It is with many misgivings that these reminiscences are submitted for publication. At a reunion of the survivors of the Thirty-third Missouri Infantry Volunteers, held a few years ago, after discussing the feasibility of preparing a history of our late organization, in assigning to the various members the necessary work incident to the proposed undertaking, the writer was requested to furnish an account of one of the principal battles in which our regiment was engaged during the war for the Union. He insisted upon being excused from such a duty, not on account of any lack of interest in the matter under consideration, or a desire to evade labor or responsibility that rightfully belonged to him, but because of a conviction that there were many who, from personal observation and on account of their participation in the engagement referred to, were far better qualified to do the subject justice than himself. It afterwards occurred to him, however, that, aided by lists of killed and wounded which were in his possession, (since forwarded to Major E. S. Carroll of Missouri,) with the help also of some very imperfect war notes, it would be possible to furnish facts pertaining to the Hospital Department of the regiment, contribute items of a personal character, and give brief accounts of army incidents, of what we saw, and what we did, that might with propriety be assigned a place in the proposed history.

He now sees how difficult it is, in such an undertaking, to avoid seeming invidiousness; and the following pages are presented with the realization that this contribution will prove of little or no interest to any except his old comrades,
a few of their immediate relatives and friends perhaps, and descendants of some who went forth to fight their country's battles and never returned.

A. T. BARTLETT,

Late Surgeon 33d Mo. Inft. Vols.

Virden, Ill., March 20, 1890.

Should the question arise in the minds of any how I, being a citizen of Illinois, came to be a member of a Missouri regiment, let me answer:

The winter of 1861-2 found me a student at Rush Medical College, Chicago, pursuing my studies in the hope that a diploma would be conferred on me the following spring and I might thereby be enabled to secure the position of Assistant Surgeon in an Illinois regiment. Before the close of the session I called on the President of the Board of Medical Examiners for the State of Illinois, and to my great disappointment was informed that after examining all the applicants it was thought would be required to supply the regiments in the State, the board had permanently adjourned. This intelligence, though so discouraging to my hopes, indicated that the profession of which I hoped soon to become a member was in harmony with that spirit of loyalty which pervaded so generally every class and condition throughout Illinois.

Well do I remember the utterances of one of the Professors at the close of his farewell lecture to my class. After referring to a farmer graduate, who when last heard from was carrying a musket, he said: "Gentlemen, go to the front, and when our services are no longer required here, we will hang out the Stars and Stripes from the dome of your Alma Mater and follow you to victory or the grave." Learning after my return home, at Jerseyville, that the Missouri Board of Examiners would soon convene in St. Louis, I asked permission to appear before it for examination. The late Dr. John T. Hodgen was a member of that board, an active and uncompromising friend of the Union, and prominent as a Surgeon and medical teacher; though he had not reached that eminence in his profession to which he afterwards attained. To Dr. Hodgen I felt profoundly grateful for many courtesies and words of encouragement and have since thought it possible that his influence had something to do with my subsequent promotion. April 21, 1862 I was commissioned Assistant Surgeon of the Third Cavalry Missouri State Militia, and May 7th following
3.

--16 days from date of first commission--was promoted to the rank of Surgeon. This promotion was unsolicited and unexpected. Indeed my surprise upon the receipt of a Surgeon's commission was only equaled by my sense of the responsibility thus imposed upon me.

My term of service with the Third Missouri State Militia continued until February 23, 1863 when this regiment was consolidated with the Sixth and Seventh and I was mustered out as "Supernumerary" having witnessed but little actual fighting, but a good deal of hardship and suffering, as the command to which I had been attached was required to do much hard service in the way of scouting; and it may justly be said that not a few of the officers and men possessed that spirit of determination if not desperation which characterized so many who had lived in border states and felt, that while they were battling for the Union they were fighting for their homes and firesides as well.

April 15, 1863 I received from Gov. H. R. Gamble my commission as Surgeon of the 33d Missouri Infantry Volunteers, and on the morning of May 26th landed at Helena, Arkansas, where the regiment was stationed. I must confess to a singular feeling of loneliness on that occasion, as I had never been in the place before and was a total stranger to every member of the command to which I had been assigned. The water from a recent overflow had scarcely subsided sufficiently to leave the streets of the town passable, "military necessity" had appropriated the courthouse, churches and many private buildings to Government uses; the whole place, which had been in the possession of the Union forces since its occupation by General Curtis in the preceding August, bore numerous disfiguring marks, due to the presence of an army, while unmistakable signs indicated that upon the approach of hot weather malaria and mosquitoes would abound. There seemed to be absolutely nothing in the surroundings to inspire me with cheerfulness, but upon reporting at head quarters and being presented to the young commander, Lieut. Col. Heath, who introduced me to other officers present; the courtesy and cordiality with which I was received, dispelled in great measure, any feelings of despondency, or hesitancy I had experienced in view of my assuming the duties of Chief Medical Officer of the regiment.

General W. A. Pile, successor to General Clinton B. Fisk, as Colonel of the Thirty-third, had, a short time before been promoted to the rank of Brigadier and relieved of that command but was still in the city. This officer greeted me very cordially and impressed me as a man of affairs and force of character. He was large, of commanding figure, positive views and I have since thought that the high standard of duty which he established in the regiment and his rigid methods in enforc-
ing its observance, coupled with the modest firmness and military knowledge of Colonel W. H. Heath, accounted in great measure for the excellent discipline which at all times prevailed.

After a brief inspection of the hospital, I was informed that General Fisk had sent a request for me to call at his head-quarters and in due time I was in the presence of the man who has since, by conspicuous ability and his activity in great movements of reform, achieved a Nation reputation.

General Fisk's genial manner and seeming forgetfulness of military rank, were so much in contrast to the deportment of the average army officer, that I was not only pleased but surprised and his appearance and words made a lasting impression upon my mind. I recognized in him a person of views broad enough to comprehend the difference between the volunteer, who was fighting to save his country and the man who served his country as an occupation; one who had not lost sight of the fact that rank, in thousands of instances, seemed to be the result of mere accident, and that the humblest private was therefore deserving of the same consideration as the one clothed with a little "brief authority" by virtue of a commission. His object in sending for me was, as he stated, to affirm his abiding interest in the welfare of his old regiment and to express the hope that I would be attentive and successful in the performance of my duty as Surgeon.

The General understood the importance of a strict observance of hygienic rules in the army, and admonished me to watch and instruct the men on that subject, to use his own words, give them line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a good deal!

Previous to the war, General Fisk was a minister of the Gospel, and I understood that General Fisk was an active Church worker. Contrary to what I had seen before or witnessed afterwards, these two officers had the regiment assemble on the Sabbath and both made religious addresses. Assistant Surgeon Kile, formerly of St. Louis, now deceased, was in charge of the sick, of whom there were many, grouped in tents near Fort Curtis. J. Seymour Buck was hospital steward; Dr. J. R. Dice; since of Utica, N. Y., wardmaster, and Luther Armstrong of Kirkwood, Mo., was hospital clerk.

An incident occurred soon after my arrival, which, though trifling in itself made a lasting impression upon me. A request was sent to head-quarters for a detail to clean the grounds and do other work about the hospital. A happy faced, boy corporal named Argenbright—with the required number of men reported for duty—and the dispatch with which the squad was sent, attracted my notice and afforded proof of that promptness and discipline of which I afterwards saw daily exhibi-
tions in the regiment; while the rapid and efficient manner
in which the work was done gave me a high opinion of Argen-
bright, which opinion I never had cause to change. I do not
remember ever to have had occasion to manifest my friendship
by prescribing for him, or of showing partiality in any way,
though I frequently noticed his readiness for duty and his
goodnatured obedience to orders.

In a few weeks time, an opportunity was presented of
securing a somewhat commodious dwelling-house for a hospital,
though in doing this some vigilence was necessary and no lit-
tle jealousy was excited in one or two other regiments.

Established in our new quarters, with tents erected in the
door-yard for those who could not be accommodated in the build-
ing; and surrounded with such conveniences as could be im-
proved— including, for the benefit of convalescents, attendants
and visitors, made facilities for gymnastic exercise, our
hospital presented a more attractive appearance and was look-
ed upon with favor by some who had formerly regarded it with
fear. Many of the improvements were due to the enterprise and
good taste of Steward Buck, who posted written rules for the
government of patients and attendants and took special pride
in seeing that the affairs were conducted in accordance with
the strictest rules of order and cleanliness. More than this,
he was of a genial, social nature and these qualities, supple-
mented by his violin made our dispensary tent a resort for
some who were in quest of pleasure, as well as many who sought
relief from pain.

But change was the order of those times and our recently
reorganized and harmonious military family afforded no except-
ion to the rule.

Dr. Dice saw an opportunity for promotion; and though
disinclined to dispense with his services, my desire to en-
courage a laudable ambition, and a conviction that the inter-
est of the service would be subserved thereby, I recommended
him for the position of Assistant Surgeon and in due time he
was commissioned as such; and finally promoted to the rank of
Surgeon.

I met Dr. Dice but once after his muster out of the
Thirty-third but have had some pleasant correspondence with
him since the war. At the date of his last letter to me, his
home was at Utica, Missouri.

Luther Armstrong continued as one of the hospital force
until 1864 when he was made a Lieutenant and appointed Regi-
mental Quartermaster, which office had been made vacant by
the resignation of Lieutenant L. B. Tyler, of St. Louis; and
Jefferson Stephens, of Illinois, was detailed to act as
hospital clerk, in which capacity he served until about the
time of the Nashville Battle.
Early in July (1863) Assistant Surgeon Kile was assigned to special duty and from that period to the close of the war he was detached from the regiment much of the time, filling vacancies in post hospital, being employed on transports specially detailed to convey sick and wounded to Northern Hospitals, in rendering medical attention where troops were unavoidably separated, temporarily, from their regular Medical Officers etc.

After we had secured a building for a hospital and completed the work incident to moving and improving the surroundings, our duties were somewhat routine in character up to the 4th of July. During that interval the hospital was under my immediate supervision, while Dr. Kile made the daily rounds of the companies commanding the batteries on the heights back of the city and prescribed for such as required treatment, but were able to remain in quarters.

For days preceding the date above named there had been rumors of an approaching enemy and a threatened attack, but early on the morning of the 4th the enemy numbering 8000 or 9000 strong, under command of General Holmes dispelled all doubts as to his presence and intentions by driving in our pickets and making a furious attack upon our lines.

It would seem like presumption for me to attempt an account of this battle in view of the fact that one far better qualified to do the subject justice has kindly consented to write up this chapter of our history, but I wish to make the statement that only a few years ago the writer met General B. M. Prentiss who commanded our forces, numbering less than one half of the rebels, and he asserted that the victory at Helena was the most brilliant achievement which he ever participated in. No one will doubt that General Prentiss knew what hard fighting was when it is remembered that he served in the war with Mexico; and at Shiloh he and his command fought with all the courage which characterized that early struggle, until overwhelmed by numbers and forced to surrender at the close of the first day’s battle. The views of this officer are given for the reason that the Thirty-third bore such a conspicuous part in the battle of Helena.

I had been assigned to duty on the field during the fight and as the respective companies of our regiment were widely separated, I saw only a portion of the wounded and as usual these received only temporary dressings or were the subjects of minor operations, except in rare instances where radical and immediate measures were imperative. But when the din of battle ceased and the smoke was lifted from the scene, one was convinced that uncommon opportunities offered for mitigating human suffering and for the exercise of the Surgeons art. Instances were not wanting where Medical Officers
brought their skill (if they possessed any) into requisition without the honor of being members of any operating board, though in doing so they assumed unauthorized responsibilities. 117 of our own men were wounded and of the 687 reported by the enemy, quite a large proportion must have fallen into our hands. It has been the opinion of some that there were inaccuracies in the enemy's reports of casualties; at least there were marked discrepancies between the reports of the respective commanders, for while the Confederate reports place the number of killed at 173, General Prentiss stated that he buried 400 of their dead.

As to my personal recollections of our own (33d) men who were killed and wounded I can say but little, as I had been in the regiment only a short time and was comparatively a stranger. I had made the acquaintance of 1st Lieutenant, J. W. Brooks, Company G. and 2d Lieutenant, Adam B. Smith Company B. who were killed; and can say that the resolutions adopted at a subsequent meeting of the officers of the command, at which Colonel Heath presided and Lieutenant Draper acted as secretary were complimentary alike to the bravery, the integrity and the social qualities of these young officers.

First Lieutenant Stephen J. Burnett Company A., who was wounded early in the engagement and suffered amputation of the right arm above the elbow did not allow this loss to deprive him, long, of a good time, for which he seemed by nature specially well adapted; nor was his proverbially happy disposition, or his efficiency as a soldier, in the least impaired, by his misfortune. He was sent North with others, but in time returned to us and served on detached staff duty, or commanded a company in the regiment as Captain, until the close of the war. He resides at Warrensburg, Missouri.

Captain Stuart Carkener's injuries were serious and though the severer one was in the back it was no less honorable than if it had been received with his face to the foe. The Captain, in order to gain a more accurate knowledge of the position and strength of the force in his front, had advanced far enough to become a target for the opposing force. Being apprised of the danger by a volley from the ravine below, he turned for the purpose of regaining his former position but was unable to do so in time to escape the enemy's bullets. He was taken to the Hindeman Hospital and the appearance of the wound gave the impression at first sight that the spine had been injured but it was demonstrated by probing that such was not the case. There was extensive laceration of the muscles, however, resulting finally in a disability that has increased with advancing years.

After being sent North and remaining until his wounds were about healed he returned for duty served with the regiment
until placed on General Mower's staff where he remained until that officer was transferred to another command, after which Captain Carkener served upon the staff of General McArthur.

The Captain has been engaged in the practice of law and has been successful. He resided for a number of years at Louisiana, Missouri but is now located at Kansas City.

Sergeant Patrick Collins Company K. was quite a prominent figure in the regiment; he having served many years in the regular army, the number of his enlistments being indicated by his chevrons. He was an Irishman, tall, though some what advanced in years, erect, and by virtue of former training was perhaps the best type of a soldier in the command at that time. It will be observed that according to the report he was wounded in the head; but after his return, having, as was supposed, recovered from his injury, a portion of bone became detached and was removed from near the inner angle of one eye. He was transferred to another branch of the service, and after the war a request was sent to me, by an agent, for evidence that would assist in the prosecution of a claim for a pension, to which Collins was doubtless entitled.

Private Thomas A. Moore's wound consisted in an extensive compound fracture of the anterior portion of the skull and a large section of the bone was removed long after the receipt of the injury. He has attended one or more of our reunions and is a forcible and touching reminder of what our country cost.

Others among the wounded, I became acquainted with later in the service; of whom mention will be made farther on. For reasons already named there were, no doubt, a number of slight wounds omitted from the Report.

Quiet being restored within our lines, military, as well as other local affairs moved along with but slight interruption, while we remained at Helena. Indeed there was but little to sadden, or to mar our stay, aside from long sick lists, the frequent recurrence of the dead march and the burial salute. I have often wondered how many poor fellow's remains were deposited among those Arkansas hills.

Notwithstanding these melancholy events, the longer we remained at Helena the more homelike it became, and I am sure that many survivors recall, with pleasure, memories of the city and her kind and generous citizens and will not soon forget the Moors', Thompson's, Coolidge's, Horner's, Downey's, Combs' and others who extended courtesies to members of the Thirty-third. A number of parties were given, partly, if not wholly in honor of members of our regiment. One officer married the daughter of a citizen and it is no disparagement to say, that others, formed attachments, that might have culminated in matrimony, had not the objects of their attachments been
prevented, by previous engagements, or other reasons, from yielding consent.

On the morning of January 23, 1864 orders were received to be ready to move at an hours notice; but we were given over to suspense and speculation (experiences to which troops were no strangers) until the 28th. On the afternoon of that day, which was so warm and bright as to be more suggestive of June than January, we marched to the wharf-boat; soon after, embarked on the Lavinia Logan which steamed down the river about midnight and in due time tied up opposite to the "City of Caves"

We remained on the steamer during Sunday, the 31st, a somewhat sultry day, listened to a good practical sermon by Captain Schenck of Company I and on February 2d joined the Meridian Expedition under the command of General Sherman.

At Vicksburg our sick, 26 in number were sent to the General Hospital. This action left us without a regimental hospital, for the time, and as it is intended in these reminiscences, to refer more especially to persons and occurrences connected with that branch of the regiment, I will leave subsequent events for another to describe and pass to March 8th, on which date other sick men were sent to the General hospital from our camp in the rear of Vicksburg, preparatory to starting on what proved to be the Red River Campaign. On the 9th we marched to the river through a drenching rain and after the usual delays embarked on the Steamer R. B. Hamilton. Our numbers seemed too great for the space allotted us; nevertheless about 70 nonveterans of the 11th Missouri were assigned to duty with the Thirty-third and were forced on to the boat with us. The afternoon of the 10th and about dark our fleet consisting (besides the gun-boats) of 18 or 20 steamers bearing 10,000 Infantry, three batteries of artillery with cavalry set out under the command of Generals A. J. Smith and Joseph A. Mower.

Sunday morning, March 13th found us at Chalmette Bayou La., and from indications near an enemy. The troops disembarked and after some important demonstrations during the day, the rebel force proving small, our command at about 7.30 P. M. started in the direction of Fort De Russey on the Red River and after marching rapidly until nearly eleven o'clock, camped for the night.

An early start was taken and a hard day's march (25 miles) made on the 14th when the above Fort was reached and after a short engagement, carried by assault by General Mower. Having previously been appointed a member of a board consisting of three, for compilation, my place was at the General Field Hospital, where there were 32 of our own wounded, 4 having been reported in all. Although according to report the actual
its capture must have cost us heavily, for if completed (and it lacked but little of completion) it would have been a very formidable work indeed.

