PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF MAJOR-GENERAL
D. S. STANLEY

INTRODUCTORY*

In riding over the State of Ohio to-day, one is struck with the beauty of the farms and the perfect condition of the land,—mellow soil in well levelled field; not a root or a stump to arrest the easy progress of the plow. It was not always so. The first cultivation was done amid stumps, roots and huge deadened trees. The land was very thoroughly grubbed where the plow could run ten feet without meeting stump or root. The plowman was jerked about by the handles of the plow until his motions resembled those of a rope dancer. One could not decide which most needed pity, the soreness of the plowboy or the necks of the wretched horses and oxen. The latter were mostly used for new land as their gait suited better the handling of the plow amongst the roots.

The clearing of the land in those days embraced the deadening, by girdling, the big timber; the grubbing out of all bushes less than six inches in diameter and the cutting down and burning or removing all saplings up to ten inches. The amount of labor required to clear an acre for the plow—an acre of ordinary growth—was about sixteen days for a good farmhand. This included the fencing and represented about ten dollars an acre.

After the first clearing, the heavy deadened timber yet remained; huge trees dotted over the field, their bare bodies

* The introductory part of the Memoirs, as printed here, is an abridgment, made reluctantly, and only because General Stanley dealt at too great length with non-military incidents that do not come within the scope of this Review. Occasionally a few words have been added in square brackets to carry on the narrative. With the opening of the Civil War period the text will be given integrally.
and naked limbs in the dusk of the evening or the pale light of the moon, having a most dismal and ghost-like appearance. The removal of this huge crop of dead trees was a giant task. Many of the trees, four feet or more in diameter, were chopped down. The rail-cuts, three, four or five in number, accordingly as the tree was straight and clean, were chopped off, ten feet each in length. The rest of the tree was niggered into lengths. This considerable task consisted in piling up the tree limbs cross-wise of its trunk and then firing and keeping up the fire until the trunk was severed. The big limb put across the trunk was called the nigger log. As soon as the great log was burned into lengths, came the process of squaring. A strong team of horses or oxen was used to swing around the sections of the great log so that they lay parallel to each other. After this came the heaviest work of all, the rolling. This consisted in rolling three or four of the largest logs together; then placing on top of these a second row, topping out with a third layer of smaller logs. The log heap was then ready for firing, all the smaller timber and limbs being piled on to secure a good blaze.

To see ten or fifteen acres on the day or more particularly on the night of firing, was to see a grand sight, surpassing any fire scene, excepting a burning city. The adjoining woods are lighted up, fences stand out in bright relief, the sky is red with reflected forms and fire-light, and saddest part of all, hundreds of cords of the finest fire-wood and thousands of feet of the most beautiful timber, now so much sought for,—all consumed and for no purpose but to get rid of it.

I, myself, have seen a log heap of beautiful black walnut burned up, which if preserved, would sell to-day for five hundred dollars. Walnut timber had no value then and walnut timber grew on black land—the richest of all land—and it had to be removed to make way for the corn field. The
burning of the log heaps was a week's work. The big, solid logs, live and full of sap, strangely called green, were hard customers to burn. Twice each day the farmer or his hired man went to each heap and piled the chunks more closely together in the best form for burning, and finally the biggest remnant of the log heap had to be hauled and heaped into one or two piles for the last burning and final extinction.

The log rolling, a term which has naturally passed into a political by-word, generally drew half a dozen neighbors together as one or two men could not handle the big logs. Many devices were used to ease the heavy work. A strong team was always along with the log rollers. The rolling hitch with the log chain, strong skids, the cant hook and other devices were used to make the work easier. I have no doubt that many of our labor-saving devices of to-day had their origin in the machines and devices and the thinking which developed them, for the handling of heavy timbers and the general hard work incident, the hard work and experiences of our early pioneer.

Whether this inventive spirit which led up to the way of doing work in one day with a machine and five men, that in the days when I was a boy took one hundred men, is a blessing now, is a question; but at the time of which I write, a simple grubbing machine or an awkward stump-puller was hailed with delight and considered a blessing indeed.

After burning the brush and log heaps, the finish was in gathering the ashes and hauling them to the crude potash factory. This was done in my vicinity but was not generally practised in all of the early settlements of Ohio.

Having written of the great labor expended upon the clearing of a farm in Ohio, I am led, naturally, to speak of the magnificent forests of that State. Those primeval forests have passed away almost as quickly and as completely as the
buffalo have disappeared from the great plains of the west. It is true that many wood-lands are still kept in all parts of the State, and, under the stimulus of timber-culture, these are more likely to increase than diminish. Still these fenced woodlands, with their rich undergrowth, both grub and sapling, removed and many of their finest trees culled out, no more resemble the mighty wilderness forests than does the city fountain resemble Niagara.

The genius of Longfellow and of Thoreau combined, would be inadequate to the description of an Ohio forest—such a one as covered the land from the Ohio river to the lake on the north and as far west as the Wabash. The great pineries of Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin may be as grand in their way; the number of feet of timber or the cords of wood to the acre may be as great, even greater, but the beauty and harmony of an Ohio forest far surpasses the great pineries. As I recollect these grand forests where my childhood was lived, they seem to me like a great musical poem;—the grand oaks, chestnuts, and poplars representing great swells of melody;—the sugar trees, the beech and the walnuts, the moderately descriptive tunes;—the flowering June berry, dogwood and plum, the descriptive;—and the aspen and willow the low, pathetic, tender, soft and dreamy notes of a great musical creation.

First and greatest are the towering oaks and chestnuts; four and five feet in diameter and as great as one hundred in heighth, then, subordinate, the hickory, model of beauty and strength,—the playground, promenade and even the dining hall of the lively squirrel. Then the gum, good for nothing in the timber way, but of dense foliage and pretty form, giving splendid shade, and its hollow logs when dug out near the surface and topped with a piece of board, making a fine bee-hive and hence called the bee gum. And who can
tell the beauties of the sugar tree, the hard maple, often sixty and seventy feet high, strong in stem, well knit to the earth by widespread roots, with clean whitish bark, with hundreds of widespread branches covering often a diameter of fifty feet. Its form is a model of symmetry and beauty, perfectly spherical and having its greatest diameter one-third above the base. It is rich and dense in foliage, which wafted and swaying gracefully in the wind, displays lovely shades of green in summer and red in autumn. Where in all nature will you find a more beautiful thing than the grand sugar-tree! But I do not propose to write the flora of Ohio. I only dwell upon the composition of the whole; so grand, so perfect in its usefulness, so harmonious in its distribution. Here is the oak, the chestnut, the poplar;—all valuable for timber in every way;—for rails, without which the pioneers of the settlements could not do; so essential for boards, for logs, shingles and posts. How in all the world, could the new people have sheltered themselves except for these great timber trees? The sugar-tree furnished the new settler his sugar; a most welcome, almost providential help. The nut trees;—the walnut, chestnut, the hickory nut and hazel nut—what relish all of these gave to his homely fare! The numerous berries and fruits these great forests afforded and the comfort they gave in addition to the beauty, general usefulness and healthfulness combined, made this country indeed alike unto Eden.

My recollection of great snows and snowy winters are vivid and most agreeable. I remember looking out of the window and seeing the snow fall all day long; the trees laden with the damp snow until their limbs were all drooping; the domestic animals moping and hardly venturing away from their sheds and straw-stacks; even the chickens looking disconsolate and keeping well within the shelter of the hen house. There is no stir during a day of falling snow; it is generally a stay-at-
home day. Everybody worked at some kind of indoor work. Grandfather was pretty sure to make a pipe out of the hard knot of the hickory or to be working with a vim on a corn basket. Father would be mending harness; the hired girl running the big spinning wheel in the shop where work never ceases; mother, the most skillful of all, flying the shuttle, finishing the winter weaving, which when snow falls is likely to be coverlet weaving or some pretty pattern of table cloth.

After school age, which was five years in my case, the morning after a big snow was memorable. The snow lay all over the land more than a foot in depth. What a scene of beauty! But how silent! How cold! It suggested the idea of the whole world a great corpse clad in white purity for eternal repose. But we are little school boys now;—the snow is up to our waists but the difficulty is soon solved. Father comes around riding one horse and leading another, and soon two boys are astride the led horse, and the path to the school house is first broken by the trip mounted and made complete by several repeated trips of the horses.

Big snows stop all farm work except logging. If any building is planned for the year, the snow is very welcome, for on its slippery surface it is easy to slide great logs with only one end raised on the bob-sled. In after days as the country developed, saw mills run by water power sprang up, and it was always hailed as lucky to be able to haul the saw logs to the mill over the snow. But my memory goes back to a date before any saw mills existed in Wayne County, and I remember the old whipsaw which few now living have seen operated.

A pit is dug,—a passage into a bank,—over this a platform to bear the saw log; over this log is a place for the sawyer who guides the saw, which is fixed to a vertical sapling so as to pull the saw vertically. The saw has two handles below,
and a Sawyer pulls the saw downward bending the spring-like sapling. The upward stroke of the saw cuts with the united strength of the bent sapling and the sawyer on top. The lower man is called the pit sawyer; he gets all the saw-dust which runs down upon him. The man above has the hardest work but gets no saw-dust, hence the saying, "happy as the top sawyer."

Now by this laborious and slow process was cut out the lumber for the doors and window casings; the doors and, if time and muscle afforded, the flooring of the best houses were sawed out in the same way. Floors were, however, generally such as were called puncheon, which consisted of straight slabs, four or five inches thick, split the whole length of the log from straight and clear timber of the oak or chestnut and then hewn smooth and even. Well do I remember many a puncheon floor;—a dance on a puncheon floor was a thing worth seeing.

The school house where I learned my A B C's was a model of the ingenuity and economy of the pioneer settlers of Ohio. As soon as any neighborhood was settled the school house sprung up.

Ours was of hewed logs and measured thirty by twenty feet. On each side a log was cut out almost the entire length of the building and the opening thus made framed as a long, narrow window in which was oiled paper instead of glass. The doors were two in number and placed opposite each other in the front and rear. The chimney was what was called a hanging chimney;—a long log crossed the building about nine feet from the floor and supported on the log and running into the end wall were two crooked timbers bowed down, and on these was built the hanging chimney. At least fifteen feet of the end of the house under this huge hanging chimney was backed up with stone and mortar constituting the back
wall of the fire-place. The wood for this huge fire-place was in logs ten or fifteen feet long, and once in two or three days, one of the farmer boys came in the morning with a stout horse, hitched on to the end of a log and, opening both doors, drove through the school house, snaking the log in; whence it was rolled into the fire-place. Enough were piled in so that a fire once started would last for three days at least.

This way of making a fire with the aid of a horse was a source of never-ceasing wonder to the urchins of that humble seat of learning, with long benches and long writing desks hewed out of solid timber. There were a great many wooden pegs to hang our clothes upon.

How many days, possibly my happiest ones, have I spent in this quaint old school house! The primer or alphabet of A, B, C and A-B ab's was then unknown. We had paddles—grandpa made ours—A, B, C pasted on one side, A-B ab's on the other, and when the urchin mastered completely the lore of the paddle, he received the United States spelling book and he kept it until he knew it all.

With the boys arranged on one side and the girls on the other, big and little, the schoolmaster or mistress, as the case might be, in the centre at a little desk, a country school was a thing to be remembered. I remember a peculiar habit in the permission announced by the teacher in the afternoon about an hour before closing, that the pupils might study out loud. Then the readers, the spellers, the A-B-C urchins—all gave voice and bedlam was beaten. After an hour of this furious noise, the master's ruler rapped for order and the class for spelling was called. The best speller went up head, where if he stood two days he was given a big mark, went to the foot and then spelled himself up again.

After the big spelling exercise the school was dismissed and out rushed the scholars. The boys of course, with a shout,
and by roads, but mostly by beautifully wooded paths, dispersed to their respective homes, their school work over for that day. The ways led to every point of the compass and some of them had several miles to go.

We have seen how, in their buildings and their implements, wood was made to take the place of iron—this was followed in every department of home economy. The hide was taken from the beast and tanned on shares in a home-made tannery. Every farmer had his set of cobbler’s tools, and the shoemaker was an itinerant, coming to the house and setting up his bench, where he measured and shod the whole family out of the home supply of leather. What anxieties we had when the shoemaker, as mendacious a fellow then as now, failed to come on time and the first snow caught us without shoes, or if not without, then with old ones full of holes. Amongst the first thing to teach the boys was how to drive a peg or sew on a patch, so they could mend their own shoes.

The buckskin moccasin was a favorite among the women folks, and in my early boyhood we always had buckskin dressed and smoked at our house, out of which the moccasins were made. Harness was also of home make and of good wearing quality, as the leather was well tanned. Hosiery was all knitted at home, of most excellent quality, and I remember how proud our good grandmother was of her knitted night caps. Gloves and mittens were made in the same way. As to the weaving of the family, it was of two kinds; woolen for the winter and flax for the summer.

Sheep were introduced at a very early date and though at first many were eaten by wolves, these pests had about disappeared in my childhood. The wool was sheared, washed, combed, first by hand and later by a carding machine; then spun and woven in the family. Wool was sometimes dyed in the wool and sometimes in the yarn and cloth. The matter
for coloring red and the barks for brown were found at home; the latter mostly the bark of the walnut tree.

Spinning was a big job and took several months in a big family. The large spinning wheel was mostly used and a hired girl generally became necessary for this tedious work. The yarn was measured on a reel and the spinner was paid by the cut. From the reel the yarn was twisted into skeins, and in my day these skeins, both of woolen and of flaxen thread, were merchandise and had a large sale. If for home use the yarn was now transferred from the winding bars to the bobbin for the warp of the web; thence to the weaver’s beam and thence handed into the treadle gears and again into the reed, when it was ready for the shuttle and the weavers. I know all the processes of preparing the web for the weaver, for as a small boy, I was taught how to hand in, which was giving by hand the proper thread to the weaver who pulled the thread into the treadle gears and then again into the reed. I remember, when the loom was going, of having to stand and tie the broken threads of the warp.

In the case of woolen cloth, to increase the thickness or weight of the cloth, it was laid in a big trough where hot water was poured in upon it and the boys, in their bare legs, trod the cloth for hours to full it up or shrink it and thicken it. Afterwards fulling mills sprang up in the country and as carding was done in the same mill, much of the tedious hand work was supplemented. Homemade cloth lasted until I was a grown man and most excellent and durable cloth it was.

Indigo, prepared madder and logwood came to be regarded as necessities with improved methods. Dyeing day was a big day at our house. Grandmother, who could do anything, presided and bossed the job; all the big girl cousins were there; wool cloth and yarn were dyed, and an immense pile there was of it. It required the combined skill of grand-
mother and mother as well to bring out good results, which they always did. The evening of dyeing, the clothes lines, fences and shrubbery were covered with woolen in blue, red and brown, picturesque and suggestive of winter comforts. This was the fall preparation of woolens; the spring outfit in flax required fully as much work and worry.

Flax is sowed like timothy and wheat, but instead of being cut, it is pulled by the roots—a tedious process. It is bound into small bundles like sheaves, carried to the barn and threshed, again rebound in sheaves and carried to a mown meadow, where it is laid in thin rows to rot the stem. This process is called spreading the flax—a very back-breaking work as I can attest, having done a great amount of it. After six weeks the stem becomes brittle from dew and rain, and when perfectly dry, it is broken up, again bound into bundles and laid away for the next process. After lying in the barn all winter, in the spring the flax is hauled to the brake. First it is placed over a big wood fire, above any danger of getting burnt, and heated to increase the brittleness of the flax straw. It is then taken by large sheaves and put into the brake where it is pounded and broken between fixed wooden blades of wood until the stem of the flax is completely beaten out, leaving only the fibre. It is then passed to the stretchers who take the skeins of fibre and throwing them over an upright and smooth board, beat the handful of fibre until only the true flax remains in hand, the tow being beaten out. The remaining fibre makes pure linen. The tow is utilized, the first beating giving coarse tow for bagging or coarse wear; the finer tow was made into pretty good summer clothes; the cloth of flax warp and tow woof, making a fabric of an exceedingly great strength and endurance.

The fine linen, made from pure flax, was for table cloth, women's wear, ornamental tidies and even fine stockings.
My mother excelled in all these manufactured goods, was expert in weaving table cloths and bed spreads in figures and, although she had female help always, she superintended all, and when the work was difficult and required skill, she did it with her own hands. No one could do her work and no work was too difficult for her to undertake. Spinning, weaving, tailoring, fine cooking, dyeing—everything I have referred to in the way of skilled work, she could do.

I remember well the labor and study my poor mother underwent to learn one art, the art of cutting men's and boys' garments according to the fashion of those days. A tailor stayed at our house on several occasions to teach my mother the rules of cutting, in which she soon became expert; and all this trouble and pains to learn to cut out clothes for the family. Our clothes were very nice and we very proud of them; I mean our Sunday and holiday dress. How much more picturesque the everyday costume of that period than that of the present! The ordinary everyday wear was drab pants, vest and a loose blouse, or, as it was called, a wamose, in bright red. In the earlier days the boys wore a cap made at home, drab or black, but very soon the hatters started their shops in the country towns and made hats of wool for common wear and of furs for Sunday wear, which, if not models of beauty, were wonderful to wear. The new hat was one of the prizes offered yearly for the best progress in spelling, reading or in committing to memory the shorter catechism or chapters from the New Testament.

Overcoats and furs had their uses in the winter. The latter were made up into caps and fur gloves by the family shoe-maker, and were of fox or coon skins and were very warm and durable.

An institution that impressed itself on my youthful brain was the county muster. Given the county muster and the
Scottish Chiefs to read,—and I had both in my youth,—what romances, what curious visions, fantasies might arise in the mind of anyone having the least imagination!

The militia of Ohio, known as the corn-stalk militia, was organized under the state law, crude and absurd, as it stands on the statute to-day. Each county contributed a division and was commanded by a grand officer with a magnificent staff. Every able bodied man was subject to service, and at the last of these grand musters that I saw, there must have been two thousand men present. Each of the townships furnished a company. The only uniformed persons were the general, staff, the colonels and some few of the colonel's staff officers. Captains were distinguished by a great tin or brass plate tied in front of their beaver hats, usually with a tall, red plume erect from the plate and very high. This, with a stout, crooked sword with black leather scabbard, made the panoply of a captain. The lieutenants were lucky if they possessed a sword. The privates wore their best Sunday suits. They were expected to carry a gun and many had squirrel rifles or shot guns, but guns were heavy things to tote so many substituted canes or cornstalks.

The muster always took place after harvest, and stubble field was rented or loaned for the occasion. Here the colonel paraded his men, stationing guards around the field to keep the rabble from interfering and, to the shrill whistling notes of the fife and the beat of one drum, this motley crowd was marched up and down the stubble field. All day long was this kept up. The formation was by platoons or company front, but as no wheeling distances were observed, the turns in changing direction were done in a very awkward manner. After each round the big column was faced to the front, rested a few minutes, then marched 'round again. The colonel of the militia, as I remember him, was a curious figure—a
little, dark visaged man mounted on a very large horse. He wore black pants with a red stripe, a grey single breasted surtout with brass buttons, a stout sword with brass scabbard, and a chapeau, enormous in size, with black ostrich plumes in proportion to the hat. This hat was the glory of the colonel and the joy of the boys. Once, when a loafer swore at his sentinel for stopping him, the colonel descended from his horse, thrashed the big bully, and mounting his steed, rode away a great hero. But the colonel's glory waned when the general and his staff arrived on the field. As the musters were held in the north and south end of the big county, the generals and their gorgeous staffs had to ride from Wooster fifteen miles to the field. As the route they would take was known before hand, their progress was a triumphal march, as all the men, women, and children for miles around and adjoining the road, collected and climbed the fences to see these great military men pass. The major-general and the brigadiers with their staffs made a company of at least a dozen, and as they all dressed alike in a uniform gorgeous in tinsel and brass, with huge chapeaus and mounted on showy horses, caparisoned with great housings and shabracks, they made a brave display. The pageant well repaid the rustic audience and gave them something to talk about for the next six months.

Arrived at the place of muster the generals and their staffs first got their dinners and fed their horses, whilst the curious country boy looked on in wonder and with a little awe. Then, mounting the showy steeds, the gay and dignified cavalcade rode to the parade in the stubble field where the militia were drawn up in line. The generals and their staff rode up and down this line, then had the whole force faced into column and marched past them. The troops were then again faced into line and the great generals raised their hats and departed
for their homes. The militia was soon dismissed and the
great event of the year was over.

When fourteen years of age I was sent to live with the
family of Dr. Firestone, then a young and thrifty doctor,
settled only a few years before in the little village of Congress.
His wife was as good as the doctor and in this amiable family
I lived four years very happily. I studied grammar, philosophy
and chemistry with Dr. Firestone and subsequently entered
upon the study of surgery and medicine with the view of
becoming a physician.

Two years later the Mexican War broke out. When the
news of General Taylor's first battles in Texas came, the
whole country was ablaze with excitement. No longer was
any thought given to the rights of the Mexicans. They had
fired on our troops; they had killed our men, then ho! for the
hall of the Montezumas! Township and county meetings,
speeches, beating of drums. Anyone who could whistle on
a fife was a hero already. The militia was called out, flags
made and paid for by subscription. Four regiments were
to be raised in Ohio and our great military man, Samuel R.
Curtiss, of our county town and a graduate of West Point
and colonel of our infantry regiment of militia, was to go
as colonel. One of my uncles, Homer Stanley, enlisted;
Wilson Stanley, my cousin, Robert and James Lowry, cousins
on my mother's side, enlisted and went to the war as soldiers.
I wanted to go but being only sixteen the authorities would
not take me.

During 1847 I studied very closely and read the theory
and practice of medicine, going with my preceptor to visit
most of his patients and indeed many of his non-paying,
poor patients he turned over to me. Thus I had a short
experience in the life of a country doctor.

The winters of '47 and '48 were to me very delightful; I
am conscious of being nearly a man; the fuzz on my chin is turning into a beard. I remember the delightful snow and sleighing. Plenty of amusements going,—people always charming and amusing. It seems to me that the girls were very pretty though maybe it was the illusion of youth. The winter was soon over. As I had advanced considerably in my medical studies, my knowledge was made use of by my preceptor and I treated patients without any aid. Most of these were of a class who could not pay. Several had tedious cases of typhoid fever and my recollection is that I did not lose one of my patients. The practice of medicine was very different then from now. The thermometer, the antiseptic and anaesthetic, the cocain—all have come into use since that time.

I quit all reading of medical books when I went to West Point, but many times I have been able to relieve suffering from the knowledge I had been able to acquire as a student under Dr. Firestone. Such a knowledge was peculiarly useful to me in the profession which I was afterwards destined to follow,—that of a soldier.

In January, 1848, the cadet from the District of which I was a resident, a step-son of Congressman Starkweather, was found deficient, and the naming of a successor to fill his place at the Military Academy was offered by the Congressman who had succeeded Starkweather, to my preceptor, Dr. Firestone. The latter said to me, "Here is a sure thing, if you want it, an education at government expense and a livelihood afterwards." This was a generous offer for I had become useful and owed him yet two years' service. It was a time of great importance to me; I was at the turning point of my life. I rather liked the study of medicine and never doubted my success as a doctor. Of the Military I knew little although I had drilled as a private in our local
Congress Guards. But the picture of a cadet and the fine stately bearing of Colonel Samuel Curtiss, the only graduate I had ever seen, now returned from the wars and following the profession of the law in Wooster, decided me. I would be a cadet. I fear vanity had its share in my decision. I had a rival or two, notably a young Jones of Wooster, but Dr. Firestone's influence was paramount and I received the appointment. This step severed the ties of home for me for I was really at home in the Doctor's family. I was treated as one of the family in all respects. I had one very severe attack of malarial fever whilst living there and Mrs. Firestone had nursed me through it herself and in turn I was devoted to all the members of the family and in the same extent as if they were my own blood and kin. They are all gone from this world, Doctor and wife and all but one son, Wallace, the latter the only one in whom I took but little interest.

Finally my day for saying good-bye, came. My best friend, Isaac Codor, took me in his buggy to Jackson where I was to take the stage for Cleveland. It was about the first of May, 1848, the weather bright and beautiful and a ride in a four-horse stage coach over a smiling landscape was, to say the least, exhilarating.

A handsome, well dressed lady and a little dapper, rather dandified, young man were my fellow travelers. The day's journey from Jackson to Cleveland was forty miles and after the usual shyness, discussing the weather, the progress of the coach and finally where we were going, it transpired that the little ruddy faced chap was Philip Sheridan and that he, like myself, was bound for West Point to become a cadet. Sheridan was small and red faced, long black wavy hair, bright eyes, very animated and neatly dressed in a brown broadcloth sack suit. A few days after we arrived at West Point, Sheridan had his wavy locks shorn and exchanged his
brown broadcloth coat for a brown linen jacket, called a plebe skin, and was then the most insignificant looking little fellow I ever saw. He was, however, a good fellow and he and I remained friends until his death.

The day I landed at West Point was one of those bright sunshiny days in May, a little too cool for comfort, but such a day as brings out all the beauties of nature and particularly of the grand Hudson River. Never had I seen in my mountainous Ohio country, anything so lovely and awe inspiring in its grandeur. But this sail through fairyland comes to an end with a shock. We were landed, almost pitched off, at the old dock opposite Constitution Island, and the old Shelby bus carried us to Rider's West Point Hotel.

One cadet stood on the piazza, a model of neatness and of fine figure, having a permit to visit some relatives at the hotel. We learned afterwards that this was Slaughter, a cadet from Indiana, afterwards killed in the Indian war in Oregon. About forty of the class of '48 had collected at this hotel. They jeered us and said, "You fellows will catch it, they are coming to take us all to barracks to-morrow," and they, i. e., the officers did so.

I wish I could take space and time to describe first impressions of this motley, almost fantastic crowd of boys from every State and territory in the Union. There were graduates of colleges dressed in the height of fashion, like Mr. Ives of Connecticut, and rough handed country boys, awkward, uncouth, jeans clad farmer's sons from the Western or Southern farms. In the South a farm is called a plantation, but plantation boys in my class told me that they worked alongside of the niggers in the cotton fields. Two boys were very conspicuous; John Todd of Kentucky, Lucius Rich of Fort Leavenworth, Indian Territory; the first very tall, slender, and very dark as to complexion—the latter small and ruddy,
pug nosed, nimble as a monkey, and both full of fun. I think
the first time I ever saw them, Rich came up behind Todd,
engaged his attention on some trifling matter, then, quick
as a wink, knocked off his tall hat and kicked him in the
buttocks at the same time. We marched to meals in a separ-
ate squad from the other cadets. R. H. Johnson, a big
sergeant, commanded us. He had an uncouth way and a
big roaring voice and almost scared the poor plebes to death,
but we soon found that with a rough style he carried a kind
heart.

I remember when we all marched over to the adjutant’s
office to turn in the extra money we had and to be recorded
as candidates. Dick Smith was treasurer and old Tim O’Meagh
was his clerk. Old Tim had been there a long time and thought
he owned the academy. We were expected to turn in ninety
dollars each to pay for our first outfit. I had only one-fourth
of that amount; poor Alexander from East Tennessee had
none, and old Tim lectured us both and was very hard on
Alexander, making him cry—upbraiding him for his poverty—
for which I should have liked to kick old Tim. It was none
of his business and at any rate it was not necessary to turn
in any money. Alexander graduated second in our class and
was one of its best men. In 1848 the army returned from
Mexico and as the larger part of the army officers who made
that war a success, were West Point graduates, we saw a
great many of them who had come back to renew their devo-
tion to the old academy. General Scott, General Worth,
General Quitman and many other celebrities in a smaller way,
among them. General Scott made it his summer home during
my cadetship. He was the largest man I ever saw in uniform
and very majestic in appearance. Six feet seven in height and
large in proportion, with a very manly face—he was, indeed,
the model for a great hero. Mrs. Scott and her two daughters
were also guests, but cadets noticed that Mrs. Scott boarded at Rider's and the General at Cousin's, which was two miles away. General Scott was extremely fond of cadets and always delighted to have a little squad of them with him when he walked around the Point. He was idolized by the cadets, who looked upon him almost with awe considering his greatness, and, indeed, his majestic physique and dignified air were calculated to inspire reverence. Cadets were permitted on Sundays, as a great favor, to go to the Church of the Holy Innocents at Highland Falls. After service one Sunday, Mrs. Scott and one of her daughters had seated themselves in the large omnibus, accompanied by their cadet escort of three or four, to return to West Point, when the towering form of General Scott approached the steps of the vehicle to get in. With much asperity Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "General Scott, you cannot ride in this omnibus!" The general as tartly responded, 'Madame Scott, I will ride in this omnibus!' "If you get in this omnibus I shall get out," said Mrs. Scott. "Do as you please," said General Scott and he sprang in, half filling the omnibus. Mrs. Scott bit her lips in wrath but remained seated. The cadets cast sorrowful glances at each other and the 'bus drove on in silence. I fear the service and the sermon did little good to anyone in that omnibus that day.

Another story of Mrs. Scott. She was very partial to cadet society and cadets, polite and urbane, often escorted her about. One time Cadet Magilton, a first classman, was her beau. He belonged to a circus family in Philadelphia and one of his brothers was a famous bareback rider, and all the boys were acrobats. Magilton, embarrassed for something to say to so great a lady, said to Mrs. Scott, "Mrs. Scott, can you turn a somersault?" "What! Mr. Magilton! What do you mean?" "Why it is just as easy," said Magilton
and over he went in one of his flip-flaps. Mrs. Scott was greatly amused. She was very corpulent and the idea of turning a somersault never ceased to amuse her.

The bringing together of one hundred and twenty boys from all parts of the country, with diverse ideas and manners, and putting them in close contact, brings out curious characters. Some are bright and smart in everything, some very dull. The infantry drill is a very simple thing and yet some boys take a long time to learn it. Charley Thompson, a cadet from West Virginia, never could learn the change step, and when a squad drill master called out, "Change step, march," Charley would leap into the air, wag his head vigorously and come down with his feet in the same position. Then there was Inge from Mississippi, brother of a gallant lieutenant of Second Dragoons, killed in May's charge at Resaca de la Palma. Inge was very young, very bristling and very uneducated; was, not to say bad, but very bad mannered. He roomed with Slocum, afterward General Henry Slocum of war fame. He annoyed Slocum by his foolish teasing; called Slocum a blue-bellied Yankee and, finally, being on guard in camp together, when the guard marched to dinner after the battalion had returned, he put himself behind Slocum in ranks and when the guard marched, continually trod on Slocum's heels, saying "Slocum are them your heels?" Old Slocum stood it, not daring to answer back for fear the sergeant of the guard would detect him and report him. But as soon as ranks were broken, Slocum caught his tormentor by the collar and gave him a very severe mauling. After dinner they were reported for fighting and both put in arrest. A court martial was ordered and three grave officers assembled to try these two green plebes. Captain Gustavus W. Smith was one of the officers and walking into the library, where courts martial met in those days, he passed Cadet Inge, very
small and very green, a handkerchief over the one eye which was blackened during the fight. Smith was on all occasions a very dignified man, with plumed chapeau, sword and sash. He was pretty mad at being detailed on such duty and seeing this little plebe leaning up against one of the pillars of the library and thinking that he was only loafing there, caught him by the arm and said to him, “What are you doing here, sir?” Inge, in a half-scared, lubberly way, straightened up and then bringing his hand to a right hand salute over his bandaged eye, said, “Sir, I am one of the convicts.” Poor, little Inge meant that he was one of the accused waiting to be arraigned before the captain and his associates. The court soon disposed of the cases, giving each some trifling punishment, but for many days Slocum’s heels and little Inge as a convict, caused much fun and laughter. Inge never could learn anything and the first of January sent him back to Mississippi.

I would like to recall some of the scenes and memories of our first camp. The drill, the parade, the long nights on guard, the solitary walking of the sentry’s beat at midnight. There were no railroads on the Hudson then and you could tell the time of night if you knew the timetables of the different lines of boats. And the calf boat. Who does not remember the calf boat? First, far away up the Hudson, the low ruffling of the paddle-wheels way off, half way to Newburgh; then nearer and more distinct; then the feeble bleating of the young calf, for these boats made night trips and carried numberless calves from Albany to New York, for veal. Finally, as the boat nears Gees Point, a saddening chorus of complaining calves with the strong music of the stroke of the paddle-wheels for a background, breaks out, filling the air and echoing from the mountains with a concert made weird and singular; growing less blatant and distressing as the boat
recedes down the river and gradually dying away in the distance like an uncouth phantom—a disordered serenade.

Our class entered one hundred and twenty in numbers and graduated forty-three. At this date of writing, April 29th, 1896, there are living eleven of the forty-three who graduated. Five became Major Generals in the war, four Brigadier Generals and three Brigadier Generals in the Confederacy. Sheridan also became a Major General in the Union Army and Bowen a Major General in that of the Confederacy. Fourteen general officers was the contribution of my class to the war, a fair proportion when it is considered that an older set of officers than my class furnished—we averaged thirty-one years when the war broke out—had been selected as the commandants early in the war, the qualification seeming to be service in the Mexican War. Thus, this class having the start and the ascendancy, endeavored to make their set a close corporation, supplying the important commandants from among their own members. Sheridan attained the highest rank of anyone in my class. He was wholly unacquainted with books but was very observant and very energetic. I think his success was owing to a certain audacity and like Stonewall Jackson, a perfect indifference as to how many of his men were killed if he only carried his point. He never had a staff officer killed and he lost only one horse under him during the war. That was at the taking of Missionary Ridge.

The man of our class who has left the most monuments of his work behind him was General Casey, Chief of Engineers, and yet he originated nothing. He, however, gave permanent success to Washington’s Monument, to the War, State and Navy Department buildings and to the new Congressional Library, and yet he was not the originator of any of these—a man of wonderful ability, he was without desire for any human
fellowship. He was unlike his brothers, Silas and Edward; the former of the Navy and the latter of the Army. Both of these were warm hearted and good fellows; men of great bravery and frankness. The latter, Edward Casey, lost his life in the senseless war made upon the Sioux Indians in 1891—not from rashness as reported at that time and repeated since, but in direct obedience of orders from General Miles, as the records in the War Department show.

Jerome Bonaparte, son of the Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore, son of the ex-King of Westphalia and Mrs. Patterson—was a member of my class. He was handsome and amiable, but of very moderate talent and slow at learning. He was so good and polite that he was greatly admired. His parents, who lived in Baltimore, often visited him and Mr. Bonaparte had a wonderful resemblance to the bust of his uncle, Napoleon I.

Among my agreeable acquaintances at West Point was Mrs. Captain G. W. Smith, a lady of great beauty and many attractive qualities. One evening after dress parade she lingered after the people had departed and upon my joining her, she introduced me to a companion, a Miss Wright, who she informed me was her guest. I noticed her as a small, well formed and very pretty girl, very modest and almost bashful. Her father was a surgeon in the Army and had been stationed at West Point when I was a plebe and this young lady had lived six months at the Point but I had not known her as a plebe never knows anyone. As I often visited Captain Smith's I came to know this young lady very well and frequently accompanied her to the cadet hops during the summer. September came, our studies were renewed and the young lady departed for her home in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, taking with her as a loan, my class ring. After possessing this ring for two months she concluded that she had done wrong in
taking it and so returned it to me. This occasioned only
the passing of a small note between us but there were tender
feelings on the part of both which time developed. I had
truly met my messmate, my heart’s joy for the years to come,
my loving model wife.

Things looked very different. The end of our cadet life
was drawing near; so near now that cares increased daily.
What arm of the service shall we go into? What clothes
and what equipments shall we buy? Finally June came.

By this time the habit of study after the West Point method
had become a second nature. It seemed just as natural to
going a lesson as to wash my face. Would not this mental
wideawakeness be a good thing to keep up for all one’s life?
My standing the last year was excellent but my carelessness
in former years told against me and the best I could do was
to graduate ninth in a class of forty-three. I certainly im-
proved in my capacity for study as my years at West Point
passed and I regret to-day that I did not tie myself to scien-
tific pursuits.

The joys of being a graduate have often been written and
I am not able to do the subject justice. With good health,
the sense of freedom, with new clothes and everybody glad
to see one; three months’ leisure to go and visit your friends—
why not feel happy? Our graduating ceremonies were some-
what different in those days from those of the present. There
was an address by a distinguished orator, Mr. Marcus Ham-
mond of South Carolina, in my time. This oration was given
in the Chapel. I only remember that the discourse was
philosophical and Captain Sackett said afterwards that the
speaker had a pitcher of brandy and water with a silver mug
to drink it from to hide the color of the liquor, and that the
liquor was exhausted before the manuscript of the speech
and the Honorable Mr. Hammond motioned for more, but
as Sackett did not see how he could convey him more, the orator got mad and cut out many pages of his long address. Surely his audience forgave him.

At the close of our examination each graduate went quietly to the Adjutant’s Office and received his diploma instead of the theatrical way of distributing them at this date. But good-bye to West Point came, and I bade farewell with regret. I always loved West Point.

* * * * * * * * *

The spring of 1853 was noted for the passage of the law providing for the survey of four great routes for a Pacific railroad. I applied for and went to Washington to procure a detail on one of the surveying parties, and in this I succeeded, joining Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, Topographical Engineer, at Cincinnati. Here we made many purchases of quartermaster's and commissary stores for our projected long survey of the country lying between Fort Smith, Arkansas, and San Diego, California. These were shipped by steamboat and I went in charge, down the beautiful Ohio, the muddy but mighty Mississippi, to the mouth of the Arkansas.

We were delayed several days at Napoleon, a little place of a dozen houses at the mouth of the Arkansas River. One of these was called a hotel, where we lodged. The bill of fare consisted of fried bacon, corn pone and saleratus bread, black coffee and cat fish—no scarcity of the latter here. They are caught in the adjacent river, sometimes weighing three hundred pounds.

A good natured merchant, the only one in the place, invited us to a good natured game of poker, considerately saying, “You boys are going on a long trip on the plains and won’t have any use for money and I can help you spend it now.” He got his game but no money.

Most of Lieutenant Whipple’s party got together at Napo-
leon and embarked on the same boat for Fort Smith, where we arrived on the first of July.

Finally, on the twenty-fourth day of July, after endless worry, we were ferried across the little river Poteau at Fort Smith, and started on our work and journey. Anyone who has served as a quartermaster can appreciate the miseries of my first day's start—raw drivers, raw mules, wagons overloaded, one wagon breaking down, another upset; eight miles of muddy road leading through a cane brake with the cane twenty feet high and cutting off all breeze; the day intensely hot—all loaded upon poor me. How I wished I had never started. Lieutenant Whipple was a pious man and why he should start on a Sunday I could not imagine. The first day ended in sleep and next morning our two derelict wagons came up and we moved on.

This day's worry was only a forerunner of the days to come. The days for the next two weeks were varied with mules getting away at night, terrible roads, deep creeks to cross with bottomless, muddy fords. Vexations fell thick and fast and I fear I did some swearing, for in my diary I turn now and see my lamentation of my wickedness and hard words at the day's closing and pray God's help that I may spend the next day more like a Christian.

We were starting over a country of six hundred miles area, inhabited by wild Indians, but so few Indians roamed over this vast prairie country that the chances were we should not meet with any of them. As to hiring a guide the fates were against us. We had hoped to get Black Beaver, a Delaware chieftain, but he was sick of ague. He was with Peter Ogden when this great trader and traveler, foremost of his time, first established the fur trade in Oregon. Jesse Chisolm, a half-breed Creek, was solicited to go with us but he could not leave his business. He was a man of force, and had been
many times amongst the Kiowas and Comanches as a trader. Although a half-breed, he condemned the cross, saying that no virtuous Indian woman would marry a white and no white man of any account would marry a squaw. Chisolm was of Scotch and Creek Indian descent and was a man of fine presence and dignified manners.

Finally we started with no guide but a little negro boy who was loaned us by Chisolm because he spoke Comanche and would be useful as an interpreter.

After leaving the view of the Antelope Hills we kept either in the Canadian Valley or upon the waters draining into the Canadian for over two hundred miles. On the seventh of September we first saw buffalo—only a few old bulls. Jose, Lieutenant Whipple's servant, having a very fast mount, drove one of these old bulls to bay, but having only a pocket pistol, could not kill him. Coming to his aid I shot the old bull with my English rifle, thus killing my first buffalo and getting well kicked by the gun. Jose and I managed to secure the tongue and boiled it all night, serving it at breakfast. Then we could not eat it and only after six hours more boiling was it sufficiently cooked for our consumption. After leaving the buffalo we were joined by two villainous Kiowa Indians who said they would come to our camp that night and then departed. As we first saw these two fellows trying to hide themselves by riding the dry bed of a stream, I concluded that Jose and myself, being together and well armed, saved us from the fate of Lieutenant Pike Harrison, who was Captain Marcy's lieutenant and who was murdered not far from this place by these same Kiowa Indians in 1849.

We laid over here one day and in four days' travel marched to Albuquerque by the Cañon Blanco and the San Antonio Pass, south of the Sandia Mountain. Albuquerque was then headquarters of a department. General Garland was in com-
mand and here we met Captain John Pope, Captain Carleton and my West Point friend, Renner Garrard.

Our halt at this place lasted from October 3rd until November 10th, when we started to explore Northern Arizona by way of the Zuni villages. Guides were hard to find. Antoine Leroux, a Frenchman, living at Taos, had passed through this country in 1849 with Captain Sitgreaves, Engineers, and Major Kendrick of the artillery, but went much south of the route we were bound to follow.

After a great deal of negotiation, Leroux's services were procured and also the services of an old humbug of a Mexican, named Sanadio. This man, now sixty-four years of age, had engaged at one time in catching the women and children of the Tonto Indians for slaves—of course exterminating the men. These Tontos were also known as Diggers, from their living partly on various roots of their barren country. Upon the last expedition he made with an armed party into their country, the poor Indians rallied, whipped his party and drove them in flight from their homes. He pretended to know the country we were to explore, but he knew nothing and Lieutenant Whipple, to utilize him, put him to work with the pack train. Leroux was a man of another sort. He pretended to nothing he did not know. His knowledge and experience were wonderful and yet part of our route he had never seen. When still a young man of eighteen he had trapped the Gila River for beaver and his party being discovered by the Apaches, he had kept up a running fight with them for three weeks. Later he had been attacked by the Maricopas at night on the Colorado. All his party, except himself and one Crow Indian, were murdered. These two had built a little fort with their packs and from this, with their guns and pistols, had beat off their assailants, thus saving their lives, but ending in their having to tramp to Cali-
fornia on foot. He had served Major Kendrick as guide over
the unexplored country south of our proposed route along
the thirty-fifth parallel, and then tried a route quite destitute
of water, causing the loss, in part, of their pack train, and
much suffering.

The day before reaching the Colorado River and whilst
lying in a dry camp, depending on scant water carried in
kegs, Leroux in the evening took his gun and started out to
study the features of the country and the chances of finding
water. A stealthy Indian waylaid him and first thing he
knew an arrow came whizzing from behind a rock and struck
him in the head—he said afterwards that it felt like a brick
bat. In an instant, turning, he ran, swinging his big, stiff
Mexican hat to protect his head from arrows. His shouts
roused the camp and men came running to his rescue. Twenty
Indians pursued him all the while firing showers of arrows.
Seven of these took effect upon Leroux, all painful but not
disabling. The swinging hat saved him. It was filled with
arrows but the great, stiff Mexican hat makes a good shield.
Leroux was saved and the next day Kendrick’s party came in
sight of the Colorado River.

Not a sign of any more Indians had been seen, but in ap-
proaching the river, all panting for its fresh waters, Leroux,
although bandaged up with his wounds, was riding a mule;
he advised Kendrick to avoid a long fringe of willows at the
nearest point of the river. Marching some distance past
this clump of willows, the command prepared to camp on
the river at a point clear of the thicket. The men were just
finishing relieving the mules of their packs, when looking over
to the thicket they had passed, three hundred naked Indians,
brandishing their formidable war clubs, rushed out into the
open and started at a run for the little command. A soldier
named Jones, who was in the habit of loitering behind his
comrades as they went into camp, was soon caught and pounded to death. The whole party ran in close order for the soldiers. Major Kendrick, consulting a moment with Leroux, ordered the soldiers to fire, first ordering the Mexican packers to run forward and fire a volley and then fall back on the soldiers, now formed in ranks. This was well done and the volleys of the soldiers stopped the rush. One chief came on until within ten yards of the muzzles of the guns; yelling, dancing and squatting. Shot after shot missed him. Leroux shouted, “Fire at his legs.” A sergeant fired, aiming at his legs, and the chief, trying his squatting tactics, received the bullet through the heart. This ended the savage onslaught. There were three hundred Indians against twenty-four soldiers and a like number of Mexican packers. Had Major Kendrick marched through the willows, the Indians would have killed every soul in a few minutes. These Indians were the Yumas, the most warlike of the river tribes. They used the bow and arrow and the lance but their main dependence was upon a great club, shaped like a potato masher, made of hard lignum vitae of the country, with the mallet part cut to a sharp edge. A splendid weapon with which to knock out a man’s brains.

Captain Pope, afterwards General John Pope, was then stationed in New Mexico and messed with Lieutenant Kenner Garrard. One day we were invited to dinner and as we sat in the parlor, awaiting the summons to dine, a Frenchman, employed as a waiter, came in and spoke to Pope. Soon after, Garrard coming in, Pope said seriously, “Garrard, the assassin of Louis Philippe has just left here and was inquiring for you.” The laughter was immense. It appears that the Frenchman claimed that he was run out of France for conspiring against Louis Philippe.

Captain Gordon Granger was very much in love with Miss
Sally Strother of Louisville and as the lady expected to have a big fortune, Granger's motives were suspected. At length the mother of the lady died and Granger was seen wearing an immense pair of black gauntlets. Someone said to him, "What do you wear black gauntlets for?" "Oh!" said he, "I am wearing mourning for my mother-in-law." Granger's suit fell through and Sally married a German baron. One evening, in our fun, Pope turned to Granger and said, "Count (his nickname was Count) what has become of that husband-in-law of yours?" "Who do you mean?" said Granger. "Why that Dutch baron who married Sally," answered Pope. Granger was upset.

I heard Pope, during the war, chaff an officer of his staff on his experience in a volunteer regiment. The officer, Louis Marshall, a nephew of Robert E. Lee, was elected colonel of an Ohio regiment but, political wrangling arising, he was successively reduced from colonel to lieutenant-colonel and then to major, whereupon he quit the regiment in disgust and took a place on Pope's staff. Referring to his experience, Pope said to him, "Lou, that was a singular career you had in that regiment called the Benton Cadets. If you had gotten another promotion you would have landed in the penitentiary." At the time I speak of, Pope was young, handsome and very witty.

Our trip to the Pacific coast was first to the Little Colorado River country, pretty well known; thence to the great Colorado, across it to the western side and from that river to the settlements of California—a country unexplored. The existing maps were worth nothing. The United States Survey Map represented the Mojave River as emptying into the great Colorado, whereas, the Mojave, we found, is lost in the sandy desert, and a mountain chain interposes between the place of its disappearance and the Colorado.
The journey we now proposed, in order to establish a railroad route to the Pacific coast, was to be accomplished in the winter months, undoubtedly the best time, as in northern Arizona we might expect snows and might find water in the basins formed by rocks. We left Albuquerque on November 15th.

On the twentieth of November we arrived at the Zuni Villages. The latter have often been described. Built of loose masonry and adobe, the houses ascend in terraces upon the hillside until a fourth story is attained. There are no doors in the lower story so when a ladder, which is used to mount to the first story, is pulled up, an enemy cannot easily enter the building. At the time of our visit the small-pox epidemic was just abating. Mr. Overton, a trader, the sole white man in the tribe, had died miserably with only savage nursing. Out of a population of one thousand, one hundred Indians succumbed, and the survivors, in all stages of convalescence, shedding their scabs and spotted like leopards, were lounging around or running into our camp everywhere. Some of our party set out from here and visited the Quaker Indians, the Moquis, a hundred miles west of this village. They joined us when we were on the march bringing with them many lynx and rabbit skins. It is known that, for safety, the Moqui Indians live in houses perched upon high mesas with perpendicular walls several hundred feet high. From these heights many Indians threw themselves, when burning with the fever of small-pox,—by suicide anticipating a slower death. These Indians are Quakers and non-resistants. They are bullied by the Navajos who oppress them and levy heavy tribute in grain, sheep and burros.

On the twelfth of March we struck the old Spanish Trail for pack mules only. The next day we were on the wagon road from San Bernardino to Salt Lake. We here met a
mail carrier, who told us that there had been fighting in the Crimea. We had been without news from November 10th, 1853 to March 14th, 1854.

We left Fort Smith, Arkansas, July 24th, 1853, and arrived at San Diego, California, March 26th—a little more than eight months in tents, or later with only a pack cover having rope stretched to support the canvas, for shelter. We encountered all kinds of weather,—many storms also.

When we arrived at the Colorado our provisions were nearly exhausted, and but for the corn meal and beans we bought from the Indians, we would have been compelled to eat mule meat. We crossed over the river about one hundred sheep of the five hundred we drove from the Rio Grande. These poor things had also become foot sore and very, very poor. From the Colorado to San Bernardino, we lived almost entirely on beans bought of the Indians, and I felt none the worse.

[Stanley soon afterwards proceeded to San Francisco.]

One day we were invited to join an excursion by steamboat up the bay to Sacramento. General Wool and staff were on the boat as was also Bob Wheat, afterwards Colonel of the Louisiana Tigers in the War of the Rebellion. He was killed at Cold Harbor. He was a filibuster of the worst kind, and was now in arrest and under bonds for enlisting men to assist Walker in his villainous attack on Nicaragua. General Wool had caused Wheat’s arrest, but on this day they were very jolly together, and a great deal of champagne was drunk. Wool had a reputation as a gallant officer in the War of 1812, rather lowered by his weak demeanor at Buena Vista. He was a notorious old gambler and won a great deal of money from young Lieutenants in the Army. Whilst Inspector General of the Army, his method of drawing mileage finally compelled a remodeling of the law. Having made an inspec-
tion of all points en route by the Lakes from New York to Troy and back again on to Mackinac, the old rogue would charge New York to West Point, back again; New York to Troy and back again; to Sackett's Harbor, back again, etc. No wonder he could leave eighty thousand dollars to put a grand monument over his tomb.

