfordshire, England, on the 26th day of September, 1834. His mother died when he was quite young, and his father emigrated to Canada and settled at New Hope. At the age of sixteen George went to Brantford, Ontario, to learn a trade, and was apprenticed to carriage-making for three years. In 1856 he went to Chicago, Ill., but not realizing his expectations he removed to Bloomington, Ill., where he was employed by John F. Walton until July, 1857, when he returned to Canada; but again feeling dissatisfied with his prospects he returned to the States, locating again at Bloomington, and was employed by the same man, working until the "Pike's Peak" excitement of 1859, when he determined to go West and try his fortune. The venture was disappointing, and his finances not permitting his return home, he secured the situation of "bull-whacker," and drove an ox-team through to Salt Lake, Utah,—a very perilous undertaking at that time. From Salt Lake he returned to Bloomington and his trade, remaining until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in Company K, Captain Harvey's company, for the three months' service. This company went to Springfield, Ill., and was placed in the Eighth Illinois Infantry, commanded by Richard J. Oglesby, afterward Governor of the State. After serving his term he returned to Bloomington and took an active part in the organization of a company for the three years' service. This company was afterwards known as Company B, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Infantry (Yates Phalanx). He was elected Orderly Sergeant, which position he filled until May 26th, 1862, when he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and in August, 1862, he was elevated to the Captaincy. When the regiment came home on its veteran furlough, the Captain obtained a passport from Secretary Stanton and went to Canada, where he was married to Miss Christina McAllister, February 23d, 1864. He returned with his bride to Bloomington, Ill., remaining until the regiment was ordered to the front, when he rejoined it at Chicago.

In August, 1864, he was wounded by a fragment of shell while on duty at the front, and was sent to hospital, where he received "leave of absence" for twenty days. After his return he was called upon, by reason of seniority of rank, to take command of the regiment, which he retained until wounded at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., October 13th, 1864, being shot through the left shoulder, the ball penetrating through to the other shoulder. He was carried back to Surgeon Clark, who cut out the ball and dressed the wounds, sending him to the general hospital at Fort Monroe, Va. He remained in hospital for nine weeks, when he returned to the regiment, but feeling unable to further endure the trials of an active campaign he was "mustered out" of the service, returning to Bloomington, Ill., where, when able, he resumed work at his trade with his old employer.

In May, 1888, he resigned his position as foreman in Walton's establishment and associated himself with Mr. Flinspach in business under the firm name of Flinspach & Heritage. The Captain has an interesting family of four children, all of whom are living.

Captain John F. Alsup. Promoted and commissioned, but could not muster on it for the reason that there was not a sufficient number of men in the company. Discharged September 24th, 1865, as Sergeant.

Captain Charles D. Platt. Commissioned *vice* Alsup, discharged, but could not muster. Mustered out October 6th, 1865, as First Lieutenant.

Nothing is known concerning Platt's early history, or if living or not.

First Lieutenant D. F. Sellards. Promoted Captain May 26th, 1862, *vice* Wilmarth, resigned. (See Adjutant.)

First Lieutenant George T. Heritage. Promoted Captain August 30th, 1862, *vice* Sellards, resigned.

First Lieutenant Lesmore D. Kidder. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out February 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Lieutenant Kidder had command of the ambulance train at the battle of Drury's Bluff, and was wounded in the leg while busy getting the wounded off the field, and came very near being taken prisoner; but being mounted on a good horse he managed to elude his would-be captors, and escaped with a badly fractured and shattered limb. Nothing further is known concerning the Lieutenant since he left the service.

First Lieutenant Charles D. Platt. Promoted October 26th, 1865, to Captain.

First Lieutenant Al. C. Sweetser. Wounded June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va., through both legs, one of them being so badly shattered as to require amputation at the lower third of the thigh. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Lieutenant Sweetser was born in Oxford county, Maine, February 23d, 1839. While in his infancy, his parents moved to the State of Mississippi, remaining there for some years, then returned to Maine and located at Portland. After five years they removed to Columbia county, Wisconsin, and made a trial at farming for the period of four years; then they removed to Bloomington, Ill., which has since been the home of the Lieutenant.

The excitement attending the discovery of gold at "Pike's Peak" in 1858-59 had no sooner commenced than the subject of this sketch made one of a party to dare and brave the hardships of an overland trip to the "auriferous region." After reaching this "El Dorado" and spending some time in explorations, he began to realize, with thousands of others, that the fabulous wealth of the gold-bearing region had been *slightly* over-estimated, and he turned his steps homeward and began his search for

wealth in the more ordinary and safe method pursued by the generality of people. He turned his attention to the milling business at Bloomington, and was thus engaged when the "War of the Rebellion" broke out. Possessing an adventurous and chivalric spirit he at once enrolled his name as a member of Captain Harvey's (K) Company, of the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry under Colonel "Dick" Oglesby, for the three months' service. After "muster-out" he returned to his home, and took an active part in recruiting a company for the three years' service. This company was assigned as Company B, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers.

The Lieutenant was a brave and enthusiastic soldier, and soon became popular and prominent in his company and regiment, and received in due course of time his well-merited promotions. His career of usefulness as a soldier ended, however, on the 2d day of June, 1864, when he received his wound. He was a great sufferer in hospital for many long months—his wound having contracted hospital gangrene, and his life came very near being finished at Chesapeake hospital, Fort Monroe, Va.

On his return to Bloomington after the war he was elected to the office of city and town collector, and subsequently he received the appointment of Deputy U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, and held it until the administration of President Cleveland came in, when his services were no longer required.

Lieutenant Sweetser has been very prominent and active in the Grand Army of the Republic, and in 1887 was elected Commander of the Department of Illinois, giving general and praiseworthy satisfaction. He is the treasurer of the Veteran Association of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, having held the position since its organization. He is still a resident of the city of Bloomington, Ill.

Second Lieutenant James S. Haldeman. Commissioned August 12th, 1861. Resigned May 26th, 1862. He is living at Kansas City, Mo.

Second Lieutenant James Gibson. Resigned September 21st, 1862. He is living at Bloomington, Ill.

Second Lieutenant Al. C. Sweetser. Promoted First Lieutenant December 6th, 1865.

First Sergeant George T. Heritage. Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant May 26th, 1862.

Sergeant Al. C. Sweetser. Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant October 11th, 1861.

Sergeant James Gibson. Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant May 26th, 1862.

Sergeant L. D. Kidder. Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Promoted to First Lieutenant December 24th, 1862.

Sergeant James M. Alsup. Enlisted at Le Roy, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Taken prisoner at Blackwater, Va., October 24th, 1862; paroled and exchanged. Deserted in January, 1863.

Sergeant John T. Turill. Enlisted from Decatur, Ill.

Sergeant Joseph Hallett. Veteran. Promoted to First Sergeant September 24th, 1865. Wounded in the thigh, May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Joseph Hallett was born in West Chennoek, Somersetshire, England, May 9th, 1843. His parents came to America in 1852, and located in Hamilton county, Ohio, where they remained until 1857, when they removed to Bloomington, Ill. In the spring of 1860 the subject of this sketch commenced his apprentice work at marble-cutting, and was so engaged at the breaking out of the war. He was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers, and enlisted for the three months' service in Company K, Eighth Illinois Volunteers, and went with the company to Springfield, remaining there until the mustering-officer made his selection from the quota allowed each company. He being small of stature (five feet two inches), was "cut off on the left," and advised to return home to his mother. He returned to his work again at Bloomington, but after the great disaster at the first Bull Run battle he again enlisted in Company B, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, and held his own admirably until March, 1864, when he was detailed as bugler for Company B. This position he occupied until August, 1864, at a time when Captain Heritage was called to the command of the regiment; then he was promoted to the highest vacant position and was made Sergeant, and placed in command of the company, holding the command until after the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865, when he turned the command over to Lieutenant Platt. He was mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865. He is now living at Bloomington, Ill., engaged in the practice of medicine.

Corporal Archibald L. Carman. Enlisted from Bloomington, August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 26th, 1862. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Corporal George W. Stephenson. Enlisted from Bloomington, August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant January 1st, 1863. Reduced to the ranks August 7th, 1863. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Corporal Henry Anderson. Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Anderson was detailed to the position of wagon-master for a long period of time and did most excellent service. He is now living at Xenia, Ohio.

Corporal Elliott B. Hill. Enlisted from Wapella, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Discharged August 5th, 1862, for physical disability.

Corporal John T. Turill. Enlisted from Decatur August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant January 1st, 1863. Died July 14th, 1864, from disease.

- Corporal Stephen Johnson.** Enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., August 12th, 1861. Discharged July 22d, 1862, for disability.
- Corporal Harvey Bailey.** Enlisted at Bloomington, August 12th, 1861. Wounded in the leg May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Died June 10th, 1864, in hospital, from wounds.
- Corporal Darwin M. Sparrow.** Enlisted at Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks, October 19th, 1861. Discharged February 25th, 1863, for disability.

 PRIVATES.

- Alsop, John F.** Enlisted from LeRoy August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 26th, 1862; to First Sergeant January 1st, 1863. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.; also May 22d, 1864, in a skirmish; and again wounded April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Promoted Captain April 11th, 1865, but could not muster. Discharged, for disability from wounds, September 23d, 1865.
- Alsop, Robert D.** Enlisted from LeRoy February 26th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Anderson, James S.** Enlisted December 15th, 1864. Deserted August 2d, 1865.
- Anderson, James.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Discharged May 25th, 1865, for disability.
- Adams, John Q.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Deserted September 2d, 1865.
- Barton, William H.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Discharged December 12th, 1863, for disability.
- Beckwith, Walter J.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Promoted to Corporal October 31st, 1863. Reduced to the ranks May 1st, 1865. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ball, John T.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 15th, 1861. Discharged October 26th, 1863, for disability.
- Burke, Gerhard.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Mustered out September 12th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Burke, George.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Killed September 11th, 1863, at Fort Gregg, S. C.
- Blevins, Sanford H.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 25th, 1861. Discharged September 25th, 1862, for disability.
Blevins died some years ago. His widow lives at Sebree, Kentucky.
- Butler, Harrison.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 30th, 1861. Severely wounded June 16th, 1864, in a skirmish with the enemy near Chester Station, Va. Left on the field and supposed to have been taken prisoner. Veteran.
- Bender, Charles.** Enlisted at Bloomington, Ill., August 30th, 1861. Discharged June 16th, 1862, for disability. Died in 1888.

- Blanchard, John.** Enlisted at Bloomington, August 27th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Bowers, John.** Enlisted at Bloomington, August 27th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Mustered out October 13th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Berry, Joseph** Enlisted at Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Leg amputated. Died September 4th. 1864, in hospital, from wounds.
- Bailey, Robert.** Enlisted from Bloomington October 15th, 1861. Deserted February 28th, 1864.
- Bowen, Marion D.** Enlisted from Chicago October 21st, 1864. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Died April 2d, 1865, from wounds.
- Beckwith, Lester S.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 22d, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; also May 20th, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Was on furlough at muster-out of regiment.
- Bierbower, Jonathan.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 6th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. He is living at Arrowsmith, Ill.
- Burns, Daniel.** Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Brown, Lewis.** Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Clark, John W. A.** Enlisted from Bloomington, August 12th, 1861. Discharged July 25th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.
- Crossley, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Discharged October 26th, 1863, for disability.
- Covey, Edmund.** Enlisted from LeRoy August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the arm June 16th, 1864, at Chester Station, Va.; also October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Welch, Mo.
- Covey, James R.** Enlisted from LeRoy September 19th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 31st, 1863; to Sergeant August 27th, 1864. Wounded at Fort Wagner, S. C., September 14th, 1863. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at LeRoy, Ill.
- Cook, Levi.** Enlisted from Jacksonville August 28th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled June 24th, 1862. Died at Washington, D. C., October 27th, 1862.
- Cullar, Benjamin.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Discharged June 17th, 1862.
- Call, Carlton.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.
- Carl, Oliver C.** Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Deserted January 26th, 1862.

- Clark, Henry.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged September 14th, 1862. Mustered out with regiment.
- Cranston, Joseph H.** Enlisted from Chicago October 19th, 1861. Discharged December 30th, 1862, for disability. Is living at the National Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio.
- Cook, Methusaleh.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Discharged August 12th, 1862, for disability.
- Crandall, James.** Enlisted from Bloomington, November 20th, 1862. Mustered out November 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Conklin, Lafayette.** Enlisted February 6th, 1864. Died August 9th, 1865, at City Point, Va.
- Cavett, John A.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 6th, 1864. Mustered out July 6th, 1865, under Order War Department.
- Cain, Christopher D.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 24th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Died September 10th, 1865.
- Campbell, William E.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 22d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Cole, William.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Dake, John W.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Davis, Barnet H.** Enlisted from LeRoy August 17th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Discharged April 11th, 1863.
- Downey, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. Is living at Lockport, Ill.
- Dailey, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 23d, 1861. Discharged December 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Doud, LeRoy.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted First Lieutenant and Adjutant August 19th, 1864. (See Field and Staff.)
- Dillon, Orange W.** Enlisted from Bloomington October 28th, 1861. Discharged December 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Duff, Robert.** Enlisted March 2d, 1864. Wounded June 16th, 1864, and died of wounds.
- Dillon, Asbury P.** Enlisted from Bloomington October 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out with regiment.
- Dyer, Henry E.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Egidy, Frederick.** Enlisted from Bloomington October 23d, 1861. Discharged July 22d, 1862, for disability.
- Elliott, John.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Fordyce, John K.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Wounded September 12th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Leg amputated. Discharged June 20th, 1864, for disability from wounds.
- Fagot, Jacob.** Enlisted from Peoria September 21st, 1861. Transferred to the regular service November 28th, 1862.
- Fagot, Matthias.** Enlisted from Peoria, September 21st, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Discharged June 18th, 1862, for disability.
- Foot, Jerome.** Enlisted from Concord February 24th, 1864. Promoted Corporal September 14th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Fisher, Lewis.** Enlisted from Enfield February 11th, 1864. Wounded in the face August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Discharged February 28th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Frankberger, Lee J.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 20th, 1864. Promoted Corporal. Mustered out with regiment.
- Franks, Jacob C.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 23d, 1864. Drowned May 20th, 1864, while bathing in the James river.
- Fallon, Michael.** Enlisted from Chicago, October 3d, 1864. Mustered out October 9th, 1865.
- Gibbs, Elias.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal, August 28th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, and October 7th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant September 24th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Climax, Mo.
- Groves, Thomas.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 30th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Graves, James H.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Discharged December 20th, 1862, for disability.
- Gillen, James R.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal October 19th, 1861. Dropped from the roll at expiration of service.
- Gordon, Henry.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 5th, 1861. Discharged September 14th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Green, Martin.** Enlisted from Bloomington March 1st, 1864. Deserted May 15th, 1864.
- Goldsmith, Nicholas.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 29th, 1864. Wounded in the face May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Discharged October 6th, 1864, for disability.
- Gibbs, Jeremiah.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Gough, William.** Enlisted from Zion April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hartry, Edmund.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1863. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in prison at Andersonville, Ga., June 24th, 1864.

- Hummell, Henry.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 1st, 1864. Reduced to ranks April 30th, 1865. Wounded in the hand August 14th, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. Promoted Corporal September 24th, 1865.
- Hallett, Joseph.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant August 27th, 1864; to First Sergeant September 24th, 1865. (See Sergeant.)
- Hallett, William D.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Wounded in the thigh May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out October 13th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.
- Hoisington, Henry.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Died December 4th, 1861, from disease.
- Harvey, Levi.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
Harvey is living at Bloomington, Ill., his occupation being that of a locomotive engineer.
- Hayes, James H.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. Was injured in the back by the falling timbers of a bomb-proof in front of Fort Wagner, S. C., in 1863. Is living at Saybrook, Ill.
- Haspel, Frederick.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Discharged December 22d, 1864, for disability.
- Harty, James.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Mustered out October 19th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Hotchkiss, Charles B.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 26th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Covell, Ill.
- Hutchinson, William.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.
- Hafer, John R.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1864. Killed October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Henner, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Discharged August 27th, 1863, for disability.
- Howard, Robert.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Deserted October 28th, 1861.
- Haines, C. L.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1862. Mustered out June 28th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Hammock, Peter.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 13th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hartry, Alfred.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 20th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out July 7th, 1865, as prisoner of war.
- Hafer, John R.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 26th, 1864. Wounded in the face October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads. Discharged December 25th, 1862, for disability.

- Hilman, Henry B.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Henschod, Theodore.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Discharged July 19th, 1865, for disability.
- Hammond, Morris.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Absent sick at muster-out of regiment.
- Johnson, James M.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 19th, 1861. Veteran. Missing in action May 16th, 1864; supposed prisoner. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at LeRoy, Ill.
- Johnson, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 22d, 1861. Discharged June 28th, 1864, for disability.
- Johnson, James.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Died October 26th, 1864.
- Johnson, Isaac R.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 19th, 1861. Discharged August 12th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Soldier City, Kansas.
- Johnson, Alfred.** Enlisted from Empire June 25th, 1862. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.
- Johnson, Franklin.** Enlisted from LeRoy June 5th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Johnson, John P.** Enlisted April 8th, 1865. Deserted June 4th, 1865.
- Kark, Frederick.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 5th, 1861. Discharged March 3d, 1863, for disability.
- Kennedy, Dennis.** Enlisted from Chicago October 25th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1863. Killed August 14th, 1864, in skirmish at Deep Run, Va.
- Kelly, John A.** Enlisted from Chicago February 6th, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Lane, William J.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.
- Lane is living at Hillsboro, Texas, where he has been for the last seventeen years.
- Leibo, Arthur B.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the foot May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1864, in the "color-guard."
- Lewis, Hermann F.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 25th, 1861. Discharged February 10th, 1863, for disability.
- Lemon, George W.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 24th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.
- Lafferty, William S.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 24th, 1864. On furlough at muster-out of regiment.

Lynch, John. Enlisted March 2d, 1865. Died March 30th, 1865, at Point of Rocks hospital.

Merrifield, Samuel. Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

Marrigold, Charles L. Enlisted from Chicago August 3d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Reduced November, 1865. Mustered out with regiment, December 6th, 1865.

Miller, Elliott S. Enlisted from Chicago August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 15th, 1864. Wounded in the arm May 30th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant September 14th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Miller is living at Jamestown, Dakota, where he is pursuing the occupation of a contractor and builder. He holds the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia of that Territory, and has filled prominent positions in the G. A. R. Post at Jamestown.

Miller, Anthony. Enlisted from Bloomington September 18th, 1861. Mustered out October 18th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.

Martin, John. Enlisted from Bloomington August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal June 1st, 1863; to Sergeant September 1st, 1863. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.

Murray, Thomas. Enlisted from Bloomington August 20th, 1861. Deserted October 28th, 1861.

McCann, James. Enlisted April 10th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Neal, John A. Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Mustered out June 11th, 1864, at expiration of service.

O'Connell, John. Enlisted from Bloomington September 27th, 1861. Discharged March 15th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.

Owen, Leonard J. Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Discharged July 11th, 1862.

O'Conner, Patrick. Enlisted from Bloomington October 28th, 1862. Mustered out October 30th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Platt, Charles D. Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant September 15th, 1864. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Promoted to First Lieutenant May 9th, 1865.

Paul, Alexander. Enlisted from Bloomington September 26th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 27th, 1864. Wounded in the foot October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.; also wounded in the knee May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Died at Allerton, Iowa, in 1887.

Rounds, John J. Enlisted from Bloomington, September 12th, 1861. Transferred to the regular service November 28th, 1862. Died in 1885.

Redicks, Asa. Enlisted from Zion April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Sellman, S. H. M.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Discharged October 26th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Cecil, Kansas.
- Stout, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 12th, 1861. Discharged March 23d, 1863, for disability.
- Shea, James.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 20th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Steinkulan, Peter.** Enlisted March 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Sifers, Theodore.** Enlisted from Jefferson county April 5th, 1865. In prison by sentence of general court-martial at muster-out of regiment.
- Tanner, Andrew J.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Thompson, Robert.** Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Vermillion, Charles W.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal August 7th, 1863; to Sergeant in 1863. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out July 15th, 1864, as prisoner of war.
- Van Dusen, John.** Enlisted from Chicago September 20th, 1861. Died October 4th, 1862, at Suffolk, Va., from disease.
- Wooding, Alfred.** Enlisted from Decatur August 12th, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner June 16th, 1864, near Chester Station, Va.
- Worely, William F.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Deserted June 28th, 1863.
- Wilson, William F.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 30th, 1861. Discharged February 5th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.
- Wolcott, William H.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 5th, 1861. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1863. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Williams, John W.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out October 18th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Macon, Ill.
- Wolcott, Edwin N.** Enlisted February 9th, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.
- Wheeler, John.** Enlisted February 28th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	6
Died of wounds.....	5
Died of disease.....	6
Died in prison.....	1
Drowned.....	1
Wounded.....	34
Lost limbs.....	3
Taken prisoner.....	13
Deserted.....	10
Transferred.....	3
Discharged for disability.....	33
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	34
Re-enlisted.....	28
Number originally enlisted.....	94
Recruits.....	56
Mustered out with regiment.....	45
Known to be living.....	34

CHAPTER XXV.

How Company C was Recruited—Roster and Biography—Summary of Casualties.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C.

THIS company was organized and principally enlisted at Pontiac, Livingston county, Ill., in the month of July, 1861, through the efforts of John Gray, Simon S. Brucker and others. It numbered sixty-four men when it was offered to the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, and was the second company to be quartered in the Wigwam after Company A, although there were a few men, the nucleus of Company D, being recruited by S. S. Linton there at the time. At the date of its muster into the United States service it numbered ninety-four men,—eighty-three of them from the vicinity of Pontiac, and eleven recruited in Chicago.

The company was made up of first-class material, having in its ranks several men who had seen service in the British army; but it had not been fortunate in the selection of its officers, and there was more or less disaffection, and at times even mutinous conduct among its members up to the time that Lieutenant James W. Wightman was promoted to the captaincy, May 26th, 1862, when it became almost perfect in discipline, and proved itself one of the most efficient companies of the regiment.

It was one of the companies stationed at Alpine Station, Va., in the early part of January, 1862, where they met a portion of the Confederate force under Jackson and Loring, and where they met their first baptism of fire and water, being compelled to make a hasty retreat and struggle through



" They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle;
No sound can awake them
To glory again."



2. LIEUT. C. J. WILDER, Co. H.
4. CAPT. C. WILLIAMS, Co. H.

1. CAPT. J. W. WIGHTMAN, Co. C.
5. CAPT. OSCAR F. RUDD, Co. G.

3. Ass't SURG. WM. WOODWARD.
6. ADJ'T JOSEPH D. WALKER.

youth. He enlisted and was made Fifth Sergeant August 12th, 1861, and was promoted to Commissary Sergeant on the non-commissioned staff November 28th, 1861; from this position was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, being deservedly popular with the members of his company. He was a brave and fearless man, almost to rashness; a strict, yet just commander; and it was by reason of his firm discipline and steady resolve that his company was brought from a chaos of confusion and disorder up to a pre-eminent condition of obedience and soldierly conduct that won for it confidence and position. He was a true man in both his friendship and his enmity. On the 7th of September, 1863, when it was first discovered that Fort Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., was being evacuated, and when it was expected, each moment, that the fort would be blown to atoms, he volunteered, with others, and entered the fort and cut the burning fuse leading to the magazine, thus preventing what otherwise would have been a serious disaster attended with great destruction to life, and winning for himself laurels that will never fade in the remembrance of his comrades.

On the 16th day of May, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., after the regiment had successfully repulsed the third assault from the third line of the enemy upon their position, he, with others, in their feeling of exultation, leaped upon the works, waving their swords and cheering, and it was while thus engaged that he received his wounds from a volley fired by an unobserved party which had succeeded in flanking them. The last feeling that he probably was ever conscious of in this life was one of pride and exultation at the success of his comrades, for he remained insensible from the moment he was struck until death released him, the next morning.

His company lost a brave commander, counselor and companion, and the regiment a noble and heroic officer and friend, in his death.

Captain James Hannum. Promoted from First Lieutenant July 2d, 1864, *vice* Wightman, died. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

The Captain was a popular and efficient officer. When last heard from he was suffering with rheumatism—a most unpleasant reminder of Jackson's great raid on Alpine Station, Va., when he with others was compelled to wade the Potomac river. He is living at Garnett, Kansas, engaged in farming.

First Lieutenant Wallace Lord. Commissioned August 12th, 1861. Resigned January 24th, 1862, by reason of poor health.

Lord now resides at Pontiac, Ill., engaged in the business of contractor and builder. No response was given to a request for a biographical sketch; hence the brevity of this notice.

First Lieutenant James W. Wightman. Promoted Captain May 26th, 1862, *vice* John Gray, resigned.

First Lieutenant James Hannum. Promoted Captain July 2d, 1864, *vice* Wightman, died.



1. CAPT. LEROY A. BAKER, Co. A. 2. LT. AL. C. SWEETSER, Co. B. 3. COM. SERG'T A. B. JOHNSON.
4. LEVI HARVEY, Co. B. 5. COM. SERG'T C. F. FRISBIE. 6. CORP'L E. O. CHAPMAN, Co. C.
7. SERG'T H. G. SMITH, Co. A. 8. LIEUT. S. S. BRUCKER, Co. C. 9. EDWARD D. CONLEY, BAND.

First Lieutenant Simon S. Brucker. Resigned May 19th, 1864.

Lieutenant Brucker was born at Alzey, Germany, in 1838; received his education at public school, and graduated at the age of fourteen in college at same city. In May, 1852, he emigrated to the United States with a brother two years older than himself, remaining one year in the State of New Jersey, until enabled to master the English language, after which he started for Ohio, remaining there but a few months, and again started westward, halting at Pontiac, Ill., then a small village. Embarked in the mercantile business, remaining at the same place until the breaking out of the war. Enlisted in April, 1861, in the Twentieth Illinois Regiment, for thirty days' service, returning to Pontiac and re-enlisting on August 12th, 1861, in Company C, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteer Regiment, for three years, having been actively engaged in organizing and recruiting that company. Served until May, 1864, when he tendered his resignation as First Lieutenant of said company. He again returned to Pontiac and entered into a general merchandising business, remaining at same place until January, 1877, when he accepted a position as general salesman with the old and well-known house of A. T. Stewart & Co.; and upon the retiring of said house from business in Chicago, engaged his services with their successors, Messrs. James H. Walker & Co., with whom he is up to this date, holding a position of trust and honor. He resides at 259 Hermitage avenue, Chicago.

First Lieutenant Daniel Guisinger. Promoted First Lieutenant March 31st, 1865, *vice* Hannum, promoted. Resigned his commission July 12th, 1865.

First Lieutenant Henry H. DeLong. Wounded June 17th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Is living at Canton, Dakota, engaged in farming and is a prominent citizen, having held several elective offices.

Second Lieutenant Simon S. Brucker. Commissioned August 12th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant May 26th, 1862, *vice* Wightman, promoted.

Second Lieutenant James Henderson. Commissioned May 26th, 1862, *vice* Brucker, promoted. Resigned June 28th, 1863.

First Sergeant James Henderson. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861.

Sergeant William Johnson. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Reduced to the ranks May 9th, 1862. Is living, but address not known.

Sergeant James Hannum. Enlisted from Cayuga August 12th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant, *vice* Brucker, resigned.

Sergeant Charles Ellinwood. Enlisted from Esmond August 12th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.

Sergeant James W. Wightman. Enlisted from Odell August 12th, 1861. Promoted Commissary Sergeant November 28th, 1861.

Sergeant Daniel Guisinger. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861.

Corporal Martin Howder. Enlisted from Rook's Creek, August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 12th, 1862. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864. Died at Florence, S. C., October 11th, 1864.

Corporal A. C. Guernsey. Enlisted from Esmond August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant September 24th, 1861. Discharged May 4th, 1862, for disability.

Corporal William R. Worth. Enlisted from Esmond August 12th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.; paroled, and discharged August 15th, 1865.

After his capture Worth was taken to Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., and sent from there to Andersonville, Georgia, where he remained one year, suffering untold miseries which ruined his health completely. He is now living at Brookfield, Linn county, Missouri.

Corporal Charles Streeter. Enlisted from Odell August 12th, 1861. Discharged June 5th, 1862, for physical disability. Is living; address not known.

Corporal Edward O. Chapman. Enlisted from Cayuga, August 12th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant February 10th, 1863. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Sergeant Chapman was one of the party of eight soldiers that captured a blockade-runner in Broad river, near Bull's Island, S. C., in 1863, and took it to Hilton Head and delivered it to General Gilmore, for which service they received special mention in Orders. He was wounded at Kingsland Creek, Va., in a skirmish with the enemy; also at Wier Bottom church; and again at Deep Bottom, Va.—the last of which, only, required surgical attention. In 1864 he was detached for duty with the Commissary of Subsistence at City Point, Va. He says that during the famous retreat from Alpine Station, Va., the old ferry-boat, with a portion of Company C on board, got "stuck" in the middle of the river; and that when Captain Gray gave his famous command "Follow me!" he followed him sufficiently far to find the water decidedly cold, which had the effect of cooling his haste, and he got aboard again and assisted in getting the old scow to move. Sergeant Chapman resides at Cayuga, Ill., holding the position of Station Agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

Corporal Walter A. Gray. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 28th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 10th, 1862. Deserted February 1st, 1863.

Corporal Albert A. Fellows. Enlisted from Pontiac August 1st, 1861. Taken prisoner March 22d, 1862, near Winchester, Va.; paroled and discharged in May, 1862.

Corporal Daniel Guisinger. Enlisted August 12th, 1861.

Musician Edward Griffith. Enlisted from Chicago October 8th, 1861. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service.

After the war Griffith located in Chicago and engaged in the saloon business. Is supposed to be living there now.

PRIVATES.

- Anderson, K.** Enlisted August 7th, 1864. Died September 27th 1865.
- Armstrong, William.** Enlisted from Chicago February 26th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Akehurst, Henry C.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861. Discharged October 11th, 1863, for disability. Is living.
- Allen, Andrew C.** Enlisted from Esmond August 12th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Sent to prison in South Carolina. Died September 25th, 1864.
- Akehurst, James S.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861. Wounded May 20th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.; arm amputated. Died in hospital May 28th, 1864.
- Argubright, Caleb A.** Enlisted from Livingston county, February 10th, 1864. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Lives at Streator, Ill.
- Atwater, H. J.** Enlisted from Esmond September 5th, 1861. Wounded August 20th, 1863, near Fort Wagner, S. C. Mustered out September 16th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Baer, Joseph.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Wounded April 2d, 1865, in the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Veteran. Promoted May 1st, 1865.
- Bell, John.** Enlisted August 29th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1861.
- Beadles, R.** Enlisted April 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Burnham, Foreman.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1865. Discharged June 26th, 1862, for disability.
- Brown, O. P.** Enlisted from Esmond August 25th, 1861. Discharged October 28th, 1861, for disability.
- Baker, Thornton.** Enlisted from Sandwich, February 2d, 1864. Discharged March 28th, 1865, for disability.
- Cooper, William S.** Enlisted from Fairbury August 28th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and discharged December 12th, 1863. Is living in Colorado.
- Converse, Melvin.** Enlisted from Ocoya September 6th, 1861. Mustered out December 27th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Converse, Charles.** Enlisted from Ocoya August 21st, 1861. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Christian, Ackley.** Enlisted March 31st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Conrad, Arthur.** Enlisted March 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Carroll, Harrison.** Enlisted from Chicago February 22d, 1864.
- Davidson, James.** Enlisted from Chicago August 20th, 1861. Discharged September 27th, 1862, for disability.

- DeLong, Henry H.** Enlisted from Esmond August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 29th, 1863. Promoted Sergeant October 1st, 1864; to First Sergeant March 31st, 1865; to First Lieutenant October, 1865.
- Drake, Jasper N.** Enlisted from Fairbury August 20th, 1861. Discharged June 18th, 1862, for disability. Resides at Wood River, Nebraska.
- DePuy, Hulburt.** Enlisted from Chicago February 17th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Davis, John W.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Dunn, Adam.** Enlisted February 1st, 1865. Wounded in leg April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Douglas, Edward.** Enlisted February 16th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Dean, Joseph.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Discharged August 9th, 1865, for disability.
- Eggenberger, Gallas.** Enlisted from Odell August 12th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Eaton, Lasson W.** Enlisted from Long Point February 14th, 1864. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Fenlison, William H.** Veteran. Enlisted from St. Louis, Mo., September 19th, 1861. Promoted Corporal. Reduced to ranks June 7th, 1863. Wounded October 13th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Fellows, Albert.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal December 24th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out February 19th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Gott, Henry.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner June 2d, 1864, at Hatcher's Run, Va. Died in Andersonville prison, Georgia, June 15th, 1865.
- Girard, Hermann.** Enlisted from Long Point, August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1864. Also wounded October 9th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C; also April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Promoted Sergeant September 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Resides at Long Point, Ill.
- Gorbett, Quincy A.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Discharged August 6th, 1862, for disability. Lives at Pontiac, Ill.
- Gorbett Henry A.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Resides at La Salle, Ill. Mustered out with regiment.
- Gambel, Harvey.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Gardner, Oscar.** Enlisted from Efford's Point October 24th, 1861. Wounded in arm May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out October 14th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Greenbaum, Samuel. Enlisted from Chicago January 4th, 1864, and detailed to regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

After the war Greenbaum was happily married to a lady he formed acquaintance with at Richmond, Va. He is partially deaf, the result of concussion from being too near an exploding cannon. Resides at Fairbury, Ill., engaged in merchandising.