March 15th the regiment reembarked on the Hamilton and at 9 P.M. proceeded with the rest of the fleet up the river and at 10 oclock P.M. the 16th, arrived at Alexandria. Two or three miles below the city a company of negroes hailed us and indicated their yearnings for liberty by running along the shore and begging to be taken on board. At Alexandria the regiment went into camp and an order was issued by the Surgeon in Chief for Medical Officers to take from the drug stores in the city such articles as were required in their respective regiments and upon this authority I procured a few things, but the two drug houses which I saw, both of which were large and fine, had been stripped of nearly all articles of value.

At four oclock on the morning of the 19th Private Charles Scott, Company H, was brought in, having received a wound of the right hand by the accidental discharge of his gun. The injury was such as to require the amputation of the index and middle fingers.

The surprise and capture of a body of rebels at Henderson Hill, twenty miles from Alexandria, by the Thirty-third Missouri and Thirty-fifth Iowa, under the command of General Mower deserves more than a passing notice and it is hoped that a detailed account of that brilliant affair will yet be published.

On the morning of the 21st a detachment of the 16th Army Corps with a small body of Cavalry from the 19th Corps left Alexandria and after a rapid march reached the neighborhood of the enemy, posted at the point above named. A short halt was made after which our brigade by a circuitous route, sometimes following byroads, at other times being led by a guide through swamps or pine forests without roads, gained the rear of the rebels and being in possession of their countersign marched into their camp about midnight under the guise of reinforcements and captured the entire force consisting of 225 men, without resistance.

This capture, as was stated at the time included four pieces of artillery besides small arms. Twenty-five or Thirty prisoners were picked up by other troops.

The day of our advance on Fort De Russey was oppressively hot, but on this occasion the weather was cool or actually cold, a rain setting in during the afternoon which was succeeded by a violent hail-storm at night.

It was between two or three oclock on the morning of the 22d when the brigade stopped for rest; and perhaps out of that hungry horde, not one went into camp with a livelier degree of self-satisfaction, than did Captain Knowlton. While passing
11

through the camp of another regiment, the Captain stepped near
a soldier, who in his wanderings had secured some sweet pota-
toes; and after stopping, had placed them in the fire to
boil and fallen asleep. Knowlton, lifted the kettle from its
place, carried it, with its precious contents, of course, to
the camp, where, finding the viands were "done" he sat down to
feast and to muse upon the disappointment and wrath of his
weary unwitting caterer.

This expedition proved a severe test to the endurance of
our men, but its effects were scarcely perceptible until the
return march. Though our progress was slow, the ambulances
were continually crowded after a few miles of travel; and
still some were compelled to march, who to use a common expres
sion were about "played out"

Captain Carkener's legs refused to carry him, while as
many were already riding, as could well be accommodated, so I
dismounted and placed him on my horse, but it required more
strength than the Captain possessed to sit in the saddle; and
the only way out of the difficulty was for him to exchange
places with a man in the ambulance.

We went into camp at Cotile Landing 20 or 25 miles above
Alexandria Sunday March 27th, where we remained until the
arrival of the fleet on the 31st.

April 1st we were again on board the Hamilton, our sick
list numbering 25, but no very severe cases.

April 2d we resumed our journey up the river by boat,
passed several squads of negroes on shore, about fifty being
in one group, some of whom were profuse in their demonstra-
tions of joy on account of our advent.

April 3d, Sabbath, as we still proceeded up the river
Captain Schenck preached to an attentive audience. The Captain
whether called upon to fight, to march or to preach; though
advanced in years, was never known to falter but performed
with placid face and pleasant demeanor whatever duty devolved
upon him. A favorite theme with him was the intimate relation
between cleanliness and Godliness and it may be remarked en
passant that the Captain like many others, often wore a wool-
en shirt, surmounted by a paper collar; and his appearance
in hot, dusty weather sometimes provoked from irreverent ones
ludicrous if not unjust comparisons of the real with the ideal.
In one of our engagements Captain Schenck had the misfortune
to lose his artificial teeth. Captain Rose had previously had
his natural incisors knocked out in a similar manner and it
was said that, in jest, an amusing discussion arose between
them as to which had sustained the greater loss. The question
might perhaps, with propriety, have been afterwards decided
by the pension bureau. Sunday afternoon the fleet draw up at
Grand De Core. Monday (April 4th) some New York and Rhode
Island troops were roughly handled nine miles above at a town called Campi and seventeen of their wounded were brought and placed in the cabin of our boat and given such attention as our means enabled us to bestow. These men were taken into the cabin of our boat, to the exclusion of our own sick; with the expectation that they would soon be removed, but they were left for us to care for, as best we could; some of them being severely wounded, until the 6th when they were placed on the Laurel Hill, an imperfect Hospital Boat, for transportation down the river.

That trying ordeal for the Surgeon of deciding who should, and who should not start on an expedition was experienced by the writer on the morning of the 7th, after which we left Grand De Gore and marched about fifteen miles, nearly all the way through pine forests. The forenoon was hot, and a rain in the afternoon made the roads heavy.

A little after dark on the evening of the 8th we went into camp near Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, having marched not far from twenty miles during the day. Cannonading had been heard in the afternoon; and on the following morning the road, near by, became lined with stragglers from Sabine Cross Roads, fifteen miles distant, where a severe battle had been fought the day before.

A large proportion of these men bore marks of the engagement and stopped long enough to have their wounds dressed. Their accounts of the affair were quite discouraging, though from official lists, our killed numbered only 200 while the enemy reported 300; and our wounded 900 while on the other side there were 1200 wounded.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th our regiment was ordered into line at Pleasant Hill, where it remained nearly two hours. General Banks had retreated with the 15th and 19th corps to the position occupied by the First and Third divisions 16th Corps, under command of General A. J. Smith when the firing in front indicated that the enemy had determined to follow up the advantages gained on the preceding day. The shouts of the advancing foe could soon be heard; the separate reports of musketry increased to volleys, which finally deepened into one continuous and awful roar that swelled and resounded until nothing else was to be heard except an occasional command and the thunder of artillery that shook the earth.

Never before had I realized what spirit and courage were requisite to impel men to engage in deadly conflict.

But a short time had elapsed, when, in the distance rideless horses dashing among the troops; and hatless men, with their backs to the enemy, told that our front line was broken and gave warning of the danger to our army. I remained with the regiment until the bullets began to fall around us like great drops of rain that precede the storm, then, with surgi-
13.

cal instruments, proceeded to the rear in obedience to orders
from the Medical Director to report at Division Hospital for
duty. By this time the road was thronged with stragglers, pre-
senting a scene suggestive of demoralization. But not far in
the rear, another scene was being enacted which illustrated
the power men have over their fellows when clothed with author-
ity; and showing, also how simple a matter it may be to bring
order out of disorder. Here I came upon an officer, backed by
a guard, who with stern looks and assured tones was ordering
all who came, not wounded, to "fall in" and help form a new
line. Of course it was not only my right but my duty to hasten
on, yet I felt as though this officer was conferring a great
favor and a distinguished honor, when, observing my sash, he
ordered his guard to let me pass.

The first case I operated upon, was a boy belonging to a
Maine regiment, who was apparently about 16 years of age and
small for his years. Noticing the lad as he limped along in
front of me, with the blood trickling down his limb, I dis-
mounted to lean across a fallen tree and finding a large bullet deeply imbedded in the calf of his
leg, I removed it and saw no more of the patient.

The place selected for a Field Hospital was a cotton shed
where doubt and disorder prevailed for a time, but as the am-
bulances came in, freighted with wounded, and the sounds of
battle grew more distant; those whose duty it was to care for
the injured began their work, which, was faithfully persisted
in until the receipt of the unlocked order to retreat. I
remember two of the wounded in particular, not members of my
own regiment, and would like to know the results of the oper-
ations that were performed upon them.

In the case of one, a bullet, by penetrating the cheek one
side and striking the teeth, caused an injury resembling
that which would result from an explosion; the effect being,
a scattering of the molars and destruction of the cheek on
the opposite side.

In the other case, a Maine man, on account of the mutila-
tion of the right hand by a bullet, suffered removal of the
member, the thumb and index finger, only, being left.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 10th, while work
for the relief of the wounded was still in progress, though
nearly completed, and while all were in good spirits in view
of the success of our armies and the prospect of an early re-
newal of the advance on Shreveport, an order was received at
the hospital to start for Grand Ecore at once. The ambulances
were filled as speedily as practicable with such of the wound-
ed as were thought able to endure the journey; and those who
were not, were made as comfortable as circumstances enabled
us to make them, some, however for want of better accommodations being left on the tables where they had been operated upon, and two medical officers from the 16th Corps were left in charge.

No one, at that time, seemed able to explain the cause of this hasty retreat, nor has any one since; to my knowledge given a satisfactory reason for it.

According to the Casualty List in the Surgeon General's Office the Federal loss in killed was only 100--wounded 700 while the number of Confederates killed was 300--wounded 1,200; and the enemy's retreat was more precipitous than our own; as we afterwards learned.

Even if we say nothing of the effect of General Bank's retrograde movement upon the morale of our army by his action, a portion of General Taylor's force was left to assist in opposing General Steel, who was co-operating with Banks and who had a disastrous engagement at Jenkins Ferry Ark. on the 30th, in which 200 of his men were killed and nearly 1,000 wounded.

In reviewing the battle of Pleasant Hill it should be remembered that the 13th Corps was not engaged, probably on account of the rout of the preceding day. The Cavalry division, the First and Third divisions of the 16th and 1st divisions of the 19th Corps being the forces employed.

Well do I remember my feelings, as, in the early morning of the 10th I greeted and congratulated the Thirty-third while we were on the return march; having up to this time learned but little as to the fate of my immediate comrades.

When this regiment met the enemy at Helena I was yet a stranger to many, had become attached to none; and regarded all with much the same feeling that I did others who met the determined foe. But when these men were lost to view in the smoke of battle at Pleasant Hill, I thought of them with the soliciitude which comes of strong friendships and personal attachments alone.

By referring to the List of Casualties it will be observed that all the killed were shot through the head by bullets. This may be attributed to order compelling the men to lie down during the enemy's advance; and to this order, may be attributed also, our comparatively small loss. Colonel Heath's wound was a painful one and compelled him to leave the field, from which time to the close of the battle Major Van Beek commanded; as was remarked, with much credit to himself as well as the regiment.

About four o'clock P. M. the 11th we arrived at Grand De Core and placed the severely wounded on the Steamer Laurel Hill for transportation to Alexandria. The bill of fare at the officers mess that evening consisted of corn meal mush, sugar
and coffee; and for breakfast on the 12th, as one facetiously expressed it, the only change consisted in having coffee, sugar and mush. Being senior Medical Officer in the brigade the duty devolved on me of collecting and reporting the number killed and wounded in the expedition which I did on the 12th and found that the lists aggregated 74.

On the 14th a number of boats arrived from up Red River and among them the R. B. Hamilton which had become familiar to us and had members of the regiment as well as regimental property on board. During the stay at Grand Ecore rations were short, as were medical supplies also, but sick reports like our late marches were distressingly long.

April 16th a man died after a short illness, this being the first death in the regiment, from disease, for five months. On the 17th another poor fellow was "mustered out" in like manner; and notwithstanding our number was much reduced, about 100 reported at "sick call" on the 18th. No wonder therefore we hailed with great satisfaction the order to place such scanty stores as were not transportable on our two wagons on board the steamer Sioux City, bound for Alexandria; preparatory to marching.

Fourteen men were placed on this boat, some as patients, others to guard the property; and on the afternoon of the 20th we marched four miles over a dusty road to Natchitoches, a somewhat ancient town situated on the old channel of the Red River and fifty miles from the Texas line. Orders were issued to be in readiness to march at 6 o'clock P. M. on the 21st but we did not get out of sight of Natchitoches until the 22d though in momentary expectation of orders to move during the whole of the night of the 21st, the men not being allowed, during this night of suspense to make their beds and take their rest. When at last the march was resumed on the morning of the 22d it was continued until Cloutersville was reached at three o'clock on the morning of the 23d. At this place the Sixteenth Corps was allowed to rest while portions of the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth Corps met the enemy near that town and also at Monetis Bluff on Cane River.

From official reports the Union losses in these two engagements were 350 (killed and wounded). After the battle at Cloutersville our troops moved about three miles and early on the 24th (Sunday) a sharp engagement occurred, the Seventeenth Corps doing the principal fighting on our part and driving the enemy with considerable loss. We then marched over twenty miles; our regiment reaching camp, near Cotile Landing at ten o'clock P. M.

After a late start on the 25th and passing near Henderson Hills, of which we still had vivid recollections, we en-
camped seventeen miles from Alexandria. Forced marches under any circumstances are trying to infantry especially; but the miseries of this retreat were greatly augmented by the vigilance of the enemy in following us and striking an annoying blow at our flanks, or rear, whenever there was an opportunity to do so without too much risk to himself.

After marching some three miles on the 26th; General Mower, with his division, left the column and took position in the timber that skirted the road, with the view of forming an ambuscade, while the troops in his rear continued on in the direction of Alexandria.

In an hour or two the cheers of our pursuers apprised us of their approach and soon we could see from our ambush with what regularity each line of the Cavalry composing our rear guard, alternately fell back, took aim, fired and passed to re-load, while another line, for the time being, assumed the offensive and performed the same maneuver as its predecessor. This was an exciting scene and our expectations of a surprise were wrought up to a high pitch for the success of our plans thus far; but to our chagrin, the pursuing party was hardly within range of artillery when the trap was discovered, or was prematurely sprung — ourcamp was brought into immediate play by the enemy shelled and disarranged in the midst of a cloud of dust created by his sudden stampede.

Our masked battery opened on the enemy while he was so far away that little or nothing was accomplished if we except the wild scampering in which one or two were unhorsed; and the fact that we were permitted to proceed to Alexandria without further molestation, from this source, though greatly annoyed by heat and dust.

L. D. Farrer of Company A suffered amputation of his left index finger on the 23th in consequence of an injury resulting from the discharge of his gun. Of those wounded at Pleasant Hill and placed on the Hospital Boat at Grand Écore my recollection is distinct in regard to David T. Massey and Thomas McHenry in particular. The farmer’s youthful appearance coupled with his determination as well as his ability to go through the most trying ordeals had attracted my notice and his patient, manly endurance after the receipt of his injury drew me still nearer to him. Massey’s wound was one of those peculiar ones, sometimes remarked after a battle, illustrating the freaks of a bullet, or in other words there was a condition which it seemed difficult to explain or to satisfactorily account for.

The bullet had evidently penetrated the soft parts at right angle to the bone, above the elbow, and caused an oblique fracture. There being but one opening I supposed of course the bullet was in the limb but diligent search failed
to disclose its whereabouts. The boy was apprised of this and given all the encouraging circumstances appeared to justify; and after the application of splints to the member he passed out of my hands.

I learned subsequently, however, that it was assumed by those who took charge of the case that the bullet was still in the arm and moreover that amputation was imperative, which latter might have been true, but after amputation, which was followed by the boy’s death, and examination failed to prove the presence of the missile, which, after shattering the bone had evidently rebounded or dropped out.

I have ascertained that young Massey’s father, who resided in Louisiana, Missouri, was noted for his loyalty and that about his last message to his son of his old age was, to stand true to his country and his convictions to be a brave and

Thomas McHenry was a good soldier, and I was told by one of his comrades, that when he saw that an engagement was inevitable and while the enemy’s lines were advancing; instead of shrinking from duty he seemed impatient for the fray. His wound did not at first appear to be very serious but it caused severe and protracted suffering which finally terminated in death.

The following incident of the Red River campaign may be worthy of recital, though before entering into detail, I will premise by saying that it has been my intention in writing these memoirs, to abstain from the free use of the names of comrades known to be still living; as it may not be considered in good taste to discuss personal traits of such; and if, in what follows I deviate from this rule farther than circumstances warrant, I trust no one will take exceptions.

Jack Burner of Company C, was noted for his enterprise and originality. But little that was worth hearing or seeing escaped him and whatever came in his way that could be utilized and many articles that could not, but ranked under the head of curiosities, or novelties, were eagerly sought after and taken to camp, if not too heavy. Whenever he killed an unusually large snake he was likely to skin the reptile, if want of time did not prevent and if it did, his custom was to secure the rattles, if there were any and, in either case improve the first opportunity to exhibit his trophy. A memento of one of his exploits is still in my possession.

Abandoned camps were favorite fields for exploration and his self imposed tours of inspection often included old buildings, deserted military quarters etc.

If I was rightly informed, articles of cast off clothing also received their full share of attention. At last Jacks inquisitiveness, or acquisitiveness, became as was supposed the cause of serious trouble, in which others as well as him-
self were involved, as the sequel will show. While we were proceeding up the river on the transport, our hero fell sick and the nature of the malady did not at first seem clear. No cases of small-pox had been reported in the command, but a suspicious looking eruption making its appearance on the surface of Burner's body, occasioned the hasty organization and convening of a committee of safety consisting of the Commander of the regiment, Captain of the boat and the Surgeon. If the case proved to be the small-pox it would never do to expose the whole regiment to this dread disease where men were so huddled together that there was scarcely room for them to lie down. To put the patient on shore with such a malady as his symptoms indicated was equivalent to leaving a number one soldier to perish; so it was decided to let him remain on board, but to isolate him as far as possible, by placing him in the Texas to await further developments. No one cared to take the responsibility of appointing a nurse for this occasion therefore a volunteer was called for and a tall, fair, light haired man named Mitchell who was acting as nurse when I joined the regiment offered his services and I gladly accepted them, as his former experience, kindness of heart, intelli-gence and a good degree of physical strength qualified him for the duty which he now proposed to assume; and a character-istic scar upon the arm indicated that he had been successful-ly vaccinated.