I spent part of April and May in San Francisco and then returned to New York the last of May, via Panama.

The Isthmus of Panama was a busy part of the world, made so by the unusual emigration to California. Already a railroad was built from Aspinwall (Colon) half across the Isthmus, where mules were taken to Panama. Humanity, baggage and gold dust were carried on mules. Ladies, tenderly reared, were obliged to ride astride, as otherwise they no doubt would be knocked off in the narrow, deep, muddy cuts. As many of the poor ladies had not thought to provide themselves with riding costume, a la bloomer, their appearance astride a mule was very ridiculous. Then it rains incessantly on the Isthmus and the negro packers and muleteers, as soon as the rain pours, throw off every stitch of clothing and run and shout in and out of the herds of pack mules. I met Mrs. Senator Gaynor and her two daughters in a rain storm, mounted as described. The matron took things coolly under her dripping umbrella, but one of the daughters, looking at the naked muleteers said, "Mama, this is awful." "Oh, my dear" said the old lady, "you started out to see the elephant and now you see him."

[Soon after his return, he was ordered west for duty on the frontier.]

I travelled over this, my first route in Texas, with Surgeon Southgate and fell in en route, with Adjutant Pleasanton and Regimental Quartermaster Field, Second Dragoons, going to the same post. I met Captain R. H. Anderson of the same
Regiment and his witty wife going out; camped with them. Pleasanton afterwards became a Major General in the Union Army and Field a General in the Confederate service. Dick Anderson reached the distinction of being a General of the Confederate States and Mrs. Anderson, the brilliant and witty Sally Gibson, died in Charleston after the war, broken hearted and disgusted with the war and its horrible sequences.

The regular troops, about two hundred in number, and the three companies of Rangers, made a scout this winter of 1854 and '55 far into the Pan Handle country of Texas, but did not accomplish anything. Buffalo and all big game abounded then, and wild Texas was a paradise for hunters. The Indians, however, were hostile, and often cut off small parties. Soon after I left Fort Chadbourne to join my new command, the Comanches caught the two soldier mail-carriers from the post and burned them, tied to a tree. Shortly afterwards these same Indians came into the post, about forty in number, to talk to Major Seth Eastman, the commanding officer. Lieutenant C. W. Thomas, 1st Infantry, arranged that, as the commanding officer talked with the Indians, he would drill his company and finally march around with loaded rifles close to the council. This he did successfully, and facing his company to the group of Indians, demanded their surrender. A fight immediately ensued and several of the Indians were killed and their chief ran into Major Eastman's house and barred the door. He was armed with rifle and revolver. He refused to surrender and fired through the door at any noise that he could hear on the outside. Lieutenant Thomas, tired of killing the chief by guesswork shooting, ordered his men to bring a rail and ram the door. As the door went down, Thomas leaped into the room. The chief was squatted behind a table and as he rose to fire, Thomas brought him
down with a well aimed shot through the head. On the part of Lieutenant Thomas this was an act of splendid bravery.

Lieutenant George B. Anderson and myself occupied one room in the unfinished hospital. One very beautiful, bright moonlight night in September, we were both awakened by some strange noise like some one groaning and calling, and going out, we found a soldier by the name of Mattock, who was just being helped to the hospital by a soldier, who lived with his wife near the creek. Mattock had been over the creek to the hut of a Dutchman who sold liquor. Having filled up, he was on his way home, very happy no doubt, and at the crossing of the creek which was in deep banks, five or six Comanches waylaid him and as he passed, commenced shooting at his back with bows and arrows. Mattock shouted and ran until he met with the soldier, who lived in the cabin and who brought him, moaning and crying, out to the hospital. Now comes the incredible part of this story. Mattock had fourteen arrows in him. He bristled with them like a porcupine. Three of these arrows had gone so far through him that the surgeon extracted them by cutting off the feathered part of the arrow and pulling them through the man’s body. In two weeks’ time, Mattock was walking around and his only disability was finally from a superficial wound, which had lacerated a nerve. Assistant Surgeon Eben Swift, who treated this man, said he feared a truthful relation of the case would result in his being put down as a Munchausen. I relate this case to show that arrow wounds do not compare with those made by bullets in fatality.

In the winter of ’55 and ’56, politics ran very high. The Kansas and Nebraska admissions greatly enraged the South as slavery was impossible under the acts of admission. Washington’s birthday was celebrated by a very grand street parade, followed by a banquet at the Burnet House. Every-
thing was on the conciliatory plan, and in response to the toasts there were speeches made by eloquent orators, yet Solomon P. Chase, Governor of Ohio, sat through the entire evening without being called on for a toast, nor was any notice taken of him because he had been elected as a radical free soiler.

The first mutterings of the thunder forewarned the leaders of the coming trouble of the war of rebellion. The strife over the government had commenced and already troops had been called to this State to keep the slavery and free soil people from violent acts against each other.

I remained in Newport during this winter and in the spring was ordered to New York to conduct a detachment of recruits to the upper Missouri River to reinforce the command of General Harney. The Sioux Indians had been at war in 1855 and had been defeated by Harney at Blue Water late in the fall, and in the spring, had made peace. My detachment of recruits came to Jefferson Barracks by rail, where we embarked on the steamboat Emma, Captain Cheever, for the upper Missouri. All was new then above Westport, Missouri; on the right bank of the river, Leavenworth, Atchison, Omaha, Sioux City—all just started. I remember Omaha and Sioux City as having only one completed house each as we passed up the river on this trip. Our steamer had a heavy cargo of government supplies. There were two hundred recruits on board as passengers and a crew of seventy-four deck hands, or as they were called, roustabouts. This large crew was necessary as there were no wood yards in this desert country and the boat had to be supplied by the crew. The plan seemed to be to run as long as daylight lasted, then tie up to the bank where dead wood abounded, if possible, and then turn out this big force of men and chop and carry wood until sometime beyond midnight. Pine torches were largely used for lighting up so that they could see for this hard work
Fires were built ashore and the choppers, all hard at work—the rows of men packing wood, lighted up and reflected by the water, the green trees ashore, when enlivened by the singing of this ragged crew and the swearing of the mate and his assistants—all this made a lively scene. Our mate was a little man, but he made up what he lacked in size by his swearing capacity and indomitable pluck. In such a large crew of toughs there were always rebels against authority, but the mate was equal to the occasion always. To play "Old Soldier," i. e. to hide away during wooding time, was a common dodge. The mate always inspected the sleeping bunks and after the men had been marched ashore on one occasion, he found an Irishman asleep on the deck; the mate picked him up and threw him, face down, into the river. The fellow could not swim and called lustily for help as he drifted helplessly down the river. The yawl was soon manned and following the cries, they found the man in a drifted tree-top, a mile down the stream. But for the friendly tree-top, our mate would have been guilty of manslaughter.

Captain Cheever was fond of sport and one day, seeing a hawk engaged in a fight with a rattlesnake, stopped his boat and tied up to the bank to see the fight out. He was not long delayed as the hawk killed the snake and carried it off. The blow of the hawk's wing seemed to cripple the snake, which showed great fright and tried to get away. The imitation of the blow of the hawk's or the eagle's wing is the secret of the Moqui Indian in handling rattlesnakes with impunity, the snake being paralyzed with fear.

Buffalo abounded in immense herds at this period on the Missouri, and the stopping of the steamboat to allow the great herds of buffalo swimming in the river, to pass, was a thing that was not uncommon. The fear that the buffalo
would become entangled in the wheel was the reason for stopping the boat.

I took stage at Council Bluffs for St. Josephs. I rode all night over the prairie country, seated on top of the coach, and grew very sleepy trying to make out the shape of the land in the darkness, the roll of the coach making it appear like great waves of muddy waters. In the morning after sunrise, we found a cross roads tavern where we were to have breakfast, still occupied by a party of young people—men and girls,—who after dancing all night, an hour past sunrise, were still at it. We were invited to join, and having dusted off and washed our faces, were soon swinging partners and dos-a-dosing with the country belles. Breakfast called a halt and the “All-aboard” of the stage driver, called us away, leaving the two fiddlers still sawing away and the girls and boys darting in and out in the mazes of “Money Musk.”

I then went by boat from St. Josephs to Leavenworth, where I landed, found quarters, and entered at once into the Kansas border war. My regiment, the First Cavalry, Colonel E. V. Sumner commanding, was organized and rendezvoused at Fort Leavenworth. In the fall of 1855, this newly organized regiment made a cold, dreary march to reinforce General Harney, then engaged in a Sioux war. We returned to Fort Leavenworth to winter.

This regiment was called on to suppress the Free Soil legislature at Topeka, decided to be insurrectionary by Mr. Buchanan’s Administration; then afterwards continually called out and kept in the field to interpose between the Pro-Slavery Party and the Abolitionists, who called themselves the Free Soil Party. With this disagreeable duty I was kept busy until late in the winter of ’56 and ’57. The Kansas troubles were the prelude to the Civil War. Freedom and slavery were the bones of contention. The Free Soil men had the
enterprise and dash and the country. The slavery party could not hope to carry their laws there, and tried by favor of the general government and military demonstration, to force their institutions upon the territory. They failed, but the terrorism, the rowdy spirit of their own party, the uncertainty of life and property,—have left their impression on Kansas to this day.

Colonel Sumner, with the headquarters of the Regiment, was in the field all summer. I commanded Troop D, George B. McClellan, Captain. The sole purpose of the military was to interpose between the rival parties and prevent bloodshed. The real sentiment of most of the officers and men was with the Free Soil party, who were the real settlers. However, the Administration was desirous that Kansas be a slave State and our orders almost invariably favored the pro-slavery pretenders. Twice the troops were called out to defend the town of Lawrence from an army, so called, of invaders from Missouri. The troops in each case interposing, the invaders turned back.

The last invasion, which occurred in August of 1856, was reported to be twelve thousand strong and was commanded by David Atchinson, formerly a Senator and Acting Vice-President of the United States. This force marched from Kansas City to Lawrence—all were mounted. Colonel P. St. George Cooke commanded the United States forces—1st Cavalry, 2nd Dragoons, 6th Infantry and part of the 4th Artillery with two light batteries. On this occasion we drew up in line of battle East of Lawrence, and awaited the approach of the invaders. This was early in the morning, and we stood in ranks until one o'clock P. M., when Colonel Cooke returned from a tedious parley with Dave Atchinson, the latter agreeing to march his army back to Missouri, provided Colonel Cooke would guarantee that the Free State men would organize
no armed force in Lawrence. The whole thing was, on our part, a humiliating farce, and on the part of Dave Atchinson and his swashbucklers, a beginning of the rebellion. In fact there were no armed men in Lawrence. It was the seat of the Free Soil sentiment and the Missourians came there with the intention of destroying the town and would have done so had not we interposed.

With varying changes, the strife between the two parties in Kansas went on all summer and way on near Christmas time I was still in tents in the field. The thermometer was below zero where we were, away up on the Newaha near the Nebraska line—we were here because someone had reported that John Brown (Ossawatami) was expected to invade Kansas by that side and bring arms and recruits. One of our captains was a little dried up old fellow, pompous and given to big oaths. To keep from freezing, we camped in the wooded bottom, and cutting trees two feet in diameter built regular log piles for fires. Sitting as near as we could to this great fire, our eyes half smoked out, this old captain used to swear and say “Lieutenant, I am asking for one year’s leave, and if I get it I am going to travel, and if I can find a rich woman, I am going to marry her and then quit this miserable life forever.” He did manage to get the leave but failed to marry a rich woman.

Shortly before Christmas, we marched into quarters. There was a big ball the night I arrived at Leavenworth, at Colonel Hiram Rich’s hotel and I at once forgot all the miseries of frozen camp life.

The winter at Fort Leavenworth was quite gay. Colonel E. V. Sumner was in command. He was a man of great soldierly qualities, but so brusque in his manner as to be rude at times, and there were many people who disliked him. Yet he was a man truthful, honest and kindhearted. Joseph E.
Johnston was our Lieutenant-Colonel and was in the field with us during the summer. He was a quiet but very sociable man; did not like Sumner and was too ready to criticize him. Dozens of officers were here this winter, who afterwards became Generals in the War.

Our command, organized as an expedition and dependent on pack mules, set out in July to hunt for the tribe of Cheyenne Indians and punish them for the murders committed several years before. We took with us twenty days’ rations complete with an extra supply of salt, and upon this supply we lived for sixty-five days. It was pretty well known that the Cheyennes were on the Solomon fork of the Kaw river and our Pawnee guides took us pretty straight to them. We drove a small herd of beeves, and buffalo hunting was not allowed. Our course was down the Platte for twenty miles and then southeast, to strike the waters of the Republican fork. One day, under a burning sun, our poor infantry made thirty-five miles, getting into camp about ten o’clock at night. The camp was made on a stagnant pool of water, which was very shallow and unpalatable. Next day we struck Rock Creek, a fine running stream. Everybody was now on the alert for Indians.

On one occasion when I was officer of the guard, one of my sentinels fired his carbine and, mounting my mare, I soon rode up to him. The sentinel was a recruit and told me that a man on horseback had appeared and that when he halted him, he dismounted and addressed him in words he did not understand. The sentinel then fired. Colonel Sumner thought it was only a buffalo, but next morning our Pawnee guides soon found pony tracks and shortly afterwards we saw Indian scouts on the horizon. We were discovered.

Our Indian scouts followed the Cheyennes rapidly and the Delaware chief, Fall Leaf, riding at times rapidly in a circle,
signalled us to hurry up. Hurry up we did at a gallop and a trot until about one o'clock. As we came into the valley of the Solomon's fork, the entire Cheyenne tribe rode out of a coule and presented a grand line of battle right in front of us. There were probably eight hundred warriors, and as we came into view their front was twice the length of ours. Immediately Colonel Sumner ordered two troops of cavalry to march against their flank. Then drawing sabres, he charged their line. The Indians had been very brave and such a thing as drawing up in line of battle had probably never been seen on this continent. Half a dozen of their chiefs were seen riding up and down the line, exhorting the braves to fight manfully, but the flash of three hundred sabres and the sight of three hundred troopers coming straight at them was too much for the Cheyenne braves, and they fled with whip and spur.

The point where this occurred was on the east side of the Solomon fork of the Republican river—only a shallow rivulet at this season, August. But there is adjoining this little stream a marsh of the worst of quicksand. The flight of the Indians took them straight through this bottom of quicksand, but they knew the ground and only a few of their horses stuck. Not so the troopers. Many of the latter found themselves swamped and so lost time in the pursuit. The Indians dispersed and disappeared in all directions. Nine were overtaken and killed. I rode after a party of Indians who seemed to keep together. Occasionally they turned in their saddles and fired at us without checking their ponies. J. E. B. Stuart rode on my left. Our horses were greatly used up as this breakneck speed had been kept up for four miles. Suddenly a big, fat Indian slid off his horse and fired at Stuart. I turned my horse and rode in on the Indian, firing one shot, but as I fired near my horse's ear, it scared him, and imme-
diately jumping off my horse, I tried to get a good aim at
the Indian, when to my horror, my pistol stood firmly cocked
and refused to fire. The Indian saw my fix in a flash and
ran towards me, presenting his pistol. I threw my pistol to
the ground, drew my sabre and turned around my horse's
head to avoid the Indian's shot, and at that moment Stuart
dashed his horse upon the Indian, cut him on the head with
his sabre and laid him prostrate. But in the same instant,
the cool old chief put the bullet he had intended for me into
Stuart's breast. The Indian was killed and for a time we
thought that Stuart was mortally wounded. He was sent in
a mule litter to Fort Kearney and never had a bad symptom.
The bullet had lodged under the breast bone and encysted
there. I believed then and do still believe he saved my life.
He became a famous Confederate general and I have always
felt towards him the most sincere gratitude.

When we assembled that night on the battlefield we counted
nine Indians killed and we had twelve men wounded, three
of whom died. The moans of these poor men kept me awake
all night and although the Indians ran away in the fight, my
bunk-mate, Lindsay Lomax, declared we were badly defeated.
Pursuit was made next morning and when passing a ridge
only five miles from the battle ground, we came on a beau-
tiful Indian camp of three hundred lodges, all in com-
plete order, abandoned in haste when the warriors gave way
in the battle. One of these lodges was eighteen feet in diam-
eter and about the same height, of new and beautifully dressed
buffalo skins. The amount of buffalo meat, dried and nicely
packed in skins, meat half lean and half fat, would have summed
up five tons. With this jerked buffalo meat we loaded up our
pack mules and this helped us greatly to assuage our hunger
for the next four weeks. The destruction of their entire camp
equipage injured the Indians more than the killing of a few
braves did. We burned everything and it did touch my heart to see the implements of the kitchen and the half-dressed skins, upon which the poor squaw had almost broken her back in toil, and even the playthings of the little children, committed to the flames. For the Indians themselves, they were gone, fleeing westward and towards the Arkansas, scattering as they went as quail scatter before the hawk, each family taking its own route. Our scouts were out some time to see if there was any reliable trail to follow, and came back saying that they could not tell where the Cheyennes had gone. Their coming out to fight was to save their village, and when they fled from our troopers they took a direction calculated to throw us off and away from their village.

At Leavenworth I joined my wife after an absence of four months. Leavenworth became a great depot this fall and winter, and many troops rendezvoused here for the march on Utah in the spring. Quarters became very crowded and we were glad to receive orders to move to Fort Riley, in December.

A duty devolved on us this winter, that of escorting the mails to Santa Fe. It was a hard and dangerous duty, more so from the weather than from the Indians, and several times our parties came near perishing in the storms. This was upon the dreary Arkansas route. The Utah expedition was the only talk and excitement during this winter. Our companies of Cavalry were increased to one hundred and fifty men each. Having sent my wife to Carlisle in May, we set out on the march to Salt Lake, going directly from Fort Riley to Fort Kearney, and although our command comprised but six troops, we were seven hundred strong. Colonel Sumner was in command. Having no surgeon, I was detailed as doctor, and wanting to do the surgeon's business up right, I had sick call sounded early the first morning. Old Bull
(Colonel Sumner) came hustling out of his tent, shouting, "What does that mean?" "Sick Call, of course" I said. "I will have none of it," screamed the old Colonel. "If you sound sick call it will only put them in mind of having some one ailing and you will have half the command here." So I dispensed with the call and had little use for pills or plasters on the whole trip.

We arrived at Kearney in June and the great road from Leavenworth to Laramie was filled with troops and immense trains of ox wagons, hauling supplies for an army marching to quell the rebellious Mormons. General Persifor Smith had been in command all winter at Leavenworth but died just as he was ready to take the field and General Harney succeeded to the command. The troops concentrated near Old Fort Kearney but encamped for twenty miles below and above the post. This for the purpose of grazing the animals. Whilst tarrying there, General Harney came up and camped several days in our near vicinity. His Adjutant-General was Major Don Carlos Buell, with Alfred Pleasonton for his aide-de-camp, and Surgeon J. J. B. Wright as chief medical officer.

Commissioners Powell of Kentucky, Cummings of Georgia, and Ben McCullough of Texas, had been sent to treat with the Mormons and we awaited their report. To be sure, we were nearly a thousand miles from Salt Lake City, but distances did not seem to be counted in those days. We were headed for Salt Lake and expected to fight the Mormons. Our delay was passed in amusing ourselves. Lieutenant Lothrop of the Artillery had some very large greyhounds and each evening near sundown, we repaired to his flat roofed house in the fort. On the top of his house he had a telescope, which revolved on a tripod, and by sweeping the horizon we could detect the location of any wolf which at this hour commenced his nightly prowl. Having the direction of one
or of several, we went straight to the place, and invariably would flush the wolf and then run him down with the grey-hounds. The wary animal usually saw us coming and hid in the grass. But as we rode near his hiding place, he had to break away and take his chances with the hounds. This was the single instance known to me where the wolf was hunted with the aid of a telescope.

Only three miles between the fort and close to General Harney’s headquarters, the entire Pawnee tribe was encamped. This tribe, which forty years previous, had numbered forty thousand and were the dread of the hunter, trapper and trader, and the most adroit of horse thieves, was now reduced by wars with the Sioux and Cheyennes and with the ravages of small pox, to four thousand souls. They were uneasy for they knew their enemies were out in large war parties watching them. One bright day, about eleven o’clock, two hundred Cheyenne warriors rode boldly up and attacked the Pawnee camp in full sight of the troops. They cut out a number of ponies and a fight between them and the Pawnee warriors took place right in front of the camp. One very brave young Pawnee chief, who exposed himself to the arrows of the Cheyennes, was killed and scalped. The Cheyennes killed two children and then went off at a gallop. General Harney was very angry and ordered out a part of the 2nd Dragoons to attack the Cheyennes, but long before the troops got ready, the Cheyennes were far away. Nothing was ever done about it; the Pawnees had been great thieves and now it seemed their retribution had come. They had once stolen the horses of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke’s command and put him completely afoot near Council Grove—now they cowered about the military posts, half starved, with plenty of buffalo near, which they feared to hunt for fear of their Indian enemies. The Sioux continued to kill them off until they were
reduced to fifteen hundred poor creatures, when the government moved the miserable remnant to the Indian Territory.

Whilst awaiting orders, we camped upon the Platte ten miles west of Fort Kearney, a month. Here we had the worst case of stampede I ever witnessed. Our camp had about eight hundred horses, mostly young and unused to camp. Of these, at least four hundred stampeded in a moment, almost. We were encamped on the bottom of the Platte River, its swift current and low banks formed a pretty stream at our very tent doors. Stable call and duties for the evening had passed. The sun had set and we were just commencing dinner, when I observed a young horse running in a circuit about his picket pin and giving the snort of a frightened horse. I called attention to it and was about to have the horse brought in, when suddenly the running and snorting communicated to the herd, and in an instant one half of our horses broke loose and started down the road to Fort Kearney at full speed. The horses had pulled their picket pins, which flew as a dangerous missile at the end of the lariat. Down the road they went, like rushing waters, the dragging lariats killing and wounding fifty of them past recovery in the mad race of ten miles. Passing the post, Captain Lothrop, Quartermaster, roused by the noise, succeeded in driving the wild herd into his corral, thus saving two hundred, but nearly two hundred swept by and scattered over the vast prairies. Of the wounded, mostly broken legs prevailed, the result of tangle in the picket rope. This flying rope and pin were as dangerous as a gun and our herders dare not try to head the fleeing herd for fear of picket pins flying in the air. Early next morning all the officers, excepting enough to keep camp, left with small squads to pick up runaway horses. I traveled with a sergeant and six men for one week, guided by the compass. We recovered thirty-
five horses and in returning towards the Platte from the direction of the head of the Blue River, we saw several fine horses which were completely wild and which ran away when we approached within a mile, their bright iron shoes glistening in the sun.

Our long delay upon the Platte was in order that peace commissioners General Powell, Ben McCullough and General Cummings might make a peace with Brigham Young. This they accomplished to the shame of the United States, and the Mormon criminals went unpunished for the treason, murder and robbery, and grew rich off of the very expeditions which were prepared to punish them.

This Mormon war brought out no great men. General Persifor Smith, a brilliant man but an invalid, hardly able to sit up in his room, organized the expedition from his sick bed. Albert Sydney Johnston was sent early in the winter of 1857 to command the troops in their cantonments. Smith died in the spring of '58 and General Harney replaced him. All in all, it was a very expensive and wasteful expedition and its only use was in the instruction the troops received in campaigning on the plains.

Although this was an Indian country, the wild Comanches continually made raids of stealing parties to carry off the horses of their more civilized brother redskins. Just before my arrival, Major Van Dorn of the 2nd Cavalry had attacked the Comanches whilst they were in camp alongside the Wichita village of huts, fifty miles from Arbuckle. Lieutenant Van Camp, a fine young officer, was killed and Fitzhugh Lee was wounded in this fight. Our commanding officer, Major Emory, received a sarcastic reprimand from General Twiggs for holding council with these Indians before the fight. Twiggs termed this council a hybrid conclave. Later than this fight we commenced scouting and many a time I slept with my
saddle for a pillow and one blanket for my cover. The thiev-
ing Indians became very bold, and marching during the night came within a mile of the post and stole one old horse. This was the only horse they could catch in a band of a dozen, but fool Indians that they were, they shot many arrows into the horses they could not catch. The horses belonged to a citizen named Moncrief.

The mischief done his herd and the absence of the old horse were discovered early in the morning. Moncrief came to report his loss, and at eight o'clock in the morning I took up the trail of the single horse and apparently about one dozen moccasined Indians. I had the larger part of "D" troop, 1st Cavalry. The trail led south over the high ground or rather lime stone mesa, south of the Wichita River. This plateau is singular in the fact that it is bare limestone almost entirely denuded of soil. Over this bare, rocky surface, where even a horse or a troop of horses left no trail, our two Delaware guides, with wonderful patience and skill, trailed these thieving Indians. At certain places, where water had cut small cañons in the rock, the trail was very plain, and especially as the Indians had pushed, almost thrown the old horse down the perpendicular bank to force him to cross. Until four P. M. we slowly followed the obscure trail. At this time we came where the rock surface was replaced by a black loam, where the trail was so well marked that we took it up at a smart gallop. This was continued near an hour, with occasional halts as the trail became obscure. At about four P. M., when we feared night would overtake us before we overtook the Indians, very suddenly, as we struck one of those rocky cañons, up jumped our party of Indians and took to their heels over the rocky surface. Our two guides were the first to see them and the sharp, shrill, fierce war whoop of the Delaware braves told the fleeing Comanche
warriors that their time had come. I ordered my troop to charge the party, which they did very promptly, and soon five of the Indians were killed. I saw two Indians making for a cedar brake and rode rapidly to cut them off. I had nearly succeeded and fired at short range with my shot-gun at one of the Indians, missing him however, owing to the fright of my horse, when suddenly my horse slipped on the smooth rock and falling on my leg, bruised it badly. The Indians stopped running and seemed to hesitate as to taking my scalp as I was helpless, but just then two of my men came up and the Indians made good their retreat to the cedar brake. Seven of the war party had now escaped. Night was near—I deployed my men and searched the cedar brake until darkness set in. We spent the night about such little fires as we could make from the scant dry wood. It rained, sleeted and snowed during the night and the morning was very dreary. As no trails of the fugitives could be found, I started on the return march to the post. As we were picking our way over a very rocky trail, the two guides, Wild Cat and Wagoner, Delawares, all at once became intensely excited. I called to Wild Cat, who spoke a little English, “What is the matter?” He answered, “Wagoner say he saw something way a mile ahead run across our trail and hide down very quick,” “Go to it quick,” I said, and the guides and the troopers went off in a wild race over the rocks. For a mile of this run we saw nothing, but as we approached the head of one of these rocky cañons I have mentioned, the Indians were seen running down the cañon. I ordered the troops to divide, occupying the sides of the cañon and sometimes mounted, we gave pursuit and soon came up with the Indians. One of them soon fell. The other disappeared. Owing to the terrible nature of the ride, the two Indians, Private Dempsey and myself were away ahead of the com-
mand. Wagoner, the Indian, shot the Comanche and both the Delawares stopped to scalp their enemy. Dempsey and myself, galloped on until Dempsey said he could see where the Indian went under a shelving bank which was above a deep hole of water. I dismounted, as did the soldier. I stood on the bank just above where the Indian had disappeared and directed the soldier to aim under the bank and fire. He did this and out of the water jumped a naked warrior, bent low, and with his bow and a handful of arrows in readiness. He was just twenty feet from me and in an instant I had snapped my gun at him. He had shot three arrows at me and my second barrel going off, I filled him with buck-shot. At the very instant I shot, Dempsey, running close, shot the Indian through with his carbine. So, as I do not know whose load killed the Indian, I prefer to think it was Dempsey's. When it is seen how close I was to the Indian it is strange that he could miss me. Of course the poor fellow was dreadfully excited and as one arrow followed another, he took no aim. A wall of rock was just behind me and each arrow was broken into many pieces as it struck the rock. One arrow went between my legs. Having my gun in such condition was grossly careless in me, but we had laid in sleet the night before and when we started to march home in the morning, no one living could imagine encountering Indians. This was the second time my life was put into close peril by Indians, and I resolved to be more careful to have my arms in order hereafter.

On our return to the post the same day, the commanding officer, Major Emory, turned out the troops and for a day I was a hero. General Scott complimented me in a General Order.

Life at Arbuckle was exceedingly pleasant, but the impossibility of getting servants made housekeeping difficult and
laid many burdens on my wife. Slavery existed in the Terri-
tory but the slaves were more intelligent than their Indian
owners, and controlled them. We had old Mily, a short,
stout and dictatorial old black. She was dictatorial because
she was the best cook in the Indian Nation and was always
in demand. Her owners demanded a big hire for her but
promised to clothe her, which they never did. So we had
to pay the owners, clothe old Mily and pay her wages to keep
her in good humor. Getting tired of Mily's tyranny, we
sent her home to Tuhammy's and I hired two young coal
black girls from Jess Chisolm—regular wild savages, and my
wife commenced to try to teach them how to cook and work.
They stayed with us for more than a year. They were the
most curious pair of Indian negroes imaginable. My patient
wife educated these savages into pretty good servants.

The servant question, however, became so worrying, that
I finally bought Sarah Cobbert and her twelve year old
daughter, for whom I paid thirteen hundred dollars cash.
These slaves and a third one, born afterwards, were my share
in slavery. I never could see, nor can I now, why a white
man should own a negro rather than a negro own a white
man. I found the institution already established and had no
compunctions in buying a slave to save my wife from work
unsuited to her state. I did, however, promise the woman
that she should never be sold and that when she had earned
her cost at a fair rate of wages, I would free her. The re-
bellion came; I took my slaves to Detroit—kept my word
but received little service for my money. Sarah was a huge
full blooded African, and one of the recommendations her
owner, John Slain, gave her was that she had been seen to
carry seven fence rails at one load. She was good natured
and entirely contented with her lot.—In the fall of '59 in
October, my troop moved to Fort Cobb.
In March, 1860, the buffalo commenced coming from the South one morning very early—first a few old bulls, then small herds of nine or ten, then finally the tramp and rush of thousands. The buffalo were making their annual migration to the North. After securing the horses, the command was turned out to try and turn this mighty herd away from the post. Cannon were fired, men foolishly shot the poor beasts by the hundreds, and finally towards evening, the herd had passed. No one who witnessed it can forget the migration of the herd of buffalo at Fort Cobb in 1860. The weather turned very warm and the folly of shooting the poor beasts appeared. The putrefying carcasses, by their stench—nearly ran the people out of the post, and for a week the whole command was kept busy hauling carcasses into heaps and burning them.

A half breed gentleman, named Jonathan Naill, lived at the Fort Towson crossing of the Blue, where he had a very good mill. Naill kept a pack of hounds and this summer was taking care of the Fort pack. In August, as soon as the nights became a little cool, we started hunting the dogs. Coon were plenty but were too much trouble to dislodge from the trees. The grey fox of the country, although too prone to tree, yet usually made a pretty good run, and as he is not a good climber and either took to a leaning or a bushy tree, we could usually flush him and make him run again. One evening about the first of September, Doctor Page and myself started from Fort Washita to join Naill at the mill for a fox hunt. The distance we had to travel was about twelve miles, and after going half way, looking ahead on the road from our ambulance, I saw some animal jump across the road. Ordering the driver to whip up his mule, we soon reached the spot. The Doctor and I jumped out, our pieces cocked, expecting to see a coyote jump, but we
tramped all around and saw nothing. I knew then that it was a wild cat (red lynx) and that he was lying closely hidden in the tall grass. Had it been a coyote he would have bolted. We agreed to hurry into Jonathan Naill’s and bring the hounds.

By the time we got to Naill’s, eaten our supper, and returned with the pack to the place where I saw the cat, six hours and a half had passed and night dew had fallen. Coming upon the ground, most of our dogs showed no sign of scenting varmint. One little short fellow, half beagle, took an interest and after nosing the grass and ground, circling and running about more than half an hour, the little fellow finally threw his head in the air and gave a most sweet and prolonged howl. Then we knew that we had that cat. Beagle had found where he had lain. The rest of the pack now took an interest. The beagle went straight off on the trail and in less than a mile the cat was off. The scent was fresh and our big hounds were off in a mighty chorus. The night was glorious, a full moon making it charming as only this country can be in full moon time. We were soon on a branch of the Blue river, wooded only along the bed of the little stream. We soon found the tactics of the cat were to run up the little branches to the head, then dash across the open prairie, then down the next branch, trying to bewilder the dogs in the thickets, but the hounds meant business this night and pressed close on their big cat. To us horsemen the thing was very easy. We could keep up at a hand gallop on the open prairie. Often we could see the cat as he made his short cuts in the open space, but the pace soon told on the cat, and he bounded into a tree, running out on a level limb and looking defiance at his canine pursuers. There were three of us hunters that night and our intentions towards that big lynx were friendly. So long as he ran and the dogs gave music, we were satisfied.
We all carried loaded pistols, and in the clear moonlight—it was eleven o'clock now—it would have been easy to shoot the beast; but we let him rest awhile to regain his wind and then pelted him with stones until, taking a run, he jumped far over the dogs and off he went again. The dogs pushed him close now,—many of the hounds had been selected for their fine voices—and the volume of their chorus, as they ran at full cry, could not be matched by Wagner. A half an hour's run, during which the cat was several times forced to the open and the cry stopped, the animal had treed again, and after a rest we clubbed and stoned him out again. He was very reluctant to jump. Nearly three hours of hard running had exhausted the brave fellow and, after this second jump, the hounds ran very close to their quarry. The third time he saved his pelt by taking to a tree, this time a very tall one. It took some time to locate him but finally he was seen settled in the crotch of the tree, sixty feet from the ground. No use to try stones here, and we drew our pistols and let loose at him. Dr. Page, Naill, then myself fired our six shots, eighteen in all, and the cat still sat serenely glaring down on us with his big eyes. We were in shadow and low brush and our marksmanship was not equal to the occasion. Our cartridges were all gone and what should we do about it was the question. It was nine miles to any house where we could get an axe, in fact the nearest place was Naill's mill. It was past midnight. The hounds lay uneasily about soothing their briar-made wounds by licking them. Naill and the Doctor said, "Let's go home." I said, "Not without that cat." I stripped to my underclothes, took off my shoes, belted my pistol about me to use as a club, and started up the tree. For the first twenty feet the climbing was hard but when, I reached the branches I went right up. When within ten feet of the cat, he growled and backed off on a limb and faced
Naill and the Doctor shouted, "Come down he will jump on you." I rested a little and then climbed to the crotch the cat had just left. When I reached this point, the cat backed further out on the limb, growling furiously. Again my companions begged me to retreat, but, recovering my wind, I crawled out on the limb, drew my empty pistol, and seizing it by the muzzle as a club, leaned well out and struck at the cat's head. He jumped, not on me, but to the ground. I was relieved. It was a risk, perched sixty feet in the air and within arm's length of an animal run to desperation and growling very fiercely.

The hounds dashed after the fleeing game and soon ran him to bay, backed up against a huge cypress tree, his back protected by it. The brave cat delivered his blows like a skillful boxer, sending a hound howling every time he struck one. As for me, I came down the tree as rapidly as I could, but not stopping to put on my clothes, I slipped on my shoes and ran to the fight. Naill and the Doctor were laughing at the discomfort of the hounds, when I ran up and kicked the big cat beyond the tree; when the whole pack at once seized him and soon made an end of him. The lynx was one of the largest I have ever seen. I judge his weight about fifty pounds. I cut off one paw to take home to my wife; it was as large as the foot of a Newfoundland dog. It was near daylight when we retired that night but none of us regretted our lost sleep.

This fall, of 1860, we moved to Fort Smith and our dream was passed. Mr. Lincoln was elected and already the alarm bells had rung. The winter of 1860-61 was spent at Fort Smith. It should have been a happy one for my wife and myself, but the prospect of secession was constantly hanging over us. In the military line we had drills. Our garrison hops were kept up; we had dinner parties and hunts, and
indeed, as in the days of Noah, we played whilst the storm gathered.

The convention called to consider the condition of Arkansas was immensely in the majority for the Union, but it was plain that the secessionist was the aggressive and winning party. In every little town in Arkansas, and it was made up of little towns in those days, you would find a number of genteel loafers, who sat out on boxes in front of a saloon or grocery and whittled pine sticks. Sometimes they were called Doc or Squire, and indeed, were frequently doctors or lawyers, but without patients or clients. If you inquired particularly about their means of livelihood you would find that each of these fellows owned a few badly kept negroes, whom they hired-out, and lived off the wages. This class had much to do in making the secession movement a success in the South. They had nothing else to do. If an old farmer or planter came to town with a bale or two of cotton to sell, these fellows assailed him. If he did not want a war he was a d—d submissionist. If he did not care for slavery in the territories, he was a d—d abolitionist.

These were hard words. To be called an abolitionist was a greater insult than to be called a thief. These old planters had high ideas as to when they ought to fight, but this aggressive class were too strong for them.

Being in the midst of a slave-holding population I saw this domination of the idle, trifling and unprincipled class prevailing over people of property, principle and good sense, simply because this latter class were not prepared to fight for their love of the Union. At any rate the secession sentiment grew every day. The young Southerner at that time was a very absurd character, perhaps because brought up as a master of slaves. He had imbibed the idea that he was a superior being and that the white man of the North was
as easy to chastise or to kill as the black slave he bullied. How or where they got this idea it is hard to tell. Their history in former wars did not justify the conclusion. Southern troops had been inferior to Northern in our wars with Great Britain and Mexico. At West Point there were always a few New Englanders who would take an insult and would not fight, but this never applied to the Western man. The secessionist went into the war on the false premise that one Southerner could whip five Northerners. Had the leaders of this wicked movement been shown a vision of Nashville or of Missionary Ridge, they could not have been kicked into a war. They had no cause—nothing to fight for. Their slavery was not even threatened; they were living better and with less care than any people on the face of the earth when their hot heads forced them into a foolish war. They went to war to enforce their determination to govern the United States. It was a contest for power. It had no excuse but slavery and they went to war for slavery, when the latter was not menaced.

This winter the telegraph line was first brought into Fort Smith, and from the date of Mr. Lincoln’s election until the final explosion caused by the firing on Sumter, the telegraph office was crowded every night about eleven o’clock, to see and hear the operator rake off the news. As officers of the army, whether from the North or the South, we were for the Union, and anything done to injure that sentiment, either North or South, met our disapprobation, hence this news from the Associated Press daily elated or depressed us. We could daily see the Union cause growing weak amongst our neighbors and secession getting stronger. Mr. Lincoln’s utterances were eagerly read and it soon became evident that he was not a Union man except upon his terms. As the winter passed on and the fourth of March approached,
the secession element became insolent, and we, as officers of the army, found ourselves objects of suspicion. Old friends seemed ashamed of us—we were Lincolnites.

Finally South Carolina and other states seceded and officers from the South began to talk of resigning their commissions. It was a trying time for all Southern officers. Most of them were attached to the service and loved the United States. Some few resigned cheerfully, but many, even from South Carolina, resigned with bitter tears. It was sad to see men we had lived with as warm friends become cold, then offensive, and finally avowed, open enemies.

My captain, James McIntosh, from New Jersey, born in the army, appointed at large, coolly calculated his chances of promotion, thought them better in the Confederacy, was made a brigadier-general and later was killed at Pea Ridge. Some of these foolish officers had so little idea of their duty as to insist that if they fought for the Confederacy and failed, they would be entitled to resume their places in the army. In my regiment there were many Southerners and fully half the officers resigned and went South. One poor, no-account fellow, named Fish, a graduate of West Point, resigned, went home, took neither side, and was never heard from again.

Resignations were very numerous in February, many officers hastening to Montgomery, Alabama, the new capital, to look after commissions in the Confederate Army.

I had spent a very happy life at Fort Smith, where many educated and genteel people lived, and we were loath to break up, but I saw the storm was nigh and I sent my wife and the three slaves to St. Louis as soon as the steamboats ran in February. My wife did not want to go and was distressed but it was best that she should be away.

My wife having gone East, I prepared my house for quick changes. The quartermaster was out of funds and I was
sent to St. Louis for twenty thousand dollars in gold, to settle arrears. Mr. Hind, a hardware merchant, accompanied me as a guard. We went by stage, a long and tedious ride to Sedalia, thence by rail to St. Louis. The excitement here was redhot. Mr. Lincoln's message had greatly inflamed the passions of the people. We secured our gold, which was placed in great strong carpetbags and put aboard a Mississippi steamer in a stateroom, we having decided to return to Fort Smith by steamboat. We carried our bags filled with gold in a careless kind of way, as though they contained only books, and one of us always kept an eye on the stateroom where the bags were left. We stopped only a few minutes at Memphis, as our boat was destined for New Orleans with a full cargo, but at Memphis we learned that that very day they had been firing all day on Sumter.

The war was opened. Half a dozen young men, destined for Natchez, Mississippi, got on our boat and the joy of these young bloods was boundless. I wonder if one of them survived the war. Mr. Hind and myself played a little game of poker with these fellows and passed as good Southerners from Arkansas. At Napoleon, the mouth of the Arkansas, we transferred to a sternwheel steamer to navigate the Arkansas stream. In the course of two days we reached that town, all filled with excited men, organizing into companies. I knew Mr. Root, a very attractive man and a member of Congress. He was very urgent with me to resign at once and come to Little Rock, where he would quickly raise a regiment and have me made colonel of it. Although the water was very low, we managed to reach Fort Smith, however, and turned our gold over to Captain Montgomery, after ten days of anxiety as the custodians of twenty thousand dollars in gold.

Fort Smith was all afire with Southern excitement. The last of our Union friends had gone over to the enemy. The
firing on Sumter aroused the North, but it equally inflamed the South. By the changes caused by Southern officers resigning, I found myself a captain, Company “C,” 1st Cavalry, and started immediately to join my troop at Fort Washita. Three days after I left the Confederates came up with six steamboats, loaded with volunteers, to capture the troops at Fort Smith, but Captain Sam Sturges carried off the troops and the large quartermaster’s train of fifty six-mule teams, by sending them early in the night to a ferry ten miles up the river, and then moving with his two troops of cavalry at midnight out the back way, and when the two thousand rebels came into the post next morning, much the worse for the liquor they had imbibed at Van Buren, celebrating their anticipated capture of troops and property at Fort Smith, Sturges was twenty-five miles away with men and property. The powder and ammunition which Sturges could not carry with him he threw into the river. Next day the Confederate commander, Havely, sent a squad to summon Sturges to surrender, but Sturges captured the squad and marched on. A few days, and six troops of cavalry were concentrated at Fort Washita, where Colonel Emory joined us and took command.

Colonel Emory had orders to concentrate the troops of the four posts, Forts Smith, Washita, Arbuckle and Cobb, and march them to Fort Leavenworth, which was successfully done. The poor little governor of the Chickasaws, a half-breed named Harris, summoned us to surrender at Washita, but Colonel Emory threatened him with the guard house. All the troops, one regiment of infantry, six troops of cavalry, were together between the Washita and the Canadian, not far from the present site of Fort Reno. Here our scouts brought word that a Texas force was pursuing us, and a cavalry force was ordered back to see what they meant.
Our Indian scouts soon found that the Texans had no pickets, and Captain Sturges, who commanded our cavalry, rode his command between the Texans and their picketed horses whilst the men were cooking their dinner, and captured the whole force.

The Texans were very crestfallen, but they had been our neighbors. The colonel commanding had been a grain contractor whom we knew, and as we could not feed the two hundred and fifty men on our long trip over the prairies to Fort Leavenworth, the prisoners were paroled and allowed to travel to their homes. Our men had a better appreciation of the real animus of these Texans, and as they were not allowed to keep their horses, they took the best revenge they could by shaving the tails of the Texans’ chargers.

The country we marched through to the Kansas line is now Oklahoma. At the time we marched North through the territory, the whole face of the country was covered by immense herds of buffalo. We killed all we needed for our command, and this was the last time I witnessed herds of buffalo which might be numbered by the tens of thousands.

Captain Powell of the 1st Infantry had a large pack of black and tan hounds he had brought along at great expense and trouble. The first day we struck buffalo these dogs went off full cry. Powell and his mounted strikers went off after them and succeeded in returning one-half the pack. The next day these went off on a hot scent made by a big herd and someone meeting Captain Powell that evening, said, “How many hounds have you this evening, Captain?” “Three,” said he, breaking out into a boo-hoo. He had lost thirty-five hounds, some of which may have returned on our trail, but more likely they perished on the great plains.

Our commanding officer was a Southerner. He had spent the winter in Washington and was extremely intimate with
Mr. Jefferson Davis, with whom he had passed two years as cadets at West Point. I confess that we had not at that time any confidence in this officer, and the captains of cavalry agreed that if he made any proposal to surrender us we would arrest him.

Some escaped slaves had followed us when we left the Chickasaw Nation. They kept a day’s journey behind us, living on what we left in camp, and fifteen days after we left Arbuckle and when we entered Kansas, still a desert at that date, we discovered that these darky slaves were following us. As soon as this was discovered our commander was in a great stew. He declared that we would be accused of assisting slaves to escape from their masters and we would be disgraced. He consulted everybody and suggested different ways out of the dilemma. One most foolish one was to capture and send these negroes under escort to the Missouri border and turn them over to the sheriff as runaways. Finally he sent Lieutenant Fish, a simpleton, back, captured the four negroes and marched them with us one day. A set of camp followers, gamblers, had accompanied us on the march. The commander sent for these men, rationed them for ten days, told them he would release the darkies the next day, and advised them to capture the negroes, take them back to the Chickasaw country and gain the reward. This was attempted. Next morning this same Lieutenant Fish marched back outside our camp, turned the darkies loose, and these gamblers tried to take possession of them. A fight ensued in which one of the negroes was killed and the other three beat off their assailants. We moved on that day and struck the sparse settlements of Kansas. No one rode with the commanding officer that day and mutiny was visible on many faces. They could not forgive this killing of a slave on free soil. I had sold a fine horse to the commandant, which had the trick of biting and, in fact, had bitten the colonel that day. I did not know this and passing his tent in the evening, he called me and said, “Captain, I intend to have you court martialed.” He really intended it as a joke and meant it to apply to the biting horse. I turned immediately and, thinking he divined
my thoughts, I said, "All right, I had meant to put charges against you." "Indeed, and what charges will you put against me?" he inquired. "Oh, a mere trifle," I said. "Only killing free negroes on free soil. (One of the negroes we found was free.) And at Emporia, where we will arrive tomorrow, I will see that you are arrested as an accessory to murder for the killing of the colored man this morning." I never saw a man so suddenly overcome. He had never looked at the consequences, and desired time to think. He then sent for Captain Sackett, in whom he trusted, and the two sent for me. The upshot was that we agreed to say nothing about the matter, and the next day we arrived at Emporia, where we received a mail, and our lieutenant-colonel and commander was out of the army, his resignation having been accepted.

The manner of his resignation was curious. As I said, he had been an intimate of Jefferson Davis, and their wives were also very friendly. Our colonel had spent hours discussing secession with Mr. Davis, and being a Marylander, had made up his mind to join the rebels, if his native state seceded. Leaving Washington with orders to collect the troops in the Indian Territory and march them to Leavenworth, he had placed his resignation in three copies, one with his wife, one with his brother-in-law, Mr. Bache, chief of the Coast Survey, a very safe man, and the third with his brother, John, a fire-eating secessionist. Living in Baltimore, this latter individual engaged with the mob in assailing Massachusetts troops in the streets of Baltimore, and finally, when the long suffering troops fired, brother John had to run for his safety, and immediately sent in his brother's resignation, with an impertinent letter to old Simon Cameron, the Secretary of War. It was thus that Lieutenant-colonel William H. Emory, our commanding officer, found himself out of the army. This was on our arrival at Emporia, Kansas, and the first post-office we had seen for a month.

The colonel had acted in good faith towards us and had stood off the miserable half-breed governor of the Chickasaws and the foolish Texas Rangers, and the officers present agreed that the colonel should keep the command until we
should reach Fort Leavenworth, one hundred and fifty miles distant.

The subsequent fate of Colonel Emory was curious. Maryland, by a majority vote, declared her devotion to the Union, so that the colonel found himself out of the army and without a state to go to. Under these circumstances his wife went to Mr. Lincoln and, upon her knees, begged him to restore her husband his commission, which was refused. The Emorys were in despair, Mrs. Emory declaring that her children would starve or have to beg their bread. In this great strait Colonel Emory appealed to his old regiment, and not in vain, for every officer on duty with the regiment signed a petition asking the President to appoint him lieutenant-colonel of the new cavalry regiment just organized, which was the same rank which he had so foolishly laid down. The appeal, coming right from the officers who marched out of the Indian Territory under his command, touched the President, and Emory afterwards rose to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers and left behind him a very enviable reputation.

Arrived at Fort Leavenworth; all was excitement. The rebels in Missouri were raising troops. Everywhere they had stopped the mail, had taken possession of the steamboats, and were threatening to capture Fort Leavenworth; but we soon took the initiative and drove them from Kansas City. Crossing the river, we made a night march and captured two hundred of them at Liberty, by a day-break surprise.