Gorbett, George W. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August, 1861. Died April 17th, 1864, in general hospital at Washington, D. C.

Gopp, Seneca. Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Deserted December 6th, 1861.

Graham, William. Enlisted February 15th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Gorton, Silas. Enlisted March 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hamilton, Lester. Enlisted from Esmond October 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal. Killed May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va.

Haney, James. Enlisted from Nebraska August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Lives at Keokuk, Iowa.

Haney, Mathews. Enlisted from Nebraska August 12th, 1861. Discharged August 21st, 1862, for disability.

Headley, William. Enlisted from Chicago August 28th, 1861. Taken prisoner March 23d, 1862, at Winchester, Va., and discharged the service.

Hughes, Edward. Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861, and discharged for disability.

Howden, Ephraim. Enlisted from Rook's Creek September 6th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Resides at Pontiac, Ill.

Haney, John. Enlisted from Chicago March 4th, 1864. Wounded May 20th at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hillsted, Errick. Enlisted from Chicago September 24th, 1864. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, by order War Department.

James, Henry T. Enlisted from Chicago August 12th, 1861. Discharged June 30th, 1862, for disability. Re-enlisted February 29th, 1864, and detailed to the regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Resides at Atlantic City, Iowa.

Johnson, Stephen. Enlisted from Ocoya September 19th, 1861. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1862. Killed in battle May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va.

Johnson, John H. Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal, and then Sergeant July 2d, 1864. Killed October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Had previously been wounded June 2d, 1864, in the hip, at Chester Station, Va.

Jenkins, Isaac R. Enlisted from Cayuga August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded severely in the breast, May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1865; to Sergeant May 1st, 1865.

Jenkins resides at St. Paul, Minn., and is connected with the city government as Electrician.

Johnson, Samuel B. Enlisted from Pontiac September 20th, 1863. Died at Hatcher's Run, Va., June 30th, 1864, from disease.

Jenkins, William H. Enlisted from Esmond December 30th, 1863. Wounded in the neck and shoulder May 13th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and wounded in the thigh, October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., from the effects of which he suffered the amputation of the limb at the Soldiers' Home, Chicago, in 1866.

Since Jenkins left the service he has resided at Pontiac, Ill., holding various official positions. At present he fills the position of Deputy Circuit Court Clerk. He was President of the Thirty-Ninth Veteran Association for 1888.

Kallsthoﬀ, Henry. Enlisted from Chicago September 6th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 23d, 1862, near Warrenton Junction, Va.; was paroled and exchanged, and again captured May 30th, 1862, near Front Royal, Va. He is living somewhere in Indiana.

Kennedy, William. Enlisted from New Michigan August 12th, 1861. Was discharged the service for disability.

Kinsie, Franklin. Enlisted August 20th, 1861. Deserted December 3d, 1864.

Kendall, John. Enlisted from Ocoya August 28th, 1861. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1863. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Kearney, Michael. Enlisted from Chicago February 24th, 1864.

Long, William P. Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1862. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.

Lacey, Thomas. Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861. Transferred to Douglas Brigade.

Larkins, John M. Enlisted from Esmond August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.; arm amputated. Discharged June 19th, 1865.

Lilley, James. Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 22d, 1861. Wounded in shoulder May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out October 11th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Lookinbill, John H. Enlisted from Zion April 13th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Moore, A. L. Enlisted from Indian Grove August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 26th, 1864. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.

Myers, Theodore. Enlisted from Chicago August 6th, 1861. Deserted February 4th, 1862.

- Malone, William H.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 22d, 1861. Wounded in the face June 18th, 1864, near Chester Station, Va. Mustered out in September, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Murphy, David.** Enlisted from Pontiac September 18th, 1861. Discharged December 12th, 1863, for disability.
- McGregor, Alonzo.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 22d, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- McNally, Michael.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 29th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the hand, May 16th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. Discharged April 25th, 1865, for disability.
- Malone, A. J.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 4th, 1864; and to Sergeant May 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Morgan, William M.** Enlisted from Chicago January 21st, 1864. Killed in battle June 2d, 1864, at or near Wier Bottom church, Va.
- McGregor, Charles A.** Enlisted from Chicago February 22d, 1864, and detailed to the regimental band. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.
- Mack was always jolly, and made music wherever he went. He never got into much trouble except that he and the Colonel used to have a little misunderstanding occasionally on some point of order or discipline. After leaving the service he returned to Pontiac and went into the drug business and got rich. Latterly he has had an Indian agency out in the Indian Territory, and got richer. If not, why not? He resides at Pontiac, Ill.
- McElfreet, James.** Enlisted from Chicago February 16th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Miller, G. D.** Enlisted September 29th, 1861. Deserted February 24th, 1862.
- Miner, John.** Enlisted February 17th, 1865. Deserted June 15th, 1865.
- McClaime, Wm. J.** Enlisted February 28th, 1865. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.
- Myers, Thomas W.** Enlisted March 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Nash, L. N.** Enlisted from Fairbury September 21st, 1861. Discharged July 25th, 1862, for disability.
- Perry, William H.** Enlisted from Esmond August 12th, 1861. Died February 25th, 1862.
- Pernet, Joseph.** Enlisted from Odell September 9th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Pembroke, Jerry.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 12th, 1861. Discharged January 31st, 1862, for disability. Resides at Ottawa, Ill.
- Palmer, Gersham.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 19th, 1861. Died February 21st, 1863.
- Potter, William.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 28th, 1861. Died February 20th, 1863.

- Porter, John H.** Enlisted from LeRoy March 21st, 1862. Absent, sick, at muster-out of regiment.
- Reese, Isaac C.** Enlisted from Joliet September 14th, 1861. Mustered out September 13th, 1864, at expiration of service. Resides at Bloomington, Ill.
- Raney, Samuel.** Enlisted from Cayuga August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner June 2d, near Wier Bottom church, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Discharged September 26th, 1865, for disability.
- Riley, Thomas.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 12th, 1861. Discharged May 9th, 1863, for disability.
- Robinson, William E.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 22d, 1861. Discharged March 8th, 1863, for disability.
- Relae, George.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in leg and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; wounded in right arm April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.—arm amputated. Discharged June 17th, 1865.
- Richardson, Jerry.** Enlisted from Sunbury August 21st, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner May 20th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Mustered out June 24th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Reed, Henry.** Enlisted August 25th, 1861. Died December 25th, 1861.
- Racker, Michael.** Enlisted March 7th, 1864. Discharged July 5th, 1865, under order War Department.
- Russel, S. S.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ray, Wilson.** Enlisted June 30th, 1865. Contracted disease in October, 1865, at Norfolk, Va., and died in 1870.
- Sa. John, Seth.** Enlisted from Ocoya September 6th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 10th, 1862. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and was sent to prison at Florence, S. C.
- Shultz, Valentine.** Enlisted from Nebraska August 12th, 1861. Wounded April 4th, 1862, at Woodstock, Va. Discharged June 18th, 1862, for disability.
- Scott, Wesley.** Enlisted from Pontiac August 16th, 1861. Promoted Corporal September 4th, 1864. Wounded in thigh May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va.; also wounded and taken prisoner October 13th, 1864. Paroled, and died in Camp Parole at Annapolis, Md.
- Springer, R.** Enlisted from Amity August 12th, 1861. Discharged July 21st, 1862, for disability.
- Sellman, John.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek August 18th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Schafer, J. L.** Enlisted from Cayuga August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1864. Wounded in shoulder May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Promoted Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Resides at Tiptecanoe City, Ohio.
- Stephenson, Albert A.** Enlisted from Nebraska August 27th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in prison at Florence, S. C., October 11th, 1864.

- Sellman, M. B.** Enlisted from Ocoya February 22d, 1864. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Schlweis, Jacob.** Enlisted from Chicago, January 25th, 1864. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 20th, 1865, for disability.
- Starkey, Orlando.** Enlisted February 10th, 1864. Wounded in thigh August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Smith, John.** Enlisted March 14th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Strong, Ambrose.** Enlisted February 17th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Urlick, Samuel.** Enlisted December 22d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Unrine, Oscar.** Enlisted from Esmond August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Van Valkinberg, E. P.** Enlisted from Odell August 30th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 18th, 1865, for disability.
- Vieux, John.** Enlisted from Odell September 10th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May, 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Vieux, Casimir.** Enlisted from Fairbury August 16th, 1861. Discharged December 16th, 1862, for disability.
- Watson, John.** Enlisted from New Michigan September 29th, 1861. Discharged in May, 1862, for disability.
- Weidman, W. M.** Enlisted from Rook's Creek September 16th, 1861, Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Died December 21st, 1864.
- Wilson, James A.** Enlisted March 14th, 1864.
- Wood, Samuel C.** Enlisted January 11th, 1865. Deserted August 12th, 1865.
- Wemick, William.** Enlisted February 27th, 1865. Deserted June 25th, 1865.
- Wogle, John J.** Enlisted February 28th, 1865.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	7
Died of wounds.....	2
Died in prison.....	4
Died of disease.....	7
Wounded.....	32
Lost limbs.....	4
Taken prisoner.....	13
Discharged for disability.....	27
Transferred.....	2
Deserted.....	8
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	18
Re-enlisted as veterans.....	39
Number originally enlisted.....	89
Recruits.....	51
Mustered out with the regiment.....	62
Known to be living (1889).....	39

CHAPTER XXVI.

Organization of Company D—Roster and Biographical Sketches—Summary of Casualties, etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY D.

THIS company was organized at Rochelle, Ill., by Samuel S. Linton. The larger portion of it was recruited from Ogle county, and some were from Lee county. It was among the first to be assigned to the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, and was for some weeks quartered in the old Republican Wigwam, on Market street, Chicago. At the time of its muster into the United States service it numbered some eighty-eight young, robust and enthusiastic men. They were mostly farmers' sons, used to hard labor, and in good circumstances. They enlisted believing that their country needed their services, not for the novelty of wearing a uniform and enjoying camp-life, and their conduct throughout the whole war evinced how earnest and sincere was their devotion to their imperiled country. It was the first company to meet the advancing force of the enemy under General Jackson near Bath, Va., January 3d, 1862, holding them in check for some hours, and finally retreating in good order with the loss of a few men taken prisoners.

This company was without a peer in skirmish tactics, consequently was often sent forward upon that duty, and did noble service. Nearly three-fourths of the members re-enlisted at Hilton Head, S. C., January 1st, 1864, as veterans, and during the continuance of the war it proved a most prominent factor in all the battles and assaults the regiment was engaged in. It is impossible, in the brief space allotted,

to give a detailed account of its movements during the four years and two months of continuous service at the front. Suffice it to say that it was never found wanting when called upon, and never failed to do its full duty; and now, after more than a score of years, the few survivors look with pride and satisfaction upon what they helped to bring about—namely, a united, happy, and prosperous Nation.

ROSTER OF COMPANY D.

Captain Samuel S. Linton. Commissioned August 9th, 1861. Promoted to Major January 13th, 1863, *vice* S. W. Munn, resigned.

Captain George O. Snowden. Wounded at Bermuda Hundred, Va., in the right thigh, June 3d, 1864. Was sent to Chesapeake hospital, Fort Monroe, Va. While there, gangrene attacked the wound and he was kept there all the summer. He reported back to the regiment in October, 1864, but finding that he was unable to stand much field service he was mustered out November 10th, 1864.

Captain Snowden was born in the City of Pittsburgh, Pa., December 31st, 1835. His early years were occupied in attending school, and when old enough he entered a printing office as "Printer's Devil." In 1855 he went to Oregon, Ogle county, Ill., where he engaged in clerking until the year 1858, when he went South and commenced steamboating, which business he followed until the fall of 1860 and then returned to Oregon and entered his father's drug store as clerk. Early in 1861 he met S. S. Linton, who was recruiting men for Company D, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, and accompanied him to Chicago, where, after looking things over, he concluded to enlist, and was mustered into Company D as a private. At Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., he was promoted to First Sergeant by Colonel Austin Light. He was first under the fire of the enemy at Dam No. 5 on the Potomac river, near Clear Springs, Md. At the battle of Winchester, Va., March 23d, 1862, he commanded his company by reason of Captain Linton acting as Major and Lieutenant J. F. Linton as Quartermaster of the regiment, and Lieutenant Towner absent sick. At Strasburgh, Va., Colonel Osborn ordered him to put aside his gun and knapsack and take a sword, which he did with becoming modesty, and was commissioned First Lieutenant June 12th, 1862, at Luray, Va.

During the siege of Charleston, S. C., he was in command of the force in support of the "Swamp Angel" the night the gun burst—the breech being blown off.

Captain Snowden was a brave, faithful and meritorious officer and soldier, and the necessity for his leaving the service was much regretted by all who knew him. He left the service highly commended by his superior

officers for his intelligence and soldierly bearing and his faithful and prompt obedience in the execution of all orders. The Captain is now living at Waterloo, Iowa, engaged in the book and stationery business.

First Lieutenant J. F. Linton. Commissioned August 11th, 1861. Promoted to Regimental Quartermaster June 12th, 1862, *vice* Cutler, resigned. (See Field and Staff.)

First Lieutenant George O. Snowden. Commissioned June 12th, 1862, *vice* J. F. Linton, promoted.

First Lieutenant Cyrus F. Knapp. Wounded August 16th, 1864, in the shoulder, at the battle of Deep Run, Va. Mustered out December 17th, 1864.

After leaving the service, Lieutenant Knapp engaged in business in Chicago, but in later years removed to some place in Michigan, where, it is reported, he died.

First Lieutenant William H. Ferrin. Commissioned March 31st, 1865, *vice* Knapp, musterd out. Resigned August 16th, 1865.

Nothing is known of Ferrin's early history, or what has become of him.

First Lieutenant Edmond J. Thayer. Commissioned Sergeant August 21st, 1865, *vice* Ferrin, resigned. Wounded June 18th, 1864; and again October 7th, 1864, in both legs, and portion of fibula of right leg resected.

Thayer was born August 22d, 1840, at Chelsea, Vermont; emigrated to Iowa in 1854, and in the winter of 1859 removed to Ogle county, Ill. From this place he enlisted in Company D. He had previously enlisted for the three months' service, but the company was not accepted. He was the first man from the regiment to re-enlist as a veteran in January, 1864. While home on veteran furlough he married Miss E. F. Benedict at Lindenwood, Ogle county. After the war he went to Kansas, locating on a homestead near Fort Scott, where he remained until 1878, when he moved to Iola, Kansas, where he is engaged in the milling business. He has obeyed the divine injunction to "increase and multiply," for two sons and six daughters make glad his home circle.

Lieutenant Thayer was a deserving soldier, and fairly won all his promotions. He was greatly respected for his many excellent qualities as a man and his soldierly conduct wherever placed. He was commissioned Captain of Company D, December 6th, 1865, but could not be musterd as there was not the requisite number of men in the company. The company had been under his command since August 16th, and remained so until the final disbandment December 16th, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Austin Towner. Commissioned August 9th, 1861. Resigned September 4th, 1862. Is now living at Quarry, Marshall county, Iowa.

Second Lieutenant Cyrus F. Knapp. Promoted First Lieutenant September 11th, 1862, *vice* Snowden, promoted.

- Second Lieutenant John Frane.** Killed in battle August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- First Sergeant George O. Snowden.** Enlisted August 12th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant June 12th, 1862.
- Sergeant Cyrus F. Knapp.** Enlisted from Chicago August 12th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant September 4th, 1862.
- Sergeant John W. Gitchell.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 9th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks May 10th, 1862. Died from disease.
- Sergeant John Frane.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 9th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant January 13th, 1863.
- Sergeant John L. York.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 9th, 1861. Died at St. Louis, Mo., October, 1861.
- Corporal Edmond J. Thayer.** Enlisted from Lindenwood August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant in 1863; promoted First Lieutenant September 21st, 1865.
- Corporal Charles Miles.** Enlisted from Lindenwood August 31st, 1861. Discharged June, 1862, for disability. Is living at Oregon, Ill.
- Corporal Gottlieb Horn.** Enlisted from Lindenwood August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Reduced to the ranks and made regimental bugler, at his request. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in the leg. Is living at Holcomb, Ill.
- Corporal Malden E. Waite.** Enlisted from Oregon August 9th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks December 7th, 1861. Wounded in the arm June 16th, 1864. Died July 2d, 1864, in hospital, from wounds.
- Corporal William H. Beach.** Enlisted from Oregon September 5th, 1861. Discharged May 30th, 1864, for disability.
- Corporal Ezra E. Johnson.** Enlisted from Willow Creek September 4th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 11th, 1862. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Corporal Thomas Hopkins.** Enlisted from Hennepin August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant October 4th, 1862. Killed May 20th, 1864, in battle.
- Corporal C. D. Gaul.** Enlisted from Dwight September 21st, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant December 5th, 1864. Wounded in the head August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Corporal Gaul also received two accidental wounds—one from a bayonet, in the thigh, in July, 1863, and one while cutting timber in the spring of 1864, at Bermuda Hundred, Va. Is living near Cleveland, Ohio.

PRIVATES.

- Atkinson, Edward.** Enlisted from Willow Creek September 9th, 1861. Discharged June, 1862, for disability.
- Atwood, Joseph S.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in both thighs May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out with the regiment.
- Atwood was born in Canada, June 27th, 1841, and remained there



1. LIEUT. S. W. HOFFMAN. 2. LIEUT. JOHN FRANE, Co. D. 3. LIEUT. JAMES LEMON, Co. A.
 5. LIEUT. HORACE KNAPP, Co. D. 4. LIEUT. L. T. WHIPPLE, Co. E. 6. SERQ'T-MAJOR REESE BISHOP.
 7. LIEUT. ALBERT FELLOWS, Co. I.

- Cutler, George O.** Enlisted from Dwight August 28th, 1861. Transferred to and discharged with the original band in 1862. Re-enlisted. Wounded in the head at Fort Wagner, S. C. Promoted Corporal December 15th, 1862. Died September 11th, 1863, from disease.
- Collins, David.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 29th, 1861. Promoted Corporal December 7th, 1861; to Sergeant July 1st, 1862. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Chasm, Thomas.** Enlisted from Oregon August 21st, 1861. Died August 18th, 1862.
- Crum, William.** Enlisted from Oregon September 5th, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged June 6th, 1862, for disability.
- Cummings, William S.** Enlisted from Chicago September 4th, 1861. Discharged June, 1862, for disability.
- Chichester, Sanford H.** Enlisted from Hennepin August 23d, 1861. Discharged March 31st, 1862, for disability.
- Core, Robert.** Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Crum, Gabriel.** Enlisted from Oregon September 5th, 1861. Discharged June 27th, 1863, for disability.
- Corsant, Henry.** Enlisted from Oregon September 5th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va. Discharged October 16th, 1862, for disability.
- Cannon, Patrick.** Enlisted from Oregon February 25th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and also October 13th, 1864. Died October 22d, 1864, from wounds.
- Dietz, Augustus.** Enlisted February 23d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Dresser, Lewis.** Enlisted from Lane August 29th, 1861. Veteran. Killed October 16th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Doyle, John.** Enlisted from Chicago February 9th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner. Is living at Leadville, Colorado.
- Doran, James.** Enlisted from Pontiac November 22d, 1863. Discharged June 23d, 1864, for disability.
- Dagnan, John.** Enlisted from Schaumberg September 26th, 1864. Discharged June 10th, 1865, for disability.
- Ellis, Dwight D.** Enlisted from Dwight December 17th, 1862. Killed August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Edmonds, D. W.** Enlisted from Lane August 18th, 1861. Deserted August 20th, 1861.
- Fuller, Thomas A.** Enlisted from Rockvale March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Oregon, Ill.
- Fuller, Mahlon T.** Enlisted August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in the leg. Promoted Corporal April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Lyons, Clinton county, Iowa.

- Ferren, William H.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1863, and to Second Lieutenant in 1865.
- Farbel, Joseph D.** Enlisted September 1st, 1861. Discharged August 13th, 1862, for disability.
- Fuller, Leander C.** Enlisted from Oregon August 29th, 1861. Discharged June 14th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Allerton, Iowa.
- Folsom, William F.** Enlisted from Hennepin August 21st, 1861. Discharged May 31st, 1862, for disability.
- Farley, Patrick.** Enlisted from Oregon August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 15th, 1865. Is living at Oregon, Ogle county, Ill.
- Ferrell, Jesse A.** Enlisted from Oregon August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded and taken prisoner October 27th, 1864. Died in prison at Florence, S. C.
- Fuller, George L.** Enlisted from Oregon August 22d, 1861. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1862. Reduced July 15th, 1864. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
Fuller is now living at Athens, Penn., engaged in the confectionery business.
- Foster, Peter.** Enlisted from Chicago August 12th, 1861. Deserted August 16th, 1862.
- Griffith, George.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Wounded August 26th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Died August 31st, 1863, from wounds.
- Gregory, Samuel.** Enlisted from Aurora August 16th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 11th, 1863; to Sergeant August 4th, 1865. Is living at Lake Linden, Mich.
- Garrett, James.** Enlisted from Chicago October 9th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in right arm April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Is living at Berlin, Wis.
- German, Allen.** Enlisted from Lane August 29th, 1861. Deserted December 18th, 1861.
- Godfrey, Isaac.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in leg August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Discharged July 20th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Grant, James L.** Enlisted from Paine's Point August 12th, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged June 6th, 1862, for disability.
- Guyott, Frank.** Enlisted from Willow Creek August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 22d, 1862. Deserted March 9th, 1864.
- Gaurley, Alexander.** Enlisted from Dwight September 21st, 1861, at the age of sixty-seven years. Veteran. Mustered out May 6th, 1865. Gaurley was detailed as company cook. When Captain Snowden received his wound, June 3d, 1864, he took the Captain upon his shoulders and carried him to a place of safety, then rejoined his company in the

battle. The following incident is related by Lieutenant E. J. Thayer of Gaurley's efforts to please. Snowden had spoken of liking apple-sauce flavored with nutmeg, and the following day Gaurley remarked that he had bought some nutmegs, but he didn't believe they were good, for he had cooked them a long time and they failed to get any softer. He is living at the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, and is ninety-five years of age, —the oldest survivor of the Thirty-Ninth by many years.

Green, Ira W. Enlisted from Marion February 27th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, in the arm, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hummell, Robert N. Enlisted from Lane August 16th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Killed, April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.

Harding, Eugene H. Enlisted from Dement August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Discharged June 13th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living, but his address is not known.

Hemmerling, Fred. M. Enlisted from Paine's Point September 6th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal ———; Sergeant September 1st, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. He is living at New Hartford, Iowa.

Hare, John. Enlisted from Lane August 9th, 1861. Discharged March 5th, 1862, for disability.

Huff, Charles M. Enlisted from Oregon August 21st, 1861. Deserted November 30th, 1861.

Hewitt, Frank E. Enlisted from Lane August 6th, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged January 9th, 1863, for disability.

Hunt, L. J. Enlisted from Peru August 9th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, in the head. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1865. Wounded April 2d, 1865, in left cheek. Deserted August 3d, 1865.

Harman, Thomas. Enlisted September 10th, 1864. Discharged January 10th, 1865, under order of War Department.

Jones, William H. Enlisted from Lane September 3d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the left thigh October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.

After leaving the service Jones pursued a course of medical study, attending lectures at Rush Medical College in Chicago, session 1867-68, and graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Iowa, in 1874. He resides at Forest City, Iowa.

Jones, Thomas. Enlisted from Taylorville April 14th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Jacobs, Bernard. Enlisted February 21st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Kuyler, John W. Enlisted from Dwight September 5th, 1861. Died October 24th, 1861, at Dwight, Ill.

- Kinnaw, Thomas.** Enlisted from Oregon September 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the thigh August 16th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Is living at Kansas City, Mo.
- Kinney, Patrick.** Enlisted from Oregon September 22d, 1861. Veteran. Discharged December 1st, 1862, for disability. Re-enlisted February 25th, 1864. He was wounded January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Paroled and exchanged, and killed August 16th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Kinney, Barney.** Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kinney, John.** Enlisted April 14th, 1865. Deserted June, 1865.
- Lyons, John.** Enlisted from Lane September 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal April 1st, 1865.
- Lynn, George W.** Enlisted from Lane September 21st, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1862; Sergeant September 1st, 1864. Wounded in the thigh April 2d, 1865, in the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Was also wounded June 2d, 1864, in the head, and again May 20th, 1864, in the breast at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out December 6th 1865.
- Lawson, Thomas.** Enlisted from Lane September 19th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Promoted Corporal September 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living on Eighteenth street, Chicago. (His proper name is Larsen. The Adjutant-General's report has it Lucen.)
- Lee, Jefferson.** Enlisted September 30th, 1861. Mustered out September 30th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Luce, William C.** Enlisted from Chicago February 22d, 1864.
- Ladd, Atticus A.** Enlisted from Joliet October 27th, 1862. Mustered out October 27th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at San Francisco, Cal.
- Low, Richard.** Enlisted February 23d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Lacey, James L.** Enlisted from Oregon September 21st, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged June 6th, 1862, for disability.
- Langley, John.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McLaughlin, John.** Enlisted September 3d, 1861. Transferred to regular service December 5th, 1862.
- Martuze, John.** Enlisted from Chicago September 13th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in the thigh, at Wier Bottom church, Va.
- McCarnley, F. S.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Promoted Corporal, and to Sergeant September 5th, 1864. Wounded October 13th, in the leg, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Martin, John.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged for disability.
- Miller, John.** Enlisted from Lane August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 15th, 1865, for disability, from wounds.
- Moore, William.** Enlisted from Lane August 26th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Waco, Nebraska.
- Myers, Joseph.** Enlisted from Martinsburg February 20th, 1861. Died September 15th, 1864.
- Mott, Leander M.** Enlisted from Chicago October 17th, 1862. Transferred to non-commissioned staff as principal musician. Is living at Englewood, Ill.
- Morgan, William H.** Enlisted from Chicago February 29th, 1864. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Discharged September 1st, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Streator, Ill.
- Montgomery, George.** Enlisted March 29th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Martin, Albert.** Enlisted from Springfield December 17th, 1862. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McLain, M.** Enlisted January 6th, 1865. Died July 3d, 1865.
- McMiller, James.** Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Morgan, Thomas J.** Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McTravis, John.** Enlisted January 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McLain, William.** Enlisted January 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Moore, Richard.** Enlisted January 5th, 1865. Discharged June 23d, 1865, for disability.
- Nason, Adam C.** Enlisted from Rockford November 19th, 1861. Taken prisoner March 28th, 1862, at Winchester, Va. Wounded in the thigh October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1864. Discharged June 16th, 1865.
- Nye, Edward.** Enlisted from Lane September 3d, 1861. Mustered out October 12th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Odell, John L.** Enlisted from Oregon September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.; arm amputated at shoulder joint. Died in hospital June 29th, 1864, from wounds.
- Poffenberger, James.** Enlisted from Oregon August 28th, 1861. Discharged December 15th, 1862, for disability.
- Patterson, William A.** Enlisted from Oregon August 28th, 1861. Wounded October 1st, 1863, at Fort Gregg, S. C. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Westminster, Los Angeles county, California, engaged in farming.

- Postel, William S.** Enlisted August 21st, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 20th, 1864.
- Peterson, Ole C.** Enlisted from Lake View September 22d, 1864. Discharged June 10th, 1865, under order of War Department.
- Purck, Henry.** Enlisted March 2d, 1865. Wounded in bowels April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Died April 4th, 1865, in hospital at Point of Rocks, Va.
- Phillips, James.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Page, Allen.** Enlisted March 23d, 1865. Died May 12th, 1865.
- Robinson, George H.** Enlisted from Hedgesville, Va., March 1st, 1862. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va; leg amputated. Died May 25th, 1864, in hospital, from wounds.
- Rost, Lewis J.** Enlisted from Dwight September 21st, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, in the arm and breast, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out September 21st, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Reese, John.** Enlisted from Lane August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1863; Sergeant April 1st, 1865. Is living at Munson, Iowa.
- Root, Charles.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Killed September 9th, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.
- Root, Luther J.** Enlisted from Santa Anna April 10th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Reed, J. F.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Sawin, Royal E.** Enlisted from Lane August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant May 20th, 1864. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Schuman, Charles F.** Enlisted from Lindenwood September 29th, 1861. Mustered out September 30th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Schwab, Jacob.** Enlisted from Willow Creek August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at No. 11 Duke street, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Stillyer, John.** Enlisted from Willow Creek August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Smith, Michael.** Enlisted from Lane August 21st, 1861. Wounded in the head May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Spinnings, Clark.** Enlisted from Dwight September 3d, 1861. Discharged June 22d, 1863, for disability.
- Staley, Abner.** Enlisted from Dwight December 17th, 1862. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Smith, Henry.** Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Shields, Peter.** Enlisted February 20th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Tobias, Nathaniel.** Enlisted from Lane August 29th, 1861. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff.
- Taggart, John.** Enlisted from Chicago December 29th, 1864. Wounded in the arm May 20th, 1864. Deserted August 3d, 1865.
- Tindale, Daniel A.** Enlisted from Chicago November 19th, 1863. Wounded in leg August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Deserted August 3d, 1865.
- Vaughn, William D.** Enlisted February 23d, 1865. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.
- Waite, Malden C.** Enlisted from Lane August 9th, 1861. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va. Discharged June 6th, 1862, for disability.
- Wurdeman, John H.** Enlisted from Lindenwood, August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1864. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Wells, George W.** Enlisted from Lane September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 5th, 1864. Wounded in both knees October 13th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant September 20th, 1865. Died at Chicago, Ill., in 1887.
- Wise, Christian.** Enlisted from Lindenwood August 21st, 1861. Wandered from camp near Edinburg, Va., April, 1862, in a state of insanity.
- Weinholtz, John C.** Enlisted from Chicago September 30th, 1861. Deserted October 16th, 1861.
- Walls, Nelson.** Enlisted from Willow Creek August 20th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner January 3d, 1862, at Bath, Va.
- Walls is marked as having deserted March 8th, 1864. He went into the gunboat service on the Mississippi river, and served until the end of the war. Is living at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.
- Willis, Frederick.** Enlisted from Chicago February 29th, 1864. Missing since August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Wengler, Peter.** Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Deserted September 1st, 1865.
- Ward, L. S.** Enlisted April 10th, 1865. Deserted June 28th, 1865.
- Wills, Elmore.** Enlisted March 23d, 1865. Died June 16th, at Richmond, Va., in hospital Twenty-Fourth Army Corps.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	10
Died of wounds.....	6
Died of disease.....	10
Died in prison.....	2
Wounded.....	42
Taken prisoner.....	15
Lost limbs.....	2
Deserted.....	13
Transferred.....	4
Discharged for disability.....	31
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	12
Number re-enlisted.....	43
Number originally enlisted.....	88
Recruits.....	60
Number returned home at muster-out.....	67
Number known to be living.....	25

CHAPTER XXVII.

Company E — How Recruited — Roster and Biography — Summary of Casualties, etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY E.

SOME time in May, 1861, soon after Stephen A. Douglas had returned to Illinois and made his memorable speeches in support of the Union, a band of young men in Wesley township, Will county, united and formed at the Wesley school-house a company which was called the "Florence Rifles." They met each Saturday afternoon for drill in company evolutions, and were uniformed in blue blouses. This continued up to some time in August, when they began to look about for a regiment in which to enlist for the war.

A company that had been formed at Wilmington, Ill., some six miles distant, and which had joined the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, or "Yates Phalanx" (Company A), had some influence in determining their choice of a regiment, and on September 12th, 1861, they proceeded to Chicago, and entered that regiment at Camp Mather, forming the nucleus of Company E. While at Camp Mather the company received a number of recruits from different places in the State, and from the city. October 11th, 1861, the membership numbered forty-six men. While at St. Louis, Mo., Lieutenant Warner was sent home to recruit for the company, and succeeded in taking quite a number of men with him when he rejoined his regiment at Williamsport, Md., in November, 1861. The company, however, never received its full com-

plement of men until the return of the regiment from South Carolina on its "veteran furlough."

James H. Hooker was one of the principal organizers at the first attempt at the formation of a company, and he it was who bestowed the name of the "Florence Rifles." He did but little active service in recruiting, but furnished considerable money for the purpose. Lewis T. Whipple, who had picked up some knowledge of the "Scott tactics," was the principal drill-master.

At the election for officers held at Camp Mather, Chicago, James H. Hooker was elected Captain; Lewis T. Whipple First Lieutenant; and Norman C. Warner Second Lieutenant.

Company E was noticeable from the fact that the majority of its members were below the average stature of men, and there were many mere boys in the ranks; but what was lacking in this respect was more than compensated for in their soldierly spirit and behavior.