Time proved that our fears as to the nature of the trouble had been well founded; for after only a few days, so great was the swelling and distortion of the patients face and features, that it would have been a far more difficult undertaking to establish Jack's identity than to diagnosticate his disease.

The regiment disembarked leaving patient, nurse and others who were unable to march on the steamer, and upon our return we learned that a pest hospital had been established at Alexandria, to which Jack and his nurse had been transferred; and we were sorry to learn moreover that Mitchell was also down with the small-pox: I visited both as soon as my duties would permit, found Burner convalescent, his disfigured countenance beaming, as of old; and it was not long until he rejoined us having lost none of his originality or irrepressibility.

Mitchell was suffering from a severe form of the disease still he appeared to be in good spirits and to enjoy our meeting. I felt confident that a naturally good constitution with reasonable care would tide him over the disease and in taking leave I so expressed myself, in which opinion he seemed to concur. Sometime afterwards, however, a Confederate newspaper giving the names of the Federal soldiers who died in the hos-
hospital at Alexandria, after its evacuation by our army, fell into the hands of one of our men and we were thus informed of the death of our esteemed nurse, who had for nearly a year been connected with the hospital department and during that time been obedient to orders and faithful in the discharge of duty.

About seventeen days were consumed in building a dam across Red River and floating our gun-boats over the falls, and those troops not detailed to work on the dam found employment much of that time in skirmishing with the enemy.

May 3d our regiment with other troops reached Governor Moor's plantation, about eight miles from Alexandria. A stately mansion, spacious grounds, circling driveways and numerous live oaks festooned with Spanish moss made this a charming place and here we were permitted to camp every night, but one, until the general retreat was resumed. During our stay, a discovery was made that occasioned a good deal of merriment and caused much substantial enjoyment besides. The inhabitants of that portion of Louisiana use rain-water exclusively, which is preserved in wooden tanks constructed in much the same form as those on our rail roads, though somewhat higher in proportion to diameter, and placed on posts from one to two and a half feet from the ground.

The water is drawn from these cisterns by means of faucets. Troops had been camping about the one near the Moore residence for a number of days, before any one manifested a disposition to climb to the top, for the poor satisfaction of peering into the darkness within; but at last a Thirty-third man, in the absence of any thing else to do, tried the experiment and this hungry soldiers surprise and joy may be imagined when he beheld a lot of nicely cured hams hanging above the water. An effort was made to limit the news of this find to a select few; but to pass the meat over the sides of the reservoir without attracting notice proved to be an impossibility; for no sooner was this work begun than a general rush occurred and the snatching and tussling that ensued presented one of the most novel and exhilarating scenes ever witnessed in the regiment.

Our entire fleet being safely over the falls, the retreat from Alexandria began May 14th; and to the 18th the enemy displayed unusual activity, by waylaying and firing upon our boats as they descended the river and continually harrassing our flanks and rear while we were on the move. Only those who have experienced it, can realize how disagreeable a duty the rear regiment, in particular, has to perform, on a retreat like this, when the command is required to be constantly on the alert in expectation of a dash by pursuing Cavalry or a volley from a concealed enemy. It was after eight o'clock P. M.
when the regiment went into camp on the 14th, 10.30 on the 15th and not until after one o'clock on the morning of the 16th did some of the members lie down; and in less than three hours from that time the command was again in motion.

During the night of the 15th the Confederates changed position in a body of timber in our front, not far from Marksville, and appeared to be in considerable force. After much delay a portion of our army was formed in order of battle and directed to move.

It had been previously remarked, that the Federal forces at Clowersville, with their arms glistening in the morning sun, presented a spectacle of unusual splendor. But on this occasion our advancing lines, stretching away in the distance over a beautiful prairie, excelled in grandeur any military display we had before participated in, or even witnessed. This engagement proved to be more of an artillery duel than a regular engagement, though by referring to the Report of Casualties it will be observed that one of the Thirty-third was killed and two were wounded by bullets. The bullet that struck William Lagrand severed the main artery of the thigh and being on the skirmish line he died from loss of blood before aid could reach him. In justice to the memory of this soldier it may be said that he was a quiet man, whose only ambition, seemingly, was to do his duty.

Strange to say the Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion contains no reference to the battle of Marksville.

On the march of the 17th the rear was hard pressed and while our regiment, with others, was engaged in driving the enemy back, Frederic Miller Company H. was shot through the head.

The last battle of the Red River expedition occurred May 18th at Bayon De Glaise, where the 16th Corps with Cavalry from the 19th and troops from the 17th Corps, commanded by A. J. Smith turned upon our pursuers and drove them back after a severe engagement, in which, according to the official reports, our army lost 360 men in killed and wounded, while the Confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners amounted to 500. General Mower was in immediate command, gave personal attention to many of the details of the fight and repeatedly displayed that supreme courage for which he was noted and by means of which he incited others to deeds of daring.

While this battle was raging a large number of dry trees situated on the field, took fire and the smoke and flames issuing from these added greatly to the impressiveness of the scene. While the storm was at its height orders were received at field hospital from General Mower to place the wounded...
on the transports, as it was feared that our lines would be forced back. Such an order from such a source filled all present with apprehension for the safety of our army and no time was lost in complying with the order. I was at the moment operating upon J. R. Whitaker's foot and as the necessary operation was a complicated one and required considerable time for its completion, the patient was removed to the Hospital boat where the work was finished by others. I felt a deep interest in this case, but have heard from Whitaker only once since the close of the war, at which time he was a cripple and entertained fears that amputation of his foot would be necessary. (See note of Jan 14)

Robert Wallace had obtained permission to go to the bayou for water, for himself and comrades, who were in action and while stooping with his arms extended in the act of filling canteens a shell carried away both his hands. I knew nothing of his injury at the time, but learned afterwards that his cry attracted notice, he was carried to a boat, where as I was informed amputation was performed upon both members, but being a person of rather feeble vitality he succumbed to the shock.

It will be observed that Sidney Hooker, who was wounded and sent to the General Hospital, also received a slight wound at Pleasant Hill.

The day on which this, the last of the series of battles on Red River was fought, was very hot and a number of our men were prostrated in consequence.

Saturday, May 21st we reached Red River Landing on the Mississippi, after a march that considering the state of the weather, seemed unnecessarily rapid; but despite the hot weather and hard marches there were some men in the army who never seemed tired, or at least too much fatigued to have their fun as was illustrated about two miles from this place, the Landing.

A company of soldiers came upon a huge alligator and six or eight alligator garr that had been left in a filthy pool by the falling of the water in the bayou. I think the alligator was shot, but a lively scene ensued when the men tore off their pants and with fixed bayonets charged upon the other monsters as they floundered in the mud that was from knee to leg deep.

On the evening of the 21st orders were received for a part of the Thirty-third to embark again on the R. B. Hamilton the other portion to go on board the steamer Idaho. On the 24th we arrived at Vidalia, where we remained until June 4th, encamped on the river bank, a portion of the time, exposed to foul emanations and clouds of dust.

With one wing of the regiment on the Emma Boyd, the other on the Steamer Free Stone, the 16th corps proceeded up the river and on the morning of the 5th disembarked on the Arkansas shore, bivouacked until the 6th and then started on the

Since the above was written the writer has corresponded with Mr. Whitaker who has resided in southwestern Mississippi ever since the war.

His foot was not amputated but he still suffers from a serious disability.
expedition that resulted in the battle of Lake Chicot or Old River Lake, in which we won a victory at a fearful cost to the Thirty-Third Missouri and the Thirty-Fifth Iowa. It was believed that somebody blundered in planning the battle and the fearful consequence fell mainly upon our regiment.

The wounded were taken to a cotton shed, as a place of safety; and for temporary dressings, but as Corporal J. D. Davis leg was severely mangled, I decided to amputate at once and set about the work hoping to be able to complete the operation before the order to move could reach us. While trying to ligate a small artery that gave some trouble, a person looking over my shoulder, asked a question that added to my vexation and I returned rather an uncivil answer. I immediately observed that my interrogator was General Selin, who by the way took no notice of my incivility.

The contest that proved so disastrous to us was of short duration and in a little time our ambulances, with the wounded and attendants were moving on to join the regiment. Still un-informed as to who of the Thirty-third were among the slain, we reached the battle field shortly after the dead had been collected preparatory to conveying them to a suitable place for burial; and the bodies of those boys piled into the ambulance with the feet projecting at the rear of the vehicle presented a strange and peculiarly impressive spectacle.

It was stated that at a moment when young Heath's attention was attracted to a comrade who had fallen, near him, he was struck by a bullet which severed one of the large arteries of the chest and this fair boy expired in a few minutes after. Every survivor of the regiment will remember Ed Heath—brother of the Colonel, who was conspicuous on account of his erect figure, neatness in dress and the seeming pride with which he discharged his duties as a soldier. He possessed unusual musical talent, was a member of our regimental Glee Club and was greatly missed.

Sergeant Mantz was a good looking, modest man, who discharged his duties with promptness yet without ostentation and though somewhat below the medium stature, his hardships never seemed too great. He was one of those men that could always be depended upon. In his death the Government lost a noble defender and his comrades a pleasant companion.

Without dwelling longer upon individuals it may be said that all who fell at Old River Lake deserve lasting praise.

We camped at Lake Village to bury the dead and care for the wounded, but it was four o'clock on the morning of the 7th after a night of faithful work, when the last wound was dressed.

R. R. Brown Company B was a tall dark complexioned man
who had served in the Mexican war and in consequence of his being on the sick report at the time I joined the Thirty-third he was among the first with whom I became acquainted in the regiment. His haggard appearance and seeming honesty and simplicity, enlisted my sympathies and when, subsequently, an order was issued to grant furloughs to a certain number of each company, who were ailing, and of whom it might be predicted they would be restored to health by a trip north; Brown was spoken of as one properly coming within the scope of the order, but the charge was made that he was given to shirking and whining and it was asserted that he was unworthy of such a boon. So Brown remained with the regiment and in time regained his health, despite adverse circumstances and his career from that time to the day he fell at Lake Chicot with a lacerated thigh and a broken bone, proved the utter falsity of these charges for he was lacking in none of the essential qualities of a true soldier.

After our arrival at Memphis I visited our wounded in General Hospital, found Corporal Davis and Brown occupying cots side by side and apparently doing well, but the former afterwards grew worse, the latter took fever before his wound healed and I was told that neither left the hospital alive.

Sergeant H. S. Carroll's wound was peculiar and might be considered highly honorable for it was of a character that made it certain he was facing the enemy and it was apparent that he was advancing, for such an injury could have been inflicted only at the moment the foot was raised, as in the act of walking or running. Though Carroll's wound was painful he did not ask or seem to expect immediate attention, but on the contrary he manifested a desire to wait until more seriously injured could be cared for and it was perhaps due to this fact that he was among the last to be placed on the operating table.

W illiam Carroll has for many years been a merchant of Clarks-ville, Missouri—a successful banker and railroad man.

Although Lieutenant Knowlton's wound was slight, like many others he had a very narrow escape. Either the bullet which struck his side, or another one, shattered the hilt of his sword. When I last heard from this officer he was somewhere in the Rocky Mountains and comrades will be pained to know that he was thought to be near death's door from consumption.

According to the Report of Casualties, as may be seen Edward Varner was shot through the jaw and tongue by a bullet and in consequence has been entitled to a pension for these twenty-four years and yet, it is only a few months since this man wrote me asking for an affidavit to aid him in the prosecution of a claim for pension.

Lewis V. Kling received so severe a wound instead of one
The Reports of Casualties which are reproduced in these sketches were necessarily very brief and now seem altogether incomplete and unsatisfactory.

The annexed Report of Killed and Wounded at date Chief was made by a Hospital Clerk who obtained his information from others while the affairs of the regiment were necessarily in an unsettled condition and as a consequence there are some very important omissions and additions not over a few errors.

Unfortunately, some of the errors will never be corrected. In regard to Lewis C. Kline I can say he was shot while in the act of firing at the enemy and he received two wounds instead of one as stated. Nor is this all these two wounds (one in the body) were so severe that notwithstanding this soldier's naturally vigorous constitution, almost five years elapsed before he regained his health, though having the benefit of the best medical skill of that day as well as the most careful nursing both while in real hospital and subsequently.

Mr. Kline is a resident of St. James and for more a greater of a century has been connected with the American Baptist Mission Society first as assistant, but for the past fifteen years he has held the honorable as well as responsible position of Manager of this important Society. There are twelve states and territories under Mr. Kline's supervision.
as indicated by the accompanying report. He has held a good position in St. Louis since the war and although he suffered much in consequence of his injuries for years after his discharge, he is at this time (April 1890) in good health and to all appearances in possession of his native amiability of character.

The detachment of the Eleventh Missouri (General Mower's old regiment) which was with us temporarily, suffered severely—a number of these veterans of many battles being fatally wounded. Corporal William's wound was a grievous one and his sufferings were greatly intensified by moving him to the boat.

Samuel Cross rallied well from his amputation, seemed satisfied with the sacrifice he had made and talked cheerfully over the prospect of being with his family again, but I never heard of him afterwards. He had resided at Alton, Ill.

Corporal Will of the Thirty-third lost a "good right arm." While in the army he demonstrated that the best citizens make the best soldiers and his career since the war has proved the converse, that the best soldiers make the best citizens. He has resided in St. Louis since the war.

Sergeant Ganns, Company I, Thirty-third received a painful wound, also of the right arm. I have not met the Sergeant since the sad night when he was operated upon, nor perhaps the following day, when his wound was dressed, but have been pleased to learn during the present month, from a letter written at Kingston, Arkansas, that he is still in the land of the living.

Lieutenant R. M. Reed was on staff duty and was disabled only temporarily. This officer died in the west or southwest a few years ago.

Corporal C. B. Wroe of the Eleventh Missouri seemed much depressed from the first, and in response to words of encouragement expressed no hope of recovery. I have since been informed that, while on leave of absence not long before, he was married; and it was owing to the fact that his term of enlistment would soon expire, that he and others of the Eleventh were assigned to the Thirty-third. Wroe was a light complexioned, good-looking young man, of fine physique and much respected by those who knew him best.

On the 7th, the wounded who were unable to help themselves were conveyed to the river in ambulances and placed on board the steamer Clara Bell for transportation to General Hospital at Memphis. The regiment took passage on the Emma Boyd for Memphis; where it arrived on the 10th, after making a brief stop at Helena. We remained in camp in the rear of the former city until the 16th, when we were ordered out to the little town of Collierville, on the Memphis and Charlestown R. R. thence to Grisson's Creek and finally to Lagrange, Tenn. reach
ing the latter place June 29th. Up to near the latter date, small parties of rebels had been in the habit of firing into passing trains and the evident object in posting troops at the stations named, was to afford protection to trains and guard the road while necessary repairs were being made. While employed in this work at Collierville or Grissom's Creek (I have forgotten which) a number of soldiers who became separated from their respective commands during and after the battle at Guntown, in following down the railroad, found their way into our camp. I extracted bullets and dressed wounds for some of these men and in one case in particular it seemed almost incredible that a person could have traveled 80 or 90 miles, as he had done, with such an injury. Deliverance from such a fate as threatened these men would, ordinarily, be occasioned for exultation, but a part of them were even too sick and weary to experience, or at least express much joy on account of their escape. It was the subject of remark however that of all those sorely tried men, not a single colored soldier approached our pickets without his musket.

On the 4th of July, after our sick had been sent to Memphis, preparatory to an aggressive movement, Lieutenant Rapp took violently ill, and as it did not seem probable or even possible that he could recover soon, if at all; and in view of the fact that if we started with him; instead of being of service to the command he would be a burden, a special order was invoked from high authority, to send the Lieutenant back to General Hospital. But not the least of the Army Surgeon's sorrow and chagrin was felt when he appealed to his superiors in behalf of poor played out soldiers.

My first experience in that line was in Southwestern Missouri, while I was in the Militia. On that occasion I asked of a General permission to send some 40 or 50 sick men to Post Hospital, and my request had the effect to call forth a volley of army objections that was almost overwhelming and dumbfounding. No General or any other officer in the 16th Corps, ever treated me with the indignity that did this Blunt Brigadier, but I failed to get the desired order; and as a consequence Rapp had a place in the ambulance and had to be cared for during that entire trip, which lasted seventeen days.

On July 5th the First and Third Divisions, commanded by Major General Joseph A. Mower, General B. H. Grierson's Cavalry and a brigade of Colored troops; all under the command of Major General A. J. Smith, set out from Lagrange on the Tupelo expedition. No more than six or eight miles were made on the first day and yet there was much suffering among the troops, occasioned by excessive heat.

The command moved at 4.30 A. M. on the 6th and for a time
all went well, but as the day advanced the heat increased and when, at one o'clock P. M. the welcome order for a permanent halt was received, not a hundred men of the Thirty-third were in line, and probably no other regiment did better. There were a number of cases of extreme exhaustion but none that proved fatal. One ambulance was unloaded and returned for some distance to afford conveyance for those by the road-side, who were unable to walk to camp. It was estimated that on the 7th the army marched thirteen miles. In the region of Ripley, Mississippi we observed broken muskets; and at the road-side, was a grave which had been made so shallow that a portion of a human skeleton protruded. These signs told of the demoralization and disaster attending General Sturgis' Guntown raid, of one month before, in which some of his men threw away their arms to facilitate their flight.

The heat was very oppressive on the 8th and there were three cases of complete prostration, one man remaining speechless for several hours.

While a party was engaged in killing beefes near camp in the evening, private George Williamson was accidentally shot through both thighs. The bullet fractured the bone in the left limb and injured also the main artery, which would have given rise to fatal hemorrhage had not prompt assistance been at hand. But the Medical Director, Surgeon Lucas, happened to be near, stopped the bleeding by pressure, sent for me and we succeeded in tying the vessel. Williamson was sent back to Ripley and a man detailed to remain with him, but the injuries soon caused his death.