Whilst our force lay at Kansas City the rebels formed a camp of six hundred men, at Independence, only twelve miles away from us. Our force was the 1st United States Infantry, six troops of the 4th Cavalry, Totten’s Battery and one regiment each of infantry from Kansas and Iowa. These latter, at this time, were very undisciplined. Our commanding officer was a major and very fidgety. Although he knew perfectly well what the intentions of the rebels were, he conceived the idea of sending a flag of truce to the rebel commander to ask if his purpose was to make war on the United States. I carried the letter and the flag. I had one troop, “C,”
my own troop of cavalry. The road to Independence from Kansas City is a high open, road, leading across the Blue River and highly cultivated. Half way down to the rebel camp, which was just west of Independence, I met Mr. Reed, a member of Congress, in his buggy. He was a rebel himself, but had not yet resigned his seat at that time. He begged me not to go on, saying there would be trouble, as they were holding a barbecue in the camp and many of them were drunk. I decided to deliver my message and arrived within a quarter of a mile of the rebel camp before they saw me. I then halted my troop, without dismounting, and sent Lieutenant Newbold with the flag of truce to communicate with the rebel commander. It happened that on this day an election had been held in their camp and Edmunds B. Holloway, a captain, 8th United States Infantry, had been elected colonel and commander. This officer, with a dozen of a staff, rode out to meet Lieutenant Newbold, whom I sent with the white flag. Holloway said that he could not understand Mr. Newbold's message and the latter rode back three hundred yards to where I sat on my horse, and asked me, at the request of Holloway, to join him for conference. I rode up to where Holloway and his group sat on their horses in the middle of a lane with a large orchard on one side. I had exchanged a few words with him. He seemed excited and uneasy, when, glancing down the road, I saw a body of men in ranks, approaching our position, and a column on either side of the lane, marching to surround my troop. I immediately called Holloway's attention to this, objecting to his troops moving to gain advantage of my command whilst we consulted under a flag of truce. Holloway turned his horse towards the advancing ranks and waved his hand to signal them back, and the very moment he did so the group of horsemen, of which himself and myself made a part, received a volley from some part of the rebel line. The firing then became general. Every rebel that had a gun fired either at their own mounted men or at me and my troop, and being now enveloped in smoke, the forces on each side of the lane rushed up to the fences and poured volleys into each other.
Holloway was mortally wounded and died that night, exhorting his followers to go home and stay there, as their want of discipline unfitted them to be soldiers. He blamed me for coming so close to his rabble without giving him notice—a thing I never reproached myself for, although I was sorry for Holloway. He was shot by his own men while encouraging rebellion. He was at the time of his death an officer of the United States Army, he having sent in his resignation but had not heard from it. When the bullets came with the quick zip of close range, I turned my horse, rode at a gallop, commanded, “fours right about, trot, march,” and went off with one man wounded and two horses shot. I reported back to Major Prince soon after night. The major marched his entire command to attack at Independence the next morning, only to find the rebels gone. They had left for Price’s army in southwest Missouri.

Much noise was made about this firing on a flag of truce, but it was only the result of leaving loaded guns in the hands of a drunken and inflamed mob. Three men, companions of Holloway, were killed outright and half a dozen were wounded. In the death of Holloway the Confederacy lost a valuable officer.

Southwestern Missouri was the location at this time of the organized rebel force under Sterling Price, a man of distinction and high standing as a statesman and politician. He continued, until the end of the war, to direct the rebel element in Missouri and the soldier element in the rebel army. As a military man he was a decided failure. He was made a major-general and always had large commands, but invariably his schemes and plans failed, until finally the Rebs lost all confidence in him.

Nathaniel Lyon defeated him at Booneville, and now our little army marched to Clinton, Missouri, made a junction with Lyon’s force and, united, marched to Springfield. Our force was made up of regulars and Iowa and Kansas volunteers—the Iowa troops all very green, knowing nothing of military duty, but they behaved very well and soon learned. Not so the Kansans. They had been brought up to hate
Missouri, and when they marched amid the rich farms of Missouri, the men, like Cromwell's troopers, said, "The earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the saints, and we are the Saints."

There were two Kansas regiments, and the colonels opposed pillaging, but it was soon evident that some of the officers were using this to discredit the colonels. In less than a week our march became a disgrace. Men went as they pleased; entered houses, broke open trunks and drawers, abused women, took provisions, stole clothing, and turned the small army into a pandemonium. Something had to be done. Ordinary court martials seemed inadequate, and after capturing a squad of six or eight men in the act of robbing a house, Major Sturges, in command, published an order reciting the crimes of these men, then ordered them tied to the wheels of caissons and flogged to the number of thirty-nine lashes with a black-snake whip. I never saw such a scene. One thousand men rushed for their guns, fell in without officers and declared they would fire upon the whipping party. Sturges immediately ordered the batteries turned on the insurgents and compelled them to disperse. It was a high-handed measure, but nothing less could have saved us from degenerating into a devastating mob. The Kansans came with long nurtured hatred against Missourians and the officers probably encouraged this feeling, but did nothing overt themselves. At any rate, this flogging quelled the pillage for the rest of the summer. A pig or a chicken could, after this, come into camp with impunity.

We arrived at Springfield in July. Here General Sigel joined us. The rebel force under Price and McCulloch were on the Arkansas border, preparing to again move north and recover Missouri. Hearing that the rebel force was collecting stores at Forsythe on White River, an expedition was organized under General Thomas W. Sweeny, an acting brigadier under the State Law, to break up and capture these stores.

Sweeny had a regiment of infantry, a battery of artillery, and four troops of cavalry—the latter under my command. We also had a Captain Wood, with one large troop of Kansas
cavalry. This latter force did little but wander over the country, living off the inhabitants at their sweet will. We made our march so quickly that the rebel force had barely time to escape across the White River. As I made a rush into the town, across the river, they made a stand and greeted us with volleys. One miserable bullet from one of these volleys killed my fine horse, Prince, passing through his lungs and barely missing my leg. He was a beautiful bay, left me by Lomax, who went into the Confederacy. I paid Lomax’s sister for the horse long afterwards. He was, I think, the finest horse I ever owned.

The court house in this little town of Forsythe had been used as a place to collect stores. As I swept through the town with my cavalry this building was deserted, and the Kansas cavalry, without any care whether the enemy had fled or was still fighting, immediately took possession and commenced trying on coats, pants, shoes—all kinds of clothing with which the court house was stored. Hearing my firing, General Sweeny hurried forward and being told falsely that the rebels had made a stand in the court house, ordered a battery, as soon as close enough, to shell the court house. The first round, three shells, went through the building, filled as it was by plunderers. Never did rats desert a burning brush pile as did these plunderers this court house. They did not run out, they tumbled out, and ran, each man for his horse, mounted and spurred out of town. This afforded me both fun and satisfaction, as these fellows had quit the fight for plunder. We carried back to Springfield quite a train-load of booty, but a sore memory of the place is from the loss of my gallant horse, Prince.

This hilly part of Missouri near the Arkansas line is a very interesting country today. In 1861 it was very primitive—poor, hilly, densely wooded, with roads very few and barely passable for wagons. Deer and bear, also turkey, were very plentiful. The inhabitants were ignorant and simple, living in round log cabins; their food—bacon, corn pone and yams. The women all smoked, dipped snuff and dressed in linsey gowns of their own make. These people, who had no pos-
sible interest in slaves, they or their families or their fore-
fathers never having owned one, were in rebellion against the
United States and about slavery.

Our position in Springfield was very painful. We had not
enough men to advance, whilst we knew our enemy was pre-
paring deliberately to attack us. Lyon was no alarmist, but
he had plainly written to Fremont, who now commanded the
entire Western Department, that reinforcements were neces-
sary and should be had promptly; but no effort was made
to send them. An Illinois regiment and one from Iowa, the
latter commanded by Granville M. Dodge, came to the end
of the railroad as far as Rolla, and could come no further, as
not a wagon was furnished to haul their rations. Fremont
seemed to paralyze anything he touched. The same fatuity,
want of common sense yet mule-like obstinacy, which led
him to freeze his exploring party to death in the mountains
of Colorado on the Rio Grande, accompanied all his attempts
to command troops until finally the country tired of him.

As early as the first week in August the rebel army, twenty
thousand strong, had advanced within twenty miles of Spring-
field, and Lyon advanced to attack them. This led to a
little affair at Dug Springs, where our small cavalry force
rode through and over a small brigade of rebel cavalry and
drove them pell mell. Lyon found the rebel army in a strong
position and, in a rather indecisive way, returned to Springfield.

Price, commanding the rebel forces, then advanced to
Wilson's Creek, twelve miles from Springfield, where Lyon,
after a night march, attacked early on the morning of August
10th. This attack was only a partial success. Lyon was
killed, and at 4 P. M., Sturges, who ranked as major, with-
drew the Union troops from the field.

The battle plan was very faulty. The rebel position was
approached by two roads, separated three miles. Sigel, with
four regiments and two batteries, marched on one; Lyon,
with about two thousand men and two batteries, on the
other. Sigel struck the rebels at daybreak, surprised them,
and drove them pell mell. Then he stopped, and the men, all
Germans, went to pillaging the camp. The rebels, finding
they were not pursued, formed, returned, fired a few volleys at the scattered Dutchmen, who fled without a show of fight, formed ranks and deliberately marched back to Springfield.

Lyon was now confronted by the entire rebel army and, soon after Sigel fled, Lyon attacked two miles distant. At first he carried everything and drove the whole rebel force for two miles. Here Lyon halted to reform his men. Captain Fred Steele begged him to keep up the pursuit and give the rebels no time to rally. This advice was not heeded and the rebels became the assailants in one hour. The time lost by Lyon stopping to reform his men, a thing wholly unnecessary, afforded the Confederates an opportunity to rally, and they in turn attacked and, being repulsed, attacked a third time. However, at this third attack, Lyon anticipated them by meeting them half way. To make this ruse effective, he placed himself in front of the Iowa regiment, a fine body of men but badly officered, and led them to the point of attack, conspicuously wearing a broad brimmed hat of beaver and riding a white stallion. Of course he was a mark for rebel bullets. Both he and his horse soon fell, pierced with many balls.

This attack served to repulse the rebels and during the lull which followed, Major Sturges withdrew the troops unmolested to Springfield, where he found Sigel and his Germans contentedly eating their dinners.

This battle should have been a success. Plenty of time had elapsed in which to bring two thousand troops from Rolla, or if Lyon had kept the Germans under his own eye, or had he attacked on one road instead of two diverging roads, and then expecting a simultaneous attack. This almost invariably fails.

The reoccupation of western Missouri by the Rebs, the over-running of our friends, the Union men, the destruction
of property, the immense backset to the Union cause—all this would have been avoided if any other man than John Fremont had commanded the department. Schofield wears a medal of honor for this battle. He was on Lyon’s staff but this morning asked to join his regiment, the 1st Missouri Infantry, of which he was a major. For this he wears a medal on rather flimsy grounds.

We dressed Lyon in his best uniform and sent his body to the mansion of Mr. John Phelps, whose wife buried Lyon in her front yard that night.

It has often been asked if Nathaniel Lyon would have been one of the great men of the war had he lived. This is a foolish question, but I think Lyon could never have been a great commander. He had been an infantryman too long and was always absorbed in details. He wanted to do everything himself, instead of dividing up his work among others. He was quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance officer, besides his more important responsibilities, and hard work was breaking him down rapidly. In appearance he was singular—of delicate, slim figure, his heavy hair was auburn, his whiskers red and his eyes blue. A man of great resolution, he had traits that made him unpopular. He was a radical abolitionist and an aggressive atheist. He continuously thrust his doctrines upon people who despised them. Lyon liked to argue, especially with women, and he would insist that religion was only superstition. Of course such a man could not be popular, but he was an unflinching patriot; firm, brave, prompt in detecting humbug and hypocrisy, as the rebels soon found when Lyon’s keen policy succeeded the baleful vacillating stupidity of General Harney. Lyon’s was a great loss to the Union cause, but I doubt if he could ever have become a great general.

The defeat of Lyon drove the Union line back to Rolla and

Fremont had meanwhile collected a large force at St. Louis and had inaugurated a system of wasteful administration which, if it had not been checked, would have bankrupted the United States in one year.

He had been to Europe lately and seemed to emulate Louis Napoleon in his military grandeur. He assumed the right to commission officers, and did issue nearly one hundred commissions, and mostly to foreigners, the preference being given to Poles and Hungarians. The favorite appointment was captain of engineers. Even his band leader was a captain of engineers. The names of these foreign officers were mostly spelled with consonants—no English tongue could ever pronounce them.

Cordons of sentinels surrounded headquarters, one of the finest mansions in St. Louis. Troops for household service were mustered in and called "Fremont's Body Guard;" "The Benton Cadets;" "The Jesse Rangers,"—the latter two named for his wife's family. Indeed Fremont seemed to desire to build up a great personal following, and his staff and hangers on made a small army. Contracts were made for great supplies of every kind which, when delivered, were the most unqualified shoddy. Fortifications for St. Louis were laid out on an immense plan and contracts were let to erect these huge earthen ramparts at great cost. Soon it was found that Fremont's immediate circle, composed of noted California sharpers, were getting these contracts. A criminal named J. K. Wood, who once shipped brass filings for gold dust by express from California, was made director of transportation and signed himself J. K. Wood, D. O. T., was close to Fremont and guided him in everything.

Running out of money to pay for quartermaster supplies,
Fremont sent an order by one of his foreigners, Major Zagoni, directing old Tim Andrews to turn over paymaster’s funds to pay for luxuries for Zagoni’s squadron of cavalry. Old Tim, the chief paymaster, refused to obey the order, whereon Zagoni marched him to the lock-up, when Colonel Tim Andrews yielded and gave up the money. It was a splendid chance for Colonel Tim to have been a martyr in the cause of honesty, but Colonel Tim was not made of martyr’s material. This folly went on until the government in Washington finally became alarmed at the tremendous waste of money and nothing doing.

Price, with a rebel force not one-third of Fremont’s, was roaming western Missouri at leisure. Finally a move on the enemy, via the Missouri Pacific from Syracuse, was ordered, and we all set out for Jefferson City. Our camp, near the outskirts of the city, was an example of the gorgeous in war. Fremont had constructed a large number of tents on the pavilion order and his camp, pitched in an ellipse facing inward, might be compared to a field covered with a ring of circus tents. At the front and facing the great court space was the general’s circus tent, used for receptions. The General, his wife and members of his family and military staff had ample tents adjoining.

The day was passed in futile business, receptions and ceremonies. At night Madame Fremont invited the happy favored to an immense tea given in this big pavillion. As soon as the guests were seated an immense band, composed of seventy-five pieces, marched in front of the grand marquee, where tea was being served, the tent being thrown wide open, and a fine scene, a tableau of ladies and gentlemen, in full view. The band played beautiful music. The leader, one of Fremont’s captains of engineers, was the leader of the finest theatrical orchestra in St. Louis. At nine o’clock the band
ceased playing and we went to bed as we might, to repeat this pageant tomorrow. Fine tents, big lamps, and grandeur were the daily order, but the War Department kept urging Fremont on and finally this army, twenty thousand strong, got into miserable motion to march upon an imaginary enemy supposed to be at Springfield. To make this move every horse, mule and country wagon within ten miles on each side of the railroad had to be impressed, inflicting great hardship on the people.

This happened after months spent in a country where horses and mules abounded, and no trains had been organized, although millions had been squandered on useless objects. Amongst utter follies one hundred buggies had been provided for the huge staff of foreigners with which Fremont had surrounded himself.

But the authorities at Washington were pressing Fremont to do something and finally old Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, came out to see what he was doing. Fremont received Cameron at Tiptonville and induced the old man to mount a horse and ride ten miles to Syracuse, where the railroad then terminated, and where a large force of infantry was camped. If there was anything that Fremont was good for it was horseback riding, and when he got old Simon on a horse, he led off the ten miles at a furious gallop. The Secretary of War had to follow, and before the ten miles were covered Fremont was avenged and he had given old Simon a lesson not to come nosing around his affairs.

When the party came to Syracuse I met them. I had lately been appointed a brigadier general, and commanded the review. Cameron was so thoroughly knocked up by the ten miles furious ride that he went at once to bed and saw nothing. Fremont reviewed the troops at a gallop, and galloped back to Tiptonville. Old Simon nursed his bruises
until they could send a train on the railroad to return him. This train might just as well have brought the old Secretary up to Syracuse, but Fremont managed so that there was no train.

This visit ended Fremont’s career in the West. The New York capitalists were watching him and, appalled at his extravagance, refused to raise money for the United States unless Fremont be removed. But Fremont had an intimation and he made one more dash for independence. He had already been compelled to take back his proclamation of emancipation, now he must do something to show that he really had any military talent.

General Price, after capturing Mulligan’s force at Lexington, had retired leisurely to Springfield, and thence had fallen back to the Arkansas border. Fremont marched his army of fifteen thousand men in five days to Springfield and, strange to say, held to the absurdity that a superior rebel force lay on Wilson’s Creek, ten miles away.

A council of war was called and a plan of attack as huge as one of Napoleon’s field orders, was submitted by an old Hungarian general, Asboth, Chief of Staff, with numerous suggestions from the foreign staff whose names were without vowels. There was much grave discussion before that council of war, and finally Eugene Carr, who was now colonel of a regiment of Illinois cavalry, was asked for his opinion. He suggested that it would be a good thing to send the cavalry to Wilson’s Creek, and find if any rebel army was there. This Daniel’s judgment was adopted and Carr himself marched down next day to find that only a detachment had ever camped there and that they had left weeks before. The next day Fremont was relieved by General David Hunter, who placed the troops in winter quarters and the Fremont farce ended.

At this time, in mounting my spirited mare one evening
to attend the review of a Missouri regiment of cavalry named Merrill’s Horse, my animal jumped just as I was rising into the saddle and, as my foot struck the hard ground sideways, I broke my ankle, receiving what is known as Pott's fracture. I was laid up with this for six weeks and had to use a crutch for three months. Even now, thirty-six years afterward, this interferes with my walking any considerable distance.

Before leaving Syracuse a newly appointed paymaster, named Cheney, came to me and said that he had one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of greenbacks in his safe, and that Fremont’s man, the dreadful J. K. Wood, had been to him saying that he needed the money and he must turn it over. I told Cheney only to do so under force. I, of course, told him that the money was for the pay of the troops and that it could not be diverted. So Major Cheney resisted J. K. Wood, D. O. T., and as Fremont was a day’s march away and I commanded the troops present and would not furnish any force to Wood, one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was saved to the government and, Fremont being relieved a few days afterward, J. K. Wood, D. O. T., the brass filings man, disappeared into space.

With the end of Fremont in Missouri the one hundred buggies were sold and in the coming year, when Mr. Lincoln’s enemies, headed by Charles Sumner, compelled the reassignment of Fremont to West Virginia, where he quickly dropped out, Orpheus C. Kerr wrote his amusing account of Fremont’s failures and headed it “Kerreges” and showed that the sale of the buggies (kerreges) and the nature of West Virginia where “kerreges” could not be used, accounted for all the “miskerreges.” Fremont’s staff of foreigners without vowels in their names, could not move without “kerreges.”

General Halleck relieved Fremont and General Sherman was sent to command the troops along the line of the Missouri
Pacific Railroad. It was this winter of 1861 and 1862 that the report of General Sherman’s being crazy, had great publicity in the newspapers. He had been relieved of his command of the army in Kentucky, not because he said it would require two hundred thousand men to open up navigation on the Mississippi river, but because all his language was exaggerated. Buell, a man of sound sense and judgment, was put in his place.

No sooner was Sherman given a command in Missouri than he commenced these stampeding messages to Halleck’s headquarters. At one time Price was at Springfield and was marching on him with one hundred thousand men; then Joe Shelby or some other small rebel general was north of the Mississippi River and was about to overwhelm him. Knowing that these reports were not true, General Halleck sent my father-in-law, Surgeon J. J. B. Wright, to see General Sherman. The result was that he brought Sherman with him to St. Louis, where some of his family met him and took him to his home at Lancaster, Ohio. I was in St. Louis at this time, just recovering from my broken leg, and one morning I asked Doctor Wright about the stories as to Sherman’s craziness. Doctor Wright was at this time medical director of the department. Dr. Wright said the question of insanity was always a difficult one but that General Sherman’s condition was one of such nervousness that he was unfit for command and he had recommended that he be relieved. I am sure, from my after experience, that he afterwards suffered from abnormal nerves, resulting much more disastrously, as in the case of the insane assault and slaughter at Kenesaw Mountain, where being assured that the enemy’s position was impregnable, nevertheless he threw away four thousand men, killed and wounded, to assure General Joe Johnston that he, Sherman, would attack him under any and all circumstances.
The winter of 1861 and 1862 was very cold, but time passed rapidly. A commission of special powers under Congress held a session in St. Louis to inquire into frauds committed under Fremont. This commission was composed of Robert Campbell, Judge David Davis and Joseph Holt; Joe Fullerton was secretary. Many monstrous frauds were unearthed, and some money was saved the government by scaling down vouchers. McKinstry, a quartermaster, was dismissed, but the California set, who surrounded Fremont, cared nothing. They left the service and carried off an immense amount of booty, which never can be known in value.

I remember dining with Major Callender one day at the arsenal at St. Louis, when our dinner was interrupted by a tall, slender man from Massachusetts, who had the impudence to ask Major Callender to suspend his dinner to sign papers he presented. The Major showed the fellow out of the room. After dinner the Major examined his papers, which amounted to a contract for a large number of cannon of cast steel at a cost that seemed very exhorbitant. This contract required the Major's signature. Major Callender sat down and figured a little on a piece of paper and said, "This price for cast steel for these guns is a little in excess of the price per pound of silver and I cannot sign the contract." "But," said the rogue, "I have here General Fremont's order for you to sign the contract." "Oh, you have!" said the Major, "Let me see it." The Major simply took the order and said, "The contract is a swindle," and returned order and contract to the indignant citizen. Thus one swindle was never accomplished.

This was a winter of wild speculation and invention in finding means to defraud the government. It was the time of the introduction of shoddy in the manufacture of cloth. Shoes were made with paper soles; woolen clothing was loosely fitted together. I saw one Ohio regiment draw pantaloons;
one day and two days afterwards the colonel brought around to my quarters some of this clothing to show to me. Already, in two days’ wear, the pantaloons were done for—seat and knees completely disappeared. The rotten woolen stuff had only been matted together. The only remedy was to hunt up and issue other pants to the men. Nobody was punished: no manufacturer, no inspector, no quartermaster ever suffered any inconvenience for this rascality. I wonder that any country could survive it. Eventually Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War, managed to get hold of honest inspectors, mostly from the regular army, but later honest civilians turned up in these positions and clothing and war material improved. But never did they come up to the regulation standard until peace returned.

The prevalence of dishonesty was astonishing and even Mr. Lincoln is said to have addressed a quartermaster, who demurred at being appointed only a quartermaster on account of the small pay, by saying, “My dear sir, it is not the pay, it is what you will make out of it.” I wonder that our country, that any country, could survive it; and indeed this spirit of dishonor has permeated society and hangs as a blight upon the army to-day.

This winter of 1861 and 1862 was a transition for the State of Missouri. The rebels had carried things high wherever they had power in the state, and ordered out of the country all Union men. General Halleck immediately taxed the rebel inhabitants for means to subsist these refugees and, whenever they resisted the tax, pianos, carpets, anything valuable, were seized and sold. My wife’s cousins in St. Louis were loud-talking rebels, but when they saw their piano depart they commenced to curb their tongues. The genteel hotel boarder now for the first time and to his utter surprise, found it perilous to talk open treason. I knew one man, an Englishman,
but who was completely identified with the rebel movement and was always talking of their triumphs, present and to come. He was a boarder at the Planter's House, where many Union officers put up. One day at dinner this fellow happened to sit opposite Captain Frederick Steele, 2d Infantry, and commenced his usual denunciation of the doings of the Federal administration. Steele listened to him for a short time and then interposed, saying that the time had now come when reason expressed in words must stop. The fellow put on the highly indignant, saying, "I don't know you Sir. How do you presume to address me! Who are you Sir?" Steele put his hand in his vest pocket and, bringing out a dozen cards threw them square into the fellow's face, saying, "There is, who I am, Sir, just pick up one of those cards; at your service, Sir." The fellow left the table and the same day left the city. I have never heard of him since.

But this little incident was noised around and rebel talk subsided excepting amongst the women. They kept up their sentiments until the war ended and even until now. Our relatives, the lovely widow ladies Mrs. Schomburg and Mrs. Wills, were frantic rebels and, although they professed great affection for my wife, we had to stop going to see them owing to their violence.

In March, 1862, our armies in the West commenced to move and Grant's capture of Forts Henry and Donelson brought about an important crisis in the Confederacy. Up to this time there was a considerable party in the South which looked confidently for Nashville to soon become the capital of the Confederacy. The sudden fall of middle and west Tennessee into the hands of the Unionists and the capture of New Orleans soon afterwards, was a terrible blow to the rebels. The Mississippi was nearly captured and the rebellion cut in twain. Many of the prisoners from Fort Donelson came
by steamboat to St. Louis and were sent thence by rail to Johnson’s Island in Lake Erie. The weather was cold. There was snow on the ground and as the Confeds were poorly clad—most of them with only one blanket—their suffering from cold was very painful. A classmate of mine, Lieutenant Clair Morgan, was amongst the prisoners and sent for me. He was found on his second class examination but always was a favorite. I was not allowed to see him, which probably meant a hundred dollars in my pocket, for Morgan was always borrowing money. He was killed afterwards in battle. The rebel ladies of St. Louis desired to show their good will to the Confederates by carrying them provisions and clothes, but this privilege was strenuously refused by our authorities, and the same spirit that prevented me from speaking to a classmate refused a woman the charity of allowing her to hand her brother a loaf of bread. There was at that time a great deal of this petty spirit of revenge amongst our people and it usually came from a class of men who afterwards were of no account in the war. Brave men, dangerous antagonists, are almost always generous and liberal and the class of men who persecuted the rebels when they had the opportunity had no influence in the ultimate result.

My broken leg had so recovered that I was ready for work and, bidding goodbye to my wife, I reported to General John Pope for duty with what was then known as the Army of the Mississippi. This army was really formed to give General Pope a command. It was composed of four divisions, and I was assigned to the largest one. One brigade of this division was made up of four Ohio regiments, numbered twenty-seventh, forty-third, thirty-ninth and sixty-third. These were excellent regiments and well officered. I drilled them as a brigade and soon had them in shape for either manoeuvring or fighting. I saw this force, four regiments, under fire for
the first time and commanded them in several bloody engagements. I never saw them flinch in a fight and was always proud of this Ohio brigade.

General Pope, General Gordon Granger, Schuyler Hamilton, Louis Marshall, Edward Kirby Smith, General Joe Plummer, George A. Williams, my classmate, were in this army and we had a very pleasant and social set who sat around the camp fires in the evening and talked about things old and new. Pope was very agreeable and a very witty man and often turned the laugh on his staff officers and others. His inspector, Louis Marshall, who was a nephew of Robert Lee, had been elected colonel of a Missouri regiment named the Benton Cadets. They were a turbulent set and held another election, reducing Lou Marshall to lieutenant-colonel, then a third election reduced him to the rank of major. Here Marshall became disgusted and quit the concern, falling back to the rank of captain in the regular army. As we sat around the camp fires one night, Marshall was relating his experiences, when Pope said, "Why Lou, if those fellows had given you another promotion, they would have landed you in the penitentiary."

New Madrid, on the Missouri shore, and Island Number 10, eight miles above, were fortified and heavily armed. Pope's army of about sixteen thousand invested the rebel fort at New Madrid, built batteries and commenced a regular siege of the fort. I commanded the trench guard, and put my men in the muddy trenches the night before we opened on the fort. This was a matter of no small difficulty, as the troops were very raw and the trenches as laid out by the engineers were too short to shelter the force detailed. I marched my division into these trenches about midnight, and day was breaking when we thought we had everything ready for our batteries to open fire on the fort. I was riding along my
lines to get a knowledge of the ground and came upon an Indiana regiment, commanded by Colonel Slack, at home a country doctor. His regiment was scattered about, the men running over the field. I said to the Colonel, "Day is now breaking and as soon as they can see you from that rebel fort you will get a volley of shot and shell. You had better get your men under cover." Turning to his men, who were scattered about, the Colonel shouted, "Gentlemen, the General thinks you had better get into the trenches, you will act accordingly." Just then the fort sent a volley of cannon balls over our heads, and no further measures were required to get the gentlemen into the ditches.

Very soon it was found that the rebel batteries had the range and an enfilade fire upon a part of our entrenched line and two regiments had to be moved. I had observed a slight ridge and depression near and to our rear so soon as daylight enabled me to see the lay of the land. I ordered the two regiments out, and started them in detachments to the shelter of this ridge. The rebel cannoneers soon saw this movement and turned their guns on these troops. The ranking colonel was perfectly unnerved by this fire. I never saw a man in such a crazy fright. He was mounted but could not sit in his saddle; he laid down on his frightened horse, his hat went off and he could not tell any one to pick it up. Seeing his bad plight and knowing that he was a very good fellow, I quietly made to the head of the regiment and took command and soon had the regiment in a place of safety. The Colonel went to the rear sick, and immediately resigned. He was a man of wealth and influence and wanted really to be a soldier. He was not fitted for it and, as ten years or more afterwards, he committed suicide, there must have been something wrong in his makeup.

These two regiments did not make this move without some
loss; a dozen or more men were struck by ball or shell and terribly mangled, and I was pleased with the remarkable coolness with which these new soldiers behaved under a cannonade to which they could not reply. Three months before these men had been sitting around their mothers' firesides. They now behaved as men who had made up their minds that war was dangerous, and to die if that was a part of the engagement they had made.

The affair at New Madrid was a duel between fort and the batteries, very much in favor of the batteries. Our losses were considerable. Three of our large guns, out of sixteen, were disabled by the enemy's shells, and a number of cannoneers were killed and wounded. With night a rain set in and fell, as only a Mississippi rain can, in torrents. Batteries and trenches were filled with water. We still arranged to open at closer range next morning, but we could hear steamboats going all night and next morning we found the fort abandoned.*

*General Stanley's general report of the operations at Island No. 10 will be found in O. R., S. N. 8, p. 98. His special report of this day's affair has not before been published. It reads:

Camp near New Madrid,
March 15th, 1862.

Major:

I have the honor to report for the information of the General Commanding that in obedience to his orders I marched my division consisting of the 1st Brigade, 27th and 39th Ohio, Col. Groesbeck, Comdg., and 2nd Brigade, 43rd and 63rd Ohio, Col. Smith, Comdg., at 3 o'clock a.m. the morning of the 13th to support the batteries and guards of the trenches opened before the enemy's fortifications about New Madrid. Arriving near daylight I took command and found that through the energy of Col. Bissell, Engr. Regiment Col. Morgan Commanding in the trenches and Major Lathrop and Capt. Mower in charge of the siege batteries, every thing was ready to open at break of day. As day broke our batteries opened and were immediately replied to by the enemy's batteries and gunboats, they firing at least two guns to our one. Under this cannonade, by order of the Genl., I changed the position of the division from the right to the left of the batteries with some loss. Getting into position I threw my field batteries, Sears and Dorlines back to a place of comparative safety and was enabled to place the four Ohio regiments under such cover that their loss during twelve hours of cannonading was incredibly slight, round and rifled shot whizzing over and about them in showers. I mention it as a good proof of their soldiership that they rested all day under this fierce cannonade without a murmur or sign of trepidation. Fortunately for them the ground was soft
We now had the Missouri shore, and immediately fortified Mount Pleasant, ten miles below, stopping the navigation to Island Number 10. Next night Lieutenant Walke, of the Navy, ran the gauntlet of the batteries of Island Number 10 with the gun boat *Carondelet*. This was a feat requiring courage, skill and daring. Island Number 10 had seventy large guns in position. A well directed shot from any one of these guns would sink a gun boat. The ports of the boat were battened and lights darkened. Commander Walke and the pilot were alone on the upper deck, the pilot directing the man at the wheel, who was under a cover of iron armor. We were six or eight miles from the scene. The night was one of a tremendous thunder storm and the first notice of the approach of the boat was as the rebels saw her by a flash of lightning. Instantly every gun let fly—at random of course. The boat shot ahead and gun after gun fired wildly in the air. Many of these guns were as heavy as sixty-eight pounders, and the alternate sound of these big cannon with the peals of loudest thunder, Heaven’s artillery, made a mid-night concert absolutely sublime. In half an hour after this uproar commenced the gun boat, untouched, tied up opposite our camp.

The next night the gunboat *Pittsburg* ran the batteries, and the rebel force at Island Number 10 were cut off from retreat by river.

and swallowed the shot. When night came the enemy ceased. During the stormy night I heard the enemy’s boats constantly moving but could not devise whether twas in evacuation or preparing to attack my left flank. I prepared for the latter contingency. At daybreak I was relieved by Genl. Hamilton’s Division and upon returning to my quarters learned of the enemy’s precipitate evacuation of the place. I saw much to admire during the day in the conduct of our soldiers. My adjutant genl., Captain Kellogg, and my aids, Lieuts. Howe and Newbold and Edwards, rendered me valuable assistance by carrying orders and making observations under a pretty constant whiz of shot and shell. I will furnish a list of casualties as soon as reported to me.

Very respy. Your obt. servt.

D. S. STANLEY,
Brig.-Genl. U. S. V.
Comdg. Ist Division, Ay. Miss.

Maj or Speed Butler,
Adj. G., Army of the Miss.
To understand the situation at Island Number 10 one must know the Mississippi River. This mighty stream, usually a deep river half a mile wide, at times of flood covers its immense bottoms, averaging seventy miles from bluffs to bluffs. At such a time you find the tributary rivers, instead of pouring their waters into the Mississippi, actually receiving the waters of the Mississippi, the current turning upstream. Some land, near the main river itself, is found almost permanently above the rise, and much of the land is protected by levees. The four thousand troops on Island Number 10 were then caught in a large water trap; they could reach the eastern bank of the Mississippi, but between this and the highlands of Tennessee were miles of overflow. By digging a very short canal across an old corn field Pope's people reached a big slough, now a river, which debouched into the Mississippi eight miles below, at New Madrid. The slough had abundance of water for the biggest boats, the only drawback to navigation being the immense trees growing on the banks of the slough. These trees were first felled by choppers standing on rafts, then a submarine saw was rigged on the stump, which was sawed off six feet under water. Six stern wheel transports were then run into the canal and carefully let down the canal by cable and capstan—for the current could wreck any boat—and then four steamboats and two gunboats were ready at New Madrid to cross our army to the rebels' side.

The Confederates had erected three quite powerful batteries on the left bank of the river below New Madrid, and Commander Walke thought it best to reduce these before a crossing of the army was attempted. Accordingly the two gunboats, closely hugging the right bank of the river, ran past these three batteries, receiving their fire without replying until a mile below the lower battery, when the gunboats turned prow upstream, thus bringing their forward guns and
sheltered battery into use, and immediately attacked the land battery. First the boats used solid shot, then shell, and as they came close to the shore, canister. The firing was very accurate and the first round of canister, poured right into the embrasures of the land batteries, sent the force in the battery flying over the corn fields. The blue jackets jumped ashore with axes and cut the spokes of the carriages and, reembarking, the boats immediately attacked the second battery. This battery soon yielded. The third battery made quite a fight and one sixty-eight pounder ball went through Commander Walke's boat from stem to stern, fortunately not injuring the boat's machinery. Immediately upon the surrender of this battery my division and that of General Payne crossed the river on transports and marched to find the enemy who, having abandoned Island Number 10, had marched down the river to Tiptonville and could go no further. Our march continued until after dark, when we bivouacked in the open fields. Resuming our march early in the morning we found that the entire rebel army had surrendered to General E. A. Payne, who had preceded me on the advance. Immediately upon crossing the Mississippi and whilst our men were getting off the steamboat, I stepped to where the Carondelet was tied up and congratulated Commander Walke on his brilliant success. He was very affable and invited us to look at the havoc the sixty-eight pounder ball had done to his boat; also asked us to take a drink—this was all very agreeable but, whilst we were dallying, the commander of the other gunboat came up and congratulated Walke on his success. Walke turned to him and said, "D—— you, I don't congratulate you, you skulked behind my boat and fired shells over my deck," and added, "D—— you, if you ever do such a thing again I will turn my batteries on you and blow you out of the water." This was rather painful to us of the army, but as it was purely
a naval affair we turned away, after saying our adieu and went about our proper business.

When we arrived at nine o'clock in the vicinity of Tiptonville my division was bivouacked and we went to see the prisoners. I was not long in finding old friends amongst them. Henry B. Davidson was a captain of artillery, C. S. A., and a kind of a chief of artillery. He was a classmate of mine at West Point and a very good fellow. He was very affable and we sent him over to where the disarmed rebels were awaiting orders, to invite the rebel generals to take lunch with us. General Mackall, who had just surrendered the six thousand rebels, was very high and mighty and declined our civility, but when Davidson whispered around the staff that my ambulance had just come up with a demijohn of very fine brandy we soon had volunteers enough. I remember only one general officer, General Gantt of Arkansas, who was very agreeable and talked over the affairs and the prospects of the war in a very gloomy way for his side. He was sent off with the prisoners the same evening to Johnson's Island, and upon being exchanged he resigned and left the rebel service.

At three o'clock I marched from the scene of this surrender for Island Number 10. The ordnance stores abandoned were immense,—something like one hundred large cannon and huge piles of shot and shell. At the same place there was a huge pile of torpedo shells of cast iron cylinders six feet long, eighteen inches in diameter, for the purpose of blowing up boats on the Mississippi. Hundreds, maybe thousands of these ugly looking things were laid in that mighty river, but the Father of Waters would have none of them. The swift current rolled them, the sand engulfed them, and I never heard of one boat being blown up by them. There were a great many tents, several thousand standing, but they were so old and weather worn that they were of no use to turn rain. The
weather had been fair during the preceding days, but at sundown it commenced raining, and during the long night it simply poured water. It rained as only it can in this great, moist Mississippi Valley. Fires were impossible. To lie down on this soil was only to lie in mud or water, so during the night we stood and waited for morning.

An officer, a lieutenant of the 39th Ohio, came to me and said, very insolently, "General, something has got to be done, our men cannot stand this." I said I could not regulate the rain and added, "You have enlisted for soldiers and the sooner you make up your minds to endure rain when it comes, the better for you." The lieutenant returned disgusted and, being a newspaper correspondent, wrote my remark to the Cincinnati Times, and on several occasions that high-toned newspaper recalled to its readers my remark, to illustrate the brutality of a regular army officer.

Much of the success at New Madrid and Island Number 10 was owing to the immense flood in the Mississippi. This great flowing sea enabled us by a very short canal to float our transports below the enemy's stronghold. Then the immense stretch of overflowed swamp back of the narrow strip of dry land immediately upon the river effectually cut off the retreat of the Confederates from the highlands of Tennessee. This was a great loss to the Confederacy. The defences of Island Number 10 were very elaborate and bid defiance to a gunboat fleet, but, being turned by our seizing the river below, the fortifications became worthless.

The next fortified point below was Fort Pillow, forty miles above Memphis, and the defence of that city. This place we prepared to attack immediately.

The success at Island Number 10 had given the authorities at Washington the idea that an army operating directly down the river might open the Mississippi. Our army was named
the Army of the Mississippi and considerably increased. My division was raised from four to nine regiments, formed into two brigades. The entire army had an effective force of nearly twenty thousand men. When all this was embarked on steamboats and slowly floating down the river—Commander Foote's entire gunboat fleet leading the way, and the rebel fleet just ahead of our fleet, afraid to engage in a regular naval fight with our gunboats but not afraid to run just ahead and exchange shots with our boats—when all this array of craft was stretched out in one of those very long bends or curves in which this big river flows, the sight was very grand. Then the occasional roar of a big cannon added excitement to the spectacle.

Our progress was very slow. Commander Foote, commanding our gunboats, seemed to fear that some of the enemy's boats might run past his armed boats and attack the transports, crowded with soldiers. We halted, tied up to the bank several times during the day, and once when tied up the men were allowed to go ashore to cook. The rebel gunboats, which were only around a bend of the river from us, sent a volley of big shot and shell through and over the woods, guided by the smoke from our high smokestacks. This might have been serious but fortunately we were too far away. Passing around the bend our gunboats chased the saucy rebels away and our soldiers went on cooking their dinners.

Finally we saw the formidable batteries of Fort Pillow, a strong fortification upon the first bluff found on the Mississippi below St. Louis. These batteries were a hundred feet above the river, consequently had a plunging fire upon the gunboats which they could not withstand, nor could they tarry to reply. Accompanying the fleet were a number of mortar boats, each carrying one seventeen-inch mortar. These were made fast to the bank of the river and then, by signals
from the lookout on the largest boat, were aimed to land their big shells upon the fort. This was amusing to our army of spectators, and probably annoying to the rebels, and had one of these big shells fallen exactly on a barracks or upon a gun, it would have demolished it, but I never heard of their doing any harm. For when they fell they spoiled the parade ground, each shell plunging five or six feet into the soft ground and exploding, as most of them did, making a crater large enough to bury a whole company of men. These mortar boats thundered away several days and we looked at the great missiles as they rose gracefully in the air, made their beautiful curve and then descended on the would-be devoted heads of the rebels.

In the meantime we looked diligently for a landing and failed. I was sent to try to enter the Forked Deer River, but the current of the Mississippi running into the Forked Deer, apparently running upstream, was so violent that we came near wrecking our steamboat, which was caught in the fierce current and carried crashing through the timber overhanging the river. Our captain was fearfully scared and standing near me on the pilot house, declared we would surely sink, but presently the boat lodged against some of the great trees and, by taking out hawsers, we gradually pulled the boat out of peril. Colonel E. Kirby Smith and part of the 43rd Ohio were with me on this reconnaissance.

Kirby Smith was a very admirable character and an officer of superior abilities. Before the war ended he was killed in battle—a very serious loss to the nation and a great grief to his friends.

Upon the return of our boat to the transports I reported that no landing could be found at the present stage of water and we tarried a day or two, when a dispatch boat brought news of the battle of Shiloh, and our fleet of convoys was directed to Hamburg Landing, just above Pittsburg Landing.
Our landing and movement south towards Corinth was very laborious on account of rains and deep, muddy roads, but with the rest of the army we soon pushed up as far as the village of Farmington. General Halleck, who had heretofore issued orders from St. Louis, came and took command of the army in person. The army was then composed of the Army of the Ohio, subsequently Cumberland (Buell), the Army of the Mississippi (Pope), and the Army of the Tennessee (Sherman). The Army of the Mississippi disappeared as a name when Pope was ordered east.

Halleck was a mistake in the field. Large and corpulent, he could not ride a horse out of a walk. He had a staff of old or middle aged men about him. General and staff rigged themselves out in soldier’s blouses and great stiff hats, afterwards known as Hancock hats. When this queer cavalcade came riding slowly, ponderously along our lines, it was hard to suppress the boisterous laughter of the soldiers. A German officer caricatured the whole outfit—general and staff—a very ridiculous picture. The chief of staff, General Cullom, was greatly enraged against this caricaturist and wanted to have him punished, but General Halleck, who was not thin-skinned, laughed heartily over the caricature, although himself the principal butt of the fun. Cullom’s boots were immense and I think that the artist’s rendering of them and making Cullom ridiculous pleased Halleck.

The battle of Shiloh had been the greatest tragedy the war had yet brought on. It was an immense slaughter on both sides with no definite results. The Federal Army aimed to seize Corinth and sever the important Memphis and Charleston Railroad, connecting East and West of the Confederacy. The aim of the Confederates was to destroy the Federal Army before it reached the railroad. In this the rebel army failed. After one day’s fighting in which every Federal organization
on the field was defeated, driven back and disorganized, Buell's army arrived just as the sun was setting and rescued Grant's army from sure destruction.

Colonel William Grose, afterwards brigadier-general, and who served nearly two years under my command, more than once gave me a graphic account of the closing scene, the evening of the sixth of April, the first day of Shiloh. Grant's entire infantry had been driven to the edge of the Tennessee River at the steamboat landing. Our army still held a small piece of country covered by a battery of big cannon, which Colonel Webster had manned and turned upon the advancing rebels. But this condition could not have lasted until dark as the rebel commander was organizing an infantry attack and already the bullets of his skirmishers were falling amongst our people in the battery as well as in the mob gathered about the steamboat landing. At this juncture Generals Buell and Nelson arrived with the 36th Indiana, Colonel William Grose commanding.

General Grant was at the landing. After exchanging a few words with General Buell, the latter ordered Colonel Grose to form his regiment in line for an advance, which he did immediately, and Buell placed himself on the flank and advanced with the regiment. Men commenced to fall, struck by hostile bullets, and Colonel Grose asked Buell whether he should open fire. "Not yet," said Buell, "wait until we get closer." Directly they saw to their front an infantry force advancing and Buell said to Colonel Grose, "Now give them a volley." At command the volley rang out on the enemy. Our army under Grant had been defeated; the rescuing army under Buell had commenced a victory. The turning point was really dramatic.

How the rebel army fell back several miles upon the battle field; how the gunboats threw shells at their supposed location,
disturbing their rest all night, disturbing also our rest; how Buell landed three divisions by steamboat and advanced to drive the enemy in the early morning; how Lew Wallace with his division found his way back to the battle field and made a good fight; how the rebel army fell back to Corinth, defeated, and all the incidents of this great battle are to be found in the War Records. These have been a hundred times repeated and misrepresented by dozens of writers—men interested as actors in this great battle, who have thought their soldierly abilities and character at stake and who try to shape history, like Grant and Sherman; or another set of history makers, who have written popular books or magazine articles, knowing very little about the battle, but writing up to some conceived notion.

The history of this bloody battle can be written only after studying closely the War Records, and then sifting out of officers' reports what there is not contradicted and vanguardious and thus getting down to plain facts. There seems one reasonable conclusion, that, as an exhibition of courage, it was a hopeful presage of what the average raw American soldier could and would do, without any distinction of states, North or South. The fighting was close and deadly. As to the handling of troops, there was little ability shown by any of the commanders.

The fall of Albert Sydney Johnston was probably a great loss to the Confederacy. He was a man of fine presence, a very dignified and polite man. His career in the war was too short to determine his place as a commander, but surely, on that first day at Shiloh, he pushed the attacks in a manner that showed him as a very dangerous enemy, and the bullet that cut short his career was a very lucky one for the Union.

The effect of Shiloh was, in a manner, paralyzing on both armies. Some regiments of the Union Army were almost
annihilated, and as the States continually organized and sent forward new regiments instead of filling old ones, many regiments appeared thereafter as battalions. On the part of the Confederates this terrible repulse, after two days' fighting, taught them caution.

Halleck took command and the army became a ponderous machine. As he was corpulent, a poor rider, a man fond of good fare, our army, superior in numbers, moved so slowly that, from our advanced position until we actually captured the earthworks surrounding Corinth, our huge army moved one furlong a day. One wing moved a little, then another force came alongside, always fortifying their front for fear of a rebel assault. Thus hitching one foot, then another, like a hobbled horse, we finally came up to within a couple of miles of Corinth. On the eighth of May, when still seven miles from Corinth, my division in concert with Eleazer Paine's made a reconnaissance up to the fortified line in front of Corinth. It was a risky move, for my right flank marched past and across the front of a mile of the rebel line. I remained near the rebel line until night and then withdrew, leaving a large detachment well to my front. The rebels, deceived by our movement, sent detached forces to attack us. Marching blindly through the woods, they furiously attacked each other, about a mile from our flank, pouring several volleys into the ranks of a supposed enemy. At this time we were marching quietly back to our camps and were puzzled by the great uproar, as we felt very certain that none of our troops had marched in that direction. This was all explained early next morning by our staff surgeon, Dr. Thrall of Cincinnati, returning to us. He had passed the night in the rebel camp as a prisoner, having lost his way trying to join us the day before. He was taken prisoner and witnessed the fratricidal fight between the Confederates, whose volleys had puzzled
us so much. Dr. Thrall had given his services to the wounded and in consideration of his doing so, he was paroled and allowed to return to his regiment.

One brigade of my division was left in front and near the hamlet of Farmington on the succeeding morning. General J. M. Palmer reinforced this brigade with his own and was attacked by a large force, comprising the right wing of the entire rebel army, commanded by Van Dorn.* Before this

* General Stanley's report of this affair, not given in O. R., is as follows:

Headquarters 2nd Division,
Army of this Mississippi,
Camp at Booneville, Miss., June 5, 1862

Major:
I have the honor to report for the information of the Gen'l Com'dg that at 10 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 28th May, I moved my Division, consisting of the Brigades of Gen'l's Plummer and Tyler, directly to our front, advancing from our entrenchments at Farmington.

One mile from our front, at Farmington, we drove in the enemy's pickets, and occupied the ground they had previously held, at the White House, near Bridge Creek, and close to their main entrenchments at Corinth.

The first line of my Division was occupied by the Brigade of Brig. Gen. Plummer; the second line by that of Brig. Gen. Tyler. These lines faced directly the enemy's earthwork batteries to the south, across the Memphis & Charleston R. R., our right flank being rested upon the creek, but presented to Corinth.

This was owing to the advancement of our right, beyond the left of Gen'l Buell's command. The enemy made no opposition, except picket firing, to our advance. Their batteries to our front were silent, and as soon as our infantry was in position I directed Dees' and Maurice's Batteries to open upon them. This produced an instant reply from four or six guns from the enemy.

I saw very soon that the distance was too great to effect much with this long range firing, and ordered it to be discontinued. Each Brigade was shown their position, and directed to entrench. This was near one o'clock P. M.

Capt. G. A. Williams of the Regular service, commanding a detachment of the 1st U. S. Infantry, now moved to near the White House, and commenced erecting a battery for 20 pounder Parrott guns, directed upon the enemy's battery, across the Railroad. The enemy still continued from time to time to throw shot and shell as our forces exposed themselves to their view.

About three P. M. the enemy crossed the creek, drove our pickets quickly in, and immediately appeared in force upon our front and right flank. Maurice's battery fired one round, but the men and horses being rapidly shot down, one section was limbered up by Capt. Maurice and carried off, two pieces and one caisson being left on the field. Capt. Dees of the 3rd Mich. battery had fallen from sunstroke, and his second in command, Lieut. Lamberg limbered up and fled with the battery from the field. This left me Capt. Spore's (?) Iowa battery. The 5th Minnesota, a new regiment, broke and ran, but most of them were rallied by the exertions and example of their Colonel Von Borgenstrode. Other regiments near the point of attack fell into confusion.
force Palmer retired, but not without resistance. A young colonel, Thrall, commanding one of the regiments, had his leg carried away at the ankle by a cannon ball. He died from the shock very soon.

Our main line was prepared for attack, but the rebels, finding a large force in front of them, retired. This affair took place May 9th, 1862, and my division was deployed in front of the rebel works until the 30th, when the enemy, having retreated from Corinth the night preceding, we en-

I repaired in person to Capt. Spore's battery (2nd Iowa) and directed him to ply (?) the advancing enemy, rushing to the abandoned guns of Maurice's battery, with canister and case shot. This was coolly and faithfully done: the officers and men of this Battery deserve great credit for their part in this affair. Capt. Williams's battalion of the 1st Infantry were immediately under the enemy's fire, and they laid down their artillery equipments, and resorted to their Springfield muskets, their old weapon:—they did effective service.

The enemy still pressing his attack, matters began to look critical, and I sent an order to Gen'l. Tyler to move up his Brigade but before this movement could be effected, the 8th Wis., a sturdy regiment, had advanced under cover of the crest of the ridge, within fifty yards of the enemy, and poured upon them such a volley of ball and buck shot, as covered the ground with their killed and wounded, and sent the survivors flying to cover.