At the time General Jackson made his raid on the Union troops stationed on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Alpine Station, Va., and other points, Company E was stationed at Sir John's Run, some six miles distant from Alpine, and held that place for the period of six hours against a brigade of the enemy, thus preventing their entrance into Maryland at that point. It took a prominent part in all of the battles and skirmishes with the enemy that the regiment participated in, and acquitted itself most gallantly and heroically, as the record shows.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E.

Captain James H. Hooker. Commissioned August 12th, 1861.
Resigned May 26th, 1862.

James H. Hooker was born at Rochester, New York, June 23d, 1832. The family consisted of the father, Alexander A. Hooker, mother, James, and six girls. His father served in the War of 1812 against the Indians,

and in Canada, participating in the battles of Lundy's Lane and Queens-town Heights. He married late in life, and died when James was only fourteen years of age, and upon him devolved, to a great extent, the support of the family. He entered the nursery business, and travelled extensively through the Western States selling trees, after which he bought a farm near Wilmington, Ill., and gave his attention to farming.

When the war broke out he gave his attention to raising a company, which afterwards became known as Company E of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Infantry, of which he became the Captain, serving as such with distinguished ability and bravery up to the time that his resignation was offered by reason of ill-health.

The Captain is now living at or near Rochester, New York, engaged in his old business. *

Captain Lewis T. Whipple. Promoted, *vice* Hooker, resigned. Mustered out October 25th, 1864, at expiration of his term of service.

Stephen R. Moore, Esq., of Kankakee, Ill., contributes the following:

Lewis T. Whipple was born in Miamisburgh, Ohio, on January 24th, 1840, and died in the city of Kankakee, Illinois, on April 24th, 1870. He came from a pure New England Puritan stock. His father, Ethan Allen Whipple, and Martha, his mother, emigrated from Vermont, and were pioneers in the settlement of the Miami Valley, Ohio; and from them he inherited a manly physique, and a robust honesty, which traits distinguished him in the active battle of life.

In 1852 he came with his parents to the Kankakee Valley, and his youth was spent on the farm, and he received such education from the district school as was common to the Illinois pioneers. But in his mother he had a better teacher than the undeveloped common schools could furnish, and at his majority we find him possessed of far more than average educational attainments. His mother was preparing him to enter upon the study of the law. He lacked but a few days of his majority when the nation was thrilled with the news that Sumter had fallen. The Kankakee Valley was ablaze with excitement. The sturdy sons of her patriot sires solemnly swore to avenge this insult to the flag.

Among the first to enlist was Lewis T. Whipple, who entered the service as a private, and by meritorious promotions he was soon advanced to the Captaincy of his company. A better soldier, a purer patriot, and a more manly man, never left the farm home for the soldier life. The writer of this sketch knew Captain Whipple from boyhood up to the time he closed his eyes in death, and knows whereof he speaks. He served his country with fidelity; in all things he was a dutiful son; he was a kind, loving husband; and being all these, it is scarcely necessary to add that he was a faithful Christian. In honor of his memory the Grand Army of

*NOTE.—The writer received a lengthy communication from Captain Hooker, descriptive of his military services and containing a number of pleasing incidents, but it came too late to be made use of in its proper place, which is to be regretted.

Kankakee has named its Post after him, and the old soldiers delight to honor his memory. He was engaged on many battle-fields. His regiment was in the famous retreat of General McClellan from before Richmond. He told the writer that after a day of terrible battle, when the Thirty-Ninth Regiment had borne the brunt of the conflict, they called the roll of officers of the regiment, and but five were living to answer to their names. The balance of the officers and many brave privates had given up their lives that the flag might live. He told me they were utterly broken down by the loss of so many brave and loving companions, and they cried and sobbed like little children, as they contemplated the dreadful loss they had sustained, and the tears came to his eyes as he narrated these trying events.

At the close of the war he determined to pursue his plan of life that was broken off when he enlisted in the army, and entered the writer's law office as a student, and so well did he apply himself to the study of the law, that he passed a handsome examination, and was admitted to the bar in the early part of 1867.

December 18th, 1867, he was united in marriage at Kankakee to Miss Nellie Stiles, a most estimable and amiable young lady. They had a beautiful home life. Shortly after the marriage Captain Whipple's health began to fail. He had repeatedly told the writer that he feared the effect of the terrific cannonading to which he was subjected in the memorable seven days' retreat with McClellan. That his brain function was injured thereby admits of no doubt, and the effect of it became painfully apparent to his intimate friends in 1868 or 1869, and it grew on him in severity until his life went out in April, 1870. When we think of the possibilities which lay before him, we regret that he could not have lived to a ripened old age, his powers unfolding with unfolding time,

"Till, like ripe fruit, he dropped
Into his mother's lap; or was with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature,"

rather than that his life should have gone out in the spring-time of its splendor.

But the Father, who doeth all things well, called him to his eternal home, where he will live forever and for aye.

"There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm."

Captain Minor W. Milliman. Promoted *vice* Whipple, "mustered out." Promoted Major June 6th, 1865, *vice* Plimpton, promoted.

Captain John L. Ripple. Entered the service from Orbisonia, Pa. Was promoted Captain *vice* Milliman, promoted, but could not muster. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

Nothing is known of Captain Ripple since he left the service. It has been mentioned that he is living somewhere in Pennsylvania.

First Lieutenant John L. Ripple. Promoted Captain June 6th, 1865, *vice* Milliman, promoted.

First Lieutenant Norman C. Warner. Promoted May 26th, 1862. Brevetted Major of Volunteers for meritorious conduct after the battle of Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864. Discharged for disability (loss of leg) December 15th, 1864.

Lieutenant Warner was wounded August 16th, 1864, by a bullet from the enemy while pressing forward with the colors of the regiment which he had taken from the hands of the wounded Color-Sergeant, Henry Hardenburgh, of Company G. His leg was so badly shattered that amputation became necessary. For his heroic conduct on that occasion he was promoted to Major of U. S. Volunteers by "brevet" and honorably discharged from the service December 15th, 1864. During his service he acceptably filled several positions, the most important of which were those of acting Adjutant and Regimental Quartermaster. He also at one time commanded the Requa Battery on Morris Island, S. C.

Major Warner was born at Lima, Livingston county, N. Y., and came with his father's family to Will county, Illinois, in the year 1849. After the war he received a Government clerkship in the Quartermaster General's Department at Washington, holding the position for several years, pursuing in the meanwhile a law course of study in Columbia College, being admitted to the bar in the District of Columbia in 1868. In June, 1869, he went to Rockford, Ill., and opened an office for the practice of his profession, to which he is devoted, never having held office except that of City Attorney, to which he was elected in 1881 and 1883. He was married in March, 1879, to Edith Canmann, and together they live very happily. They have no children.

The Major entered the army as a Douglas Democrat and remained a War Democrat to the close of the contest, sympathizing with President Johnson in his conflict with Congress. In 1880 he was the congressional standard-bearer of his party in the Fourth Illinois District, and was the recipient of all the honors that the Democracy of Will county could bestow.

In times past Major Warner wielded a vigorous pen in political warfare, but he has now eschewed all politics and confines himself strictly to his professional duties, and in consequence is rising day by day to an enviable reputation and a lucrative business. As a law student he was attentive and industrious; as a practitioner he is forcible, energetic and reliable; as a soldier he was brave and conscientious in the performance of duty, and as a man he was honored and respected—possessing a genial nature that is attractive and wins confidence and friends. He is a member of Nevin's Post, G. A. R., in Rockford, Ill., and is "wont to set the table in a roar" with some of his war experiences.

First Lieutenant William Baxter. Was wounded May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., through both thighs, and was taken prisoner. He was a patient in the Pemberton hospital at Richmond; was exchanged August 13th, 1864. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.

Second Lieutenant Norman C. Warner. Promoted First Lieutenant May 26th, 1862, *vice* Whipple, promoted.

Second Lieutenant John Conley. Resigned August 8th, 1862.

John Conley was born of Irish parents in the city of London, England, March 19th, 1838. His parents crossed the Atlantic four years later, and settled for a time in Toronto, Canada, then removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and from there, in the year 1849, they found their way to Wilmington, Ill. The subject of this sketch received a fair country-school education, after which he became a brickmaker and builder.

The stormy days of Secession early in 1861 found young Conley at Natchez, Miss., with a gang of mechanics. The spirit of Secession was rampant in that region, and enlistments were rapid and numerous for the Confederate army. South Carolina had already seceded and the Mississippians swore that they would not stand idly by and see their sister State whipped into the Union. Young Conley, more outspoken than discreet, expressed his Union sentiments openly, and at a drill meeting sarcastically remarked, "Yes, learn to 'about face' by all means. You'll have need of it before long." Conley was spotted that very night. A friend warned him of his danger, and within two days he had shaven off his whiskers, donned a Sunday suit and silk hat and gotten north of Mason and Dixon's line in safety. Ere many months he was active in recruiting for the "Florence Rifles," which afterward became Company E of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois. At the company election he was chosen Orderly Sergeant. He delighted in drilling the company, and it may truthfully be said that he was very popular with his company, and his superiors in rank. He was promoted Second Lieutenant *vice* Warner, promoted, and proved a capable and efficient officer.

But in all these experiences, that insidious foe, consumption, was assaulting the young soldier's life. His hæmorrhages from the lungs at Sir John's Run, and at Williamsport, were frequent and frightful, and with great reluctance he was forced to resign his commission and go home to die. He was an invalid for the next four years. "I've only got the ghost of a chance to live longer," said he in July, 1867, "and I'm going to take advantage of the ghost; I'm going to California." He went (by water), and survived but a fortnight after his arrival, dying August 19th, 1867, at the age of twenty-nine years and seven months. He is buried at Wilmington, Ill., near the regimental monument in Oakwood Cemetery.

Second Lieutenant Elisha Kingsbury. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., in the arm, which shattered the bone so severely that amputation became necessary. Mustered out of service October 16th, 1864, by reason of disability.

Lieutenant Kingsbury while on Morris Island, S. C., was detached from his company to the Requa Battery, serving with Lieutenant Wheeler. He was an excellent soldier and made a popular officer. When last heard from he was living at Iola, Kansas.

Second Lieutenant George A. Clark. Could not muster. Mustered out as Sergeant December 6th, 1865.

Nothing further is known of Lieutenant Clark.

First Sergeant John Conley. Enlisted from Wilmington September 24th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant May 26th, 1862, *vice* Warner, promoted.

Sergeant Elisha Kingsbury. Enlisted from Wilmington September 12th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant January 23d, 1863, *vice* Conley, resigned. Veteran.

Sergeant John L. Ripple. Enlisted October 28th, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant January 16th, 1862. Captured May 9th, 1862, near Columbia Bridge, Va. Taken to Libby prison, Richmond; thence to Salisbury, N. C.; and then to Belle Isle, Va. Paroled September 13th, 1862. Taken prisoner again May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., and sent to Andersonville, Ga. Paroled at Savannah November 19th, 1864. Promoted First Lieutenant *vice* Warner, mustered out.

Sergeant William E. Steele. Enlisted from Chicago October 2d, 1861. Promoted January 16th, 1862, from the ranks. Killed October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads. (See account of that battle.)

Sergeant David M. Hanson. Enlisted from Wilmington September 12th, 1861. Promoted January 16th, 1862. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died at Andersonville, Ga., by reason of wounds received at a railway accident in transportation, October 22d, 1864.

Corporal T. D. Gronigal. Enlisted from Wilmington September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant May 9th, 1863. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Died June 9th, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., from his wounds.

Corporal William Brown. Enlisted from Chicago September 27th, 1861. Veteran. Was detailed to the regimental band.

Corporal John W. Whitman. Enlisted from Concord September 28th, 1861. Mustered out September 27th 1864, at expiration of service.

Corporal William Baxter. Enlisted from Wilmington September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant November 1st, 1864; to First Sergeant January 1st, 1865; to First Lieutenant June 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Corporal George W. Burton. Enlisted from Wilmington September 20th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in both thighs August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Promoted Sergeant November 1st, 1864. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.

PRIVATES.

Andreas, William. Enlisted from Wesley September 1st, 1861. Wounded October 3d, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Discharged May 16th, 1864, for disability.

- Anderson, Alex.** Enlisted February 23d, 1865. Killed April 2d, 1865, at Fort Gregg, Va.
- Axtell, Theodore F.** Enlisted from Wesley February 27th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run, Va., and at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., October 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Blakesley, Samuel C.** Enlisted from Durham September 18th, 1861. Deserted.
- Baker, Lawrence.** Enlisted September 18th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Taken prisoner, and died June 9th, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
- Bogart, Walter.** Enlisted from Wilmington September 17th, 1861. Killed October 12th, 1863, at Fort Gregg, S. C.
- Button, Lorenz.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 2d, 1861. Discharged for disability in 1862. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Benton, Silas.** Enlisted from Wilmington August 12th, 1861. Veteran. Killed May 14th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Barton, Samuel A.** Enlisted from Bloomington, December 16th, 1862. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.
- Babcock, Ralph.** Enlisted from Chicago March 8th, 1864. Wounded October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.
- Batchelder, Samuel C.** Enlisted from Wilmington December 21st, 1863. Discharged June 3d, 1865, under order of War Department.
- Bohmler, William.** Enlisted from Chicago September 26th, 1864. Discharged June 20th, 1865.
- Beam, Charles W.** Enlisted from Gaines April 13th, 1865, at the age of fifteen years.
- Beam endeavored to get into the service earlier, but could not on account of his age. He joined the regiment at Richmond, Va.; did guard duty at Richmond and City Point, Va.; was detailed as a messenger for the telegraph service at Norfolk. After leaving the service he attended a select school for six months, after which he decided to become a printer and entered the office of the *Joliet Republican*. In 1869 he went to Chicago to work for Rand, McNally & Co. In 1876 he went to Will county, Ill., to run a farm belonging to his father. A little practical experience in farming soon changed his notions, and in 1878 he returned to his trade, which he has followed since and is now with Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.
- Baldwin, Charles.** Enlisted from Chicago, September 28th, 1861, under the name of Charles Creamer, in order to elude his guardian and get into the service. Discharged September 18th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Lawndale, near Chicago.
- Brown, William A.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Baker, Levi.** Enlisted April 13th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Cannon, John.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 21st, 1861. Veteran. Discharged November 20th, 1865, for disability.
- Conley, James.** Enlisted October 28th, 1861. Deserted.
- Casey, John.** Enlisted March 11th, 1864. Joined the regiment at Camp Grant, Arlington Heights, Va. Was promoted Corporal. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Verona, Ill.
- Clark, James.** Enlisted from Channahon December 22d, 1863. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Corbett, Frank M.** Enlisted February 24th, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Is living at Wilmington, Ill. (His name in the Adjutant-General's report is John M.)
- Clark, George A.** Enlisted from Sheldon September 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal February 25th, 1863; to Sergeant January 1st, 1865; to Second Lieutenant October 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Cubberly, William C.** Enlisted April 4th, 1865. Mustered out May 27th, 1865.
- Dagan, Patrick.** Enlisted from Wilmington September 25th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded, and supposed killed, October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads.
- Dugan, Michael.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 2d, 1861. Deserted October, 1861.
- Daily, John.** Enlisted October 2d, 1861. Deserted October, 1861.
- Dunn, George H.** Enlisted from Rockville October 6th, 1861. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Absent from company since that date. Supposed to have deserted.
- Dannable, William J.** Enlisted from Wesley March 2d, 1864. Wounded in the neck August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Discharged by Order 94, War Department.
- Dunham, Gideon.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ely, William W.** Enlisted from Concord September 28th, 1861. Transferred to Company F as musician January 1st, 1864.

Ely enlisted in the Tenth Indiana Volunteers for the three months' service; served then in West Virginia, under McClellan and Rosencrans; and was wounded at the battle of Rich Mountain, July 11th, 1862; was also wounded on Morris Island, S. C., by a fragment of shell while on detail with the Requa Battery. He re-enlisted as veteran, and was again wounded at Bermuda Hundred, Va., while helping a wounded man off the field. Ely was born at Lithopolis, Fairfield county, Ohio, August 26th, 1845, and was only fifteen years of age when he first entered the service. He served altogether four years and seven months, and had not yet attained his majority. He did excellent service in whatever position he was placed, and especially in the stretcher corps on the field of battle. At Drury's Bluff, Va., he with William H. Brown carried Major Linton off the field under many difficulties, and came very near being captured by the enemy, who had already

got between them and our troops. He is living at Iroquois, Ill., engaged in the practice of law.

Ely relates that when he left the service in December, 1865, he went into the ministry, and on one occasion, while on his way to fill an appointment to preach, he met with a couple of rough characters who commenced to jeer and scoff at him; and forgetting all about his position and the sacred work he was engaged in, he got down from the horse he was riding, jerked off his coat and whipped both of the rowdies, and so badly, too, that they required help to remount their steeds. He then went on and filled his appointment; but afterwards, in thinking over the disgraceful affair, he became so filled with remorse and regret as well as ashamed of his hasty and unministerial conduct, that he left the ministry and turned his attention to the law, where if the "old Adam" in him ever manifested itself it would be more in harmony with his profession, and better appreciated.

Evans, Joseph S. Enlisted from Wesley December 21st, 1863. Wounded in the neck August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run, Va. Promoted to Corporal January 1st, 1865, and to Sergeant May 31st, 1865. Detailed as acting Commissary Sergeant, which position he filled to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. Subsequently was detailed as acting Sergeant Major. Finally he was promoted to Commissary Sergeant *vice* Frisbie. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Elick, Joseph. Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Flynn, William. Enlisted from Chicago September 28th, 1861. Died January 10th, 1864, at Beaufort, S. C.

Flowers, Andrew J. Enlisted from Sheldon, September 28th, 1861. Deserted in October, 1861.

Flowers, Lewis. Enlisted October 17th, 1864. Discharged October 18th, 1865.

Finley, William J. Enlisted from Jefferson county April 4th, 1865. Discharged May 27th, 1865.

Gillett, Henry. Enlisted from Wesley November 13th, 1861. Died February, 1862, in hospital.

Gillett, James. Enlisted from Wesley November 13th, 1861. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Died of wounds August 17th, 1864.

Grice, Daniel S. Enlisted October 15th, 1861. (Record imperfect).

Gray, Alexander. Enlisted from Wilmington October 6th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hertzog, Charles W. Enlisted from Rockville September 20th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 16th, 1864.

Harsh, J. O. Enlisted from Rockville September 27th, 1861. Mustered out September 27th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Hudson, Charles C. Enlisted from Wilmington September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal in 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hudson is living at Hegewisch, Ill., engaged in the market business, and lately received the appointment of postmaster.

Hertzog, William F. Enlisted from Rockville, September 20th, 1861. Wounded in thigh May 20th, 1864. Killed June 18th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.

Howell, Daniel. Enlisted from Wilmington October 2d, 1861. Discharged for disability (date unknown).

Hawath, John. Enlisted from Chicago October 2d, 1861. Deserted in February, 1862.

Howe, Calvin H. Enlisted from St. Louis, Mo., October 2d, 1861. Deserted January 30th, 1862.

Howe, Hermann H. Enlisted from St. Louis, Mo., October 26th, 1861. Deserted January 30th, 1862.

Hademan, M. V. Enlisted from Wilmington November 13th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom Church, Va., and April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Va., being one of the last men to be wounded at the close of the war. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Hartman, George. Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Discharged May 3d, 1865.

Hayworth, George. Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Taken prisoner April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House; paroled the same day. One of the last men to be captured by the Army of Northern Virginia. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Howell, George. Enlisted from Wesley December 31st, 1863. Wounded in the hand and side October 13th, 1864; hand was amputated. Discharged March 30th, 1865, for disability.

Hull, Samuel F. Enlisted from Chicago February 27th, 1864. Detailed to the regimental band. Is living at Morris, Ill.

Hazzard, Monroe. Enlisted from Chicago March 24th, 1864. Was on detached service for a long period as Orderly to General Osborn and others. Is living at Wilmington, Ill., engaged in the saloon business.

Ingleman, Augustus. Enlisted from Cicero March 7th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Jewett, William O. L. Enlisted from Wesley September 12th, 1861.

Jewett was one of the first to enlist and enter Camp Mather, Chicago; was soon sent back to his old home on recruiting service. In July, 1862, he was sent to the hospital at Washington, D. C., very much broken in health. On recovery, was sent to Rhode Island, remaining there until discharged from the service, June 6th, 1863. He is a native of Maine. His grandparents on both sides participated in the Revolutionary struggle. During his infancy his parents removed to Will county, Illinois. There he

grew to manhood on a farm. He acquired much of his education at home but completed it at Aurora Seminary, Illinois.

After Jewett left the regiment he took up the study of law with Judge Parks of Joliet, but again became impatient to participate in the war, and re-enlisted at Camp Butler, Ill., and was sent to Memphis in command of five hundred substitutes. Returning from Memphis he was sent to New York, and from there to Savannah with the First Illinois Artillery, to join Sherman's army. From New York to Savannah he was on the boat with General Logan which was chased by the rebel privateer, the famous "Tallahassee." He remained with Sherman until the surrender, participated in the grand review at Washington, and returned home.

Entering the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, he graduated in 1866, and in 1867 went to Shelbina, Shelby county, Mo., and engaged in the practice of the law. In 1870 he stumped the county for the Liberal Republican ticket and enfranchisement. In 1876 he was elected prosecuting attorney and two years later re-elected. In 1881 he became associated with the *Shelbina Democrat*, as editor, and in 1886 was elected to the legislature on the Democratic ticket. In 1888 was re-elected with a largely increased majority.

Jackson, Charles A. Enlisted from Florence February 28th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, and arm amputated. Discharged November 7th, 1864, for disability.

Johnson, James M. Enlisted from Chicago February 26th, 1864. Detailed to the regimental band. Is living at Towson town, Maryland, clerking.

Johnston, Howard. Enlisted from Channahon March 9th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., and suffered amputation of arm. Discharged November 21st, 1864, for disability. Is living at Laclede, Kansas.

Kinney, Thomas. Enlisted from Wilmington October 2d, 1861. Wounded in the hand August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Discharged June 20th, 1865, for disability.

Karr, Elisha. Enlisted from Iroquois county October 28th, 1861. Killed May 14th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.

Kelley, William T. Enlisted from Wesley November 13th, 1861. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1863; to Sergeant March 1st, 1865. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Kelly, John. Enlisted from Orbisonia, Pa., February 12th, 1862. Wounded June 17th, 1864, in shoulder. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1864. Wounded in leg and side August 16th, 1864. Died of wounds October 31st, 1864, in hospital.

Kahler, Lloyd W. Enlisted February 24th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Kelly, William. Enlisted February 21st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Kelsey, Albert. Enlisted March 30th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Kitchens, Chapman.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Laughlin, John.** Enlisted from Huntington, Pa., February 1st, 1862. Died February 11th, 1862, in hospital, of typhoid fever.
- Lyons, Sydney.** Enlisted from Florence September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in jaw October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Lee, Ditson.** Enlisted from Essex February 24th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; paroled at Savannah, Ga., November 19th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Levally, Charles T.** Enlisted from Chicago March 14th, 1864. Wounded severely in the right foot September 10th, 1864, before Petersburg, Va. Is living in Chicago; a member of Weitzel Post, G. A. R.
- Lansing, John.** Enlisted February 26th, 1865. Deserted August 5th, 1865.
- Milliman, M. W.** Enlisted from Wesley September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant May 26th, 1862; First Sergeant January 1st, 1863; and to Captain December 9th, 1864, *vice* Whipple, mustered out.
- Milks, Hermann.** Enlisted from Gardner September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1865.
- Merrill, Almon.** Enlisted from Florence September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 4th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died of wounds July 16th, 1864, in hospital.
- Monroe, James.** Enlisted from Florence September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- McCollum, Alex.** Enlisted from Gardner September 14th, 1861. Transferred to Company A.
- Mayer, Moses.** Enlisted from Florence September 21st, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in thighs at Wier Bottom church, Va.
- Morgan, George M.** Enlisted from Sheldon September 25th, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va; paroled and exchanged. Mustered out February 2d, 1864, at expiration of service.
- McMaster, James.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 6th, 1861. Died December 9th, 1861, at Williamsport, Md.
- Musselman, Ephraim.** Enlisted from Pittsburg, October 28th, 1861. Died October 16th, 1864, of typhoid fever.
- Mahan, John.** Enlisted from Pittsburg, Pa., February 24th, 1861. Deserted April 20th, 1862.
- Morey, Oscar R.** Enlisted from Florence February 24th, 1864. Promoted Corporal May 16th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Gilman, Ill.
- Meyher, Caleb.** Enlisted January 13th, 1864. Wounded June 18th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Martin, William.** Enlisted from Chicago, March 8th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment at expiration of service December 6th, 1865. Is living at Gunnison, Utah.
- Monroe, John.** Enlisted from Florence February 22d, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Taken prisoner April 9th, 1865; paroled same day at Appomattox Court-House, Va. Discharged April 26th, 1865. Is living at Idaho City, Idaho Ter.
- Mallett, Cyran.** Enlisted from Chicago March 24th, 1864. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads. Deserted October 3d, 1865.
- Miller, William.** Enlisted February 24th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Mills, Andrew P.** Enlisted from Beaver Creek April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Nelson, James W.** Enlisted from Wilmington September 12th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Nelson was among the number detached from the company to reinforce Company G at Great Cacapon, January 4th, 1862. Is a sufferer from rheumatism which originated at the time he was forced to wade the Potomac at that point. Is living at Rensselaer, Ind.
- Nobles, James R.** Enlisted from Wilmington February 23d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- O'Harra, Henry.** Enlisted from Wesley March 1st, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ohlhues, Henry.** Enlisted from Florence February 23d, 1864. Severely wounded in the breast May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.
- Pennington, William H.** Enlisted from Evanston March 15th, 1864. Detailed as musician. Was the company bugler at Bermuda Hundred. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Doland, Dakota.
- Porter, A. C.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 2d, 1861. Wounded May 20th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va., and also at Darbytown Cross-Roads October 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal August 16th, 1864, and Sergeant June 1st, 1865. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Perry, John J.** Enlisted April 24th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Rogers, Alpheus W.** Enlisted from Wesley December 31st, 1863. Wounded in hip and arm May 14th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; arm amputated. Discharged October 20th, 1864, for disability.
- Robinson, William H.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 6th, 1861. Is reported on the Company rolls as a deserter.
- Ripple, William B.** Enlisted from Orbisonia, Pa., February 1st, 1861. Died August 18th, 1862, of brain fever.
- The remains were sent home and lie buried in Monroe Cemetery at Huntington, Pa.

Raleigh, Thomas. Enlisted from Wilmington September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Accidentally wounded in March, 1864.

Raleigh is living at Watson, Atchison county, Mo., engaged in rail-roading.

Shade, Abraham. Enlisted February 12th, 1862. Deserted in September, 1862.

Sackett, Edward A. Enlisted from Chicago October 10th, 1861. Veteran. Detailed to the regimental band.

Sackett was a traveling drug-salesman for Merrell & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1873 and was living somewhere in Missouri. Not heard from since that time.

Stearns, F. L. Enlisted September 27th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va. (Not mentioned in the Adjutant General's report.)

Sheffler, M. F. Enlisted from Rockville September 27th, 1861. Wounded in the head August 16th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Mustered out September 27th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Sheffler was wounded in the head by a fragment of shell which caused depression of the bone, and after leaving the service he began to suffer from the effects of it. In 1870 he became partly paralyzed. His skull was trephined by Dr. Clark, and the bone raised, getting relief for a time. He submitted to a second operation, but died soon after, in 1871.

Snee, Hugh R. Enlisted from Rockville September 27th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the cheek May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner. Escaped from Andersonville prison September 22d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Deselm, Ill.

Stewart, Thomas. Enlisted from Wilmington September 20th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded and taken prisoner October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.; paroled, and died in hospital at Annapolis, Md.

Smith, Charles M. Enlisted from Wilmington September 20th, 1861. Discharged February 14th, 1863, for disability.

Sartell, Henry E. Enlisted from Wilmington October 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1863. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Discharged March 30th, 1865.

Slayton, Reuben. Enlisted from Chicago March 27th, 1864. Wounded in the hand May 20th, 1864. Absent from his company since that date.

Slayton has been a prominent officer on the Chicago police force, in the detective department. Is living in Chicago.

Stanton, William. Enlisted from Rockville February 24th, 1864. Was detailed as Commissary of Subsistence.

Sailor, Randolph. Enlisted from Bear Creek April 13th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Stoval, Eden. Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Wounded April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Smith, Samuel.** Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Thayer, George.** Enlisted from Wilmington September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Captured September 2d, 1862, at Bull Run, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Vandebogart, James.** Enlisted from Florence February 22d, 1864. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Wayne, Thomas.** Enlisted from Chicago March 9th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Webber, George A.** Enlisted from Chicago March 8th, 1864. Wounded in hand October 7th, 1864; finger amputated. Discharged August 21st, 1865, by order War Department.
- Walrath, William.** Enlisted March 24th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Wilmington, Ill.
- Wilson, John T.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Ware, Charles W.** Enlisted September 14th, 1861. Promoted Corporal November 20th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Weiner, John.** Enlisted from Wilmington October 6th, 1861. Veteran. Discharged November 20th, 1865, for disability. (Winn, in Adjutant General's report.)
- Whiteman, John W.** Enlisted from Concord September 28th, 1861. Discharged September 27th, 1864, for disability. Is living at Iroquois, Ill.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	11
Died of wounds.....	5
Wounded.....	41
Lost limbs.....	7
Died of disease.....	7
Died in prison.....	3
Taken prisoner.....	13
Deserted.....	16
Discharged for disability.....	25
Transferred.....	3
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	4
Number originally enlisted.....	58
Recruits.....	78
Re-enlisted.....	42
Mustered out with regiment.....	59
Known to be living, October, 1888.....	24

NOTE.—The Roster of Company E is very imperfect in the Adjutant General's report—names mis-spelled, omitted and transposed. There is also no Roster of the Sergeants except the First Sergeant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Company F—How Recruited—Roster and Biography—Summary of Casualties, etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY F.

THE manner of recruiting Company F was not unlike that by which the other companies were brought into the service. Orrin L. Mann has the credit of enlisting the first body of men who formed the nucleus of the company which afterwards took the letter F in the regiment. He was very active in this direction until he aspired to the position of Major, when his recruits were turned over to Amasa Kennicott, who continued the recruiting and was elected Captain. The men forming the company were principally from Cook, Lake, and McLean counties, and mostly farmers. They were a fine body of men and did most excellent service during the war.

The company history runs parallel with that of the regiment. It first met the enemy at Alpine Station, Va., on January 4th, 1862, being the most advanced company at that post on the road leading to Bath. On the approach of the rebel cavalry from Bath this company, which was stationed at the summit of the mountain road from Alpine, fell back until it joined Company A, where they most effectually routed a large squadron of Ashby's cavalry. Forty of the original members re-enlisted as veteran volunteers at Hilton Head, S. C. in January, 1864, and forty-five members of the company returned home at the muster-out of the regiment, of which number twenty-six are known to be living in various parts of the country.

Captain Amasa Kennicott became tired of the "pomp and circumstance of war," resigning his position in August, 1862. He was succeeded by John W. McIntosh, who was dismissed from the service early in 1863. Lieutenant A. B. Hoffman was then promoted to the vacancy, but left the service at the expiration of his three years' term. The company came home under the able leadership of Captain R. S. Botsford.

The company made a good record, and the surviving members may well feel a just pride in its military history.

ROSTER OF COMPANY F.

Captain Amasa Kennicott. Commissioned August 27th, 1861.
Resigned August 7th, 1862.

Repeated efforts have failed to awaken Kennicott to a realizing sense of what was required of him in order to make his record complete. He is living somewhere in Cook county—some say "The Grove," others that Oak Glen is his postoffice address. Letters addressed to both places have no response. After leaving the service he engaged in the horticultural business in its season, and taught school winters. "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Captain John W. McIntosh. Dismissed from the service May 30th, 1863. Is living at Topeka, Kansas.

Captain Adolphus B. Hoffman. Mustered out December 30th, 1864.

Nothing whatever is known concerning the whereabouts of the Captain since he left the service. He was a very capable officer and much respected by his comrades.

Captain R. S. Botsford. Commissioned March 31st, 1865, *vice* Hoffman, mustered out.

Captain Botsford was born at Albany, N. Y., July, 1833, and came West to Waukegan, Lake county, Ill., in 1854. At the breaking out of the war he was engaged in the grocery business, but sold out and enrolled his name as a private in the Seventeenth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry; but before muster he was offered a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, provided he recruited twenty-five men for Company F. This he accomplished and was mustered into the regiment February 1st, 1864, when the regiment was at Chicago on its veteran furlough.

Botsford's first experience in confronting the enemy was at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864. He was wounded in the leg June 20th, at the

battle of Wier Bottom church, by a fragment of shell. He was taken sick with typhoid fever after the battle of Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864, and was sent to general hospital and given "leave of absence" home when able to travel. He reached home in time to vote for Lincoln. January 1st, 1865, he received his commission as Captain and continuously followed the fortunes of the Thirty-Ninth until the final muster-out. Returning to his home he was soon elected to the shrievalty of Lake county and satisfactorily filled the office for the term. Afterwards he became the agent of the American Express Company at that place. In 1882 he removed with his family to Huron, Dakota, where he now resides.