The command reached Tallahatchee River on the 9th, on the morning of the 10th breakfasted at three, marched at four and camped near noon four miles from Pontotoc and at sunset moved one and half miles further and halted for the night; with the troops stationed in such a manner as to be available upon short notice in case of an attack.

Some resistance was encountered during the march of the 11th, but we proceeded to, and through the pleasantly situated, but neglected town of Pontotoc, near which we remained and enjoyed much needed rest until the 13th. The first dinner, however in this camp was interrupted by a violent storm.

The next move was in the direction of Tupelo. Our part of the column was unmolested for some time, but the booming of cannon in the rear, at intervals, during the forenoon, indicated that there were those behind us who were less fortunate. We had not long to congratulate ourselves however, for, while the command was halted near a place called Carmago Cross Roads and many of the men were unsuspectingly reclining in the shade, we were suddenly apprized of the proximity of the enemy by a discharge of musketry and the whistling of bullets. Those in
our front, as also those in our immediate rear received a
heavier, or more accurately directed fire than we did and
Surgeon L. E. Smith of the Seventh Minnesota, who stood near
us with others of his regiment, was killed almost instantly.
It was the case of a man in uniform who was struck down on
the ground by a shot from a cinema which had been fired by
the enemy. The volley of fire from the cinema was so near
that, if I remember rightly, the surgeon made him a prisoner
and ordered him to stay where he was. The surgeon, however,
was killed by a shot from the cinema which had been fired
by the enemy.

The only person killed in our regiment was Private J. C. O'Conor,
who was hit by a bullet in the leg. He died immediately as the
bullet went through his leg. The other person killed was
Surgeon L. E. Smith, who was shot in the head by a bullet from
the cinema. He died instantly. The only injury sustained by
any one in our regiment was a bad wound in the leg of Private
J. C. O'Conor, who was hit by a bullet in the leg. He died
immediately as the bullet went through his leg. The other
person killed was Surgeon L. E. Smith, who was shot in the
head by a bullet from the cinema. He died instantly.
Tineteen officers of the Medical Staff of the regular and volunteer forces of the Union Army were killed in action; thirteen, while in the discharge of their duty, were killed by partisan troops or assassinated by guerrillas or rioters; eight died of wounds received in action; nine died through accidents occurring in the line of duty, and seventy-three were wounded in action proving that the number of casualties among Medical Officers was proportionately greater than that of any other staff corps. "Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion - Part First Surgical Volume."

Of those included in the enumeration the writer was personally acquainted with Surgeon Smith of the 1st Mines, he knew quite well. Surgeon Geo. Harland, whom he met at Helena, was drowned in the Miss. Surgeon Shuball Jarvis of the 5th De. Supt. with whom he became acquainted at Helena also, was a native of Charleston S.C. while absent from his regiment on furlough.

The fourth was Surgeon J. S. Stoddard 56th Colored Troop, the particulars of whose tragic death at Wallace's Ferry, Ala., were obtained from Capt. James Thomas of the same regiment and who was in the battle at the above named place.

During the engagement Col. W. S. Brooks, who was commanding the Union forces fell mortally wounded. Surgeon Stoddard, went to his relief, soon after which his body was pierced by a bullet and he fell dead at the side of his dying commander.
of the Seventy-second Ohio and also amputated at the shoulder joint upon another member of the latter regiment.

After sleeping three quarters of an hour I was informed that the Thirty-third was in line ready for action and soon the battle of Tupelo began and raged for several hours. At first there was considerable confusion in the rear and some delay about the choice of a site for the field hospital, and the first place selected was exposed to the shot and shell of the enemy, necessitating the removal of the wounded to a point farther to the rear. While matters were yet in an unsettled state, a quartermaster, or commissary of our brigade who had taken refuge behind a tree (which proved too small) lost his life and two ambulance horses were killed.

I performed resection of the right shoulder joint upon an Indian soldier, the number of whose regiment I did not make a note of, but know nothing of the final result. The injury requiring this operation; a compound fracture of the thigh bone of an unknown man; and James Witten's wound, were the most serious cases for which I operated during the day.

William Garbee's wound was of such a nature as to render recovery impossible under any circumstances hence nothing was done for him except to make him as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. He was probably unconscious from the moment he was hurt. My recollection of this short, red-faced, good natured, German drummer-boy is distinct, and— as in many other instances—a very trifling incident led to a somewhat intimate acquaintance and made a permanent impression upon my memory. Garbee once requested me to pull a tooth for him and his molars were so interlocked, or so tightly wedged together, that two were taken out instead of one. The sound tooth was replaced in the jaw; and upon the testimony of Billy, as we familiarly called him, its usefulness in grinding "hard tack" was not in the least degree impaired.

After the fighting had ceased for the day, I was informed by the Medical Director that our wounded numbered 230 and our ambulance Corps had, at that time, picked up 120 helplessly wounded rebels. I think these figures related to the First Division only, for according to Official Reports, 85 of the Federals were killed and 563 wounded, out of the entire command in the three days fighting, and 100 were killed and 600 wounded of the Confederates.

The object of the Tupelo expedition having been accomplished (so said) the return march of our army commenced on the morning of the 15th. While the advance was moving off toward Lagrange, another dash was made at our line and a sharp engagement ensued in which the Thirty-third suffered quite severely. Provision had previously been made with the Confeder-
ate Commander, for the comfort of our severely wounded and the requisite number of attendants had been detailed to care for them. All peaceful negotiations having therefore terminated, it was plain that those who were wounded in this parting encounter must be left on the field, dependent for necessary care upon the charities of an enemy already burdened with a great number of wounded, or placed in ambulances to be disposed of as circumstances might indicate; that is left by the way, or taken to Memphis, about eighty-five miles distant.

In this matter I was guided mainly by my own judgement and the wishes of some if not all of the wounded themselves, though in the hurry and excitement of picking up those who were maimed in the charge which occurred immediately before the rear of the Infantry took up the line of march, no opportunity was afforded for examining the injuries. Sergeant Moore of Company I, a large good-natured man and a capital soldier who was struck by a bullet did not appear to take a serious view of his wound, but being compelled to quit the ranks he drew forth his pipe (the soldiers solace) and while smoking seemed to take about as much interest in the wounds of others as his own. Although it was apparent that his wound (a fracture of the knee cap) was a serious one, hopes were entertained at first, that his leg might be saved, but after reaching Post Hospital at Memphis, Tenn., he lost his limb by amputation and finally his life.

Corporal James Githens, Company E, injured on the 14th and whose arm I amputated, might have been sent with others to field hospital, but his entreaty to be allowed to accompany the command prevailed and he and his father, Private J. W. Githens of Company K were placed side by side in one ambulance with the army reached our destination in safety. The father was among the captured at Helena and the son received a wound in the battle at that place.

Sometime after the war the young man sent me his photograph, but I have not heard from him for many years. His father, as I was informed, died of his wound in the hospital at Memphis. Neither of these men was strong, physically. I think both did their duty as soldiers to the best of their ability.

Conrad Dubinద, who fell grievously wounded on the morning of the 15th just before the rear of the army joined in the retreat, was hastily placed in the ambulance; and the fate of this poor fellow is among the dearest memories of the war.

And as I contemplate the sufferings of this slim, swarthy, frail-looking, though plucky soldier, I am reminded of the straits our brave men were driven to and the hardships they were often called upon to endure. After a day of torture in
the moving ambulance. Dubindeck was observed to vomit green corn. Upon inquiry I was informed that while on picket the night before, he had secured some "roasting ears" and, not being allowed to eat, he had relieved his hunger by eating the green corn without cooking, which had remained indigestible in his stomach all day. The halt for the night afforded the first opportunity to make an examination or give the wound anything more than a temporary dressing. A careful inspection convinced me that amputation of the thigh alone offered any hope of saving life and this opinion was concurred in by other medical officers whom I asked to see the case. It being necessary to amputate so high that the tourniquet could not be used, I requested a Surgeon in whom I had confidence to compress the artery, but to my great disappointment, at the sweep of the knife the blood spritied from the severed vessel, and although the artery was soon secured, enough blood was lost to materially enhance the dangers of the operation and before the dawn of another day the spirit of Conrad Dubindeck took its flight and his body was buried in the woods at Old Town Creek.

Corporal Jessup died in the General Hospital. His wound caused great pain, on account of the involvement of a large nerve. This soldier as I remember him was a rather large, mild mannered young man and a person of uncommon coolness and courage as the following incidents—related to me by one of his companions—will show. At a time during the action, when many felt the necessity of lying down to escape the enemy’s bullets, Jessup did the firing while several of his comrades did the loading. Those about him loaded their muskets as they lay on the ground and one by one passed them to Jessup who took deliberate aim; fired and returned each piece to its owner to be reloaded while he performed a like service for others.

The bullet that caused William Water’s wound passed transversely in front of the larynx. A friend in commenting upon the injury after the battle, rather gravely remarked, that had been standing one half inch farther to the front the wound would have been fatal. But Water’s seemed disinclined to consider it in such a serious light and jokingly replied that if he had been one half inch farther to the rear he would have received no wound at all. As it was, however, the missile carried away enough of the integument to cause a scar that shows plainly yet; and doubtless entitles its bearer to a pension, which he has been advised repeatedly to apply for, but has not seen fit to do so.

The hardships attending the march to Tupelo were repeated on the return with many others added. During the first day or two any position near the rear of the command was
uncomfortable by our pursuers; and as we were about to camp on 
the evening of the 15th a good deal of excitement was occasion 
ed among the teamsters by a dash of the enemy; and it is prob 
able that a stampede would have ensued had it not been for 
General Mower's promptness in meeting and driving back the 
attacking party while an officer in charge of the train threat 
ened to shoot the first teamster who attempted to move without 
orders. For a few days only half rations were issued, but final 
ly the allowance was reduced to one third. As a consequence 
the men seized upon whatever came in their way that was capa le of allaying the gnawings of hunger, without, in numerous 
instances any regard to consequences. This reckless abuse of 
 stomachs was a source of great annoyance to one, who in large 
measure was considered responsible for the health of the regi 
ment, and some of the men, if alive, who were on that expedi 
tion, whose names became familiar to the hospital department 
by reason of their frequent appearance on sick report, may 
remember the espionage exercised over them for the purpose of 
prohibiting the "gorging of trash." Perhaps some beside the 
writer have not forgotten a faithful soldier named Boyle who 
seemed to be afflicted with an ungovernable appetite and a 
disease peculiar to the army, which was no less rebellious. 
This man was kept under as close surveillance as circumstances 
would allow, with the hope that if restricted to the plain and 
scanty diet furnished by the commissary he might be able to 
get along with assistance, despite his ailments. But unfortu 
ately, as we passed an orchard, the half grown apples were 
too great a temptation for his resistive powers, and as it so 
happened that he was not under observation at the time, he, like 
many others "filled up" on green fruit. After this dissipation 
it was feared he would soon ask for a place in the ambulance 
when there was no room for him in the ambulance. The day wore 
away, however, and Boyle kept up with the command without mur 
muring, or at least without asking aid, and his conservator, so 
to speak, began to hope that he was going to escape the penali 	y of his indiscretion. But it was a vain hope, for after 
night-fall, a dark object was observed a short distance from 
the road, which upon inspection proved to be Boyle. He had la 
d down to rest during a temporary halt; and when the time came 
to move forward his crude meal had increased to a burden that 
he was not able to carry and had expanded to such a degree 
that he could scarcely breathe. Room was made for him in the 
ambulance, by placing one of the occupants on horse-back; and 
Boyle was taken to camp in safety and finally recovered, but 
perhaps never realized how near he came to being left by the 
road-side to suffer and possibly die in consequence of his 
indulgence in the luxuries of the season. Besides other diver-
isions we had practical illustrations on this march of the dex-
terity with which soldiers could capsize bee-hives and secure
their luscious contents in total disregard of the protests of
the bees.

But occasions for actual merriment were few and far be-
tween. On the contrary there were numerous circumstances and
requirements that were calculated to cause discontent and de-
spondency, still the privations and hardships were, with few
or no exceptions, submitted to with apparent cheerfulness,
discharging his duty in a soldierly manner. The exacting du-
ties of those in charge of the wounded were greatly enhanced
whenever we were placed near the rear of the command, for on
such occasions we were usually very late in reaching camp and
the wounds always required dressing after halting for the night.
It was near midnight when this work was completed on the 15th
and the start on the following morning was so early that not
all of the hospital force secured breakfast before required
to join in the days march. The night of the 16th was spent
near Ellistown, Mississippi. Breakfast was served about 2.30
o'clock on the morning of the 17th, but as the place for our
brigade on this day was in the rear of the division the Thirty
third did not start until after daylight. It was the Sabbath
and (though not on that account) a more quiet day than we had
been accustomed to, there being no firing in the rear or on
either flank, a fact which gave gratifying assurance that the
enemy had decided to let us return to our base of operations
without further molestation. Near nightfall we reached the
road we had traversed in our advance movement, recrossed the
Tallahatchie River at the little town of New Albany, whose
neglected houses and naked chimneys told of the devastations
of war, and soon after dark went into camp.

After marching two or three miles on the morning of the
18th we took what was known as the Holly Spring road, which
led through a rough and hilly country and thereby greatly in-
creased the torture of the severely wounded. Camp was reached
at a late hour at night. The experiences of the 19th did not
differ materially from those of the 18th; and nine o'clock P. M.
found us encamping at Salem Mississippi, where we found sup-
plies awaiting us. It was about one o'clock on the morning of
the 19th and 20th when the last of the wounded were cared for.
The ambulance train was sent to Lagrange on the 20th and the
troops proceeded as far as Davis' Mill where they remained on
the ground occupied during the night of the 5th, until three
or four o'clock. On the morning of the 21st they marched to
Lagrange, arriving at the latter place early in the day. On
the next morning (22d) we took the cars after waiting and
watching from early morn until three o'clock P. M. and by six
were comfortably quartered, as it then seemed, in the rear of
Memphis. But the occupancy of comfortable tents and immunity from tiresome marches were favors we were not long permitted to enjoy, for at an early hour on Sunday morning the 31st; universal activity prevailed in camp, those who had fallen sick during our nine days rest were hurriedly sent to post hospital, the available troops took the cars for Lagrange and at the close of the day we were again at Davis' Mill having advanced thus far on the Oxford raid.

August 1st was a sultry day with occasional showers. Soon after starting Sergeant Bradshaw fell in a fit and in the afternoon a soldier was so overcome by the heat that his symptoms became alarming. An ambulance was accidentally overturned but no one seriously hurt. After a hard days march over a hilly, crooked road, taken, as was stated by mistake, we camped about five miles from Holly Springs. Our next camp was northeast of, and in the suburbs of Holly Springs. This city still possessed many attractions in the way of elegant churches, fashionable and costly residences and a fine courthouse, but being unfortunately located as to military operations, having been occupied by different armies alternately, much property, public and private, had been damaged, or destroyed. Of very extensive R. R. buildings, nothing of consequence remained, but blackened ruins, while fenced though fertile fields for miles around bore nothing but weeds. The Twelfth Iowa was assigned to provost guard duty and the Thirty-third Missouri after enjoying their pleasant location from the 2d to the 5th of August went by rail to the little town Waterford, Mississippi distant eight miles from Holly Springs. The latter place was visited by a violent rain, wind and thunder-storm on the night before we left, and among other discomforts, three of the attaches of the hospital were awakened and suddenly exposed to the pelting rain in consequence of their shelter, a tent fly, being swept away by the wind.

Sunday, the 7th I was requested to go a short distance beyond our picket-line to attend a young lady who had received an injury of her wrist by having been thrown from a male. As I was about to return to camp some men from the Eighth Wisconsin appeared bearing a wounded comrade, who as they informed me had been shot while out foraging. I proceeded to camp, procured dressings and returned, but was too late to afford any relief, as the soldier died soon after.

I learned from this party that a company of twelve of their regiment, had managed to get through our lines and ventured on a foraging expedition without proper authority; and when about three miles out, had been fired upon by a concealed enemy. One of their number fell mortally wounded, two or three broke for the rear, but the others stood their ground and
prepared for action, advanced their skirmishes in approved military style, but no more was heard of the Confederates and it was supposed that the party consisted of four only, who fired a volley and made their escape.

The foragers then picked up their wounded comrade and started for camp, but before they reached our lines, death relieved them of their burden. Up to this time they had clung to some chickens and a fine gobbler, captured before the surprise, but when they left their dead companion, they left the plunder that had been obtained at such a sacrifice, and the writer became the possessor of the turkey while others took care of the chickens.

On the 8th our regiment with other troops was advanced to the Tallahatchee River whither two regiments of our brigade had preceded us the day before, this movement being induced, as was supposed, by an attack on our forces at the place named during the night of the 7th.

The bridge at this point had been destroyed but by one o'clock on the morning of the 9th, it was rebuilt and the Cavalry commenced crossing. During the morning the infantry and artillery, though meeting some resistance advanced to the position previously occupied by the enemy, where they encamped and remained until the 21st. Orders were received to march on the 18th, but before our brigade was fairly in motion troops in our front came to a halt and after waiting, in the rain, two or three hours we were ordered back to camp. The supposition was that an intended movement was prevented by the state of the roads. There was little to relieve the monotony of the long stay at this place, aside from numerous skirmishes and frequent showers of rain.