This ended the attack and our pickets were annoyed no more during the evening and night.

The credit of the gallant service rendered by the 8th Wisconsin Reg't is due to Col. R. E. Murphy commanding the 1st demi Brigade, who directed, and Lieut. Col. Robbins who carried out the movement with his regiment. Both these officers belong to the 8th Wisconsin.

The enemy's batteries poured shot and shell upon us during the fight, and unluckily some shells fell among our men from Gen'l Crittenden's Division. Lieut. Walling, 2nd Iowa Battery, and Sergt. McGinnis, Co. F, 4th Artillery, borrowed horses, and gallantly brought off the two guns, and the caisson (Totten's old battery) of Maurice's Battery, during the engagement. I was greatly indebted to Gen'l's Tyler and Plummer, to Col's Murphy 8th Wis. and Col. Mower, 11th Missouri—and to the members of my staff, Maj. Coleman, Ass't Adj't Gen'l—and my aids, Lieut's How and Sinclair for assistance on the field.

Enclosed please find subordinate reports, with lists of casualties. Of the enemy's loss we can form no very correct estimate: over fifty bodies were buried upon a space of a few acres. The ground we had occupied in the morning, we held, and the succeeding night entrenched so strongly as to render it very secure against any attacking force.

Very respectfully,
Your obt. serv.,

D. S. STANLEY,
Brig. Gen'l.
Com'dg 2nd Division.

(Indorsement)
Copy of Report of
Gen. D. S. Stanley
on the action of
May 28, 1862, before
Corinth, Miss.
tered that dilapidated town. General Rosecrans joined us on the 29th and was assigned to command of my division and John M. Palmer’s.

Rosecrans was then the picture of robust health and vigor, and was full of energy and active enterprise. By his amiability and social good nature he soon became a favorite and was for several years the idol of those he commanded. That he had courage and even genius to become a great general there is no doubt. His weakness was gullibility and he often did foolish things, being cajoled into them by humbugs and frauds. His temper was also bad, and when provoked he showed no patience.

The night the rebels retreated out of their lines around Corinth was one to be remembered. Never during the war was such a hubbub. Big drums were beaten, marching from their left to their right during the greater part of the night. This would indicate a massing of troops to attack our left. But why beat drums and thus give us notice? None could tell. Then, to make it more mysterious, the rebels kept the sky lurid with rockets. Of course we prepared to repel attack, but Beauregard’s army was marching away and the drums and rockets were to puzzle us until they got a good start. As soon as day came the discovery was made that our foe was gone, and then commenced a foolish race between the different divisions of the army as to which should have the empty honor to enter first the miserable little town of Corinth.

Our commander, Pope, at the head of one of his divisions, came face to face with General Nelson, commanding one of Buell’s divisions, and, at the head of their troops, indulged in a general cursing match, to the horror and scandal of everybody. Pope threatened to arrest Nelson. The latter swore he would not respect his arrest. Finally they departed to become bitter enemies thereafter.

This advance on Corinth lasted from April 22nd to May
30th, and the following is from my report, page 720, volume 1, Records of the Rebellion, part I:—"The labor of camps or road making; of marches through heat and dust; of privations on short rations; in bad clothing, in bare feet—all borne, I am happy to report, with patience and cheerfulness, has shown that our young soldiers already begin to appreciate Napoleon's maxim, that 'the first quality of a soldier is constancy in enduring fatigue; that poverty and privation are the soldier's school.'" Neither have they ever shown that their courage may be classed secondary to these qualities.

This campaign to dislodge the rebel army under Beauregard seemed a senseless thing, as it had no importance except being the crossing place of two railroads. However, the immediate consequences were immense. Fort Pillow, the defense of Memphis, was immediately abandoned, and, the rebel flotilla being defeated and destroyed in the fight at Memphis, the Mississippi was opened at once to Vicksburg, and Tennessee was literally a conquered state from this time on.

On the part of the Union side, it brought many troops and officers together from all points of the western states and a few from Pennsylvania. The number of new acquaintances made was immense. I knew almost all of the general officers. How many of these have risen to eminence in history, how many have dropped into obscurity, leaving scarcely a name even in the War Records?

Halleck, Grant, Buell, Thomas, Pope—these comprised the principal commanders of that great army concentrated at Corinth. Grant, temporarily popular for his success at Forts Henry and Donaldson, was in semi-disgrace for his defeat at Shiloh, and here occupied the ridiculous position of second in command, i. e., he commanded nothing and he looked like a man without employment. He rode about the camps every day with a staff of medium numbers with him,
stopped at the headquarters of divisions where he knew officers, talked the military gossip of the day and rode away. He had no orders to give or suggestions to make. He was strictly temperate—a teetotaler. He was very modest and quiet but surely the last man, of those I have named, one would select to become the great man of the war.

This campaign and the one at Island Number 10 were opportunities to school our officers in the care of men. I did my best to learn. In all new armies, and, without care even in seasoned armies, the losses by disease are far greater than by bullets. And this very often from causes entirely preventable. As soon as we arrived in a new camping ground, and before tents were pitched, temporary sinks were dug and the best water was made secure for the men before animals were allowed to foul it. The surgeons were held strictly accountable for the cooking. Men were taught to place dry material under their blankets, and yet, with all caution, the sick rolls were very large. In bringing a large number of men together, many of them very young, it is surprising how many of them will soon be down with measles. As I heard a much disgusted colonel once say, "The mother of the country boy does not do her duty. She quarantines against measles, then, when turned out for war, he is laid up for six months by this home disease, and this loathsome ailment leaves the patient very feeble and unfit for wars." I do not see any remedy for this. Mothers are not likely to inoculate their children with troublesome complaints, and war is destruction anyhow, and contagious diseases must be charged to profit and loss.

The army of Beauregard continued its retreat to Boonville, and then separated. Bragg took command of the larger fraction and moved to Chattanooga, thence to invade Kentucky. The rebel command was distributed between Van Dorn and Price, who divided the territory between them
but used their forces as a unit. Buell marched east, repairing the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Sherman marched his division to Memphis. General Halleck pitched big tents in the plaza at Corinth and made a military headquarters quite businesslike. The fat and comfortable general kept good brandy and was not the least niggardly about it, for he always tendered his guests a drink. The funny part of it was to see this old engineer and lawyer imitate the dragoons by throwing a four-gallon demijohn of brandy to his shoulder by the dragoon twist of the elbow and pour out a big drink.

Our camp was made at Big Springs, seven miles from Corinth, and it soon became a model camp, Pope’s four divisions made up the camp. Rosecrans commanded two of these divisions under Pope. Soon Pope was called to the East and our army of the Mississippi disappeared and merged into the Army of the Tennessee.

General Grant now appeared as a commander, with headquarters at Jackson, Tennessee. I remember our meeting to say good-bye to Pope as he packed up one morning to obey the order putting him in command of the army in northern Virginia. We all expressed our regret that he was leaving, and General Gordon Granger, as Pope had mounted and turned to ride away, hollered after him, “Good-bye, Pope, your grave is made.” This was dampening, but proved a true prophesy, as Pope’s reputation was wrecked by his Virginia experiences.

Our drills and exercises were kept up incessantly at Big Springs. After a while General Halleck was called to Washington. Then General Grant moved his headquarters to Corinth, where he took a house and his family joined him. Fred, the eldest, was then about eight years old. Nellie and Ulysses were smaller children. They were a very interesting family. I took lunch or dinner with them several times.
General McPherson had been serving as chief engineer to General Halleck. He remained in the Army of the Tennessee and was assigned a division. He rose very rapidly in rank and command. He was a man of great talent combined with truthfulness,—a quality not always present with the rising generals of that date.

I had a short leave in June and ran to Cleveland to see my wife. When my wife fled from Arkansas, early in 1861 she carried with her to St. Louis our slave woman, Sarah Colbert and her two children, Dinah and Philip, the former twelve years old and the latter a fine boy, one year old. These slaves, by the act of taking into a free state, became free, yet, whilst my wife was in Detroit, employing Sarah as a nurse and boarding her children at cost and trouble, Sarah deliberately walked off one day and crossed into Canada. She was very ignorant and the meddlesome negroes in Detroit had persuaded her that she was still a slave and that the thing to do was to run away. My wife was much grieved at the woman’s ingratitude, but being relieved of the responsibility of caring for a negro family was some compensation. I was absent ten days and returning to my camp we buried General Joseph Plummer the day I joined.

It was at this time that General Sheridan made his start in military growth. The 2nd Michigan Cavalry had been assigned to Pope’s command at New Madrid and continued with us in Mississippi. Kellogg was offered the position of treasury agent in New Orleans. The scent of money soon decided Kellogg. He resigned and Gordon Granger became colonel. Shortly he was promoted and recommended Sheridan, who had been doing some very particular quartermaster work for General Halleck, to take his place as Colonel of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry. When Beauregard retreated south Sheridan was instructed to follow with his regiment and the
2nd Iowa Cavalry and find where the rebel army was located. In doing this he camped his command in an exposed position, beyond infantry support, and near to a body of four thousand rebel cavalry. Chalmers, the rebel general, attacked Sheridan, but did not surprise him. A lively skirmish, lasting several hours, ensued, in which few men on either side were injured. Sheridan detached Russel A. Alger, then a ranking captain—perhaps acting major—to pass the rebel flank and charge them. This was well done and Chalmer's force retired. This small affair made Sheridan a brigadier-general and Alger a colonel and started both of them on a career which made one a general of the army on his death bed and the other a member of the cabinet and governor of his state. Sheridan was assigned to a command in Buell’s Army of the Cumberland, and was next heard from at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky.

About the middle of August the enemy in our front began to move, their plan being to leave Van Dorn in Mississippi and march a force under General Price into Tennessee, crossing the Memphis & Charleston Railroad at the little town of Iuka, Mississippi, and the Tennessee River at Eastport. We were apprised of these movements and General Grant brought three small divisions from Jackson to the little town of Boonville, six miles from and east of Iuka. The enemy being located at Iuka, Rosecrans was ordered to make a detour and place his two divisions, Hamilton and Stanley, south of Price’s army and cut off his retreat to the south. On the 20th of September these divisions marched all day,—an excessively hot day—and fought the battle of Iuka at sundown. The inner and shorter road, assigned to me, was effectually blocked by fallen trees. I was therefore compelled to march along a longer road. The battle consisted in Price attacking our head of column, and as our force arrived and deployed, we
drove the Rebs to the defensive. Next morning they had disappeared, having fled in the night by the Fulton road.*

This affair was the cause of estrangement between Grant and Rosecrans which was never reconciled. Grant’s three divisions remained inactive five miles away whilst Rosecrans’ two divisions fought a savage battle in which there was a great deal of artillery firing. The intervening ground was mostly covered with large forest trees which intercepted the sound. Grant blamed Rosecrans for not keeping him informed of his whereabouts. In fact this was one of those combined movements where no sufficient margin is allowed for accidents, and which many times result in disappointment. Rosecrans was disposed to censure me for not taking the interior road which was so heavily blocked with fallen timber. I cut the obstructions out of this road subsequently and it took a large force of pioneers all day to do it. Although the enemy was defeated and compelled to retreat very precipitately, our victory did not count for much. The greatest loss for the Confederates was the killing of General Henry Little, formerly of the 7th Infantry, a Marylander who had made quite a reputation amongst the Confederates. The Confederate plans, which embraced forming a junction with Bragg in Kentucky, were entirely broken up, and Van Dorn united his army with that of Price and advanced again, this time to attack Corinth.

Several weeks before the movement on Iuka, Captain Frederick E. Prime, a very talented engineer officer on General Rosecran’s staff, suggested that the immense lines of defense constructed under General Cullum’s direction were too extensive to be of any use for defense by a small army, and prepared to construct a system of redoubts to protect the railroad depot of Corinth. Accordingly five redoubts were constructed, practically covering the approaches to Corinth.

* General Stanley’s report will be found in O. R., Vol. XVII, Part I, p. 81.
from all directions. These redoubts had four guns each, twenty-four pounders, old style, or Parrotts of twenty-pound calibre. The soldiers of the 1st United States Infantry were drilled to work these guns.

Immediately upon Price's return to Tupelo, he joined his force to all of Van Dorn's, making an army of twenty-five thousand efficient, and on the 1st of October was at Ripley, thirty miles from Corinth, moving north. At this date, General Grant, at Jackson, and General Rosecrans, at Corinth, knew that Van Dorn was coming to attack somewhere. He marched directly north, as if intending to attack Bolivar, now occupied by General Ord with four thousand men.

The great wooded valley of the Hatchie River, with its deep, sluggish stream, completely screened his movements from observation from Corinth. Having marched as far north as Pocahontas, he suddenly turned to the southeast, soon repaired the broken bridges over the Hatchie River, and, at ten o'clock, October 3rd, his troops were in line-of-battle three miles north of Corinth, and they immediately attacked the Union force, composed of Davies' and McKean's divisions, which were posted at the old line of works, only to compel the enemy to develop his entire force.

Rosecrans' force to defend Corinth was four small divisions of two brigades each, commanded by Brigadier-generals Hamilton, Stanley, McKean and Davies. In addition to their infantry force there were eight batteries and one thousand cavalry. Without reference to tables, Rosecrans' force may be fairly stated at fourteen thousand men. Van Dorn says his own force was twenty-two thousand men.

Three of the divisions of Rosecrans' army, viz.: McKean's, Davies' and Hamilton's, were deployed upon this outer line, intended only for development. Davies' division and two regiments on the right of McKean were engaged. General
McArthur commanded the force and, as he called for reinforcements and they were sent him, the affair intended as the action of a grand guard turned into a battle, and engaged the greater part of Price's corps and Lovell's division of the Confederates. It required from ten o'clock until sundown to push McArthur back, which finally did occur and not in the best order, as McArthur was sorely pressed. A very gallant and promising Brigadier-general, Hackelman, was killed on the Union side and General Oglesby was badly wounded. A brigade of Stanley's division (Mower's) was called for at nearly sundown, and assisted in covering McArthur's retreat, in which Colonel Thrush, 47th Illinois, was killed. At least ten regiments had been engaged and many officers and men had been killed and wounded. The day was very hot and drinking water very scarce. However, if our lines were hard, the enemy's were by no means easy. They marched ten miles in the morning, fought all day and had only the water they carried in their canteens.

Just at dusk the enemy showed force right up the Memphis road, and the twenty-four pounders let fly shell at the mark. A rebel told me, a day afterward, that old Sterling Price was there and a shell just missed his head. The exciting day was over and by nine o'clock our line was formed for the next day's battle. The entire action had taken place in the northwest angle formed by the two railroad tracks. Our line this night connected three redoubts, none more than half a mile from the center of the little town. There were no earthworks nor intrenchments;—Hamilton, on the right; then Davies; next Stanley; McKean on the left. At midnight all slept. At four o'clock in the morning all suddenly awoke. An enterprising rebel artillery captain had quietly brought his four-gun battery close to our picket line, only four hundred yards from our main line, and suddenly fired a volley over our
heads and into the town. The battery continued to fire until one of the twenty-four pounders in Battery Robinette was trained on it, when they limbered up and hurried away, but not until the pickets of the Ohio brigade made a rush upon the battery and captured one of their guns. To this day it is a puzzle what that foolish captain of artillery expected to do by crawling his battery in the dark near to our picket line and then firing shells into a town at random.

After this rude reveille, we anxiously awaited daylight. It came and not the crack of a gun disturbed us. We had our coffee. Eight o'clock came and the ominous stillness was yet unbroken. When the redoubts were built the timber in front was cut down, slashed to the extent of four hundred yards in front. Beyond this all was timber so dense as to cover all movements of troops. At nine o'clock General Rosecrans came to me and ordered a reconnaissance to my front. I immediately sent Colonel Joseph Mower, commanding the Second Bridage of my division, with two regiments to feel the enemy. Three regiments moved to the front, Major McDowell, 39th Ohio, commanding the skirmishers. In less than half a mile he was stopped by a heavy line of infantry.

In the fight that ensued Colonel Mower was badly wounded in the neck. His horse was shot and he was captured. I may add that after the defeat of the Confederates at three o'clock that afternoon, the Colonel walked into our lines, having been abandoned by the enemy.

At about eleven o'clock the storm broke. Four brigades, formed with regimental fronts, broke out of the woods directly north of the railroad station, and rushed at the town. They fairly covered the front of Davies' division which stood solid for a time, but, as the charging column came close, gave way and dissolved into groups.

The rebels fairly poured into the little town. They occu-
pied the depot and helped themselves to commissaries. They took possession of General Rosecrans' headquarters, but did not stop to read his orders. Rosecrans himself and his staff were riding furiously amongst the runaways of Davies' division trying to rally them. Rosecrans was furious and addressed very severe language to the demoralized soldiers for which he afterwards made some amends.

The panic was accounted for by the fact that these regiments had lost heavily in the battle of the third. They were weary and dispirited, and the full view of this big column coming with yells straight at them was too much for their nerves. Already they had lost many of their comrades and had been fought up to that point where men are easily whipped. They fought on many fields afterwards as bravely as any troops could do.

But the great assaulting column had made a mistake. They had driven Davies' division and rushed into the interval. Hamilton's division on their left and Stanley's on their right, were intact and immediately attacked the big column on both flanks with infantry and artillery. For a time the Confederates stood their ground; but, Sullivan's brigade pressing close to their left, and the 5th Minnesota closing on their right, and pouring in volleys, the column vanished, leaving the ground covered with their slain. Scarcely had the big column broken up when another column from Price's Corps emerged from the shelter of the woods and came straight toward the center of my division. The key of the position was Battery Robinnette, so called for Lieutenant Robinnette, 1st United States Infantry, whose company manned it.

The Ohio brigade, composed of the 27th, 39th, 43rd, and 63rd regiments, commanded by Colonel J. W. Fuller, 27th Ohio, occupied the right and left of the battery. This was called at the time the Ohio Brigade. It was my first brigade
command. I had drilled them and the relations of commander and commanded were certainly those of mutual confidence. The Second Brigade was commanded by Joseph Mower, 11th Missouri, who was wounded and captured early in the forenoon. As the charging column emerged from the woods the big guns in the redoubt opened on them, as well as three field batteries now attached to the division, but the enemy came on. The fallen timber in front of the division instead of helping the defense, added to the advantages of the assailants, as their skirmishers, by the hundreds, tumbled behind the shelter of the trees and fired point blank into our lines. Soon their advance came right up to our front, and their men and ours were exchanging shots at about thirty paces. The commander of the leading brigade, Colonel Rogers, 2nd Texas, rode right up to the muzzle of one of the twenty-four pounders, and he and his horse fell together. He was a brother-in-law of Sam Houston. He was a gallant man although not a Union man as was his great kinsman.

At this period the fight was close and doubtful, and was eventually ended by the 27th Ohio and the 11th Missouri springing up and charging the rebel line with the bayonet. Early in the fight, my Adjutant-general, Captain W. O. Coleman, was mortally wounded. I was dismounted and I ran into the line of my hard pressed regiments. These were the 43rd and the 63rd Ohio. The fire on them was very deadly. Colonel Edward Kirby Smith was mortally wounded early in the assault; his adjutant, Heyle, was killed.

Colonel Kirby Smith was a model soldier and engineer officer of rare talent, the son of a brave captain killed in the Mexican War. He had taken this 43rd Ohio regiment and had made it a well disciplined and drilled regiment. He had been under fire before, but only a few days previous to this battle said to me, "I want to go into one fight where there
is a storm of bullets, just to see how I can behave." Alas, his wish was gratified, but it was his last storm.

Lieutenant-colonel Wager Swayne, now commander of the Loyal Legion of New York Commandery, succeeded Colonel Kirby Smith, and very gallantly directed the regiment during the remainder of the fight.

The condition of things in the meantime was very precarious, as the charging column reached the muzzles of the guns, Captain George A. Williams, 1st Infantry, in command of the battery and regiment, seeing his cannon were no longer useful, directed his men to take their rifles. Graybacks came through the embrasures, and some, running around, came in through the gorge of the battery, but it is doubtful whether any Confederate who entered the battery ever left it. My anxiety to keep our men up to the scratch led me to run into the line of the 63rd Ohio, which held the right of the Ohio brigade. The fire of the Confederate force was particularly fatal to this regiment. Of fifteen officers present when the action commenced, nine were prostrated, killed or wounded, when the fight ended. Colonel J. W. Sprague, who is now a prosperous citizen of Tacoma, Washington, and his Adjutant, Otis W. Pollock, were unscathed, and did gallant duty in holding the survivors up to their work. Fifty-three per cent of the 63rd Ohio were down, killed or wounded, but the rest stayed and returned the assailants' fire and conquered.*

In European warfare it is calculated that when one-third of a military organization is struck, the fight is gone out of the rest, and I think this is generally true; but here we have a new Ohio regiment, a little over a year in service, with officers taken from the busy circles of civil life, which bravely stood up and returned the hostile fire until only three line

* General Stanley's report of this will be found in O. R., Vol. XVII, pp. 178 and 182.
officers were on their feet, and the regiment did not run but as soon as the fire ceased reformed and were ready for a renewal of the fight.

A part of the 63rd Ohio had been recruited near my old home in Wayne County, and passing amongst the men stretched on the ground after the fight ceased, a young lieutenant, named McFadden, who had received his promotion only a few days before, called to me and said, “General, come here; I want to say good-bye; I am mortally wounded.” He spoke so naturally I could not believe it, and tried to encourage him, but he died in half an hour. He was born within two miles of my home.

The charge of the 27th Ohio and the 11th Missouri, which was directed by Colonel John W. Fuller, commanding the first brigade, really ended the battle of Corinth. The Confederates withdrew into the woods they had advanced from. We readjusted our lines and expected a renewal of the battle. General Rosecrans felt sure that, beaten upon this front, the enemy was moving to the left to renew the assault from the east. Van Dorn, on the other hand, says, “Rosecrans had received large reinforcements from Jacinto and Rienzi, and therefore I ordered immediate retreat.” Thus both commanders were mistaken and the rebel army left, unmolested, by the roads they had advanced upon.

The next morning a considerable force had crossed Davies’ bridge over the Hatchie River near Pocahontas, where they were badly defeated by General Ord, who had crossed his force and attacked them on the east bank of the Hatchie. Had Rosecrans been up, which he might have been, this should have proved utter ruin to Van Dorn’s army. Ord’s force was stopped, and the Confederates passed up the Hatchie six miles, and constructed a bridge upon the dam of Crump’s Mill, and continued their retreat to Ripley.

General Grant, Rosecran’s superior, severely censured him
at the time for not following Van Dorn's retreat on the fourth and for his tardiness on the fifth. There may be some justice in this but it is easy to criticise after the fact. The test is, put yourself in his place. Rosecrans' troops had marched for two and three days, had fought two days, had scarcely a supply of even drinking water, the heat was excessive and the men were worn out; they had narrowly escaped a most terrible defeat, and no one was anxious to crowd their late antagonists.

The battle of Corinth was not a great battle as compared to those of first magnitude in the war, and yet it was bloody enough; on our side we had three hundred and fifteen killed, eighteen hundred and twelve wounded and two hundred and thirty-two missing. Rosecrans reported fourteen hundred and twenty-three Confederates buried and three thousand prisoners, mostly wounded men. We now know that it was most disastrous to the Confederacy. General Sherman, in his memoirs, says, "It was indeed a decisive blow to the Confederate cause in our quarter. From the timid defensive we were able at once to assume the bold offensive." The Confederates never recovered from it. They were brave men, the Confederates who assailed Corinth; they were just as gallant men who defeated them.

The enemy after the battle, closed and over now, were busy summing up results. Of course everyone feels good when a battle ends in a victory. McPherson had marched from Jackson to reinforce us and he arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. We were notified to get ready to pursue the enemy next day, and McKean, an old graduate of West Point, and whose division had not been engaged, was given the advance in the pursuit. He was now sixty years old, had failed in all civil pursuits, had enlisted in the ranks to make a living, and now, as a brigadier commanding a division was a failure. The day was spent forming skirmish lines to
examine woods without anyone in them, and the enemy made a road over a big mill dam and marched away. We followed to Ripley and then returned to Corinth.

We lay in camp doing very little for two weeks, and then Rosecrans, on the popularity gained at Iuka and Corinth, was ordered to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. After returning to Corinth my division encamped near that place for several weeks refitting and preparing for a new move. My Ohio regiments were so pleased with me as commander that they gave me several very handsome presents—the 43rd and 63rd, horse equipments and field glass; the 39th and 27th, sword and sash. These presents were very gratifying, coming from Ohio regiments that I had drilled, marched and led into their first battles. *

*The following letter was found among General Stanley's papers:

Headquarters 63d Regt., O. V. I.
Corinth, Miss., Oct. 15, 1862

DEAR SIR:

The Officers of the 63d Regt. Ohio Volunteers having served under you for nearly eight months and feeling deeply grateful for your uniform kindness and gentlemanly bearing towards us and all of your command, and having witnessed your gallantry and ability on the Field of battle—we beg General that you will do us the honor to accept the horse, equipments and Field Glass herewith presented as a slight token of the admiration and regard we feel for you—The Officers of the 63d Regt. whose signatures do not appear to this communication participated with us in procuring the testimonial—but they are dead or absent from wounds received in the late Battle fighting under your eyes and some of them fell by your side—

With heartfelt desires General for your prosperity and happiness

We are 

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Servants,

J. W. Sprague, Col.
Chas. Brown, Capt. Co. (b)
Frank T. Gilmore, Capt. Co. "A"
A. B. Monahan, Asst. Surg. 63d
O. W. Pallock, Capt. and Act. Adjt.
H. Skinner, Lt. and R. Q. M.
W. W. Mason, 1st Lt. Co. C
Wm. Cornell, 1st Lt. Co. I
James A. Gilmore, 2d Lieut. Co. I
Winslow L. Bay, 2d Lieut. Co. C
Nisbet Comly, 1st Lt. and Adjt. 63d O. V.
J. W. Fonts, Capt. Co. D
R. B. Cheatham, 1st Lieut. Co. D
Frost was already appearing when orders came to march westward and join General Grant's force for the expedition through central Mississippi intended to take Vicksburg in the rear. The weather was cool and very pleasant and marching very delightful. As we approached the road leading from Grand Junction south through Oxford and Holly Springs, we could see, off to the west and south, the route of the divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, not by the dust rising from the road but by a long line of smoke rising from burning houses, out-buildings, negro quarters, and cotton gins, all of which were fired on the line of march. General McPherson was in command of these troops and I know that this devil's work was abhorrent to him, and yet I never heard that anyone was ever called to account for this disgrace to our army. Indeed we had in the army at that day men, general officers, who, pandering to the baser passions of the common soldier, simply winked at and encouraged just such vandalism.

Soon after coming on the great road leading south, I rode up to a house filled with excited women and children who had fled from a house half a mile away which we had passed. The women begged me to help save their goods as they said the house had been beset by plunderers. I had just ordered a few mounted men back to the house when a huge flame burst from the upper windows. The scoundrels had robbed the house and fired it, and the poor women and children, who had spent many happy days there, threw themselves upon the ground and pierced our ears with their cries and groans as they saw their home and all in it—their clothes and family treasures, dissolve in flames. This on our part was wholly wanton. It did nothing for our side and must have excited a powerful spirit of revenge on the part of fathers and brothers of the poor people burned out. This was one of the times when I cursed war and perhaps wished that I had never been
a soldier. The men of my division had been taught to respect private property and to protect women and children, and this vandalism was a shock to us. I think this disposition to plunder was pretty general. It was natural to use and destroy property belonging to those whose dearest hope was to kill us, and unless the general commanding an army took a decided stand against plundering, the practice soon ran through an army and was ruinous to all property except land, and in turn reflected upon the invading force, for invariably a plundering force lost discipline and effectiveness in time of hard marching and battle.

My division had advanced to Wolf River when I received an order relieving me from this department and sending me to the department of the Cumberland to report to General Rosecrans at Nashville. I took leave of my command, which had been designated the 2nd Division of the Army of the Mississippi, at the crossing of Wolf River south of Lagrange, Tennessee, and just over the Mississippi line. I had been with this command since early spring, and felt a real affection for every regiment and every man of them. I published a short order bidding them an affectionate farewell,* and left

* Headquars. Stanley's Div.
   Nov. 12, 1862.

**OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF 2ND DIVISION:**

After three-fourths of a year's continuous service together, the fortune of war now calls us to different fields of labor. With a part of you, the 1st Brigade, I have been intimately and most pleasantly associated since your first organization. With the 2nd Brigade my relations have not been so long continued, but have been none the less pleasant. I leave you now, all of you, with feelings of deepest gratitude to you, and sorrow that we must separate. It is with feelings of pride that I can call to your memory that our labors have not been altogether fruitless in furtherance of the great cause in which all patriots of our country with common mind are now engaged. I can refer with pride to your labors, to your valor, at New Madrid, Island 10, the siege of Corinth, at Farmington and on the 28th of May, unmentioned in history but creditable in the highest degree to those engaged in that gallant affair, and finally, soldiers, to Iuka and Corinth, as your last great successes in your country's cause.

Of your marches and exposure, far more trying to you than the field of battle, I can speak only to praise you. In all these I have felt for you and suffered a soldier's lot with you. If you feel any of the gratitude for me
with my adjutant general, William H. Sinclair, for Louisville, where I met my wife, and in a few days reported to General Rosecrans at Nashville. General Bragg’s invasion of Kentucky had just ended and the rebel army, not any the worse for the summer campaign, lay about Murfreesboro, thirty miles southeast of Nashville.

The railroads of Kentucky had been sadly broken up by Bragg’s invasion, and the last forty miles of my journey to Nashville was made on horseback.

I found Rosecrans a very busy man, admirably assisted by Colonel Julius Garesche, who had just been assigned as adjutant general of the Army of the Cumberland. He was a very accomplished and able officer with a wonderful working capacity that knew no limit. Under his skillful organizing power and Rosecrans’ energy this army soon took shape and became dangerous to the rebel army thirty miles away.

The separate corps of the army, three in number, were commanded by Major-generals George H. Thomas, Alexander McD. McCook, and Thomas L. Crittenden. The corps were divided into divisions and brigades and numbered from one upwards. Divisions and brigades were likely to be called after the commander at the time. These frequently changed. Troops were furnished with tents of the old pattern—both wall and A-style tents, but some Sibley tents were used. The men, by their ingenuity, soon devised means for making themselves comfortable. Some dug a sort of cellar with the tent set over it for shelter with a rear chimney up from the fireplace. Others built a wall of logs or sod and topped this with the tent. Thus in various ways, our men had both shelter

I do for you, let me pray of you, brave men, to serve my successor with the same zeal, the same discipline, you have me. Remember that discipline is the bond of brotherhood among soldiers, and that disregard of it would disgrace the holy cause we serve.

By command, Brig. Genl. Stanley.
W. H. Sinclair, A. A. Genl.
and fires. The chimney building was destructive to all brick houses in the vicinity of a camp, for if a brick mansion was left unguarded, the men would throw off the roof and carry away every brick in the walls as ants carry away sweet cake.

Our men had no tents on the march from Perryville to Nashville and there was once a very considerable snowfall. In the morning a regiment or a brigade lying under their blankets covered with snow resembled ocean billows suddenly congealed and stopped in motion. And then at daybreak, to see this field of billows rise and turn to men shivering in the chilled morning air was curious but uncomfortable to look at. No doubt but this was the beginning of thousands of cases pensionable for rheumatism.

The Army of the Cumberland at that time had only two battles to its credit—Shiloh and Perryville. The latter was not so much to its credit as it had been attacked and checked by a very inferior force. There was, however, pretty good discipline and a good deal of solid fighting material in this army. The cavalry had been badly neglected. It was weak, undisciplined, and scattered around, a regiment to a division of infantry. To break up this foolish disposal of cavalry, and to form brigades and eventually divisions, was my first and difficult work. Generals commanding divisions declared they would not give up their cavalry regiments; but I insisted they should do so and General Rosecrans sustained me. I soon had three pretty substantial brigades formed, commanded by good officers. We made several sudden marches upon the enemy’s outposts, where they were collecting provisions and running mills, and ran the enemy away.* Our cavalry had been poorly instructed and depended upon their carbines instead of the sabre. I insisted on the latter. I sent for

*Genl. Stanley’s report of one of these forays will be found in O. R. XX, p. 76.
grindstones and had all sabres sharpened, each squadron being provided with the means for this work. This soon gave confidence to our men, and the opportunity was only lacking to show their superiority over the enemy.

On the 7th of December Rosecrans lost one of his outposts at Hartsville, a small town at a ford on the Cumberland, in a manner which was no credit to the ranking officers who exposed the ignorant and raw troops to disaster. Colonel A. B. Moore, 104th Illinois Infantry, was stationed at this ford to check advances of rebel cavalry which held the opposite bank of the river in great force. Thirty miles distant, at Murfreesboro, lay Bragg's army. The Cumberland was very low and fordable in many places. Colonel Moore simply encamped his four regiments, not even knowing enough to select a defensible position. The morning of the 7th of December the rebels attacked him on all sides with a force three times his own, and in a few minutes compelled his surrender. Nine miles away, at Castalian Springs, Colonel John M. Harlan had eight thousand infantry. They might as well have been in Cincinnati.

After writing the foregoing I read over the record* and learn that Colonel Moore made a gallant fight, but during the hour it lasted he was continually under a disadvantage, the enemy marching around him and choosing their point of attack. He seems to have acted with gallantry himself, but was utterly incompetent. Had General Thomas sent an intelligent staff officer to show Colonel Moore how to select his positions, and put in just five hours work, this thoroughly exposed outpost could not have been surprised, lives would have been saved, and great mortification avoided. The posting of an outpost at a point readily subject to a coup of the enemy and its subsequent disaster is as old as the history of war.

* O. R., XX, p. 40.
I have looked this matter over and have concluded that Colonel Moore was a brave man and made a gallant fight. A part of his troops behaved badly, but not his own regiment. If the other regiments had fought with the spirit of the 104th Illinois, Colonel Moore’s own regiment, John Morgan’s force could not have taken the place. It all came from ignorance. Here was an outpost of fifteen hundred men pushed out to the front of a very powerful army, the nearest support nine miles to the rear—no intrenchments, no care to guard against overwhelming sudden attack, in the early morning when this indeed occurred. It is surprising that any man who pretended to know war should, through ignorance and lack of military instinct, have done such a thing. This affair cast a gloom over our army and created a desire to get closer to our enemy.

General John Morgan accomplished this capture. His subsequent career was not glorious. He had the instinct of destructiveness, but was no general. A gambler by profession, he gambled on men’s lives, and lost his own in a very rash venture. He did more harm than good to the Confederate cause.

Nashville was now a military city. Most of the prominent families had either moved away or the male members had gone leaving the care of houses to servants or to a few ladies. Many houses were taken for administration purposes and many public buildings for hospitals. There was very little society, for the Union people left behind had no resources. Rosecrans and his chief of staff, Garesche, were both Catholics and the Catholic churches were opened and pretty well filled. The ladies were about all rebels and for a time many of them showed their contempt of the Lincoln hirelings, as they called the Northern soldiers, by contemptuously picking up their skirts as they passed them on the streets. Gradually this
feeling wore off and for two years Nashville became a garrisoned town of the usual sort.

This is one of the most beautiful of American cities and suffered but little during the war, excepting in the magnificent groves of big forest trees which abounded on all sides of the city. These groves necessarily became great camps and the beautiful timber was cut down for fuel.

Christmas was duly observed by this big army and next morning, December 26th, 1862, the whole army was put in motion to attack Bragg’s rebel army, grouped about Murfreesboro, thirty miles southeast. Our force was about forty-five thousand infantry in three corps, and one division of cavalry of ten regiments, forty-five hundred men. Bragg’s army was about the same number of infantry with three times the number of cavalry.

Our army moved on a very wide front, converging, and my cavalry command had an immense country to cover to protect the advance of the infantry. My command was necessarily scattered. I had on the right flank only three regiments and they were very weak. One of these regiments, the 15th Pennsylvania, was formed of a battalion of cavalry called Anderson’s Cavalry. They never saw General Anderson but did some service at General Buell’s headquarters. They were men of superior intelligence—mostly clerks or young men of leisure and fortune. Their colonel, W. J. Palmer, was captured by the enemy and held as a spy, having been detected in their lines at Antietam. The officers of this regiment had not been mustered and had no authority. The regiment refused to march when ordered and, as the move had commenced, I sent an officer to call for volunteers, when four hundred out of eight hundred followed me. They were active, brave young fellows, but had no discipline. Several times, when the rebel cavalry obstructed our march, these young
fellows charged them and drove them but, becoming too confident, on the 29th, driving rebel cavalry, they ran upon an ambush of an infantry brigade lying down behind a fence. This brigade poured a fire into the squadron, killing Major Rosengarten, mortally wounding Major Ward, and badly cutting up the squadron of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. This was the result of rashness and should have been avoided.

The evening of the 29th brought Rosecrans' army right up to the position Bragg had taken to defend Murfreesboro. The rebel army was concentrated and Rosecrans' army was well in hand.

The battle field of Murfreesboro, or Stone's River, is to all intents a plain, but only partially open ground, as the farms covering the space are separated by large and quite dense cedar brakes. This plain is traversed by roads, the principal ones being the Nashville Pike and the Wilkinson Pike, with a general course of east and west, also the railroad track and the small stream of Stone's River, everywhere fordable. No extensive view of the field can be had from any point. The great cedar brakes afforded good shelter to conceal the movements of troops from one part of the field to another.

The 30th of December was spent in bringing up the different corps and placing them in position to assault the enemy the next morning. I do not propose to describe the battle, but to record some of the incidents and faults of management. I was all along the line during the 30th and could see the rebel line intrenched within easy cannon shot, and not even a barricade on our side to guard against a sudden rush. Late in the evening of the 30th, I rode, with only an escort, beyond our extreme right, and found the enemy extended in force far beyond McCook's right and I so reported to McCook and to General Rosecrans. One division of two brigades sent this evening to support Johnson's extreme right would have
averted disaster. McCook seemed utterly indifferent and laughed, joked, and rolled around his rail pen—filled with fodder to make a soft bed—with the good nature and love of fun of a boy on his first picnic. I went into bivouac with my troops after visiting General Rosecrans’ headquarters and leaving at ten P. M.

The night was cold and cloudy and I had fallen sound asleep when, at one o’clock, I received a note from General Garesche saying the enemy had captured our supply train on the Wilkinson Pike and now threatened our principal train on the Nashville Pike. I was directed to protect the latter. I aroused our men and set out very soon for Stewart’s Creek, where our trains were supposed to be. The night was cold, but before five in the morning I arrived at Stewart’s Creek, where I found Colonel Joe Burke, 10th Ohio, with two regiments, safe and secure. Joe and Father O’Higgins, chaplain of the regiment, had been up all night, their shelter a common tent. They had a tea kettle boiling and a jug of good Irish whiskey. They had been playing piquet and sipping punch, but declared that they had spent the night reading the Greek Testament. However, the jolly Colonel soon had the tea kettle replenished and, before sunrise, served us a hot breakfast, and the remembrance of Joe Burke’s hot punch and delicate breakfast on that comfortless cold 31st of December, 1862, remains with me still.

As day broke my scouts came in, and I was assured that there was no danger to our trains. By this time the cannonade on Stone’s River sounded very heavy. I had just ordered my people to march to the sound of the firing when I received, by courier, a note from Garesche—the last he ever wrote. This note is somewhere in my papers. It stated, “The enemy have attacked McCook’s corps in great force,
and the corps is falling back in a good deal of disorder. Hasten to the right and do your best to restore order."

We bid our hospital Colonel, Joe Burke, good morning and took the canter for the battlefield. At about three miles from the right of McCook's corps we first met stragglers—first a few dozen, then a hundred and finally not less than five thousand. These shameless scoundrels had thrown away their guns, their ammunition, their blankets and overcoats, had stripped themselves of everything impeding flight, and were off for Nashville as fast as their cowardly legs could carry them. I dropped one troop of cavalry to herd as many of these wretches back as they could, and we continued our gallop until we arrived upon the battlefield. I learned afterwards that my cavalrymen brought back two thousand and Colonel Joe Burke picked up three thousand at Stewart's Creek, where he armed them and put them in the trenches. I never saw a more shameful thing than this runaway. These fellows many of them live now and draw pensions.

When I joined the left of the army, McCook had taken up his new line parallel to and just in front of the railroad. His whole line had been thrown back a quarter of a circle. He faced east at daybreak and now he faced south. His position was a strong one but the enemy never came to test it. His losses had been heavy in artillery. He was thoroughly whipped—all the result of his failing to support his right in the air and his bivouacking close to the enemy's fortified line of unknown strength without securing his troops from a rush by throwing up counter defences.

The defeat of McCook upset Rosecrans' plan of crossing Stone's River by his left and driving Bragg's right out of Murfreesboro. Bragg reversed things by attacking Rosecrans' exposed right.

At four P. M. the rebel cavalry in large force again tried
to gain our right, but, collecting very quickly two brigades, I advanced to meet this cavalry movement. We got within six hundred yards of the rebel front and immediately charged them. They hesitated a moment and then broke into squads, but not until our men had ridden over their formation and knocked over a number of them. I heard a man giving the Masonic sign of distress after the charge and found a big, stout man badly wounded by a pistol shot. He was a Texan and I had him cared for, but I do not know about his further fate. This ended the day of the 31st of December, 1862. Long after nightfall I rode all over our line with General Rosecrans and a few orderlies. There had been a discussion at the little one-room log cabin used by General Rosecrans as headquarters whether to withdraw our left, which seemed cramped into a corner upon the river with no room for development, or, in case of defeat, for retreat. It was past midnight and there was absolute quiet. Even the wounded had fallen asleep and the dead lay prone and ghastly. I remember, in passing through a fence which my aide, Captain Moxley, after dismounting, pulled down, a dead captain of infantry was found lying on his back, and Moxley, by the moonlight, immediately recognized him as a Methodist preacher, a neighbor of his who had volunteered and was elected captain of his company and, faithful soldier, had come here to meet his death.

Early in the evening General Rosecrans had fires lighted and kept up by a picket line extended a mile beyond our right. We rode this line of fires, now smoldering, and then turned and rode back to headquarters, arriving there at one o'clock at night. Rosecrans was very silent and, after dismounting and as we crouched about the smoldering embers to warm ourselves, I said, "General, what are you going to do?" He immediately answered, "By God's help, I am going
to beat the enemy right here.” No more was said and we immediately went to bed.

The next day there was nothing done except the bringing up the trains with ammunition and rations. In the meantime rain had fallen and the roads became heavy. The third day Bragg reinforced his right and gave Breckenridge command to attack Rosecrans’ left now east of Stone’s River. This attack of Breckenridge’s was at first successful and Van Cleve’s division was driven partly across the river; but Colonel John Mendenhall soon collected forty pieces of artillery and opened fire on Breckenridge’s advance. At the same time Jeff. C. Davis’s division crossed and attacked the Confederates and in half an hour, Breckenridge’s whole force was falling back, a disorganized mass.

Roger Hanson, a rebel general, was killed. He was a man of great social and political distinction.

Our infantry pressed back the wing of the rebel army and were in a fair way to march into Murfreesboro when night fell and stopped the fighting. This was the second phase of the battle of Stone’s River and as it was much in favor of the Union Army undoubtedly decided Bragg to retreat. This he did not do the next day. He reinforced his right and stood fast another day and one or two minor affairs took place between the opposing forces, but the coming night Bragg’s army retreated south of Duck River.

I followed next day at sunrise but only a few skirmishes with their rear guard occurred, they retreating whenever pressed.* I rode over the ground where the first day’s hottest battle occurred very early in the morning. The dead lay strewn upon the ground by hundreds, the blue and the gray about equally mingled. Most men die on their backs. A heavy frost had fallen the night before and the bearded

* General Stanley’s report of Stone River is in O. R., XX, p. 617.
men lay with their upturned whiskers whitened with hoar frost, whilst the boys with clean, fresh faces looked like the boys of the farmer’s household, not yet wakened from their morning’s sleep. And there were so many of these boys. It seemed that they formed one-half of Death’s harvest, strewn much like sheaves of wheat upon the ground.

The battle of Stone’s River was won, but at a fearful cost. Seventeen hundred killed, five times as many wounded, showed that victories could only be gained by fearful sacrifices. Our hospitals were mostly in large tents, and here the wounded did well, but when taken into private houses or churches, the deaths from gangrene were very numerous. After the first day’s fight I visited one of the hospitals and saw two very young and handsome men laid out—Miner Milliken and Frederick Jones, both colonels of Ohio regiments who were killed in leading their men. I remember meeting Parson Moody after McCook’s defeat and rush to the rear. The parson was a very large man and was colonel of the 93rd Ohio Infantry. He had been wounded and had his arm in a sling. I suppose he thought he had vindicated the church militant for, soon after, he resigned. The parson at one time had mortally offended a man about town by referring to him in his sermon. This man waited for him as he passed out of church. The man confronted him in an angry mood and said: “If it were not for your cloth I would give you the d—d’st licking a parson ever caught.” Then Parson Moody proceeded to unloose his overcoat saying, “Never mind the cloth, my dear sir. If unrestrained by grace I do not think there is a man in Butler County who can lick me.” Looking at the huge frame of the parson the offended man seemed to think that way also, and the fight did not come off.

The battle of Stone’s River was no great victory, but re-
treat ing to some extent demoralized the rebel army, and, coming about the time of Burnside's miserable failures in the east, our victory helped to sustain the courage of the country.

Generals Thomas, Crittenden, Sheridan, John Miller, and Harker came out of this battle with enhanced reputations. The river and railroad communications were soon opened to Nashville and the army had plenty. My dear wife came to see me, it having been reported in the papers that I was wounded. My horse was shot and I suppose that this was the cause of the false rumor.

John Morgan had raided our rear and had destroyed a long stretch of railroad in Kentucky. Across this stretch of country my wife rode for several days in a common country wagon over an exceedingly muddy road and finally reached Nashville before I knew that she had left home. However she was well and happy to learn that only my horse had been shot. Lieutenant Colonel Moncrieff and Surgeon Baker of the British Army were her companions on the long ride through the mud and were very agreeable young Englishmen. I corresponded with Colonel Moncrieff, who became adjutant general at the Horse Guards many years afterwards. He had a brother, a hard drinker, who was a private soldier in Liscum's company of the 19th Infantry, serving under my command in Texas. On account of his clever brother, the general, I tried to favor him, but his love of liquor was so fixed that he could not long keep any place.

Our army lay at Murfreesboro from January until June without a move. Looking back now this seems very wrong and yet the difficulties were exceedingly great. It was hard to accumulate rations, forage, and supplies over one line of railroad for a large army. The country we had to advance over to reach Bragg's army was very poor and its surplus had been eaten up by the southern army. Our cavalry force was
not above one-half the strength of that of the rebels and we could not send great foraging expeditions to the flanks of the rebels. Rosecrans' plan was to wait until the corn was in the roasting ear and then attack Bragg's army. During this time of delay many minor engagements were fought. A great part of the time I was away from my headquarters and in the field with some expedition to beat the enemy or capture his forage. At Snow Hill we defeated Morgan's cavalry and drove them pell mell. In April we defeated Van Dorn at Franklin, he having attacked Granger, who was defending that place, just as I arrived there with a cavalry detachment, fifteen hundred strong.

Out of this affair at Franklin arose one of the tragedies of N. B. Forest's fast life. The 4th United States Cavalry charged and captured one of the enemy's batteries in the action, and the captain of the battery was killed. Lieutenant Freeman, who was left in command of the battery, escaped and was rudely accused of cowardice by General Forest, and in the altercation Freeman made the motion of drawing his revolver, when Forest stabbed him to death with a knife. This occurred at Springhill the day after the fight and defeat of Forest at Franklin.

The raid of Colonel Straight occurred whilst we lay at Murfreesboro. This was the most senseless thing I saw done during the war to waste men and material. Straight worked on Garfield, who had unfortunately become Rosecrans' chief of staff. He had no military ability, nor could he learn anything, yet he persuaded Rosecrans that, with four regiments of mounted infantry, one could ride through the Confederacy, burn all their bridges, destroy their foundries, and then surrender—the immense damage done compensating for the loss of the four regiments, horses and equipment. Never had such a fool's plan been approved by a general commanding an army; but, through Garfield, it was approved, and Straight set out,
crossed the Tennessee River, then did nothing but run, until, overtaken by Forest, he ignominiously surrendered his whole command without destroying anything—bridges, foundries, magazines, or railroad shops. Indeed Straight’s raid was a contemptible fizzle from beginning to end. Straight himself had little sense, was a babbler. Garfield disgraced himself eventually on Rosecrans’ staff and the latter did himself great discredit by yielding to such humbugs. We lost four fine regiments, mounted, one hundred native loyal Alabamians, who were liable to be shot if taken prisoners, and nothing to show for it but the vainglory of the charlatan, Straight. Neither Rosecrans, Sherman nor Grant ever understood the true uses of cavalry. Each of these commanders was given to sending cavalry upon aimless raids, invariably resulting in having their cavalry used up and accomplishing nothing. Generals Thomas and Sheridan had more correct views of cavalry and used it to protect their flanks, to keep themselves in order for battle, and then, as Thomas did at Nashville, and Sheridan at Winchester, threw the whole cavalry force upon the enemy’s flank at the critical period of the battle and crushed the opposing force. This is the true application of cavalry.

During the spring months another disaster occurred to our arms, resulting in the loss of a brigade commanded by General John Coburn, of Indiana. General C. C. Gilbert commanded our outpost at Franklin with about six thousand men. Twenty miles south, Van Dorn occupied Columbia with ten thousand men, largely mounted infantry, with an advanced post at Spring Hill. Gilbert was ordered to make a reconnaissance in force of this position, and sent four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry to do this work. This detachment marched far beyond support; camped for the night, thus giving the enemy time to concentrate on it; were attacked by three times
their numbers and forced to surrender to Forest the next morning. After they were marched off as prisoners, Gilbert arrived on the ground with the force he should have sent at first, to find everything swept away. Gilbert had been appointed a major general of volunteers—Perryville cancelled that. He was then appointed a brigadier and Spring Hill cancelled that. But all this did not restore the four fine regiments he threw away at Spring Hill. These disasters,—Huntsville, Straight’s raid and capture, and this at Spring Hill, were all traceable to Rosecrans’ ignorance of the art of war, and in each case he allowed himself to be influenced by men more ignorant and incapable than himself.