First Lieutenant John W. McIntosh. Commissioned August 7th, 1861. Promoted Captain August 7th, 1862, *vice* Kennicott, resigned.

First Lieutenant Patrick Seary. Resigned July 8th, 1863.

First Lieutenant R. S. Botsford. Promoted Captain January 1st, 1865.

First Lieutenant William T. Moore. Wounded June 5th, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., in the right shoulder. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

William T. Moore was born in England January 20th, 1826, and emigrated to the United States in 1848, going to Milwaukee, Wis.; remained there until the following spring, when he removed to Waukesha county, and from there to Chicago, and was engaged in contracting for public works. When the war commenced he was occupied at ditching in Rock Island county. It was his intention to have enlisted in the cavalry, but on learning that his brother had enlisted in the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, he changed his purpose and also enlisted in the same company and regiment, and has never regretted that he did so. He re-enlisted as a veteran and followed the regiment in all of its movements to the close of the war. He is now living at Rockton, Winnebago county, Ill.

First Lieutenant William W. Lamb. Wounded in the foot August 16th, 1864. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Patrick Seary. Commissioned August 15th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant August 7th, 1862, *vice* McIntosh, promoted.

Second Lieutenant A. B. Hoffman. Promoted Captain March 30th, 1863, *vice* McIntosh, dismissed the service.

Second Lieutenant Nathan E. Davis. Wounded in the side and arm, October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads. Suffered excision of four inches of the bone of the arm. Died of his wounds November 16th, 1864, in general hospital.

Second Lieutenant R. S. Botsford. Commissioned February 1st, 1864. Promoted First Lieutenant August 13th, 1864.

First Sergeant A. B. Hoffman. Enlisted from Sandoval August 12th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant August 1st, 1862.

- Sergeant William J. Abbott.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 12th, 1861. Discharged August 27th, 1862, for disability.
- Sergeant Patrick Seary.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant November 15th, 1861.
- Sergeant Barney Mulvaney.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 13th, 1861. Discharged July 27th, 1862, for disability.
- Sergeant John P. Ballard.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 12th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks April 1st, 1864. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Sergeant Dwight Preston.** Enlisted from Centralia August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in arm. Discharged June 1st, 1865, for disability. Is living at Goodings Grove, Illinois.
- Sergeant William W. Lamb.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted First Lieutenant April 1st, 1865.
- Sergeant Nathan E. Davis.** Enlisted from Chicago August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Second Lieutenant August 5th, 1864.
- Sergeant William T. Moore.** Promoted First Lieutenant May 9th, 1865.
- Corporal S. W. Hoffman.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 27th, 1861. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, and on August 5th, 1864, received commission as First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster. Veteran.
- Corporal Dwight Preston.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant December 7th, 1862.
- Corporal William W. Lamb.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant February 13th, 1862.
- Corporal William T. Moore.** Promoted Sergeant August 5th, 1864.
- Corporal Christopher E. Coursen.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 16th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant August 30th, 1862, and to Quartermaster Sergeant June 5th, 1865, and transferred to non-commissioned staff. Is now living at Coursen's Grove, Kansas. (See Non-Commissioned Staff.)
- Corporal Nathan E. Davis.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Promoted Sergeant November 1st, 1862.

PRIVATEs.

- Arlt, Otto.** Enlisted from Chicago August 6th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Bailey, Robert.** Enlisted from Chicago August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Fulton, Ohio.
- Babbitt, George M.** Enlisted from Centralia August 13th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at North Platte, Neb.
- Babbitt, Joseph.** Enlisted from Chicago September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Baur, Henry.** Enlisted from Elgin September 4th, 1861. Mustered out January, 1862.
- Brogan, Daniel.** Enlisted from Benton, Mo., October 15th, 1861. Discharged December 18th, 1861, for disability.
- Brown, George.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Deserted April 18th, 1862.
- Barron, Dallas.** Enlisted from Chicago December 29th, 1863. Mustered out with regiment.
- Burdick, Charles L.** Enlisted from Antioch February 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Burdick, John H.** Enlisted from Antioch February 13th, 1864. Is dead.
- Bias, John A.** Enlisted from Centralia August 13th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal February 16th, 1862. Wounded May 20th and August 16th, 1864. (Is Jno. N. Bras in the Adjutant-General's report.)
- Callahan, Calvin.** Enlisted August 10th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died at Andersonville prison August 21st, 1864, of wounds.
- Carpenter, Charles.** Enlisted September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 18th, 1864, in the arm, and suffered excision of about six inches of the bone. Discharged December 8th, 1864, for disability from wounds.
- After the war Carpenter returned to Chicago, married, and went to work as gardener and teamster. Later on he became connected with the street cleaning department of Chicago. Is living on Twelfth street, Chicago.
- Conner, Charles.** Enlisted August 3d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded August 5th, 1864, in the leg. Taken prisoner August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Cole, Preston.** Enlisted August 15th, 1861. Died January 4th, 1862.
- Crandall, David G.** Enlisted August 24th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1862. Wounded May 16th and August 16th, 1864.
- Casey, James.** Enlisted September 20th, 1861. Discharged October 22d, 1862, for disability.
- Claire, Hippolyte.** Enlisted February 29th, 1864. Wounded in the leg August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Is living at Plato, Iroquois county, Ill., occupied as a farmer.
- Campbell, Samuel.** Enlisted January 14th, 1864. Wounded June 18th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Crabtree, George W.** Enlisted April 4th, 1865. Died May 3d, 1865, in corps hospital at Richmond, Va.
- Crabtree, John W.** Enlisted April 4th, 1864. Deserted August 2d, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.
- Dewey, Thomas.** Enlisted from Northfield August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.

Dickinson, Joseph W. Enlisted from Chicago August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant August 15th, 1864. Discharged by reason of promotion into the U. S. Colored troops in April, 1864.

Dickinson was detailed for duty as clerk in the Regimental Adjutant's office, serving until December, 1861, when he was sent back to Chicago on recruiting service, where he remained during the following winter and spring. On Folly Island, S. C., he was detailed to the Adjutant General's office of General Vogdes' command, then to General Terry's, and later to the headquarters of General Seymour. He re-enlisted as a veteran but did not accompany the regiment on its furlough home, being detached to accompany Seymour's expedition to Florida. April 23d, 1864, he was commissioned Captain in the Twenty-First Regiment U. S. Colored troops, and was on duty with his regiment in South Carolina until detached and placed on the staff of Brigadier-General Schimmilfinnig as acting Assistant Adjutant-General, serving until the final capture and occupation of the city of Charleston. He was then ordered to Hilton Head, S. C., with his regiment, where he was detailed as provost-marshal of the military post and district. April 25th, 1866, he was honorably discharged from the service with the Colored troops and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry with rank from May 11th, 1866, and joined his regiment at Austin, Texas. June 11th, 1868, he was promoted to First Lieutenant in the Twenty-Sixth U. S. Infantry, and was appointed District Attorney of the Twelfth Judicial District, State of Texas, by military order from headquarters Fifth Military District, Brevet Major-General Reynolds commanding, and served as such until the final surrender of the State to the civil authorities. He resigned his commission in the U. S. army and was honorably discharged December 31st, 1870, when he was commissioned by the Governor of Texas District Attorney for the Thirty-third Judicial District and served until April, 1872; was also commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Texas State Guards, and served with the troops during the existence of martial law in the State. In June, 1872, he returned to his former home in Chicago, Ill., and turned his attention to the study of elocution, having decided upon that as a profession. After many years of patient, persistent effort the struggle with adverse circumstances has culminated in success, and his reputation throughout the Northwest as a public reader and teacher of elocution is as gratifying as it is well deserved. His new field of operations in St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., responds gratefully to his culture with flowers instead of weeds, and he gathers figs instead of thistles. His address is 13 Ninth street, South Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Deviney, Philip S. Enlisted October 28th, 1861. Veteran. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.

Denline, John. Enlisted February 28th, 1864.

Denline, John, Jr. Enlisted February 12th, 1864.

Dobner, Henry. Enlisted February 29th, 1864.

- Danely, Henry.** Enlisted February 23d, 1864. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Discharged May 27th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Douglas, Aaron.** Enlisted February 23d, 1864. Wounded September 16th, 1864, in the breast, and again wounded October 7th, 1864, in the arm. Died May 11th, 1865, from wounds.
- Drake, John C.** Enlisted February 23d, 1864. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1865. Is living at Wood River, Neb.
- Davis, Charles O.** Enlisted December 17th, 1863. Veteran recruit. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Dabner, Leonard.** Enlisted January 28th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Paroled, and died December 12th, 1864, from disease.
- Eigner, Lewis.** Enlisted August 28th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Ellis, William.** Enlisted September 10th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Ely, William W.** Enlisted September 28th, 1861. Veteran. Transferred from Company E, December, 1864. (See Company E.)
- Fiddler, Henry.** Enlisted January 24th, 1864. Killed August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Fisch, James.** Enlisted February 27th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Gosan, Jacob.** Enlisted February 12th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Grimes, Thomas.** Enlisted February 8th, 1864. Deserted.
- Gosan, Christopher.** Enlisted February 12th, 1864. Discharged September 16th, 1864, for disability.
- Gladis, John.** Enlisted April 14th, 1865. Deserted August 2d, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.
- Hall, Joseph.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged July, 1862, for disability. (Not in Adjutant General's report.)
- Harrison, John.** Enlisted from Sandoval September 6th, 1861. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died July 1st, 1864, from wounds.
- Harvey, Louis.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 14th, 1861. Wounded August 16th, 1864, in the arm, amputation being necessary. Veteran. Mustered out for disability.
- Hayes, John B.** Enlisted from Chicago, August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Deserted, and died at his home March 16th, 1864.
- Hayes, Stephen.** Enlisted from Chicago August 5th, 1861. Deserted.
- Herrick, M. B.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged August 5th, 1863, for disability. (Not in Adjutant General's report.)
- Hagan, Francis,** Enlisted from Waukegan, February 12th, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Died of his wounds in general hospital.

- Hutchings, John A.** Enlisted from Northfield August 21st, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1864. Wounded severely in the hand May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Reduced to the ranks at his own request. Is living at Oak Glen, Ill., engaged in merchandising.
- Hamilton, Chester W.** Enlisted from Goodale February 4th, 1864. Wounded August 14th, 1864, in the arm, at Deep Bottom, Va.
- Hauglebrock, William.** Enlisted September 2d, 1864. Missing from the regiment since October 13th, 1864. Supposed to have been captured. (Not in Adjutant General's report.)
- Harvey, Henry.** Enlisted from Avon February 29th, 1864. Discharged July 17th, 1865, for disability.
- Hawthorne, Ephraim W.** Enlisted from Fredmont February 9th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant-Major January 1st, 1865. Transferred to U. S. Colored troops for commission.
- Heirsagle, Joseph.** Enlisted from Fremont January 28th, 1864. Deserted July 17th, 1864.
- Hewitt, Charles.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 9th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hopkins, Benjamin B.** Enlisted from Chicago March 27th, 1864. Killed in battle August 11th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Isbester, John.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 25th, 1864. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Johnson, Frederick.** Enlisted from Waukegan February 4th, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Died August 24th, 1864, from wounds.
- Johnson, George.** Enlisted August 5th, 1861. Discharged October 16th, 1861, for disability.
- Joyce, Patrick F.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 21st, 1864. Promoted Corporal June 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kame, James M.** Enlisted from Chicago August 22d, 1861. Taken prisoner May 1st, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va. Died September 23d, 1862, at Annapolis, Md.
- Kemph, William.** Enlisted from Lockport August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kemph, Fred.** Enlisted from Chicago September 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the arm May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kame, Dennis.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Died November 1st, 1861.
- Kelly, John.** Enlisted from Waukegan February 12th, 1864. Wounded October 28th, 1864, in hand, at a skirmish near Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Is living at Centerville, Iowa.
- Kennedy, Thomas W.** Enlisted from Antioch February 22d, 1864. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va., and left on the field.

Kramer, Jacob. Enlisted from Bloomington September 8th, 1861. Died June 14th, 1864.

Kennedy, Thomas M. Enlisted from Antioch February 22d, 1864. Wounded in the head August 16th, 1864. Taken prisoner. Died in prison at Richmond, Va., from wounds.

Lake, David. Enlisted from Chicago September 28th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 4th, 1864. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 18th, 1865, for disability from wounds.

Larrett, Charles. Enlisted from Chicago September 29th, 1861. Veteran. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.

Loughram, Owen. Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal December 7th, 1861; to Sergeant February 1st, 1864. Killed in battle October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.

Loughram, John. Enlisted from Chicago September 6th, 1861. Discharged May 8th, 1863, for disability.

Litwiller, Charles. Enlisted from Avon February 29th, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Lott, Theodore. Enlisted from Washington February 24th, 1864.

Lott died very suddenly of disease of the heart, June 5th, 1864, when coming in from picket duty under fire. He got within the intrenchments and fell dead. Autopsy revealed fatty heart with calcareous deposits in the vessels; also a bone growing from the base of the aorta.

Lusk, Palmer. Enlisted from Avon February 2d, 1864. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in prison June 5th, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.

McIntosh, James. Enlisted from Bloomington October 5th, 1861. Discharged June, 1862, for disability.

McLaughlin, Dennis. Enlisted from Chicago September 1st, 1861. Discharged January, 1862, for disability.

McLaughlin, Patrick. Enlisted September 1st, 1861. Deserted October 1st, 1861.

McGinnis, William. Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Discharged August 18th, 1865, for disability.

McGinnis, Elijah. Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Died in hospital September 30th, 1865.

McGinnis, John B. Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Morris, James. Enlisted from Bloomington August 10th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in thigh; leg amputated. Died at Philadelphia July 9th, 1864, from wounds.

Moore, William T. Enlisted from Chicago September 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 20th, 1861; to Sergeant August 5th, 1864.

Morse, Jacob. Enlisted from Chicago September 4th, 1861. Is living at Mazon, Ill.

- Morse, E. J.** Enlisted from Centralia August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 16th, 1864; to Sergeant April 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Moore, Thomas.** Enlisted from Chicago August 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1862. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Promoted Sergeant March 6th, 1865; to First Sergeant June 1st, 1865, and commissioned Second Lieutenant October 16th, 1865. Is living at Beloit, Wis.
- Mooney, John.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 19th, 1861. Wounded in the leg August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Veteran. Is living at Lockport, Ill., when he is not on the tramp.
- Miller, Nichols.** Enlisted from Chicago September 16th, 1861. Deserted in August, 1862.
- McLarkey, Hugh.** Enlisted from Chicago September 16th, 1861. Discharged August 25th, 1862, for disability.
- McAree, Francis.** Enlisted January 28th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McCurley, Michael.** Enlisted February 9th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Manzer, James.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 25th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff. Discharged June 22d, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Marshall, Peter.** Enlisted from Homer February 27th, 1864. Wounded October 13th, 1864, in the arm, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Miltmore, A.** Enlisted from Avon February 29th, 1864. Died March 23d, 1864, of brain fever.
- Melody, Patrick H.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 21st, 1864. Promoted Corporal March 15th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McIntosh, James W.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1862. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Nelson, James.** Enlisted from Sandoval August 15th, 1861. Wounded in the head September 7th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Nevil, Richard.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 20th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Notmyer, Henry.** Enlisted February 8th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- O'Brien, Patrick.** Enlisted from Bloomington, August 20th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded and taken prisoner August 16th, 1864. Died at Annapolis, Md., August 31st, 1864, from wounds and exposure.
- Pike, A. H.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 28th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Was sent to Andersonville, Ga., where he remained for six months and some days. Paroled, exchanged, and discharged February 21st, 1865. Is living at No. 10 North Carpenter street, Chicago.

Peters, Martin Van Buren. Enlisted from Elgin September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal February 1st, 1864. Wounded in the hand June 18th, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 17th, 1865. Is living at Sauk Center, Minn.

Plowman, James. Enlisted from Chicago September 15th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head June 2d, 1864. Died November 14th, 1864, from wounds.

Peck, William. Enlisted from Homer February 22d, 1864. Wounded in skirmish near Wier Bottom church, Va., June 18th, 1864, and in the head August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. (No discharge furnished.)

Robinson, William H. Enlisted February 29th, 1864. Promoted Corporal June 2d, 1865, for meritorious service at the assault on Fort Gregg and at Appomattox April 2d, 1865.

Robinson is living at Mayville, Dakota, engaged in the lumber trade, being the secretary and treasurer of the Beidler and Robinson Lumber company. He is prosperous and a leading man in his community.

Russell, John H. Enlisted from Northfield August 13th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal February 16th, 1862; to Sergeant August 23d, 1864. Discharged for promotion to commission in Thirty-Sixth U. S. Colored troops.

John H. Russell was born at Northfield, Cook county, Ill., July 16th, 1843, receiving his primary education by working on his father's farm during summer and going to school in winter, until he arrived at the age of sixteen, when he became a student in the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., where he remained until the call "To arms!" resounded throughout the country. He then made an attempt to enlist in the since famous Nineteenth Illinois regiment, but was rejected on account of his youth. On August 5th, 1861, having just passed his eighteenth birthday, he attached himself to Captain Amasa Kennicott's company, which was then being formed near his native place. This organization soon afterward became a part of the "Yates Phalanx," was designated Company F, and joined the regiment at Camp Mather. From here he shared in all the movements of the company and regiment,—shared with it its first baptism of blood when Companies A and F so successfully repulsed "Stonewall" Jackson's advance-guard at Alpine Station, and thus covered the crossing of the Potomac river by the troops, to Hancock, Md. He was one of the first to reach Cumberland on that famous forced march of forty miles when that place with its immense depot of supplies and quartermaster's stores was threatened by Jackson's division, and remained there with his company as provost-guard until they again joined the regiment at Patterson's Creek. He was present with the "Phalanx" throughout the vigorous campaign that followed. From this time forward, while he remained with the regiment, he occupied that anomalous position of company clerk and kept all the company's books, and prepared all the muster and pay rolls of the company, and served continuously throughout the two and a half years of

his enlistment, except having for a short time been on detached service with Captain Williams, who was Brigade Commissary at Hilton Head.

When the opportunity was given to the members of the regiment to re-enlist as veterans, Russell was among the first to proffer his services to the country for three years more, and assisted Comrade Knapp and others in the pleasant but arduous task of preparing the muster-out rolls and discharges of the men of the "Phalanx."

After the veteran furlough and the consequent visit to home and friends, he served without intermission with the company throughout the terrible conflicts of 1864, receiving a flesh wound at Strawberry Plains, but did not leave the regiment; though from severe sickness on the march from the front of Petersburg to the north side of the James, he was forced to enter the field hospital at Bermuda Hundred, where a fever kept him for five weeks, at the expiration of which time he rejoined the regiment.

During the winter of 1864-5, much interest was taken by the corps (the Twenty-Fourth) of which the regiment was a part, in critical inspection and competitive drills. A series of such drills resulted in Russell's being selected to represent the brigade at division headquarters, and after a severe test and an examination by a board of officers detailed for the purpose, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Thirty-Eighth U. S. Colored troops which was then encamped near Fort Harrison. He then bade adieu to his tried comrades of the "Phalanx" with feelings of much regret.

On the morning of April 3d the order was received for a general advance along the line, and he led his company over the breast-works, driving in the rebel pickets and closely following their rear-guard over the rebel works. His regiment was among the first infantry to enter Richmond, and although no considerable amount of fighting was needed, the enforcement of strict military discipline was necessary to prevent the vast destruction of property that the rebel rear-guard had inaugurated.

The Twenty-Fifth Corps was now ordered to Texas to guard the frontier and watch the movements of Maximilian, who had been proclaimed Emperor of Mexico,—the Thirty-Eighth U. S. Colored troops serving at Brownsville, Brazos de Santiago and Indianola. Russell was speedily promoted to First Lieutenant, and acted as Company Commander, Regimental Quartermaster and Aid-de-camp to General Giles A. Smith, and was finally mustered out of the service in February, 1867, having served five years and seven months, his command being among the last to be dispensed with by the Government.

Once more at home, Russell renewed his collegiate course, and graduated from the Law Department of the Chicago University, class of 1868, practiced law in Chicago for one year, and finally went west, and has been since then practicing his profession with success at San Jose, California. In 1869 he married Cornelia E. Cadwell of Waukegan, Ill., and has two children—Jessie Eleanor, aged eighteen years, and Gilbert Hamilton, aged sixteen years.

- Seltzer, Peter.** Enlisted from Northfield August 5th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Northfield and occupied as an undertaker.
- Sheets, Eli.** Enlisted September 27th, 1861. Transferred July 1st, 1863, to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Siggs, Francis.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head June 18th, 1864. Died June 21st, 1864, from wounds.
- Springer, Samuel A.** Enlisted from Chicago August 24th, 1861. Discharged September 11th, 1862, for disability.
- Snyder, Gottlieb.** Enlisted from Bloomington August 28th, 1861. Discharged October 13th, 1862, for disability.
- Stanton, Albert.** Enlisted from Centralia August 13th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Stout, James.** Enlisted from Centralia August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head and shoulder May 20th, 1864. Discharged October 3d, 1864, for disability from wounds.
- Scoville, John.** Enlisted from Chicago December 4th, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 17th, 1865.
- Scoville, William.** Enlisted from Chicago February 4th, 1864. Wounded in the leg May 20th, 1864. Discharged for disability from wounds.
- Sherwood, Daniel.** Enlisted from Waukegan January 25th, 1864. Killed October 28th, 1864, near Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Smith, Asahel.** Enlisted from Avon, February 2d, 1864. Discharged May 6th, 1865, for disability.
- Stillhamer, William.** Enlisted from Bloomington March 9th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.
- Starr, L. S.** Enlisted from Newport February 13th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Stroban, George.** Enlisted from Waukegan February 26th, 1864.
- Sullivan, George.** Enlisted from Libertyville February 26th, 1864. Wounded in the knee May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Seavy, John.** Enlisted September 6th, 1861. Deserted in 1861.
- Scott, John.** Enlisted April 6th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Trapp, Augustus.** Enlisted from Northfield August 22d, 1861. Discharged August 20th, 1862, for disability.
- Thompson, George.** Enlisted August 22d, 1861. Discharged September 20th, 1861, for disability.
- Underwood, George M.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to Corporal January 1st, 1865; to Sergeant June 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Lockport, Ill. (Is Melvin in Adjutant General's report.)
- Van Buskirk, John.** Enlisted from Chicago September 1st, 1861. Discharged July 1st, 1863, for disability.

Van Court, Rufus. Enlisted from Chicago, September 12th, 1861. Discharged May 9th, 1863, for disability.

Van Patten, Adelbert. Enlisted from Antioch January 28th, 1864. Taken prisoner August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Died of wounds in prison in Virginia.

Washburn, George W. Enlisted August 28th, 1861. Promoted Corporal November 19th, 1862. Discharged August 5th, 1863, for disability.

Washburn has been an invalid since his discharge, and is now in the Insane Asylum at Lincoln, Neb.

Weible, Nicholas. Enlisted from Chicago October 4th, 1861. Mustered out October 4th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Woore, Henry. Enlisted from Northfield August 5th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Woore was wounded in the hip by a fragment of shell at Fort Wagner, S. C. Is living at Mount Vernon, Iowa; has a family of small children; is poor and crippled.

Webb, Wallace H. Enlisted from Antioch, February 16th, 1864. Wounded in the thigh June 18th, 1864, in a skirmish near Wier Bottom church, Va. Absent, sick, at muster out.

Webb, Daniel. Enlisted from Antioch February 16th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Williams, Harry. Enlisted February 25th, 1864. Wounded in the foot October 13th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.

Williamson, James. Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	10
Died of wounds.....	9
Died of disease.....	7
Died in prison.....	4
Wounded.....	42
Deserted.....	10
Transferred.....	7
Discharged for disability.....	29
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	8
Lost limbs.....	2
Taken prisoner.....	12
Number originally enlisted.....	75
Recruits.....	69
Veterans.....	40
Returned home at muster-out.....	45
Known to be living (1889).....	26

CHAPTER XXIX.

Company G—How Recruited—Roster and Biographies—Summary of Casualties, etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY G.

THIS company was recruited at Chicago, Ill., commencing on or about August 6th, 1861, having been organized by the Rev. W. B. Slaughter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Oscar F. Rudd and Amos Savage, who were elected as its commanders. It did most excellent service in whatever position it was placed, which may or may not have been in part attributable to the fact of its having a Slaughter and a Savage as leaders, and as a consequence its list of casualties were numerous, it having lost seventy-four officers and men in killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

At the time of the Jackson and Loring raid, January 4th, 1862, the company was stationed at Great Cacapon, Va., to guard the Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge, being subsequently re-enforced by part of Company E; and while there, repulsed a whole brigade of the enemy, holding it in check for some hours, and made good their retreat under cover of darkness, without serious loss. It did guard duty, with quarters on board a train of freight cars, along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, from New Creek to Cherry Run, Va., up to the 13th of March, 1862, when it joined Shields' division at Martinsburg, Va., and participated in the victory over "Stonewall" Jackson's army at Winchester, Va., March 23d, 1862. After this it shared in the campaign through the Shenandoah Valley, marching to Fredericksburg and back, then embarking at Alexandria, Va., to join McClellan's



UNITED STATES
CALIFORNIA

1. WM. R. MORLEY, Co. H.
4. JAMES HIRST, Co. I.
7. H. D. POND, Co. G.

2. EZRA A. COOK, Co. G.
5. I. D. BOSWORTH, Co. G.
8. RICHARD A. LEMON, Co. I.

3. GEORGE RIDDLE, Co. I.
6. CAPT. H. M. PHILLIPS, Co. I.
9. WILLIAM H. HOWARD, Co. G.

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ANNEX 1A

army, and taking part in the last of the seven days' battles at Malvern Hill, Va. It took part in July, 1862, in the grand retreat to Yorktown, and after a few days' rest proceeded to Suffolk, Va., where winter quarters were established and where it participated in three different engagements on the Blackwater river, and in a reconnoissance to the Dismal Swamp.

In the early part of January, 1863, it left Suffolk for Newbern, N. C., to take position in the Foster expedition for the reduction of Charleston, S. C., arriving and disembarking on Folly Island, S. C., April 4th, 1863, after having spent some little time for drill and discipline on St. Helena Island. From July until October, 1863, it was actively engaged in the operations to effect the reduction of the batteries and fortifications in and around Charleston harbor, being almost constantly exposed to the fire of the enemy and the no less active and merciless assaults of sand-flies, mosquitoes and fleas; but the loss from all causes was surprisingly small, being only *two* seriously wounded.

January 1st, 1864, the company, while at Hilton Head, S. C., re-enlisted as veterans and received thirty days' furlough home for recruiting. In February, 1864, it was ordered to Washington, D. C.; remained for several weeks encamped at Arlington Heights, Va., then proceeded to Gloucester Point to join Butler's expedition up the James river, landing at Bermuda Hundred, Va., and actively participating in the battle of Drury's Bluff, on the 15th and 16th of May, 1864, in which the company lost four killed and thirteen wounded.

May 20th, 1864, it was engaged in the battle of Wier Bottom church, and then in the trenches at Bermuda Hundred; then followed the engagements of June 16th, 17th and 18th at the same place, and where Captain O. F. Rudd was mortally wounded; then it crossed to the north side of the James river and took part in the charge upon the

enemy's works at Deep Run, where Private Hardenburgh captured the colors of the Eighth Alabama regiment. August 8th, 1864, it entered the trenches in front of Petersburg, Va., where it remained constantly on duty and exposed to the fire of the enemy until September 28th, when it again crossed to the north side of the James river, and on October 8th assisted in repulsing an attack of the enemy at Chapin's Farm, Va.; and October 13th it was engaged in the charge on the rebel works at Darbytown Cross-Roads, where it was repulsed. Again, October 27th, it had an engagement with the enemy at the same place. It went into winter quarters on the north side of the James, and during the winter received thirteen recruits. March 27th, 1865, it again crossed the river, moving to the extreme left of the army at Hatcher's Run, where, on April 2d, it assisted in making a successful charge on Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, the key to the works around Richmond. It then engaged in the pursuit of General Lee's army to Appomattox Court-House April 3rd to 9th, 1865. After remaining a few days to assist in guarding and collecting for transportation the captured property, it marched to Richmond, Va., where it remained until July 9th, 1865. It was then ordered to City Point, Va., and from there to Norfolk, where, on the 6th day of December, 1865, it was honorably mustered out of the United States service and ordered to Springfield, Ill., for final payment and discharge, arriving there *via* Chicago, December 9th, 1865.

Company G was called the "Preacher's Company,"—not alone from the fact of its having a clergyman for its commander, but because its rank and file had pretensions to more morality than the majority of their comrades; and, in fact, it well maintained its superiority in this respect for some considerable time after joining the regiment. But, as is well known, evil communications and peculiar situations and surroundings are corrupting; so they soon lost prestige

in this respect and became, in the esteem of their associates, "hail fellows, well met," at every turn, and could join in as noisy and abusive demonstrations as any when the commissary failed with rations or they were suspicious in quality; and in the long, discouraging marches, when foot-sore, travel-stained and disheartened, they could generally find expression for a few modest "cuss" words to help maintain their courage. It possessed endurance, courage and eminent fighting qualities, as fully evinced on many occasions, and notably so at Great Cacapon, Va., when they held in check a full brigade of the enemy, and at the last, when Lieutenant Rudd, in order to permit the larger part of his command to retire, placed himself at the head of twenty of his men and in a narrow pass successfully held the enemy at bay.

It can be fairly said of Company G that it did its full measure of duty, suffered its due share of hardships, and bore its proportion of loss. The reputation of the regiment was never imperiled by its conduct in the camp, or on the march, or in battle; but on the contrary, the record of the "Yates Phalanx" has been made brighter by reason of its harmonious action in camp, its heroic and soldierly bearing in battle, and its prompt and intelligent response to every call for duty.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G.

Captain William B. Slaughter. Commissioned August 5th, 1861. Resigned July 20th, 1862, at Harrison's Landing, Va.

Captain Slaughter recruited a portion of Company G while he was stationed as pastor at Blue Island, Ill. After leaving the service he resumed his clerical duties, and in 1868 was stationed at Omaha, Neb. He died a few years ago.

Captain Oscar F. Rudd. Promoted. Wounded June 16th, 1864, in a skirmish with the enemy near Chester Station, Va. Died in general hospital at Fort Monroe, Va., July 11th, 1864.

It has been impossible to learn anything concerning the "ante-bellum" history of Captain Rudd, although proper effort has been made

by writing to his son—now living, it was understood, at Blue Island, Ill. It is to be regretted that his record is incomplete.

As a soldier, Captain Rudd was earnest, faithful and brave, and was much respected not only by his own command but by the officers of the regiment generally. He possessed social and generous qualities that endeared him to his friends, and his loss was deeply felt. His soldierly qualities eminently fitted him to be a leader of men. Enthusiastic, determined and brave, he asked none to follow where he would not lead, and it was on the skirmish line, at the head of his men, that he received his mortal wound. Words can hardly pay him the tribute he deserves.

Captain Amos Savage. Commissioned *vice* Rudd, died, but not mustered as Captain. Discharged October 28th, 1864, for disability resulting from defective vision.

During his three years and two months of active service Captain Savage made an honorable record as an officer and soldier, participating in most if not all the movements and actions in which the regiment took part, up to the time of leaving the service.

Amos Savage was born June 18th, 1836, in the then just-organized county of Will, Ill., on the same farm where he has since resided. His early advantages were only those offered by the district school of a new country. At the age of nineteen years he commenced teaching school winters, working on the farm during the summer. He was a delegate to the State Convention of 1860 which nominated Richard Yates for Governor and elected delegates to the National Convention which nominated Lincoln for President. He took part in the campaign of 1860, speaking several times in Will and Du Page counties. In April, 1861, he was elected supervisor of his native town (Homer), but the firing on Fort Sumter ten days later caused him to resign the position and enter the army. The first organization he attached himself to failed to get into the service and he went to Chicago and enlisted in Company G, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. He returned to his home in November, 1864, much broken in health, and with the vision of the right eye nearly useless. In the fall of 1869 he was returned to the Board of Supervisors and was continuously re-elected until 1872, when he was chosen a member of the State Legislature. In 1876 he was elected to the State Board of Equalization, serving continuously until 1884. At present, Savage is engaged in farming,—feeding and shipping live stock. He is a Republican in politics, a friend of temperance and popular education, and deeply interested in the prosperity and welfare of his country.

From the above sketch, one can form some opinion of his mental attributes, and all who know him have doubtless been impressed with some of his physical peculiarities. "An enormous foot, supporting a weight of two hundred and fifteen pounds avoirdupois; a head covered with a massive shock of light-brown hair and partially occupied in front by a mouth set a little to one side,—these, with a hand like the hand of Providence,

constitute," he says, his chief physical characteristics. His postoffice address is Marley, Ill.