On the afternoon of the 13th an ambulance belonging to the Twelfth Missouri Cavalry containing a man who had just been pierced through the bowels by a bullet, and the bodies of two dead soldiers, drew up in front of my quarters. The party in attendance reported that 23 of the Federals had also been captured and accounted for the disaster in the following manner:

An officer in charge of our pickets had allowed a Confederate force to get within our lines under the impression that he was drawing them into a trap but the force proved too much for him and fought its way back with the above result. I gave the wounded man the best shelter at my disposal, a place under a tent fly, and dressed his wound, but his injury proved fatal in two or three hours after.

Our next camp was on Hurricane Creek at a point where that stream had once been spanned by a bridge distant about six miles from Oxford, Mississippi. Considerable work was
performed by the pioneer corps in repairing roads before this short march was accomplished.

On the morning of the 22d our force proceeded to Oxford—
the Thirty-third with the other regiments being halted near the suburbs where they remained until 4.30 P. M. when they were ordered to "about face" and at a late hour reached the spot occupied by them the night before and went into camp.

Many of the infantry were not permitted to enter Oxford; nevertheless a motley crowd of soldiers found their way into the city and in the seeming absence of all military discipline and indeed of every other restraining influence, after stripping the business houses, they applied the torch to them as well as to public buildings; and private dwellings were also invaded and plundered, or burned without a moment's warning to their occupants or an opportunity being afforded to save their contents. It was a strange and humiliating sight, soldiers white and black, reveling thus for hours, then scattering to their respective commands, some laden with spoil consisting of trunks, women's apparel, works of art and etc., articles that were of no use whatever to them, except as toys to amuse themselves with for a day as children then to be thrown aside. Of course the few, comparatively, indulged in these practices while the many deprecated them, as we had before had occasion to observe, the elegant furniture, rare and expensive books were seized upon by those who were least accustomed to them and had the least use for them. On this occasion among other grotesque scenes a cavalryman rode away to camp bearing aloft a little skeleton which he had no doubt captured in the office of some luckless and disloyal doctor.

As soldiers soon learned; after entering the service, the movements of troops were generally matters of conjecture to the great body of the army, a very limited circle only, being informed as to the objects, and sometimes as to the results also. The more nearly an organization was made to resemble a machine the better, hence opinions as to the motives of commanders were based mainly on individual observation.

So when the order came to turn back, it was supposed that affairs at Memphis made such a movement necessary; as synonymously with this order, vague rumors reached the command, to the effect that General Forrest had entered that city and captured five or six hundred prisoners.

The night of the 22d found us with a large number of sick and complaining; and not until twelve o'clock did the last of these receive needed attention. Sick call was held xxx by candle light next morning and the march was resumed at an early hour. The enemy gave us some annoyance during the early part of the day and in the afternoon the Federal force having en-
camped on, or near the Tallahatchie, the Confederates made an attack which was quickly repelled. The Thirty-third did not take part in this engagement. It was supposed that most of the slightly wounded were taken to regimental quarters but seven of our own and five of the rebel wounded were brought to our temporary field hospital. One of the latter was being brought in and another suffered amputation of the leg. A soldier of the Fifth Minnesota received a wound near the shoulder which involved an important artery and occasioned violent hemorrhage. The vessel was ligated but the man died during the following night. A bullet lodged in the arm of a member of the Eleventh Missouri Infantry causing a painful wound and it was with a good deal of difficulty that the missile was found and extracted.

After a late start on the 25th and tedious delays in crossing the Tallahatchie River, we reached Waterford. The day was intensely hot, the Thirty-third occupied the most uncomfortable place in the line, being in the rear. The sick had become so numerous that we hardly knew what to do with them, and instances were not wanting, illustrating "man's humanity to man," for as was the case on the 3d and other days also, the waggonmasters and teamsters protested and almost resisted when an attempt was made to put a worn-out soldier in one of their wagons. Generally they seemed determined on taking care of their mules, in seeing that they were not overloaded, and allowing weary foot-sore soldiers to take care of themselves. In those instances, as is well remembered, men were judged very much in the same manner as we ordinarily estimate horses and mules; in other words, their ability to perform military duty was the measure of their usefulness. The Confederates, described usually excite sympathy, for in what may be sick soldiers were apparently by some at least, regarded with less commiseration than contempt, not so much of lack of better impulses, as because of the terrible exigencies of the times. The duty devolved upon the army of putting down the rebellion. On one side was a defiant and desperate enemy; on the other dark forebodings and sad discouragements, therefore sick men were in the way, they were burdensome and those in urgent demand who could march and fight, sleep on the ground, live on green corn or hard corn, or "hard tack" as the case might be, even when these were obtainable, only in small quantities and at long intervals. Unlike the Tupelo expedition, however, the Oxford raid was not attended with a distressing lack of food, for in addition to our otherwise short supplies, the hogs and green corn in the country through which we passed, left no deficiency, as to quantity or variety. This fact may account for the unusual
length of the sick list and the almost unprecedented number, not actually sick, but unable to keep up with the command on the march. Despite all opposition, two arm wagons and the ambulance allowed our regiment were nearly filled on the way to Waterford, by men belonging to the Thirty-third who were unable to endure the heat and irregular marching incident to a place at the rear of the column.

On the 26th the Seventh Minnesota and other troops were ordered to remain at Waterford and the main force moved to Holly Springs. The Seventh was the strongest regiment in the brigade numerically; warm attachments sprung up between members of that regiment and the Thirty-third, and it may be a matter of interest, to some, that Colonel Marshall of the former, has served his state with honor as Governor since the war. Dr. Ames of the same regiment who was promoted to the rank of Surgeon to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Surgeon Smith on the Tupelo march, has for years been a prominent politician of Minneapolis, served as mayor of that city and has once run for Governor of the state. The court house at Holly Springs was set on fire before the arrival of the Thirty-third, and other acts of lawlessness were committed, including the gross abuse of defenseless colored people, by a few.

Notice was given on the night of the 27th that the command would move the next morning at an early hour on the 28th, which was Sunday, and effort was made to secure three wagons to transport those of the brigade who were unable to march. After considerable time had been consumed in finding the Medical Director Dr. Huff, an order for the wagons was obtained, but troops and the wagon-train were in motion before the whereabouts of the quartermaster was discovered, so after filling the ambulances, the remaining sick and weakly ones were helped along by placing some on the supply wagons, carrying muskets for others; and by the Surgeon dismounting and walking for a while to let a weary soldier ride his horse. A march of 20 miles or more brought us to Wolf River in sight of the spires of La Grange, where we encamped for the night. Contrary to all our expectations the Seventh Minnesota rejoined the brigade on the evening of the 27th.

On the 29th we moved to Lagrange, sent the sick to post hospital at Memphis by rail and on the 30th of August followed them to the latter city and camped on the ground occupied by us one month before. General Forrest had indeed been there as reported, but his visit was not so disastrous to the Union cause as we had been led to apprehend. That wily officer after leaving a sufficient number of men in General Smith's front to keep up the appearances of an army, passed to our rear with the balance of his command proceeded to Memphis, and finding
the place protected by only a small force, entered between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 21st and remained until six. His Cavalry was very active and during this brief stay visited the principal points in the city, and many of the officers went to the hotels and registered. There was a good deal of irregular fighting and from reports there must have been considerable frolicking also. According to official reports thirty of the Federals were killed, one hundred wounded and thirty missing, a portion of the latter being from convalescent camp. The number of the Confederates reported killed and wounded was one hundred.

After a rest of two days at Memphis they were embarked for another expedition and on the morning of September 3d the transport Cheesman bearing our regiment and the Thirty-fifth Iowa down the Mississippi; a part of the fleet having preceded them.

The reader will pardon the digression if I state that the Thirty-third Missouri and Thirty-fifth Iowa served long and faithfully in the same brigade of the third of the first division, and the associations and attachments formed between members of these respective regiments, while crowded together as on this occasion, seated around the camp-fire, while on picket, the march, the field of battle and on hospital, become unusually strong and I doubt not have proved lasting. No human ties, outside the family circle, are more enduring than those formed and strengthened through years of peril and privation, and no class of men is better qualified to testify to the truth of this assertion than the survivors of the late war. In the absence of home restraints and other refining influences; amid the vicissitudes of war, men's true characters were soon learned, nothing so quickly and so certainly revealed their real natures as soldiering. It seemed impossible for them to conceal their inner natures, as people often do under other circumstances, hence the tried and true were bound together as if "by hooks of steel". On Sabbath morning the 4th we entered the mouth of White River and slowly proceeded up that stream until one of the transports "got aground" occasioning thereby a long delay. This boat was finally left and the others of the fleet went a few miles farther and "tied up" for the night. We had the misfortune to lose Corporal Bishop, a quiet, good soldier who left the Cheesman for a swim and was drowned.

Shortly after getting under way on the 5th, shallow water compelled a halt; and to lighten some of the steamers; troops were required to go on shore and march about a mile, to a point where the channel was deeper. The first house that I saw after entering White River was at St. Charles, which could
hardly be called a town, where we arrived at sunset and the troops disembarked. There was but one family residing at the place, though it was said that prior to the war they had a town of about fifty buildings. As there were no signs of an immediate move, on the 4th I went in search of comfortable quarters for my sick, whom we always had with us in greater or less numbers, and found a house, pleasantly situated and commodious, but which was in the possession of a company of teamsters. The latter, however, were compelled to relinquish their right and the disabled not only of the Thirty-third but of the Thirty-Fifth Iowa also were well sheltered during our brief stay. While here the news reached us that "Atlanta was ours and fairly won." This intelligence caused genuine rejoicing among the troops; and elicited highest praise for General Sherman, who commanded the respect and confidence of the great army of volunteers then, as he has the love and veneration of those same men since.

A part of the division reembarked on the evening of the 7th and moved up the river at daylight on the morning of the 8th. September 9th the Thirty-third, with some Cavalry followed on the steamer John D. Perry, which was the last boat of the fleet to leave St. Charles, if we except two crafts, known as mosquito boats. When about one mile below Clarenden, we were fired into by a party of "bush whackers" and John Cash of Company I and Charles Bommer, alias Gardner, of Company I, were severely wounded. At the time of the volley some cried out "lie down." The writer was standing on the forecastle and as soon as he realized that this very sensible order, though perhaps not from an officer, included him, he made due effort to obey, but by this time, all available space was packed with soldiers like sardines in a box and as a consequence the command was very imperfectly observed. Following this came the order "to arms" from one having authority, who was promptly obeyed, and the fire was returned, but as the boat had been making all possible speed up the river, while the guerrillas had doubtless been flying in the opposite direction, nothing remained to be done but take care of the wounded and keep a sharp lookout for further attacks. Our craft drew up at Duvall's Bluff about sunset, the two wounded men were taken to post hospital, and the regiment went into camp one mile back from the town at nine o'clock. Like most small places that had long been occupied by soldiers, Duvall's Bluff was an undesirable stopping-place, therefore the order to move, on the afternoon of the 10th was well received, although we had intimations that a hard march was before us; and according to rumor 17 miles of the expected route afforded no water. This was an exaggeration, however, but in other respects the hardships
were not overestimated. Thirty men of our regiment who were not in marching trim were left, to be taken to Brownsville, Arkansas by rail and those who were considered able-bodied, took the position assigned them, which was near the rear of the column, and moved at three o'clock. For a time all went well, though the marching seemed unnecessarily rapid. Night came on without any signs of a permanent halt and as the hours wore away the men were hurried along with increasing speed. The road led over a broad, and in places, a beautiful prairie; the sky was clear and the moon shone with uncommon splendor, but the rush was so great as to dispel all thoughts of a romantic nature that any one might have felt inclined to indulge. Adjutant Day walked quite a long distance while a tired soldier rode his horse; I also walked about four miles and carried a musket until my shoulder was sore, to lighten the burden of one who was hard pressed to keep up.

Sergeant Wilson of Company "C" has, with me been a prominent figure in that nights march. The sergeant was not of the right build to march with ease, though I do not remember that he ever gave out or came near giving out except on this occasion. About the time that a good many began to flag he remarked that unless the command halted, or slackened its pace, he would be compelled to fall out of ranks. Still he struggled on, losing a little at times and then by extra effort regaining lost ground, until it seemed he had reached the utmost limit of endurance; when, instead of sitting down, he dropped onto a little hillock; but no sooner had he touched the tempting than the buzz of a rattlesnake gave warning of impending danger. Forgetful of his weariness, thinking only of his proximity to an enemy, he leaped for his gun and gave a leap upwards and forwards that caused a shout of laughter from those who witnessed the performance.

Only a few years ago Wilson visited me, stated that he had filed a claim for a pension and requested my affidavit, if his condition of health at that time; and my recollections of him during the war, warranted me in making one. An examination revealed the existence of serious trouble of the heart. According to eminent medical authority, like ailments occur among ex-soldiers of the war; as the result of carrying the knapsack, and in the absence of any positively known cause for this man's condition it seemed certain that his disability dated from, and was due to his service in the army; still he lacked the essential qualification, a "hospital record", I could not recall a single instance except theumnarrated above, when this soldier showed any sign of faltering. Had he been less self-sacrificing or if he had sat down on the other end of the snake, doubtless his "record" would have insured a pension. As it was I only
remembered this broken-down prematurely old man, and the father of a large family of children, as being always well, and ready for duty, save the time, only, of his sore trial on this march. At one o'clock on the morning of the 11th we halted and lay down to rest. There was but little rest, however, for Captain Blake of Company A who was taken ill, and his sufferings became so great, that about four o'clock he was compelled to seek medical aid among those who were enjoying much needed sleep.

The 11th was Sunday and the command did not move until after eight o'clock, then marched to, and through the little county-seat Brownsville and camped one mile from the town, in a body of timber, on bayon which afforded our only supply of water, which was unfit for use and doubtless caused much of the sickness in place. The 11th was hot and the troops were badly scattered when we stopped. Several of the men who had dropped down by the roadside on the evening before did not join us until sometime after this camp had been reached. It is probable that those who had the advance and left Duvall's Bluff much earlier, marched more regularly and more leisurely and hence suffered less.

Medical officers were ordered to send the sick to the hospital at Little Rock on the 15th, but contrary to expectation the call to "fall in" was not sounded until the afternoon of the 17th. About eight miles were made in a north-westerly direction and as usual on such occasions, no one appeared to know our destination, or the object of the expedition; but we afterwards learned that General Price had set out on a grand raid into Missouri and our command was in pursuit. Colonel Heath like many others had been sick during most of our stay near Brownsville and was unable to ride his horse on the first day or two of this march. Quite a large number of colored men and boys accompanied the troops in the capacity of servants, had improved the opportunity afforded them to escape from bondage.

Revielle sounded at four o'clock on the 16th and a march of about 16 miles made, the little towns of Austin and Stony Point being passed, site for the camp for the night was selected on what was called Bull Creek.

The march of the 16th was uneventful and at night we camped on Little Red River two miles beyond the next little
town of Searcy. We again had reveille at four o'clock on the morning of the 20th, but two hours prior to that, Birmingham of Company E sounded a note of distress, which in addition to an ear-ache, materially interfered with the repose of the writer. This day's march was through some rough country yet the distance traveled was about 15 miles. It was the order to have reveille at half past two on the morning of the 21st, as an unusually long march was intended and the Thirty-third was fortunate in being in lead. The road was so rough and hilly that three hours were occupied in moving the first three miles after which better time was made and by night the south fork of White River was reached the troops having marched, as was said twenty or twenty-five miles. Thus our command was hurried northward and finally eastward; passing successively Fairview, Elgin, Pochontas, Poplar Bluff, Greenville, Hog Eye, Dallas and Jackson, until Cape Girardeau was reached, which evidently was not intended, originally as our objective point. This ended a nineteen days tour, during which, according to estimates of some, our troops marched 290 miles, but A. A. Adjt. General Hoover; whose opportunities for knowing were good, asserted that the distance traveled was 310 miles. Rain and mud on September 27, 28, 29, and 30th also added to the discomfort of the men; some of whom wore the shoes from their feet on this expedition; many were without blankets and instead of laying down to rest at night, sat by their fires to keep warm; still there was but little sickness, but little complaining, and but one accident, in the Thirty-third, which, after our arrival at Cape Girardeau befell Culberson of Company C, who fell upon a vessel, in which he was carrying water; and received a long and painful cut that extended through his lip.

In the vicinity of the North Fork of White River, cattle, sheep and hogs were plentiful and men were often tempted from the ranks in quest of pawpaws which grew in great profusion in that locality; but with these exceptions rations were short. It is my recollection while on this expedition we came upon a quantity of wheat and a grist-mill, and as millers, like the representatives of every other craft were in our command, it was hoped that in the absence, or during the great scarcity of "hard tack" fortune had favored us with something better in the shape of pan-cakes. But was the disappointment! A lack of time, the absence of proper machinery, or want of skill on the part of those having the matter in charge, prevented the proper performance of the work; and the product was cakes bristling with chaff and beards of wheat, that instead of being platable seemed actually dangerous, even to a hungry soldier.

This expedition afforded no exception to the usual perplexities occasioned by inadequacy of conveyances, for those
overcome by fatigue; or the vexatious opposition of teamsters to letting men ride, even though their wagons were empty. It may be proper to state by way of palliation that possibly those in charge of teams were ordered by their superiors to prohibit riding, or they were afraid that if one was allowed to enter a wagon, others would follow until they would be overloaded. In my notes of September 25th I found special mention of Corporal Lynch who voluntarily marched a portion of the time though much weakened and emaciated by disease. But notwithstanding all, the men were generally in good spirits and in condition to enjoy a joke.