About this time there arrived at Franklin two spies, under very curious circumstances. Colonel Baird of an Indiana regiment commanded the post, when towards evening of a fine summer’s day, two young officers rode up to his tent and delivered an order from General Rosecrans directing them to inspect the post. They gave their names as Colonel Lawrence Anton and Major Dunlap. They said they had been shot at on the road by rebels and their orderly had been killed. They wanted to borrow a little money and get a pass to Nashville. Colonel Baird, completely taken in, granted their request and they mounted and started off. Colonel Louis D. Watkins, 6th Kentucky Cavalry, happened to be at Colonel Baird’s headquarters just as they were leaving and, believing that he recognized Anton, asked Colonel Baird if he might follow the two and bring them back. This granted, Watkins jumped on his horse and, telling his orderly to follow and cautioning him to advance with his carbine cocked, soon galloped up and halted the spies. They were much displeased and remonstrated but were compelled to turn back. At Colonel Baird’s tent, Colonel Watkins said to Anton, “Your name is Williams and I knew you in Washington.” The other, Major
Dunlap, proved to be Lieutenant Walter G. Peters, C. S. A. Williams name was Orton Williams. Their disguise was very imperfect. One of them had on a gray Confederate uniform cap with only an oilcloth covering over it and a sword with the real name of the officer inscribed upon it.

Williams had been commissioned a second lieutenant of cavalry and held some position on General Scott’s staff until after Bull Run, when he resigned and joined the rebel army. The two officers were tried and sentenced to be hung as spies, which sentence was executed on June 9th, at Franklin. Williams made a piteous appeal for his life to General Rosecrans, stating truly that his father had been a brave captain of engineers in the United States Army and had been killed at the battle of Monterey in the Mexican War. He also appealed for his companion’s life, claiming that he had led Lieutenant Peters into the crime. Rosecrans was much moved but could not grant pardon. A curious thing about this episode is that no explanation has ever been made of it. General Bragg denied that he ever authorized their adventure or that he knew anything about it. And indeed, it is hard to see how any information they might get could help their cause. Bragg knew our outposts were entrenched and knew also the strength of their garrisons. The adventure that cost these young men their lives seems to have been a foolhardy piece of bravery, badly planned and stupidly carried out, and fatal to themselves. Orton Williams was a brother of Lawrence Williams, who was a member of and graduated in my class. He put off his marriage with Sally, the daughter of George Law, on account of the hanging of his brother. Better had it been put off altogether as the marriage proved a very unhappy union, and Lawrence Williams died a sot.

Our cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland had increased, from the date of the Battle of Stone’s River until June, from
three thousand to nearly nine thousand. I had molded it into shape, forming brigades and finally two divisions, pretty well officered excepting my division commanders. These were dictated by Garfield, and worse could not be found. Turchin, a fat, short-legged Russian, who could not ride a horse, and Robert Mitchell, a politician, always thinking of the votes he could make in Kansas. Two such cavalry subordinates were never before imposed on a cavalry commander. Both of these appointments were made against my advice and through the influence of Garfield. Sheridan, then commanding a division of McCook’s corps, was camped on Stone’s River above Murfreesboro and to the southwest. As we were classmates and good friends we worked a good deal together. Our scouts found that a division of rebel cavalry lay at a little cross roads village named Middleton, six miles north-west of Shelbyville. This division had sent most of their horses to the rear to graze and were rather careless in their guard duty and discipline. At nine o’clock at night I marched one brigade and Turchin’s division of cavalry to surprise and capture this rebel force. My plan was to use no road but to follow fields and cedar brakes, and thus to place my force between their camps by daybreak and capture or destroy every man in their camps. I marched in front under the direction of an excellent guide, and as we were in one column, two miles long, I directed all colonels and captains to keep well closed up and had staff officers ride along the column continually to insure keeping my men together. Our course led us continually in cane brakes. We marched very deliberately and by order no commands were given loudly and conversation was forbidden. All went well until about one o’clock in the morning, when a staff officer rode up and said, “General Turchin is not following you, but has struck off on a side trail.” This was very provoking and an hour of precious time
was lost in sending to hunt up Turchin's force and put him upon the right trail. As daylight approached I found that Turchin's delay had upset my plan and I determined to dash upon the enemy's front instead of passing around to his rear. I accordingly selected Captain O'Connor, 4th Cavalry, with eighty men, to ride over the rebel grand guard and charge their camps. I sent staff officers to carry orders to Turchin and to tell all brigade and regimental commanders to follow at a gallop. We were then on a road, broad and plain. I took the pace with the advance guard, rode over and captured the fifty men making up the rebel grand guard, and immediately rode into the rebel camps. The surprise was complete. The rebels crawled out of their tents and surrendered in that part of camp we struck, but farther to our left, they jumped up, and, running to a high fence enclosing a wheat field, they took the fence at a bound and soon the waving wheat, nearly ripe, was filled with Johnnies running away in their shirt tails. We caught very few of these. In the meantime, away off to our left, the rebels had rallied and were making a stand. My staff officers came to me and reported that General Turchin was not supporting me and indeed had not followed me. I was in the presence of two thousand rebels with only one hundred men. Turchin, after receiving the order to gallop, had deliberately commanded trot, and although the road we were on was broad and plain, he deliberately led his column into a wood road at right angles to the main road and leading away from the sound of battle. The fight for our small force was becoming perilous when relief came in the shape of a charge over the fields by Colonel Eli Long's and Colonel H. G. Minty's brigades. These valiant and brilliant soldiers heard our firing and, without waiting for orders, threw down fences and came across lots at a charge to our rescue. This decided the matter. The rebels fled through the woods and we had their camp and three
hundred prisoners. We destroyed their tents and broke up their arms and marched back to Murfreesboro.* I reported in person to General Rosecrans and asked for the immediate removal of General Turchin as a commander of a cavalry division. This he at first dallied over; but I said, "If he stays then relieve me." Rosecrans was compelled to find another commander in the place of Turchin. I have often wondered since what influenced the old man to behave so that morning, and my conclusion is simply that he could not ride. A dumpy, fat Russian, with short legs, he could sit on a horse as upon a chair but, when it came to a gallop or a full charge, he was afraid of falling off and of being run over. A perfectly cold-blooded foreigner, he did not care a fig what became of me or of the few men who followed me. He did not care to be jostled in a rush of cavalry for anybody's health. I had no faith in him and tried to leave him behind the evening before, but he insisted on coming and, doing so, marred and spoiled my well planned expedition. Garfield, who was everlastingly looking out for votes, had imposed Turchin on the cavalry without any inquiry as to his fitness, simply to please the foreigner and the radical.

Our cavalry had in the meanwhile increased to twenty-seven regiments, a part of them only really efficient. The East Tennessee regiments and some of the Kentucky regiments had run down low in numbers, having never been recruited since first organized, and many of them were very poorly officered. In fact this will always be the defect of the volunteer militia. Instead of raising a fixed number of regiments and keeping them filled up, they raise new regiments, thus giving an opportunity for more commissions and leaving the first regiments as well as the new ones inefficient. The men in the ranks from the border states were good material and more amenable

to discipline than northern men and not so prone to plunder houses; but the southern officers lacked education.

Bragg’s army, with headquarters at Tullahoma, was intrenched on a wide front with about thirty-five thousand infantry and twenty thousand artillery and cavalry. Subsistence had become a serious question as early as April and some move, either into West Tennessee or Kentucky, was forcing itself on the rebel chiefs. Even corn for bread was scarce and long forage for their animals they could not find. Finally, on the 23rd of June, Rosecrans moved.

I now insert my paper written some years ago on the Tullahoma campaign. This paper was written for a magazine article but, so far as I remember, has only been published by the Loyal Legion Commandery of Ohio, of which I was a member but withdrew when Major General Jacob O. Cox was elected the commander. I could not stand him.

I do not know that I can add anything to this description, though every day was full of fighting, change of scene, and generally success. I do not see any good in going over it, taking back-sights and telling what might have been.

Following is the paper I have mentioned:

**The Tullahoma Campaign**

On the last day of December, 1862, there was fought in the cedars and upon the open cotton fields one mile northwest of the little town of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, one of the fiercest battles of the late war, now called the battle of Stone River by the Federal authorities and the battle of Murfreesboro by the Confederates.

Upon that day the battle was wholly indecisive. On New Year’s day there was a calm, as though both armies had concluded they had done havoc enough the day before and were
determined to have some enjoyment on that day with the rest of mankind.

On the 2nd of January, Bragg made a false, stupid and rash movement by his right flank, losing two thousand men in thirty minutes, and literally whipped himself. This so unnerved the Confederate commander that he thought of nothing but retreat, which his army successfully accomplished, leaving Rosecrans' army the victors on the battlefield.

This victory counted more for its moral effect upon the soldiers on each side than for any material or physical advantages gained. The amount of country acquired by the Union army or lost to the Confederates was very little; but from another standpoint the effect upon the people of the United States was incalculable, and at this day can hardly be fully comprehended in all its force and intensity. To get some idea of this let us look at the whole theatre of war at that date.

On the 13th of December, the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and had been utterly defeated in one of the most useless and senseless slaughters that took place in the war, but apparently due to the mercy of the Confederate commander, however, the Union army was permitted to regain its own side of the river.

The soldiers, brave as ever, and confident of their ability to whip the Confederates if they could get a fair chance at them, were fully convinced of the incompetency of their commander. The people of the United States shared their opinion.

On the 29th of September, the Army of the Tennessee, or that part of it under General Sherman, butted their heads against Chickasaw Bluffs, and recoiled with a long list of killed and wounded, whilst the Confederates, unscathed, jeered at them from the crest of an almost inaccessible bluff.

In North Carolina as in Louisiana, our armies were at a standstill. In Mississippi, on the 20th of December, Van
Dorn had captured Holly Springs with General Grant's depot of supplies, and rendered the campaign through central Mississippi abortive. Indeed, at not any time in the war, did the fate of the Union appear more doubtful, and the minds of Union men were downcast and full of gloomy forebodings. Well might Mr. Lincoln telegraph to General Rosecrans: "God bless you and all with you. Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the Nation's gratitude for your and their skill, endurance and dauntless courage."

The impression made upon the Confederacy, and upon the soldiers of Bragg's army, was anything but cheering. Death had claimed in their army man for man with the killed of the Federals, and the obstinate persistence of the western soldier so impressed General Bragg in this battle, that his nerves were ever afterward unquiet until the day of his final downfall at Missionary Ridge.

But we take a long leap ahead; viz.: from January 4th 1863, when General Rosecrans' army was fairly fixed at Murfreesboro, until the 24th of June, when the whole army broke camp and started on the Tullahoma campaign.

For nearly six months this powerful army lay quietly at Murfreesboro, not wholly without result, but surely inflicting no telling damage upon the enemy.

There were many minor actions which in any other war would have been considered battles. Straight ran through the enemy's lines on what he called a raid, at any rate a fool's errand, and turned over to the Confederacy three excellent regiments of men with their horses. Coburn was captured at Spring Hill and three more Union regiments became prisoners; Coburn was not to blame—we cannot say so much for the commander who sent him there. Finally the hostility which had been growing from week to week after the battle of Stone's River, between the War Department, represented by Stanton
and Halleck on one side, and Rosecrans on the other, culminated when the latter reported a successful expedition against the enemy at McMinnville by General Reynolds, and received in reply this polite answer: "The Secretary of War says you always report your successes, but never report your reverses."

Rosecrans was equal to the occasion and answered immediately: "If the Secretary of War says I report my successes but do not report my reverses, the Secretary of War lies."* Rosy was powerful then, but his head was marked and it only awaited the slightest excuse to bring his doomsday.

The cause of this quarrel was, in brief, that Rosecrans continually made requisition for more horses and improved arms for his cavalry, which the officials aforenamed refused to furnish, and as persistently insisted on an immediate advance on the part of Rosecrans' command. This in turn Rosecrans declined to do until the maturity of the spring crop assured him of subsistence for his animals. The exact right or wrong of this dispute will enter the list of undetermined questions.

At the battle of Stone's River Rosecrans had less than nine regiments of cavalry against twenty in Bragg's army, with Forest absent in west Tennessee and Morgan in Kentucky; and again, as the cavalry fed almost entirely off the country, when the army did advance in June, it is hard to see how the army could have moved until the corn crop matured. The most serious thing urged to be in the way was the enormous expense of cavalry troops, and there seemed to be a determination to keep down the cost of the war by curtailing the efficiency of the cavalry arm. General Meigs, Quartermaster General, when urged to buy mares if horses could not be furnished in time, declined upon the ground that using mares would check the future supply of horses in the United States.†

* O. R., S. N., 35, pp. 255, 279.  See also a notable letter from Lincoln to Rosecrans, August 10, 1863, S. N., 109, p. 433.—Ed.
† O. R., S. N., 35, contains an extended correspondence between Meigs and Rosecrans in regard to remounts, but no reference to purchase of mares. —Ed.
This was all bad policy, as after events proved. General Thomas's victory at Nashville, as well as the final conquest of Lee's army, were initiated on the Union side by the success of a powerful cavalry.

There has been much said about the councils of war held at Rosecrans' headquarters previous to the Tullahoma campaign, and a little cheap glory has been claimed for at least one person who was present at the council for his bold advice, but as he had no command and had no right to vote, and as he was not consulted, I cannot see the propriety of his claim. At any rate the council fully sustained Rosecrans, and when he was ready to march he was cheerfully supported by every commander in his army.

A few days, or nights rather, before the movement commenced, all the corps commanders met at headquarters to discuss the routes and parts assigned to each. The discussion lasted almost until daylight next morning. One of the most noted members of this council, and who afterwards commanded the same army, went to sleep in his chair and slept the sleep of innocence for several hours, whilst the others discussed the prospective bloody campaign.

A brief description of the topography of Tennessee will be necessary to understand the campaign now inaugurated by the Army of the Cumberland.

It is generally understood by the student that western Tennessee and middle Tennessee are either champaign or rolling countries. This is true of western Tennessee but does not equally apply to half of the surface of middle Tennessee. The mountains and their foothills cover the eastern part of middle Tennessee, the foothills coming within five miles of Murfreesboro. Eastern Tennessee, with which we have little to do in this paper, is a country of grand mountains: "The Switzerland of America." As our campaign was to be in the
hills, it is necessary to note that after ascending the first range of hills we found a perfectly flat country extending to the foot of the Cumberland Mountains proper, a country of the most perfect clay soil and timbered with handsome white oaks, very open, with little undergrowth, and called "the oak barrens." This peculiar feature of the country finds its greatest development about Tullahoma, on the ridge between Duck and Elk Rivers. Someone with a very imaginative mind must have instructed the Comte de Paris with regard to this region, for in the fourth volume of his "Civil War"* the following wonderful description is given of this curious region: "A species of rough grass, rebellious under the teeth of animals, with here and there tufts of stunted oak trees, covered this desolate region. The wayfarer finds not a drop of water in summer; he runs the risk in fall of losing himself in sloughs; and in winter of disappearing under the snow drifted by the terrible blasts from the northwest."

The railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga leads by Murfreesboro through these foot hills to Tullahoma, on the oak covered ridge, then down again through foot hills, across Elk River to Decherd, where it boldly ascends the Cumberland Mountains, crosses the divide and thence by the valley of Big Crow Creek descends to the Tennessee River. This line of railroad was the necessary line of supply of both the Union and Confederate armies. There is another railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga via Decatur, but whilst Bragg's army was buttressed against the Cumberland Mountains this railroad was useless to Rosecrans. The position of the opposing armies is soon described. Rosecrans' army headquarters at Murfreesboro faced southeast, the left at Readyville, the right at Franklin, with a front of thirty miles shaped like a bow with the curvature to the north. Bragg's army

* Chap. I (Tullahoma), p. 25.
faced Rosecrans' with his right at McMinnville, his left at Columbia, a bow again, the curvature embracing Rosecrans' lines. Rosecrans' left commenced with the foot hills, the left extending into the plain to the west. The relative force of the two armies is not so easy to determine, but in round numbers Rosecrans had forty-five thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry; Bragg thirty-seven thousand infantry and nine thousand cavalry. Bragg's were seasoned troops, the Union infantry and cavalry contained many new regiments.

Bragg had strongly intrenched Tullahoma in his rear, and Shelbyville on his front, evidently expecting Rosecrans' first blow on the latter, and his next on the former place. These intrenchments extended five or six miles in each case, and would form cover for a large army. The position of Bragg's army being well known, General Rosecrans planned to rout him out of his stronghold by manoeuvering by his right, until Bragg thought the blow would descend from that direction, then to quickly develop his full strength in the hilly country about Manchester and force Bragg to battle on the retreat and outside of his fortifications.

The first movement was made on the morning of the 23rd of June, when Gordon Granger moved with two divisions of infantry from Triune to Salem, and Mitchell's division of cavalry under General Stanley's orders, drove the Confederate cavalry, with considerable fighting, through Eagleville and Unionville towards Shelbyville.

In a severe skirmish on that day one of those ridiculous things that sometimes happen to lighten up the death roll occurred. The Confederates made a charge on our line of skirmishers, but recoiled when they met a brisk fire. One trooper continued to charge straight down on our lines. As he passed across the line of the skirmishers of the 1st Ten-
Tennessee Cavalry (Union) every man took a shot at the bold horse soldier. He dashed into our ranks with his gray clothes full of bullet holes but skin whole, when it was discovered that a bullet had cut both reins, and it was the horse that did the charging, the trooper being an unwilling participant.

It may be well to note here that the roads of middle Tennessee west of the mountains are macadamized turnpikes of the best order. One of these turnpikes leads from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville, another from Murfreesboro to Manchester, a third leads to Woodbury. All these roads were full of moving troops on the 24th of June. To the north of Duck River there is a line of steep hills nearly parallel to the river. These hills are mostly covered with cedar brakes with cleared spaces intervening. The roads leading south cross these hills at three principal passes, or gaps, all of which were held by the enemy; first, on the west, Guy's Pass or Gap; next, to the eastward, Liberty Gap; next, and further east, Hoover's Gap.

Crittenden's corps moved briskly on the Woodbury Pike, to mystify General Bragg; Thomas's corps marched as rapidly on the Manchester Pike and struck the enemy early in the forenoon of the 24th at Hoover's Gap. McCook's corps started on the Shelbyville Pike, but turned to the left and camped at Millersburg, with the exception of Johnson's division, which occupied Liberty Gap after severe fighting.

It would be supposed that General Bragg's subordinates would be ready to receive an attack at any time in these important passes, but they were not, and Hoover's and Liberty Gaps were both taken by surprise. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry arrived with their Spencer seven-shooters, then a new arm to our troops, and encountered the enemy, driving them rapidly three miles and through the gap. At its south-eastern debouche the enemy attacked Wilder in force, and he was hard pressed until the arrival of Reynold's division,
which turned the tide of the battle, and General Thomas' corps had possession of Hoover's Gap. This was a severe fight.

The enemy, part of Hardee's corps, had been celebrating at Beech Grove and hurriedly came upon the field to oppose Wilder's advance. Many of them were struck down very soon by the deadly Spencer rifles, here first tested in any battle in the west. Many a house in Nashville wore mourning after this fight, as one of the Tennessee regiments (Confederate) confronting Wilder was organized upon the "Rock City Guards," a crack volunteer corps before the war, and comprising in its ranks some of the best young men of the city of Nashville. Many of these young men were buried by our troops upon the rocky ridges above Hoover's Gap. The same day Johnson's division of McCook's corps drove the enemy through Liberty Gap. Colonel Harrison, 39th Indiana Mounted Infantry, first encountered the enemy, and it took the united force of Willick's and John Miller's brigades to drive them.

The next day the Confederates attacked Johnson's division in strong force, but, aided by Carlin's brigade of Davis' division, Johnson's command repulsed the attack and inflicted heavy losses upon the assailants. Rosecrans now held two of the passes leading to the enemy's front. Hoover's Gap was the real key to the situation, as its possession made it very easy to concentrate the Union army upon the Confederate right flank. The night of the 24th, General Stanley's and General Granger's commands camped near Christiana and advanced on the next morning to attack Guy's Gap on the main road to Shelbyville. Two divisions of cavalry, Martin's and Wharton's, commanded by General Joseph H. Wheeler, defended the pass. Mitchell's division assisted by Minty's brigade, assailed this force on each flank and
soon forced them back to General Bragg's main intrenchment, four miles in advance of Shelbyville. Here General Wheeler made a decided stand, supported by a good battery of artillery commanding the main approaches. Minty's brigade, still leading, deployed a part of the troopers dismounted, and engaged the defenders of the intrenchment. In the meanwhile two columns of cavalry were formed which rode over the ditch and embankment, and routed the defenders, who fled to the town of Shelbyville in a highly disorderly manner. Many prisoners were taken, and one entire regiment, the 1st Confederate, was cut off by the pursuing Federals, and surrendered themselves in a body.

The fleeing Confederates having reached the town of Shelbyville, made another stand, using the buildings and fences of the suburbs for cover. The Federal cavalry in close pursuit, formed within cannon shot of the Confederate line, to storm the town. The Confederate commander must have had full confidence in his ability to hold his lines for his troops were formed with their backs to Duck River, at this time booming full, with two bridges only, one back of the center of his line, and one a mile above this, on his right flank, connecting with the left bank of the river, and these two bridges his only routes of retreat. General Mitchell ordered Colonel Campbell's brigade to make a circuit through the fields and seize this upper bridge, and Minty's brigade to charge the enemy's front. The firing of two shells from Ayershire's battery, which had come up, was to be the signal for a general assault. The strongest point in the Confederate line was the main turnpike leading south through Shelbyville. It was defended by a battery of four pieces placed so as to sweep this road. This battery was supported by dismounted riflemen placed on both sides of the road. Upon this same road, and facing the battery, the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry was formed by
fours, there not being room for platoons, and supported by the 4th United States Cavalry. Captain C. C. Davis, 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, placed himself in front of the first set of fours and led the charge. The 4th Michigan Cavalry and other regiments prepared to follow the movement on the right of this main column. Rather unluckily for the result, the signal of two guns was given a few minutes too soon, and before Colonel Campbell, who had to fight his way and to throw down several strong fences, could reach his destination, viz: the bridge above the town. At the sound of the cannon, the two regiments on the main road charged the battery, which they captured after it had fired one volley. Only two solid shot struck the charging column, killing one man and two horses. The Confederates were completely routed, and rushed for the two bridges. Terror gave swift wings to fleeing troopers and many leaped into Duck River, then a raging torrent thirty feet deep. Colonel Campbell arrived close enough to the upper bridge to pour volleys into the escaping mob. Had he been there five minutes sooner it would have made a difference of one thousand prisoners.

The result was very disastrous to the Confederates. The actual loss in killed, wounded and prisoners has never been correctly stated, but it must have been at least a thousand. They also lost a large quantity of flour and other supplies, but the most disastrous loss was in morale. The Confederate cavalry never recovered from the demoralizing effect which it experienced that day of being ridden down by the Union Cavalry.

On the part of the Union soldiers there can scarcely be instanced a finer display of gallantry than the charge made that day by the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, backed by the Fourth United States Cavalry. I have read of nothing more admirable. To face a battery ready loaded and waiting,
supported on either flank by riflemen, to ride at the muzzles, of the guns, and through them, is no baby's play, and this was done by a regiment of Pennsylvania blacksmiths, backed by soldiers of the regular army. Their small loss in this charge only illustrates how superior nerve force unnerves an enemy.

Forrest had moved as quickly as he could from Columbia in the direction of Guy's Gap, but, hearing the battle far past him, made his way by a night march to the south side of Duck River. Thus in two days Bragg's army had been defeated at the three points at which they had made opposition. On the 26th, General Thomas's corps reached Manchester, skirmishing heavily with the enemy. Wilder with his command was sent to the rear of Bragg's army and broke the railroad on the night of the 28th. The succeeding day and night Bragg abandoned his lines at Tullahoma, and hastily retreated to the south of Elk River, burning the bridges behind him.

This virtually ended the Tullahoma campaign, as Bragg's retreat only stopped south of the Tennessee River. On the 30th of June all of Rosecrans' army was in pursuit, but a senseless cannonade across the deep and swollen Elk River was the only result.

The writer saw a very remarkable instance of human vitality on that day. A solid six pound shot, which had been fired by a Confederate battery across Elk River at a column of Union Cavalry, struck a trooper of the 1st Ohio Cavalry in the small of the back to the left of the spine. Surgeon Lawrence A. James, 4th United States Cavalry, acting medical director, examined the man and found a great protuberance in front of his abdomen. The man complained that a heavy weight in him caused great pain. The surgeon cut through the skin and removed a cannon ball. The man felt much
easier and lived for two hours. The surgeon said he was afraid to report the facts for fear he would not be believed.

The Tullahoma campaign was ended. After one year, marching and manoeuvring and several bloody battles, the two armies stood where they had started a year before, but the relations were different. The Union soldier had gained in tone, the Confederate had lost in hope and spirit. Chickamauga, the last battle in which any intelligent Confederate could expect success for the losing cause, took place three months later.

If any student of the military art desires to make a study of a model campaign, let him take his maps and General Rosecrans’ orders for the daily movements in this campaign.* No better example of successful strategy was carried out during the war than in this campaign.

Then why did it fail to succeed in the object sought for, i.e., the destruction of Bragg’s army? The answer is simple and short—rain and mud. The weather in May, and up to the 23rd of June, was beautiful. On the 24th of June, when the whole army was put in motion, it commenced to rain, and on the night of the 24th the rain fell heavily. For sixteen days succeeding it rained daily, and one time continuously for twenty-four hours. The narrow valleys became sloughs, and the narrow roads winding around the hills were so cut up that hours were taken in moving wagons or artillery a few miles. But it remained for the oak barrens to illustrate how impassible a road may be under circumstances such as this continuous rain gave. The pale clay of the barrens turned to veritable mortar, and it needed only the molding and burning to furnish the whole world with brick. This mortar hill is soon reached on the direct road from Manchester, where we left General Thomas’s corps, to Tullahoma. Foot

* O. R., S. N., 34 and 35.
soldiers marching over the pale clay deployed like slow moving skirmishers; horsemen sought their own course; and as for artillery and supply wagons, they sunk in the mud to the axles and stayed there. The mules were unhitched and led off by their drivers, seeking a place where they could stand in mud without swamping. Details of footmen from each regiment waded through mortar to the wagons and carried from them on their backs such packages of hard bread, bacon, corn or other stores as would serve to keep men and animals alive.

In the early days on the Arkansas River, the stern wheel steamboats were frequently stuck on a sand bar, and it then became necessary to put all hands at work to pack the cargo ashore. I was forcibly reminded of this on seeing strings of men wading through the yellow mortar and carrying the freight from the wagons, the mortar taking the place of the muddy water and the wagon of the steamboat. Bragg's army, defeated and dispirited, escaped. The Union was triumphant so far as their opportunity allowed. The Tullahoma campaign failed—failed through an act of Providence.

Bragg's army disappeared from Tennessee and did not hold any force on the Tennessee River to check our crossing. I immediately marched the cavalry to Huntsville, Alabama, and collected all the horses, mules and forage I could find. By General Rosecrans' orders I impressed every able bodied colored man I could find to use as teamsters and for work upon the fortifications of Nashville and Murfreesboro. My provost marshall arranged to capture the congregations of the negro churches as they were emptied after service on Sunday. He then selected the young fellows, arrayed in their Sunday best, for conscription. I think we had nearly one hundred of them in tall silk hats, white coats and pants, a most woe-begone and weeping collection of darkies. But
their distress was as nothing compared to that of their white masters when they found we had impressed their men servants. The day before, on my arrival, I was treated with silent contempt, but now I had a levee of the aristocracy, and the ladies very particularly were importunate and persuasive.

“Oh, General, you have my coachman and you won’t take him away, will you?” or, “General, you have my only cook, or my dining room servant, and I knew by your kind face that you would not take away a lady’s dining room servant.” This was all very fine and I answered, “I will keep the men over tonight and, tomorrow, if they want to return to their homes, they may do so.” Meanwhile the women folks brought the darkies their blankets and working clothes, and our servants, contrabands, were allowed to talk to the captives, with the result that not a single colored man would consent to return to his master or mistress.

In a few days I returned to Winchester and our scouting parties brought in six hundred able bodied negroes. Our scouts brought in as prisoner a very good looking rebel captain, who had a furlough, and, being in the country, did not know that the rebel army had been driven out of that vicinity. He was to have been married to a village belle the day he was captured and had on his brand new uniform. He begged to be paroled and, as I did not want to spoil a romance, I paroled him for two weeks. I hope he enjoyed the honey-moon for, at the end of two weeks, he gave himself up and was sent to Johnson’s Island. I hope it ended well but I never heard again of this little idyl of the war.

We spent a month at Winchester, preparing to cross the Tennessee River. My wife came on a visit and we were nicely quartered in a house of a Mr. McGee, a prominent rebel but a very agreeable fellow who did everything in his power to make our stay in his house pleasant. But finally the order
came to move and our happy home circle broke up. My wife
returned north and I repaired to Stevenson to superintend
the crossing of the cavalry.

The sutlers were ordered to close immediately, but, the
day before, the troops had been paid, and a big Jew firm with
McCook's headquarters was taking in money very fast. I
happened to be at McCook's when the order to close the sut-
lers came. Very soon a cart drove up with four baskets of
champagne and the Jew's compliments coupled with a re-
quest for four hours' grace. "Well," said McCook, "we
can't send the champagne back, so we will send for all the
good fellows to come and drink it and, as soon as it is finished,
the Jew must close." This was accordingly done and the
boys had a merry hour.

The crossing of the Tennessee by our whole army was a very
fine move. Sixty miles of the river was occupied by us and
four or five bridges were laid with pontoon and trestle. The
cavalry forded, but their supplies were hauled by the bridges.
The day we crossed we passed over Sand Mountain and
reached Lookout Valley, camping at Winston's. Resting
here, we climbed Lookout Mountain and descended into the
valley country at Alpine. Here we were only twelve miles
from Bragg's main force at Lafayette, and why he did not
attack us is a wonder. McCook's corps commenced arriv-
ing in a day or two and, as our position was strong, we felt
pretty secure. Under my orders General Crook made a
strong reconnoissance of the enemy's position, driving in their
pickets and showing that Bragg's main army was about Lafay-
ette, and was not retreating. Now came the scary days of
Chickamauga. Bragg had yielded the river front and Chat-
tanooga to Rosecrans. He had his army well in hand nearby
in Georgia, was being reinforced by Longstreet, and calculated
the destruction of the Union army. It was almost miraculous
that Rosecrans’ army escaped destruction, and shows how little authority Bragg had in his command. His orders were either not obeyed, or obeyed in such a perfunctory way that no results came. Between the right and the left of Rosecrans’ army there was a distance of seventy miles, with two mountains to be crossed to make a junction. By direct route from Alpine to Ringold was thirty miles, and Bragg’s army was midway. And thus the armies lay for a week, and neither McCook on the right nor Crittenden on the left was attacked. The attempt to shut up Thomas in the trap his subordinate Negly had marched into failed because the subordinate disobeyed orders.

The mountain system of Chickamauga is extremely complicated and, even with a good map in front of one, it is not easy to understand. Only by actual travel over the mountains can one comprehend the moves before this great battle of Chickamauga. Bragg was mystified by the movements of the Union army. He was nervous about his communications and too anxious to avoid any fighting until he should be reinforced by Longstreet’s corps. This was strange since Bragg was already superior in numbers to Rosecrans, and it was a plain matter to crush McCook in Broomtown Valley or Crittenden at Ringold. He did neither, and Rosecrans, now thoroughly alarmed, hastened to concentrate his army upon the left bank of Chickamauga Creek. McCook delayed this concentration by his ignorance of the country. After ascending Lookout Mountain, a perfectly plain but somewhat unused road follows the divide to Chattanooga. McCook feared to take this road as it had some fallen trees obstructing it. However, McCook was in line of battle September 19th.

It is not my design to write a description of the battle of Chickamauga. The battle turned on the fatal order written by Major Bond after Rosecrans’ dictation. “The General
commanding directs that you close your division up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him.” Now Wood was in line with Brannon’s division between his division and Reynolds. Reynolds at this time was not engaged and needed no support. Rosecrans was misinformed and issued the order under misapprehension. The order is not expressed in proper military terms as might be expected from an engineer general and a railroad clerk. Wood could not close up on Reynolds without first withdrawing from the line, marching past Brannon’s division by the rear, and then placing his troops in rear of Reynolds. This he did and, doing so, lost the battle, for the enemy immediately thrust himself into the interval made by Wood’s withdrawal, turning our flanks on both sides. Sheridan in trying to fill the gap was caught in flank and driven off the field. Davis was routed, and yet both these officers managed to carry most of their men off the field. Wood’s withdrawal under the circumstances was in the highest degree criminal. Major Lynne Starling, of General Crittenden’s staff, carried this order to General Wood, and related to General Crittenden, who afterwards told me, that Wood read the order when he handed it to him, held it up in his hand and said, “Obeying this order will lose us this battle.” Major Starling replied, “I can ride to General Crittenden and to General Rosecrans who is with Crittenden, in five minutes and have the order changed.” But Wood refused to wait, saying that the order was peremptory, and although his pickets were at that moment being driven in, he drew his troops from his intrenched line and opened the gate through which disaster rushed upon the right wing of the army. Had Wood remained and defended his line the defeat of the rebels would have been as complete upon the left as upon the right, and the rebellion would have ended one year sooner probably.
There were curious things happened in this battle. Forest left his horses far back and formed his men as infantry and attacked our left so savagely and fought so stubbornly that our men on that part of the line thought they had a regular infantry force in front of them. General Grose’s brigade had on its flank a battery of eight inch howitzers. The front was a forest of oaks and, when the rebs advanced, as they did half a dozen times, these big guns felled the oaks on them, scaring them and no doubt killing and wounding them. Gordon Granger’s conduct this day was splendid and probably saved our army from a terrible defeat. Granger commanded the reserve corps and was at Graytown with Steadman’s division of two brigades on the morning of the 20th. Graytown is halfway between Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and six miles from each place. The firing was very distinct at this point and great was the speculation as to whether advancing or receding. The guide, an old Baptist preacher, listened, and decided the firing was going away and our troops were driving the rebels. Most of the officers agreed with him. The top of a haystack was a favorite listening point. Granger listened for a time and, jumping down with a big oath, said, “The enemy is advancing and we will go to meet them.” He ordered Steadman to call his men to attention and move at once to the sound of firing. He arrived upon Thomas’ left in the nick of time, for paying little attention to Forest’s attack on his flank, he had marched very rapidly and arrived just as Longstreet had formed to attack Snodgrass Hill. He had only a few words with Thomas, who pointed out his weak spot. Granger arrived in time to put Thompson’s battery in position and almost annihilated Hindman’s division as it attempted to ascend the hill. This timely arrival of Granger undoubtedly saved Chickamauga being a terrible defeat. Much fuss was made over Steadman’s rush-
ing to the front carrying a flag. Colonel Taylor, 40th Ohio, told me that his regiment had exhausted its ammunition on the enemy and was retiring by order to replenish its cartridge boxes, when Steadman rushed up and snatched the colors from the sergeant and commenced one of his spread eagle speeches and made a good deal of fuss until Taylor went quietly up to him and requested him to let the colors of his regiment alone. Out of this ridiculous incident a great deal of cheap glory was made for General James Steadman.

The withdrawal of our army at nightfall unmolested, was a singular ending of a battle. It was none too soon, for Longstreet had discovered that he had outflanked our right by a long distance and that the valley road was open to Chattanooga. Indeed he said afterwards that he desired his command to march into Chattanooga, but this was an after-thought, and even had he done so, his men would have marched only to starvation. This, however, is a reason why Rosecrans may be excused for going to Chattanooga—having to provide a defence for the place.

McCook might have saved his reputation by joining either Davis’ or Sheridan’s division of his own corps. Crittenden’s command had been entirely taken away from him and sent to General Thomas, and he thought best to go with General Rosecrans. It is a pity he did so. A braver, more truthful, more noble man never lived, and this mistake gave the malicious and envious an opportunity to sneer at him, which little souls like Thomas J. Wood, soon availed themselves of.

The battle of Chickamauga was probably the fiercest fight of the war. Being fought in the woods where artillery could not well be handled, it was a battle of small arms. The Confederates outnumbered the Union army in infantry and cavalry, and had the advantage of a perfect acquaintance with the battle ground. Their victory, which was known
only by the withdrawal of the Union army, was perfectly barren.

On the 21st the Union army stood on Missionary Ridge in line of battle, and the Confederates declined the battle. The next day our army was solid about Chattanooga. Many criticisms have been made of Rosecrans letting go the possession of Lookout Mountain, but I think he was right. He was in no condition at that time to defend an extended line.

I had nothing to do with this campaign after the 17th of September and was in the hospital at Stevenson when the battle was fought. I was very low with fever and dysentery and unable to stand up. As soon as I could be moved I returned to Wooster, Ohio, where my wife had been boarding in the family of my old friend and preceptor, Dr. Firestone. Here I was placed on a milk diet and carefully nursed and in one month returned to the army. My wife then moved to Yellow Springs. This was the home of General Rosecrans, and his talented brother, Bishop Rosecrans, usually spent his summers there.

During my absence the Army of the Cumberland was re-organized and the 21st Corps disappeared. The Army of the Cumberland, as reorganized, comprised the 4th, 14th and 20th Corps. I was assigned to the command of the 1st Division of the 4th Corps and later assigned to the command of the Corps. I did not regret being relieved of the command of the cavalry. It was most unsatisfying and annoying. As I have said before, Rosecrans had no idea of the use of cavalry, and Garfield, his chief of staff, who became an "Old Man of the Sea" on Rosecrans' shoulders, was everlastingly meddling. Rosecrans was in many respects a man of genius and disposed to do right, but he was easily influenced, and Garfield's blarney and deceitful tongue captured Rosecrans. Any one who desires to know the character of Garfield should read the life of Salmon P. Chase by his secre-
His sitting complacently, cheerily at Rosecrans' table whilst writing daily letters to cut his throat occurred upon this Chickamauga campaign. Dana told me afterwards that the three great scandal mongers were Garfield, T. J. Wood and Gordon Granger. It is frightful to think what havoc a set of scandal mongers who have access to the ears of the officials may produce.

Had not General Thomas known that these men were falsifiers, I should have been left out in the reorganization. As it happened I commanded a splendid division of well seasoned troops. The siege of Chattanooga, so termed in history, was a farce. The enemy commanded the heights overlooking the place. We had the river and the roads on the river side of the city free. I think Bragg's sitting down for two months, doing nothing and seeing his enemy daily growing stronger and finally becoming strong enough to whip him, was the most assinine thing that occurred during the war. On the part of the Union troops there were short rations, and forage was very scarce, but at no time was there starvation.

The battle of Chattanooga has been described a hundred times. I had little do with it. My division guarded the communications and finally Grose's and Whitakers' brigades were called to take part in the assault on Lookout Mountain. After the rebel army was beaten I remained a month at Stevenson and our men built log huts. We were very comfortable when an order came to march to Cleveland, East Tennessee. Whilst occupying Stevenson, we had outposts on Sand Mountain, and, it being cold, we usually kept up log fires all night. Now we had amongst the Kentucky and Ohio officers a pretty gay set, and, one night, they sat up drinking whiskey toddies long after they should have been in bed. Finally getting out in the air, they investigated the horizon and discovered a fire on Sand Mountain. In their condition
this fire seemed to them to wag, and so they finally came to my cabin, woke me up, and informed me that the enemy were signalling and no doubt intended to attack. They thought I had better send for our signal officer and see if he could take their message. "Don't you see," said one of them, "There they go—7, 14, 14, 22. Don't you see it?" Here one of my aides who had been awakened, called out, "General, that light is the log fire of one of our videttes. It is the heads of these fellows that are wagging; they cannot see straight and their boozy condition converts a log fire into a swinging torch." And such was the truth.

The prisoners taken on Lookout and Missionary Ridge were sent to me and forwarded north. In crossing the pontoon bridge at Stevenson a wagon obstructed the way, and the officer marching the prisoners allowed them to crowd around the wagon. In consequence the bridge sank and twenty or thirty of the poor Confederates were drowned in the cold river and six of the guards with them. On so slender a thread does life tie to earth, even when battles are far off. We had fine weather and a pleasant march to Cleveland in East Tennessee, where I took station and converted a flat topped mountain into a strong fort. Here at the Blue Springs we camped until May, when we started on the Atlanta Campaign.

On the march over we met a fugitive and badly scared darky who had run away from Charleston, a little landing on the Tennessee River, and where some of Joe Wheeler's men had attacked our small outpost. The fight did not amount to much but some sizzling bullets stampeded our darky. General Charley Craft interviewed the darky, who was old and comic. "So you ran away from the fight at Charleston, did you?" "Oh yes, dey was killing each odders pow'ful fast dere." "Well, where was the fight, was anyone shooting from the..."
houses?" "Oh, yes, indeed, de fiten was all ober de town." "Why didn't you get your gun and help the Union men, you know they are your friends?" "Oh yes, I know dat, but massa General, I belieb you is a general, did you eber see two dawgs fitin ober a bone?" "Yes, what of that?" "Why you see the bone don fite."

We occupied the camp at Blue Springs, which are five miles south of Cleveland, until May 4th, 1864, when we commenced the Atlanta campaign.

We were very busy fitting out for this great march. Being in front of the enemy and not very distant, our position was one of some risk, but I made our fortified hill, just back of our camp, so strong that it was a veritable place d'armes. Many officers sent for their wives and we had a very domestic time. Mrs. Stout, wife of Colonel Stout, Mrs. Dunlap, wife of Colonel Dunlap, both of Kentucky; Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Stansbury, wives of my staff officers, and all pretty and accomplished ladies, helped to pass away the time. Most of these ladies had rooms in the vicinity but messed with the officers.

Colonel Eli Long, who was one of my favorite cavalry officers—indeed I procured his colonelcy—was stationed on the Hiawassie, at the crossing of the railroad. The railroad bridge was covered with plank and used as a wagon bridge, but it made a very narrow one. It happened that in February a very large wagon train of at least one thousand wagons from Chattanooga was passing up the valley and camped for the night at this bridge and south of the Hiawassie. This train was guarded by two thousand convalescents commanded by Colonel Leibold, 2nd Missouri. General Joe Wheeler had spied out this train and had brought up all his cavalry force to capture it. He appeared at daylight in front of Colonel Leibold's command and demanded surren-
Leibold's men stood in line of battle and defied him. Colonel Long, who was camped on the other side of the river, immediately led his troopers across the bridge and had a hasty consultation with Colonel Leibold, who advised Long to pass behind his line and attack the enemy's flank while he attacked their front. This Long declined to do as they were under cannon fire. Just then General Wheeler appeared on the hill directing his men. Immediately Colonel Long gave the order to charge and to select Wheeler for the objective. This was splendidly done and Wheeler had to run for his life, whereon his whole force gave way and ran in utter rout. It was a clear case of chasing the queen bee.

Kelly, one of Wheeler's brigadiers, lost his hat and, miles away, rode up to the front gate of a Union man, an old fellow, called him to the gate to speak to him, then asked him to come closer, and, when he did so, snatched his old hat, clapped it on his own head and rode away.

General Thomas' headquarters in Chattanooga during the winter and spring, was a place of immense business. Not only his own army but the Army of the Tennessee in northern Alabama and Schofield's little Army of the Ohio in East Tennessee, received their supplies and transacted their business through these headquarters.

Grant had left to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Sherman had gone south to command the Meridian foray, a campaign of vandalism, its object being to destroy property. General Sherman told me one day as we rode together, "There is a place they call Meridian. They may call it so but there is no more town there than there is in the palm of my hand." I never could see the military necessity or the morality in burning down a country village, even if it was situated at a railroad crossing.

Grant took Horace Porter with him when he went east
and they were destined to become inseparable during the war and long afterwards. Porter was with General Rosecrans first and with General Thomas afterwards. By his geniality and humor he became a favorite, and the evening meetings when Porter, Hunter, Brooke, Mackay, and chief quartermaster, Kellogg, A. D. C., and others met, were rich in fun; joke and song helping to while away the dreary winter of 1863-1864.

Leaving Blue Springs near Cleveland, Tennessee, the 1st day of May, we came at once in contact with the enemy, nor did we lose that touch for one hundred days. General Johnston pursued a defensive policy very wearing to us. He had studied the country and had lines of defense laid out. These were from Rocky Ridge, his first line, all the way back to Atlanta. This was undoubtedly a wise policy and would have worn us out. We could only attack him in his fortified positions. Our numbers were eleven to seven, but every position from which we drove Johnston reduced our force and required more men to guard our lines. Affairs—half battles—quickly followed. Our corps forced Tunnel Hill and ineffectually assailed Rock Faced Ledge. The passage of McPherson through Snake Creek Gap caused Johnston to let go Dalton and the ridge and to hasten to Resaca and here was committed Sherman’s mistake—his biggest mistake—that of not sending the Army of the Cumberland in the place of the Army of the Tennessee through Snake Creek Gap.

The very scheme itself originated with General Thomas, who had, during the winter, a thorough examination of this defile made by his scouts. He would have carried through sixty thousand men—plenty to defeat Joe Johnston’s army and to ruin the Confederacy. But Sherman’s unreasonable jealousy, and his foolish prejudice that nothing but his Army of the Tennessee could do anything, induced him to send Mc-
Pherson to accomplish this great purpose with but twenty-five thousand men, a force inadequate. McPherson did advance as far as the railroad and main wagon road on Johnston’s line of retreat, but, fearing that he would be overpowered, he withdrew and took up a defensive position at the debouche of the gap.

The case is plain. The plan called for a battle and the most troops should have been sent where the battle was to be fought. Sherman never ceased to grumble about the failure of his strategy and yet it was all his own inexcusable fault. The night of the 13th of May the enemy deserted his immensely strong lines at Dalton and early that day I followed close after him. Had General Johnston exercised ordinary caution and placed a little fort on Snake Creek Gap, I do not see how we could have forced his line at Dalton. It was the strongest military position I saw during the war. As I occupied the extreme left of the army upon the main road, my position was perilous all of the 13th and I was heavily attacked at five P.M. Simonton’s battery made splendid practice, the 35th Indiana having stampeded and deserted the battery. For some minutes my division was in danger, but General A. S. Williams’ division of the 20th Corps came at the critical time and the Confederates were driven off. There is no doubt that Joseph Johnston’s army was in a perilous position here and, if Hooker’s assault the next day had been supported, the rebel army would have been destroyed. They were terribly frightened and from where I stood I could see the Rebel right from which men were running away by the hundreds.

As I was standing talking to General Grose this day, I saw an officer near me struck between the shoulders by an old style grape shot. It knocked him down and he gave an ex-
clamation of pain and yet the skin was not broken. He was carried to the rear and died of this contusion.

The battle of Resaca was fought in the woods. It was bloody and of little effect. We compelled the retreat of the rebel force and we assaulted and took several of their positions, but our loss was far greater than theirs and we had only the battle field to show for it.

The next few days were full of anticipation and excitement. General Johnston, much piqued that he had been forced from his position and made to cross the Oostanula in a hurry and in some peril, had really made up his mind to risk a battle, but in a hesitating way. Our advance to Adamsville was stubbornly resisted, our skirmishing amounting to a battle. Several times we had to deploy and bring up batteries to drive their rear guard. Finally we came on their extended line just east of Cassville and pressed close up to them intending to assail them in the morning. When morning came the Rebel army was gone. In the night they had crossed the Etowah and had destroyed the bridges.

The retreat doubtless was very irritating to the Confederates. It gave up the rich valley of the Coosa and a thriving country to our foreigners. But their army had escaped with no serious damage, and now another fifty miles, with two rivers and their troublesome bridges and a low range of mountains, must be added to our responsibility before we could again come into close contact with our elusive foe.

Johnston's display of force and preparation for battle, even going to the labor of extensive intrenching, and then slipping away in the night, was rather remarkable. It may be doubted that at any time he would have risked a battle in the open field and outside of a fortified line. Yet his successive retreats made it more difficult for us to assail him.
At the same time Sherman never gained the moral courage to fight a battle. As a matter of fact Sherman never fought a battle. Knowing that he had a force superior to Johnston’s and that the latter would not come out of his entrenchments to fight, Sherman would confront Johnston’s entire line and then detach a small force, one or two divisions, never enough to achieve a great success, attack or threaten a flank, bring on a partial engagement, get a lot of men killed, and effect nothing. It was in his power at any time to split his one hundred and ten thousand men into two armies and send forty-five thousand men right to the rear of Johnston’s army of fifty-five or seventy thousand and bring on a battle with the other half of his army, assailing the enemy in his rear. But the old process continued, and we confronted the enemy at New Hope Church, fought several useless engagements with detachments, outflanked Johnston and compelled him to fall back to Kenesaw and Lost Mountains. In this position at New Hope Church our line was very close to the enemy’s fortified line, but the earthworks were usually not in sight of each other on account of woods. Where fields intervened, however, batteries and breastworks were plainly visible.

A hard day’s march had been made. We had deployed close to the enemy; tent flies had been stretched for shelter, and teams were unhitched. A very plain but hearty dinner had been eaten and we smoked our pipes with the air of “Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die.” Colonel Grose’s band, 36th Indiana, thinking the time propitious, formed in an open space in the woods and played pretty music. Now the cover of the woods between us and a six gun battery of Napoleons manned by the Rebels was very slight. At first the Rebels tolerated the music but, when they struck up Dixie, which the Confederates had made the national air,
the battery let loose a volley of round shot right through the
woods at the camp. Limbs came crashing down on our
tent flies and on our camp. The band split a bar and ran
away. All was confusion and there was a cry of “Man Killed.”
Sure enough, a round shot had struck a hickory tree, knock-
ing off a splinter, little more than bark. This big piece of
bark struck a poor teamster who was sitting near a blow
that killed him. This incident stopped all bands playing
thereafter for rebel ears.