Captain Homer A. Plimpton. Promoted Major May 11th, 1865.
(See Lieutenant-Colonel Plimpton.)

Captain Neriah B. Kendall. Commissioned April 29th, 1865.
Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

Captain Kendall enlisted from Joliet, Ill., and served continuously up to the muster-out of the regiment, with the exception of three months spent in Libby prison. He enlisted as a private soldier and was mustered out as Captain commanding company, which of itself is a sufficient commentary on his ability and devotion to duty without further altiloquence from the writer. He was wounded in the head and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.; was reported "killed and left on the field" at the time, and in consequence of such report his funeral sermon was preached at Joliet by Elder Crews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was perhaps the only person in the regiment who had such a distinction *forced* upon him, or was placed in such a paradoxical position—dead, yet alive. It may be mentioned in this connection that he has been a *very* live man ever since—"there are no flies on him." He acted as Adjutant of the regiment from January 28th, to September 10th, 1865, when Adjutant Doud was assigned to the First Brigade.

After the war, in July, 1866, Kendall went to Omaha, Neb., and was appointed civil engineer on the Union Pacific railroad, remaining in that capacity until the completion of the road in 1870, when he received the appointment of chief engineer of the Nebraska railroad, serving until 1874, with the exception of one year spent in Arizona and California exploring a route for the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. He then resigned his position and gave up railroading, and soon engaged in the milling, stock, and land business, which he has since followed.

It is presumed that in his travels and explorations in the far west he discovered the long-lost "Aladdin's Lamp," and has been rubbing it, much to his advantage, ever since. He has considerable landed interests in Omaha, Lincoln, and throughout the State of Nebraska, and has some *little* personal property besides—enough, in fact, to warrant him in saying that he feels quite prosperous. He makes his home and headquarters at Lincoln, Neb.

First Lieutenant Oscar F. Rudd. Commissioned August 5th, 1861. Promoted Captain July 20th, 1862, *vice* Slaughter, resigned.

First Lieutenant Amos Savage. Discharged October 28th, 1864, for disability, by order War Department.

First Lieutenant Homer A. Plimpton. Promoted Captain December 5th, 1864.

First Lieutenant Neriah B. Kendall. Promoted Captain April 12th, 1865, *vice* Plimpton, promoted.

First Lieutenant James B. West. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with the regiment.

The writer has received no information concerning the past or present condition of West. All he is able to say is that West was a true soldier and was popular with his company and regiment as an officer. He is living at Albion, Ill.

Second Lieutenant Amos Savage. Commissioned August 5th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant *vice* Rudd, promoted.

Second Lieutenant James M. Harrington. Mustered out October 17th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Lieutenant Harrington was a popular officer and soldier. He participated in all the battles and skirmishes the regiment was engaged in excepting the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., when he was absent sick, having been sent to hospital at St. Augustine, Florida, when the regiment was in South Carolina in November, 1863, rejoining his company the last of June, 1864. He was born in the State of New York in the year 1831; went west with his parents in 1833, making a home in the town of Palos, Cook county, Ill.; lived there until his tenth year, when he moved with his parents to Kane county, fourteen miles west of Elgin. When nineteen years old he returned to Cook county, and in 1852 went to California, remaining there until 1857, when he returned to Chicago, where, in 1861, he enlisted in Company G, Thirty-Ninth Illinois. In 1881 he went to Minnesota, locating at Pleasant Grove, which is his present home. His health is much impaired from his exposures in the service,—suffering with heart disease.

Second Lieutenant James B. West. Promoted First Lieutenant April 29th, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Joseph R. Ward, Jr. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, as First Sergeant.

Ward is living at El Dorado, Kansas; has a family of eight children, and is prospering and deserving of it.

First Sergeant Henry Green. Enlisted from Ottawa, Ill., August 19th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks July 28th, 1864. Wounded August 20th and October 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal July 1st, 1865. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

Sergeant James M. Harrington. Enlisted from Palos, Ill., August 9th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant July 20th, 1862.

Sergeant Samuel H. Brink. Enlisted from Sterling, Ill., August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to First Sergeant January 1st, 1864. Died of typhoid fever September 22d, 1864.

Sergeant Horace T. Corwin. Enlisted from Homer, Ill., August 16th, 1861. Wounded in the leg May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out September 20th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Lockport, Illinois.

Sergeant Stephen L. Harrington. Enlisted August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.

Corporal Abner Gillett. Enlisted from Homer, Ill., August 29th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Gillett is living at New Lenox, Ill. His health began to fail in May, 1864, and he was sent to general hospital at Fort Monroe, Va., where he was discharged. He is a sufferer from rheumatism, and it may be a satisfaction for him to learn that many comrades know how to sympathize with him.

Corporal Jehial Boughton. Enlisted from Palos, Ill., August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Died from disease, April 12th, 1864, at Washington, D. C.

Corporal John J. Hawkins. Enlisted from Palos, Ill., August 18th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Hawkins had command of Company G for a period of thirty days at a time when Captain Rudd was in hospital, Lieutenant Savage in command of Company C, and Lieutenant Harrington sick. He has an idea that he failed of promotion because he was not a veteran. He has the satisfaction of knowing, however, that he was a good and trusted soldier and was so esteemed by his superiors. He is living at Blue Mound, Linn county, Kansas.

Corporal Joseph McKee. Enlisted from Bremen, Ill., August 13th, 1861. Discharged November 25th, 1862, for disability.

Corporal John Crawford. Enlisted from La Salle, Ill., August 14th, 1861. Discharged September 23d, 1862, for disability.

Corporal John Grose. Enlisted from La Salle, Ill., August 14th, 1861. Discharged February 10th, 1863, for disability.

Corporal Orgro Gregory. Enlisted from Bremen, Ill., August 19th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks January 1st, 1862. Died in hospital at Morris Island, S. C., August 13th, 1863.

Corporal James Prior. Enlisted from Lockport, Ill., August 13th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in both thighs June 2d, 1864. Promoted Sergeant November 1st, 1864. Transferred and promoted Second Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-Second Regiment U. S. Colored troops.

Musician Atticus A. Ladd. Enlisted from Chicago, Ill., August 6th, 1861. Transferred to regimental band, October 5th, 1861. Is living at Omaha, Neb.

Musician Joseph Roberts. Enlisted from New Genesee, Ill., October 5th, 1861. Discharged November 12th, 1861, for disability.

Musician William J. Lambert. Enlisted October 23d, 1862. Discharged April, 1864, by order War Department.

Musician Franklin L. Fox. Enlisted from Chicago August 19th, 1861. Promoted Principal Musician July 1st, 1865, and transferred to non-commissioned staff.

PRIVATES.

- Anthony, Herbert.** Enlisted from Bedford, Mich., August 23d, 1861. Veteran. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Allison, John H.** Enlisted from New Genesee, August 28th, 1861. Killed at Suffolk, Va., September 28th, 1862, by the falling of a tree, while engaged in cutting timber to build intrenchments.
- Angel, William.** Enlisted from Homer, Ill., August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment.
- Ahlschlager, Carl G.** Enlisted from New Lenox September 7th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Andrews, Isaac B.** Enlisted from Hartford, Mich., September 10th, 1861. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Agney, Washington.** Enlisted from Freeport February 29th, 1864. Killed October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Armstrong, Edward.** Enlisted from Chicago February 16th, 1864. Wounded in the arm March 31st, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Aurand, Robert D.** Enlisted from Berryman, March 15th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Bien, Frederick.** Enlisted from Milwaukee, Wis., August 13th, 1861. Deserted August 25th, 1861.
- Bedell, Ransom.** Enlisted from Cook county August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Killed October 12th, 1864, in a skirmish near Chapin's Farm, Va.
- Borchers, Hermanus.** Enlisted from Peoria August 30th, 1861. Died February 13th, 1862, at Cumberland, Md., from disease.
- Bosworth, Isaac D.** Enlisted from Manteno, Ill., August 30th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Bosworth is living at Anderson, Ind., engaged in running a planing mill, and is a dealer in lumber, shingles, etc. "Is in the best of health, and working hard, early and late, to keep out of the poor-house."
- Blake, Robert W.** Enlisted from Chicago September 9th, 1861. Wounded in the thigh June 17th, 1864, and in the nose August 16th, 1864. Mustered out September 16th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Bullen, David.** Enlisted from Farmington September 9th, 1861. Discharged June 2d, 1862, for disability.
- Bushnell, Albert.** Enlisted from Palos February 27th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Bushnell fell from a ladder while working in a distillery, fracturing his skull, and died in March, 1874.
- Brown, George W. L.** Enlisted from Orland February 29th, 1864. Wounded in the thigh April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 19th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at New Lebanon, Ill.
- Brink, Albert.** Enlisted from Sterling February 28th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

- Breninger, John.** Enlisted from Freeport February 27th, 1864. Wounded in the head October 7th, 1864, in a skirmish near Chapin's Farm, Va. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Willow, Ill.
- Brusch, Frederick.** Enlisted from Palos February 15th, 1864. Wounded in the foot April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged November 18th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Barron, William.** Enlisted from Orland February 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Beeler, Leonard.** Enlisted from Wood's Grove February 22d, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Breninger, David.** Enlisted from Hopkins March 29th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Breninger, Benjamin.** Enlisted from Wood's Grove February 27th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Warren, Ill.
- Carl, John.** Enlisted from Homer August 16th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Chatfield, Jesse.** Enlisted from Palos August 9th, 1861. Promoted Corporal September 24th, 1862. Wounded in the hand June 17th, 1864, in a skirmish with the enemy. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Winfield, Cowley county, Kansas, and is occupied in farming.
- Crews, Harrison H.** Enlisted from Joliet August 9th, 1861. Discharged February 19th, 1864, by reason of promotion in the Sixty-Fourth Illinois Volunteers.
- After the war Crews entered the regular service. Is reported as living at Lincoln, Neb.
- Cox, Camillus.** Enlisted from Blue Island August 13th, 1861. Promoted Corporal April 13th, 1864; Sergeant July 5th, 1864. Wounded in the arm October 27th, 1864, in a skirmish near Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., and suffered excision of some six inches of the bone of the arm. Discharged June 8th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Cox was one of the seven men who volunteered to enter Fort Wagner, S. C., when news was brought that the fort was being abandoned. He was an excellent soldier—prompt, faithful and courageous. After the war he was for many years in the office of the United States Internal Revenue Collector for Chicago as Deputy, leaving it to make room for a Democrat in 1884, when he resumed work at his trade (carpenter) at Washington Heights, Ill., where he is now living.
- Callanan, Theodore.** Enlisted from Philadelphia, Pa., August 28th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Campbell, Merlin.** Enlisted from Newport, Mich., August 29th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Campbell was on duty for some years as Wagon-Master. Is living at Marine City, St. Clair county, Mich.

Cook, Ezra A. Enlisted from Wheaton September 2d, 1861. Wounded in the hand May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Cook gives the following personal history :

My father, Ezra Sprague Cook, was a regular Methodist Episcopal minister, and the longest time then allowed for a term of service in one place was two years. I was born at Windsor, Connecticut, November 5th, 1841, and my early boyhood was spent in various villages of New England and the " Empire State."

My father's health suffered severely from the hardships of ministerial service; for though we usually lived in the villages, where he conducted two Sabbath and several week-day services, he did much missionary work also, often taking long horseback rides in very inclement weather, when such riding was dangerous; and I remember that he was laid up once by a broken limb, and another time from a severe sprain, both accidents occurring during such rides. He finally had to leave the ministry on account of his health, but continued to preach, often several times a week, regularly, though engaged in a manufacturing business that took more than ten hours of his time per day.

In the fall of 1853, having sold his manufacturing interests in East Worcester, Otsego county, New York, we moved to Illinois and settled on a farm about twelve miles from Chicago. About four years afterward he sold this farm and purchased another in Du Page county, about one and a half miles from Wheaton, his object being to give his children a liberal education; the oldest daughter having already spent several terms at Wheaton College.

The outbreak of the war in the spring of 1861 found myself and two sisters attending Wheaton College, which had a national reputation as an Abolition school in an Abolition town. So strong was public sentiment that runaway slaves were perfectly safe in the College building, even when no attempt was made to conceal their presence, which was well known to the United States Marshal stationed there. With hundreds of others, I have seen and talked with such fugitives in the college chapel. Of course they soon took a night train well-guarded to the next station on the U. G. R. R.

When Sumter was fired on, I did not doubt that it was the death-knell of slavery, and my heart was in the battle for freedom from that moment.

Although I had expected to teach school the next autumn and winter, and had already been examined and received my certificate, it was very evident to my acquaintances that I had no heart for any employment but the service of my country, which I regarded as the service of my God, who was saying in thunder tones "*Let the oppressed go free!*"

I acknowledged the parental authority of my father and would not go without his consent. A townsman, Captain Kelly, was raising a company for the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and being a fearless rider the cavalry

was my decided choice, and Captain Kelly assured me that I could depend on a non-commissioned office to start with. But it was not so to be. About the time I saw father was likely to give a reluctant consent to my enlisting, Captain Slaughter's rousing appeal in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, for Christian young men to join his company, appeared. It stated that the company would be made up mostly of Christians, and none but moral young men would be taken; and as he was a Methodist minister, my father thought his company was the best for me to join, though it was not expected that I would find in it a single man I had ever seen before.

Naturally, my faith in Captain S. was somewhat shaken when, soon after I had enlisted, I found that nearly all the men of the company, that he had recruited up to the time he published that article, would swear like a pirate, and several of them would get drunk. But that article, or those articles, for I think other appeals followed, did bring into the company some of the noblest Christian young men I have ever met, and I doubt not God guided me to Company G of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers.

The following brief sketch of his business career is taken from the Historical Publishing Company's "Epitome of Chicago's History and the Prominent Points of Interest," issued in 1885:

"EZRA A. COOK, Lithographer, Stationer, Blank Book Manufacturer and Steam Printer, Numbers 7, 9, 11 and 13, Wabash avenue.—Mr. Ezra A. Cook is a well known publisher of works on secret societies, etc. His spacious and commodious establishment at Numbers 7, 9, 11 and 13 Wabash avenue is equipped with the latest and most improved machinery for lithographing, printing, blank-book making and publishing, and a force of skilled and experienced hands is employed. The work turned out in each department is up to the highest standard of the art, and all orders are executed in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. Mr. Cook is one of the best known men in the trade. His imprint is to be seen on millions of bank checks and drafts throughout the West, and his publications on secret societies are sold, not only all over the nation, but in foreign lands. He is a clear-headed business man, honorable and fair in all transactions, and has achieved a well-merited success."—(See Chapter XX.)

Chapin, Caleb F. Enlisted from Atlanta October 28th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 2d, 1864, at Hatcher's Run, Va., and died of wounds.

Crandall, Christopher C. Enlisted from Joliet October 14th, 1862. Wounded in the side May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va., and in the head October 7th, 1864. Mustered out October 13th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Piper City, Ill.

Case, Henry N. Enlisted from Thornton, February 28th, 1864. Died February 13th, 1865, while home on furlough.

Clark, Charles. Enlisted from Fremont February 12th, 1864. Died April 8th, 1864, at Chicago, Ill.

Campbell, William. Enlisted February 14th, 1865. Deserted May 12th, 1865. Was a substitute.

Clifford, James. Enlisted October 15th, 1864. Mustered out November 25th, 1865. (Substitute.)

- Colbert, William J.** Enlisted from Chicago, February 27th, 1864. Promoted Corporal October 10th, 1864. Died at Genesee, Ill., April 15th, 1865, while on furlough.
- Deeming, Thomas.** Enlisted from Homer August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head by spent ball March 23d, 1862, at Winchester, Va. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Cedar Falls, Iowa.
- Dunham, Hiram G.** Enlisted from Hartford, Mich., August 19th, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., of typhoid fever, February 23d, 1865.
- Dilno, Henry.** Enlisted from Bellevue, Mich., September 5th, 1861. Discharged September 28th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Bellevue, Mich.
- Dilno, Aaron.** Enlisted from Bellevue, Mich., October 1st, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., of disease, February 13th, 1862.
- Decker, Lester B.** Enlisted from Orland February 23d, 1864. Wounded in the thigh May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., and in the leg October 7th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Frisbie, Charles F.** Enlisted from Worth August 13th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted to Commissary Sergeant and transferred to non-commissioned staff October 1st, 1864. (See Non-Commissioned Staff.)
- Frank, Henry J.** Enlisted from New Lenox September 22d, 1861. Wounded in the side May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out September 22d, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Worthing, Dakota. Has a family of four children.
- Fitt, William.** Enlisted February 29th, 1864. Wounded in the hand June 2d, 1864, in a skirmish near Wier Bottom church, Va. Wounded again, in left arm, April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox, Va.
- Fudor, Lewis.** Enlisted from Palos May 7th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Flannigan, Rollin O.** Enlisted from Thornton March 14th, 1864. Discharged June 3d, 1865, for disability. Is living at Thornton, Ill.
- Groesbeck, William D.** Enlisted from Wood's Grove February 22d, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Goebel, John.** Enlisted from Chicago December 26th, 1863. Wounded in the neck May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va., and in the arm, April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at No. 814 North Halsted street, Chicago.
- Gardner, Charles H.** Enlisted from Thornton February 28th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Kensington, Ill.
- Gurrand, Francis L.** Enlisted from Chicago December 21st, 1863. Taken prisoner May 20th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Is living near Blue Island, Ill.
- Goodman, Thomas.** Enlisted from Lockport December 29th, 1863. Mustered out with regiment.
- Gibson, Hiram.** Enlisted from Bremen February 23d, 1864. Wounded in the head October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross Roads, Va., and died of wounds October 27th, 1864.

- Gallup, George.** Enlisted from Worth February 23d, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Stockton, Cal.
- Hahn, Christian.** Enlisted from Homer August 13th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 10th, 1864.
- Howard, William H.** Enlisted from Lysander, N. Y., August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal April 3d, 1865. Wounded in the neck April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Is a policeman at Sterling, Ill.
- Howland, Adelbert.** Enlisted from Genesee August 14th, 1861. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Hardenburgh, Henry M.** Enlisted from Bremen August 15th, 1861. Wounded in the shoulder August 16th, 1864.
- Hardenburgh was promoted to First Lieutenant in U. S. Colored troops for bravery on the field of battle, and was killed by a fragment of shell which pierced his left breast, in the intrenchments in front of Petersburg, Va., August 28th, 1864. He died before receiving his commission.
- Herzog, Adam J.** Enlisted from Lafayette, Ind., August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 20th, 1864, in the arm, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Promoted Corporal October 10th, 1864; Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Is living at LaFayette, Ind.
- Hughes, R. E.** Enlisted from Chicago August 21st, 1861. Deserted August 21st, 1861.
- Hammond, William.** Enlisted from Homer August 27th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 1st, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Humphrey, Thomas.** Enlisted from Orland August 29th, 1861. Killed May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va.
- Hanson, Edward P.** Enlisted from Orland August 29th, 1861. Discharged September 3d, 1862, for disability. Is living at Kensington, Ill.
- Heintz, P. H.** Enlisted from Pekin, August 30th, 1861. Deserted September 12th, 1861.
- Hawkins, Edwin.** Enlisted from Chicago September 4th, 1861. Discharged June 2d, 1862, for disability.
- Handy, Austin A.** Enlisted from Shabbona, September 9th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is dead.
- Hamilton, James G.** Enlisted from Bremen, February 26th, 1864. Wounded in the leg October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Leg amputated. Discharged June 3d, 1865, for disability. Died at Englewood, Ill., in 1887.

It has been impossible to obtain anything pertaining to the early history of Hamilton. His record while with the Thirty-Ninth Illinois was most excellent.

- Helm, Willis N.** Enlisted from Shabbona August 26th, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., of typhoid fever, April 10th, 1862.

- Inglehart, Charles.** Enlisted February 27th, 1864. Wounded in the hand June 17th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va., and in the leg, April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged October 30th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Ree Heights, Dakota.
- Jenkins, Robert T.** Enlisted from Coloma August 14th, 1861. Discharged June 27th, 1862, for disability.
- Jenks, George W.** Enlisted from Orland August 19th, 1861. Discharged January 16th, 1863, for disability.
- Jenkins, Samuel N.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Eureka, Ill.
- Kendall, Neriah B.** Enlisted from Joliet August 9th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1862. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant August 15th, 1864; First Sergeant November 1st, 1864; First Lieutenant July 11th, 1865. (See Captain Kendall, Company G.)
- Katilinek, Albert.** Enlisted from Thornton August 15th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1865; Sergeant July 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Monticello, Minn.
- Klump, Jacob B.** Enlisted from Peoria September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 12th, 1864; Sergeant May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- While at Norfolk, Va., Klump was detached as overseer of the Baxter farm, worked by freedmen. He was a good soldier, and always did his full duty. After the war he returned to Illinois. Not much is known of his history. In 1880 he was living at Willow, Ill., in the position of Justice of the Peace and collecting agent. He soon after removed to his homestead at Cliff, Custer county, Neb. He has now (1888) some four hundred acres under the plow; has a family of nine children, and lives in a sod-house of four rooms. He suffers from feeble health, having epilepsy; but is contented, getting rich, and ought to be happy.
- Lewis, Andrew J.** Enlisted from Amboy August 9th, 1861. Died on Folly Island, S. C., of typhoid fever, July 4th, 1863.
- Lewis, John.** Enlisted from Amboy August 19th, 1861. Discharged December 21st, 1862, for disability.
- Luscomb, Albert.** Enlisted from Bellevue, Mich., August 15th, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Died at Petersburg, Va., from wounds, June 26th, 1864.
- Lambert, William.** Enlisted October 23d, 1863. Mustered out April, 1864, under order War Department.
- Livingstone, Kilsyth.** Enlisted from Chicago March 12th, 1864. Deserted October 2d, 1865.
- Love, James.** Enlisted February 8th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- May, William H.** Enlisted from Genesee August 28th, 1861. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.

McKee, Joseph. Enlisted from Bremen August 13th, 1862. Discharged November 25th, 1862, for disability. Re-enlisted January 4th, 1864. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1865. Wounded August 14th, 1864, in a skirmish near Deep Bottom, Va.; again wounded, April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged July 22d, 1865, for disability from wounds.

Meyers, John. Enlisted from Thornton August 26th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the face and neck, June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. The bullet was cut out from the right tonsil where it had lodged. Was again wounded, April 2d, 1865, in shoulder at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

John was born January 3d, 1845, and enlisted in 1861, and thinks he was one of the youngest men in the regiment that carried a musket. He is living at La Delle, Spink county, Dakota, on his homestead. He says that he has threshed out eight hundred and seventeen bushels of wheat and four hundred bushels of oats (this was in 1887), but is not getting rich at present prices for grain, with beer costing twenty-five cents a bottle and whisky one dollar a pint.

Muller, John B. Enlisted from Pekin August 30th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability. Is living at El Paso, Ill.

McLaughlin, Patrick. Enlisted from Bremen September 5th, 1861. Transferred to Company F October 1st, 1861.

McLaughlin, Dennis. Enlisted from Bremen September 15th, 1861. Transferred to Company F October 1st, 1861.

Magee, William T. Enlisted from Macomb September 5th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment.

Magee was on detached service as hospital cook for nearly the whole of his term of service. Is living at Prairie City, Ill.

Moran, John. Enlisted October 12th, 1864. Deserted August 16th, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.

Morrison, William. Enlisted January 23d, 1865. Deserted April 2d, 1865.

Murray, Levi. Enlisted from Berryman March 15th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

McCracken, Solomon. Enlisted from Thornton February 13th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

Norris, Henry D. Enlisted from Chicago August 6th, 1861. Discharged June, 1862, for disability.

Nutting, Harrison. Enlisted from Champaign county August 14th, 1861. Wounded in the leg June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. Died of wounds, at Fort Monroe, Va., November 27th, 1864.

Neff, Frederick. Enlisted from Pekin August 30th, 1861. Deserted September 12th, 1861.

Ogle, Daniel. Enlisted from Sterling February 13th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

- Onsoig, Frederick.** Enlisted from Chicago February 17th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Pate, Robert P.** Enlisted August 6th, 1861. Discharged September 30th, 1861, for disability.
- Plimpton, Homer A.** Enlisted from Sterling August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant May 20th, 1864. Wounded in the head October 7th, 1864, near Chapin's Farm, Va. Promoted First Lieutenant October 28th, 1864; Captain December 5th, 1864; Major May 11th, 1865; Lieutenant-Colonel May 11th, 1865. (See Field and Staff.)
- Parrish, William C.** Enlisted from New Genesee August 14th, 1861. Died at Williamsport, Md., of heart disease, November 29th, 1861.
- Parrish, Watson.** Enlisted from New Genesee August 14th, 1861. Wounded in the head May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living somewhere in California, practicing law, and is reported to be a man of wealth.
- Parrish, Harrison.** Enlisted from New Genesee, August 14th, 1861. Wounded June 2d, 1864, in a skirmish near Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Mulford, Iowa, engaged in the hardware trade.
- Potter, Isaac.** Enlisted from Johnson county, Kansas, August 19th, 1861. Died of disease, at Cumberland, Md., February 1st, 1862.
- Parkhurst, Henry S.** Enlisted from Le Roy, Pa., August 20th, 1861. Discharged June 29th, 1863, for disability.
- Pond, Henry D.** Enlisted from New Genesee, August 21st, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Pond is living on his farm at New Genesee, Whiteside county, Ill. Is in very comfortable circumstances, financially, but with health somewhat broken from army exposures.
- Pratt, James.** Enlisted from Orland February 27th, 1864. Died May 28th, 1864, of scarlet fever.
- Pacey, John.** Enlisted from Brimfield September 24th, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in prison of wounds, at Richmond, Va., July 26th, 1864.
- Pacey, Richard.** Enlisted from Brimfield September 24th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Pettijohn, James.** Enlisted from Orland February 23d, 1864. Wounded in the hand May 14th, 1864, in a skirmish near Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged May 23d, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Pitzer, Henry.** Enlisted from Orland March 12th, 1864. Wounded in the head October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out with regiment.
- Paul, Jacob.** Enlisted May 23d, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Price, William.** Enlisted February 16th, 1865. Deserted August 14th, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.
- Parkinson, Isaac W.** Enlisted from Wood's Grove February 22d, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Willow, Ill.

- Root, Pliny F.** Enlisted from Greenwich, Mass., August 6th, 1861. Died at Hilton Head, S. C., of chronic diarrhœa, December 31st, 1863.
- Ross, George.** Enlisted from Homer August 13th, 1861. Discharged June 27th, 1862, for disability.
- Rayner, Sylvester.** Enlisted from West Bend, Wis., September 9th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Roberts, Charles H. L.** Enlisted from New Genesee, August 28th, 1861. Wounded in the knee September, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C.; also in the shoulder and face, May 20th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out October, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Rowley, Charles.** Enlisted from Homer September 10th, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., of typhoid fever, February 20th, 1862.
- Rumsey, Girard.** Enlisted from Manteno September 25th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant July 29th, 1864. Discharged by reason of promotion as First Lieutenant of Fifth U. S. Colored troops.
- Roberts, Joseph.** Enlisted October 5th, 1861, as drummer. Discharged November 12th, 1861, for disability.
- Reeves, Joseph H.** Enlisted from Palos February 29th, 1864. Wounded in the thigh May 16th, 1864; limb amputated. Discharged March 18th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Reed, Stephen C.** Enlisted from Palos December 31st, 1863. Mustered out with the regiment. Is living at Blue Island, Ill., engaged in publishing a newspaper.
- Riche, William.** Enlisted from Chicago December 31st, 1863. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out with regiment.
- Riley, John.** Enlisted December 14th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
- Schermerhorn, Almon L.** Enlisted from Worth August 6th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the neck May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out with regiment.
- Schermerhorn was never able for duty with his company after being wounded. Was Orderly for General Osborn at Richmond, Va., up to the close of the war. Is living at Oxford, Mich.
- Spencer, W. W.** Enlisted from Bainbridge, Minn., August 15th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant July 2d, 1862. Wounded in the head June 1st, 1864, in intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died of wounds, at Philadelphia, July 5th, 1864.
- Smith, Robert.** Enlisted from Sterling August 9th, 1861. Discharged September 9th, 1864, for disability.
- Sherwood, Frank.** Enlisted from Shabbona August 26th, 1861. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1863. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Shabbona, Ill.
- Spicer, Daniel W.** Enlisted from Thornton February 29th, 1864. Died in Harwood hospital, Washington, D. C., April 14th, 1864.
- Shipley, Thomas.** Enlisted January 3d, 1865. Discharged July 15th, 1865, for disability.

- Shafer, John N.** Enlisted from Scranton, Pa., September 19th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Tippecanoe City, Ohio.
- Savitz, James.** Enlisted April 8th, 1865. Mustered out with the regiment.
- Tyler, James.** Enlisted from Lockport August 13th, 1861. Discharged June 2d, 1862, for disability.
- Turney, Daniel W.** Enlisted from Orland March 7th, 1864. Wounded in the face August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Mustered out with regiment.
- Turney was on detached service at Richmond and Portsmouth from April 20th, 1865, until muster-out of service. Is living at Piper City, Ill.
- West, James B.** Enlisted from Homer August 13th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant September 10th, 1864; First Sergeant January 1st, 1865; First Lieutenant, May 10th, 1865. (See Lieutenant West.)
- Ward, Joseph R., Jr.** Enlisted from Brémen August 29th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 10th, 1864; Sergeant November 1st, 1864; Second Lieutenant October 16th, 1865. (See Lieutenant Ward.)
- Wagonrod, Henry.** Enlisted from Bremen September 12th, 1861. Died on Folly Island, S. C., November 10th, 1863.
- Warren, Richard.** Enlisted from Bremen September 5th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.; was sent to Andersonville, Ga., and endured great sufferings. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.
- Warren, Stephen R.** Enlisted from Bremen September 3d, 1861. Deserted September 30th, 1861.
- Warren, William.** Enlisted from Lyons, Iowa, September 3d, 1861. Wounded in the arm May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Weston, Perry E.** Enlisted from Shabbona September 16th, 1861. Mustered out September 16th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Winder, Joseph K.** Enlisted from Lamoille August 29th, 1861. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Winder, Lorenzo.** Enlisted from Lamoille August 29th, 1861. Discharged October 23d, 1862, for disability.
- Williams, Henry W.** Enlisted from Neoga October 28th, 1861. Discharged February 26th, 1862, for disability.
- Wadhams, Mortimer C.** Enlisted from Joliet October 14th, 1862. Died of small-pox, at Bermuda Hundred, Va., February 19th, 1865.
- Williams, John.** Enlisted February 7th, 1865. Deserted August 14th, 1865, at Norfolk, Va. (Substitute.)
- Wells, Mathew.** Enlisted from Orland March 9th, 1864. Wounded in the arm May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner. Discharged May 30th, 1865, under order War Department.
- Williams, William C. W.** Enlisted from Palos February 29th, 1864. Discharged May 19th, 1865, for disability.

- Walker, John W.** Enlisted from Lockport December 29th, 1863.
Wounded in the hand October 7th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.
Is living at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Wolfe, William.** Enlisted from Wood's Grove February 27th, 1865.
Mustered out with regiment.
- Wengart, Henry.** Enlisted from Florence May 15th, 1865. Mustered
out with regiment.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	11
Died of wounds.....	6
Died in prison.....	2
Died of disease.....	19
Wounded.....	50
Lost limbs.....	2
Taken prisoner.....	6
Transferred.....	10
Discharged for disability.....	34
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	25
Deserted.....	10
Re-enlisted.....	41
Number originally enlisted.....	101
Recruits.....	68
Mustered out with regiment.....	52
Known to be living.....	45
Resigned.....	1

CHAPTER XXX.

Company H—How Recruited—Roster and Biographies—Summary of Casualties, etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY H.

SKETCH BY WILLIAM H. MORLEY.

APRIL 13th, 1862, E. H. Wilson and myself went from Farmer City to Le Roy, Ill., and were enlisted by Harvey Parks, who was there on recruiting service for Company I, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. On the 15th, with one other recruit, we walked to Bloomington and there took the cars for Springfield, Ill., and were assigned to the recruiting barracks at Camp Butler. April 17th Harvey Parks went back to the regiment, and Charles J. Wilder took charge of the recruits. There were eight of us who were recruited for the Thirty-Ninth, being a larger number than for any other one regiment there present, and we organized a temporary company, calling it Company H, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, selecting C. J. Wilder as our Captain. Being a "lost company," we were kept at Camp Butler to guard the rebel prisoners, and there seemed to be no prospect of getting to our regiment until about June 20th, 1862, when Chauncey Williams of Company I came home on recruiting service and arrived at Camp Butler with a few men whom he had recruited at Le Roy. He was a favorite with the boys from the start, and he stated that if he was elected their Captain he would take us to our regiment at once. During the time we had been at Camp Butler, all recruits who arrived in camp, and who had not been assigned to any particular regiment, and who had no choice as

to where they went so long as they got to the front, were assigned to our barracks until we had a company numbering some seventy men from all parts of the State.