On the eve of the 28th while the troops were going into camp, Jack Bumner, as he was walking in the rear of the regiment, in a sort of "go as you please" way observed a man from another regiment slip up to our mess-wagon and seize a camp kettle. The sooner he got possession of this important utensil, than Jack with fixed bayonet accosted him as a guard and ordered that he follow the wagon; which order was obeyed with military promptness. The self-appointed guard with his prisoner soon appeared at regimental headquarters, saluted Colonel Heath, briefly reported the affair and was directed to hold the prisoner until there was more time to dispose of the case. In a few moments, however, the culprit made a dash for liberty, hoping evidently that the dusk of evening and the high weeds would enable him to escape; but unfortunately for him he ran directly into the arms of ambulance driver Baker and together they fell to the ground, Baker on top. For this second offense, mainly I suppose, the stranger was "tied up" and a regular guard placed over him, a punishment that he was apparently accustomed to. Like an old offender, he began to make bitter cries and lamentations and kept them up until the guard, a red-faced cross-eyed ferocious looking individual, awed him into silence by informing him, with any oath, that he would pin him to the tree to which he was tied if he did not "hush up". After the prisoner became submissive, he was released, a written statement of his offenses and punishment handed him with instructions to deliver the report to the Colonel of his regiment, but no more was heard of the case.

On the morning of October 7th the troops were ordered on transports, the Thirty-third Missouri, Twelfth Iowa and a few Cavalry Being assigned the steamer Empire City, and by eight o'clock P. M. of the 9th we were opposite St. Louis where the cavalry was allowed to disembark.

On the 9th two sick men, whose names I am unable to give either from memory or memorandum, were sent to general hospital and soon after, Sergeant Patterson Company F who had previously been complaining, became so ill that I regretted not
having sent him also; but notwithstanding his unfavorable environments he soon grew better. Several of the Thirty-third who counted St. Louis their home had friends and relatives at the levees on the 10th when we resumed our course up the river and the tender leave takings served to remind us of those we had all witnessed early in the war.

The trip to the mouth of the Missouri was without special event but after entering that stream the low stage of water kept us on the lookout for snags and sandbars and made our progress very slow.

Above St. Charles, during the 12th men and horses were placed on shore, on account of shallow water, with the intention of taking them on again soon, at a point three miles higher up the river. But the steamer "got aground" and a frosty night was spent by the men on shore, without blankets and only such scanty rations as could be procured in the neighborhood. Adjutant Day and the writer sought the protection of a not far distant straw stack under the impression that it would be an effective defense against the cold, but this proved to be a delusion, as it was impossible for us to penetrate its depths far enough to be comfortable, hence the dawn of the 13th was most welcome to both of us and perhaps more so to those who sat by their camp fires on the river bank. Herman was reached on the 15th and a short distance above that town the troops were ordered off the boat (Sunday 16th) and nearly the whole day was consumed in working up the stream three miles. Near night all were once again ordered on board after which a very good run was made.

The Chaplain of the Twelfth Iowa preached in the cabin in the evening.

The troops marched for a while on the morning of the 17th and again in the afternoon, and prayer meeting was held in the evening, participated in by only a few. Jefferson City was reached on the 18th, one company of the regiment having preceded us to that place; and upon learning that four men of said company had been sent to post hospital, I found and examined them and believing that three of the number would soon be able for duty ordered them to the regiment. But after I had left the Surgeon in charge ordered all to remain in the hospital. Colonel Heath being apprised of this contest of authority immediately sent a guard after the three men. At ten o'clock P. M. the Thirty-third took the cars for California, Missouri arriving about midnight.

Notwithstanding the night was cold and windy a part of the command was placed on the tops of box cars and being but scantily supplied with clothing these men suffered severely during this two and a half day trip. For a number of days we were kept in suspense, first by an order to proceed to Lamine Bridge, then to prepare for an attack, as it was anticipated that a
portion of Price's force would strike our post on their return, but we were permitted to remain at California until the 30th, and a number of our men would have gladly remained longer as their homes were there at the time of their enlistment. October 30th eight companions of our regiment moved to Tipptan (12 miles) and on the next day had an opportunity of witnessing some of the gratifying results of the work performed by our troops who were in pursuit of Price, as a number of his officers, among them the late Governor Marmaduke, passed through on the train, as prisoners of war, and the captured artillery was carried through November 2d. November 3d was especially severe on men in the field, as snow fell all day and lay on the ground at night, to the depth of about one foot. Orders were received on the 12th to be in readiness to move to St. Louis, which were very unwelcome news to a few at least, as two or three men were very sick and in comfortable quarters in a furnished house, that had been deserted by its owner. About 11 o'clock, however, on the cold, dark, windy night of November 14th we boarded the train. The sick as well as those who were able to do duty had to go, for there was no one in whose care they could be left. Two men lay in a very critical condition, one of whom had been sick several days, whose name I cannot recall. The other was Eli Caviness, shot by the accidental discharge of a comrades' gun. While the men were waiting for our train, the bullet shattered both bones of the left forearm and seriously injured the right shoulder joint. I cut the missile out, but owing to circumstances did nothing more, except to apply temporary dressings and make the patient as comfortable for the time being, as circumstances would permit. A halt was made at California and the two companies that had been stationed there got on board; Lieutenant Rapp, however, remaining on account of sickness.

The next change occurred at Jefferson City where the sick and wounded were placed in the general hospital. I saw no more of Caviness until after the war, at which time he carried an empty coat-sleeve. He was then residing in St. Louis and was engaged in a small way, in the clothing business. Caviness was evidently a person of uncommon vital tenacity, for sometime prior to his Tipptan accident; while engaged in an altercation with another man, he received several knife thrusts in the abdomen, one of which, might, ordinarily have been considered dangerous.

On the morning of the 15th the regiment embarked on a badly delapidated steamer bearing the misnomer Golden Era, and at sunset we were opposite Herman. The journey down the river was renewed on the 16th but proceeding six or seven miles our craft encountered a snag that caused a leak
in consequence of which the troops were landed and required to march back to Herman. Here we remained until near ten o'clock at night, then took cars and arrived at St. Louis on the morning of the 17th and marched to Benton Barracks. The Barracks were uncomfortably crowded, still all found shelter and some of the Thirty-third were assigned the same quarters they had occupied two years before. After resting here until the 23d when the Corps received orders to move, the troops seemed to be in excellent spirits and as our regiment marched down the streets of St. Louis to the tune of "The girl I left behind me" its appearance was such as might well attract notice and elicit the commendations of its many friends in the city. The river was reached a little before sunset and the Thirty-third Missouri and Thirty-fifth Iowa went on board the Camelia, which however, did not start on her southward course until the afternoon of the 24th. A little before night on the 26th we were opposite Cairo. One of the boats of the fleet, the W. L. Ewing was sunk on this trip, but fortunately she went down in shallow water so that all the men and stock on board escaped. After a short stay at Cairo we proceeded up the Ohio River and the morning of November 30th found us opposite Nashville, having run only two nights, the 28th and 29th during the voyage from St. Louis.

After disembarking above the bridge and remaining on the levees, wondering what disposition would be made of the troops, until late in the afternoon, we were directed to camp some two and half miles back from the river. Darkness set in before we were settled and the night was spent without tents. This however was not looked upon as much of a privation, for the weather, in agreeable contrast to that which we had experienced in Missouri a short time before, was warm and pleasant.

December 1st our lines were advanced and from that time until the 15th, firing occurred almost daily and a general engagement at such times would probably have caused but little surprise.

After dark on the evening of the 2d heavy details were made and men set to work with axes, picks and spades in construction of temporary defenses. Our army camp-fires which could be seen from a hill-top near Thirty-third head-quarters formed a luminous circular line, said to be six miles in extent and afforded a view of unusual splendor. The 9th was severely cold and as the men had but one blanket each, they were allowed to go to the city for tents which had been stored there under the apprehension that any day might usher in a great battle.

During Sunday, the 11th but little or no firing was heard, which gave rise to the belief, with some, that the enemy had retired from our front; but it is probable that
this lull was due to the intensely cold weather and to the fact that the ground was covered with ice, rendering it impossible for troops to move, or to handle their weapons.

Orders were received on the night of the 14th to draw rations and be ready to move at six o'clock A. M. on the 15th, but Nashville and the surrounding hills were enveloped in a dense fog during the early morning and no movement was made until after the hour designated, but when the mists disappeared long lines of troops could be seen in motion and it may be said that the brigades under old General A. J. Smith presented a most inspiring spectacle even to one accustomed to grand military displays, as, with military tread they marched out in columns of regiments to assail the defiant line that had so long confronted them. Before the bugle sounded "fall in" about a dozen more men reported at sick call than on the preceding morning and when this fact was referred to, some of them explained (and very probably too) that they were not seriously sick but suffering from ailments that disqualified them for severe duty; and in view of the prospective battle, they had thought it proper to ask permission to remain in the rear. In reply to this it was insisted that grave responsibilities devolved upon the Surgeon as well as each one of them and that every soldier able to carry a musket must take his place in the ranks. At the same time the assurance was given that watchful care would be exercised over them and should any prove unequal to the duty required of them, they would receive every attention in the way of transportation and care that could be afforded. Without any murmurings or seeming disaffection, if I remember rightly, of those whose names appeared on the sick list that morning were marked for duty, went into the fight with their respective companies and two of the number were brought afterwards to the hospital wounded, one of them mortally.

In the afternoon my services at general hospital, as member of the operating board for the first division, not being required, for the time; I rode out to the battle-field. When nearly there I met a guard with a body of rebel prisoners and arrived upon the scene of action soon after the troops to the right of my brigade had wrested two strong positions from the enemy. Upon visiting one of these I found that our lines had swept on leaving their killed and wounded and four pieces of captured artillery. On the way out discovering the ambulances of the third brigade about a mile to the rear, under the control of an Assistant Surgeon of the Seventh Minnesota, I ordered them forward and fortunately they arrived just in time to receive and convey those injured in the capture of the prisoners and artillery referred to. While giving direction for
the care of the wounded, my attention was attracted by cheering in the little valley to the front and left, and from my position on the crest of a hill, I had an opportunity of witnessing one of those intensely exciting scenes; which men were often required, and, though strange it now seems, not unfrequently, were impatient to engage in, the storming of a battery. The artillery in question was planted on a hill, supported by infantry. The blue line of the Federal soldiers started in splendid order and maintained it until the foot of the hill was reached, when the character of the ground and the rapid volleys of the enemy appeared to increase the impetuosity of our men and at last everything like military precision was lost sight of; and the charge, so far as one could judge, from appearances, became a mighty scramble up the hill-side. The rebels stood bravely by their guns, hurling destruction upon their assailants until almost within the grasp of our advance, when they began to flee to the opposite side of the hill. One of the last to disappear was a mounted officer, as was supposed, who rode up and sat on his horse for a short time during the hottest of the fight; and when at last he was lost to my view amid the smoke and confusion, I was in doubt as to whether he joined in the retreat, was killed, or captured.

I next sought the third brigade, found a few wounded and while following in the rear of my own regiment, came upon one of our ambulances, in which the musicians had a moment before placed the lifeless body of our Brigade Commander, Colonel Hill of the Thirty-fifth Iowa, of whose staff I was a member, and for whom I had great respect. My relations with this officer had been of the most agreeable nature to me, and some very sad recollections still cluster about his memory. If I mistake not, two of his sons were killed; one of them a bright lad, was acting as orderly for the captain at the Bayou De Glaise battle; and immediately after the delivery of a message fell from his horse, his brain pierced by a bullet. Colonel Hill in his quiet way said to Captain Hoover, "Adjutant see that that boy is taken to his mother, and at this battle of Nashville, the father followed the son; for whilst he was rushing forward in a charge, he fell from the same horse, also shot through the head. Called and ordered a command to form; and I was the head of glory."

Unlooked for detentions on the battlefield, delayed my return to division hospital until after dark and not until a late hour that night did the last man be placed on the operating table receive anything more than a temporary dressing. Besides operating upon Sergeant T. F. Sullivan, Company E. and J. J. Lane, Corporal of Company G., both of the Thirty-third and reported elsewhere; I amputated the right arm for a man belonging to the Eighty-sixth Indiana and resected at the left shoulder joint, of Loran Cray, Ninth Minnesota. Mr. Cray
was a boy at the time, but is now a prominent lawyer of Lake Crystal in the state he grew up in. The bone removed from his shoulder is in the Army Medical Museum at Washington, Surgical Section, and is numbered 6599.

Though the battle was renewed on the morning of the 16th there was but little work for the Surgeons before noon; but the number of mutilated men rapidly increased toward night and it became apparent that the private house, the second building we occupied, could not be adapted to such a hospital. The next day, another shelter was assigned to me and in the performance of its duties I received very little of that encouragement and co-operation which one on such a mission was entitled to. The nearest suitable building had been selected as head-quarters for General Schafied, for the night and was presided over by a guard. After further search and disappointment, a vacant dwelling quite a distance from the hospital building was put in as good order as time and means would allow. We awaited the arrival of the ambulances which, as was reported, had left the field with as many of those wounded in the final general charge of the day as they would hold. But unfortunately, through the ignorance or inattention of guides aggravated by extreme darkness, a delay ensued that became actually painful. At last the train with its suffering humanity stood before our hastily improvised hospital and in the midst of a heavy rain the work of unloading the gaily freight went on. The report that had previously reached us representing that the Thirty-third had suffered severely in this crowning charge was verified as one by one our bleeding, grumbling, comrades were lifted from the ambulances. Our newly established hospital was soon so much crowded as to hardly leave room to get about. According to regimental report Adjutant Day was wounded by a canister bullet in the chest, and according to my notes of this case, taken at the time, the iron ball was a grape shot which after shattering the ribs entered the chest below the châtel-bone and as he was evidently inclining forward at the time the missile lodged below the shoulder blade on the same side and I removed it through an incision made near the spine. Several years afterwards this ball was forwarded with other relics to the curator of the Army Medical Museum. It was apparent from the first that the Adjutant’s wound would prove fatal, yet when in answer to his questions I gave him no encouragement, he made an effort to appear jovial and insisted that he would recover. But, a few days after we left Nashville in pursuit of Hood, the sad intelligence reached the regiment that a day or two after his removal to the hospital, having only a few moments before declared his belief that this terrible wound would not cause his death; there was a sudden gush of blood, a gasp and Lieutenant S. Ed Day was no more. Those
comrades who are still living will remember him as being tall, good-looking and of good address, a favorite among the men, at all times and under all circumstances having a pleasant word or jest for those he met; and his happy faculty of mingling pleasure with duty contributed much toward making regimental head-quarters a pleasant resort for other Officers. The lapse of so many years has effaced the memory of very many of the incidents of that night of suffering; and many personal reminiscences are gone from me; but the recollection of the plucky Irish Corporal, Peters, his prompt acquiescence in every suggestion of his Surgeon and his cheerful submission to the operation (excision at the elbow joint) still remain. I have had the pleasure of meeting this soldier once since the war, at which time he had two good hands but one disabled arm.

By referring to the "lists of killed and wounded" it will be observed that under the head of "Character of wound" "not known" appears opposite a few names. These were men who did not come under my observation and were probably taken to another hospital. Corporal John B. Frank Company D, reported as having a scalp wound; received a severe injury of the skull also, a section of which was afterwards removed. Prank was one of our best men and I have seen him hang to his gun and persist in marching when he ought to have been in the ambulance. When I last saw him his home was at Ruma, Ill. and he was a physical wreck in consequence of faithful service in defense of his country.

Corporal J. J. Ingram Company F, lost an arm that had done excellent service and it was with feelings of more than ordinary regret that I amputated the member, for he was a good man, older than his comrades with few exceptions, and unlike the majority of them had a family. In recognition of his worth and services he has since been elected to an office of some honor and emolument.

Lieutenant Rutledge's wound though severe was not at first considered very dangerous by any except himself; but the thought that he could not survive it possessed of him and no assurances seemed to inspire a ray of hope, or have any effect in relieving his despondency. I removed the bullet from his leg, resected the small bone and left him with the other wounded, hoping that we might meet again, but after a few days it was announced that he had succumbed to blood poisoning. This officer was absent from the regiment when I joined, hence my acquaintance with him was of shorter duration than with other members, but long enough for me to become strongly attached to him. He was of Irish extraction, possessed much of the wit and warm-heartedness peculiar to that nationality which made him an unusually pleasant companion. Misfortune seemed to attend Rutledge; for, prior to our acquaintance he contracted small-pox which disfigured him not a little, but
he was nevertheless a fine-looking officer. Previous to enlistment he was book-keeper in the office of the Missouri Democrat. Private Levi Alberts, Company G, was on Sick Report when I joined the Thirty-third and his career illustrated the tendency in the army to accuse men of malingering who remained long on the sick list. Though not sick in the hospital all the time, he complained for months of chronic diarrhea and like many other unfortunate, was the subject of many unfeeling jokes in consequence of his affliction. But at last the disease took a favorable turn, the patient became habituated to camp life, and from that time until he fell at Nashville no one questioned his willingness to respond to duty when able, no matter whether that duty consisted in facing the enemy in battle; or, what was even more to be dreaded, in making long, dusty marches in midsummer. His restoration to health was followed by corpulence and in consequence of the latter condition marching was practically oppressive, being attended with such free perspiration that at the close of one expedition, in particular; every step must have been attended with agony, for the inner surface of each lower limb, from groin to the ankle, was a continuous raw surface, the skin having been literally worn off by the friction of his coarse army pants, and yet, sad to say after all his sore trials, so patiently endured, Alberts died from the effects of one of the most painful wounds we can conceive of.

Besides the surgical operations performed upon the men of my own regiment I amputated the left thigh of a man of the Eleventh Missouri, also performed a like operation upon the right thigh of a soldier of the Twelfth Iowa. The nights work being completed, the medical officers sought rest at five oclock on the morning of the 17th.

After the battle of Pleasant Hill we learned by experience, much about the vicissitudes and vexations of a retreat. So during the days succeeding the Nashville engagement, we realized that pursuits also had their unpleasant phases. It was impracticable much of the time to have the hospital, commissary and other parts of the regiments together, floods of rain, the destruction of bridges by Hood's fleeing forces and the resistance offered by the rebel rear guard, rendered our progress not only slow but irregular and disagreeable.