The complete history of the campaign before Atlanta
would make a very great book and some military scholar
will some day take the War Records and the excellent maps
now furnished, and will write a very instructive history of
this Atlanta campaign. It illustrates and may serve as a
great lesson of war in the mountains and woods, i.e., war
made under cover. It has its distinct epochs. First the
Rocky Faced Ridge; then the Resaca battle and retreat;
then the stand at Cassville and retreat across the Etowah
to Dallas and New Hope Church; the retreat to Lost and
Pine Mountains; the short retreat to Kenesaw Mountain;
the battles and move and battle at Culp’s farm; then the
crossing of the Chattahoochee and the sitting down before
Atlanta; not the siege, for we only camped on one side of
the city and all the wagon roads and railroads were open to
the enemy’s rear.

For one hundred days my division was in front of and
within gunshot of the enemy. For at least fifty days of this
period there was not one when our losses in killed and wounded
were not considerable.

General Joseph Johnston, himself a very skillful engineer,
had in his employ a very talented staff of young engineer
officers. These young men had marked and chopped down
the underbrush on every defensible position from Rock Face
to Atlanta and, when pressed in any position and threatened with defeat by a night march, the rebels fell back and, in two hours, by digging, they were stronger than ever.

At Rocky Face we were at the actual foot of the perpendicular cliff and the rebs on the summit. Their officers raised their canteens and motioned drinking to us. In passing the open plain a rebel bullet aimed at Howard's staff, passed downward through the brim of Colonel Kniffin's hat and ricocheting tore the skirt and breast of General Howard's coat. We engaged the enemy in a firing bout which continued until eleven o'clock at night. This, at night, looked pretty, as the slope below the cliff was bright with the flash of our rifles and the rebel line replied from the crest. I never saw any sense in this, as neither we or the rebels could reach each other. But General Sherman wanted to keep them alarmed. Major Boyd had his thigh broken by a bullet and died from the wound. He belonged to the 36th Indiana and was a fine officer.

The day after the passage of Snake Creek Gap all the army, excepting the 4th Corps and Schofield's six thousand men, which General Sherman persisted in calling the Army of the Ohio, marched to reinforce McPherson. The latter thought his force too small and did not plant his army on Johnston's line of retreat. McPherson was right. The rebel army made threatening advances against the small force in front of them and might have made an ugly attempt to defeat it, but they missed their chance and marched the same night over a wide clear road to Resaca.

The battle of Resaca was fought in the woods, haphazard. The heaviest fighting and the greatest loss of life fell on Judah's division of the 23rd Corps, which was reckless, plunging into a charge upon intrenchments covered by woods, without any previous reconnoissance, and received a bloody repulse.
It was reported at the time that General Judah was drunk. At any rate he was relieved of his command and never had another one. In closely following the retreat of the Confederates the next day on the main road, we found a small number of scouts constantly watching us. The country was wooded and one of these scouts stepped into the middle of the road to observe the head of our column. He must have been half a mile off, yet one of our skirmishers raised his sight, took aim and killed the man in his tracks. We saw no more of the enemy's scouts.

Johnston took an immense risk in fighting north of the Oostanula. A single break in his line and his army was lost, but he was lucky and succeeded. At Adamsville and again at Cassville, Johnston made up his mind to fight; but, nervous and uncertain of our whereabouts, he finally let go his hold, crossed the Etowah and took up the position connecting Dallas, New Hope Church and the railroad.

We halted several days on the Etowah to adjust our forces, send back the lame and also some regiments whose time had nearly expired, and then the entire army marched by the Pumpkin Vine country upon New Hope Church; the Army of the Tennessee marching directly on Dallas. Hooker led and found the enemy intrenched and made a hopeless assault on him near New Hope Church. General Sherman sent word back that Hooker had found the enemy, and directed me to hurry my division to the front. The day was very hot and it was long after nightfall before we reached the battlefield. There was a good deal of wild disorder in Hooker's corps and needlessly, for the enemy, safe behind his breastworks, had not the least idea of making a sally. The next day the army closed up and again we had the curious example of one army besieging another in the field. Indeed General Joe Johnston carried the art of field entrenchments to per-
fection. You could not catch a picket without some kind of a ditch and an abatis in front. This condition led to two engagements. First Sherman’s attempt to turn Hood’s left at Pickett’s Mills, a very bloody affair, wholly hopeless from the start. The enemy was strongly fortified and General Howard never found their flank; but had many men foolishly and needlessly killed. Old Willich, the German general, who was directed to find the rebel flank, marched in the woods in front of the enemy, loudly blowing his marching calls on numerous bugles and apprising the rebels of his whereabouts, so, when he did turn to attack, the enemy, warned by his bugles, was ready for him. One of Schofield’s divisions, made up to give the political general, Hovey, command, was just on my left this day. Four or five regiments of this division were three months men from Indiana apparently raised for Hovey’s benefit. They were boys and had neither drill nor discipline. Passing behind a huge ditch and parapet these fellows had dug to shelter themselves, I found them firing almost volleys at a similar trench across a cleared field and half a mile distant. As I saw no enemy appear, I said, “What are you shooting at? I see no rebels.” “Don’t you see that new dirt thrown up over the field there?” said the Union patriots. “Certainly I see it. What of it?” I replied. “Why,” said they, “It is full of rebels behind that yellow bank and we keep a stream of bullets going just at the top of it so no rebel can put his head up.” And so these greenhorns from Indiana farms and towns were shooting wagon loads of precious ammunition at a bank of yellow dirt to keep rebels from putting their heads up or returning their fire, and the officers over these idiots were encouraging them in this criminal waste and foolishness.

The affair at Pickett’s Mills led to many scandals and accusations. One brigade commander could not be found
at the critical moment to say whether to go ahead or to retreat. Another division commander stayed so far in rear he could give no command; another division commander shocked General Howard by drinking whiskey out of a black bottle before the men. All in all the affair was a miserable failure.

General Sherman now ordered the Army of the Tennessee, at Dallas, to shift to the left of the line. The withdrawal was noticed by the rebels who attacked; both sides ran for the abandoned breastworks—our people got there first and inflicted serious loss. The principal attack fell on Logan’s Corps, the 15th. The word came to the rear that ammunition was giving out on the line, when Logan mounted his horse with a great flourish, called to his staff and orderlies to follow to the ammunition wagon, where each took a box of ammunition on their shoulders, and galloped to the front. The firing had ceased and the wagons might just as well have driven up or a squad might have as well gone for ammunition. But Logan always played to the gallery.

The next retrograde of the rebel army was to the line of Pine Top and Lost Mountain. We followed as best we could. Just at this time rain fell day and night. My division occupied the line exactly opposite Pine Top and, the rain having ceased, the rebel line was very plainly visible one half way up this conical mountain. General Sherman came along with some members of his staff and seemed annoyed that so many rebels were standing in plain sight. He asked me why we did not shoot the impudent rebels and I answered our pickets had a truce. This seemed to make him madder and he ordered the truce ended. I sent an aide to notify our pickets and they called to the rebs, “Johnnies, take to your holes, we are ordered to fire,” and shooting commenced. A group of rebels beyond rifle range had collected on the mountain side. Simonson’s battery was already unlimbered
and I told him to fire on the group. He immediately fired a shell which went high. Another followed immediately and struck in the group. There was a commotion and the rebels dispersed. That second shell killed Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Nashville. In the course of the day our signal corps read the rebel signal announcing his death. General Johnston and his principal officers were also in that group.

The rebels vacated their position that night, and, going up the hill, our advance guard found a stake driven in the ground and a paper on the top of the split stake, which read, "Right here is where you Yankee * * * killed Bishop General Polk." There seemed no credit in this killing, but General Geary, commanding the division on my right, had a big picture published in Harpers, himself rampant on horseback, the title, "General Geary directing Captain so and so of some New York battery to fire a shot which killed Lieutenant General Polk." This was Geary's style but in fact he had nothing to do with it. The unknown gunner who fired the shot was the only one who might be entitled to any credit in the case. It served the reverent Bishop right to say nothing of his unrighteous cause. His own teachings taught him that "He who taketh the sword, perisheth by the sword." One day after this Captain Simonson, while placing his battery, was shot through the head and killed. He was my favorite artillery officer.

General Johnston now let go of Pine Top and Lost Mountain and fell back to Kenesaw. It seemed a bad move, for now his line of defense was parallel to his line of retreat, but his position was the strongest the rebel army had made during the campaign, and here, after allowing the enemy a week to fortify, Sherman, by some process of his perverse mind, determined to make a direct and heavy assault just where
the enemy invited it. It was murderous, cruel and wholly unjustifiable. Sherman seemed to have a spite at his army and a fiendish desire to kill off his men. He said to me spitefully, "Our flanking movements are ended; nothing comes of them. Now you have got to attack the enemy in front wherever you find him." Indeed he coolly says in his memoirs, that he was bound to show Joe Johnston that he would attack him everywhere. A fine answer to the four thousand dead and mangled left in front of Kenesaw. I was asked to be present at a meeting of commanders to decide the formation for attack. I said to General Thomas, as we broke up and were returning to our tents, "General, I am sorry this assault has been decided on, and I know it will fail." The General answered sadly, "I fear it will be so, but General Sherman has decided it, and we must do our best. If we do possibly succeed it will lead to a great victory."

The assault, which was expected at daylight, did not occur until eight o'clock, a hot sultry morning. The rebels, looking down, plainly saw all our formations. Harker's brigade led the assault from the 4th Corps and Dan McCook's from the 14th. Both led their men gallantly and both were soon mortally wounded. Never did troops behave more gallantly but they penetrated only to the chevaux-de-frise and then could go no further. The assault was a failure, and the day's losses amounted to nearly four thousand men, killed and disabled. Harker died on the battlefield—he was one of the most beloved of young officers. Dan McCook was taken home to die—he was the best and bravest of all the McCooks.

Our men held the ground they took and General Davis entrenched on the front of Harker's advance and so near to the enemy that they threw hand grenades across the defenses into the enemy's ranks. After the firing ceased General Sherman and several other general officers came to my posi-
tion which gave a good view of the enemy's line. We were exposed and a straggler was killed very close to General Sherman. I advised the officers to stand behind the big oaks for protection and all but General Newton did so. He was mad and did not care for bullets. Harker commanded a brigade in his division. He accosted Sherman with the remark: "Well this is a d—d appropriate culmination of one month's blundering." Sherman bit his lips but answered no word.

Now that we were repulsed Sherman did what he should have done before—marched Hooker and Schofield to threaten the left flank of the enemy, which immediately brought on the battle of Culp's Farm. Hooker had extended our right less than two miles when Hood advanced with his corps to attack him. The attack was feeble and easily repulsed and greatly disappointed Hood. The latter had been chafing at General Johnston's Fabian policy, pretending that only an opportunity was wanting to show the superiority of the southern soldier. But now that he had this opportunity at Culp's Farm his attack was feeble in the extreme, and he retired beaten.

This move of Hooker threatened Johnston's communications and he now retired to the position at Smyrna Camp Ground. The day before the rebel retreat my division made an assault and took a wooded hill on my front after a severe attack about 5 P.M. As soon as the hill was taken I ascertained that General W. H. T. Walker commanded the beaten Rebels and I knew he would make a counter attack. I hastened to establish a line and very quickly barricaded it with fallen timber and rails. Sure enough the attack quickly came and our people, being prepared, gave them a very bloody repulse. I knew I had a position which threatened the entire rebel line. As daylight disappeared my men were busy entrenching the
position. About ten o'clock at night two regiments of Georgia troops succeeded in passing our right flank and, quietly coming to our rear, captured a Lieutenant Colonel Watson, and three companies of the 40th Ohio. Captain Taylow of the same regiment marched his line by the flank until opposite the front of the Georgia regiment, answering their challenge by saying they were the 54th Georgia, and, when ready, faced his men to the left, and, immediately pouring a volley into the faces of the 54th Georgia, rushed on them and caught a number in the darkness. The 99th Ohio was conspicuous in this night fight. It all fell on Whittaker's brigade and entailed a loss of two hundred and fifty men on us. I knew Walker and knew that he was both resolute and vindictive, and I prepared for him. On the morning of July 3rd the rebel army was gone and we, following immediately, found him posted on the north side of the Chattahoochee, with several bridge heads heavily fortified, preparatory to crossing. We closed up and assaulted their line on the 4th. My division carried their advance line near Rough and Ready Station and took numbers of prisoners, but, being commanded by two strong redoubts, we could not reach the rebel main line.

Captain Clayton Hale a very gallant officer was killed in this charge. I was brevetted for this action. I do not know why—I simply directed the advance and was somewhat exposed to flying bullets.

Next day we marched to the bank of the Chattahoochee, the enemy having retreated across that river during the night. Here we remained four days, then marched up the river, crossed on a pontoon bridge laid by Schofield's people, marched down the river, fortified our position, and built a trestle bridge over the river at Powers Ferry. This was a very thorough piece of work done by Colonel Watson of the 84th Illinois, in three days time. The bridge only stood one month, a big freshet carrying it away at the end of that time.
We marched from here direct to Atlanta by the way of Buck Head and, after hard skirmishing and bridge building over the two branches of Peach Tree Creek, arrived in sight of the steeples of Atlanta July 21st.

The sight of Atlanta was a cheering one to our army. We had started for that city and now it was in sight, and yet the situation was anything but agreeable. The rebel army occupied Atlanta and the best we could do was to besiege one side of a great straggling village made up of wooden houses. We closed travel on the north and east—the railroads were free to the rebels west and south. All our approaches by field works, all our bombarding the open town of Atlanta was folly and waste of ammunition. The day we arrived before Atlanta the so-called battle of Atlanta occurred. McPherson had marched the army by Decatur and then turned direct upon Atlanta, when he was attacked by all the cavalry and two corps of Hood's army. Hood had succeeded Johnston in command the day before and at once reversed all of Johnston's methods.

Johnston had stuck to the defensive, with very cautious movements as at Culp's Farm. Hood at once adopted the bold offensive. McPherson's three corps were a little separated when they were attacked on the flank and, soon after, the left corps was attacked from the rear. Most unfortunately, General McPherson, riding with a single orderly, went through the interval between the 16th and 17th Corps and ran right into the enemy. He was fired upon and killed, but the battle came on at once. Word of McPherson's death was sent to Sherman, who ordered General Logan, commanding the 15th corps and only engaged in skirmishing, to take command of the Army of Tennessee. Some time elapsed in conveying this word to Logan and, when he went to the headquarters of that army, the enemy had been repulsed all along the line. The only fighting after this repulse on the left was
in the evening when Cheatham's division, by a sudden charge, drove back Morgan Smith's division and captured a battery, De Gress'. This occurred very close to where General Sherman was, and very alarming reports came from Logan, now commanding the Army of the Tennessee, and urgent demand for reinforcements. These General Sherman absolutely refused. He was very angry and said, "Tell Morgan Smith that he lost his line and he must form his division and retake it." Finally he ordered Milo Haskell to attach Cheatham's people on their right flank, and my old classmate, General Charles R. Woods, at the same time charged their front, and Cheatham's force was beaten back.

John A. Logan has been called the hero of Atlanta—no one can tell why. The brunt of the battle fell upon Blair's and Dodge's corps. Logan was assigned to command after these corps had repulsed the rebel attack at every point. Logan rallied no men because there were no men needing rallying. He led no men because he was not near any immediate scene of fighting, except when Morgan Smith's division was driven back, and he surely took no part in reforming this division, or in the subsequent charge by which this division retook its lost line. Then where does the heroic flag scene, put in bronze by St. Gaudens in the Chicago statue come from? Logan did no such thing as is commemorated in this statue. But Brigadier General John W. Fuller, commanding the 4th Division, 16th Corps, did seize a flag when his division was sorely pressed, and, on foot, planted it, and called to his brave division to form on the line, which they did promptly. This incident, wholly unlike the Logan statue, was stolen to perpetuate a humbug. Logan is long since dead and not responsible for this fraud.  

* * *  On page 476, serial number 74 of the War Records, in the report of General John W. Fuller, will be found a full description of the incident which, stolen from Fuller, is
made the sentiment or heroic act set forth in this statue of Logan at Chicago.

The battle of Atlanta was a very severe check to Hood, and, coming the day after the repulse at Peach Tree Creek, greatly disheartened his army. His men felt that he was utterly reckless of their lives at Peach Tree Creek. General Thomas happened on the field just as Hood’s people were making a flank movement on Newton’s position. He quickly ordered two batteries into action and they opened fire on the turning force, which quickly brought them to a halt. The attack on the 16th and 17th Corps was well conceived but poorly executed by the Rebels passing entirely around the left flank of the Army of the Tennessee. The attack was to have been simultaneous on front and rear but this failed and, after beating off the front attack, our troops jumped to the other side of their earthworks and repulsed the rear attack. Much acrimony sprang up between Hood and Hardee. The latter instructed his men not to charge breastworks, and Hood complained, justly I think, that this killed the whole enterprise. At any rate Hood’s first efforts had proved disastrous and now he turned his attention to his left flank, where Howard, now commanding the Army of the Tennessee defeated him a third time.

I was alongside of General Sherman during the engagement of the 22nd. He was very cool and determined not to reinforce the Army of the Tennessee. Logan continually called for reinforcements after he took command, but was refused.

I was made commander of the 4th Corps July 27th, and my force now occupied about four miles of the besieging line about Atlanta. The city was well covered by forts constructed a long time before. These forts were connected by continuous earthworks. Sherman extended his right to try and capture the western railroad but found it impracticable. Then he cut loose and marched his army boldly for Hood’s communica-
tions and the Macon railroad. This involved cutting loose from our base and swinging around by a left wheel until Atlanta was uncovered on the north, and the right flank—the Army of the Tennessee came so close to Jonesboro as to bring on a fight known as the battle of Jonesboro. Hardee, who made the attack, was defeated, and this compelled Hood to evacuate Atlanta on the 1st day of September. During this time, from July 27th to the 1st of September, the time which the so-called siege of Atlanta lasted, two raids were made upon the enemy’s railroads, neither of which amounted to one row of pins. Anson G. McCook made one; Kilpatrick the other. Both lost artillery and many brave men, killed, wounded and prisoners. The damage to the enemy was nil. Kilpatrick on his return telegraphed from my headquarters: “I have destroyed thirty miles of their railroads.” Sherman who was six miles off, replied: “I know that is true, for I hear their trains coming in over the destroyed road this very minute,” adding the wickedest kind of an oath. Coming back from the raid, Kilpatrick rode in a family carriage of old style which he looted. It was overloaded with silver plunder, and, in crossing Yellow River, which was up, the carriage upset and nearly drowned Kilpatrick. His raid and that of McCook were equally abortive. Their troops behaved gallantly, charging the enemy and at first capturing their artillery, but, in each case, the enemy rallied and, in turn, captured the raider’s artillery and whipped the raiding force, compelling it to retreat to the shelter of its own infantry. Cavalry raiding merely to destroy railroads during our war was a total failure.

The night of the 25th of August, when we marched to withdraw from Atlanta, was a night of anxiety. My line of the 4th Corps was four miles long, and we knew then and we know now, by post war information, that Hood knew our weakness, and that he tried hard to find a weak place in our line where
he could strike a blow. He never found that place. We used all the devices known in field work and Hood could not even find our left flank. We mystified him with our long reverse lines. On the 25th we drew off this long line from the immediate front of the enemy.

Only an average of four hundred yards separated us and, so quietly did our pickets leave at 11 P. M., under Colonel Bennett, Illinois, that the rebel pickets kept firing all night thinking our men were still there. I carefully examined the road in daytime and took every measure to make this night march a success. Unluckily a heavy rain had fallen, and mudholes one hundred feet long were numerous. The troops, marching by night, tried to shy around these mudholes, instead of wading through them. Staff officers passed continually up and down the long line to keep it closed up, but, when I arrived at 3 A. M. at Harker's headquarters, a staff officer came to me and said: "General, only two brigades are up. The rest of the corps is away back. When they came to that last long mudhole they turned into the woods to avoid it; now they have halted, and have lain down to sleep." Here was a fix. I mounted, called my staff and Colonel Grose's staff about me and rode back. In less than a mile I found the head of the column in the woods where they had turned aside to avoid a long mudhole in the road, and had deliberately gone to sleep. I tried to get hold of the officers but it was very dark and they easily evaded me. However, armed with such clubs as I and my staff officers could find, we gave the sleepers the rudest awakening of their lives. A big lieutenant belonging to Colonel Grose's staff, a provost marshal, (I wish I could remember his name), had a long club. "Get up and form ranks," the lieutenant would say after awakening a man. "I won't do it," replied the sleeper. Whack came the club on head, arms, legs, anywhere, and the fellow was
wide awake. I wonder some of those fellows did not shoot us. They threatened to do so; but we waked the obstructionists and soon the twelve thousand waiting behind moved on.

General A. S. Williams now commanded the 20th Corps, behind which we filed, and by daybreak he was able to draw out and march for the Chattahoochee. The good old general had awaited us all night and had kept cocktails and lunch for us when we finally did come late. We marched an hour after daybreak in full view of the flank exposed and finally, when they summoned courage to attack us, we gave them a severe repulse and passing Utoy Creek, we rested all day. This was the most anxious night I spent during the war. It was a case of making a flank march close to the enemy’s front.

On September 1st Sherman’s whole army, minus the 20th Corps which was sent back to the Chattahoochee, was in the near vicinity of Jonesboro, and here occurred the battle of that name. In writing of that battle, General Sherman says, “Stanley and Schofield were slow coming up and Hardee escaped.”

On the morning of September 1st General Schofield and his command were placed under my orders and I was ordered to push forward and gain the railroad. Schofield’s small force was on my left and formed the left flank of the army. As he was nearest the enemy I directed him to guard against any attack coming from the north—the direction of the enemy. At 11 o’clock I had complete possession of the railroad and had destroyed some miles of it. At one o’clock p. m. Colonel Willard Warner came direct from General Sherman and delivered an order from him direct to put all my troops at work destroying the railroad, adding: “The General says our army has engaged in destroying railroads before and only half done it; now let this be thorough.” Upon receiving this order the troops of the 4th Corps had to march three miles to align themselves on the railroad.
About 4 p. m. General Thomas came to me and said that the division on my right was about to assault the enemy’s works and I was to form my corps and move on the right flank of the 14th Corps, and protect their flank. This was done as promptly as possible in woods with many places dense with underbrush. Kimball soon found the enemy and drove him into his defenses which, built as they were to defend the railroad, were very strong forts, with swamps and abatis in front. Newton was deployed to the left and east of Kimball, and was unaccountably long in deploying. He had the excuse that this had to be done in the woods and thickets. I examined Kimball’s front and decided not to risk an assault. Newton’s division advanced just at dark and found only a skirmish line; captured the rebel hospital and fully demonstrated that, had we advanced one hour earlier—we might have advanced four hours earlier—we would have driven Hardee off in confusion; and have made a complete instead of a partial victory. This failure was no one’s fault but General Sherman’s. Early in the morning he knew the position of the enemy and it was in his power to have brought every soldier in his army in contact with the Confederates before noon. Instead of this he put twenty thousand men to work to destroy a railroad he already possessed and could have destroyed at leisure. His throwing the blame on Schofield and myself was untruthful and Sherman-like. Indeed Schofield had no responsibility in the matter and simply obeyed my orders. Sherman’s want of generalship in using a large force to destroy a useless railroad,—useless to Hood’s army—when that force should have hastened to hunt up the enemy and to attack him at once, was unfortunate. This accords with his military career from first to last. General Sherman never fought a battle, although he had a thousand chances. Partial affairs called battles, he ordered, but it was always by a fragment of his army. He never had the moral
courage to order his whole army into a general engagement He engaged a corps, a division, and the Army of the Tennessee, which latter had only twenty thousand men; but Sherman never fought one single battle.

The next morning I met Sherman near an immense pile of burning cotton bales in Jonesboro. He was very mad and accosted me with: ‘Well you lost your opportunity last evening.” “I simply replied, If I did so sir, it was owing to your orders.” And with that the subject dropped. I was not satisfied myself with the affair. I believed that General Newton was unnecessarily slow and I tried to hurry his troops forward. In doing so I received a bullet in my left groin. It proved a slight wound but, at the time, it was exceedingly painful, and made me very sick. I have always resented Sherman’s imputation of my being slow, but my conscience is clear on the subject.

Hood’s army concentrated at Lovejoy’s Station the next day and the attack by a part of the 4th Corps was repulsed and this ended the three months Atlanta campaign,—a campaign of two hundred miles through forests, over mountains, across rivers—almost constantly in close contact with the enemy. The crack of the rifle was heard all day and nearly all night. Men were daily killed in their camps, at their meals and in their sleep. The climate was hot and oppressive, and such rains fell that they converted the clay soil of Georgia into a sticking plaster and favored the breeding of the gray-backed body louse, which we inherited from our Johnnie friends by myriads. They left them for us in their deserted camps, and it was curious to see our men, when halted on a hard march, sit down by the side of the road, pull off their shirts, and carefully search for the disgusting parasites. Boiling of course killed them but the woods were full of them, and, no sooner was one colony destroyed, than another took possession.
It was an exceedingly hard campaign yet a great training and refining school for our soldiers. Regiments which started out with seven or eight hundred men were now reduced by their losses to three or four hundred. Yet these regiments had now more fight in them and were more dangerous to the enemy than when their ranks were full.

We remained at Lovejoy’s Station for a couple of days and then marched back to Atlanta into convenient camps. At Lovejoy’s Station the Atlanta campaign ended. We had driven the enemy out of much of their country and had taken their great railroad center in the southwest.

There had been some hard fighting but no general battle, and their army stood today just as strong and dangerous as when they opposed us at Rocky Face. It was not the want of brave men but the rashness of General Hood that brought this army to final ruin.

The changes in our army had been numerous. General McPherson had been killed; both Palmer and Hooker gone off in a pet—Hooker because he was not put in command of the Army of the Tennessee, and Palmer because he was directed to take orders from Schofield. Many of the political generals, finding the place too strong for them, had gone to the rear to look after their political fences. Logan returned to Illinois to make speeches. I wonder if he ever thought then of being immortalized in bronze as a great general.

In the 4th Corps we started from Rocky Face with sixteen generals. We now had six. Some of these gentlemen with stars retired to their homes with very slight ailments, and I think in every instance their places were filled by colonels—far better soldiers than the generals with weak knees.

We remained in camp a month at Atlanta and the march to the sea was there discussed. General Thomas told me that he anticipated marching the Army of the Cumberland upon Augusta whilst General Sherman engaged Hood.
Wheeler and Forest made a very determined raid upon our railroad lines, for a time making much confusion. Newton's division of the 4th Corps was sent back to Tennessee and Newton never returned. He was a bright man with a bad temper and disgruntled. He had been sent away from the Army of the Potomac for criticising his commanding officers and for general bad temper. The day of the battle of Peach Tree Creek Newton's division was engaged quite sharply for a time and the lieutenant in charge of the ordnance train, who was a St. Louis Dutchman, brought his wagons right up to the line. There the teams were exposed to the flying rebel shells and much confusion ensued. Newton's temper got the better of him. He had the Dutch lieutenant's hands tied behind him, put a file of soldiers in front of him with reversed arms and another file behind charging bayonets, and marched him to the rear after the manner of drumming an old soldier out of the service. But the Dutchman made a fuss. He roared out as he passed the soldiers: "By God, shentlemen, i shange my bolitics. I say tamn dis arbitrary arrest. I votes no more for Mr. Lincoln." He wrote to Thomas Fletcher, governor of Missouri, and a big fuss was made over it. General Thomas could not justify the act, so Newton was sent off to confront Forest, and was then relieved from duty with the Army of the Cumberland.

Our stay in Atlanta was uneventful and no definite plan of campaign was settled. Hood had long consultations with Jefferson Davis and Beauregard, and, about October 1st, took the offensive. He manoeuvred on our right, and by the 4th of October, had placed his army north of the Chattahoochee and threatened our railroad line about Marietta. General Sherman left the 20th Corps to hold Atlanta, and marched the Army of the Tennessee and the 23rd Corps, now commanded by General Cox, and the 4th and the 14th Corps of the Army
of the Cumberland, the latter two corps commanded by myself, to cut Hood off and bring him to battle if we could.

General Thomas being absent at Nashville, my command was designated the Army of the Cumberland in the Field, and I continued to exercise this command until Sherman separated from us in Coosa Valley for his march to the sea.

The enemy had reached and destroyed the railroad north of Marietta on the 5th of October. From the top of Kenesaw Mountain General Sherman and his staff witnessed the assault on Altoona. Here General Corse repelled, during an entire afternoon, the attack of a much superior force under the rebel general French and finally drove off the assailants.

The tumult and even the smoke from the cannon were very plainly visible from the top of the mountain. The fort was known to be safe from the report of one single gun which covered the Rebel retreat and showed that the fort had not been taken. The hymn “Hold the Fort For I Am Coming” was based by the song writer, Mr. Bliss, on the message Sherman sent over the heads of the Rebel army, from the top of Kenesaw Mountain to Corse at Altoona; but the answer as written in the hymn is strangely perverted as, instead of “By the grace of God I will” Corse, who had been wounded in the fight, really answered, “I have lost an ear but I can whip all Hell that comes this way.” Of this Sherman only received “Lost ear, whip all Hell.” But this satisfied us that Altoona Pass and Etowah Bridge were safe.

I held the 4th and 14th Corps west of Kenesaw during this day. Next day we followed Hood who had moved to attack Resaca and Dalton. How he failed at Resaca and took Dalton is well known. This latter was a very slight embarrassment to us. Hood’s army, after failing to take Resaca, and after Hood had written himself foolish by summoning the commanding officer to surrender with the dire threat that if
assaulted no prisoners would be taken, retired through Snake Creek Gap and held it.

General Sherman ordered me to clear the Pass and accordingly I divested the 4th corps of all baggage, carrying one day's rations and sixty rounds of ammunition, and scaled Rocky Face Mountain. Just as soon as the Rebel force holding the Pass found we were on the mountain above them they let go the Pass and retreated with little loss.

The same day the 4th and 14th Corps passed through and bivouacked near the village of Villanow. Hood was now off our line of railroad which he had damaged considerably; but in ten days it was running again. Hood continued moving west until he reached Blue Mountain, where he had a railroad into central Alabama.

There Hood refitted his army and prepared for the serious work of the campaign, the invasion of Tennessee. It was only when Hood took up this position in Alabama, thus completely uncovering Georgia and throwing the road open to either the Gulf or to the Atlantic, that Sherman first thought of the march to the sea. Our army had never been short of provisions one day on account of Hood's attack upon the railroad, and in Tennessee neither Wheeler nor Forest had effected any serious harm. Indeed, when Sherman did make up his mind to march to the coast, the enemy were all accommodatingly far away, and allowed him to make his preparations and depart in peace.

Our stay, during Sherman's preparations for his march, was near the little village of Gaylersville in the Coosa Valley. The weather was frosty and very cool at night. We were all in tents, that is the headquarters people were. Only one tent was allowed to a regiment of infantry, and that for headquarters, but our men were liberally supplied with shelter tents and wood was abundant, so that all were very comfortable.
There were still many provisions left in the small valleys, called coves, along the Coosa River, and a great deal of corn, sweet potatoes, cattle, sheep, and poultry were found at the farm houses. It was hard, very hard, on the few whites and negroes left at home, to take their provisions, but from time immemorial hungry armies have stripped the inhabitants and let the natives starve or move off to where the armies could not reach them. All able bodied men, whites and negroes had left the country. The whites were in the rebel army, the able negroes had been sent to central Alabama, later to be disturbed by Wilson's cavalry. Yet it was surprising how much the women and children had raised on the farms. The negro women, reared to field work, could produce as much as men.

A very few guerrillas still hung around these valleys entirely safe from us in their mountain fastnesses. A battalion of infantry commanded by Major Carlin, who was from my old home, Congress, and whom I knew as a child, had served as an escort to a large train of wagons foraging in these valleys. The train was loaded with corn and potatoes. Major Carlin and a couple of young officers who thought themselves Adonis, (the term masher had not yet appeared), remained after the escort had marched from a house where they had partially loaded their wagon. These young bucks were dallying with some pretty girls, whose granaries they had just despoiled, when, as soon as the infantry had disappeared, Gatewood, a noted guerrilla, with some of his band made a dash upon the house, captured Major Carlin and his companions and hurried them off to the mountains. This neglect of duty eventually cost these officers their lives. They remained in prison until the war was ended, when, returning from Memphis to the north, the steamer blew up and they were all lost.
We remained in camp at Gaylersville about one week when Sherman marched for Atlanta and my troops turned their faces northward toward Tennessee.

Every phase of the future was discussed and still there was a great element of uncertainty in the problem. What would Hood do? That was the main question. Sherman thought he might march upon Memphis and try to occupy the Mississippi River. It was decided that my corps, the 4th, was to go back. It was the largest corps and my spat with Sherman over the Jonesboro affair still rankled in his breast. He liked to lay his failures on other’s shoulders and, when the scapegoat attempted to explain or argue the case, he was never forgiven.

That the reliable troops left by Sherman to make up Thomas’s command were too few, there can be no doubt. The sending of the 23rd Corps was a subsequent thought and this corps was badly organized and made up of poorly drilled and poorly disciplined men, and the ranking officers of the corps were indifferent soldiers. Both Cox and Ruger had been cast off by the eastern army as men not desirable for commands.

By including garrisons and convalescents a good sized army in numbers might be counted; but these had no organization or coherency. Thomas was expected to beat Hood with one corps and two divisions. Sherman had failed to do this with six additional corps during an entire summer.

The train of circumstances after Sherman started to march through Georgia to the sea favored his horoscope. Price’s invasion of Missouri failed and released General A. J. Smith’s corps, and Sherman sent Schofield’s 23rd Corps back, principally because he thought it did not amount to anything as a fighting force. This was an afterthought. Sherman really left only the 4th corps to Thomas—the only force that could
be depended on in a pitched battle—and Hood's three corps of infantry were each as large as the 4th corps.

There will be pages written on this topic, but the truth is that so far as the army of Sherman was concerned, the venture was perfectly safe; so far as the fate of the army and country left behind were concerned the risk was tremendous.

Sherman expected Hood to close the Mississippi and depended upon the aroused west to crush Hood out. The rapidity with which Hood moved on Nashville gave Thomas little time to form an army. Wilson reported to Gaylersville. He had just come from Grant's command and was made at once Sherman's Chief of Cavalry. He was young, intelligent and very ambitious.

Having detailed the cavalry force to accompany Kilpatrick, who commanded Sherman's cavalry and of whom Sherman said "the damndest fool is the best cavalry officer," he set to work very energetically to reorganize and remount the cavalry which was to remain in Tennessee. Wilson did this well and the cavalry at Nashville put the finishing stroke on Hood's army.

Sherman, like the rest of the ranking officers, lived in a tent. He was nervous and sleepless. Long after the rest of the company had gone to bed he would remain sitting on a camp stool, wrapped in a well worn army overcoat, leaning over the remains of the evening fire and seemingly pondering over the tremendous campaign before him. At times, for want of company, he would join the sentinel, walk alongside of him on his post, and, despite regulations, enter into long conversations with him. He used to say that these sentinels always knew someone away back home whom he knew.

Finally, on the 27th of October, we marched on the Lafayette road to Chattanooga. One brigade, Bennett's was sent across the mountain, direct to Stephenson. Chattanooga was
commanded by General James Steadman, the most thorough specimen of a political general I met during the war. He always managed to hold commands where there were emoluments. At this time he was living in very high style, holding a gay court. The Princess Salm Salm was his guest, and occasionally the Prince, who was the colonel of a New York regiment stationed twenty miles from headquarters, dropped in. The Princess was a very beautiful woman, afterwards mixed up with the tragedy of Maximilan. Steadman was dead in love with the woman, and such an idiot that I could not get any work out of him. In fact he was so taken up with making love to the Princess and drinking champagne that it was difficult to see this great potentate of Chattanooga.

Steadman had exercised a very despotic sway over his command of East Tennessee, but was badly beaten by Mrs. Pussie Walker Gibson, wife of Gates Gibson. On one occasion Mrs. Gibson had remained in Knoxville where her husband commanded—as Steadman said in violation of the order prohibiting wives following their husbands in the field. Now, Knoxville was a big town and there seemed no reason why Mrs. Gibson should not board there; but Steadman allowed no woman around—wife or otherwise—unless he kept them himself, and ordered Mrs. Gibson to leave. She could not telegraph through Chattanooga as Steadman had a spy on the line, but she wrote to Nashville and telegraphed to General Grant, then at City Point. She received the following copy of a despatch sent to Steadman: "My friend, Mrs. Pussie Walker Gibson, is hereby authorized to reside at any post or station occupied by troops of the United States Army, and all persons are prohibited from interfering with her liberty." This was a stunner for Steadman. He threatened vengeance on the lady's husband but his opportunity never came.

After ten days at Chattanooga, we took cars for Athens
where two divisions, Wood's and Kimball's, were concentrated. Our artillery and great wagon train marched, under escort of one brigade, from Chattanooga to Pulaski.

At the time we were at Athens, Hood brought a large part of his army in front of Decatur at the railroad crossing of the Tennessee River. This place was defended by a brigade of infantry commanded by Robert Granger, and one would suppose that Hood would assault this very weak place. But he only made a demonstration and passed on to Florence, where he immediately laid a pontoon bridge.

As soon as it was known that Hood had passed by Decatur I marched the two divisions of the 4th Corps to Pulaski. The weather was now quite cold and, as the bridges were all broken and there were no boats, it was necessary to ford the Elk River.

We arrived on the bank of the river at 10 A.M. just opposite a very large tannery. I sent pioneers across to tear down the log building and ordered the men to strip and carry their accoutrements and clothing on their heads. On account of pebbles they replaced their shoes, without socks. The water at the deepest part took the men just to the arm pits. The passage was safely made and the men, immediately putting on their dry clothing and kindling fires, soon warmed up and not one case of sickness occurred. It required force to induce the men to undress as the thermometer was at freezing point.

It appeared the tannery belonged to General Harney, and his agent came running with a written safe guard; but I simply answered that it was a military necessity, and went on tearing down the numerous log houses and kindling bigger and bigger fires. No one could better afford to furnish an old tannery for fuel than General Harney.

I think in three hours we forded across this river, ten thousand men, artillery, ambulances and our small wagon train.
Upon reaching Pulaski we immediately put it in a state of defence. There had been a military post here and the commanding officer had become a cotton trader and much rascality was going on. We broke up all trade and sent the commanding officer away; but the place was infested with spies.

Our artillery park, ammunition and baggage trains marched overland from Stephenson and joined us at the end of a week. Soon afterwards Schofield arrived with Cox's division and two small brigades of Ruger's division and took command. I ranked Schofield as a Major General, but as he was assigned to the department of the Ohio by a decision of the War Department, I was under his orders. General Sherman originally intended to take Schofield's command with him in his force to march to the sea. Schofield, however, was very lukewarm about going. It marched him entirely away from his geographical department and, as his Army of the Ohio, which took part in the Atlanta campaign, never exceeded seven thousand men, his command was in reality smaller than any corps commander's.

Our position at Pulaski was not strategically strong. We had a turnpike road to Nashville via Columbia; but Hood had a very good road from Florence, by the way of Lawrenceburg and Mount Pleasant, to Nashville and joining our road at Columbia. There was no reason why Hood should come to Pulaski when he could by a quick dash fall upon our rear. This he tried to do and failed. General Edward Hatch, afterwards Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry was on the Tennessee opposite Florence and, although he could not prevent Hood's crossing, he obstructed the roads, by felling timber and breaking bridges, so much that Hood's progress was very slow after he passed the river.

On the 22nd of November we knew that Hood's entire army was about Lawrenceburg and moving to cut us off at Colum-
Our column marched north, separated only a few miles from Hood's, but neither had time to molest the other. The evening of the 23rd we fairly confronted the enemy, and the crack of the rifle sounded like the Atlanta campaign as our pickets kept popping at the rebs and they in turn popping back. Sharpshooters had come to be encouraged in both armies. The Confederate sharpshooters used an English rifle, Whitworth's and our people used Berdan's. A few of these were attached to Wood's division, and the second day we were before Columbia, one of these fellows killed the Rebel field officer of the day opposite Wood's division. The fellow seemed to be a peacock kind of an individual as he sported a very showy red sash which probably helped the sharpshooter to get his sights on him. At any rate, at the crack of the gun, the Rebel officer, sash and all, tumbled off his horse. A few mornings after this we lost a very fine officer, Captain Greene, 49th Ohio, in a severe fight between grand guards.

The 26th was the date selected to cross Duck River; but, as the move had to be made in the night, and as it rained and Schofield's personal baggage wagon upset and wet his bedding in the river, the order was countermanded, and the move was made on the night of the 27th. Discussion has arisen over this move, and it is argued that Schofield imperilled his army by remaining in Columbia the 27th. Of course every hour that our eighteen thousand infantry confronted Hood's thirty-five thousand infantry, there was peril to us with Duck River at our backs and one bridge. But Hood had not the rabid mood on him which possessed him a few days later and we passed to the north of Duck River with little molestation.
The weather cleared now and Indian summer gave us some fine days. The 28th we lay in camp, nothing transpiring, and this night we certainly should have fallen back. Our failure to do so came near losing the campaign.

Next morning a reconnaissance, made by Colonel Sydney Post, showed the enemy’s infantry crossing and moving on the Rolla Hill road. I marched at once for Spring Hill where Hood’s road intersected our retreat, but dropped my largest division, the 1st, at Rutherford’s Creek. I arrived at Spring Hill just in time to repel Forest’s force and to prevent the enemy finding out just how weak we were. The repulse of the Rebels at 12 o’clock noon, and again defeating them at dusk in the evening with a force not exceeding four thousand infantry, kept Schofield’s road open for retreat, saved the army, and was the biggest day’s work I ever accomplished for the United States. This part of my service is so well covered by my address on the battle of Franklin, delivered before the Army of the Cumberland Society at Rockford, Illinois, September 1896, that I insert it here.

**Battle of Franklin**

The first of September 1864, General Sherman was able to telegraph that “Atlanta is ours, and fairly won,” and the month of September was spent about Atlanta by the soldiers in much needed rest, and by the officers, who felt the great responsibility of the occasion, in thinking what shall we do next.

The whole grand view of the war at that time showed Grant in front of Petersburg; Sheridan opposing Early in the valley of Virginia; Price making his futile raid into Missouri; Canby preparing to assail Mobile. At every point the Confederacy is assailed, but no great disaster to their arms has occurred thus far in 1864, for the loss of Atlanta in itself did not greatly hurt them.
The armies of the Confederacy during the entire war being the objectives, their armies beaten, cities fell of course. So far as material strength was concerned, there was no reason why the war, commenced in 1861, should not continue until March 1871. September was a month of thinking and planning, and I can safely say that no definite plan of operations for General Sherman's army had been thought out. Many had been discussed, amongst others that General Thomas with the Army of the Cumberland should march upon Augusta, draw Hood from Georgia, and open the way for Sherman to the Gulf. But the commander of the Confederate army was himself a man of action, and Hood was ready by the first of October to inaugurate that ambitious campaign which was to destroy his army and create for himself the reputation of being the ruiner of the Confederacy.

Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and our sinister old enemy, Bragg, held a council of war at Palmetto, a little town twenty miles south of Atlanta, at which council there was, no doubt, some very big talk indulged in, as they decided then and there to throw Hood on Sherman's communications and to call upon all the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi River to assist in the destruction of Sherman's army.

I cannot here take time to follow Hood through this curious war upon General Sherman's railroads which lasted almost throughout the month of October. It was a useless kind of warfare directed at the burning of railroad ties and the curious twisting of railroad iron.

Little Joe Wheeler with his Confederate cavalry was in east Tennessee worrying our garrisons of heavy artillery—our fellows who enlisted not to fight. Forest was in middle Tennessee making a good deal of confusion. Taking it all in all, October was a month of raids and excitement. But Hood was finally beaten off the railroad and, by the 20th of
October, the railroad from Nashville to Atlanta was again intact.

Sherman's army, excepting the 20th Corps in Atlanta, lay on the Coosa and Chattooga Rivers in those beautiful and fertile valleys of Georgia about Rome and Gaylesville, and here we fared right heartily, as it was digging time for sweet potatoes, and way up in coves in the mountains we found many cattle and sheep.

Here, at the little town of Gaylesville the march to the sea was decided upon, and for a week the plans and prospects of that march were discussed in a wall tent every day, and the movements preparatory decided upon, whilst the members of the council, of which I was one of the privileged, sought wisdom and inspiration from short stemmed pipes and sometimes a canteen of commissary whiskey.

On the 27th of October the 4th Corps bade good bye to their comrades of General Sherman's army and marched north to place themselves between Hood's army and Tennessee. The corps was fifteen thousand strong and commanded by the humble individual who addresses you today. The next day Sherman's forces commenced to move southward on their famous march through to the sea.

A very few days afterwards Hood's entire army made a feint upon our fortified position at Decatur, on the Tennessee. Thus we had the curious spectacle of two armies which had marched, countermarched, fought battles with each other, retreated from each other and manoeuvred to worry each other since early in 1862, now turning their backs on each other—one marching north the other south, like two school boys laying down their dinners to fight it out, and after an exhausting tussle, letting go holds and each saying, "Well I cannot whip you but I can kick over your bread basket."

Both of these moves were, however, ominous of a most
serious game. In my mind, and I think it is capable of a mathematical demonstration, if either failed, ruin to the cause they fought for was inevitable. If Hood succeeded, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, and possibly Chicago were doomed. If he failed Sherman must succeed, and the vitals of the Confederacy be shattered.

The appearance of Hood at Florence, on both banks of the Tennessee River, with a compact army of fifty thousand men, was the cause of no little alarm in the north. The people were scared; the newspapers echoed the fright. General Thomas had not one half of that number to oppose Hood’s march upon Nashville. Nothing but the firmness of General Sherman could have sustained him in his pet idea of marching to the sea. General Grant was opposed to it; Mr. Lincoln was startled at its boldness and risk. What if, while Sherman was severing the Confederacy, Hood should sever the northwest? Sherman persisted and, before Hood’s plans were really developed, Sherman had cut the telegraph lines and was marching through the heart of Georgia.

The only change from the original plan was the sending back of Schofield and the 23rd Corps, only two small divisions, which joined the 4th Corps at Pulaski about the middle of November. We lay quietly at Pulaski for about ten days; Hood at Florence. Hatch was in command of all the cavalry. He was down close to the Tennessee River. A picket line nearly fifty miles long was maintained, watching every move of the rebels, and taking good heed they did not get gobbled up themselves. Right well Hatch did that difficult duty.

About the 20th of November, the days being beautiful, the nights frosty, Hood put his army about Florence in motion for Columbia. As soon as we learned he was in motion, we started from Pulaski for the same point. Hood had the start and the shortest road. After reaching Lawrenceburg his road was a
perfectly macadamized turnpike such as they made so well in Tennessee before railroad days.

We beat Hood to Columbia but only as it were by the hair of our heads, for at nine in the morning when Cox’s division of the 23rd Corps came within two miles of Columbia, the rebels were driving Capron’s brigade of cavalry like a herd in a stampede. Cox promptly crossed to the Mount Pleasant Pike upon which Hood was advancing and, opening upon his advance, saved our unlucky cavalry, and gave us all day to deliberately take up our position before Columbia. Hood knew our position and forces perfectly well. His spies were indefatigable and he knew that he had twice as many infantry as we had. By a quick march across from the Lawrenceburg road to our Pulaski road, he could have forced battle, and here a battle might have ruined us and have made him.

Speaking of spies—we all used them. At Pulaski one day, a funny little fellow with a little mule and a little bull broke to harness, drove up in a rickety wagon with one bale of cotton. The fellow had no shoes and, although the weather was cold, had only a cotton shirt and trousers, a single towstring for a suspender, completing his costume. He was a hard looking customer, but the avarice of the northern people, sometimes the worldly greed of our own post commanders, always admitted cotton. He was allowed to come in and, after selling his cotton, he went around to see the soldiers. No one paid any attention to him until he was met by a Union soldier from East Tennessee, who recognized him and brought him to me. He had concealed in that old shirt a very perfect drawing of all our lines and fortifications at Pulaski, and was a very bright and intelligent spy. We intended to hang that fellow but in the confusion of our retreat he escaped and I am not sorry.

About this time one of Hood’s spies came to me confessing that he was sent as a spy. He was raised in Maine but went
into the rebel army from New Orleans. He offered to scuttle the boats of Hood’s pontoon bridges over the Tennessee for ten thousand dollars. I consulted General Thomas and agreed to his terms. He subsequently cut the bridge loose but, as it was caught and preserved, he never claimed any reward. I knew the spy system well but must say I never had much confidence in it.

From the 23rd until the 27th of November, the two armies lay confronting each other very close together, just south of Columbia, neither disposed to attack. There were few incidents worthy of mention. We could observe all the movements of Hood’s army—we had not seen anything of them since August and it seemed quite natural to be watching their slightest moves with interest as in former days.

On the morning of the 26th they were ugly and drove in the centre of the 4th Corps pickets with force. Captain Greene, 49th Ohio, General Wood’s picket officer, collected his reserve and gallantly returned this attack, rushing the rebels back in double quick time. Alas! This gallant officer lost his life in this spirited fight.

Hood had caromed his army on our right at Columbia; he now determined to carom on our left at Spring Hill, twelve miles north of Columbia. We intended to cross to the north side of Duck River on the 26th but it rained and General Schofield decided to defer crossing for twenty-four hours.

On the night of the 27th we made a very clean crossing, and now, having Duck River between the armies, we waited for the next move. Early on the 28th we knew that Forest had driven our cavalry and had crossed his force to the north of Duck River. At eight o’clock on the morning of the 29th I started to Spring Hill, twelve miles north of Columbia, with Kimball’s and Wagner’s divisions of the 4th Corps, a train of nine hundred wagons and ambulances, and about forty pieces
of artillery. At nine o’clock in the morning it was ascertained that Hood had laid a pontoon bridge in the night at Hugh’s Mill, four miles above Columbia, and that he was marching the great bulk of his army by the Rally Hill road to strike the rear of Schofield’s army on the road to Spring Hill. To guard against a flank attack from this force, Kimball’s division was dropped at Rutherford Creek, four miles on the way to Spring Hill.

At ten in the morning, a beautiful fall forenoon, when within two miles of Spring Hill, a courier came to me breathless, saying Forest’s force was in sight of Spring Hill and driving in the pickets of the little garrison at that place. I remember quite well myself and staff had just stepped inside a handsome house near the road, where some very pretty southern ladies were recounting to us some of the miseries which, being in the track of war, they had been subjected to. We had assured them that the 4th Corps always respected and protected the ladies, when this sinister news started us back to our proper business. The division was started on the double quick and, deploying as they approached the little village of Spring Hill, (about a dozen houses) the rebel cavalry was brushed away as you would shoo away blackbirds. I have heard since that they were short of ammunition. Whatever the cause may have been, they did not fight.