On June 30th, 1862, we held an election for officers which resulted in the choice of

CHAUNCEY WILLIAMS, CAPTAIN;
CHARLES J. WILDER, FIRST LIEUTENANT;
GEORGE SEARING, SECOND LIEUTENANT;

and we were mustered into the United States service as Company H, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, dating July 11th, 1862. July 16th we started to join the regiment *via* Indianapolis and Washington, arriving at Harrison's Landing, Va., July 24th, and were assigned our place in the regiment. From that time to the close of the war our history is that in common with the regiment, which we were never detached from, but were a part thereof at all times.

This company participated in all the battles that the regiment was engaged in excepting that at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864, when it was detailed as the guard to an ammunition train. It was proficient in drill, excellent in discipline, and did noble service during the continuance of the war, losing many officers and men killed in battle, wounded, and taken prisoners.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H.

Captain Chauncey Williams. Commissioned July 11th, 1862. Killed while leading a charge on the enemy's works August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run or Bottom, Va.

The last words of Captain Williams were— "Boys, we will go into those pits, or die!" A rebel bullet pierced his brain, killing him at once. The Captain enlisted in Company I and served as First Sergeant until June, 1862, when he was sent back on recruiting service; and having organized Company H, was discharged and commissioned. He was a brave soldier and always did his full duty cheerfully and without question, and met a soldier's death in a most gallant and heroic manner. It has been impossible to learn anything about his early history—which is to be regretted.

Captain William Downs. Commissioned March 31st, 1865. Wounded in the side August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

The Captain was a good soldier and made a popular officer. Nothing is known of his antecedents or what has become of him.

First Lieutenant Charles J. Wilder. Commissioned March 22d, 1862. Killed October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.

Lieutenant Wilder was killed while leading a charge upon the enemy's works and was buried at the foot of a tree near where he fell, and his comrades cut his name in the bark. He was a brave and fearless officer much respected by his command. Nothing is known of his early history.

First Lieutenant William Downs. Commissioned October 13th, 1864. Promoted Captain March 31st, 1865.

First Lieutenant William Harrison. Commissioned March 31st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Harrison was a brave soldier and made a good record.

Second Lieutenant George Searing. Commissioned July 10th, 1862. Resigned September 10th, 1864.

Nothing is known of Lieutenant Searing since he left the service.

First Sergeant Walter Harrington. Enlisted from Chicago February 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the ankle May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Wounded again, August 16th, 1864, in the thigh. Discharged April 4th, 1865, for disability from wounds.

Sergeant William Downs. Enlisted from Downs April 1st, 1862. Promoted First Lieutenant October 13th, 1864; and Captain March 31st, 1865.

Sergeant William C. Mitchell. Enlisted from Wilmington April 5th, 1862. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Stewart, Iowa.

Sergeant James Smith. Enlisted from Pecatonica March 17th, 1862. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service.

Sergeant William Harrison. Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 16th, 1862. Promoted First Lieutenant March 31st, 1865.

Corporal E. H. Wilson. Enlisted from Santa Anna April 14th, 1862. Promoted Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Corporal Z. M. Wilkins. Enlisted from Le Roy April 14th, 1862. Wounded in the back August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Promoted Sergeant January, 1865. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Pineville, Missouri.

Corporal A. Mendenhall. Enlisted from Wilmington March 15th, 1862. Wounded in the foot August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Mustered out April 14th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Havana, Kansas.

- Corporal William B. Cain.** Enlisted from Wilmington March 13th, 1862. Reduced to ranks May 1st, 1863. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Corporal Charles Barry.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the thigh May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Died June 17th 1864, from his wounds.
- Corporal Alvin Whittaker.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 13th, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in neck and hand May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Taken prisoner. Mustered out July 15th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Corporal J. L. Lewis.** Enlisted from Le Roy May 10th, 1862. Wounded in the leg October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Clinton, Ill.
- Corporal James Armstrong.** Enlisted July 14th, 1862. Reduced to the ranks May 19th, 1863. Wounded in the foot August 15th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C.; suffered amputation of part of foot. Discharged November 3d, 1864, for disability from wounds.

 PRIVATES.

- Allahan, William S.** Enlisted from Polo February 1st, 1862. Discharged March 3d, 1863, for disability.
- Allen, John W.** Enlisted from Chicago April 10th, 1862. Deserted October 30th, 1862.
- Aldridge, Lawson.** Enlisted February 22d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Allen, James.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Angelen, Hicks.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Beachy, J. F.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 1st, 1862. Wounded in the arm June 2d, 1864, at battle near Wier Bottom church, Va; arm amputated. Mustered out March 3d, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Boyd, Hiram C.** Enlisted from Old Town February 12th, 1862. Promoted Corporal March 20th, 1863. Wounded June 2d, 1864, in the thigh. Mustered out March 3d, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Brown, Ebenezer.** Enlisted from Downs March 1st, 1862. Veteran. Promoted Corporal April 16th, 1865; Sergeant June 20th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Brown was injured in the side while assisting in unloading a vessel at the foot of Folly Island, S. C. Is living at Saunemin, Ill., engaged in farming.
- Brown, John J.** Enlisted from Downs March 1st, 1862. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 16th, 1865; Sergeant June 20th, 1865. Is living at Solomon, Ill.

- Brightman, William.** Enlisted March 1st, 1862. Died of disease, in general hospital at St. Augustine, Florida.
- Birch, William.** Enlisted from Ashmore February 2d, 1862. Wounded June 2d, 1862; also April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out June 2d, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Kansas, Ill.
- Bailey, James B.** Enlisted from Springfield July 2d, 1862. Deserted July 16th, 1862.
- Brennan, Thomas.** Enlisted from Chicago March 29th, 1864. Wounded in the thigh May 20th, 1864. Died in hospital, June 22d, 1864, from wounds.
- Bartlett, Asher.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Breckenberg, Charles.** Enlisted March 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Baddow, Fred.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Burton, Samuel J.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Cherry, Luke.** Enlisted from Chicago February 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the arm and shoulder, and taken prisoner August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Cherry died at Chicago, Ill., October 7th, 1887, from what the doctor in attendance called a fit of apoplexy. For some years prior to his death he had suffered from lung and heart trouble, due indirectly to his wounds, and became partly paralyzed in the left arm. After leaving the service he was employed most of the time as janitor of a building in Chicago.
- Carr, Henry.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 13th, 1862. Transferred to Company I August 1st, 1862.
- Crotts, Silas.** Enlisted February 13th, 1862. Killed September 23d, 1863, at Fort Gregg, S. C.
- Casey, Edward.** Enlisted from Chicago February 28th, 1862. Veteran. Taken prisoner October 13th, 1864; paroled and exchanged. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Clifford, George A.** Enlisted from Chicago February 4th, 1864. Discharged by order of War Department July 7th, 1864.
- Corrigan, William.** Enlisted from Mt. Pleasant June 21st, 1862. Deserted August 3d, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.
- Conlin, Owen.** Enlisted from Chicago March 24th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Clayton, Francis M.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Rocklin, California.
- Campbell, Alexander.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Promoted Corporal May 14th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Calbeck, William.** Enlisted February 28th, 1865. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

- Cochlin, Davis.** Enlisted from Fairbury February 18th, 1862. Wounded in the thigh August 16th, 1864. Died in hospital, August 20th, 1864, from wounds.
- Creswell, Samuel.** Enlisted April 8th, 1865. Discharged August 18th, 1865, for disability.
- Dickinson, James.** Enlisted from Pittsfield April 5th, 1862. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Davis, Isaac T.** Enlisted from Monticello June 28th, 1862. Deserted October 13th, 1863.
- Derrick, Albert.** Enlisted from Padua February 12th, 1864. Wounded in leg October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out July 25th, 1865, for disability.
- Donald, George.** Enlisted February 24th, 1865, under the name of John O'Brien, in order to elude his guardians and get into the service. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Milwaukee, Wis.
- Dickson, John.** Enlisted April 8th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Donahue, Patrick.** Enlisted April 8th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Everett, Eli J.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 6th, 1862. Transferred to Company I August 1st, 1862.
- Edminston, M. B.** Enlisted February 13th, 1862. Promoted Corporal, and discharged October 9th, 1862, for disability.
- Eastman, James P.** Enlisted from Pecatonica May 1st, 1862. Wounded in the foot June 7th, 1864. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Rivermore, Minn.
- Goff, James O.** Enlisted from Pecatonica March 17th, 1862. Mustered out March 25th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Gairon, Ulmer.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 27th, 1862. Veteran. Promoted Corporal November 4th, 1864; Sergeant April 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Gardner, John W.** Enlisted from Delta September 11th, 1861. Transferred from Company F August 1st, 1862. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Gardner, Mahlon.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 11th, 1861. Veteran. Transferred from Company I August 1st, 1862. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Saybrook, Ill.
- Hager, J. D. B.** Enlisted March 18th, 1862. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Hagins, Daniel.** Enlisted from Springfield April 14th, 1862. Wounded in the arm May 20th, 1864. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Hornberger, George.** Enlisted from Vermillion June 21st, 1862. Wounded April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Howell, William.** Enlisted from Cerro Gordo June 28th, 1862. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.

- Johnson, William.** Enlisted from Hitesville June 16th, 1862. Wounded August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Jared, Thomas.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1865; Sergeant September 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Johnson, William H.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Deserted October 27th, 1865.
- King, George B.** Enlisted from Le Roy March 4th, 1862. Died at Hilton Head, S. C., of disease, August 7th, 1863.
- Kimbler, Charles W.** Enlisted from Downs May 28th, 1862. Wounded and taken prisoner August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Mustered out June 28th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Kohn, John.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kautz, George.** Enlisted March 31st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Lucas, Henry.** Enlisted from Randolph March 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the arm October 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal May 10th, 1865. Discharged June 24th, 1865, for disability.
- Lewis, Lorenzo.** Enlisted from Clark June 26th, 1862. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Champaign, Illinois.
- Lahey, James A.** Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Lattimer, Louis.** Enlisted February 15th, 1865. Discharged May 27th, 1865, for disability.
- Lawrence, Daniel W.** Enlisted March 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Lace, Philip M.** Enlisted from Pontiac January 5th, 1864. Promoted Principal Musician. (See Regimental Band.)
- Maloney, Richard.** Enlisted from Wilmington March 13th, 1862. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Morley, William R.** Enlisted from Santa Anna April 13th, 1862. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- After leaving the service Morley engaged in teaching, and subsequently held various responsible clerkships in Government office and elsewhere. Is now living at Farmer City, Ill., engaged in the grocery business. He is the permanent Secretary of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Veteran Association.
- McNally, John.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 6th, 1861. Promoted Corporal July 24th, 1862. Reduced to the ranks November 3d, 1862. Transferred to the Fourth U. S. Artillery December 5th, 1862.
- Martin, Daniel J. J.** Enlisted from Santa Anna June 13th, 1862. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Marionville, Mo.

- Mott, William J.** Enlisted from Chicago March 1st, 1862. Transferred to the U. S. Signal Corps, April 23d, 1863.
- McGinnis, William.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 1st, 1862. Deserted July 4th, 1862.
- Morgan, E. A.** Enlisted from Paris June 28th, 1862. Died April 1st, 1865.
- Morris, William M.** Enlisted February 13th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Miller, John B.** Enlisted April 8th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Middleton, Daniel.** Enlisted April 4th, 1862. Deserted August 3d, 1865.
- Newport, Henry.** Enlisted from Paris June 19th, 1862. Wounded in the leg August 16th, 1864. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Mt. Carmel, Ill.
- Needham, Washington.** Enlisted March 31st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- O'Harra, James.** Enlisted from Springfield April 5th, 1862. Discharged November 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Owens, Thomas.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Potts, Frederick.** Veteran. Enlisted from Randolph March 1st, 1862. Promoted Corporal January 13th, 1865; Sergeant March 20th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Gibson, Ill.
- Potts, Edward.** Enlisted from Randolph March 31st, 1862. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Heyworth, Ill. (The Adjutant General's report says he lost a leg.)
- Preeler, J. Frank.** Enlisted from Chicago February 1st, 1862. Veteran. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.; leg amputated. Taken prisoner; paroled and exchanged. Mustered out October 17th, 1865, for disability. Is living at Kingston Mines, Illinois.
- Porter, James H.** Enlisted March 16th, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the head November 1st, 1863, on Morris Island, S. C. Deserted August 3d, 1865.
- Pickens, Samuel.** Enlisted from Paris June 17th, 1862. Transferred to Fourth U. S. Artillery November 4th, 1862.
- Porter, John S.** Enlisted March 3d, 1862. Transferred to Company C, Thirty-Ninth Illinois, April 1st, 1863.
- Phillips, Gideon.** Enlisted from Chicago February 12th, 1864. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Price, Robert.** Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Russell, Edward.** Enlisted from Chicago April 5th, 1862. Transferred to the U. S. Artillery.
- Rush, James.** Enlisted from Springfield April 5th, 1862. Died August 8th, 1862, from disease.

- Robinson, Hiram.** Enlisted from Fairbury March 29th, 1862. Wounded in the side and hip September 7th, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Rose, Henry C.** Enlisted from Pittsfield April 5th, 1862. Taken prisoner January 5th, 1863. Died in Andersonville prison, Ga., September 27th, 1864.
- Reese, Amos B.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 24th, 1862. Wounded in left thigh May 23d, 1864, near Hatcher's Run, Va. Died in hospital, from wounds, June 22d, 1864.
- Spong, John.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 27th, 1862. Veteran. Discharged June 26th, 1865, by order of War Department. Is living at Everton, Mo.
- Spong, Augustus.** Enlisted from Kingston Mines February 27th, 1862. Discharged May 27th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Glassford, Ill.
- Shackley, Joseph.** Enlisted from Le Roy April 7th, 1862. Mustered out May 9th, 1865, at expiration of service.
- Seymour, William H.** Enlisted from Thornton March 12th, 1862. Deserted May 12th, 1863.
- Savage, Patrick.** Enlisted March 12th, 1862. Drowned in the Sangamon river, Illinois, June, 1862.
- Smith, Isaac.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 25th, 1864. Wounded May 20th, 1864, and August 16th, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 17th, 1865.
- Smith, William.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 25th, 1864. Died in hospital, of disease, September, 1864.
- Schaefer, Frank.** Enlisted from Chicago March 31st, 1864. Taken prisoner October 2d, 1864. Not heard from since; supposed died in prison.
- Sweiger, Jacob.** Enlisted February 25th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Shoudorf, Ferdinand.** Enlisted February 27th, 1865. Deserted June 22d, 1865, at Richmond, Va.
- Straub, Jacob.** Enlisted April 6th, 1865. Deserted October 27th, 1865, at Norfolk, Va.
- Sutter, John.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Taylor, Richard.** Enlisted March 12th, 1862. Deserted May 25th, 1862, at Springfield, Ill.
- Trumble, George W.** Enlisted from Le Roy March 1st, 1862. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads. Died in hospital, from wounds.
- Taylor, John.** Enlisted from Springfield February 1st, 1862. Promoted Corporal May 24th, 1865. Reduced to the ranks June 10th, 1865. Mustered out June 20th, 1865.
- Twigger, George.** Enlisted from Chicago March 25th, 1862. Mustered out as Corporal December 6th, 1865.

Tovera, Thomas J. Enlisted from Bloomington July 1st, 1862. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.

VanSchoick, John. Enlisted from Le Roy April 8th, 1862. Transferred to Company I September, 1862.

Valentine, William. Enlisted March 4th, 1865. Promoted Corporal June 28th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Wardram, R. S. C. Enlisted March 4th, 1862. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service. Is living at Topeka, Kansas.

Wardram, Charles A. Enlisted from Chicago March 4th, 1862. Wounded in arm August 16th, 1864. Mustered out March 23d, 1865, at expiration of service.

Wardram was a letter-carrier for some years in Chicago, since which he has been engaged at his trade, that of carpenter. Is living at Topeka, Kansas.

Williams, William. Enlisted from Chicago February 11th, 1862. Deserted June 22d, 1862, at Springfield, Ill.

Wyatt, Edward. Enlisted from Springfield April 8th, 1862. Mustered out July 13th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Wilson, John S. Enlisted from Santa Anna August 20th, 1861. Veteran. Transferred from Company I, September 1st, 1862. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1863. Discharged July 7th, 1865, for disability.

Weston, James D. Enlisted March 4th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Worthy, Henry. Enlisted April 7th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	5
Died of wounds.....	5
Died of disease.....	5
Died in prison.....	1
Drowned.....	1
Taken prisoner.....	8
Wounded.....	29
Lost limbs.....	3
Discharged for disability.....	11
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	32
Deserted.....	13
Transferred.....	7
Number originally enlisted.....	77
Recruits.....	55
Re-enlisted.....	13
Number returned home at muster-out.....	51
Number known to be living (1889).....	30

CHAPTER XXXI.

Company I—How Recruited—Roster and Biographies—Summary of Casualties, Etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY I.

THIS company was principally recruited at Le Roy, Illinois, by Hiram M. Phillips, who had seen some service in the Mexican war as a soldier, and found but little difficulty in gathering men to his standard for the “three years’ service.” It was organized on September 6th, and mustered into the service October 11th, 1861, at Camp Mather, Chicago.

Company I took part in the skirmish with Jackson’s forces at Bath, Va., some of the time being on the skirmish line or outpost duty; but the chief duty given to it on the 4th of January was supporting Lieutenant Muhlenberg’s Artillery in its position on Warm Spring Ridge. It was a magnificent body of men—the majority of them were large in form, robust in muscle, young and spirited,—and at the time of muster into the United States service was nearly full to the maximum limit. It took part in all the battles, skirmishes and movements of the regiment, doing its full duty in the most acceptable manner.

The First and Second Lieutenants were both killed in action—one (Lemon) on the 16th day of August, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.; and the other (Fellows) on the 6th day of September in a skirmish with the enemy near Wier Bottom church, Va.

Forty-one of the original members accepted veteran honors in January, 1864, determined to see the finish of the

war or perish in the attempt. The roster will show how many of these were permitted to return home at the muster-out of the regiment. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that it always maintained a high order of discipline under the old veteran, Captain Phillips, who was wounded and taken to Libby prison the 16th of May, 1864.

The survivors, now numbering some seventy, and who are widely scattered, are fully justified in calling it the banner company of the regiment.

ROSTER OF COMPANY I.

Captain Hiram M. Phillips. Commissioned September 6th, 1861. Wounded in the hand and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 5th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Captain Phillips was born in Piketon, Pike county, Ohio, February 1st, 1822. When he was seven years of age his parents removed with him to Indiana, where his youth was spent in attending school and in teaching. When he had reached his twenty-fourth year he enlisted in Company G, First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Colonel John J. Harding commanding, for the Mexican war, and served for one year, that being the term of his enlistment. During that period he participated in the battle of Buena Vista under General Taylor. After his return from Mexico he settled in Illinois, which has since been his home.

September 6th, 1861, he commenced the organization of a company for the civil war, and in a short time, with the assistance of Emory L. Waller and Albert W. Fellows, had nearly the full complement of men, and started with it for Chicago, where it was assigned as Company I, in the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers.

On the 16th day of May, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., he was wounded in the hand and taken prisoner, and was confined in Libby prison, Richmond, Va., for three months and eight days, when he was paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., where he was discharged from the service on account of disability. He had then served for three years and four months, and was more than entitled to "muster-out" by reason of expiration of service.

After his discharge Captain Phillips returned to his home at Le Roy, Ill., much broken in health from his long service and imprisonment, and on January 24th, 1877, he was stricken down with paralysis, and since that time has been a helpless invalid, never having been able in the past twelve years to walk one step unassisted. The Government, however, has been



THE
RECORD OF
THE
WAR

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. CAPT. G. O. SNOWDEN, Co. D. | 2. W. O. L. JEWETT, Co. E. | 3. LIEUT. EMILE GUNTZ, Co. K. |
| 4. EDWARD HIRST, Co. I. | 5. CAPT. E. C. MYERS, Co. K. | 6. CAPT. SAM'L GILLMORE, Co. I. |
| 7. CAPT. JAS. H. HOOKER, Co. E. | 8. J. M. HAZZARD, Co. E. | 9. QUARTERMASTER S. W. HOFFMAN. |

generous towards him in the matter of pension, and he is enabled to live in some comfort in so far as bread and butter is concerned, but nothing can ever compensate him for his loss of health, and great suffering, these many years.

Captain Phillips was noble in his manhood, brave and fearless in the performance of duty; he was loved by the men he commanded and had the respect of all who knew him. He was intensely patriotic, and a great lover of the "old flag;" and to-day, amid all his privation and suffering, he gives voice to the sentiment "Long may the starry flag of my country wave,—the pride and delight of all her citizens—the envy of the whole world!" The Captain is now living at No. 911 N. Prairie street, Bloomington, Ill.

Captain Samuel Gillmore. Wounded in both thighs May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Was retained as an officer in the Freedman's Bureau after muster out of the regiment, December 6th, 1865. Was mustered out March 20th, 1866.

Samuel Gillmore was born in Harrison county, Ohio, July 25th, 1838; removed to McLean county, Illinois, in the year 1852. He was raised on a farm, where his youth and early manhood were spent. At the age of twenty-three years he enlisted in Company I, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, joining his company at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. While at Harrison's Landing, Va., he was taken sick with typhoid pneumonia and was sent to the hospital at Bedloe's Island, New York harbor. This was in August, 1862, and he rejoined the regiment while it was at Suffolk, Va., in December, 1862. May 16th, 1864, he was wounded through both hips by a musket ball, and sent to hospital, and was absent from his company until the following September. These were the only occasions when he was absent from duty at the front.

Captain Gillmore was a thorough soldier, and by strict attention to duty, and the accidents of war, rose from the grade of Sergeant to that of Captain commanding the company in the period of four months time. At the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865, he was the first man to reach the parapet of the fort, not because of his being more eager or brave, but because he could run faster, as he states. He claims the honor of commanding the first body of infantry troops that opened fire upon the rebels between Appomattox Station and Appomattox Court-House, as he led Companies I and F on the skirmish line that morning of April 9th, 1865.

Captain Gillmore occupied many responsible positions after the surrender of Lee. He was the Provost-marshal at City Point, Va., in July, 1865; also Provost-marshal and Provost Judge of the Southeastern District of Virginia, with headquarters at Norfolk. He was also on the staff of Major-General A. T. A. Torbert, commanding at Norfolk; and later on was detached for service in the Bureau of R. F. and A. lands in Southampton county, Va., being retained until March 20th, 1866, when he was mustered out of the service. He is now residing at Chase, Kansas.

First Lieutenant Emory L. Waller. Commissioned September 6th, 1861. Resigned January 4th, 1862.

Nothing is known of Lieutenant Waller since he left the service.

First Lieutenant James D. Lemon. Wounded in the breast August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run, Va. Died in hospital, from his wounds, August 20th, 1864.

Nothing is known concerning Lieutenant Lemon's early history. He was a brave man, very quiet in manner but of a genial and social nature, and was much respected by all who knew him.

First Lieutenant Samuel Gillmore. Promoted Captain, August 20th, 1864, *vice* Phillips, mustered out.

First Lieutenant Joseph W. Neal. Wounded in the thigh June 16th, 1864. Wounded in left arm, April 2d, 1865; arm amputated. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

In August and September, 1865, Lieutenant Neal served as Provost-marshal of the Steamer "Georgiana," and was the Assistant Provost-marshal at Norfolk, Va., in October, November and part of December, 1865. The Lieutenant was an excellent and deserving soldier and gallantly won his bar. He is living at Hillsdale, Kansas.

Second Lieutenant Albert W. Fellows. Commissioned September 6th, 1861. Killed in a skirmish with the enemy June 2d, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.

It is much to be regretted that we have no further record of this capable and worthy man and soldier. He was killed on the field while confronting the enemy. He possessed many noble qualities of heart and head, and was much respected by the men under his command and his fellow officers. He entered the regiment from Santa Anna, Ill.

Second Lieutenant Samuel Gillmore. Promoted First Lieutenant September 5th, 1864, *vice* Lemon, died of wounds.

Second Lieutenant Noah L. Robinson. Not mustered on commission. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, at expiration of service, as First Sergeant.

First Sergeant L. H. Parks. Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks June 27th, 1862. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Died in 1887.

Sergeant Chauncey Williams. Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Transferred to Company H and commissioned Captain. (See Company H.)

Sergeant O. P. Nelson. Enlisted from Le Roy September 14th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862; paroled and exchanged. Taken prisoner again, May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in prison.

Sergeant W. C. McMurry. Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out March 16th, 1865, at expiration of service.

- Sergeant J. D. Lemon.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant June 14th, 1862.
- Sergeant Joseph W. Neal.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted First Lieutenant February 7th, 1865.
- Corporal Franklin Kimbler.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks March 6th, 1862. Mustered out September 11th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Illinois.
- Corporal John A. Bean.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks March 6th, 1862. Killed October 27th, 1864, in a skirmish with the enemy near Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.
- Corporal Noah L. Robinson.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Promoted First Sergeant February 7th, 1865, and Second Lieutenant October 4th, 1865, but was not mustered. Died in 1886.
- Corporal E. H. Keith.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Transferred and promoted Hospital Steward, U. S. Army, September 2d, 1862.
- Corporal Joseph W. Neal.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted First Sergeant September 5th, 1864.
- Corporal William W. Lyon.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Discharged July 7th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Cadmus, Kansas.
- Corporal C. W. Clearwater.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.
- Corporal Thomas J. Johnson.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.

PRIVATES.

- Bailey, Perry.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Brown, John F.** Enlisted from McLean county September 4th, 1861. Wounded June 16th, 1864. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Brennan, James.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 1st, 1864; Sergeant April 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Berry, John.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out October 18th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Bailey, David.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Killed April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va.
- Bean, B. L.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Discharged November 1st, 1862, for disability.

- Bowen, James R.** Enlisted from Champaign October 3d, 1861. Taken prisoner May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va.
- Baker, Israel S.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 18th, 1861. Drowned May 30th, 1863, at Folly Island, S. C.
- Bishop, Reese.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 18th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant-Major and transferred to non-commissioned staff July 15th, 1862. (See Non-Commissioned Staff.)
- Beard, John P. S.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 13th, 1864. Wounded in the leg June 2d, 1864. Died of disease, at Springfield, Ill., February 1st, 1865.
- Blandin, John K.** Enlisted from Santa Anna February 16th, 1864. Wounded in the hip April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged May 31st, 1865, by order War Department.
- Baker, James W.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 28th, 1864. Wounded in the neck May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Beanblossom, Ira.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. (Substitute.)
- Craig, L. E. W.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Taken prisoner May 20th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va. Discharged June 28th, 1862.
- Carr, James.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 5th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Clark, Lake.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 14th, 1861. Discharged June 28th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Winchester, Kansas.
- Creagar, James B.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 6th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant June 27th, 1862. Wounded in the breast October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Discharged July 8th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Carr, Henry.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 13th, 1862. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Craig, John.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 18th, 1861. Died of disease, in South Carolina (Folly Island), November 22d, 1863.
- Coss, Alexander.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 23d, 1861. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1864. Wounded in the leg May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged August 5th, 1865, for disability from wounds.
- Clark, Marion.** Enlisted from Champaign October 16th, 1861. Discharged May 31st, 1862, for disability.
- Charleston, Richard C.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 13th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1864, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Promoted Corporal October 9th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Collins, James.** Enlisted from New York City August 28th, 1861. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.
- Canady, Calvin.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 26th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.
- Canady, George W.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 26th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

- Coats, A. D.** Enlisted from Franklin county April 11th, 1865. Mustered out August 18th, 1865, by order of War Department.
- Draper, Abraham.** Enlisted from Mahomet September 14th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in arm and side October 13th, 1864, at battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Died in hospital, from wounds, October 15th, 1864.
- Dunlap, Lewis.** Enlisted from Cheny's Grove September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 27th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment. Is living at Stanford, Ill.
- Don Carlos, Thomas.** Enlisted December 28th, 1863. Discharged September 1st, 1864, for disability. (Not in Adjutant General's report.)
- Davis, James M.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 22d, 1864. Wounded in the head October 13th, 1864. Promoted Corporal April 4th, 1865. Is living at Dewey, Ill.
- Dill, Willis A.** Enlisted April 4th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Everett, E. J.** Enlisted February 6th, 1862. Veteran. Wounded in the shoulder May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Everett, T. J.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 1st, 1861. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Dodge City, Kansas.
- Ford, Newton J.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 9th, 1861. Wounded in the hand and neck May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Was taken prisoner, and died in prison October 15th, 1864.
- Goodin, Hiram.** Enlisted from De Witt February 4th, 1861. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out July 22d, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Grooms, John W.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Grooms, Irwin M.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal October 24th, 1865.
- Gardner, Mahlon.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 17th, 1861. Veteran. Transferred to Company H August 1st, 1862. Is living at Saybrook, Ill.
- Gardner, John W.** Enlisted from Delta September 17th, 1861. Transferred to Company H August 1st, 1862. Is living at Le Roy, Illinois.
- Gesford, William.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 19th, 1861. Discharged July 18th, 1862, for disability.
- Grooms, Martin V.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 22d, 1861. Taken prisoner May 26th, 1862, at Strasburgh, Va.; paroled and exchanged. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability. Is living at White Heath, Ill.
- Griffith, Daniel.** Enlisted from Bloomington November 10th, 1862. Wounded in the shoulder, August 16th, 1864. Mustered out November 10th, 1865, at expiration of service.

- Gillmore, Samuel.** Enlisted October 16th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal; to Sergeant June 27th, 1862.
- Goltra, Joseph W.** Enlisted from Lincoln October 19th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, November 15th, 1863.
- Gibbs, Simeon.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 4th, 1861. Discharged October 14th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Green, Martin R.** Enlisted from Le Roy January 1st, 1864. Deserted September 24th, 1864.
- Graham, Joseph.** Enlisted April 10th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Hurley, Lewis.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Killed May 16th, 1864, at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va.
- Hoover, John.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Wounded in the thigh August 18th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C.
- Halloway, Philip M.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Hurst, Edward.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 6th, 1861. Killed in battle August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.
- Hirst, James.** Enlisted from Champaign October 2d, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability that originated from a cold contracted in fording the Potomac river, January 4th, 1862. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Hand, John M.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 20th, 1861. Mustered out September 20th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Lawrenceburg, Kansas.
- Hoover, Columbus.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 21st, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 11th, 1862; Sergeant October 10th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Havana, Ill.
- Hallowell, Robert C.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 18th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Principal Musician September 1st, 1863. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Hallowell, John E. W.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 18th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged June 29th, 1865, for disability. Is living at Belleville, Kansas.
- Hashman, Lewis.** Enlisted from Springfield December 30th, 1862. Wounded in the neck May 20th, 1864, in the battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Discharged June 15th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Ottawa, Kansas.
- Hoover, Theodore.** Enlisted from Santa Anna February 18th, 1864. Wounded in the arm May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out June 15th, 1865.
- Hancock, Erastus B.** Enlisted from Randolph March 1st, 1864. Wounded in the foot April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out June 15th, 1865, for wound.

- Igsa, Henry.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 24th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, in the head, and October 7th, 1864, in the back, severely. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Johnson, John S.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Discharged July 1st, 1862, for disability.
- Johnson, Thomas J.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 29th, 1861; Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Johnson, Joshua H.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Promoted Corporal April 2d, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Atchison, Kansas.
- Johnson, Abiram B.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 12th, 1861. Promoted Commissary Sergeant January 24th, 1862, and transferred to non-commissioned staff. Is living at Le Roy, Ill. (See Non-Commissioned Staff.)
- Johnson, George W. B.** Enlisted from Empire January 1st, 1864. Wounded in the knee October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Discharged May 2d, 1865, under order of War Department. Is living at Gilson, Ill.
- Jackson, James.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 12th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment. Is living at Ree Heights, Dakota.
- Johnson, Joel B.** Enlisted from Santa Anna, March 10th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged June 2d, 1864, for disability, at Point of Rocks hospital, Va.
- Johnson, J. H.** Enlisted from Franklin county April 11th, 1865. Discharged May 3d, 1865, by order War Department.
- Jones, Samuel.** Enlisted April 4th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kimbler, William.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Mustered out September 13th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- Kirby, John W.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Wounded in the thigh May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Discharged April 13th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Cadmus, Kansas.
- Kimbler, Benjamin E.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 18th, 1861. Discharged September 12th, 1862, for disability. Is living at Pleasant Mount, Missouri.
- Keys, Daniel T.** Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Kenhower, Thomas.** Enlisted April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Littleton, William S.** Enlisted from Mahomet September 4th, 1861. Died from disease, in hospital at Cumberland, Md., February 25th, 1862.
- Lonebarger, George.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Parsons, Kansas.