On the 19th while rain was falling in torrents we passed through the town of Franklin, where numerous graves in front (and some in the shadow) of breastworks previously occupied by Federal troops, as well as hospital flags floating over several buildings, told of the reckless and unnecessary charges of the enemy upon our protected lines, when the former was advancing upon Nashville. According to rumor 1800 wounded men were still in Franklin.
Our brigade did not move until near night on the 20th, though ordered to be in readiness three hours before. It was still raining and the weather had become so cold that as the men marched, fringes of icicles formed on their clothing. After numerous starts and stops, we encamped for the night amid rain, darkness and mud, having made about three miles.

All was quiet during the 21st, but after marching about a mile on the 22d, the regiment was ordered back to the camp last occupied; and while in the act of "stacking arms" Company C was deprived of the services of an excellent soldier in the person of Sergeant George V. Lutz, who accidentally shot himself through the wrist joint. It was with great reluctance that he submitted to the loss of his hand, but there was no other alternative; with the approval of the Medical Director I performed amputation and the patient was sent to Nashville in charge of Sergeant Stone of the same company. Lutz recovered and when I last met him was living in Illinois. After disposing of this case I started in pursuit of the regiment; while had left sometime before. The weather by this time was severely cold, night was coming on, my only hope of getting supper and a place to lie down, without intruding upon others, seemed to depend upon finding our ambulance and supply-wagon; but there was no one to direct, or the contrary I was misdirected, wandered from one command to another and finally, hungry, tired and chilled, at a late hour came upon the head-quarters of the Thirty-third, but even there was unable to get tidings of the vehicles containing my rations and blankets. A mess belonging to one of the companies near by, kindly relieved my hunger and Colonel Heath and Adjutant generously tendered me a place before their fire, where one side could be warmed even if the other remained cold. It was no fault of theirs that my sleep that night was greatly disturbed by cold, for I fared far better than either of them although they had a blanket each, while I had none. This occurred because the middle place in our bed was divided by lot and it was my good fortune to win it. The camp referred to was on Duck River opposite Columbia, where we remained until daylight on the 24th then after a prolonged delay crossed on pontoons, marched four miles and waited until night on the 25th for the supply train. Prior to this there had been a scarcity of food, but some had been very successful in their search for something to allay hunger. On the 22d live hogs were captured on Christmas day, which was Sunday, potatoes were discovered and unexpectedly to all, a party had the good fortune to catch a fine turkey. None of the facilities were at hand for cooking the bird in the most approved manner, so instead of feasting on roast turkey we made a dinner on turkey soup with such accompaniments as our means afforded. The camp was made
merry in the evening by the arrival of the news that General Sherman had captured Savannah. Earlier in the pursuit; wounded men in houses by the wayside, abandoned cannon and dead artillery horses were not uncommon. At one place where I made a brief stop, were two of our men hopelessly blind from wounds received in a contest with the enemy near by. But the notes of strife had now ceased and by easy marches the Tennessee River was reached January 2d at Clifton where there was a doleful disparity between the number of the houses and chimneys. On this route the following places were passed; Linwell, only a small portion of which had lately escaped the flames, Pulaski somewhat old and battered though possessing a substantial court-house, Laurencburg, well nigh deserted but possessor of a three story court-house and a creditable monument commemorative of Tennesseans who had perished in the war with Mexico and the poor small town Waynesborough in the midst of the iron district. The weather became bad and I succeeded in getting the sick of the brigade into the upper room of a building near camp, but on Sunday, January 8th the Thirty-third Missouri, Thirty-fifth Iowa and detachments of other commands were ordered on board the transport Izetta which left Clifton that night.

The bill of fare on this boat was so common and the price of meals so "respectable" that the officers of the command decided to demand access to the cook-room and run their own tables. This action however caused inconvenient, if not serious discord, and the strained relations occasioned between the military and civil authorities delayed our breakfast on the 9th until eleven oclock and then nothing was served but plain, substantial dishes; viz, hard-bread pork and coffee.

Pittsburg Landing was passed on the 9th only a short distance from which point, a boat in rear of our own was fired into. The Corps left the transports at Eastport, Mississippi on the 10th. After much trouble I found the Division Surgeon Dr. Haff and upon his authority took possession of one of the few houses left in the place for a hospital, but soon after placing two of my men in it a brigade Surgeon supported by a guard and a verbal order from a brigadier General ordered us out. Upon being informed that something would be required more potent than a verbal order, he started for a written one, which I did also, and we both succeeded, but as mine emanated from General McArthur who was ranking officer, the contest ended in my favor; at so late an hour however, that I again had trouble in finding my regiment, owing to the darkness. Among other privations of the day the unsettled state of affairs prevented me from eating breakfast until noon.

Our stay at Eastport, covering nearly a month in midwinter will be remembered on account of the scarcity of provision and blankets; and the absence of tents; also the cheerful
industry of the men exhibited in preparing substitutes for the latter in the face of discouragements. There appeared to be no suitable materials for barracks, yet from the pine trees which the soldiers felled and prepared for the purpose, remnants of buildings, skillful use of clay and in some cases a little excavating they soon constructed quarters varying in size and shape, which were generally comfortable and in not a few instances comical.

February 6th the cozy camp that had sprung up so suddenly was abandoned, the 1500 men and all the stock belonging to the Third brigade were placed on the powerful steamer Magenta and on the morning of the 7th the corps was on its way to a new field. On the 8th a stop was made for coal above Cairo and we remained near that city until the morning of the 10th, when with General McArthur's head-quarters boat Diadem lashed to the Magenta we sped on toward the south. On the morning of the 11th the sick were taken to post hospital at Memphis and while our boat was coaling opposite Fort Pickering I found time to make brief visits with Ex major Van Fleet, Ex Captain Arr and other exmembers of the Thirty-third. At a public entertainment in the evening a tall old Colonel with spectacles and a huge mustache, became much enraged on account of a play that reflected upon the black man; and from his seat ordered the performer to "shot up." But the great audience enjoyed the play and manifested its sympathy for the imitator of the Ethiopia's son by hoots and jeers and the doughly Colonel himself was compelled to "shot up" or be ejected from the hall by the guard.

On the morning of the 12th, we left Memphis, passed Helena of happy memories in the afternoon, and were opposite Vicksburg about twenty-four hours later, where we remained, in doubt, as usual concerning our destination, until the 15th; then left the steamer and went into camp at Four Mile Creek (or bridge) back of the city. A disagreeable delay was experienced in getting transportation for the sick, in consequence of the organization of an ambulance corps while at Eastport, and at last, but four ambulances were obtained for the brigade, when twice that number was needed. After resting in camp until the 19th (which was Sabbath) the days during the time being so warm as to make the shade of the magnolias grateful; we were ordered to reembark on the Magenta. The road through the river passed near the spot memorable as the site of the meeting between Generals Pemberton and Grant on the event of the capitulation of Vicksburg and marked by a little monument bearing this inscription: "Site of the Interview between U. S. Grant Major General U. S. A. and Lieutenant General Pemberton July 4th 1863 ."

On the afternoon of the 21st an opportunity was afforded
of viewing the beauties of the scenery stretching many miles along the river above New Orleans. Before night we reached the city and remained a little below the striking statue of her old hero until the 22d, when our brigade exchanged quarters on the spacious Magenta for a temporary camp on the old Jackson battle-ground, in the most dreary spot ever occupied by the Thirty-third during my connection with it. The ground was flat and swampy, the mud so deep on all sides that it was with difficulty we could get about; and as all the depressions on the surface were kept full of water by frequent rains it was a difficult matter to find suitable places to sit, or lie down. The few who were fortunate enough to possess such comforts as cots and camp-chairs were restricted in their enjoyment for these articles could not be used without thrusting them into the mud to a very inconvenient depth. The men managed to have dry beds by gathering the boughs of trees and spreading their blankets upon them. Added to these discomforts armies of loathsome insects were crawling everywhere and in every direction, evidently striving to escape the universal moisture. A soldier of the Seventh Minnesota regiment, while gathering sticks for his first fire, got near an enemy that was quite unlooked for, at such a season and was bitten on the hand by a snake, that proved so venomous, that despite the usual remedies promptly applied, the man's life seemed in peril and he was sent to post hospital. We went into this camp with fourteen or fifteen on the sick report.

Colonel Keeler of the Thirty-fifth Iowa and the writer applied in person to General McArthur to have our brigade moved; and whether our appeal was of any avail or not, the command was on the 25th ordered a mile or two nearer the city where the ground was higher and dryer, though inconveniently near a frog-pond.

There was great rejoicing in and about New Orleans during the 27th, on account of the capture of Charleston and Wilmington; and 100 guns were fired in honor of the event.

Late in the afternoon of the 4th a number of officers of the Thirty-third including the writer were in the city, sight-seeing when the regimental orderly, Dewy Wild announced that orders had been sent requiring us to be ready to embark in an hour. This message did not cause much surprise, or dissatisfaction for opportunities had been afforded us of viewing the Colossal Statue of Clay and other attractions on Canal Street, of seeing the receptacles for the dead, beautiful drives, the marvelous mium of Mardi Gras and the majestic Government Building that had been gradually settling into the earth from the time of the erection of its walls.

It was well into the night when we embarked on the ocean steamer Belvidere and early on the next morning our craft
started on her way to the Gulf of Mexico. It was the Sabbath, which instead of being observed as a day of rest, appeared to be a favorite time among military men for entering upon new enterprises. The light-house and numerous small, low islands at the mouth of the river were passed about one o'clock P. M. and at daylight next morning we were near the white, sandy shore of Florida.

The abandoned Fort McRae was passed; then Fort Pickens (situated on the Santa Rosa Island and noted on account of its gallant defense by Captain Slemmer) after which a body of Cavalry that had accompanied us from New Orleans was allowed to disembark near Fort Barancas. In the afternoon we left Barancas and at six P. M. were opposite Fort Morgan.

March 7th we landed on Danephine Island, near Fort Gaines. This island said to be about nine miles in length and one or two miles wide is composed mainly of fine sand, so white as to look like snow at a distance or at night; and while we greatly preferred it to mud, it caused no little inconvenience, for the winds that swept the island kept little particles in almost perpetuum motion and drove them into every crevice and corner, so that it was difficult or impossible, to so much as keep them out of our food. Had it not been for this annoyance the oysters which the men gathered would have been more highly appreciated. But little duty was required of any during our stay here, if we except Sundays. The soldiers found recreation in looking around the little ponds and marshes in quest of alligators and other amphibia, or exploring the beach where much was to be seen that was of interest to landsmen. During Sunday (the 12th) the command was inspected by the genial old German, Major General Osterhaus and on the following Sabbath (19th) troops were crowding into transports. The Thirty-third like other regiments, had received orders the night before to be in readiness to embark, but after sitting or lying in the sand nearly all day and marching into the pier in the evening, it was discovered there was no room for us (the Thirty-third) on any of the boats, so the regiment was ordered back to its last camping-ground.

March 20th we boarded the Steamer Lackwood in time to partake of a very common dinner for one dollar apiece. The Lackwood was a Mississippi River boat and the manner in which the winds and waves of the Gulf caused her to careen and tremble led some to suspect that she was too far from home, but the mouth of Fish River was reached in safety and our craft lay there until the next day, when she slowly ascended the stream nine miles, where we joined the other portion of our brigade.

The pickets were attacked on the 22d and the din of drums and bugles calling the men to arms was enough to excite apprè
hensions of an approaching battle, but the force that was hurried to the front found that the enemy had fled. A party was, soon after set to work preparing intrenchments and from that time until the command took position in front of Spanish Fort, intrenchments were constructed around each successive encampment, as if an attack was anticipated. The pleasant camp among thrifty young pines was broken on the 25th and it was not long until skirmishing began in front and two of our men were wounded. Colonel Marshal, in command of the brigade while riding at the head of his command was wounded by a bullet fired at a long range, from the brush; on account of which he was advised by his surgeons to take a place in an ambulance but after having his wound dressed the Colonel returned to his saddle and his place in the column.

Short, easy marches were made on the 25th and 26th and a shorter one still on Monday, March 28th, after which our army formed a line of battle in front of Spanish Fort and the last engagement of the War of the Rebellion, in which the Thirty-third participated, began.

Early in the day some of our men marched a (boy) prisoner in, who had been captured on the skirmish line. The lad showed no signs either of pain or emotion, but upon being informed that he was wounded I made an examination and found that a minnie ball had passed directly through his chest. This incident occurred before any provision had been made for receiving or caring for the wounded, so I directed the guard to assist the captive in getting into the ambulance and as he lay down a quantity of blood which had collected, gushed from the chest in a stream as large as the opening made by the bullet would admit of. The quiet, brave little fellow remained with, and fared the same as our own wounded and when at last he was sent to general hospital, with them, he was doing well and probably recovered.

About fifty of our division were wounded during the day. I amputated the left middle finger for a member of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, parts of the left index and middle fingers for a boy of the Eleventh Missouri and performed amputation of the right thigh upon a man belonging to the Seventh Minnesota. (See note 3 page 149) On the morning following the upon the Minnesota man I found the patient sitting up smoking his pipe and so slight was the disturbance occasioned by his misfortune that he continued to take his meals regularly and never complained. Colonel Heath did not consider his injury of sufficient importance to require him to leave his post.

The fight went on from day to day until April 9th. At long intervals nothing was to be heard but the reports of the sharp-shooters muskets; with now and then the report of a cannon; while at other times the earth trembled under the deaf-
ing and reverberant thunders of artillery. On the 28th, Frank
Coskin, Company B walked to field hospital, unattended and
without manifesting any signs of pain, called my attention to
a bullet wound in his temple, observing a marked prominence
above and back of the ear. I cut down expecting to find and
remove the missile without difficulty; but only a portion of
the bullet was found at this point. An exploratory incision
was then made when it was discovered that the missile in strik-
ing the sharp border of the temporal bone had been divided,
one part continuing its course for a distance external to the
skull while the smaller part had entered the cavity of the
cranium. The former piece was easily removed and the latter
after quite a formidable operation was taken out with frag-
ments of the bone. There was no laceration of the membranes
of the brain and it was hoped for a time that Frank would re-
cover, but to our sad disappointment, unfavorable symptoms be-
gan to manifest themselves a short time before the receipt of
orders to send the wounded to general hospital; and when taken
from our tent, it seemed probable that he would live but a
short time, which was doubtless the case, for, some years after
the war, I was requested to furnish information in regard to
his fate. It appeared that the War Department was of the opin-
ion that he was not living, but owing to lack of sufficient
proof as to the circumstances of his death was with holding
a pension from those entitled to it. Coskin was a steady,
quiet, obedient soldier, a true type of the German volunteer.
On the 31st a young man of the Thirty-third Illinois Infantry had his ankle joint crushed
by a shell and through the courtesy of his regimental-Surgeon,
Dr. Rex, I amputated immediately above the injury.

At an hour early on the morning of April 1st I was called by request
of Dr. Fain, Medical Director and performed amputation at the
right shoulder joint upon a captain belonging to the Eleventh
Missouri Infantry. This officer had been struck by a bullet
which after causing the injury for which the operation was
performed, entered the chest and as the result the patient
died in a few days after.

The sufferings of our wounded were greatly augmented by
the fact of our rifle pits and "gopher holes" being so near
the enemy's works that it was impossible to take disabled men
from these places of concealment unless shielded from view by
the darkness of the night. The casualties in our division were
light during the 3d, but the duties of the hospital staff
were increased on that day by the arrival of twenty-nine
wounded (three of them commissioned officers) from Blakely;
and on the 4th quite a number of sick and wounded cavalrymen
were placed in our charge. On the latter date I amputated the

Dixville G. Gilmore Company, 1st Med. & Surg. Dist. of the
War of the Rebellion B. 49% Int. & Surg. Field 2d.
left thigh of a colored corporal and from the Medical and Surgical History of the war I learn that he was a member of Company G Forty-eighth Regiment named A. Wilson.

During the night of the 8th the enemy evacuated Spanish Fort and on Sunday morning April 9th our forces were in quiet possession. The brigade moved about four miles up Mobile Bay where I joined the Thirty-third having first given the wounded needed attention preparatory to their removal to general hospital at New Orleans. In the evening the grateful news reached us that Fort Blakely had been captured and the thrice welcome report was also received that the Federal Forces were in possession of the Rebel Capital. We remained near the Bay until the evacuation of Forts Huger and Tracy and the City of Mobile, had ample opportunities for observing the immense amount of work performed by our men in digging trenches, building breastworks and bomb proofs around Spanish Fort, before its fall, of witnessing the effects of shot and shell on all hands, and of inspecting captures in the way of guns and supplies. One or more of the wooden mortars constructed and used by our brigade in the bombardment is preserved at the capital of Minnesota. It was a subject of remark at the time that the land forces received so little assistance from the navy.

It was decreed by those in authority that our command should do still more marching and on the 13th we set out while rain was falling and the earth, though appearing to be firm and unyielding, was so deceptive that in places the wagons and ambulances suddenly dropped down "hub deep" and thereby caused disagreeable delays. Formally two ambulances with good horse teams had been furnished our regiment, but on this expedition we had but one; and a span of little mules that appeared barely able to haul it. Short, easy journeys were the order on some days and long trying ones on others. The weather was variable, being, at times, as on the start, dark and drizzly occasionally hot, and one or two mornings frosty.

During the 16th some cattle and sheep were picked up, and though thin in flesh they were slaughtered at night for beef.