Our big train came in on the run and by one P.M. everything was in order for defence. Bradley’s brigade was sent to a point of woods three-quarters of a mile from the Rally Hill Pike upon which Hood was advancing and took up a position which he hastily prepared for defence. Lane’s and Opdyke’s brigades were deployed as you would thus spread your fingers covering a very extensive front behind which was sheltered the transportation and artillery park of the army. Colonel Lyman Bridges, since famous as a railroad builder, put
all of his light batteries in position to open upon an approaching enemy. As early as two P. M. we could see several groups of horsemen—Confederate generals and their escorts—examining our position. We did not help them, as a vicious shell thrown in their little circle was the welcome they received when they came close enough.

At four P. M. Cheatham advanced his whole corps to attack Bradley’s single brigade but, owing to their moving obliquely to the road, only Cleburne’s division struck Bradley. This division came on very boldly; was overthrown by Bradley’s fire; formed; came again, to be again beaten; and only after the Confederate commanders righted their lines and brought Brown’s and Bates’ divisions to bear was Bradley’s force dislodged from the stand they had so bravely defended. Bradley was badly wounded but his troops fell back to the main line with little loss.

The rebel troops tried to follow but the fire of six batteries appalled them. The ground was planted in corn, and muddy, and if the Johnnies in gray were not hit with artillery missiles they were covered with mud.

Night was now near at hand and the fight was over. Cheatham said our line was too long for him and an additional corps and one division were ordered up.

Much bitterness ensued on account of this small but important engagement. Hood had high words with both Cheatham and Cleburne about it. He accused them of losing the whole advantage of his campaign by their want of dash and courage. Hood in his “Advance and Retreat” misstates the facts. He says he heard nothing but desultory musketry, whereas in the attempted advance of Cheatham’s corps, after dislodging Bradley, our cannonade was simply magnificent, and this is exactly the thing that stopped Cleburne’s troops and disheartened Cheatham.
Hood I knew well; he is an honorable and truthful man. I think that the crowd of disasters falling so rapidly upon him blotted out alike his memory and his judgment.

Adam Badeau says in his "Life of Grant" that Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Chicago were defended at Spring Hill. I do not say where Hood might have gone; I know Schofield's army was saved at Spring Hill.

At four in the afternoon that November day Hood had, within two miles of Spring Hill, two army corps and one division. Schofield was cut off from Nashville if Wagner's second division at Spring Hill was defeated. His entire train and all but two batteries of his artillery would have been in the hands of the enemy. General Schofield says, "Had Spring Hill been taken I would have marched across the country, west to Carter's Pike." Whilst he did so, Hood would have marched into Nashville.

But, to repeat the situation: Hood was at Spring Hill with thirty thousand infantry; Schofield had less than twenty thousand scattered on the road from Columbia to Spring Hill—a distance of twelve miles. Judge then, even unprofessional critic, who was in the best position to fight a battle, Hood or Schofield?

But the day's work was over. Now came the night's work. Hood's army, by nine o'clock at night, was in a line of battle, two miles and a half long, parallel to the turnpike.

We must move on and we were not one rod more than half a mile from the Confederates. They lighted up bright fires and crowded about them for the night was frosty and I can assure you we did not molest them though they were within easy cannon shot. It was ourselves just then that wanted to be left alone. Some of you that have not marched to the sound of cannon will ask—suppose Hood had taken possession of Schofield's line of retreat, could not the latter have faced
about and have fought a fierce battle faced to the north? The answer is, no. In the first place his artillery and ammunition would have been lost and in the hands of the enemy; secondly his forces would have been separated; and thirdly, men will not fight well when their retreat is cut off and the attack comes from the rear. You read of fellows "Cutting their way out." To use an Irish bull, these fellows usually surrender their way out.

We had left Hood's army bivouacked parallel to our line of retreat, facing our turnpike and one half mile from it. Along this road, before midnight, marched Schofield's army, all but Wagner's division. It was like treading upon the thin crust covering a smouldering volcano. At any moment this line of soldiers might spring to their feet, advance a few hundred yards and pour destruction into the flank of our retreating column.

But the day's work had been hard for Confederates as well as for Federals and, while the latter marched, the Confederates slept. Our pickets were close together in the dark but did little to molest each other. A rebel adjutant general wandered into camp and was brought to me. He was very saucy and anticipated a great triumph the next day.

At midnight Schofield and the two divisions of the 23rd Corps passed on for Franklin, twelve miles toward Nashville. The 4th Corps was left to confront the enemy and to save the material of the army, if possible.

From one o'clock that star-lit night until five we put across one bridge, only wide enough for one wagon at a time, nearly one thousand teams—army wagons, caissons and ambulances. It was a grand night's work and right heartily did staff officers, wagon masters, teamsters, and all knowing the grand stake involved, apply themselves to their task.
At three o'clock Forest's people who were bivouacked close to our right flank, hearing the rattle of a moving train, attacked in considerable force. My two most vigilant staff officers, General Fullerton and Colonel Steele, both of whom we rejoice to see here tonight, were near the point attacked which was about four miles from Spring Hill. Instantly they took measures to repel the attack. They found our headquarter's guard, the lone company of the 24th Illinois Infantry which had re-enlisted for the war. This company was about thirty-five strong and commanded by a gallant young officer, Captain Scott. Using this as a nucleus, these gallant officers picked up from train guards, headquarter's guards, anyone carrying a gun, a little body of men, marched up to point blank range, gave the rebels a volley which cleared the road, and very soon our big train moved on again. We lost a dozen or more wagons. They had been partly burned and I think, by the number of papers strewn on the ground as we passed in the morning, these wagons must have been loaded with quartermaster's vouchers.

At five A. M.—not yet daylight—the 4th Corps moved, and at nine A. M. all arrived at Franklin in good condition. The rebel cavalry bothered us by a flank attack, but our skirmishers and a few well sent shells soon convinced them that we were not to be fooled with by rebel cavalry.

Franklin is a beautiful little village on the south bank of the Harpeth River, twenty-two miles south of Nashville.

It always was a fighting town. Here in the old days—the hot political days of Tennessee fifty years ago—General Jackson, called "Old Hickory," and Tom Benton, called "Old Bullion," took a shot at each other. Old Benton's nerves seem to have been most affected, for he writes: "my life here is a perfect Hell." I visited the place three times during the war and each time I had a fight.
The line occupied by two divisions of the 4th Corps and one division and two brigades of the 23rd Corps was about one mile long, the flanks resting on the Harpeth River and enclosing the town. Hood brought up his entire force, deliberately deploying at the distance of one mile in front of our lines, his formation being in three lines, and, at a few minutes before four o'clock, delivered an assault upon our entire lines, the most deadly and, for the Confederates themselves, the most destructive assault made in the war, or made in any war of modern times. The ground in front of the Union lines was entirely open but in ridges.

The formation of Hood’s army was observed and every preparation was made to repel an attack, although I believed the rebel commander would not dare one. Our lines were secured by a low breastwork the men had hastily thrown up. The artillery was in position and protected. The Federal position was formidable. Hood had manoeuvred five days before our much weaker lines at Columbia. Why try this desperate assault? The fact is that the fight was the result of Hood’s chagrin and pique over the failure of his strategy and tactics the day before. He had indulged in high words with Cheatham and Cleburne as they rode to Franklin that morning and Hood was wrought to that pitch of desperation which only copious bloodshed could assuage.

By the light of the past his action was wholly unjustifiable, for no general has the right to send his troops into such a hopeless fight unless he goes into it with them himself.

In front of our centre two brigades of Wagner’s division had been placed as an outlook and they were directed to fall back if the enemy advanced. Colonel Conrad, a very excellent officer, commanded these brigades and, seeing an immense army advancing on his little force, sent to his division commander, General Wagner, for orders. He returned word
in his grand, heroic style, to fight them, the rebs, until Hell froze over. This foolish order came near losing this decisive battle.

The whole rebel army advanced on Conrad’s two brigades and, although these brigades were fiercely assailed in front and on both flanks, they gave way only when mixed with the advancing Confederates. The latter sought to gain our main line with the fugitives. I was worn out with constant work and loss of sleep for forty-eight hours, and was north of the Harpeth River near General Schofield’s headquarters when the roll of musketry commenced. Jumping on my horse I sent my aides in every direction to warn our people to look out. I rode with one orderly to the Columbia Pike. Just as I arrived a scene of indescribable confusion occurred. The two brigades I spoke of as being routed came flocking to the rear. Strickland’s brigade of the 23rd Corps never waited to fire a shot but broke to the rear with the rest. This opened a great gap in our lines. Our caissons and ammunition wagons thundered to the rear, and at that instant I arrived on the ground.

I rode quickly to the left of Colonel Opdyke’s brigade, one hundred yards in rear of the main line, and called upon them to charge. At the same time I saw Colonel Opdyke in front of his brigade urging them forward. I sent no orders to Colonel Opdyke, nor was it necessary as he was under my eye and doing the only thing that could save the day. Our old soldiers sprang to their feet and shouted, “Come on, we can go wherever the General can!” and with a rush we retook our lines, and the critical part of the battle was ended in less than twenty minutes from the time Opdyke’s brigade jumped to its feet.

A part of Gordon’s brigade of Cheatham’s corps had passed through our lines—the rush of Opdyke’s brigade had captured
them. Many of the Confederates, 1,000 in all, having stemmed the hail of bullets, gave up and surrendered within speaking distance of our own line. Seeing them, in their dusky brown, rushing over to our side, at one instant I thought we were again in a bad fix.

The Carter House, a two story brick, stood near the Pike and was the most salient point of our position, and, at this point, for twenty minutes, the fight was fierce. The day was calm and bright but the smoke of burned powder obscured the view, so that a man moving could not be seen more than fifty or sixty yards. Just to the right of this Carter House a part of Cheatham's troops, commanded by General Strohl, held seventy-five feet of our main line, but our men held firmly to them, left and right, and formed a new line opposite the short front.

Night came on soon this early winter day, but, by the flashes of their guns, these two lines, only separated by a few rods, aimed and blazed away at each other until ten o'clock. Here General Strohl was killed after being twice wounded and after having turned over his command to Colonel Stafford. The latter was also killed, but as the dead were heaped about him he did not wholly fall, and in the morning was found partially erect, seeming to still command the troops of corpses around.

The brick house known as the Carter House has its tragic story. It was occupied by Mr. Carter and his two daughters. The battle came so quickly they could not be removed, and their terror during the battle around their house can well be imagined. At eleven o'clock at night the Union troops withdrew and these good girls devoted themselves to the care of the wounded. When daylight came one of the first they recognized was their own uncle, Mr. Carter's younger brother, who
was slain within a few steps of his brother's door. He was a staff officer in Bates' division.*

A fire, started by one of our own rascally scouts in the town at ten o'clock, threatened us with serious results as it lighted up our position and exposed us to the enemy. At eleven o'clock we quietly withdrew and resumed our march to Nashville.

Eight thousand men fell, killed and wounded, on this gory field. Hood lost thirteen general officers, and an eye witness who saw the field early the next morning, says the slaughter was almost confined to the fifty yard range. You could have walked over the field upon the corpses. They lay in heaps like grain ready for the shock or like scattered thick-lying sheaves. The 4th Corps of the Union army alone expended ninety wagon loads of ammunition. The ruin of the Confederacy was assured by this battle. Brave Confederate soldiers lost all confidence in Hood. Desertions by hundreds set in and the battle of Nashville a few weeks later was a walk over for the Union army.

The survivors of this fight are gray now; in a few years they too will be numbered with the comrades who fell on this field. Their children's children will read of this battle with pride in their father's bravery, but will sorrow that it must have been so.

The battle of Franklin, like most of our battles of a decisive nature, has not been permitted to pass into history on its bare merits as recorded in official reports. Brigadier General Jacob D. Cox, temporarily in command of two divisions of the 23rd Corps, set up a claim in his book, "March To The Sea, Franklin and Nashville," Scribner's Series, to the command

* The young staff officer killed was Captain Theodrick Carter (seventh), a cousin of General W. H. Carter. "Tod" Carter was a captain on the staff of General Smith, the youngest Brigadier in the Confederate army.
of all the troops south of the Harpeth River, including two divisions of the 4th Corps, engaged in the battle of Franklin. He claims this by virtue of an order given by General Schofield early in the morning of the 30th directing my division commanders as they arrive at Franklin to report to General Cox for their position on the line. At that very time I was with my rear guard resisting every step the enemy made on his advance. Cox styles himself in this autobiography of himself, "The Commandant on the Line," a military office invented by himself and never heard of before but by himself from the day Cain killed Abel to the last skirmish in Cuba. He afterwards stated that he meant by "Commandant on the Line," the entire line which fought the battle of Franklin, and if General Stanley commanded anything there let him show what orders he gave.

This kind of falsehood is ridiculous as the following authority shows. In answer to a letter of mine, General Schofield wrote to me the following letter, dated September 5th, 1887.

**Extract**

"* * * * My recollection is, and I infer the same from their language, that the orders had reference solely to the posting of the troops in the designated line, as they arrived at Franklin. * * * *

I observe that he (Cox) refers to himself as the "Commandant on the Line" by which I suppose he may mean simply the senior officer actually present there at that moment. * * * * Of course it was not intended by me to deprive you at any time of the command of any portion of your corps which might be in reach of your orders. * * * * Therefore the orders given relative to the temporary posting of your troops in the morning could have had nothing to do with the question of your command of them in any battle which did occur."
As the enemy chose the direct attack in front at Franklin, you, of course remained in command, excepting perhaps for a moment, of all your troops engaged in resisting that attack. * * * * "

This is surely enough to settle as false, Cox's pretensions, but there is no testimony so decisive, so conclusive, as a man's own statement upon his own false pretensions; it is contradiction in his very teeth. The following are from Cox's written reports taken from the Rebellion Records.

"Nashville, December 2, 1864.

Major General Stanley, who had been ill during the forenoon came up with Opdyke's brigade and assumed command of the 4th Corps."

And again Cox:

"Nashville, January 10th, 1865.

Major General Stanley commanding the 4th Corps, who had been ill during the great part of the day, came on the field on hearing the sound of battle and arrived in time to take active part in the effort to rally Wagner's men, but was soon wounded and his horse shot under him."

Again Cox writes:

"Nashville, January 12th, 1865.

I took no control of the 4th Corps, (except Opdyke's brigade) after General Stanley came on the field, and have no official report of their part of the engagement."

It is humiliating to be obliged to meet this kind of humbug and charlatanism, but I want my old companions of the Army of the Cumberland to understand Cox's pretensions and the positive contradiction of every form of these pretensions.

The United States has led off in a wonderful work for the exaltation of history into the plane of truth. The Rebellion Record spreads open a vast diary of a great war. Men wrote
then as they saw things actually occur, If they broke over the line of strict truth there were thousands of witnesses to confront them. Out of these records the history of the war must yet be written, and men who wore laurels in the war may by the cold verdict of history be awarded a hempen rope. It is a trite saying that patriotism is dying out in this country. I cannot believe it. No doubt but that selfish, rascally politicians have brought this country to great straits, but let them go from words to deeds and our sons will know where to strike a rebel head as quickly as their sires did in 1864.

My report was written with no boastful spirit and, as my memory is still clear upon everything that occurred in those critical few minutes, I again assert that everything in that report is strictly true. I never, during the war, had one newspaper reporter about my headquarters. I do not think I ever saw one take a meal at 4th Corps Headquarters. Yet the next day after the battle of Franklin the newspapers were full of praise of me. In truth, my riding in front of Opdyke's brigade just at the critical moment and calling on them to charge was a unique act, and was done by no other officer of my rank and command that I know of during the war. It was the praise I received that stirred Cox's envy and accounted for the meanness of Thomas John Wood.

This officer had served with me in the 2nd Dragoons and in the 1st Cavalry and had always ranked me. He had the reputation in both these regiments of being a very selfish and mean man; deceitful and unreliable. When I was placed over him in command of the 4th Corps his envy was unbounded and my staff brought me word that he was secretly working against me. I never noticed this as I had no fear of his influence. Indeed he had none, but, being wounded after the battle of Franklin, I could not write my report and it was
written by Wood. My name was never mentioned in it, only at the conclusion of his report he said he deemed it proper to say that the corps commander being wounded, he, Wood, wrote this report.

For weeks before this report was written Wood had, in his most sycophantic way, urged and begged me to exert myself to have him promoted to Major General, and I had done so, indeed feeling that his position under me was embarrassing as he had ranked me in the regular army. I had always treated him with much consideration and he paid me off with the basest ingratitude in this report. He was envious of me. Cox had the same feeling which has since led him into innumerable falsehoods. Even Opdyke proved an ingrate and turned against me although I had him promoted. But he only grew bitter against me when I accused him of false swearing on the Hazen courtmartial. Then he joined Cox, and soon afterwards committed suicide.

Opdyke was a very singular man; he had unusual bravery—I never saw a more daring man; but he had an ugly disposition that repelled all friendship and he was full of envy and utterly untruthful. His life after the war was very unhappy and he spent many hours writing vindictive articles against General Schofield. His own unhappy nature with his envious exercise of mind led to his self destruction.

As for Thomas John Wood, his after rascality in regard to the Atlantic-Pacific Telegraph Company, his fleeing as a felon to Canada, and his subsequent humiliation in compound-felony, all came as a vindication of my grievance against him. I am sorry to write these lines, but, for my subordinate, friendly to my face and begging for my influence to get him promotion, to write a report during my absence, wounded, and studiously to ignore me who gave all the commands and per-
sonally supervised every movement, was a piece of meanness that I must record to give one who may read of these scenes a proper idea of my position.

I have fared illly at the hands of three men who were in the battle of Franklin, namely Wood, Cox and Opdyke. I dislike to speak ill of the dead but this latter was a very false man. He wrote letters to Cox, full of lies, which he knew to be falsehoods when he wrote them. Schofield, who was ambitious and who always sought favor from a politician, thought Cox likely to become a power and shaped his report accordingly. Still he shaped his report so as not to offend me, but he failed to do me justice. He knew perfectly well that I rode in front of Opdyke's brigade. Why did he not say so? Simply because it would offend Cox. For my action at Spring Hill on the 29th, Schofield is very effusive and cannot say enough; there Cox was not in rivalry.

Schofield never profited at all by carrying water on both shoulders, for Cox turned out a total failure as a politician and Schofield's stand in the Fitz John Porter courtmartial made Cox his enemy. Whilst Schofield is a pretty fair man, his fear of politicians has made him play a very low, mean part in many things. Pope said of him that he could stand steadier on the bulge of a barrel than any man who ever wore shoulder straps. I could pick his chapters on both Jonesboro and Franklin to pieces but I do not think it worth while. But he assumes a grand superiority and wisdom, in each case entirely at variance with the facts, and appropriates circumstances entirely accidental and the run of luck in our favor as a result of his wise foresight. In very truth until all his troops had passed Spring Hill the night of the 29th of November he did not know where he stood. All said in Schofield's book, as to his foreseeing and providing to meet the events as they unfolded, is the merest bosh.
I insert the following letter from Doctor I. I. B. Wright, United States Army Surgeon, to Doctor Ino W. Draper, which has considerable bearing on the Battle of Franklin.

"Carlisle Barracks, Penn'a.
November 21, 1870.

Ino W. Draper, M.D., LL.D.,
Dear Sir:

In regard to the faith due History, and particularly the History of Battles, the late General Worth used to illustrate the fallacy of all Records, by saying that no battle was ever fought since the creation of the world, in regard to which there did not exist conflicting statements, except one—and that was the fight between Cain and Abel, when only one of the parties survived to relate the story.

Admitting the truth of the General’s maxim, it is not surprising that some errors should have crept into your History of the Rebellion.

I desire to invite your attention to the Third Volume of your late work—page 349, et sequent, where you treat of the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee.

Everyone who was present, or participated in that important battle—the most important perhaps of the War in its results and consequences—knows that General Stanley, who was in immediate command of all the Federal forces engaged in the conflict, was pre-eminently the hero of that battle; and yet from your history of the encounter, it is left for inference that he was simply "a looker on in Venice," while his subordinates achieved the victory. No allusion is even made to the very severe and dangerous gun shot wound he received in the neck, whilst, though being in command, he was mixed up in the charge made by the reserve of Opdyke, and in the hand to hand encounter, which resulted in the final overthrow of the Confederate forces.

I enclose a statement furnished me by General Stanley, which will tend to disabuse you of an error in regard to the credit due to Stanley, in connection with the movement of Opdyke’s reserve brigade, at the critical moment when the issue of the battle was suspended in apparently and equal
balance. And also an extract from a letter written to the Secretary of War by General George H. Thomas, now on file, I suppose, in the War Department. I quote only the concluding paragraphs of General Thomas’s letter, the exordium being irrelevant to the Battle of Franklin. I am inclined to fear my dear sir, that in the compilation of that part of your history relating to the Battle of Franklin, the Muse may have drunk inspiration from that questionable fountain of truth and veracity, the mouth or ink horn of Brevet Major General F. I. Wood, retired.  

Wood graduated at the Military Academy five years before Stanley, but he found himself subordinate to the latter in the War. Stanley commanded a Corps in which Wood served as commander of a Division. Whether this was the origin of Wood’s hostility to Stanley, is left only for inference. It is very certain, however, that a feeling of hostility influenced his whole course in regard to Stanley, in all their official and personal relations, culminating in a garbled and disingenuous report of the Battle of Franklin, after Stanley was disabled by his wound, which however, was subsequently corrected in the War Office by Stanley after his recovery.  

I have said that the Battle of Franklin was one of the most important of the War. I base the observation on the obvious fact that if the Confederates had won the battle, all the Federal forces engaged, as well as those on the opposite side of the river (in the Fort), out of harm’s way during the fight, with General Schofield and Wood, must have been taken prisoners, involving of course, the loss of all the appointments of the Army. Hood would have marched in triumph to Nashville, where Thomas, with the largest Depot in the United States, must have fallen an easy prey—for be it remembered Thomas was without troops at Nashville, having only citizen employees serving at the Depot.  

At this critical period of the War, it is undeniable that a large portion of Tennessee and almost the whole of Kentucky was ripe to join the Confederacy, and waited only the encouragement which such a victory as Franklin and the occupation of Nashville would have afforded, to join the rebel stand-
ard, and with Hood's victorious army, march without interruption, to the Ohio. And who entertains a doubt that England, and France, then only waiting for some signal success of the rebel army, would have recognized the Confederacy with all its abominations? The result would have been a protraction of the War for years, if indeed it might not have led to the achievement of Confederate Independence. Hence I repeat that the Battle of Franklin was one of the most important of the War. Major General Thomas has therefore well said in his letter to the Secretary of War, that—"Major General Stanley has contributed very much to the successful overthrow of the Rebellion and that the terrible destruction and defeat which disheartened and checked the fierce assaults of the enemy (at the Battle of Franklin) is due more to his (Stanley's) heroism and gallantry, than to any other officer on the field."

If you will please refer to the file of Harper's Weekly (December 1864) including the first notices of the Battle of Franklin, you will, I think, find a correct version of facts, in regard to the charge of Opdyke's brigade. In the conflict which ensued thereupon, General Stanley received the severe wound in the neck, which gave Wood, who was on the opposite side of the river during the fight, the opportunity to give his version of the battle.

Your omission to give General Stanley credit in your history suggests the proposition to enact the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

Almost every officer and man engaged in the Battle of Franklin, concord in the opinion that the Brigadier Generalcy conferred on Schofield, was eminently due to Stanley.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

I. I. B. Wright,

Surgeon &c., U. S. Army.

Head Qrs. Milty. Divsn. of Tenn.

Hon. E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

In an especial and particular manner I desire to call your attention to the services and merits of Major Genl. D. S. Stanley, Commanding the 4th Army Corps, asking your favorable consideration of the same, and requesting that he receive such promotion in the army of the U. S. as shall be deemed consistent with the interests of the service and not unjust to him.

Maj. Genl. Stanley has served in the same army with myself since the year 1862 and under my command from the time I took command of the Department of the Cumberland until his corps was ordered to Texas. Occupying the intimate relations to each other of superior and subordinate, and being of necessity closely allied to each other, I have had abundant opportunity both to observe and judge of his ability, and I am therefore not at a loss to speak intelligently on the subject.

In the discharge of his duties in the various positions held by him as a division and corps commander, as well as in less responsible positions, he has given entire satisfaction. By his personal attention to the wants and necessities of the troops subject to his orders, he was enabled to report more than the usual proportion as being fit for duty, and though a strict disciplinarian his just and impartial treatment of all won for him the respect and high esteem of his entire command. Careful and skillful in the handling and management of his troops, both in putting them in proper positions, and in directing movements under fire, he at all times exhibited before his troops those sterling qualities of a true soldier, which they were but wanting to adopt as their own and with their leader breast the storm of battle. A more cool and brave commander would be a difficult task to find, and though he has been a participant in many of the most sanguinary engagements of the war, his conduct has on all occasions been so gallant and marked that it would be almost an injustice to him to refer particularly to any isolated battlefield. I refer therefore only to the Battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30,
1864, because it is the more recent and one in which his gallantry was so marked as to merit the admiration of all who saw him. It was here that his personal bravery was more decidedly brought out perhaps than on any other field and the terrible destruction and defeat which disheartened and checked the fierce assaults of the enemy is due more to his heroism and gallantry than to any other officer on the field.

I am unable to recite his entire military history, but confidently refer you to the records and reports of operations in this Department, in which he has acted a most important part.

Major Genl. Stanley is an officer of acknowledged ability, industrious and faithful in the discharge of any duty, alive to the interests of the government, as well as the welfare of the troops under his command and, in the full exercise of an energetic and perservering devotion to his country, has contributed much to the successful overthrow of the rebellion.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Geo. H. Thomas,

I was laid up by a slowly healing wound until February, when I resumed command of my 4th Corps at Huntsville, Alabama. Life there was entirely uneventful; there was no enemy—nothing to do. My wife accompanied me and we had quarters in Mr. Watkin’s house.

The corps built huts in the vicinity of the town and as our own men had now caught the spirit of marauding, we found it best to place a soldier at all the principal plantations and settlements, to protect the families. January and February were spent here and we had many social enjoyments.

In March orders came to move into East Tennessee and occupy the passes in the Alleghany Range to guard against Lee’s army passing through in an attempt to occupy Georgia and Alabama. The move was made by rail, and headquar-
ters were fixed at Jonesboro which is the little village where Andrew Johnson made his living as a tailor and rose from the tailor's bench to the Presidential chair. His tailor shop was a little one room frame house on the principal street and the soldiers hunted up his old sign and nailed it over the door — “A. Johnson, Tailor.”

Our occupation of the valley of East Tennessee was entirely uninteresting as there was no enemy within one hundred miles of us. The rebels held Asheville, North Carolina, and I sent Colonel Kirby, 101st Ohio, one of my best brigade commanders, to capture the town. The rebels did not oppose his advance up the Trench Broad river, although this was a most difficult defile for miles, but, when attacked at Asheville, they retired into a large fort which commanded the town, and defied Kirby. As he did not think he could carry the fort by a coup, and had no means of bombarding it, he merely retired. Some fiery spirits wanted to assault the fort; but it was better not to do so.

I had my headquarters in the house of Mrs. Williams, a widow lady and Union woman who owned the best house in Greenville. I occupied the very room that John Morgan ran out of in his shirt sleeves the morning he was killed in the vineyard back of the house. Morgan advanced a quite large force of cavalry to Greenville, intending to move the next day and attack the Union cavalry under General Gillem at Bull's Gap. Some of Morgan's men found a boy going to mill and confiscated his grist and the old mare carrying it. The boy on foot went right on to Bull's Gap, eighteen miles down the Holsten, and before midnight informed General Gillem of Morgan's position. Gillem moved at once and attacked him.

The rebel force west of the town was routed and ran through the town pell mell. Morgan was sleeping up-stairs in Mrs.
Williams' house, and, not waiting to put on his coat, he snatched his pistol and ran into the vineyard to the rear of the house. It happened that just then a trooper was passing the alley west of the vineyard and, seeing Morgan squatting and pointing a pistol at him, he lowered his carbine and fired, killing Morgan. The trooper recognized his quarry and, breaking down the fence, he, now assisted by others, threw Morgan's body over the pommel of his saddle and rode back through town, shouting, "Here is your mule, here is your General John Morgan."

In the meantime the rebel general, Vaughn, had rallied the rebel force and drove Gillem's troopers back and past the place where Morgan was killed. This enabled Morgan's staff officers, who had been more alert than their General, and who had run to the main street of the village and hidden in a cellar, to escape. Gillem's people rallied and drove the rebel force before them up the valley of the Holsten, but without inflicting any great loss upon them.

The story that Morgan was betrayed by a woman was all bosh. There was no Delilah in the case. The young Mrs. Williams, a very pretty woman, was with her mother-in-law when she heard Morgan was coming. Immediately she mounted a horse and rode to her father's place in the country. She had, on former occasions, been subjected to John Morgan's amorous but unwelcome attentions, and hied herself out of his way, and it was the small boy with the grist that Morgan's men stole, who compassed his destruction.

Morgan was the great raider of the war. He destroyed much property and disturbed railway service on many occasions; but he did the Confederacy much more harm than good, as his men were wholly undisciplined—were all thieves—and inflicted as much damage on their friends as on their enemies. Then in any great crisis where they would have been useful
in battle they were always off. Even Morgan himself encouraged plundering. Surgeon Frank Hamilton, afterwards a very distinguished medical man, was a staff surgeon during the war. Upon one of Morgan’s raids in Kentucky this officer was captured upon a railroad train and immediately robbed of money, watch and overcoat. Morgan was close by and Doctor Hamilton appealed to him, saying, “I attended your brother in his dying moments.” Morgan spurned him, saying, “The damned Yankees are robbing us of our niggers and when we can we will rob them.”

Our stay in Greenville and vicinity had little excitement. We were there to oppose General Lee if he attempted the passes of East Tennessee to place his army in Georgia. But of this there seemed to be the least possible chance, so we awaited events, riding over the country to look at its beautiful valleys and streams.

This part of East Tennessee is surpassed by few sections of the world in beauty and scenery, fertility of soil, pure running streams and salubrity of climate. The valleys are not large and the face of the country is mountainous. As mountaineers are, in all countries, home lovers and patriots so these East Tennesseans were, by a great majority, Union men.

During the war all the ablebodied had been compelled to flee to the north and join the Union army. For this the rebels confiscated their property and wasted their farms. For nearly four years these Union people lived in alternate hope and fear, for when Union armies were within fifty miles of them the rebel guerrillas raided their homes and killed them when they could. This led to a system of contra-guerrillas which seemed, as far as I could find out, to have no legalized existence. I met them first at Greenville, where a Captain came for ammunition. He had a half dozen men with him, but said he had left forty more in the mountains, that he had lately
killed several guerrillas—never took prisoners; and thought that by a few more expeditions he could conquer all the rebel guerrillas in the Holsten valley. I gave him ammunition and he started on his dubious foray but, as Lee's surrender occurred a few days afterwards, I hope many guerrillas and contra-guerrillas are living this day—the latter with fat pensions.

Lee's surrender occurred on the 12th of April, and I think we received the news the same night or possibly the morning of the 13th. Such a crazy camp—frantic with joy—I had never seen before and will never see again. Our rank and file were tired of the war and had been so for a long time. I think the younger officers desired the continuance of the war. Promotions had greatly whetted their ambition. They were in the eye of the public and were greater men than in boyhood dreams they had ever hoped to be. Not so with the men—they saw no promotions pending. The enthusiasm of the town meeting had evaporated; their stay-at-home neighbors had made money; the soldier had saved none and, now that the rebels were whipped and had laid down their arms the soldier wanted to go home.

About midnight all around headquarters had gone to sleep, when the sentinel reported firing. We were soon up and dressed and at once despatched an orderly to the 3rd Division commanded by General Thomas J. Wood, encamped three miles down the valley, southwest of Greenville; but, long before the messenger arrived there, the firing extended to other portions of the corps and we found the soldiers were having a feu-de-joie on their own account. This continued for several hours and until every round of ammunition issued to the men was fired away. It was a great breach of discipline; but the men thought they would have no further need for the
deadly bullets, and the officers acquiesced. The ammunition trains, being under each division commander, were not molested.

The morning following this fusillade I received a telegram announcing the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The telegram was meager but related the attempt on Mr. Seward’s life and left so much in doubt as to produce a horrible impression that a deep and destructive conspiracy existed to destroy the government by foul means now that war had failed. It would be difficult to describe the effect of this news upon a big camp like ours of old trained soldiers. There was no noise, no running together or speech making; but a silent sadness pervaded the air and a sentiment seemed universal that somebody must be killed. Finally it was advised to hold religious services and sermons, prayer and singing seemed to ease the tension of sadness and despair.

The surrender of Johnston brought the end of all resistance and the war was really over. Orders came to transfer the 4th Corps to Nashville, where we went into camp on the Granny White Pike, my headquarters being in the house of Mr. Boyd Douglas. My wife now joined me and for a month we lived a happy life.

Wilson’s cavalry were returning from their great campaign in Alabama and Georgia, and, meeting many of my old cavalry companions, I was astounded at the stories related of Wilson’s extensive conquests in so short a time. Forest’s cavalry had been swept away as with a broom. The enemy’s fortified places had been stormed by dismounted troopers. I gloried in the valor of my old officers, Minty, Long, Croxton, and Robie, for I had helped many of them in their first steps upon the ladder of fame.

Our cavalry had reached the plane now at the end of the war it should have attained in 1863. Meigs and Stanton always decried and delayed the development of the cavalry.
Boyd Douglas, our landlord, had been the early friend of Andy Johnson, who as a tailor made Douglas’s first coat when he changed from jacket. Johnson was now President, but Douglas feared for his success in view of the terribly dissipated and wanton life he led when Governor of Tennessee. Banishing his old wife to an upstairs corner room, Johnson converted the handsome governor’s mansion into a bedlam. Drunkenness and revelry abounded. Dick Cheatham’s supply of Robinson County Whiskey, twenty years old, had been confiscated and transferred to the governor’s cellars and that whiskey had no headache in it; but it had demoralization, and the governor was fearfully drunk when he went on to Washington, and when he was sworn in as Vice President of the United States.

I will not describe his subsequent stormy career when he became President. From a bitter hater, he became the friend and servant of the Secessionists and willing to do their will. Johnson sprang from the very lowest class of poor whites and naturally hated an aristocrat. But, when these same aristocrats came as suppliants after the war, he took them to heart and made them his confidants. Their flattery was too much for him.

In the principles involved in the policy of restoring the government of the seceding states to the intelligent inhabitants, instead of to the ignorant ex-slaves dominated by a gang of villainous carpet-baggers, there was some sense, and, if adopted under a few restrictions, would have soon restored the south to prosperity, and much misery would have been avoided. It was a fortunate thing that the disgraceful impeachment trial failed and time will write the character of Andrew Johnson in fairer lines than those of his radical accusers.

Our host, Mr. Boyd Douglas, knew of the weaknesses of the governor, as he always called Mr. Johnson, and feared the
White House would witness the orgies which had been carried on in the State House in Nashville. I think this condition never occurred.

A grand review of the 4th Corps took place here—I think the only one the Corps ever experienced. General George H. Thomas was the reviewing officer, and, the day being bright and cool, the display was very fine. The line was by battalions at half distances, closed on the center, the intervals between battalions being only wheeling distance.

General Thomas and his numerous staff rode down the front, passed by the rear and took the reviewing stand. The battalions then changed direction by the right flank and marched at quick time before the reviewing officer. It was a very fine review and not a mistake or a hitch occurred. The batteries were organized as a brigade. I think the entire review passed in two hours. General Thomas was highly pleased and was very complimentary. The number of effectives at this time was nineteen thousand—a larger muster than the corps could show at any time since its organization in 1863. This was accounted for partly by the large number of conscripted men who had joined during the last three months, and no doubt also from the number of unworthy men, skulkers, who hastened to join their ranks now that fighting was over. The men of the conscription were hardly broken into ordinary drill when the war ended, and in a measure they remained untried. Some of them might have become good soldiers, but as a class they were unreliable. When a nation like the United States, that is one governed by the people, has to resort to conscription to raise soldiers, the end is near. Indeed this civil war had run its course and, if the South had not given in, the North must have done so, as the credit of the country and the supply of efficient men were alike exhausted.
After the review ended a lunch was provided and there was no scarcity of beer and sandwiches, and even champagne was opened very likely. Our old fellows became very lively and Colonel Waters, of the 84th Illinois, in a speech denounced the war correspondents generally and Mr. Furay of the Cincinnati Gazette, particularly, for their lying reports upon the battle of Chickamauga. This brought Furay to the stump and, for a time, our rejoicing seemed in a fair way to end in a row, but, finally, by playing peacemaker, I managed to restore harmony.

The grand review of the 4th Corps was a memorable day. Orders soon came now to send home the regiments mustered into the service in 1862, and to prepare the remainder of the Corps, viz.: the veteran regiments raised in 1861, to move to Texas. This appeared like a very unjust order, as the veteran regiments, composed of men who had re-enlisted for the war, seemed entitled to first favor and the favor the men desired was to be mustered out. But the 4th Corps was now an organization of disciplined soldiers, and, with sighs and some grumbling, they submitted and soon the remainder of the Corps was off to Jonesville by rail and thence by steamboat for New Orleans. The men felt badly and especially as they took it to be unjust that the veteran regiments were selected.

One regiment, the 31st Indiana, mutinied, took possession of their steamboat and tied up on the Mississippi. They went so far as to order their officers down to the boiler deck. Colonel Rose, 77th Pennsylvania, commanding the brigade placed his steamboat alongside the boat of the mutineers, disarmed them, compelled them to return to their duty and, in June, the entire Corps, now about thirty regiments, was in camp at Chalmette, the old battle ground below New Orleans.

Here the Corps encamped nearly one month before trans-
ports were ready to carry them to Indianola, Texas. The weather was very hot, the situation low and damp, and we had many sick men.

General Canby was in command of the department, and a wonderfully dignified and impressive gentleman he was. General Sheridan was in command of the military division and had his headquarters in New Orleans. I saw a good deal of Sheridan and, as we had been classmates, he spoke very freely of matters of the late war.

I remember his telling me about relieving Warren at Five Forks. He said it was not so much his delay in attacking as his provoking and tantalizing manner that caused the final rupture. When he met Warren early in the day, the latter said first thing, “Well you are in a pretty box here; I imagine you do not know where you are. Bobby Lee will straighten things out. He will show you where you are before night.” Sheridan said this kind of talk made him so mad that he rode away from Warren fearing that he would strike him; but he said as he rode away that he made up his mind that he would “Bobby Lee” Warren before nightfall if he got a chance, meaning that he would relieve him, and the chance came when Warren’s troops broke under the rebel fire. Sheridan told me at this time that the 4th Corps and the Negro Corps, as well as the cavalry, were ordered to Texas to threaten Maximillian and the French in Mexico.

New Orleans at this time was just beginning to recover from the war. Many of the inhabitants, being excessively secessionist, had been in exile more than two years. They had run away and deserted their houses, and now returned to find them dilapidated and much of their beautiful furniture, bric-a-brac and paintings carried off. The better class of houses had been taken by the government for quarters for officers, and, under Butler, there had been some system to preserve property,
but, when Banks came into command, everybody carried off as they pleased.

New Orleans had been a very rich and luxurious city before the war. At the end of the conflict it had been looted.

Our destination was Indianola and there was much delay. The New York steamers drew too much water to cross the bar. Our men amused themselves hunting alligators in the back swamps, and, I am sorry to say, they caught and tortured them.

Finally the troops all got off and, as our boats could not enter the bay, everything was transferred to lighters at Pass Cavallo and then carried to the dock at Powder Horn. Owing to these difficulties our light batteries were all returned to New Orleans and we retained a limited supply of six-mule teams and wagons and a few ambulances.

Another trouble arose at once from scarcity of water. Indianola had only cistern water and that was soon exhausted and we had nothing but miserable distilled water furnished by a machine on one of the steamboats. As soon as I could do so I collected ox teams and moved the troops to Green Lake twenty-five miles west of Indianola. Here water was abundant; but this lake is only a slough of stagnant water left after the freshets of the Guadalupe River and many cases of malarial poisoning were reported from the use of this water. Some cases of congestion occurred where a man would suddenly fall over dead. Our regimental doctors did not understand this and called it heart disease; but, as soon as my staff surgeons arrived on the ground, they decided that it was malarial poisoning and we made great haste to get the troops off for San Antonio and Victoria.

I had headquarters at Victoria for two months—weather very warm and very tiresome. Mr. Linn, a very venerable man was my near neighbor and told me many stories of the
adventurous days of early Texas. Mr. Linn was the founder of the town of Linnville on Matagorda Bay. This town was captured and burned by Buffalo Hump, a noted Comanche chieftain, in 1844. This was the last great war party that penetrated to the coast. They were three hundred in number and did great destruction in lives and property. Fortunately the villagers of the little town had notice of the coming of the Comanches and escaped to a schooner lying off the town. From this schooner they saw their property burned up by the savages and, so thorough was the destruction, that Linnville never appeared again and Lavaca became the port.

This war party was followed by Colonel Jack Hayes and his rangers and badly defeated and all this plunder retaken at Plum Bottom. One woman, who was carried off as a prisoner, and on the day of her marriage at that, was amongst the rescued. The Indians fired their arrows into her as they fled from Hayes attack, but she survived and kept a tavern at Lavaca when I stopped there in October, 1865.

Mr. Linn told me a curious thing relative to the natural history of the country. Riding one day across the prairie with a Mexican vaquero or cowboy, the Mexican called his attention to a commotion in the knee high grass and said it was a snake fight. Going close enough to see the combat, but not to disturb the fighters, they saw one of those constrictors called a bull snake, nine feet long, engaging a quite large rattlesnake. The attacking snake circled around the rattlesnake, striking him repeatedly but avoiding the stroke of the latter. In the meantime the rattlesnake tried continually to crawl away. After a time the rattler seemed exhausted and the constrictor apparently got in a blow on his neck which paralyzed him, when he immediately enveloped the rattler in his coils and squeezed the life out of him. So soon as the snake was dead
his conqueror commenced to swallow him. Mr. Linn did not stay to see the end of this tedious process.

Our men were not happy and discipline was none too good. They were plentifully supplied with the best of beef but complaints came in about our men shooting beeves on the prairie. This was finally suppressed, but not until several court martials had been called and the men severely punished. In truth our men felt so wronged in having been sent to Texas at all that it is a wonder we could hold them in hand.

It was intended to send at least one corps from the Army of the Tennessee to occupy the same threatening position towards the French in Mexico; but their officers could not move them. The Army of the Tennessee was then encamped just outside of the city with General John A. Logan in command—his headquarters in the city. As soon as the order for a part of this army to go to Texas was promulgated the divisions designated ordered their officers out of camp and put up notices, "No shoulder straps allowed on these streets," these being the streets between the tents. Logan stayed in the city and exerted himself in having the order changed. Logan was then the ideal of the volunteer but dare not trust his person to them and, politician alike, he shaped his course to keep his popularity when he ought to have shown subordination in carrying out a disagreeable order. I have always been proud of the superior discipline of the 4th Corps and the fact that some regiments of the corps remained in service in Texas for fully nine months after the war ended. These men were homesick and just as anxious as any soldiers of the war to return home to their relatives.

In October the headquarters of the 4th Corps were moved to San Antonio and, about the same time, we commenced sending the troops home by regiments to be mustered out of service.
San Antonio was a wonderfully cosmopolitan city for its small size. Originally Spanish, it had attracted by its mild climate, many people from France and Italy. Then there was a large colony of very cultivated Germans and finally the American element was now in the ascendant. We had many social advantages in meeting old army friends and friends of the army, and balls and dinner parties were quite in order. Many Confederate officers had resorted here. Some of them had been foolish enough to run into Mexico. These were largely from Kirby Smith's army in Texas which never surrendered but disbanded in disorder—the privates right in San Antonio compelling the officers to get off their horses in the streets and coolly appropriating them.

It was a critical time for many of the towns but, fortunately, the quick arrival of Federal troops restored order. One of the Amigos of New Mexico had spent his entire fortune of three hundred thousand dollars furnishing Sibley's troops with supplies during the invasion of New Mexico. This man was an out and out rebel. He had been two years in Richmond trying to get his pay. As Confederate money was worthless, he had been promised gold. He finally had secured twenty-five thousand dollars in gold. He could not return to his home in New Mexico, now in the hands of the Federals, so he rented a house in San Antonio. Here, Mexican like, he distributed this gold in numerous trunks scattered all over the house. This Mexican habit was known to these robber soldiers, and, walking boldly into his house in daylight, they robbed that Mexican of his last dollar. There was no redress and now he could return to his home a poorer but wiser man.

Many of the Confederate officers who ran to Mexico did so under an idea that they were very important and that the United States would surely hang them. As no one cared a straw about them they now came back by ones and twos,
looking very sheepish. They had been regarded with suspicion and put under surveillance by the French generals commanding the cities in Mexico. Some civilians, who no doubt felt and knew they ought to be hanged, ran away and took up quarters in Monterey. One judge, pretty well advanced in years, and who was accused of being the cause of the death of Union men, came back after three months in Monterey. He reported to me and I placed him in arrest. He said he did not care what happened to him he would never desert his own country again. He said that in Monterey the French suspected him as a spy and kept him continually under watch. He was growing very nervous under this when his panic culminated one morning, when taking his early morning walk, he saw a large poster on the corner house, in both French and Spanish, stating in general terms that whereas Pierre Cachet, Antoine Clemeau, and other soldiers of the French legion were apprehended last night in the act of deserting; that a military commission would meet this morning to examine their several cases and, if found guilty they would surely be shot; and added, just as a passing remark, that Juan Garcia, Jose Molino and two other Mexicans, having been apprehended in the act of aiding and conniving with the above named soldiers to desert, were marched to the cemetery and shot immediately. Our old judge, and his name was Devine, had condemned men to death from the bench. He had connived probably, at the lynching of Union men—everybody did this—but French military proceedings were too summary for him. He wanted some of the forms of law observed and, just then noticing that his double was observing him from an opposite corner, he hastened to his room, packed his few traps, went to the military headquarters, procured his passports and the same day left Monterey for San Antonio. I may add that the judge, after staying with his family for some months, nominally
in arrest, was sent to Fort Philip and there confined, but was finally released without trial and became a great southern martyr in his community for many years.

General James M. Hawes, who was 1st Lieutenant of Company C, 2nd Dragoons, when I was 2nd Lieutenant, was one of the Confederate Brigadiers who returned. I was glad to see him and, as he settled in San Antonio with his wife and little children, I helped to make him comfortable. He was a man of excellent good sense, and could not account to himself why he ran to Mexico, but, as Kirby Smith's forces dispersed and did not surrender, the officers seemed impressed with the idea that they would all be tried, and they only returned to their own country when they starved out in Mexico.

A notable thing in regard to the rebellion in Texas was the loyalty to the Union of the German population. Many Germans were forced to serve in the rebel army; but, whenever an opportunity offered, the German fled from the rebel country. Several years after the war had progressed, a party of young Germans organized in the mountains west of San Antonio and started to march into Mexico. They were followed by double their number organized into a regiment called Duff's Frontier Battalion. This man Duff was a Scotchman; had been an infantry soldier and a deserter; he was captured, tried, and condemned to receive thirty-nine stripes on his bare back, but was pardoned by General Arbuckle. His force overtook the Germans, largely made up of boys, on the west fork of the Nueces. The attack was made at daylight, at which hour the Germans had exhausted their ammunition and, as their case was desperate, they offered to surrender. This was accepted and, after disarming them Duff stood them up in one rank and shot down seventy of them—killed the wounded and marched back to the settlements, a hero.
I have been over this scene of murder, known as the Dutch Battle Ground, several times and have always felt that there was a failure of justice that this man Duff did not share in the retribution of Wirtz.

When the house of rebellion commenced to tumble Duff left for Colorado, where he became rich and influential; was president of the Denver Club and cut a swell; but finally a young man courted Duff's daughter, and Duff, who had grown rich and aristocratic, spurned him from the house. It happened that this young man knew of Duff's desertion and his being condemned to receive stripes, as well as the incident of the murders at the Dutch Battle Ground, and he naturally commenced to talk about them. This talk soon floated to Duff's ears and he made no preparations to face the storm. He quietly settled his business, packed his trunks and, with his family, departed for London where he is prosperous and tells people not to go to America as it is a beastly country.

During my command in San Antonio, the herd of camels which had been imported before the war for experiment as transportation animals on the plains, was brought in from Camp Verde. There were about thirty of them, unbroken and useless, and, after being a constant expense for a long time, they were sold to a circus and the camel experiment closed, a failure.

Texas had less to suffer than any seceded state, to regain civil government and prosperity. During the war the state had not suffered any serious invasion and money had been made very rapidly by the export of cotton through Mexico.

Our Freedman's Bureau was not a model of honesty, yet there were many—a majority of the officers—who were honest, and something of the kind was necessary to bring the negroes back to work for their own support. The entire scheme would have worked to great advantage had not the franchise been
mistakenly given the negroes. Just as soon as this was done many of the officers detailed in the Freedman’s Bureau became politicians, put themselves forward to fill the offices, and hence followed the carpet bag rule so disastrous to the South and so discreditable to the Republican party. This great mistake of unlimited franchise to liberated slaves is still working its evil results and is the weakest timber in the great fabric of the American Constitution today.

During the last six months of 1865 the French had pretty nearly extinguished the republican government of Mexico. The French troops occupied the cities; the patriotic Mexicans ruled the country. Juarez capital was in tents and huts in the little adobe town of Presidio del Norte, just on the bank of the Rio Grande, ready to skip over to the American side at the slightest move of the French towards his capital, the nearest French being at Chihuahua, two hundred miles away. Never was the government of any country in a more precarious state. Yet things were working to bring about the triumph of this feeble little gathering of fugitive Mexican statesmen and patriots.