- Lyon, Martin V.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Died from disease, in hospital at Hancock, Md., January 18th, 1862.
- Lysle, John.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 20th, 1861. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Mustered out September 20th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Bloomington, Ill.
- Lamb, M. W.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 13th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head May 20th, 1864. Died in hospital, from wounds, October 29th, 1864.
- Lemon, Richard A.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 26th, 1864. Discharged June 1st, 1864, by order War Department.
- Littleton, Van Buren.** Enlisted from Bloomington September 24th, 1864. Discharged June 21st, 1865, by order War Department.
- Marcellious, Jacob S.** Enlisted from Delta September 14th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the leg October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- McGrade, James.** Enlisted from McLean county October 8th, 1861. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service.
- McKinney, Charles A.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 13th, 1861. Wounded in the side, May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Promoted Corporal January 1st, 1863. Wounded again, April 2d, 1865, at assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Promoted Sergeant August 1st, 1865. Discharged October 1st, 1865, by order of War Department. Is living at Holoday, Missouri.
- Marcellious, John J.** Enlisted from Delta February 15th, 1864. Discharged May 2d, 1864, for disability.
- McCoy, Orlando.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 23d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Miller, Albert.** Enlisted February 16th, 1864. Taken prisoner at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Neal, Silas.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Neal, Henry T.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 14th, 1861. Discharged June 28th, 1862, for disability.
- Neal, Amos.** Enlisted from Santa Anna February 28th, 1864. Discharged June 22d, 1865, by order War Department. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Poff, Henry M.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 21st, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability.
- Porter, Joseph.** Enlisted September 22d, 1861. Deserted October 30th, 1861.
- Prey, Nelson.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Discharged April 30th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Parks, Benjamin F.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Wounded in the hand August 16th, 1864. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Montida, Kansas.

- Patton, Francis M.** Enlisted February 10th, 1864. Wounded in the right foot, in the trenches before Petersburg, Va., August 30th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Saybrook, Ill.
- Perry, Arthur.** Enlisted from Waukegan February 10th, 1864. Discharged August 20th, 1864, for disability.
- Pratt, T. J.** Enlisted February 23d, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Page, John G.** Enlisted April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Robertson, George P.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Discharged November 3d, 1863, for disability. Is living at Monticello, Ill.
- Ream, Samuel.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 25th, 1861. Veteran. Captured at battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864; paroled and exchanged. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Saybrook, Ill.
- Ream, Adam.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 25th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded June 18th, 1864, near Wier Bottom church, Va.; was also injured on the propeller "Mary Boardman," coming from Hilton Head, S. C., to New York, on veteran furlough. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Trenton, Mo.
- Rapp, John W.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Killed August 29th, 1864, before Petersburg, Va.
- Rowley, James.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 14th, 1861. Died in hospital at Newbern, N. C., October 11th, 1864.
- Randolph, Valentine C.** Enlisted from Lincoln September 16th, 1861. Mustered out September 17th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living, but address not known.
- Riddle, George.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 17th, 1861. Promoted Corporal June 27th, 1862. Mustered out September 17th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.

Comrade Riddle was born in Warren county, New Jersey, in 1840. He came to the State of Ohio when two years old with his parents, who settled in Licking county. His father died when he was but seven years old, leaving his mother with four sons and two daughters, all of whom went to Illinois in 1856, and settled in McLean county, which has been the home of the subject of this sketch ever since, except three years he was in the United States service as member of Company I, Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry. The occupation of Comrade Riddle before and after the war was that of a farmer. In politics he has been a staunch Republican and an active worker. Was a delegate to the State Convention in 1884, and also in 1888. He has been a devoted member of the Grand Army of the Republic since the organization of the same in his locality. He had a brother killed at Fort Donelson, Thomas Riddle, for whom the G. A. R. Post of Le Roy, Ill., is named. His mother is still living, is eighty years old, and is a member of the Ladies' Relief Corps.

- Richards, Dudley.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 6th, 1861. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1863. Killed August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va.
- Runyan, George W.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 6th, 1861. Discharged July 4th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Rue, John A.** Enlisted from Mount Pleasant March 8th, 1864. Wounded in the leg August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Died in hospital, from wounds, October 18th, 1864.
- Raney, George S.** Enlisted from Jefferson county April 5th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Sproul, William.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner June, 1862; paroled and exchanged. Discharged March 22d, 1865, by order War Department. Is living at El Dorado, Kansas.
- Shinkle, Thomas W.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal June 1st, 1864. Wounded in the side, August 28th, 1864. Killed at Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.
- Spencer, William J.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 22d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 18th, 1864. Wounded in the head June 17th, 1864. Promoted Sergeant August 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Arrowsmith, Ill.
- Silkwood, Henry.** Enlisted from Franklin county April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Silkwood, Brazil.** Enlisted April 11th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Thomas, James M.** Enlisted from Franklin county September 4th, 1861. Mustered out September 4th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Tomlinson, Andrew J.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 4th, 1861. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1863. Wounded in the leg August 16th, 1864; leg amputated. Died in hospital, from wounds, September 14th, 1864.
- Tateburg, Ernest W.** Enlisted from Le Roy September 18th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 16th, 1865; Sergeant October 28th, 1865.
- Veta, Osta.** Enlisted from Bloomington November 10th, 1862. Sent from Folly Island to Beaufort, S. C., and failed to report again. Supposed to have drowned.
- Vanschoyck, John.** Enlisted from Le Roy April 7th, 1862. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged May 7th, 1865. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Van Winkle, Willitt.** Enlisted from Enfield February 16th, 1864. Wounded in the thigh October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Discharged May 27th, 1865.
- Weedman, John W.** Enlisted from Mount Pleasant September 4th, 1861. Promoted Corporal June 27th, 1862. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in Andersonville prison November 15th, 1864.

- White, William D.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the head May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged June 16th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Died in 1885, at Little Rock, Arkansas.
- Wetzell, Michael.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal March 1st, 1863; Sergeant February 7th, 1865. Wounded in the arm April 2d, 1865; arm amputated. Discharged June 17th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Sidney, Neb.
- Wilson, William S.** Enlisted September 4th, 1861. Discharged September 12th, 1864, for disability. Is living at Downs, Ill.
- Wilhoite, Willis F.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 2d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the face, May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. Discharged May 4th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Argenta, Ill.
- Woodard, Edward.** Enlisted from Santa Anna October 2d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the side, August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Promoted Corporal, 1865.
- Weedman, John B.** Enlisted from Santa Anna September 26th, 1861. Mustered out September 28th, 1864, at expiration of service. Is living at Denver, Col.
- Wilson, John S.** Enlisted from Le Roy October 20th, 1861. Transferred to Company H August 1st, 1862. Is living at Farmer City, Illinois.
- Wallace, John.** Enlisted from McLean county October 22d, 1861. Deserted November 25th, 1861.
- Woodward, William B.** Enlisted from Bloomington February 12th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va.; also, October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living at Farmer City, Ill.
- Wagoner, William.** Enlisted from Le Roy January 1st, 1864. Wounded in the head, May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner. Discharged July 3d, 1865, by order of War Department. Is living at La Crosse, Wis.
- Westfall, Reuben.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 13th, 1864. Wounded in the shoulder, April 2d, 1865, at Fort Gregg, Va. Discharged June 10th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.
- Weedman, Norman A.** Enlisted from Mount Pleasant February 17th, 1864. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Wren, Asa.** Enlisted from Le Roy February 13th, 1864. Discharged July 20th, 1865, by order War Department. Is living at Deland, Ill.
- West, George W.** Enlisted from Hunter, March 23d, 1865. Discharged July 15th, 1865, for disability. Is living at Marshall, Ill.
- Wood, Andrew.** Enlisted from Okaw April 12th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.
- Weedman, Jacob F.** Enlisted from Santa Anna February 11th, 1864. Discharged June 2d, 1865, by order of War Department. Is living at Denver, Colorado.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	9
Died of wounds.....	7
Died of disease.....	5
Died in prison.....	3
Drowned.....	2
Wounded.....	48
Taken prisoner.....	16
Lost limbs.....	3
Discharged for disability.....	44
Transferred.....	7
Deserted.....	3
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	23
Number originally enlisted.....	85
Recruits.....	54
Number re-enlisted.....	41
Number returned home at muster-out.....	41
Number known to be living.....	70

CHAPTER XXXII.

Company K—How and Where Recruited—Roster and Biographies—
Summary of Casualties, Etc.

HISTORY OF COMPANY K.

PREPARED BY SERGEANT DAVID H. SLAGLE.

IN July, 1861, Frank B. Marshall, a recruiting officer for the "Yates Phalanx" (Thirty-Ninth Illinois), went to Marseilles, La Salle county, Ill., where, he had been informed, a company was organizing for the three years' service. He had a conference with Joseph Woodruff, Andrew W. Wheeler and others, and suggested to them that if they could raise a company of men for the Thirty-Ninth in Marseilles and vicinity they could elect their own officers. Active recruiting was at once begun under very promising circumstances. On August 6th the first squad of recruits was forwarded to Chicago and quartered in the old Republican Wigwam. Others were continually added, and when the regiment went into Camp Mather the minimum number for a company organization was present for an election of officers, and the following were elected:

JOSEPH WOODRUFF, CAPTAIN.

FRANK B. MARSHALL, FIRST LIEUTENANT.

DONALD A. NICHOLSON, SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Cyrus F. Knapp made some efforts for a commission, preferring the Captaincy, but could not control a sufficient number of recruits, and failed; but subsequently identified himself with Company D. Marshall was soon appointed Regimental Adjutant, leaving the place of First Lieutenant

vacant. Oscar S. Belcher, then a Sergeant in Company B, claiming that he could procure the number of men yet wanted to complete the company, was then elected to fill the vacancy; but his recruits did not materialize. He kept the position, however. Soon after this the company received nineteen men that had enlisted in (the original) Company H, which had been organized at Bloomington by Captain C. S. Dirckes, who for some reason became dissatisfied and so neglected his company that Colonel Light dissolved it and gave the members of it their choice between Companies F and K. Those who came to K were Abner P. Allen, James K. Allen, Charles Austin, August Brower, Andrew Berge, Henry Craig, William Craig, Peter Clear, Thos. W. Flory, Stephen K. Haywood, George A. Linton, Alden Myers, E. C. Myers, Stephen M. Stokes, Peter Saures, F. M. Thomas, George N. Thomas, William Terrell and James R. White. These men had been enlisted by E. C. Myers, and he should have been elected First Lieutenant instead of Belcher. E. C. Myers and Terrell had been elected Lieutenants in Company H, but had not been commissioned; they had, however, gone to the expense of getting their uniforms,—but like good patriots and soldiers they gracefully accepted the situation, Myers being appointed Second Sergeant and Terrell First Corporal. It was apparent, however, that Terrell was never fully reconciled; he lost his interest—became soured, and after being promoted to Sergeant was reduced to the ranks. For some time there was a little division in the company—the Bloomington men were clannish; but soon the line of formality was broken and the company became a unit, and a strong one. When Company K re-enlisted at Hilton Head, S. C., in 1864, several of the members who on first enlistment were credited to La Salle county, on second enlistment were credited to Cook county, and received the one hundred dollars bounty offered by that county for men who re-enlisted in the field, while those who



DEPT. OF
CALIFORNIA

1. CAPT. JOSEPH WOODRUFF, Co. K.
 2. CORPL. JOHN B. KIPP, Co. K. 3. SERGT. JAS. SANBORN, Co. K. 4. WILLIAM G. KIRKMAN, Co. K.
 5. CORPL. J. T. NICHOLS, Co. K. 6. CORPL. PETER SAUERS, Co. K. 7. CICERO BARBER, Co. K.
 8. ALDEN BARBER, Co. K. 9. PARKER MICK, Co. K. 10. FRANCIS M. THOMAS, Co. K.

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remained faithful to La Salle county received nothing—which was a source of much dissatisfaction.

Captain Woodruff was the leading spirit in recruiting this company of men, from the very start, and was always the choice for leader. He proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him up to the date of his death, and his loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned.

The company was made up of good material, and distinguished itself on many occasions, contributing thereby to the good name the regiment had won in all the military departments in which it was called upon to serve.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K.

Captain Joseph Woodruff. Commissioned August 24th, 1861. Mortally wounded by a fragment of shell near Fort Gregg, S. C., September 23d, 1863, and died the same day.

Captain Woodruff was born in Onondaga county, New York, September 7th, 1829; moved to Ottawa, Ill., when fourteen years of age. In 1846, when, by act of the Republic of Mexico, war existed between that Government and the United States, he enlisted at Ottawa, Ill., in a battalion of recruits to reinforce our Illinois volunteers in Mexico. They were sent to Fort Leavenworth by boat, and then marched across the plains to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Shortly after their arrival at the latter place the American army had achieved their brilliant victory at Cerro Gordo which terminated the Mexican war. In 1852 he became a resident of Marseilles, Ill.

During the campaign of 1860 he was the captain of a strong and enthusiastic company of "Wide Awakes" that turned out on many occasions during that memorable year, he being a popular commander in said organization. The following year, when the War of the Rebellion broke out, he had no difficulty in raising a company for the war, and recruiting was commenced in July, 1861. He was then engaged in the mercantile business with his brother-in-law, James Fleming, their firm being Fleming & Woodruff. His family consisted of wife and three children. Since the war, Nellie and Willie have died; Monroe lives with his mother, who still remains the Captain's widow and resides at Marseilles. The following Regimental order embraces his military history to the evening he met his death at Fort Gregg, Morris Island, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-NINTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., September 25th, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 63.

With profound sorrow, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding announces to the regiment, the decease of Captain Joseph Woodruff, of Company K, Thirty-Ninth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, who died in regimental hospital, Morris Island, S. C., September 23d, 1863, a few hours after he received a fatal wound from the enemy's gun.

Captain Woodruff was among the many brave men who, after the first repulse of our inexperienced army at Bull Run, rushed forth with martial spirit to support the flag of our troubled country, and to vindicate the majesty of her laws, by rebels ignored. Leaving a lucrative business, a large circle of firm friends, and a young and confiding family, he collected around his country's standard a company of patriots, and led them from his native village, Marseilles, La Salle county, Illinois, to Camp Mather in Chicago, where he linked his destinies with the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Regiment. The long and winding war-path over which he has gallantly led his company, the severe hardships and stern privations he has patiently endured, and the unaffected bravery and deep-seated patriotism he has ever evinced, form a part of the regimental history, and hence need not be here enumerated.

He entered upon the operations before Charleston with quiet yet commendable enthusiasm, and from the day his regiment broke ground for the first fort on Folly Island, to the evening the missile of death met him in Fort Gregg, he exhibited a determination of purpose remarked by many and surpassed by none.

The ranking officer in the line, he was frequently called to command the regiment, and his official ability was such, that his fellow officers looked anxiously forward to the time when promotion should be granted him as a meritorious reward; but in this they are only too sadly disappointed. On the evening of the 23d inst., just as he was transmitting his instructions to the officer who relieved him of his command in Fort Gregg, a shell from Fort Moultrie burst among his men, killing several, and so wounding him in the side that he soon died. He was conscious to the last, and apparently resigned to his sad fate.

As an officer, Captain Woodruff had an enviable reputation. Ever ready for duty, he was never heard to murmur, or question the propriety of an order, however laborious or dangerous the duty it demanded. Socially, he was a man admired by all who knew him, and in his friendships he was honest and sincere. He has fallen in the mid-day of his manhood, and in the very fort from which was fired the first rebel gun at Fort Sumter, the vibrations of which so thrilled with energy the great Northern heart. He has fallen, but he fell in the defense of a principle deeply enshrined in every loyal breast, and for the unity and perpetuity of a country that shall gladly honor her heroic dead.

Let the virtues of the deceased be emulated by his bereaved comrades who survive him, and by whom his memory will doubtless be perpetuated with a pleasing sadness. As a token of respect to the *fallen brave*, it is hereby ordered that the usual badge of mourning be worn by the officers of this regiment for a period of thirty days.

By order of

O. L. MANN, *Lieut.-Col. Commanding Regiment.*SIMON S. BRUCKER,
Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant.

Sergeant James Sanborn accompanied the remains of Captain Woodruff to the village of Marseilles, where they were consigned to rest in Bluffside Cemetery, and there the members of his company erected a monument to his memory. Joseph Woodruff Post, No. 281, G. A. R., at Marseilles, was named in his honor.

Captain Andrew W. Wheeler. Promoted *vice* Captain Woodruff, died. Wounded in the face October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out October 24th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Andrew W. Wheeler was born September 6th, 1830, in the State of New York. He entered the service from Marseilles, Ill., and at that time was occupied as a school-teacher, although a lawyer by profession.

While in the Department of the South on Morris Island, S. C., he was detached from his company and given the command of the Requa Battery. After the death of Captain Woodruff, Lieutenant Wheeler was recalled, and assumed command of Company K.

After his "muster out" he returned to Marseilles, and in February, 1865, again entered the service, as Captain of Company E, One Hundred and Fifty-Third Illinois Volunteers (a one-year organization), and served during a short campaign in Tennessee and Alabama. September 15th, 1865, he was commissioned Major, but was not mustered, as the regiment was soon disbanded.

After the war he engaged in the mercantile business in Marseilles, but in 1872 removed to the native prairie land near where now stands the city of Hastings, Nebraska, homesteaded a few acres and became one of the pioneer settlers. Here death removed several of his children. After residing at Hastings a few years he removed to his present residence,—Wadena, Wadena county, Minn.

Captain Ebanis C. Myers. Promoted *vice* Wheeler, mustered out. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Captain Myers was born in Licking county, Ohio, February 27th, 1838. At the beginning of the war he entered the three months' service, after which he enlisted men for Company H, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, expecting a commission, but the first organization of H Company was a failure, and he with his men went into Company K, where he was appointed Second Sergeant. In July, 1865, he was on detached service at City Point, Va., as Ordnance officer, and also at Norfolk, Va., in August; but in September of 1865 he was placed in command of the hard-labor prison in Norfolk, and retained it until his muster out of service. He was one of the "stayers" with his company in all of its marches and battles with the exception of the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865. Captain Myers earned his promotions and proved a most excellent officer. Always social and agreeable, he was a favorite with his men.

After the war he settled down as a farmer, married, and has a large family. He is getting a little gray and considerably bald-headed, and he will tell you the reason for that, if you ask him. Exposure in the service has enfeebled his health to some extent, yet he manages to get some comfort out of life,—thinks it "worth living"—at Randolph, McLean county, Illinois.

First Lieutenant Oscar S. Belcher. Commissioned August 20th, 1861. Resigned May 11th, 1862.

Belcher first enlisted in Company B at Bloomington, Ill., in August, 1861, but was commissioned in Company K *vice* F. B. Marshall appointed Adjutant, on the strength of his promise of bringing a large number of recruits to the company. He did bring a few men but they were not of his recruiting. He was in the three months' service as Corporal in Company K, Eighth Illinois Infantry.

Belcher's nativity is not known, but he was a regular Yankee in his manners and was quite popular for a time as an officer; but it did not last. He had a very lively imagination when on the "war-path," and could see more cannon, and more of the enemy that would "Cut us all to h— in a holy minute," than anybody else. After leaving the Thirty-Ninth he returned to Bloomington, and became one of the Ashley House employés.

In May, 1863, he again enlisted as a private in Company M, Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry; was promoted to Sergeant; taken prisoner, and went through a terrible experience at Andersonville prison. He was mustered out of service August 19th, 1865, and returned to Bloomington, where he died of consumption several years ago.

Belcher was a soldier from the beginning to the end of the war. We overlook his faults.

First Lieutenant Donald A. Nicholson. Promoted March 15th, 1862. Resigned June 14th, 1862.

Lieutenant Nicholson entered the service from Marseilles, Ill. Was born in Canada. He proved a good officer and soldier up to the time he was forced by the enemy to ford the Potomac river January 4th, 1862. After this he became disabled from rheumatism and left the service. In December, 1864, he again entered the service, being commissioned First Lieutenant of Company E, One Hundred and Fifty-Third Illinois Infantry; was mustered out of said organization as Captain, October 25th, 1865. He is now living at Marseilles, and is occupied as a stone-mason.

First Lieutenant Andrew W. Wheeler. Promoted *vice* Nicholson, resigned.

First Lieutenant Marion L. Butterfield. Promoted August 1st, 1864. Wounded in the arm, August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va. Mustered out December 7th, 1864, at expiration of service.

No exceptions can be taken to the soldierly qualities of "Dick" Butterfield, as he was familiarly called. He was born at Antwerp, Jefferson county, N. Y., August 15th, 1831, and emigrated to Illinois in the year 1853. In 1855 he was married to Eliza Ferris of Owego, N. Y. Was a farmer by occupation.

We remember "Dick" as an agreeable companion and as a vocalist of no mean order, and especially on some occasions when the *spirits* moved him. Then to hear him warble "'Twas off the blue Canaries," or "The maids of Australia," was delightful. He could also manipulate the "Old

Friar," which was something of a "teeth-grinder," and was given to keep the boys awake. He was promoted to Captain but was not mustered. When we last saw him he was still merrily and courageously fighting for subsistence, although somewhat shattered and worn from exposures in the field and the line of battle. He is living at Marseilles, Ill.

First Lieutenant E. C. Myers. Promoted Captain December 7th, 1864. Mustered January 10th, 1865.

First Lieutenant Daniel Smouse. Promoted December 7th, 1864. Mustered January 9th, 1865.

Smouse served the entire term with his company, and participated in all its movements and battles. At the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia April 9th, 1865, he was in command of Company K. He was mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865, returning to Marseilles, where he made a residence for a short time. Afterwards he removed to Bloomington, Ill., where he buried his only son. The loss was severely felt—his health began to fail, and the deafness incurred in the service increased until he became unfitted for business. He went to the Soldiers' Home at Quincy, Ill., where the once erect and fine-appearing soldier is now a physical wreck.

Second Lieutenant Donald A. Nicholson. Promoted First Lieutenant March 15th, 1862.

Second Lieutenant Andrew W. Wheeler. Promoted First Lieutenant June 14th, 1862, *vice* Nicholson, resigned.

Second Lieutenant Marion L. Butterfield. Promoted First Lieutenant *vice* Wheeler, promoted.

Second Lieutenant Daniel Smouse. Promoted First Lieutenant December 7th, 1865.

Second Lieutenant Emile Guntz. Could not muster on his commission, as there were not men enough in the company. Mustered out as Sergeant December 6th, 1865. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner; sent to Andersonville, Ga., where he had a sad experience. Was paroled in November, 1864, and returned to his company, being mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Prior to his enlistment in the Thirty-Ninth Illinois, Guntz entered Company B, Chicago Zouaves, for the three months' service. He proved an excellent and faithful soldier. After the close of his service he returned to Chicago and made the city his home. His prison life at Andersonville has somewhat enfeebled a naturally strong constitution, and the horrors there experienced are indelibly engraved on the tablets of his memory.

Guntz was born in the city of Alkirch, Elsass, Germany, March 27th, 1844, and emigrated to this country in 1849 with his parents. At the time of his enlistment his occupation was that of a photographer. After the war he returned to Chicago, where he occupies a position with the L.

Wulff Manufacturing company, at 93 Lake street, and resides at 232 Walnut street.*

First Sergeant Andrew W. Wheeler. Enlisted August 14th, 1861, from Marseilles, Ill. Promoted Second Lieutenant March 15th, 1862.

Sergeant Ebanis C. Myers. Enlisted from McLean county, Ill., August 14th, 1861. Promoted First Sergeant June 14th, 1862; First Lieutenant October 24th, 1864.

Sergeant David H. Slagle. Enlisted August 27th, 1861. Wounded and taken prisoner October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.

Slagle was born in Delta, Fulton county, Ohio. He enlisted April 19th, 1861, in Captain Houghtaling's Battery Light Artillery (three months service, attached to the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers), and was discharged at Cairo, Ill., July 22d, 1862. In August, 1862, he was detailed on recruiting service and sent home on that duty for six months. He re-enlisted as veteran January 1st, 1864, at Hilton Head, S. C. Was discharged as Orderly Sergeant May 22d, 1865, at Philadelphia, by reason of disability from wounds. February 9th, 1876, he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in the Third Regiment Illinois National Guard, and resigned in October, same year. In 1866 he was appointed postmaster at Marseilles and held that office for twenty consecutive years, until removed by President Cleveland, in 1884. He resides at Marseilles, Ill. He has lately received appointment in the U. S. Railway Postal service. His home is at Marseilles, Ill.

Sergeant Henry Fuller. Enlisted August 19th, 1861. Taken prisoner at Bath, Va., January 4th, 1862; paroled and discharged January 23d, 1862.

Fuller entered the service again, in Company D, Eighty-Eighth Illinois Infantry, and was promoted Sergeant, and mustered out with that regiment June 9th, 1865. He is a native of Connecticut. His postoffice address is Sheridan, La Salle county, Ill.

Sergeant Marion L. Butterfield. Enlisted from Marseilles August 17th, 1861. Promoted Second Lieutenant June 14th, 1862.

*Since writing the above, it becomes our sad duty to record the death of Lieutenant Guntz, which occurred at his new home, 202 Walnut street, Tuesday, May 7th, 1889, from disease of the kidneys (Bright's disease), which took its origin while he was a prisoner of war at Andersonville, Ga. His funeral was largely attended, many of his old comrades being present, as well as the members of his G. A. R. Post (Weitzel). In the absence of the family pastor, the Rev. William Faucett, of the Park Avenue M. E. church, made some very appropriate remarks from the text, "A good soldier is fallen to-day." He was buried at Waldheim cemetery.

"Lo! as the winds are, so is mortal life:
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Corporal William Terrell. Enlisted from McLean county, Ill., August 18th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant June 14th, 1862. Reduced to the ranks August 22d, 1863.

Terrell was a native of Valley Grove, Ohio county, West Virginia. He first enlisted in Company H, but was transferred to Company K. He left the service July 25th, 1864, being discharged for disability. We are informed that he died several years ago.

Corporal James Sanborn. Enlisted from Marseilles August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant September 1st, 1862.

In September, 1863, Sanborn received a furlough to go home. While waiting for the steamer at Hilton Head Captain Woodruff was killed. Sergeant Sanborn was notified, and he took charge of the Captain's remains and accompanied them to Marseilles, Ill. At the terrible charge made by the regiment at Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864, on the north side of the James river, Sanborn was killed, and his comrades were unable to recover his body. The brave soldier rests on that field among the "unknown."

Corporal George Pollock. Enlisted from Marseilles September 3d, 1861. Discharged July 18th, 1863, for disability.

Pollock returned to Marseilles, and died a few years later. He was buried in the old Christian Church Cemetery in the town of Manlius. His widow resides in Marseilles, and his only daughter is the wife of L. T. Gardner of that village.

Corporal Daniel Smouse. Enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant September 1st, 1862.

Corporal Emile Guntz. Veteran. Enlisted from Chicago, August 6th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant October 1st, 1863; First Sergeant September 1st, 1865; and Second Lieutenant October 4th, 1865.

Corporal William Moxton. Enlisted from Marseilles, August 6th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Sergeant August 16th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Moxton is a native of Pennsylvania. He was reduced to the ranks to gratify some petty spite of Captain Wheeler, it is said; but in August, 1864, the Captain recommended him to the Colonel for appointment as Sergeant for meritorious conduct at the charge on the enemy's works at Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864. At Norfolk, Va., he was detailed as Ordnance Sergeant and retained the position until muster-out. After the war he became a citizen of Seneca, Ill., where he married, and now has two grown-up daughters. His present address is Marseilles, Ill.

Corporal Emory Stebbins. Enlisted from Marseilles August 19th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant September 1st, 1862. Taken prisoner at Bath, Va., January 4th, 1862. Discharged June 3d, 1862, for disability.

Stebbins is a well-to-do farmer, and is living in Guthrie county, Iowa.

Corporal O. B. Beggall. Enlisted from Marseilles September 3d, 1861. Discharged August 11th, 1862, for disability.

Beggall was an old man when he enlisted. He died at Marseilles, April 1st, 1866, in his fifty-seventh year.

Corporal John Kipp. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1863. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at the battle of Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va., and died from his wounds

Corporal Kipp was born at Chatham Four-Corners, Columbia county, New York, in 1841, and went to Illinois in 1858, locating in the township of Mission, La Salle county, where he worked on a farm until he enlisted. Kipp was a very enthusiastic soldier, and was never absent from the company, and while in the service learned to read and write. He was proud of his strength, and imagined when he first entered the company that he (physically) was the best man in the regiment, and that no one could "down" him; but this conceit was taken out of him by little "Ted" Hartrey, of Company B, who handled him very easily, and to Kipp's entire satisfaction.

Kipp was a good soldier, and never flinched from duty. While on Morris Island, S. C., in 1863, he was on the detail to erect the Swamp battery, and from a remark he made at the time concerning it he unconsciously christened what was afterwards known as the "Swamp Angel." After his promotion to Corporal he was assigned to the "Color-guard," and at the charge on the rebel works, October 13th, 1864, when the regiment was repulsed and obliged to fall back, he brought with him the regimental flag from the hands of Sergeant Yates, who had fallen mortally wounded. One of Kipp's arms was shattered, but with the other he carried his gun and the flag. As he was making his way back a lieutenant of another regiment was eager to assist him by taking charge of the flag, with a view of claiming the honor of having saved it; but Kipp held on to it, emphatically refusing his help. He told the officer if he was so anxious to assist that he might carry his gun; but the flag, never.

Kipp died of his wounds November 5th, 1864, at Chesapeake hospital, and is buried in the U. S. National Cemetery at Hampton, Va., near Fort Monroe.

Musician James B. Shaw. Fifer. Enlisted at Marseilles, August 14th, 1861. Discharged June — 1862, for disability.

Shaw is a native of Scotland, a tailor by trade. After leaving the service he returned to Marseilles and made his home for a few years, but becoming somewhat dissatisfied he removed with his family to—no one knows where.

Musician Timothy Cannon. Entered the service from Troy, Wis., September 27th, 1861. Veteran.

Cannon was the favorite drummer-boy of the regiment, and was de-

tailed to the band. At the close of the war he led a roving life, and it has been reported that he lost his life through some of his follies at some place in Iowa.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Thomas J. Entered the service from Marengo, McHenry county, Ill., August 27th, 1861. Promoted Corporal December 1st, 1863.

Adams was a native of Maine, and made an honorable record as a soldier, leaving the service September 10th, 1864, at the expiration of his enlistment. He returned to Marengo, and afterwards engaged in the hardware trade at New Boston, Mercer county, Ill., for a time. He then removed to Florida, locating at Ocala, a member of the firm of "The Bacon and Adams Abstract Company."

"A land of sand—a humbug grand!
You want some of this 'sand?'
There's millions in it."

Allen, Abner P. Enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., September 2d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal December 1st, 1863. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Corporal Allen was a member of the "Color-guard" and carried the State flag at the surrender of General Lee, April 9th, 1865. He accompanied General John Gibbon to Washington, D. C., with seventy-six stands of rebel colors, where he was presented by Secretary of War Stanton with a medal bestowed by Act of Congress for meritorious conduct in front of Petersburg, Va. He is living at Centerburg, Ohio.

Austin, Charles. Enlisted from Chicago September 16th, 1861. Discharged — 1862, for disability.

Comrades may recollect Austin from the fact that he had more than his share of thumbs (two) on each hand. He is living at Pueblo, Colorado.

Allen, James K. Enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., September 2d, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal December 1st, 1864; Sergeant January 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. Is living at Ogallala, Keith county, Neb.

Aikins, Albert. Enlisted April 11th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out December 6th, 1865. Is living in Topeka, Kansas.

Barber, Cicero. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., August 16th, 1861. Killed May 20th, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va.

Barber was born in Saratoga county, New York, August 26th, 1843; came west with his parents in 1851, and settled on a farm in the township of Manlius, La Salle county, Ill. He had two brothers who also entered the service. John L. enlisted in Company A, Fifteenth Cavalry; Alden in Company K, Thirty-Ninth Illinois, with Cicero, and he also lost his life.

Burns, James D. Enlisted at Marseilles, Ill., August 14th, 1861. Promoted Corporal December 1st, 1863. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Burns was a "dandy" soldier—always looked trim and neat, accoutrements and all; had the style of a "regular"; was quite a favorite in the company and was generally called "Grubby." He married, and has a family. Is living in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., and is a member of Philip R. Schuyler Post, No. 51, G. A. R. He sends greeting to his old comrades and hopes to meet them at a regimental re-union in the near future.

Bedford, Wallace. (Known as "Gunboat.") Enlisted from Marseilles, August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va.; also, August 26th, 1863, at Morris Island, S. C. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Bedford was a good soldier, but we can not forbear stating that he was noted for planning and executing on his own hook a good many tricks and practical jokes, some of which were not well appreciated by the victims. While at Suffolk, Va., he mined under the shanty of some contractors, and one night, when a dozen or so of them had congregated, he placed the powder, lighted the fuse, and cut for camp, reaching there just as the grand explosion took place which razed the shanty to the ground and whirled the darkeys in all directions—scorching, skinning, searing and badly demoralizing the whole lot. No lives were lost, however. This took place one night after "taps" had sounded, and occasioned quite a stir in camp. Such tricks seemed to do him good. He is living somewhere in Green county, Iowa.

Burget, Lawrence. Enlisted from Marseilles August 27th, 1861. Discharged August 17th, 1863, for disability. His last address was Beatrice, Neb.

Broughton, Charles. Enlisted from Morris, Grundy county, Ill., August 14th, 1861. Discharged in 1862 for disability.

Broughton was six feet four inches high, but could not stand the "racket." He returned home to Seneca, Ill., where he committed suicide some years ago. He is erroneously registered on the roster of the Veteran Association as living at Marseilles.