On the 18th a few of the former slaves—in order to make sure of their freedom, joined on the march, and their number steadily increased as we advanced. Rumors were current on the 17th and 18th that Lee had surrendered and on the sultry 19th after a long halt, the official announcement was made that Lee and Johnson had surrendered to Grant and Sherman and that President Lincoln had issued an amnesty proclamation. At this the bands commenced playing; in the general rejoicing all seemed to forget their weariness and loud and prolonged cheers rent the air from one end of our line to the other. The troops were allowed to rest near Greenville, Alabama during the 22d
and my recollection is that some of the Yankee Typos issued a paper.

Soon after camping on the evening of the 24th Sergeant Major Carroll reported to Colonel Heath; having in charge a Rebel Captain, whom the Sergeant, with the help of the teamsters, had made a prisoner under unique circumstances but I am unable at this time to give the particulars of the capture. This officer if I remember correctly was not in possession of the latest war news. He proved however to be an interesting and scholarly man, was effusive in his conversation about the Confederacy and from his statements we were considerably lightened in regard to the situation of affairs in the south. Referring to the suit of clothes which he was wearing (a very good one) he asserted that his hat cost $125, the price of a coat like his was $600 and shoes were worth $60 per pair.

Early on the morning of the 25th Captain Allen was ordered to go about two miles from the road, in quest of a member of an Indian regiment who had been wounded the day before. Of course the unfortunate man had no authority for being so far from his command, but it was reported that some straggled even farther, hence those who lived immediately on the line of march and made no effort to conceal their valuables fared better, as a rule, than those a mile or two distant, as guards were stationed at the residences of the former; but even these, whether professedly friendly or not, too often learned by sad experience the uncertainty of escaping the ravages of a passing army.

Footsore and hungry the army reached Montgomery April 25th and camped on the banks of the Alabama River, having as it was said, completed another march of 175 miles. Sixteen days were spent near the place where the organization of the Southern Confederacy was consummated and the so called government had for a time its seat. The city of Montgomery was to us disappointing in its proportions, though the Capitol Building was nice and the site magnificent. It is needless to say that the pleasant days and beautiful moonlight nights; the ceaseless songs of the mocking-bird, with the immunity from "war alarms" were most grateful to us all; but one cannot describe the disappointment and grief occasioned by the confirmation on the 30th of the alarming report, previously circulated but doubted that President Lincoln had been slain by an assassin. This intelligence arrived with long wished for supplies by transports and some refused to believe that such an atrocious crime was possible, until they saw the announcement in official order, with instructions that guns be fired every half hour from sunrise to sunset on May 1st, with minute guns from twelve o'clock M to one P. M.
During our stay at this point the Thirty-third was favored by a visit from a company of genteel-appearing ladies from the city and Captain Campbell; in whose charge was one of the wooden mortars aforesaid, showed his appreciation of their presence and amused others by an exhibition of some novel artillery practice.

Though the 9th of May was passed in anticipation of orders to move, the small number of three men only, of the Thirty-third, reported sick, all the others considering themselves able to travel.

It was understood on the morning of the 10th that we were to change locations, hence everything was in readiness at an early hour, but pending the orders to start, we were officially notified of the surrender of Lieutenant General Richard Taylor with all the forces under his command. After this the troops proceeded to the city and through it to the river. And as our veterans marched in column of companies down that broad thoroughfare, with the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" they presented a pageant which in view of preceding events and of our prospects, was not only imposing but most inspiring to those who loved our flag with all their heart.

A few men of the brigade were placed in post hospital, one of whom rejoined his company before we took passage on the steamer Tarasco for Selma. The soldier referred to had fit the night before. On the morning of the 11th we found ourselves opposite Selma, Alabama having made the trip (100 miles) between six P. M. and two A. M.

The Thirty-third was placed in camp at Weaver's Grove, a pleasant location, where the officers found comfortable quarters that had been erected and occupied by others.

Everything in and around Selma betokened subjugation and desolation. On the outskirts of the city were the hastily constructed breastworks where the citizens had made a show of resistance to Wilson's cavalry in their late raid. Blackened and crumbling brick-walls, machinery and materials warped and distorted by fire, piles of spears of ancient design, gun-barrels of all sizes and patterns were what remained of extensive arsenals and works for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war. The court-house and stockade, where Union prisoners had been kept were objects of special interest. It was while confined in the former that General Prentiss made fiery speeches denouncing secession and warned rebels of their final doom; and it was said that while Colonel Shaw was looking out of one of the windows, a waggish Confederate conferred upon him a sobriquet not at all complimentary to that officer's appearance which clung to him while he remained in the service.

The Thirty-third was assigned to provost guard duty which though it kept the men almost continually employed, was plea-
...ant in comparison with the severe duty that had previously been required of them. All felt secure from dangers incident to battle and extreme fatigue and exposure, still there was a good deal of sickness, which, in certain instances, had its origin in causes that had been in operation farther back. The case of Philip Mack was of this character and the circumstances connected with it are still fresh in my memory.

I think it was after the command left Mobile Bay that a soldier called on me at the close of a days march and stated that Philip Mack wished to see me at his quarters. As I was engaged at the time, the message caused me some impatience, as in reply to my inquiries the man said that the person requesting my presence was able to come to me. After reflecting for a short time upon this extraordinary occurrence I consented to go with the messenger and to my surprise, as I approached Mack, he began to cry in the most touching manner and to apologize for having sent for me. He did not complain of physical ailments but said that gradually a feeling of dread had taken possession of him that he could not dispel by any process of reasoning and that the most trifling incidents and even the approach of a friend filled him with apprehension and fear. I endeavored to allay this emotional excitement by friendly assurances and appeals to his understanding, which appeared to me to be still unimpaired but I think he continued to suffer, though perhaps his name was not on the sick report; in time convulsions set in and the patient was taken to the hospital where he died. Philip Mack prior to his illness was a fine specimen of young manhood, morally and physically, of ruddy complexion, quiet demeanor and a good soldier. His death was the result of a disease of the brain, induced doubtless by excessive heat and fatigue.

Private Duskin was also among the unfortunate and it was not improbable that he contracted the disability here for which he afterwards received a pension and from which he ultimately died. This soldier was taken sick at night and in company with Private Root came to my quarters for aid; and so great was his suffering that before time for rising in the morning he came again. We had no regimental hospital, so on the following day I took the patient to the post hospital which was in charge of the Surgeon of the Eighth Wisconsin, Dr. J. E. Murta, and together we treated him. Duskin was one of the little men, or boys rather, of the Thirty-third and with Shane, another boy, small in stature, was on the sick list when I joined the regiment, hence soon became acquainted with them, took a deep interest in the welfare of both and was a close observer of their careers to the close of the war.

Thomas Daniels now (March 1890) of Olney, Illinois and Baker, who enlisted later were also small and young, but M. Adami (Passenger Agent for St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Ry.)
claims to have been the youngest in the regiment. Too much cannot be said in praise of the soldierly qualities of these boys.

To name the stalwart members of the Thirty-third is a work that I would not undertake at this late date, but we had scores who lacked neither in size, strength, or powers of endurance. PerhapsSuch of Company D was the largest and it was a noticeable fact that scarcity of provision affected him more seriously than any other man in the regiment.

May 28th news reached us that Kirby Smith with his command had surrendered, thus putting an end to the War of the Rebellion.

At four o'clock May 30th we had our last review and all who witnessed it, from General McArthur down, appeared to regard the display as being very creditable.

Upon our arrival at Selma there appeared to be only a small number of citizens in the place and with only a few exceptions these seemed distant and exclusive. Gradually however absentees returned to their former homes, some of them engaged by service in the Lost Cause, a greater willingness was soon manifested to cultivate our acquaintance and quite a number engaged in business.

Several members of the Thirty-third had the good fortune to be introduced into interesting families; to be reminded of real Southern hospitality and I doubt not that those still living, hold in grateful remembrance the names of Tully, Sullivan, Monk, Lowe, Acardia of Cahawba and others. It may be assumed that the meeting and the mingling of the Blue and the Gray at that early day under the inspiration of a Profession whose tenets are brotherly love, relief and truth, was no trifling factor in the work of reconciliation and the establishment of confidence between the representatives of the North and South.

After much doubt and speculation as to what disposition would be made of the Thirty-third orders were received to proceed to Vicksburg for "muster out" of the service.

July 21st we took the cars; and after passing through a magnificent agricultural district, where most of the rail road stations were supplied with water from artesian wells, Demopolis was reached from which place the regiment proceeded down the Tombigbee River four miles by boat, thence to Meridian in cars, so wrecked and dilapidated, as to seem almost in danger of falling to pieces. A hot and apparently very long day was spent at Meridian and on the evening of the 23d we encamped on Pearl River near Jackson Mississippi. An hour or two of remaining daylight and a pontoon bridge across the river afforded an opportunity for viewing that doubly scourged city. But few buildings had escaped the ravages of war
except those which were isolated. Only a small number of whites were to be seen, but the colored people were standing in groups and promenading the streets, many of them in showy dress, and all in clean attire, it being Sunday. In the absence of any railroad communication between Jackson and Black River it became necessary to leave a number of the sick in hospital at the former place, and had it not been that our faces were turned homeward more would have been left behind, for there were several unfit for duty and many under other circumstances would have been unable to march. When these sick ones assumed the responsibility of setting out with the command on the afternoon of the 24th there were apprehensions that they were hazarding too much, as we were without ambulances or wagons; but some of the cases afforded rare illustrations of the power which mental conditions may exert in controlling disease. An unavoidable delay kept me at Jackson over twenty-four hours after the departure of the regiment and when at last I started in pursuit of the command I had fears of embarrassment, lest some "played out" soldier might be found by the road-side, whose strength had not been equal to his energy, and no means at my command for rendering assistance. One or two had for some time been as yellow as saffron from jaundice yet they were better at the close of this trip than on the start and all reached Black River in safety. Upon arriving at "The Big Black" we were rejoiced to learn that instead of being mustered out at Vicksburg we were to proceed to St. Louis for that purpose. On the morning of the 29th the spacious steamer New Ruth received us on board and was soon steaming up the Mississippi River. Though the Ruth had quite a large number of passengers before the embarkation of any troops she had plenty of space for what remained of the Thirty-third Missouri and Thirty-fifth Iowa. It is my impression that means of transportation had been furnished those left at Jackson on account of illness. As, when our boat left Vicksburg we had a relatively large number of sick to care for, one of them being Captain Carkener.

After the most agreeable trip the regiment ever made by boat, or any other means of travel, probably, St. Louis was reached about noon August 20. The improvement in the condition of the sick during this brief voyage seemed actually surprising for by the date named, everyone if he had not recovered was so much improved as to be able to help himself.

General Pile whom we repeatedly met during our journeys and for whom the men of the regiment had always entertained great respect, came on board, also Sergeant Lutz and other old comrades, all of them extending warm greetings.

Some impatience was occasioned by the delay at the levee but at last the Thirty-third moved away with General Pile at
its head escorted by a band of music. At a place appointed for the purpose the General addressed his old regiment for the last time, after which the command proceeded to Benton Bar-

racks. The work of making "Muster Out Rolls" and transferring Government proper was completed by the 10th day of August 1865 and on that date the Thirty-third Missouri Infantry Vol-

unteers was discharged from the Military Service of the United States. The separation of men who had been so long and so intimately associated under trying circumstances, was attend-

ed with less demonstration and less exhibition of feeling, than might be expected, or than one would infer, judging from the character of our reunions and the organizations among the soldiers of the late war in recent years. The only ceremony connected with the disbanding of the Thirty-third, except that already referred to, will I trust be described by one, more familiar with all the circumstances than the writer. I allude to the return of our flag to the patriotic members of the Union M. E. Churches of St. Louis from whom this emblem had been received with due solemnity, almost three years before. The members of the Thirty-third were invited to attend the above church on the Sabbath following our muster out; and a short time before the hour for the usual service to begin the Pastor stepped forward with the flag in hand and after reading a very impressive presentation address from Colonel William H. Heath, delivered, on behalf of his congregation a patriotic response that was well suited to the occasion. As already stated the leave-takings and other incidents of the time, which were of more or less importance, had but little effect in the way of exciting mere feeling thus far; but this touching in-

sident produced visible effects upon more than one who witnessed it. The writer remembers one officer in particular, who although having passed through trying ordeals without showing that there was anything like an emotional element in his nature; while listening to the stirring utterances of the gifted speaker; and looking for the last time upon the flag he had so long followed and served under, wept like a child. It was cause for regret that so few attended this interesting cere-

mony, but the reason may be explained in part, by a remark made by Sergeant Ralston years after; that when the time came to doff the "blue" many had scarcely sufficient means to pur-

chase citizens' garb. Some of those who had carried muskets were men of means but while the majority had been serving country, their small earnings had been expended in providing for wives and children or decrepit parents; and such, whose homes were not in St. Louis, could not well afford to remain in the city even for a day or two, after their discharge from the service.

It will be observed in reading these memories that in
but few instances are special references made to, or even the names of the sick, or of those who died of disease given; while a large number of those who were killed, or had the misfortune to receive wounds have been noticed at considerable length. This is due to the fact that without any intended partiality, lists of the latter were retained by the Surgeon, while all reports of the former were forwarded to the Surgeon General at Washington. These circumstances are as great a source of regret to the writer as they can be of disappointment to the reader, for the one fills a no less honorable grave than the other and the soldier who suffered from wasting disease is entitled to the same measure of commiseration and of gratitude as the one who shed his blood upon the field of honorable strife. Again, it would be a source of great satisfaction to be able to make personal mention of every one of those fortunate, fearless, self-reliant men who were scarcely known to the Surgeon except as he saw them in line of duty; and whose only record was a service and a fighting record. While he remembers them with feelings of admiration and would recognize them even now, had they not been touched by the finger of time he can hardly recall the names of half a dozen, though they were all familiar once.

When writing about the death of Sergeant E. M. Heath reference was made incidentally to the Thirty-third Glee Club which was composed of interesting young men and boys who deserve special notice and are entitled to the gratitude of every member of the regiment, for their efficient work in relieving the monotony of camp life. Some of the members of this group seemed always happy and it affords the writer pleasure to bear testimony to their valuable services, in contributing to the happiness of others as they sang;

"When this cruel war is over;"
"Just before the battle Mother;"
"When Johnnie comes marching home;"

and other songs that were then popular. By their willingness to join serenading parties and the excellent music furnished at social gatherings at Helena, they secured for themselves; and aided in securing for the regiment, the favorable consideration of citizens and thereby did much to render our stay at that place agreeable. But alas, how many of those once light-hearted boys have quit the walks of life. One has already been referred to. Beaumont, I understand, rests in dreamless sleep; and from reports the same is true of Kit Duncan. Hospital Buck, of whom I never think but with sadness, died years ago in St. Louis of pneumonia. The news of his death filled me with sorrow, for I never had a better friend outside my own family. My friendship for him had increased with advancing years. While we were associated together in the army his
efficiency as hospital Steward, his loyalty to duty and to friends; and his respectful obedience to orders endeared him to me; and his letters written after the war; and a number of highly prized mementoes sent me in token of his regard were, and still are, pleasant reminders of his warm-hearted generosity. The one who pens these lines realizes that many others among the dead and the living are entitled to particular mention. He is fully conscious that the foregoing narrative is fragmentary and imperfect in many respects. He comprehends also his liability to criticism and perhaps censure in view of important omissions concerning others while giving undue and unseemly prominence to self.

But gradually fading reminiscences have been jotted down during moments snatched from an exacting profession. Aside from lists and notes referred to, he has been compelled to rely on such data as related to his comrades alone upon his memory, from which, after a lapse of a quarter of a century, very many facts have escaped except such as related to himself as well as others. During his term of service with the Thirty-third he was reported "present for duty" every day. Though for a few months aided by Assistant Surgeon Kile and Dr. Dickey, the demands for their services elsewhere finally left him without assistance, save that afforded by Steward Buck and a few faithful nurses and cooks.

When honored with the appointment of Surgeon in Chief of the District of Eastern Arkansas, he continued to discharge the duties of Surgeon to the regiment, and finally asked that another be appointed to the higher position that he might give the subordinate one his undivided attention. These things are referred to that the not over critical reader may realize how intimately that part of his life was interwoven with the history of the regiment. His reasons for referring to the operations performed upon the members of other regiments are the following:

So far as they go, these are items that belong to the history of the war, and should have a place in that work which reflects high honor upon members of the Medical Profession of the United States Army, as well as the general government; I refer to the Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion. The Medical staff was organized with the view of having the name of every man wounded, character of wound, operation performed, and name of operator, recorded. But owing to causes which it is unnecessary to discuss here, there were numerous and important omissions in many particulars. Again by giving the foregoing facts, it is possible that some time, interesting acquaintances, that were formed around the operating table, upon the battle field, may be renewed, as has already occurred in one instance at least. And now in taking leave of his old
comrades a second time, the writer would take occasion to say that while many of the events of our service together have been dimmed by the mists of time, or escaped his memory altogether, the flight of years can never efface the memory of that efficient body of volunteers, whose individual members co-operated with him to keep down the "sick list" and keep up the fighting list; and he is firm in the conviction that a profound sense of obligation to those who so bravely and so often stood between him and rebel bullets will endure while life shall last.

Note 1. Since the above was written the writer corresponded with Mr. Whittier who has resided in South-west Missouri ever since the war. His foot was not amputated but he still suffers from a serious disability. (Page 2)

Note 2. Nineteen officers of the Medical Staff of the regular and volunteer Forces of the Union Army were killed in action: thirteen, while in the discharge of their duty were killed by partisan troops or assassinated by guerrillas or rioters: eight died of wounds received in action: nine died through accidents occurring in the line of duty and seventy-three were wounded in action: proving that the number of casualties among Medical Officers was proportionately greater than that of any other staff corps. (Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion)

Note 3. The writer has lately observed that this was P. & A. Agren Company C. Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion. Part 2. Surgical Volume Page 415.