The rule of the French was the rule of the tiger. Senor Palacio, Governor of Chihuahua, who was a refugee in San Antonio, told me that, when the French brigade arrived at Chihuahua, the General commanding immediately ordered a report made of the best private residences and the richest families in the city. The best residences were taken as quarters for the soldiers—the families, often refined ladies, were banished to the kitchens or servants’ quarters. It happened that the Foreign Legion occupied Chihuahua and, as the rank and file of this nondescript corps of the French army was then made up of rapscallions and sweepings of the low quarters of Paris, it struck the Mexicans with horror to see their women folks and children thrust out of their sometimes luxurious quarters
and their fine parlors and costly furniture appropriated by the toughs of Paris. The natural consequence followed. The French held the towns—if they put their noses out of the town they were surely shot at. This was the beginning of the downfall of Maximilian.

My old friend, John Twohig, of San Antonio, was particularly hospitable, and gave a large number of big dinners to us at which at least thirty were seated at the table. He could well afford to do so as peace brought back value to his property, and, during the war, he had made a great deal of money. He told me that himself and partner, General Madero, had cleared two hundred thousand dollars in one year by trading in cotton with Mexico.

The French, having agreed, almost under compulsion, to evacuate Mexico, our veteran regiments were sent, one at a time, to their native states and mustered out. The last organization of the 4th Corps to be mustered out was the 21st Illinois Infantry which remained in Texas until March, 1866. This, curious to say, was the regiment of which Ulysses S. Grant was the first colonel.

About the first week in December, the 4th corps organization was dissolved and I was ordered to my home to await orders. I was too happy with the idea of joining my dear wife and children to sigh over the good byes to my comrades and corps; and yet there was a sadness indescribable in this final parting.

For three years I had taken part in the vicissitudes of the Army of the Cumberland, and for two years with the 4th Corps. I knew the greater number of the officers personally, and knew the regiments by sight, and could tell the battles and services of each regiment from memory. They had lost fearfully by the bullet in these two years but, like steel in annealing, they had gained temper.
APPENDIX

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF GENERAL STANLEY TO HIS WIFE, RELATING TO THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION OF 1873

Steamer de Smet,
6th June, 1873.

* * * We are ten miles from Grand River and so far our trip has been fast and pleasant. Our boat is a very fine one and we have agreeable company. * * * * If we continue to run at our present rate we will very nearly reach Fort Rice tomorrow which would please me very much. . . .

Fort Rice,
12th June.

* * * * I met General Terry here, and I think I can arrange everything satisfactorily with him. There will be a certain amount of trouble which I think I can encounter and conquer. * * * *

Camp 45 miles from Rice,
June 26th, 1873.

* * * * We have had a hard time on account of storms; it rained every night and four days out of six the first six days we were out. This is the 7th day from Fort Rice and we lie over on account of high water delaying our crossing of Heart River. The winds have been terrible, and the whole prairie has become a swamp. I think now we shall do better as it appears to have cleared up.

28th.

Yesterday we moved to join the engineers, travelling nearly all day in pouring rain. Today after hard work we made just three miles, and it rained for two hours in torrents. I
never saw such weather in my life. I am well, and wonder that I am as I have been wet nearly every day for nine days. I will try and get a train off for Fort Lincoln the 1st of July which will carry this, and bring me any mail that may be at Fort Rice. We cannot hear again from each other until I reach the Yellowstone.

* * * I have had no trouble with Custer, and will try to avoid having any; but I have seen enough of him to convince me that he is a cold blooded, untruthful and unprincipled man. He is universally despised by all the officers of his regiment excepting his relatives and one or two sycophants. He brought a trader in the field without permission, carries an old negro woman, and cast iron cooking stove, and delays the march often by his extensive packing up in the morning. As I said I will try, but am not sure I can avoid trouble with him. * * *

As for our plans: I expect to send this train to Lincoln for 25 days' forage, and when the train returns to start either Bradley or Custer with twelve companies, cavalry and infantry, to the Yellowstone, and myself take care of the surveyors until we reach our Depot on that river. We will then stockade the Depot, leave a garrison, and go on with the summer's work. There is but one party of engineers, so that after we reach the Yellowstone our forces will not be again divided.

Notwithstanding the present discouraging mud, I hope to make the expedition a complete success. For Joe's information we are now on muddy fork of Heart River, 15 miles from its mouth, and expect to move nearly due west until we strike Heart River just where we left that stream and commenced running Smasley's instrument last year. We then expect to follow mainly Sully's route to the Little Missouri.

* * *
1st July, Tuesday.

* * * I wrote last on the 29th I think. Since then we have had torrents of rain and a little stream ordinarily the size of Okobaga has been a big river. We are now nearly all across, Mr. Ray having constructed a clever pontoon bridge by filling wagon beds with empty casks, and inverting the beds. Day after tomorrow Capt. Baker goes back to Fort A. Lincoln and will bring us a mail. * * *

I had a little flurry with Custer as I told you I probably would. We were separated 4 miles, and I intended him to assist in getting the train, his own train, over the Muddy River. Without consulting me he marched off 15 miles, coolly sending me a note to send him forage and rations. I sent after him, ordered him to halt where he was, to unload his wagons, and send for his own rations and forage, and never to presume to make another movement without orders.

I knew from the start it had to be done, and I am glad to have so good a chance, when there could be no doubt who was right. He was just gradually assuming command, and now he knows he has a commanding officer who will not tolerate his arrogance. * * *

2d July.

The mail closes this evening and I hope to march twenty miles west tomorrow. * * *

Camp Pompey’s Pillar, Yellowstone, Aug. 15th, 1873.

* * * We came to this place today and will be here over tomorrow, and then take up the march for the Muscle Shell River, which is forty miles north of us, and hope to reach it on the 19th, i.e., in three days’ march. We plunge into an unknown country and I dread it somewhat, owing to the reported scarcity of water.
We all leave the Yellowstone with regret. The river itself I think must be the most beautiful one in the world, but the country adjoining is repulsive in its rugged, barren ugliness. It appears irreverent but anyone must wonder why such a beautiful river was created to flow through such a horrid country. The river is swift, deep, clear, studded with numerous islands, the banks lined with heavy groves of cottonwoods, and having many valleys covered with rich grass. We have caught a great many fine fish, * * *.

Our march to this place was made in 21 days, 3 of which we laid over in camp. These 18 days have been days of as hard work as I ever put in as a soldier. Several days we have marched and worked 13 hours a day, from 5 in the morning until 6 in the afternoon. The weather has been very hot, at least five days 110° in the shade. I have withal been very well, * * * The labor of such a march falls mostly upon the commanding officer. Mr. Ray* is the most useful member of my staff, as he has good judgment, is very practical, and never gets lazy, which I cannot say for most of the officers. * * *

Before you get this you will learn by telegrams that we have had two fights with the Indians. This all fell to the share of the cavalry, which did very well, all men could do, and if we did not accomplish much it is not because we did not try hard. We camped on the night of the 31st above Powder River with the Josephine, the same time I wrote to you last. The next morning we found the Indians had prowled about camp, which they continued to do each succeeding night until the 4th of August. Custer, who by the way has behaved very well, since he agreed to do so, went ahead every day to look up road and select best camps. On the 4th he had 85 men, one squadron. He made his march by nine o'clock a. m., and was

*Philip Henry Ray, subsequently Brigadier General, U. S. Army.
resting in a small grove, when Indians showed themselves. He followed these but avoided the bottom of timber they ran into. Immediately 300 Indians charged out. Custer dismounted and fought on foot for an hour when, finding the Indians would do nothing, he mounted his men and charged them driving them like sheep. He knows he killed two Indians only.

Four days afterwards we discovered the trail of a village moving, and I sent the Cavalry the night of the 8th to overtake and destroy them. On the 10th Custer discovered that the Indians had succeeded in crossing the river. He tried most of the day, 10th, to cross but could not do it. At day break on the 11th the Indians attacked him from the bluffs and from across the river. The troops held the Indians on the bluffs back until the horses were saddled up, when the whole force charged them, running them many miles. In this affair Custer had about 400 men, the Indians about 500. I had no part in either fight, nor do I care to have. Lieut. Braden has his thigh bone shattered by a bullet in the upper third. One man, Tucker, Custer's orderly, was killed and three men wounded. Ketchum had his horse killed under him, shot in the head.

In the first fight Custer had only one man wounded, but a soldier named Ball, The Veterinary Surgeon named Housinger, and Custer's trader, a Frenchman named Balleran, straggled from the main column and were murdered by a party of Indians. The trader and horse doctor had no arms. The trader leaves a young wife and baby at Memphis. He was one of the men who gave me much worry by disobeying orders and bringing liquor, but I forgive him now, and am sorry for his untimely fate. The Veterinary was a fine old man of sixty, a widower with grown up sons. Ketchum, Mr. Jones, Frost, the two young English Lords and many others were in the fight as volunteers.
August 16th.

We lay in camp today, first day's rest for fourteen days. About half an hour ago camp was alarmed by repeated shots at the river. I pushed troops at once to the front of the mule herds. In a few moments I learned that six Indians had crawled up on the river (about 150 yds. wide) and fired a shot apiece at the men bathing. The way that naked men travelled out of that river would have astonished the admirers of the Black Crook. The Indians ran, and fortunately no one was hurt. These are our little episodes. I will reserve this letter until we reach the Muscle Shell river, and then I think I can tell just how many days it will take us to reach our Stockade (Camp Thorne).

18th of August.

Yesterday and today we have worked very hard, crossing from the Yellowstone toward the Muscle Shell. We marched 20 miles each day, Buffalo plenty, and we have fat cow for all meals. The country we marched over is thickly studded with pine, and immense herds of buffalo are found on all the small streams. Tomorrow we expect to reach the Muscle Shell by noon. Since leaving the Yellowstone, we have had to the south of us a very long range of snow covered mountains, which look very refreshing, and I think cools the air. The nights are cool, and all I have to regret is that I have so little time to sleep.

19th August.

We marched hard today and at 9 o'clock tonight Reynolds starts to Benton with despatches. It is all the way through the Indian country and a trip of some peril. The two young Englishmen and young Frost go through with the couriers. They have had an Indian fight, have killed all kinds of game, including buffalo, and now they seek new adventures. They
are clever fellows and very much liked. I have telegraphed that I will be at the Stockade on the Yellowstone by the 15th of September. If the steamboat meets us, I will be at home very shortly after the 1st of October. I have some very hard road yet before me, but tomorrow morning we set our faces East, and that cheers us.

[P. S. Commanding Officer's privilege is to write 4 pages.]

REPORT*

HEADQUARTERS YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION,

Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dak., September 25, 1873.

Sir: I have the honor to make the following brief report of the marches and service of the troops under my command upon the expedition to the Yellowstone River during the past summer. The expedition was organized by virtue of Special Orders No. 73, Department of Dakota, dated Saint Paul, Minn., April 13, 1873, and was designed for the protection of engineering surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The composition of the force was as follows:

Ten companies Seventh Cavalry; Lieut. Col. G. A. Custer, Seventh Cavalry, commanding.

Ten companies Eighth and Ninth Infantry; Lieut. Col. L. P. Bradley, Ninth Infantry, commanding.

Three companies Seventeenth Infantry and one company Sixth Infantry; Maj. R. E. A. Crofton, Seventeenth Infantry, commanding.

Five companies Twenty-second Infantry; Capt. C. J. Dickey, Twenty-second Infantry, commanding.


One company Twenty-second Infantry (E) was organized as pioneers; two Artillery squads, manning two 3-inch Rodman guns, being selected from the same company.

As a part of the military force, I was authorized to hire scouts, guides and interpreters, and employed seven half-breeds in that capacity. The transportation, including every wheeled vehicle, amounted to 275 wagons and ambulances. The civilian employes numbered 353 men. The number of mules and horses to be foraged was 2,321.

The expedition was ready and started on the 20th of June; the effective force that morning being 79 officers and 1,451 men.

Four days previous to the main column leaving Fort Rice, a detachment of four companies of the Eighth Infantry, a squad of one officer and 25 men Seventh Cavalry, and one company Sixth Infantry, from Fort Abraham Lincoln, had been directed to escort the engineering party from the crossing of the railroad on the Missouri river to such point as the main force might overtake them.

One of the difficulties at the outset was to learn the probable rate of daily travel the engineers would accomplish to the Yellowstone. This was finally settled by the conclusion that 60 days' rations and forage would be required, the latter being reduced to five pounds. The carrying of this amount of supplies, in addition to necessary camp-equipage, loaded our wagons unreasonably heavy; the lowest being 4,000 pounds to a wagon, while the strong teams were taxed with 5,280 pounds. With these heavy loads the necessity of returning a train to the Missouri river for supplies seemed apparent, as we could start with only 42 days' forage, at five pounds. The expedition might still have gotten along the march with reasonable speed, but for the setting in and continuing of rains unprecedented in my experience in this climate.
For the first seventeen days of our march it rained fourteen days, in some instances three or four heavy rain-falls in twenty-four hours. The consequence of this rain was that the usually hard prairie became a swamp, and the fifth day's march the entire day was spent making four miles on a level prairie, usually as good as a macadamized road.

The route taken was due west from Fort Rice to the great bend of Heart River, and owing to the heavy rains we were six days in making 45 miles, and were then detained by high water at Heart River crossing one day. As soon as across Heart River, I sent my chief guide, Basil Clement, with one company of cavalry, to hunt up the engineering party; the same day the squad of cavalry heretofore mentioned as forming part of the escort to the engineers arrived in camp, bringing dispatches from Mr. Rosser, chief engineer, and Maj. E. F. Townsend, Ninth Infantry, in command of the escort, informing me of having been overtaken by a most furious hail-storm two days previous, (the 24th,) in which men had barely escaped with their lives, and the animals stampeding on the march had broken up their wagons to such an extent as to completely cripple both engineers and escort.

The command was put in motion the morning of the 27th; the cavalry being sent light with the mechanic's outfit to join the engineers and repair damages. The cavalry reached the engineers by marching due north from the bend of Heart River and crossing to the left bank of the Muddy the same evening. The heavy train escorted by the infantry, labored painfully two days to reach the Muddy, and next day, the 29th of June, the usually little sluggish slough was converted by the rains into a river 60 feet wide and probably 20 feet deep.

Through the ingenuity of my chief commissary, Second Lieut. P. H. Ray, Eighth Infantry, pontoons were immediately made by filling wagon beds with empty water-kegs, confined
by lashing, and inverting the beds, and a good bridge being
formed, the command was passed over by the evening of the
1st of July. The time had now come when either one of two
movements I had been instructed verbally by the department
commander to make became possible from the lightening of
our loads. One of these movements was to push a light force
at once to the Yellowstone, the other to send back to Fort
Rice for additional supplies. Both of these movements could
not possibly be carried out at once, the condition of the trans-
portation being so bad that success in both could not be
expected if attempted simultaneously. From the outset the
feasibility of establishing a depot on the Yellowstone, to be
supplied by steamboat, had been doubtful; therefore, after
due consideration, I sent forty-seven wagons back to bring up
additional forage and rations.

Although I had met the chief engineer of the survey while
the command was crossing the Muddy, he had said nothing
about a change from the original plan of his survey; and only
on the 5th day of July, on which date I was first able to bring
the infantry and train up to the engineers and cavalry escort,
Mr. Rosser informed me he had changed his plans, and would
connect his present work with the survey of 1871, and push on
for the Yellowstone. On the 7th of July the command set
out to march to the Yellowstone. The route followed was
that of Major Whistler’s march in the fall of 1871. We found
the Little Missouri quite full; it is a very difficult stream on
account of its deep quicksands, and at first trial it appeared
we would either have to bridge it eighty feet wide or wait for
the waters to subside. This difficulty was thoroughly over-
come by first putting in our large herd, 700 head of beef-
cattle, and afterward all the cavalry, driving and marching
back and forth until in one hour the sand became as firm as a
Russ pavement. After getting out of the Bad Lands of the
Little Missouri, I directed the guide to leave Whistler's trail to the right and strike the divide between Glendive's Creek and Cedar Creek. This route proved a success, and we arrived upon the Yellowstone the 13th of July. Lieut. Col. Custer, with two squadrons of cavalry, reached the mouth of Glendive's Creek by a very difficult bridle-road, finding the depot established at that point, and the steamboat Key West awaiting our arrival. Colonel Custer informed me by note next morning of the impossibility of reaching the mouth of Glendive's Creek, and the unsuitableness of the site for a temporary post. I directed the transfer of the stores, and erected a strong bastioned stockade upon the south bank of the Yellowstone, eight miles by land above Glendive's Creek.

Moving the stores and ferrying the troops and trains across the river occupied until the 26th of July. A garrison of one company of the Seventeenth Infantry and two companies of the Seventh Cavalry was left at the stockade, and on the 26th the march up the left bank of the Yellowstone was commenced. As the engineers had a day's work to do on the opposite bank of the river from the command, the Key West was detained one day, and ran up to the mouth of Cabin Creek with Major Crofton's battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry and Sixth Infantry as guard for the engineers. On the 28th we started to make the detour necessary to pass the Bad Lands, which run bluff upon the Yellowstone opposite the mouth of Powder River. This route carried us directly north, directly away from the Yellowstone about twenty miles.

After four days' hard marching and a great deal of labor in road-making, we found ourselves back upon the river. Our chief difficulty was after having gotten the train upon the high plateau north of the mouth of Powder River, to find any place to get down the steep "bad-land" bluffs, which break down abruptly upon the valley of the Yellowstone. For-
Fortunately, we found a creek, which I named Custer's Creek, by the bed of which the descent was possible. The distance through the Bad Lands was sixty miles. There is no permanent water for forty miles, and grass is very sparse. We found the steamboat Josephine eight miles above the mouth of Powder River, Capt. William Ludlow, of the engineers, having brought the boat up with a supply of forage and some necessary clothing. The same night we met the Josephine we had the first evidence of the presence of Indians, the camp-guard firing on Indians during the night, and the trail of about ten being plainly seen going up the valley next morning.

In marching up the Yellowstone, an escort of one company of infantry and one of cavalry took care of the surveying party, which aimed to follow the valley. The train had to make many detours, leaving the valley and crossing the plateaus when the river ran close to the bluffs. This, getting upon the high grounds, occurred thirteen times from Powder River to Pompey's Pillar, and generally the ascent and descent were very difficult. The lateral arroyas or gullies of the Yellowstone Valley, being cut down into a clay soil, require a great deal of digging to make them passable for a large train. On the 4th of August one of the detours from the river was made. We were then opposite the mouth of Tongue River. The day was excessively hot, and the march very long and tedious. I had sent Lieut. Col. Custer ahead to look up the road, a service for which he always volunteered. About 2 p.m. I came up to one of my scouts, who told me there was firing ahead, but thought it was at buffaloes, as he had observed a trail of these animals going in that direction. Shortly two scouts and a cavalry straggler ran in and said they had been pursued by Indians. I sent all the cavalry to support Custer, but he had an hour before driven his opponents miles away. Colonel Custer had gained eight or ten miles ahead of the train, and had unsaddled
to graze his animals, when his pickets signaled six Indians approaching his position; these were only in decoy, and when Colonel Custer, who followed their movements with a few officers, declined to follow them to the adjoining thicket of cotton-wood 250 or 300 warriors rode out, and immediately attacked Custer’s troops. The squadron was about eighty strong; and as the Indians were much more numerous, Colonel Custer fought defensively and on foot, until finding the Indians had nothing new to develop, he mounted his squadron and charged, driving and dispersing the Indians in all directions. Six Indians were seen to go off toward the main column during the skirmish; these six waylaid and killed Veterinary Surgeon Honsinger, Mr. Baliran, a trader, and a soldier of Company F, Seventh Cavalry, named Ball. The first two were unarmed non-combatants; the soldier was surprised at a spring, and probably killed before he could make any defence. The bodies of the civilians were found unmutilated; the soldier’s remains were only found as we returned in September. On the 5th, 6th, and 7th, Indians on the bluffs continued to watch the column, but it was not until the 8th, and when about opposite the mouth of Rose Bud River, that we discovered that a very large Indian village was fleeing before us. Pursuit was resolved upon, and at 9 p.m. that night Lieut. Col. Custer left with all the cavalry and Indian scouts to try and overtake the village. The troops carried seven days’ short rations and 100 rounds of ammunition per man. The trail was followed that night, a part of the 9th, and the succeeding night, when, upon the morning of the 10th, it was discovered that the Indians had crossed the Yellowstone in skin-boats and rafts three miles below the mouth of the Big Horn River. Colonel Custer tried industriously all day the 10th to cross. The river was very deep and swift, and our American horses would not take it; and although he got a picket-rope across, the least
strain would part it. The Indians settled the matter by attacking him next morning at dawn, firing across the river, at this point about 700 feet wide. After firing across the river had become general, Custer found himself assailed from the bluffs 600 yards in his rear; pushing up a skirmish-line on foot in the latter direction, Colonel Custer formed each squadron into a separate column, and charged the Indians, driving them eight or ten miles from the field. The main column with the train came in sight of Colonel Custer's position at 7 a.m. Indians in very large groups had collected out of rifle-range on the high bluffs across the Yellowstone. I directed Lieutenant Webster, Twenty-second Infantry, in command of the section of artillery, to shell these groups; he threw several shells, very well aimed, producing a wonderful scampering out of sight. An hour afterwards, a few more shells at a group of warriors caused the fastest kind of running. One officer was severely wounded, one private killed and two wounded, and, summing the two engagements, we lost four killed and four wounded, and five horses killed. The Indians engaged in these affairs against this expedition lost in killed and wounded, but I cannot pretend to say in what numbers, as I was not present on either occasion during the fighting. I would respectfully refer to the report of Lieut. Col. G. A. Custer, heretofore forwarded to department headquarters. From citizens' clothing, from coffee, sugar, and bacon dropped, from the shells of patent ammunition found on the field, from two new Winchester rifles found on the first field, it is certainly true that these Indians were recipients of the bounty of the United States government; and as they were mostly Uncpapa Sioux, they had at no long time since come from that center of iniquity in Indian affairs, Fort Peck. Taking one day to provide for the wounded, we resumed the march, reaching Pompey's Pillar on the 15th of August. We remained one day at this,
the limit of our march upon the Yellowstone. Upon the morning of the 16th a ludicrous incident occurred, which might have had a tragic termination. The river was full of bathers, when six Indians rode out from behind cover on the opposite bank, and fired a volley into them. Of course, there was a scampering of naked men, none of whom, fortunately, were hit. On the 17th, 18th and 19th we crossed the divide to the Muscleshell River. The march was 60 miles in a direction west of northwest. The second and third days’ marches were made upon the trail made last year by Colonel Baker. There are no springs on the divide, the grass is very poor, and but for a copious rain, which fell the evening of the 14th, we must have fared very badly. The night of the 19th I sent Reynolds and Norris, two daring scouts, to Fort Benton with dispatches. Mr. Frost, a young gentleman from Saint Louis, and two young Englishmen, Messrs. Clifford and Molesworth, who had accompanied the expedition for adventure went through with the scouts.

Fortunately, all arrived safely at the settlements. Setting out the morning of the 20th, we continued down the Muscleshell River 65 miles, mostly due west. Progress was slow, principally from the great amount of fallen timber we had to remove to make a wagon-road. The command reached the Big Bend of Muscleshell, where this river turns a little west of north to its junction with the Missouri. The official map of the Engineer Department is of little use to the traveler in the Muscleshell country; the river being placed wrong on the map, trails and small streams out of place. Resting one day at the great bend of the Muscleshell, I sent the guides forward to look for water in the direction of our starting at the stockade on the Yellowstone. The reports being favorable, as there were pools remaining from the heavy rain of ten days previous, on the morning of the 27th we left the Muscleshell, moving due east,
which course was continued next day. Since leaving Pompey’s Pillar we had passed over a country almost destitute of grass. The Muscleshell Valley is fertile, and, uninhabited by game, would furnish good grazing; but our march had been preceded by thousands of buffaloes, and the grass was completely exhausted. I decided to send Lieut. Col. Custer, with six companies of cavalry, in charge of the surveying party, by the direct route to the stockade, while I took the train and main force by way of the Yellowstone Valley to try and recruit our exhausted animals, Colonel Custer made the marches in five days of 22, 22, 25, 35, and 10 miles. He will furnish a map and report. From the point of separation with Custer’s command, which is on the middle branch of the Great Porcupine, three hard days’ marching brought the train to the Yellowstone, at the mouth of the Little Porcupine. This route from the Muscleshell River to the Yellowstone was the most trying to our stock of any part of our route for the summer. This soil is light and sandy, producing nothing but cactus and stunted weeds; no springs of any capacity exist; the Porcupine Creeks are only great water-drains after rain-falls, and, but for the timely rain preceding our march, it would have been ruinous to try to pass the route with our jaded stock. The march down the Yellowstone was made by easy journeys to benefit the stock; and in passing the Bad Lands we improved and straightened the trail of our outward march, arriving on the Yellowstone opposite the stockade on the 9th of September. The steamer Josephine arrived the same day, and the four preceding days were employed in ferrying over the command, and preparing for the homeward march. As the engineers had additional work in the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, Lieut. Col. Custer, with six companies of the Seventh Cavalry, was crossed on the 10th, and left the morning of the 11th, escorting the engineers. The
surplus commissary stores, amounting to eighty tons, mostly
flour, hard bread, and bacon, were loaded on the Josephine,
which also took the battalions of the Eight and Ninth Infantry
and Captain Powell's company of the Six Infantry. I had
recommended this in my dispatch of the 19th of August, and
when I was on the Yellowstone no one doubted the propriety
of sending the troops by boat. Captain Marsh, the master of
the steam-boat, assured me he had one foot more water than
when he ran the Key West up the Yellowstone last May.
The officers were all pleased with the arrangement, but as the
Josephine is, at date of this writing, unheard of, her fate is a
matter of very great anxiety to me.

The command left the Yellowstone on the morning of the
14th of September, and marched to this place in nine days,
averaging twenty-three miles daily. The number of days the
expedition was out is 95; the numbers of camps made is 77;
in six instances we only shifted camp for grass, making the
number of camps at the end of a march 71. The total esti-
mated distance is 935 miles; the average daily march, 13½
miles. Odometer measurements were taken; but as the
instrument frequently was out of order, its record is not reliable.
The above estimate is the lowest, and the real distance will
probably exceed this one. Twelve wagons were abandoned
for want of teams; these were old ones, and had been con-
demned at Fort Abercrombie. From eighty to ninety mules
were killed or abandoned, having given out completely, mostly
on that part of the march from Pompey's Pillar to the Mussel-
shell River, and thence back to the Yellowstone.

As accuracy should be aimed at in making up a general
Government map, I will submit as soon as possible a copy of
the railroad-survey, with additions where the wagon-road and
survey diverge.
In a supplementary report I will try to convey to the department commander my impressions of the country passed over; also, such remarks upon the staff departments as I deem appropriate or useful.

In conclusion, I desire to express my satisfaction with the conduct and efficiency of the troops I have had the honor to command upon this expedition.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. S. Stanley,
Colonel Twenty-second Infantry, Commanding.

Maj. O. D. Greene,
Assistant Adjutant-General Department of Dakota,
Saint Paul, Minn.

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Headquarters Fort Sully, Dak.

October 12, 1873.

Sir: In connection with my report upon the Yellowstone expedition of last summer, I desire to submit, first, description of the country passed over.

The country west of the Missouri, and bounded north by Knife River and south by the Cannon Ball, is quite uniform in character, and can best be described as first-class grazing lands. The line limiting this grass country westward would be a north and south line, about seventy-five miles west of the Missouri River.

Throughout this area of country the soil is generally a black loam 12 to 16 inches in depth, which appears to hold moisture well, and the grasses are luxuriant and rich. The two seasons I have had experience of the country have been seasons of abundant rains, and if such be the conditions throughout
a series of years, I am confident this will be a country very productive of wheat and small grains.

Timber is very scarce and confined to the streams, but outcroppings of coal are found on all the streams, and the fuel question will be one of the least difficulties the settlers will encounter.

For a prairie country it is well watered; the small streams, though ceasing to flow in the dry season of fall, abound in holes well filled with living springs of good, sweet water.

Limestone is found on Heart River, but apparently only in the drift-deposits, and sandstone is found throughout, but is friable and soft, and of doubtful utility for masonry.

Only the hostility of the Sioux and the yearly prairie-fires prevent this country soon settling up with a successful population of pioneers. The face of the country is gently rolling, with occasional buttes from 50 to 300 feet in height, and abrupt breaks down into the valleys of the larger streams.

Leaving this fertile belt, passing westward, we find a belt of thin soil and short grass from thirty to fifty miles wide, extending to the divide between the streams running to the Missouri and the Little Missouri. This country has a sandy soil, the ridges and buttes taking the "bad lands" character of bare clay, with perpendicular walls, ridged and guttered by the action of water. This belt still abounds in springs, and coal is found exposed by the washing of all the streams. The divide before mentioned is a very sharp backbone, and the descent to the Little Missouri is very abrupt, and can be made by wagon-trains only by following the valleys and beds of the streams running in from the east.

This valley of the Little Missouri is the country of the Bad Lands, and the pencil of the artist, even, must fail to give any idea of the extremely rugged and wild nature of the scenery. The hills are in the main bare, and mostly made up of clay,
but the top, and in some cases the entire mass, of the usually conical hills which make up the Bad Lands is composed of a red shale, as deep in color as the best-burned brick. This gives a very variegated scenery, as the colors vary from a pale gray to a brick-red. These hills, which are piled together most promiscuously, apparently without system, are almost all some form of the cone, and yet there is no evidence of volcanic action. Could the burning-out of the great coal-beds underneath the clay account for the brickish appearance of the loose stones composing these red hills?

The Little Missouri, 150 miles from Fort Rice, has a bed 200 feet wide, and during the spring and early summer is usually from two to three feet deep. The bed of this stream is of the worst kind of quicksand. Timber is abundant; cotton-wood on the river; ash, oak, and box-elder on the small tributaries. Twenty miles south from the crossing, at the mouth of Davis Creek, pine of good quality becomes quite abundant. The valley of the Little Missouri varies from one mile to a quarter of a mile in width, and affords excellent pasturage; the hills contain sand stone rock, apparently fitted for building. All the water-drains running into the Little Missouri expose coal-beds, some of which were found 12 feet in thickness. The coal appears to be fully equal to the Iowa coal in quality, and it was found by trial that it is excellent fuel. The road westward from the Little Missouri follows the bed of a small stream, and the first ten miles lead over a very rugged and difficult country. The road passes a few miles north of the "Buttes which look at each other," (Sentinel Buttes on the map,) hills of some 350 feet elevation above the surrounding country, having flat tables of land on top, containing each several hundred acres. These buttes are five miles apart, and are by far the most prominent landmarks in all this region; they can be seen, and, in turn, overlook the country, for a hundred
miles toward all points of the compass. The country, from the Little Missouri to Beaver Creek, 35 miles, has a thin soil and indifferent grass, with a good deal of barren, cactus-bearing surface. Water occurs in springs at easy distances. Beaver Creek has permanent water, not running in dry seasons; the hills are low, which bound the valley from one-half mile to a mile in width. Timber is very scarce; water and grass, good.

From Beaver Creek to the Yellowstone the country is poor, abounding in cactus.

The wagon-road follows the divide between Glendive's and Cedar Creeks, both of which cut deep valleys, the descents into which are very precipitous. Cedar Creek is distinguished from all other tributaries of the Yellowstone by its large brakes of scrub-cedar, which continue from its head-branches to its mouth. Many of these brakes are several thousand acres in extent, and from the wagon-road cedar-forests are always in sight.

The road from Beaver Creek to Yellowstone is a good one, and good spring-water can be found near the head of Glendive's Creek.

The Yellowstone is certainly, viewed alone as a river, without taking in the rugged and poor country adjacent, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world.

During July and August the river was quite full, and averages over 1,000 feet in width, with over 4 feet of water on the bars. The average current has a rate of six miles an hour, and from some reason appears to the eye more swift than that rate would indicate.

The water was, in July and August, quite clear, and was universally pronounced the finest drinking-water in the world. There is something peculiarly light about Yellowstone water, which permits a thirsty person to drink huge draughts with impunity. I believe that from its numerous falls and rapids,
its swift current, and constant agitation by its pebbly bed, the water of the Yellowstone is aerated to a degree no other water is. Coming from perpetual snow may be another element in making up its excellence.

The valley of the Yellowstone is, upon an average, about two miles in width, and the hills bounding the valley average 300 feet in height.

Where the river cuts the face of these hills, they are perpendicular walls; where the hills rise from the valleys, they are usually well-rounded, smooth hills. The poorest portion of the Yellowstone Valley lies between the mouth of Glendive's Creek and Powder River. The soil of the valley for this distance of fifty miles is thin and sandy, and the timber on the river occurs in small clumps, and is too small for building purposes. The Bad Lands, which come down to the bluff on the Yellowstone, opposite the mouth of Powder River, compel a detour to the north to regain the valley of the Yellowstone in going up the river.

By keeping back fifteen or twenty miles from the river we found a tolerable road. The country is poor and water is only found in pools after rain.

It is in this region that coal was found most abundant. One cut bluff of coal was observed eight miles above Powder River, which measured 16 feet on the exposed face, and its horizontal area seemed immense. This coal is, from all appearances, equal to the block-coal of Indiana.

The valley of the Yellowstone becomes much richer above Powder River; the grass is rank and of the finest varieties. Timber does not become abundant until we reach the mouth of Tongue River, from which point heavy bodies of timber (cottonwood) continually line the river on one side or the other all the way to Pompey's Pillar.

The cotton-wood is more abundant and is of a better quality
than in any part of the Missouri Valley from Sioux City to Fort Benton. Pine of the scrubby variety is found in small quantities near the mouth of Powder River and Tongue River.

At the mouth of Rose Bud, pine increases in quantity and quality, and continues to improve as we pass up the river. The pine is sound and large enough for all building-purposes, but will not, I think cut into clear pine lumber. Abundance of pine will be found on this part of the Yellowstone for all railroad and building purposes. Some portions of the course of the Yellowstone have valleys on each side of the river, but usually a valley on one side is mated by a bluff on the other. There is a valley fifteen miles long and two miles wide, reaching above and below the mouth of Tongue River, on the same side as that river.

Just above Tongue River a valley, twelve miles long and two miles wide, occurs on the opposite side from Tongue River, and another valley, fifteen miles long and two in width, occurs opposite the mouth of Rose Bud River. These large valleys have wood in abundance, good grass on the lower bench, and generally rank sage-brush in the higher parts of the valley.

If the Mormon theory be true "that anything will grow where the sage grows, provided the ground can be irrigated," these valleys will some day be very productive, as it will not be a difficult thing to irrigate any portion of the Yellowstone Valley from the river itself. The "bad-lands" character of the hills of the Yellowstone disappears at the Little Porcupine. The hills from this point to Pompey's Pillar are not so high, and clay bluffs are replaced by sandstone of a hard variety. No limestone has been found on the Yellowstone. The hills now become covered with pine and the scenery much more pleasing. The road is alternately in the valley or on a high ridge, where we leave the valley at the points the bluffs run to the river.
The water-drains running into the Yellowstone on the north are short, very numerous, and for the most part only rain-water drains. Maynadier’s and Custer’s Creeks have abundance of living water, but the two Porcupines, the largest tributaries on the north of the river, are only great rain-drains. Rising close to the Muscleshell River, and draining a vast country, descending rapidly to the Yellowstone, these Porcupine Creeks are at times torrents of great volume. The excess of bluffs is on the north side of the river, the side we marched up. We had to ascend the bluffs thirteen times from Glendive’s to Pompey’s Pillar, and the whole distance a railroad would have to make bluff-cuttings would amount to nearly forty miles.

On the south side of the river the bluff-cuttings would not exceed ten miles, and as this side received the five rivers—Powder River, Tongue River, Rose Bud, Emmel’s Creek, and Big Horn—whatever interest attaches to this country as the future territory of a civilized community belongs south of the Yellowstone.

The Tongue River Valley, where it joins the Yellowstone, is as large and as well timbered as the Yellowstone Valley. The view of the junction of the Big Horn and Yellowstone is really magnificent. The two rivers can be seen for a great distance before their junction, and the combination of water, timbered valleys, rich prairie-bottom, rugged rocky bluffs, and pine-clad mountains gives a pleasing sensation not to be forgotten by the fortunate sight-seer. From Big Horn River to Pompey’s Pillar—thirty miles—the road is on the bluffs. Pompey’s Pillar is a knoll on the south side of the Yellowstone, separated by the action of water from the rocky bluffs on the north side; it is 150 feet in height, and presents a perpendicular face to the river. The top has a grass sod one acre in extent, and in fact the knoll looks like anything but a “pillar.”
On the south of the river, a broad valley extends for fifteen or twenty miles; the river becomes more narrow, but is deep and runs in a swift current of clear water. We here caught fine specimens of the trout, differing from the mountain-trout only in the speckle being black instead of red. Fine fish were caught everywhere in the Yellowstone, mostly catfish of the finest kind, and a whitefish in shape and appearance like the lake whitefish, and equally good for the table. From the Yellowstone the direction of the Muscleshell River was west of northwest; the distance sixty miles.

This is a barren, cactus country. Pine and cedar are found in all the water-drains and hill-sides. At forty miles from the Yellowstone, we encountered the divide between the Yellowstone and the Muscleshell in a perpendicular rocky wall 300 feet high. We here struck Major Baker’s trail of last year, and his guides had found the only place this bluff was accessible for many miles. Having ascended this height, we found an extensive table land twelve miles across, where it again breaks down as suddenly to the Muscleshell River. We here gained the highest altitude reached during the summer, the barometer indicating 4,600 feet above the sea. We found thousands of buffalo on this plain, but they are dependent upon the rain-water lakes, which are here quite extensive. For several days’ march before reaching Pompey’s Pillar, and on the march over to the Muscleshell, the Snow Mountains, showing perpetual snow, are constantly in sight to the west, and the little Belt and Judith Mountains can be plainly seen to the northward.

The Muscleshell River has a bed about 150 feet in width, and was at the time we were on it a bold stream, 50 feet wide and one foot deep. The valley will average three-fourths of a mile in width, and is for the most part heavily wooded with cotton-wood. The hills on both sides of the valley are abrupt,
and in many places are sharp cliffs of sandstone of firm, good
variety. From the Swimming Woman’s Fork down to the
Big Bend, pine is abundant on the hills, but is only fitted for
framing and railroad-ties.

The valley is rich and easy to irrigate, and but for the buffalo,
which had stripped the valley bare, we would have found good
ggrass.

If this valley were protected, it would soon form the nucleus
of a prosperous settlement.

The water of the Muscleshell is excellent, and has the pecu-
liarity of having decided diuretic qualities, which may be a
matter of interest to the doctors. The course of the river for
75 miles traveled by us is northeast and west; it receives many
tributaries from the north and south, but none of them are
running streams during the dry season.

At the Big Bend the river takes a due north course, which
it keeps to the Missouri.

From the Big Bend we took a due east course, crossing to
the Yellowstone side of the divide the second days’ march.
From the middle branch of the Big Porcupine, General Custer
marched due east to the stockade near Glendive; the main
column kept between the two Porcupines to the Yellowstone
at the mouth of the Little Porcupine.

This region between the Yellowstone and the Muscleshell
is the most desert-like country we passed over during the
summer. The soil is sandy, and produces little but stunted
cactus and sage, with some weeds of unknown but noxious
species. The Porcupine Creeks have a course east of south-
est, and not a south course, as laid down on the official maps.
Each of these creeks is fringed with cotton-wood groves, and
the hills near the junction of the creeks with the Yellowstone
have considerable pine.

Coal.—The entire country passed over last summer is a
coal region; no special search was made for coal, but only a few days passed that outcroppings were not observed. Near the Missouri the coal is lignite, but hardens and improves in weight and quality as we go west.

Immense beds are found on the Little Missouri, but the Yellowstone Valley excels in the great thickness of its coal-beds and the quality of its coal, which, I think, is fully equal to Indiana block-coal.

Gold.—Some practical miners employed in the quartermaster's train frequently panned for gold, and on several occasions found decided traces of gold from the washings of sand from the small eddies of the Yellowstone above the mouth of Big Horn.

Navigation.—Last summer's experience very fairly proved that the Yellowstone is equally as well fitted for navigation as the Missouri above Fort Buford. Captain Marsh's boat, the Josephine, ascended Wolf Rapids without taking out a line. This rapid is the most difficult one on the Yellowstone, and the Josephine could have undoubtedly prosecuted her voyage successfully to the Crow agency, and, perhaps, to the falls of the Yellowstone. Rapids occur in many places on the Yellowstone, usually from the disturbance of the very swift current by a ledge of rock usually broken into fragments.

At the Wolf Rapids, six miles below the mouth of Powder River, and the main Buffalo Rapids, fourteen miles below the mouth of Tongue River, there is a fall of 4 feet in 250 yards, with a rough rocky bed.

The main Buffalo Rapid is no worse than the Wolf Rapid, and the Josephine will run over it without any difficulty at moderately high water. These rapids have the peculiarity of having deep water, and any steamboat that can stem the current of the Yellowstone can pass them by warping.

The Buffalo Rapids extend from the mouth of Sunday Creek
down the Yellowstone for six miles; only the main one mentioned above presents any obstacle to navigation, and a few week’s work with a steamboat, furnished with proper appliances, would clear the channel at the Wolf and Buffalo Rapids, and open navigation upon at least six hundred miles of the Yellowstone River. During June, July, and August, this navigation is as secure as that of the Upper Missouri without any improvement.

As to the future prospects of this Yellowstone country, the valley is surely as well adapted to tillage as the Rio Grande Valley, but, as in the Rio Grande Valley, irrigation alone could be depended upon. The abundance of coal answers the question as to fuel.

The tributaries, Powder River, Tongue River, &c., are noted for their unexcelled grazing-ranges, and also the excellence of their pine-timber. All evidence goes to show the existence of gold upon all the mountain streams, and it only needs the suppression of the murderous Sioux to soon settle this country with a prosperous community, whose commerce must be carried on by steamboat on the Yellowstone or by a railroad in the Yellowstone Valley.

Military Posts.—From what I have heretofore said of the poor nature of the Yellowstone Valley between Glendive’s Creek and Powder River, I could not recommend the establishment of a military post upon this part of the Yellowstone. A post located upon this stretch of the river, and, indeed, up to the mouth of Tongue River, would be difficult to build and keep up, from the scarcity of timber and the scarcity of grass either for grazing or hay.

Tongue River struck me as decidedly a good spot for a post. There is an area of at least sixty square miles of valley-land visible from the bluffs opposite the mouth of Tongue River. Cotton-wood timber of the best kind is practically inex-
haustible. The valley of Tongue River is as large and as well timbered as the Yellowstone Valley, and hay sufficient can be cut at no great distance.

The Buffalo Rapids are 14 miles below this point; but if these rapids prove troublesome for steamboats in low water, a good wagon-road can be made down the valley to a landing below the rapids.

Another excellent position for a military post would be on either side of the Yellowstone, near the mouths of Great Porcupine or Emmel's Creek, which come in almost directly opposite each other upon the Yellowstone. If desired to put the post north of the Yellowstone, old Fort Alexander is a good site, ten or twelve miles above Tongue River.

An equally good site will be found in the large valley fifteen miles in length opposite the mouth of Rose Bud River.

A military post at any one of these points would be practically right in the very heart of the hostile Sioux country. Ever since I have been in this department, the hostile Sioux have made their home upon the Rose Bud, Tongue River, or Powder River, and within a few day's march of the several points I have recommended for a military post. The Yellowstone is now the southern limit of the buffalo range in the Sioux country, and a strong post of infantry and cavalry mixed, with a good steam ferry-boat, (indispensable) will overawe or destroy the hostile Sioux. Until the Sioux are quelled, nothing can be done to even test the capabilities of the country when it is settled. I have great hopes of the future of the Yellowstone and its tributaries.

Game.—Game was quite abundant upon the entire route; antelopes very abundant in July and August, but were found to have died by thousands as we returned in September. The carcasses were found every hour from the Little Missouri all the way to Fort Lincoln. I since learn that this dying-off
of this beautiful and useful animal extends over the vast country between the Missouri and Platte. I can account for it only as a universal murrain. The oldest voyageurs have never known of such a thing before; but Clement, the guide, says he once saw a murrain sweep off the buffalo. Elks and black-tailed deer were found on all the streams. Big-horn were killed on the Yellowstone frequently. Bear-sign was abundant, and three grizzlies were killed on the big Porcupine.

Buffaloes were first found at Pompey’s Pillar, the Indians having driven the herds off the Yellowstone.

On the divide between the Yellowstone and Muscleshell, and upon the latter stream, buffaloes were abundant and had exhausted the grass, much to our cost in the loss of mules. The sharp-tailed grouse is found on all our route, and after passing the Little Missouri the sage-hen is abundant on the Yellowstone and Muscleshell, and is excellent game. I have never eaten any with the sage-flavor attributed to this bird, probably because I have never killed them very late in the fall.

Upon the Yellowstone and the Muscleshell enterprising fishermen were well rewarded and helped our short rations with wholesome fish.

**The Quartermaster’s Department**

The service of this department was in the main good, with some exceptions. The train was gotten up in a hurry, and a great many of the mules purchased for the expedition were three and four year olds. The hard service, the light forage, and, more than all, the destitution of grass between the Yellowstone and Muscleshell River, proved fatal to many of these young mules. No mule should be purchased for the Quartermaster’s Department younger than six years. The life was pulled out of these young mules on the muddy roads the first twenty days of the expedition.
On account of the rainy season, common to this region in June, I doubt if any expedition can start on the plains profitably, from the Missouri River, before the first of July.

The seasoned mules from Fort Abercrombie and the military post of the department pulled loads averaging 5,200 pounds to the six-mule team, and came back in good order.

The new wagons, purchased in Philadelphia are excellent. The teamsters for the supply-train were picked up without any care. Men who had never driven a cart were hired to drive a six-mule team. This led to a great deal of trouble and damage, as these worthless men killed mules by their want of experience and their careless habits.

Good wagon-masters should be selected and sent to such places as Omaha and Leavenworth and allowed to select their own men from the old drivers, who can always be found at these large depots. The oats sent to the depot on the Yellowstone was invoiced at 168 pounds to the sack, but by trial only averaged 130 pounds to the sack. This great discrepancy cannot be accounted for by wastage in handling. The great deficiency was only found out upon the march, and greatly reduced our five pounds to the animal. Forage for such an expedition should never be put up heavier than 100 pounds to the sack.

The tentage for men and officers was of the worst quality, and in the rainy season there was little choice between a tent and outside of it. If the shelter-tent could be supplied, made of good duck, I should still prefer it for the enlisted men.

The fatigue-hat, new uniform, lasts in the field about three weeks; it then becomes the most useless, uncouth rag ever put upon a man's head. The cable-screwed shoes proved a success and lasted better than any shoe I have seen.
The expedition was well served in this department; indeed, we were rather embarrassed with overabundance. We took along and used one-third flour for the men's rations, the department having supplied Dutch ovens for baking. After the expedition had partly broken up, I sent around circulars to collect the opinions of the company-commanders upon the question of a part flour for field-service ration.

Only a small number of company-commanders responded, and the opinions are generally adverse.

I still believe that the health and good feeling of the men will be promoted on all occasions of service in the field by making at least one-third of the ration flour, and that baking-powder should be supplied by the Commissary Department, as the savings on candles and vinegar—the only articles savings could be made on—will not pay for the yeast-powder. The opinion of officers upon the insufficiency of the hard-bread ration is unanimous. A trip of a thousand miles over the plains, in this high latitude, will convince any man living that one pound is not enough to keep off the gnawings of hunger.

The soldier's food upon the plains is his bread and meat. Very often he has no time to properly cook his beans, and his bread is his main stay. I send appended a petition, signed, I think, by every officer on the expedition, asking for an increase of the hard-bread ration for troops serving in the field. The beef was averaged at too high a weight upon being received at Fort Rice. The cattle continually improved up to the time we reached Pompey's Pillar, but at no time would they average up to the weight they were received at. Large cattle should never be started on such expeditions, as they very soon become foot-sore. Coffee and rice should be double-sacked; ours was not, and led to waste. Hard-bread boxes should
invariably be hooped with four iron bands, equi-distant upon
the box instead of hooping only the end of the boxes. This
would save much now wasted in hard-bread.

All canned articles should have boxes iron-hooped. Lard
should be put up in quart-cans of the best kind; in the gallon-
cans there is great waste.

I had a hard-working, pains-taking commissary, Second
Lieut. P. H. Ray, Eighth Infantry, who kept his department
in good order.

**In the Ordnance Department**

matters were generally satisfactory. Our shell for the three-
inch guns would not explode. Upon experiment, only four
out of thirty burst. This was to be regretted, as we had
some good chances to burst shell in groups of defiant Sioux.

I did not require the men to carry their knapsacks. They
were packed with the men’s clothing and hauled in the wagons.
This is no test of the quality of the knapsack. I do not think
the American soldier will ever be trained to carry the amount
of gearing comprised in any one of the patterns of equipments
I have yet seen.

The men all carried their ammunition in their waist-belts,
with thimbles for the cartridges. They made the belts
themselves.

**The Medical Department**

There was a marked improvement over last year in this
department. We were reasonably supplied with ambulances,
and the number of old, worthless, broken-down soldiers in
proportion was less than last year.

The Eighth, Seventeenth, and Twenty-second Infantry
showed the good effects of campaigning in getting rid of their
dead weights, and gave the surgeon very few calls.
There is no opportunity in the field to make a hospital-fund. This is wrong, and works a hardship upon the sick, who really need improved diet and delicacies in the hospital in the field.

I merely call attention to this without suggesting a remedy. We had a case of a wounded officer—thigh-bone broken in the upper third—whom we carried four hundred miles upon a litter made by connecting the front and rear axles of an old spring-wagon by lodge-poles sixteen feet long, and swinging a stretcher-bed from and underneath the poles. This is the easiest conveyance I have ever seen for a wounded man. I recommend the invention to the Medical Department.

In conclusion, I desire to express my satisfaction with all the officers, staff and line, I had the honor to command; and to speak well of the rank and file for doing hard marching and hard labor upon the expedition with alacrity and cheerfulness.

It will require several weeks to complete a map of the route, which will be submitted as soon as possible.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. S. Stanley,
Colonel Twenty-second Infantry, Commanding.

The Assistant Adjutant-General,
Department of Dakota, Saint Paul, Minn.

War Department,
Adjutant General’s Office
Washington, April 6, 1874.

Official copy:
E. D. Townsend,
Adjutant-General.

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