Beamish, Thomas. Enlisted from Elwood, Will county, Ill., September 10th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

The boys called Beamish the "Wharf Rat" of Company K. He did not possess much style or pride. Some of the non-commissioned officers had to look after him and compel him to arrange his toilet and care for his equipments. After a day's march he would often lie down with his knapsack and accoutrements on, being too lazy to take them off. His reported address is Chicago, Ill.

Brown, George P. Enlisted from Bloomington October 17th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the knee October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Was absent, sick and wounded, when the regiment was mustered out.

Brower, August. Enlisted from Bloomington September 5th, 1861—a native of Germany. Discharged June 18th, 1862, for disability. Is living, and his reported address is Havana, Ill.

Butterfield, Augustus. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., December 16th, 1863. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and sent to Andersonville, Ga. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. Lives at Ogallala, Keith county, Neb.

Barber, Alden. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., February 6th, 1864. Wounded May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va., and taken prisoner. Died in Libby prison, Richmond, Va., in June, 1864.

Bedford, Peter Parley. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., February 24th, 1864. Died of disease April 9th, 1864.

Birge, Andreas. Enlisted from Bloomington, Ill., August 18th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Birge was a peculiar old German, and a faithful soldier. During the last year of his service he became noted for the weak faculty of accumulating anything and everything that he could pick up. No matter for how short a time we were to remain in camp, old Birge was busy in collecting all manner of articles that he could find—old rakes, brooms, wheel-barrows, plow-curls, barrels, boxes, wagon-wheels, etc., and piling them up in and around his quarters, which looked more like a warehouse than a soldier's domicile. When camp was broken up, it seemed to break his heart to be compelled to leave the traps.

Bess, James F. Enlisted February 14th, 1865. Died in hospital at Norfolk, Va., September 18th, 1865.

Butterfield, Francis L. Enlisted from Marseilles February 4th, 1864; mustered February 29th, 1864; entered for service in regimental band; was detailed as nurse to take care of General Osborn, Colonel Munn and Major Linton when they were wounded in 1864. Discharged as musician at Camp Lee hospital, Richmond, Va., May 30th, 1865, by reason of special order from War Department dated May 6th, 1865. Resides with his family at Marseilles, Ill., engaged as a clerk and salesman.

Collins, George. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., August 19th, 1861. Died in hospital at Hancock, Md., July 14th, 1862.

Churchill, John. Enlisted from Marseilles, Ill., September 16th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal May 2d, 1865. Reduced to the ranks September 27th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

Churchill returned to Marseilles after the war, but afterwards removed with his family to Veango, Perkins county, Neb.

Craig, Henry. Enlisted from Bloomington September 5th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865, as a musician. Is living at Le Roy, Ill.

Craig, William. Enlisted from Bloomington August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 6th, 1862. Discharged December 4th, 1863, for disability. Is living at Benton, Neb.

Clear, Peter. Enlisted from Bloomington September 3d, 1861. Died at Bloomington, Ill., July 11th, 1862.

Cole, James. Enlisted from Belleville, Ill., October 11th, 1861; formerly from Cohoes, N. Y. Veteran. Died at Norfolk, Va., November 24th, 1865.

Cordell, Alex. C. Enlisted from Bloomington October 10th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1863. Wounded August 26th, 1863, on Morris Island, S. C. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Cordell acted as the company clerk. Since the war he has been his own worst enemy. He is living, but his postoffice address is not known. Is frequently seen at Bloomington.

Caddigan, John. Enlisted February 16th, 1864. Wounded in the head May 20th, 1864. Died from wounds November 14th, 1864.

Clement, Frank. Enlisted October 10th, 1861. Mustered out October 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Coleman, James. Enlisted February 13th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Drake, George. Enlisted from Marseilles, August 11th, 1861. Died at Cumberland, Md., from lung trouble, July 20th, 1862. His only daughter, Anna M. Eastman, resides at Wakefield, Mass.

Eteherson, William. Enlisted April 12th, 1865.

Flory, Thomas W. Enlisted from Bloomington September 19th, 1861. Missing in action at Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864. Was found to have been taken prisoner. Mustered out June 2d, 1865. Resides at Fort Worth, Texas.

Frink, Marcellus. Enlisted from Marseilles August 19th, 1861. Taken prisoner January 4th, 1862, at Sir John's Run, Va.; paroled and discharged June 23d, 1862. Returned to Marseilles, where he died a few years later.

Franks, E. S. Enlisted from Seneca, Ill., August 14th, 1862. Discharged November 10th, 1862, for disability. Is living in Michigan.

Fowler, Jessie W. Enlisted from Bloomington October 10th, 1861. Discharged in June, 1862, for disability. Re-enlisted from Chicago March 29th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Fowler, Josiah. Enlisted from Bloomington October 10th, 1861. Wounded in the head June 11th, 1863, at Folly Island, S. C., by falling limb from a tree severed by a rebel shell thrown into camp. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service. Resides at Wakona, Kansas.

Fowler, Lyford J. Enlisted April 11th, 1865, as a substitute. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Fowler, J. W. Enlisted March 16th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Farrance, Anthony. Enlisted August 23d, 1862. Wounded October 6th, 1863, at Fort Wagner, S. C. Mustered out June 20th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Guntz, Francis. Enlisted March 12th, 1864. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.

Gaddis, James I. Enlisted from White Oak, Ill., February 22d, 1864. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864. Discharged August 7th, 1865, for disability from wounds. Is living at Hudson, Ill.

Garrison, John R. Enlisted from Manlius, Ill., February 20th, 1864. Discharged June 8th, 1865, by order of War Department.

Garrett, Willis. Enlisted December 23d, 1862. Wounded in the thigh August 16th, 1864, at battle of Deep Run, Va. Promoted Corporal in 1865.

Hubbard, Albert. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Discharged in front of Petersburg, Va., October 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Hubbard was a faithful soldier. He resides at Marseilles, Ill., where he is still known as "Uncle Hubbard," as the boys used to call him.

Halligan, Thomas. Enlisted from Marseilles, August 6th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865.

Halligan served faithfully and honorably during the war. Is living at Streator, Ill. He does not attend any of the re-unions of soldiers and has no affiliation with the G. A. R., claiming that he does not care to be reminded of any of his army experiences and wishes to forget all the trials of those dark days.

Hayward, Stephen K. Enlisted from Bloomington August 14th, 1861. Mustered out March 13th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Hayward is somewhat of an invalid from his army exposure. Is living at El Paso, Ill., where he is a prominent candidate for postmaster under Harrison's coming administration.

Hicks, Milton. Enlisted from Chicago, Ill., September 4th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with the regiment.

Hicks was detailed and served as nurse, and latterly as acting hospital steward of the regiment, and proved an excellent man for the place. He is living at Waupaca, Ill.

Hummell, Lewis J. Enlisted from Chicago September 10th, 1861. Mustered out September 10th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Hummell was known as the "Frenchman" in the company. It is said of him that when on the march he was noted as being able to slip out of the ranks and forage some cellar or smoke-house and secure a pot of preserves, pickles, or a ham, and return to his place in the ranks without losing the step. He returned to Chicago, and for some years ran a pickle and canning factory near Washington Heights, Ill.

Hendricks, James S. Enlisted August 23d, 1862. Mustered out June 29th, 1865, at expiration of service.

Hewitt, James W. Joined the regiment at St. Louis, Mo., October 8th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant April 15th, 1862. Discharged July 22d, 1862, for disability. He returned to Michigan, where he died a few years later.

Hontsinger, Benjamin F. Enlisted April 11th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out with regiment.

Hagan, Henry. Enlisted February 14th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

Jones, William T. Enlisted from Bloomington October 19th, 1861. Mustered out October 26th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Jones was a good soldier. Is living at Fairbury, Ill., engaged in farming.

Kilmer, Egbert. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Mustered out October 26th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Kilmer was born in Lackawanna, Pa. He was an excellent soldier. After his term of service he returned to Marseilles, where he still resides,— a prosperous farmer, and has three grown daughters

Kirkman, William G. Enlisted from Marengo, Ill., where he had been a telegraph operator, August 19th, 1861. Mustered out August 19th, 1864, at expiration of service.

William Gilbert Kirkman enlisted at the age of sixteen years. He was an enthusiastic and plucky soldier, and after faithful and conscientious service for three years he returned to Chicago and became connected with the Fire Alarm Telegraph service and was located up in the old courthouse tower

It is remembered that when the regiment "struck" tents at Camp Mather, October 11th, 1861, and formed to march to the St. Louis and Alton depot to take the cars, Kirkman was carrying an extraordinarily big and heavy knapsack. A Sergeant suggested that he had better "lighten up," or he would soon "play out," and be hauled in the ambulance. The answer he received was: "Do you see that six-foot-and-two-inch man on the right of the company? Kirkman will hold his place longer than that fellow, and have his knapsack with him." And his words proved true.

In the summer of 1863, in the Department of the South, in front of Charleston, he was with Sergeant Slagle on a detail assisting in erecting a telegraph line. Inquiry was made for a good operator, and his Sergeant recommended him; and in a few days he was permanently on telegraphic duty, and remained there until his term of enlistment expired.

In 1868, there being a demand for agents for the Freedman's Bureau in the Southwest, he left his position in Chicago and accepted service in that department of the Government, taking charge of the Northeastern section of Texas, with headquarters at Boston, Bowie county. When he assumed his duties he was furnished with a company of soldiers, but through a reduction of the army, brought about by the vicissitudes of politics, these soldiers were one by one withdrawn from him, until finally he

remained alone in that rebellious country—swarming with returning soldiers from the Confederate army. The Government would neither afford him protection nor relieve him. In answer to the repeated solicitations of his friends to retire from the service and its manifold dangers without awaiting the slow action of the Government, his invariable response was: "I am the only protection the negroes in this section have. I stand between many of them and death. Ultimately the country will quiet down, and they will be comparatively safe; but at present my departure would mean their extermination. No matter what the risk, I cannot leave until I have some assurance of their protection."

This was the situation when, on a bright moonlight night, he closed his office and started for his hotel. He had not proceeded far, when from out the gloom of a contiguous building, a volley of musketry was heard. That is all that is known. The next morning the terror-stricken people found Kirkman's body lying on the side-walk, filled with bullets. Two chambers of his revolver were empty, showing that he had attempted to defend himself. The body lay where it fell until the afternoon, when the coroner and his jury, after examining it, reported that he had been killed by parties unknown, although it was *well known* that Baker and his band of ex-Confederates had assassinated him. Two weeks later an anonymous dispatch sent from Shrevesport to parties in Chicago, informed them that young Kirkman was killed on the night named.

Under orders from the Government Major Clarkson, U. S. Army, proceeded (disguised as a Southerner) to Bowie county, and quietly investigated the particulars of Kirkman's assassination. General O. O. Howard also offered a large reward for the arrest of the murderer. Shortly afterwards Baker was entrapped and killed by his own brother-in-law, who beheaded him and brought the head to headquarters for the promised reward.

In 1864, his brother, Lieutenant Albert Kirkman, lost his life at Memphis, Tenn., while on his way to rejoin his regiment. Another brother, M. M. Kirkman, has long been in the employ of the Chicago and North-western railway as Comptroller.

Kockinkiniper, Francis. Enlisted February 14th, 1865. Died at Richmond, Va., July 8th, 1865.

Linton, George A. Enlisted from Bloomington, September 21st, 1861. Mustered out September 21st, 1864, at expiration of service.

Linton was a deserving soldier. Is living at Ellsworth, Ill.

Latimer, James A. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal September 6th, 1862. Wounded in the neck May 20th, 1864, at Wier Bottom church, Va. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865, as Sergeant.

Latimer was never absent from his company during his whole term of service—four years and four months. In the assault on the rebel entrenchments at Deep Run, Va., August 16th, 1864, it is said that he was the

first man over the works. His present address is Danway postoffice, La Salle county, Ill., where he is engaged in farming. He has a wife and four children. He was Company K's longest and slimmest Corporal, but now he weighs two hundred and forty pounds and is still growing larger.

Lammy, Lewis H. Enlisted from Chicago August 6th, 1861. Discharged October 5th, 1863, for disability, at Morris Island, S. C.

Lee, Orville. Enlisted February 27th, 1864. Wounded in the foot August 16th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

Lewis, John. Enlisted January 5th, 1864. Taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va. Died in Andersonville prison, June, 1864.

Marsh, Lewis. Enlisted from Marseilles August 6th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864, at Deep Run, Va.; arm amputated. Discharged November 19th, 1864, for disability from wound.

With his shattered arm Marsh assisted in carrying a wounded man off the field. He was a well drilled soldier in the "manual of arms." "Uncle" Hubbard gave him the name of "Christ." for some reason, and it always clung to him. He was a failure as a dress-parade soldier—never wanted to "slick" up; but he was brave and fearless. He returned to Illinois, where he resided for several years, but his present whereabouts is unknown. He was last heard of as holding some position at the State capitol building in Iowa.

Morgan, Carlos. Enlisted from Marseilles August 27th, 1861. Discharged August 26th, 1862, for disability.

Morgan afterwards enlisted in a New York regiment, and died in North Carolina.

Myers, Alden. Enlisted from Bloomington September 3d, 1861. Wounded in the arm August 16th, 1864. Mustered out September 3d, 1864, at expiration of service.

Myers was a good soldier and made a good record. He is living at Heyworth, Ill.

Morse, John. Enlisted from Chicago August 19th, 1861.

Morse hailed from McHenry county, near Marengo, Ill. While at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., he was, at his own request, transferred to the Seventh Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, in October, 1861.

Moore, James. Enlisted from Marseilles September 3d, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865, as Corporal.

Moore was known in the company as "Pretty"—an envious reflection on his good looks. He was a brave and true soldier. Is living somewhere in Kansas.

Maher, John. Enlisted February 6th, 1864. Wounded in the hand May 20th, 1864. Mustered out with regiment.

McDowell, George. Enlisted March 3d, 1865. Deserted May 23d, 1865.

Mick, Parker. Enlisted from Marseilles September 10th, 1861. Died November 24th, 1863, of chronic diarrhoea, at St. Augustine, Florida, where he is buried. (The Adjutant General's report of the Thirty-Ninth has his name *Nick Parker*.)

Parker Mick was an enthusiastic soldier—old fashioned, comical, full of fun, and very popular with the men of the company.

McDowell, Riley. Enlisted February 13th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out with regiment.

Miller, Jacob. Enlisted February 21st, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out with regiment.

Mitchell, W. R. Enlisted February 13th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out with regiment.

Mizell, John W. Enlisted April 11th, 1865. (Substitute.) Mustered out with regiment.

Nichols, Joseph T. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Veteran. Promoted Corporal August 16th, 1864. Wounded in the leg, April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Died of wound May 19th, 1865, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fort Monroe, Va.

The last resting place of Corporal Nichols is near the companion of his youth and his comrade, Corporal John B. Kipp. He was born at Auslerlitz, Columbia county, New York, April 27th, 1840. Emigrated with his parents to the township of Mission, La Salle county, Ill.,—a place noted for loyalty, and which sent many good soldiers into the Union army. When Nichols' parents died he had no alternative but to bind himself, until of age, for his support. The war broke out as he reached his twenty-first year and he enlisted in Company K and proved a good soldier.

Neal, Daniel. Enlisted from Marseilles September 3d, 1861.

Early in the service Neal met with a serious accident which nearly cost him his life. When the regiment was *en route* from St. Louis, Mo., to Williamsport, Md., while passing through the State of Ohio in the night time, the train came to a halt on a bridge spanning a deep ravine. It was a covered bridge. Neal stepped out and off the train to go forward for some water, unaware, in the darkness, of where the train was resting, and in stepping off he made a long step, about forty feet, to the ground below. He was picked up, and on reaching Pittsburg was taken by Dr. Clark to Dr. Waller's Surgical Infirmary. His spine was injured, and it was thought that he could not recover; but he did, and reported to his company a few days prior to his discharge from the service, November 1st, 1862. February 4th, 1864, he enlisted in Company G, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and was mustered out July 17th, 1865. His home is at Larned, Kansas.*

* Since writing the above we have news of Neal's death by suicide at Larned, Kansas, some time in February, 1889.

Olmstead, Orlando. Enlisted from Marseilles August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the breast August 16th, 1864. Reduced to the ranks after promotion to Corporal August 16th, 1864, by sentence of court-martial September 25th, 1864. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865,

Olmstead was known as the "Deacon"—a title that he brought into the service with him; but it was a "misfit," for he was noted as one of the best poker players in the regiment. He was a faithful soldier, and took pride in being at his post of duty. He became a resident of Elk River, Minn., after the war, where he had some difficulty with an officer, and was killed. He is buried at Marseilles, Ill.

Oleson, Jacob. Enlisted from Marseilles September 25th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded and taken prisoner May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. After his parole in August, 1864, he was, by order of the War Department, transferred to Company A, Veteran Reserve Corps, and was discharged November 13th, 1865, at Concord, N. H.

Oleson was born in Norway; was a good soldier and a careful observer of events; and, possessing a good memory, is an entertaining relator of matters pertaining to the war. He is living at Marseilles; has a family, and enjoys the comforts of life.

Olmstead, Clinton. Enlisted March 5th, 1864. Discharged December 2d, 1864, by order War Department. Is living at Minneapolis, Minn.

Pitcher, Theo. W. Born at Martinsburg, N. Y. Enlisted from Marseilles August 27th, 1861, as musician in the regimental band. Mustered out in 1862, by an order of the War Department which discontinued all regimental bands.

After his "muster-out" Pitcher returned to Marseilles, and on March 5th, 1864, enlisted in Company K, as private, and was detailed to the band that was being organized from material in the regiment. Was mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865, and became a citizen of Marseilles, where he resided with his family until a few years ago, when he removed West, homesteading land where he now resides. His postoffice address is Sterling, Colorado.

Putnam, John S. Enlisted from Bloomington October 3d, 1861. Veteran. Wounded in the left arm June 2d, 1864. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865. Is living at Ottawa, Putnam county, Ohio.

Price, Michael. Joined the regiment at St. Louis, Mo., August 21st, 1861.

Price's wife accompanied him in the service. He was taken prisoner at Bath, Va., January 4th, 1862, and Mrs. Price, realizing that the front was no place for a woman, went home. After his parole he rejoined his company, and was mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865. He was wounded in the ankle April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. He is living, but his address is not known.

Peters, Benjamin. Enlisted February 24th, 1864. Died from disease April 9th, 1864.

Prebles, Edward. Enlisted February 13th, 1865. Wounded in the breast April 2d, 1865, at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Prebles, Isaac D. Enlisted April 11th, 1865. (Substitute.)

Reed, John A. Enlisted from Marseilles August 19th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Reed enlisted with the understanding that he was to be detailed as a blacksmith. He was on detached service a good part of the time. Is living at Blackford, Ind.

Roberts, W. H. Enlisted August 12th, 1865. Mustered out with regiment.

Scullion, William. Enlisted from Marseilles August 14th, 1861. Discharged July 18th, 1863, for disability.

This comrade was early assigned to "Selleck's Brigade." He well understood and patronized the "sick call." Soldiers do not, as a rule, have much sympathy for a man that will get fat on an army surgeon's prescriptions. Scullion did; and when he got his discharge for disability, July 18th, 1863, that paper with an eagle upon it, which he had so persistently played for, performed a most miraculous cure. He discarded his two canes before he got out of sight of his company, and left his rheumatism with his canes. He returned or went to Philadelphia, Pa., and died some years ago from an injury received in a boiler shop.

Sparks, Ely. Enlisted from Marseilles August 6th, 1861, after his return from the three months' service.

In May, 1862, while in the Shenandoah Valley, near Woodstock, Va., Sparks and Chester Van Wermer, of the company, intentionally or by reason of gross carelessness wandered outside of our lines and were taken prisoners. They were reported as deserters. They were paroled in a few days and were mustered out as prisoners of war. He entered the service again in some other regiment and died at Williamsport, Md.

Shero, Martin. Enlisted from Chicago August 6th, 1861. Veteran. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Shero was the "Long Dutchman" of Company K, and did good service. It is said that he has long lived a sort of hermit life as a fisherman on the lake shore at Chicago, Ill.

Sparks, John B. Enlisted from Marseilles February 28th, 1861. Discharged September 25th, 1862, for disability. He is dead, and is buried at Marseilles, Ill.

Slater, George. Enlisted from Marseilles August 27th, 1861. Discharged for disability September 25th, 1862.

January 20th, 1864, Slater enlisted in Company E, Eighth Illinois

Cavalry, serving until July 17th, 1865. Some years ago he obtained work driving a street car on Madison street, Chicago. His address is Greenwood, Wis.

Slater, William. Enlisted from Marseilles September 10th, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

Slater was not built for an active soldier, owing to his corpulency, and seldom could be found an army suit of clothing that would cover him. He was detailed and served during his enlistment as an assistant to the regimental commissary; besides, he carried on quite a business in "dried-apple cider." He was living at Greenwood, Wis., when last heard from.

Stephenson, John D. Enlisted from Marseilles September 3d, 1861. Discharged for disability in 1862. Died at Utica, Ill., a few years after the war.

Seaman, Allen M. Enlisted from Marseilles September 15th, 1861. Died in June, 1862, while home on sick furlough, and is buried at Manlius, Ill.

Selleck, Hiram. Enlisted from Marseilles September 21st, 1861.

This comrade was the proprietor of "Selleck's Brigade," and grew fat attending "sick call." He was always trying to get home to dig his potatoes. Was finally discharged, November 10th, 1862, for disability. June 29th, 1864, he enlisted again, and was an unassigned recruit for the Eighth Cavalry.

Stokes, Stephen N. Enlisted from Bloomington August 25th, 1861. Veteran. Taken prisoner May 17th, 1862; paroled October, 1862. Recaptured June 6th, 1863; paroled October, 1863. Deserted August 25th, 1864.

This was a *big—very big little* man, always killing more than he could bury. Never won any merit for good conduct or behavior.

Sauers, Peter. Enlisted from Bloomington August 14th, 1861. Veteran.

Sauers served faithfully. It was his fate to be killed at the assault on Fort Gregg, Va., April 2d, 1865.

Simpson, Charles. Enlisted March 4th, 1864. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

Slagle, James. Enlisted from Marseilles December 16th, 1861. Wounded October 13th, 1864, at Darbytown Cross-Roads, Va. Absent, wounded, at muster-out of regiment. He is living at Covington, Neb., opposite Sioux City.

Sweeny, Edward. Enlisted February 15th, 1865. Mustered out December 6th, 1865.

Thompson, Henry V. Enlisted from Marseilles August 27th, 1861. Discharged in 1862 for disability.

September 1st, 1862, Thompson entered the service again in Hen-

shaw's battery, and was again discharged for disability August 18th, 1863. Returned home, and soon after died.

Thomas, George N. Enlisted from Bloomington September 3d, 1861. Veteran. Mustered out with the regiment December 6th, 1865. A good soldier.

Thornell, Jackson. Enlisted from Marseilles October 4th, 1861. Discharged March 7th, 1863, for disability.

Thornell was known as "Happy Jack." Is reported dead.

Thomas, Francis Marion. Enlisted from Bloomington August 14th, 1861. Promoted Corporal October 1st, 1863.

Thomas was a popular man in the company. June 17th, 1864, at Hatcher's Run, Va., he was excused from duty by reason of having some trouble with his neck; but hearing the heavy firing at the front, he decided that he must be with his company, and went. A few minutes after taking his place in the line he was shot dead.

Thompson, James. Enlisted from Chicago February 12th, 1864. Wounded in the leg May 20th, 1864, at battle of Wier Bottom church, Va. Discharged July 18th, 1865, for disability. Died at Marseilles, Ill., shortly after returning home.

Timm, Christopher. Enlisted from Marseilles December 16th, 1863. Mustered out December 6th, 1865, with regiment.

Van Slet, Samuel. Enlisted from Marseilles September 17th, 1861. Discharged November 10th, 1862, for disability.

In 1876 Van Slet was at Cedar Keys, Florida; since then his address is not known.

Van Wermer, Chester. Joined at St. Louis, Mo., October 14th, 1861. Was taken prisoner in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., and probably mustered out as a prisoner of war. He is reported as a deserter on the company rolls.

Washburne, Charles. Enlisted from Morris, Ill., August 27th, 1861. Discharged early in 1862, for disability. December 6th, 1862, he enlisted in Henshaw's battery and mustered out with it July 18th, 1865.

Werner, John. Enlisted from Bloomington October 10th, 1861. Veteran. Killed May 16th, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. A brave and faithful soldier.

Welcome, James. Enlisted from Bloomington October 10th, 1861. Promoted Corporal August 1st, 1863. Killed at Fort Wagner, S. C., August 26th, 1863, by the explosion of the enemy's shell.

Welcome was buried at the south end of the island, near where stood the lighthouse. He was a brave and faithful soldier, and a favorite among his comrades.

Wright, Richard. Enlisted October 6th, 1861. Mustered out October 8th, 1864, at expiration of service.

Webster, Levi. Enlisted February 6th, 1864. Promoted Corporal May 1st, 1865. Mustered out with regiment December 6th, 1865.

White, James R. Enlisted September 19th, 1861. Discharged in 1862. Re-enlisted March 4th, 1864, and mustered out with the regiment at Norfolk, Va., December 6th, 1865, and finally discharged at Springfield, Ill., December 16th, 1865.

James R. White was born in McLean county, Ill., September 26th, 1844. Was occupied on a farm until he enlisted in Company K, Thirty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers. Was taken sick in May, 1862, and sent to hospital at Cedar Creek, Va., and was caught up in the grand retreat of General Banks' army in May, 1862. Was discharged for disability at Williamsport, Md., June 19th, 1862. He returned home and went to work at the carpenter's trade until March, 1864, when he re-enlisted in his old company. May 30th, 1864, he was slightly wounded by a fragment of shell. Was on detached service for several weeks in 1864, guarding the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox river. After the war he resumed work as a carpenter, which he still follows. He resides at 1201 N. McLean street, Bloomington, Ill.

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

Killed in battle.....	7
Died of wounds.....	6
Died in prison.....	2
Died of disease.....	10
Wounded.....	54
Lost limbs.....	2
Taken prisoner.....	10
Discharged for disability.....	29
Transferred.....	2
Deserted.....	3
Mustered out at expiration of service.....	14
Number originally enlisted.....	80
Recruits.....	56
Enlisted as veterans.....	37
Returned home at muster-out.....	63
Known to be living (1889).....	48

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF FACTS.

THE total sum of the casualties among both officers and men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment is as follows:

Killed in battle.....	83	Drowned.....	4
Died of wounds.....	61	Taken prisoner.....	118
Died of disease.....	90	Discharged for disability.....	293
Died in prison.....	25	Deserted.....	97
Wounded.....	411		

- 34 Officers and men suffered amputation of limbs.
- 52 Men were transferred to other commands.
- 191 Men were mustered out at expiration of three years of service.
- 350 Men re-enlisted as veterans.
- 844 Men enlisted in 1861.
- 608 Recruits were received during the war.
- 34 Enlisted men were promoted to commissions.
- 24 Officers resigned their commissions.
- 2 Officers were dismissed the service.
- 525 Officers and men mustered out at close of the war.
- 485 Officers and men are known to be living (1889).
- The regiment traveled by rail and water 5,038 miles; it marched 1,425 miles; making a total of 6,463 miles traveled.

The revised report of the Adjutant-General of the State gives the killed and died of wounds in the Thirty-Ninth Illinois as one hundred and thirty-six, when it should be one hundred and forty-four; and if to this be added those who died in prison from wounds, thirteen more can be added, making one hundred and fifty-seven—ranking third instead of fifth in the list of the one hundred and fifty-six regiments of infantry which took the field.

The deaths from disease is stated at one hundred and seventeen when it should be ninety.

MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT WHO DIED IN REBEL
PRISONS.

COMPANY A.

Ira Nichols. Died in prison, of wounds, at Florence, South Carolina. Date unknown.

Andrew Seybert. Died of disease in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, August 11th, 1864. Number of grave, 5,350.

COMPANY B.

Edmund Hartrey. Died in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, June 24th, 1864. Number of grave, 1,980. Died from wounds.

COMPANY C.

Henry Gott. Died in Andersonville prison June 15th, 1865, from disease. Number of grave, 12,461.

Andrew C. Allen. Died in prison at Florence, South Carolina, from disease, September 25th, 1864.

Corporal Martin Howder. Died in prison, from wounds, at Florence, South Carolina, October 11th, 1864.

Albert A. Stephenson. Died in prison at Florence, South Carolina, October 11th, 1864, from disease.

COMPANY D.

Nathaniel Bunker. Died in prison (place not given; probably at Florence, South Carolina), January 16th, 1865, from disease.

Jesse A. Ferrell. Died in prison at Florence, South Carolina, from wounds, November, 1864.

COMPANY E.

Corporal T. D. Gronigal. Died in prison at Petersburg, Va., June 9th, 1864, from wounds.

Lawrence Baker. Died in Libby prison, Richmond, Va., June 9th, 1864, from his wound.

Sergeant David M. Hanson. Died in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, of wounds received in transportation, by railway accident, October 22d, 1864.

COMPANY F.

- Calvin Callahan.** Died in Andersonville prison August 21st, 1864, of wounds. Number of grave, 6,356.
- Palmer Lusk.** Died in Andersonville prison June 5th, 1864, from wounds.
- Adelbert Van Patten.** Died in prison at Richmond, Va., of wounds. Date not known.
- Thomas M. Kennedy.** Died in prison at Richmond, Va., from wound, September —, 1864.

COMPANY G.

- Albert Luscomb.** Died in prison at Petersburg, Virginia, of wounds, June 26th, 1864.
- John Pacey.** Died in Libby prison, Richmond, Virginia, July 26th, 1864, of wounds.

COMPANY H.

- Henry C. Rose.** Died in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, September 27th, 1864, from disease.

COMPANY I.

- Newton J. Ford.** Died in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, October 15th, 1864, of wounds. Number of grave, 10,881.
- John W. Weedman.** Died in prison at Andersonville, Georgia, November 15th, 1864, of disease.
- Sergeant O. P. Nelson.** Died in prison, of disease, at Richmond, Virginia. Date not known.
- Sergeant-Major Reese Bishop.** Died in Andersonville prison, of disease, November 7th, 1864. (Formerly of Company I.)

COMPANY K.

- John Lewis.** Died in Andersonville prison June —, 1864, of disease.
- Alden Barber.** Died in Libby prison, Richmond, Virginia, June —, 1864, of disease.



APPENDIX.

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. C. M. CLARK.

CHARLES M. CLARK, M.D.

Dear Sir and Comrade:—You and the undersigned were selected to act as a committee to publish the History of the Thirty-Ninth Illinois Regiment, and upon you the committee placed the responsible duties as chief editor. We recognize, therefore, that it is a very delicate task for you to record the important part of history which you made, and the honorable relations which you sustained to the regiment and to the medical department of the army.

We therefore request and *direct* you to insert the following relating to your labors during the war, as prepared by one of your comrades, feeling assured that all the survivors of the regiment will fully indorse what we have said, and heartily join in this testimonial to your efficiency and faithfulness while Surgeon of the Thirty-Ninth.

AMOS SAVAGE,
AL. C. SWEETSER, } *Committee.*
O. L. MANN,

CHICAGO, *July 4th, 1889.*

There is no branch of military service on which the usefulness of an army depends more than on the medical department. In order that it may be thoroughly prepared for long marches and for desperate encounters with an enemy, the entire rank and file must be in the very best of physical vigor. It is one of the prime duties of the surgeon of a regiment to see that this desired condition is rigidly maintained. Is the location of the camp healthful? Is its sanitary condition at as high a grade of excellence as is possible? Are rations properly prepared? Is the soldier too sick for duty, or shall he be returned to the ranks? Shall he be sent to a general hospital or discharged the service? All these questions, and many more of kindred character, con-

stantly confront the army surgeon, and to answer them for the best "good of the service," requires great skill and untiring devotion to public duty.

Comrade Clark entered upon his duties as surgeon of the regiment well equipped to meet manfully all these stern requirements. He had been admitted to the medical profession under very favorable circumstances. Though young, he had met with success in his practice and had attracted the notice of the medical fraternity. He had "roughed it" in the gold fields of the Rockies, and hence took kindly to camp life. His post of duty was, from the first, with his regiment, and it never got so far to the front as to leave him in the rear. He was on detached service frequently, but seldom lost sight of his own command, for he invariably refused duty that would remove him from fields where wounds were found. He was a skillful surgeon, and many of his complicated field operations are of public record; and of the public records which surgeons were required to keep, those of Dr. Clark are said by competent authority at Washington to be among the very best returned, and they must be of great value to the Bureau of Pensions.

When Dr. Clark reached Appomattox Court-House, he was the chief operating surgeon of the Field hospital of the Twenty-Fourth Army Corps, and yet he was in "hailing distance" of the old Thirty-Ninth.

Our medical comrade settled in Chicago at the close of the war, and is now there in the enjoyment of a remunerative practice.

TO REGISTER DEATHS OF COMRADES.

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TO REGISTER DEATHS OF COMRADES.

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